

"Hold fast the form of sound words."—2d Timothy, 1. 13.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1863.

New Series,
Vol. I, No. 52.

Old Series,
Vol. XVI, No. 52.

For the Christian Visitor.
THE MORAL OF THE SNOW-FLAKES.

Slowly, slowly came the snow-flakes,
With a soft, unconscious tread,
As they feared to wake the blossoms—
Wake the blossoms newly dead.

Gently falling, falling, falling,
Borne on Winter's icy wing,
Clasped their stainless pearly fingers
Round the stern old Forest-king.

Robbed him in a spotless mantle,
Spite his murmurs to the air;
Spite his strivings, strong and many,
To shake off the barren fair.

Decked the earth with winter's jewels;
Hid the barren, flowerless plain;
Whispered softly—from its slumber
Spring should bid it wake again.

Lingered o'er the singing brooklet,
Wept themselves into the wave;
Wove upon the fallen leaflet
Garments for its winter grave.

But the winds rebuked the brightness
Of the garbled and ancient text,
For they could not bear the whiteness
Where the verdure used to be.

And they mourned and sighed together,
Sighed for all the beauty past;
Knew not that the snow-clad heather
Hid it from the wintry blast.

Thus on human hearts' Elysian
Fall the snow-flakes cold, though fair;
And, although they veil our vision,
Blessings always cluster there.

Yet we feel not God who sendeth
Doubts and shadows from above,
Cannot see the Hand which blendeth
Hope with sorrow—pain with love.

But at length shall New Year bring,
Brighten to the perfect spring;
And our stained hearts shall whiten
'Neath the joys such blessings bring.

To the soul shall come a morning
When the snows will melt away,
And flowers shall blossom in the dawning
Of that life's eternal day! H. M. D.
St. John, Dec. 21, 1863.

From the Morning Star.

PRES. FAIRFIELD'S LETTERS.—No. 5.
Antwerp—old and new styles of architecture—fashions—the cathedral—Rubens' paintings—his tomb—his family—his call of St. Andrew—Romanism—Holland, its cause—defended by the sea—Rotterdam—Erasmus' birth place—Hague—assaults of "guiltes"—Amsterdam.

AMSTERDAM, Oct. 14, 1863.
The readers of the *Star* will not understand me, as giving a connected history of my ramblings; but only sketches here and there of some points of interest, that I may have time and inclination to transfer to paper.

Antwerp, in Belgium, is a spot which it would be difficult for me to forget, and yet which is not very easy to describe, so as to transfer to others the impression received; for it is as the home of art that I felt special interest in visiting it. But first I will speak of a few of the externals which can be easily understood.

The city has a hundred thousand inhabitants, and three hundred years ago is said to have had twice as many. That was the height of its prosperity. It is strongly fortified—so strongly that it is difficult to see how an enemy could possibly get possession against a small force furnished with modern artillery. The starving out of those within by a long siege, would be the only practicable method.

The buildings present that striking appearance which you can hardly conceive of without having seen it, resulting from the commingling of the different styles of architecture which have prevailed during five hundred years. In our own country we have no old houses. They are torn down to give place to new ones in new styles. Here are hundreds of good houses yet looking fresh by constant repair, that were erected in the sixteenth century.

The streets, like those of most old cities in Europe and America, do not seem to have been laid out, but to have come by chance.—Yet with a little map in hand, I made my way from place to place without a guide, and without asking a question, or losing my way; for the name of the street is distinctly given on every corner. The buildings, with their various styles of architecture, are not quite so grotesque and amusing as the dress of the market women, who sell their apples by the side of them. They all wear caps as in Belgium generally; but here for the first time, as often since, I noticed those strange appendages to the side of their head-dress which you may call "lapels." If you conceive of lace-work about the size and shape of a large pair of elephant's ears, extending forward and downward from the ears of the wearer, you will have a very good idea of this mode of ornamentation (7).

And now, while I have this subject on my pen, I may speak of the bonnets of some of the Dutch women; for you see that I am in Holland. I have thought it was well for my good manners that I am just now travelling alone, for if I had had some one in my company that appreciated the ludicrous, I might possibly have been betrayed into a smile at some of the fashions which make their appearance in the street and in the cars. Imagine, for example, our ladies' "shakers," tipped up behind at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the forward two inches of the bonnet itself turned up so as to form a right angle with the top, and you will have one of those sights to which a traveller is admitted without paying a frank or even a centime for it.

These worthy dames are also very fond of jewelry. Three or four set in the same car with me yesterday, who may now set a minute for their picture. First, a heavy glittering breast-plate; second, heavy large and long ear-drops; third, two or three or four strings of showy beads, fastened by a clasp about the size and shape of an egg-shell divided lengthwise; fourth, a gold ornament on the side of the head, extending from the ears to the eyes, a part covered by a pair of the part protruding of the same kind, and the old-fashioned brass nose watch-chain, and mothers' bracelets used to wear. I have seen all of these things, and I have seen a test without a little change of complexion.

But if I indulge a smile at the oddity of their attire, I must in justice say that they seemed to me to wear, after all, an expression of genuine good nature and unsophisticated kindness. I should feel safe and very sure of all necessary attention, if I should fall sick among these Dutch mothers and daughters.

Now let us turn to the painting, sculpture and architecture, in which I resided in the cathedral and cathedral of Antwerp. Here, if not in the dress of the peasant women, is genuine aesthetics.

The Cathedral is known through the world for the possession of three masterpieces of Rubens—the elevation of Christ on the cross, and his descent. I have seen some pictures which were said to be very costly, but which, to my unpractised eye, presented little that was impressive. Not so in these.—I stood in the presence of Calvary, and saw the deed done which has made that summit the dearest spot on earth to every redeemed sinner. And then the dead body is taken down—and it is a dead body—you see it; life is quite gone; the muscles are nerveless; head and hands hang down, and the whole body is powerless to help itself. And it is the body too of one who has died by violence; the purple lips, and eyes and chin and cheeks, the blood in spots, and the open wounds.—And then the sheet, which receives the body, is a real sheet, and was just now unspooled.—And the face still wearing the expression of agony, which has not yet given place to the calm repose which comes afterward. In the church of St. Andrew I saw another picture of Christ being laid in the sepulchre—I know not by whom it was painted. In that the face of Christ had put on the expression of the divine peace and serenity which comes after a while, but which is never seen on the face of the devout believer the first moment after a terrible physical suffering has ended in death. For Rubens' Christ to have even this smile of the angels would have been against all nature and all fact. The great painter was too good an artist to commit such a blunder.

Two other pictures by the same artist—"The assumption of the Virgin," and "The resurrection of Christ," belong to the same Cathedral. The church of St. Jacques is, if possible, a still greater object of interest to the lover of art than the cathedral itself; for here lie the remains of the painter, and of all who bear his name. His family has become extinct; twenty persons belonging to it are buried in one of the chapels in this church. His second wife, who survived him, was again married, and two of her descendants have splendid sculptured monuments deposited here.

A marble statue of the mother of Christ, purchased in Italy by Rubens himself for this chapel, is much admired. I did not have light enough to form an opinion of it—that is, to tell how it affected me; for this is all the initiated are allowed to do, and they ought not to deserve more. But that Rubens bought it is evidence of its value. I did have just the light to see the picture of Rubens' family, painted by himself, which is the chief adornment of this chapel. I cannot conceive of anything finer. It has seven figures—life-size. They are his two wives, his daughter, his father, grand-father, a nephew, and also a cousin and her child. Of course the superstitious Romanists must mark the simple beauty of the fact that the great painter lovingly painted his own dear ones; and so they spiritualize (8) and allegorize this beautiful family group, calling it the "Holy family," and telling you that the cousin and the sweet babe are Mary and the child Jesus—the two wives are the "other two Marys"—the father is St. Joseph, the grand-father Tirie, and I have forgotten who the daughter and the niece nephew were tortured to represent. Indeed, I have recalled more of this stuff that the janitor told me than I supposed possible, for I heard it with little patience or profit. For ought I know, the daughter might have been Elizabeth, and the roguish little nephew might have been John the Baptist; at all events he was like him in one respect—having no other clothing than a girdle about his loins. The church guide told me, however, when I asked about it, that the pictures were accurate portraits of the family, and so intended to be.

In this church are most beautifully executed white marble statues of the twelve apostles, standing on pedestals of what we call in America Tennessee marble—being the same in kind and color as that used in finishing the Capitol, especially in the marble room at Washington. These statues are by the first artists living and dead, and cost 600 francs each.

One of the windows represents the "Salutation of the Virgin," a beautiful and life-like execution. The window was put in in 1600.

A late painting of Christ talking to the disciples on their way to Emmaus, will render its author immortal. The face of Christ is but little inferior to that executed by Raphael, and the characteristic expression of the two disciples so distinctly marked that you would know them at once, and know that their heart burned within them. Indeed, you can almost see what the subject is of their conversation.

scarcely equal the three. And they are full of statuary, the most costly and superb.

If you ask what of this toward the end of religion, you know my answer. Romanism is only one of the forms of heathenism; its religion is as good perhaps as Brahminism; probably not a whit better. Their senseless "mummeries" are as acceptable as those of the Pharisee of old; and there is as much chance of their salvation as of the inhabitants of Orissa, without the gospel, though much less probability of their ever embracing it. As they have made collections of works of art, however, I see them and study them, as I would in a heathen temple, though with less gratification than in an ordinary museum.

Americans are, unfortunately, sufficiently acquainted with their idolatrous and (were it not too serious a matter to feel humorous over) ridiculous ceremonies, to render any description unnecessary.

In speaking of the cathedral, I ought to have mentioned its steeple, one of the loftiest in the world, and one of the finest without doubt. It is a little more than 400 feet high, and is of such beautiful and delicate workmanship that Charles V. remarked of it that it deserved to be kept in a case; and Napoleon compared it to Meclan face.

In the square, near the cathedral, the people of Antwerp have erected a bronze statue of the painter who honoured this city with his residence, whose works more than anything else give it its celebrity, and whose tomb is among them to this day.

And now, if I write anything of Holland, it must be in this letter. And of so wonderful a country it were certainly fitting to write something. I have made a tarry at only three of these cities, but have travelled two or three hundred miles on slow trains, and by daylight, for purpose to have the best possible opportunity of seeing it at large. I write this from the border line which separates Holland from Germany (Roosendaal). The largest part of Holland is below the level of the sea; and, strange to say, this fact, which at first would seem to be most ruinous to the hopes and prosperity of any country, has been by them turned greatly to their advantage. You will see how. The sea being first walled off by dykes, is allowed afterwards to come in just as they need it, and just as they can use it.

Thus, instead of allowing the waters to lord it over them, they have reduced them to entire subjection, and if Neptune were addressing the Dutch an epistle to-day, he would, without any hyperbole, sign himself, "Most truly, your obedient humble servant." And an exceedingly valuable servant they find him to be. Digging canals wherever they choose, the old sea-god fills them at their bidding, and thus they have the best and cheapest transportation in the world. Dividing and sub-dividing, and digging still other and smaller canals and ditches, until they are found only a few rods apart, they water the whole land, and still they are filled to the brim at the bidding of the government. "These are our riches," said an intelligent Hollander to me a few days ago; and they are so, evidently.

And then the sea is their great defence.—Neptune is made to do his own work, and that of Mars besides. If their enemies should come upon them like a flood, they have only to sweep them out with another. With the sea turned in upon them, what could they do!

Some portions of the country are covered with white pine; and in these the soil is sandy and light, but for the most part it is fruitful, and seems to be cultivated with skill. The houses of the peasants have a comfortable and cozy appearance.

The cities to which I have referred are well supplied with canals; and they present a busy appearance at this season of the year. Indeed, they seem to be to a great degree a substitute for all other places of trade, and modes of conveyance through the city. If a man buys a bushel of potatoes, it is not from a provision store, but from a canal boat that lies at his door. If he purchases a ton of coal, it is delivered, not by a cart, but a boat. The streets are not full of wagons, but of water. For myself, I prefer even the noise of wheels to these omnipresent canals. In a picture they look well; but in the real presence of them, there is little of poetry and less of beauty.

At Rotterdam I was interested in seeing the house in which that learned man, but timid reformer, Erasmus, was born. His statue stands upon the market square. The church of Saint Lawrence is an old and venerable one, erected in the fifteenth century. From its high steeple (and two hundred feet is high when you are called to the labour of reaching it by a flight of stone steps) a fine view is had of the whole city and of its surroundings.

Hague is the capital of Holland. You would scarcely expect to find a Dutch town the neatest and handsomest of all; and yet it is so. It seems like a holiday city, dressed every day in its Sunday attire; streets clean, quiet, airy, with here and there an open square or little park; and just out of the city as beautifully shaded walks or carriage drives as the most exquisite could ask.

In entering this city I found myself beset, as never before, by professional guides, or "commissionaires," as they are termed, whose persistence in offering you their services was at first amusing, and in the end—had almost written annoying, but this will not do, for a traveller must set out with a full determination not to be annoyed at anything. At Antwerp I was making my way through the city with the aid only of my little map, and had reached the cathedral, when a "commissionaire" tipped his hat, and bowing politely, said in blandest tones: "Did you wish to see the church, sir?" "Yes, sir, I came for that purpose," I replied, and walked on toward the door. "This is the way, sir; it will cost you a franc; tickets there, sir." "Yes, sir; I understand all about it; I am much obliged to you, but I don't need any guide." "All right, sir; this is the door; tickets there, sir; I will only show you, sir?" And he followed me in. I commenced looking at the pictures when, extending his hand, he said: "Something for the guide, sir?" I made no reply. "Something for the guide, sir? for my showing you the way, if you please, sir?" with an air of assumption, as if he would make the impression upon the one or two persons standing near that it was all understood, and that I had employed him for the service. "Not a centime, sir; (that is a French coin, equal to one-fifth of an American cent), I told you I did not want a guide; now leave me, sir, if you please." "I tell you, something for the guide, sir; do you want me to show you here for nothing, sir?" "You will leave me instantly, sir; or I will put you into the hands of a policeman!" He left, but with cursing that I will not put on paper.

It is not as a matter of personal incident that I relate this, but as an illustration of the habits of the country. Belgium and Holland are full of these fellows, they fall upon the unwary traveller

and phlebotomize to their heart's content, because the stranger is brow-beaten. I have yet to pay the first farthing for black mail thus levied, but I just met an American who was groaning over the way in which these fellows had bled him to the amount of one to two dollars a day. If you give the claimant half a frank to get rid of him, he will give you a broad hint that you are mean to offer him half of what he has earned; and you are now in a worse attitude than before; for you have apparently acknowledged his claim without fully meeting it.

At Hague a "commissionaire" assailed me. "Show me the city for two shillings, sir!" "No, sir, I thank you, I do not need any assistance." "First the Musee, then the Palace, all the city for two shillings, sir!" "No, sir; I told you I did not want any guide; thank you, sir!"

Now only read this dialogue over three times, with slight variations, in which the price was reduced to one and sixpence, and then to one shilling (understanding, of course, an English shilling, which is 24 cents), and you can conceive how I came pretty near writing that word annoying. But still he followed me for a quarter of a mile; then another, and so one after another, until six persons had thus assailed me. I then tried an expedient which has since proved invaluable—I said nothing. Before I got through the Hague I was attacked by two others; but following Solomon's counsel, "Let thine eyes look right on, and thine eyelids straight before thee." I proved it language-wisdom! And you see how, in whatever language the guide accosts me, he soon concludes that I don't understand it, and it is all right; or that I am deaf, as I heard one saying, and that is just as well. I know a commissionaire now at first sight, and I get along admirably. If you ever come to travel here, brother editor, you will give me a vote of thanks for this recipe.

Amsterdam is built on piles driven into the bog beneath. The "palace" has beneath it 13,000 of these piles. Nearly three hundred bridges cross its numerous canals. On approaching the city the most conspicuous things are the windmills around it. Holland is full of these mills. In the town of Zaandam, I was told there were six hundred. I don't believe it. But it is very certain that if Don Quixote's valorous Sancho Panza should undertake the tour of the Netherlands, and feel called upon to vindicate his courage by a personal combat with every windmill he met, he would have a hard time of it. They have no waterfalls in Holland, and not much fuel. So they make a fire perform in part the usual work of its sister elements—fire and water.

This trip through Holland has been exceedingly pleasant and instructive. And the beautiful landscape views which have everywhere presented themselves—broad fields, clothed with green, abundantly watered; sheep and cattle grazing contentedly here and there, and looking far enough to be happy; humble but home-like farm houses, with the little farms attached, owned by the occupant—these visions will not soon be forgotten.

INCIDENTS IN SUMMERFIELD'S LIFE.
Being in attendance at one of the courts in Dublin, as a witness against a person wishing to sue the benefit of the Insolvent Act, he was examined and cross-examined by an eminent lawyer, with the intention of so puzzling him as to destroy the value of his testimony. The design was unsuccessful. Able to recall dates and payments, sales and purchases, pounds, shillings and pence, with such promptness and accuracy, the whole court manifested surprise.

"Pray, sir, what is your profession?" inquired the judge.

"I am in no profession, my Lord," Summerfield replied.

"No professional no profession, do you say?" "None, my Lord."

"Well, sir," replied the judge, "I have never heard a witness within these walls give his testimony in a more lucid and satisfactory manner than you have done. Depend upon it you will one day be a shining character in the world."

His first sermon was in England. Revisiting his native shores, for the purpose of recruiting his feeble bodily frame, he designed to remain for a time in retirement; but Providence ordered otherwise. Arriving at Bristol, the first evening saw him in the streets of that city, on his way to the Methodist chapel. "A conference having been in session, the usual notice that a stranger would preach had brought together a numerous audience. He enters and takes his seat, 'unknown and unknown.' The hour arrives, but not the preacher. A delay of thirty minutes brings no relief to the people, now exhibiting signs of impatience. At this exigency, requiring some one to appear and stand in the gap, what were Summerfield's thoughts? Surveying the scene, the conviction becomes settled that he is providentially called to preach. He leaves his seat, ascends the pulpit, and soon announces the hymn—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He braves the blast and bore,
The ocean's roar to hear,
And says, 'I'll move a mountain!'"

Appropriate was the text chosen, allaying every anxious emotion in his bosom. "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." The effect of this discourse, aided by the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, by the preacher's aspect, pale, emaciated, extremely youthful, by his eloquence of the purest kind, may be imagined, but cannot be described. It proved a precious season to numbers, an era in their religious experience.

Summerfield's first speech in this country, at a Bible anniversary soon after his arrival in 1821, produced a deep impression, and opened to him a door of utterance among all evangelical denominations. In the order of exercises he was preceded by one, admired for his sterling sense, and whose address, according to the testimony of one lately gone to his rest, was a masterpiece, profound in argument, impressive in its conclusions. At a late hour the chair announced to the audience, somewhat wearied by the protracted exercises, the Rev. Mr. Summerfield, of England. Obeying the call, presenting himself to view, a look of disappointment shaded many a countenance. His impressive expression and attenuated form gave promise of nothing remarkable. What presumption! A boy like that to be set up after a giant. Such was the feeling, soon however, to be followed by an opposite emotion. The first sentence broke the spell of weariness, riveting every eye, captivating and subduing every mind. At the close, as though they had never heard speaking before, numbers are ready to say, "Wonderful, wonderful! He talks like an angel from heaven!"—*American Messenger.*

ENCOURAGING INCIDENTS.
The following facts from a report of the Falton Street prayer-meeting are well adapted to encourage Sabbath-school teachers. In these cases the seed fell into good ground, and "brought forth

fruit an hundred fold." Yet the teachers of these children could not know which should prosper, this or that:—

A gentleman told the story of a boy who had been a member of a Sabbath school somewhere at the East, who was taken West and bound out to a farmer in a neighbourhood where there were no Sunday school and no religious services of any kind. The boy was exceedingly uneasy, and felt that he could not live so. He heard of a missionary fifteen miles off, and he resolved to go and see him, and ask him to come and organize a Sabbath school. So away he trudged all the fifteen miles on foot, and had a wide river to cross, to see the missionary. He spread before him the condition of the neighbourhood, and begged him to come and start a Sabbath school. The missionary came; a Sabbath school was started; and now, said the speaker, in that place, where there were no Sabbath school and no means of grace, there is a church of forty members. So much a little boy can do.

Another gentleman from the West said he would relate a case somewhat similar. An Eastern little boy was bound out to an old farmer, who became very much attached to him; but he perceived the boy was very disconsolate. He asked "what was his trouble?" The lad said he had no Sabbath school to go to, and no church, and he could not live so.

The old man said, "Here is so much money; see how much others will give, and we will have books, and organize a school, if that is what you want."

The neighbours contributed; but some doubted about starting the school, for there was no one to open it with prayer. The lad said he would pray if no one else would; so the school was opened. The speaker said he would make a long story short by saying that not long afterward, that old man of eighty and that little boy were sitting together at the same communion table to celebrate the sufferings and death of our ever blessed and adorable Saviour, who came to seek and save the lost, the old and the young.

THE SANCTUARY AND THE SABBATH SCHOOL.
As long as a young man comes regularly to the house of God on the Sabbath, there is some prospect of his conversion. But when he no longer frequents the Sanctuary, he seems to be thrown beyond the range of the truth, and the Spirit's influence, and rushes to ruin. Says Daniel Webster:—

I once defended a man charged with the awful crime of murder. At the conclusion of the trial I asked him what could induce him to stain his hands with the blood of a fellow-being. Turning his blood-shot eyes full upon me, he replied, in a voice of despair, "Mr. Webster, in my youth I spent the holy Sabbath in evil amusements instead of frequenting the house of prayer and praise. Could we go back to the early years of our life, their departure from the path of morality was when they abandoned the Lord's house on the Sabbath."

The influence of the gospel was once preaching to the convicts in the prison at Sing Sing, N. Y. They were confined to their cells—"As many of you," said he, "as think that you have been brought to this place by neglecting the Sanctuary on the Sabbath day—rap on the gates of your cell." Immediately there was a general rap, which echoed through the prison. That melancholy report told the story of abused Sabbaths, and abused Sanctuaries; and should be a "dreadful sound in the ears" of every neglecter of public Divine worship.

The experienced Chaplain of the Government Model Prison, London, the Rev. Joseph Kingswell, bears the following testimony, corroborative of these views. He says:—

The influence of the Sabbath upon the public morals is attested by the every-day experience of persons in my peculiar position. We are called to minister in a prison to few but Sabbath-breakers. The fourth commandment is united closely, not only with the precepts which relate to God, but with those which refer to man. The connection between voluntary Sabbath-breaking and filial disobedience, for instance, is strongly marked; and little less so with unchastity and dishonesty. The young person who casts off the fear of God, pays little respect to parental authority, and, of course, little to any other; and dissipation creating wants beyond means, parents and employers are pelted from, and a career of ruin is begun, as easily to the state as it is destructive to the happiness of individuals and families. "The usual process," said the late Chaplain of Clerkenwell Gaol, (speaking of the descent into crime of about 100,000 prisoners), "has been impatience of parental restraint, violation of the Sabbath, and the neglect of religious ordinances. I do not recollect a single case of capital offence, where the party has not been a Sabbath-breaker. Indeed, I may say, in reference to prisoners of all classes, that in nineteen cases out of twenty, they are persons who have not only neglected the Sabbath, but all religious ordinances." This accords with the results of my own observation. *Zion's Advocate.*

A SKEPTIC REPLIED.—"Ah," said a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker, "I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible?"

Said the old man—
"I do believe the Bible. Does thee believe it?"

"No; I can have no proof of its truth."
"Then," inquired the old man, "does thee believe in France?"

"Yes; for although I have not seen it, I have seen others who have. Besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."
"Then," inquired the old man, "does thee believe in the resurrection?"

"No."
"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"
"No."
"Ever see a man who did see them?"
"No."
"Does thee believe thee has any?"

This last question put an end to the discussion.—*American Sentinel.*

The cure of an evil tongue must begin at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. A gulfed heart makes a gulfed tongue and lips. It is the workhouse where the forge of deceptions and slanders is, and the tongue is only the outer door where they are vended, and the lips the door of it. Such wars as is made within, and no other, can cause us.

G. H. BEARDSLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Next Door to the Post Office, St. John, N. B.
Dec. 4.

GEORGE F. ROUSE,
ATTORNEY BARRISTER, CONVEYANCER, &c.,
Office—43 Prince William Street, Saint John, N. B.
Hours, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Application for Patents, Trade Marks, &c., and every kind of Conveyancing, prepared with accuracy, and business in all Courts attended to promptly. May 14.

W. WEDDERBURN,
Attorney and Barrister at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER &c.,
Dec. 4. 13 Prince Street, St. John, N. B.

C. N. SKINNER,
Barrister and Attorney at Law, &c.,
Dec. 4. Saint John, N. B.

C. W. COTKTON,
Attorney and Barrister, Notary Public &c.,
Dec. 4. Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

JOHN ARMSTRONG & CO.,
52 Prince William Street, Saint John, N. B.,
Importers of and Dealers in British and Foreign
DRY GOODS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Dec. 4. (rev. 17.)

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK,
(Successor to Charles Patton & Co.)
No. 68 PRINCE W. STREET.
Linen and Woolen Draper, Haberdashery, and General Importer of English, French and American Dry Goods.
Dec. 4.

HENRY McCULLOUGH,
Prince William Street,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Woolens, Linens, and Haberdashery, Silks, Laces, Ribbons, &c.; Tea, Sugar, and Cocoa. Dec. 4.

HORSFALL & SHERATON,
42 King Street, Saint John, N. B.,
Importers of Silks, Woolens, Linens, Cottons, Hosiery, Gloves, Carpeting, Floor Cloths, Curtains, Mattings, and all kinds of Dry Goods. Dec. 24.

LONDON HOUSE,
DANIEL & BOYD,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Dec. 4.

JOHN HASTINGS,
DRY GOODS MERCHANT,
27 Prince William Street, Saint John, N. B.
Dec. 4.

BOWRON & CO.,
Photographers, 15 King Street, St. John, N. B.,
Dec. 4.

DURLAND'S AMBROTYPE AND PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
Dec. 4. Foster's Corner, King St., St. John, N. B.

C. FLOOD'S
Photograph and Ambrotype Rooms,
No. 42 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
Photographs in every style and variety. Glass Pictures executed and copied in the highest style of the art. December 4.

GEORGE DUVAL,
CANE CHAIR MANUFACTURER,
Corner of Richmond and Broad Streets, St. John, N. B.
Chairs Reoaned and Repaired.
CANE ALWAYS ON HAND FOR SALE. April.

C. D. EVERETT & SON,
MANUFACTURERS OF HATS AND CAPS,
No. 15, North side King Street, St. John, N. B.
Also Agents for Singer's Sewing Machine &c. Dec. 4.

18 South Water Street and Shoe Factory,
No. 18—Keeps constantly on hand "Gentlemen's, Boys' and Youth's Wellington Boots. Also made to order at the shortest notice—Ladies' Double Sole'd calf and Prunella Shoes. A good assortment of Trunks, Valises, and Carpet Bags, constantly on hand at
15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
July 2—

WILLIAM O. SMITH,
Druggist,
Market Square, St. John, N. B.
Prescriptions carefully prepared. Sea and Family Medicine Chests neatly filled up.
No. 15—Keeps constantly for sale Medicines, Spices, Perfumery, Surgeons' Instruments, Paints, this, and all Colours, Brushes, Dry Stuffs, Scales, Plain and Fancy Snuffs, &c. Country orders speedily and carefully executed. Dec. 4.

G. F. THOMPSON,
87 Dock Street, Saint John, N. B.
Importer and Dealer in
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass, Brushes,
Manufacturer of Stained Glass for Churches, Side Lights, &c. Dec. 4.

JAMES DYALL,
PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER,
42 Water Street, St. John, N. B.
Always on hand—Water Fittings of every description
Dec. 4.

JAMES SCRYMGOUR,
HORSE SHOER,
Golden Ball, Saint John, N. B.

ALBERTINE OIL,
Manufactured at the Albertine Oil Works, St. John, N. B.
James Dew, Spurr, Proprietor.
JOHN BROWN, Proprietor, 83 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.
Dec. 4.

"NORTH AMERICAN HOUSE,"
No. 7, King's Square, Saint John, N. B.
Good Stabling and attentive Hostler.
Morton's Hotel, Union Street.
THE subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally that he has opened the House on Union Street, No. 96, lately occupied by E. S. Flagler, Esquire, where he hopes by unobtrusive attention to business, and kindly attention to the custom, to meet the wishes of all who may favor him with their patronage. Terms moderate. Good Stabling, and a hostler in attendance. May 14—

UNION HOTEL, 112 Union Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
THIS HOTEL being centrally located, neatly furnished, and thoroughly conducted, is highly appreciated by the Travelling Public. Charge 50 cents per day. Extensive Stabling attached, and experienced Hostler in attendance. JOHN G. DAY, Proprietor. May 7—

WAVERLEY HOUSE,
No. 73 King Street, Saint John, N. B.
JOHN GUTHRIE, Proprietor.
Washington House.
THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he has recently fitted up the Hotel on Water Street, EASTPORT, known as