Poetry.

The Song of the Camp.

A CRIMEAN INCIDENT.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon,
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each voice recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Till soon its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve-confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak.
Yet, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Ah, soldiers! to your honoured rest
Your truth and valor bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

Miscellaneous.

A Royal Asiatic Court in London.

A Correspondent of the *Daily News* says:—In a very short time we shall have amongst us a greater "lion" than has been seen in England for many a long day. The ex-King of Oude is about to visit this country for the purpose of petitioning her Majesty and the British Parliament to restore him the crown of which he has been deprived. Nor does this ex-royal personage come either empty-handed or alone. Unfortunately for our *prestige* in India, an idea has lately got abroad amongst the natives that in England money can do anything, and that whether the decision of an Anglo-Indian judge or governor is or is not to be set aside may be resolved into a mere question of pounds, shillings and pence. For this reason the ex King of Oude brings with him a purse filled with the sum of twenty lacs of rupees, or two hundred thousand pounds, which, added to his allowance of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds per annum from the East India Company, will make a tolerable foundation upon which to build his hopes of success.

The name of this royal Oriental is Wajid Ali Shah. His age is about thirty, and he succeeded his late father on the throne of Oude some eight years ago. Of the result of his government truth compels me to say that nothing could possibly be worse than the state of his kingdom when he was deprived of it by the East India Company. He is bringing with him to England some twelve or fourteen wives, but we must not forget that if he brings so many fair partners with him he leaves a far greater number behind. When I was last in Lucknow—now some four years ago—the King's harem numbered at least a hundred and fifty, and I have no doubt he has since added to his collection.

In addition to this great number of ladies the ex-King has with him some ten or twelve noblemen of his court, each of whom has one or more wives, besides many servants, in his train. There are also two Europeans in his suite, namely, Major Wilberforce Bird, late of the East India Company's army, and a Mr. Menzies, a merchant, or shop-keeper, of Mizapore, on the Ganges. The former gentleman has lately resigned his commission for the express purpose of coming to England as agent, or interpreter and advocate, of the ex-King. His retaining fee, before he devoted himself to the service of that personage, was no less than one lac of rupees—ten thousand pounds—with promises of a fabulous reward should his Majesty be successful in obtaining what he comes to this country for, namely, the restoration of his crown and kingdom. The other English gentleman in the King's suite,—Mr. Menzies—has been very many years in business in India, and attends upon his Majesty as a sort of confidential secretary and interpreter, under Major Bird.

Now comes the question, Will his Majesty succeed in getting the annexation of Oude set aside? The warmest advocates of his cause must allow that it is not probable, and indeed barely possible. Setting aside the question as to the justice or otherwise of Lord Dalhousie's late act, the dethronement of the ex-King of Oude is now *un fait accompli*, and were it annulled in England after being carried into effect in India, the consequences to our whole Eastern empire might be serious indeed. I hear from Calcutta that the friends and agents of Wajid Ali Shah do not intend to "work" his case during the present session of Parliament. Between this time and the month of March next great endeavours are to be made to create a sensation in his favour throughout England. In this no doubt they will succeed. A great deal is to be done in this country for £200,000, and advocates of the ex-King's cause will not be found wanting, provided he keeps his purse strings pretty loose. I was very much amused the other night, at an evening party, at hearing an Oriental, who is now in London with a grievance of his own, declare in Hindostani, to a fellow-countryman who is also here on a like mission, his conviction that the King of Oude must succeed in getting back both his country and his crown, because he is bringing plenty of money to England, for "rupees are the only arguments listened to in this country." Truly, our Oriental fellow-subjects have not a very high estimate of our national honesty.

Now the moral of my parable is this. Let Englishmen who are possessed of seats in either house of Parliament, or may have influence in high places, beware how they allow presents to be made in their families by Orientals who come over here with grievances. A cashmere shawl for Maria, or a Delhi scarf for Ellen, may seem small matters to accept as "friendship's offerings" at the hands of a man known to be wealthy beyond calculation. Granted. It may also appear ungracious to refuse what is freely tendered, apparently in simple gratitude for small favours received. I also "accept" this proposition. But is it not well known to every one who has been in the East, that among all the natives of those parts the verbs "to give" and to "bribe" are synonymous? No matter what the receiver of such things may think of it, the injury that our name is now suffering in India from a belief that money will effect anything in England is most injurious to our influence for good, and there are dozens of gentlemen in London who unconsciously are helping towards this result, and will do still more should they accept presents from the ex-King of Oude when he arrives here. Let an Oriental but confer an obligation upon yourself, or any of your family, and he henceforth considers you are in your official capacity sold unto him. This is the reason why in India no military or civil servants of the Government are allowed, upon any pretence whatever to receive a gift, no matter how trifling in value, from any native, nor are their wives, daughters, sons, or other relatives, permitted to do so. I don't think that those who get acquainted with the many "great men" coming over with his ex-Majesty will have any doubt as to whether the former governors of Oude, or those who have supplanted them, are most calculated to confer happiness and prosperity upon that land.

The Births of the Napoleons.

It will be interesting at this moment to revert to the circumstances attending the birth of each of the members of the Imperial family of Buonaparte.

NAPOLEON I.

The family of the Buonapartes were of some distinction in Italy in the middle ages. They are mentioned in the Golden Book of Bologna, and in the peerage of Treviso; but when Napoleon the Great was told of such descent, he was in the habit of saying that he "was satisfied to be the Rudolph or Hapsburgh of his race," or that he "dated his nobility from Monte Notte."

Carlo Buonaparte was born March 29, 1746. He studied the law at the University of Corte, and soon became the leading advocate in the small town of Ajaccio. There, in 1764, he married Letitia Ramolino, then fourteen years old, the most beautiful girl in the place. The Ramolino's belonged to the Genoese party in Corsica; Carlo Buonaparte belonged to the party of the Patriots, under Paoli. Carlo Bonaparte became Paoli's secretary. In 1768 the state of Genoa sold their rights over the Island of Corsica to France. Such a sale, the barter of a free people, like a herd of cattle, was a violation of all national law. The Corsicans resisted, and sympathy for their cause spread all over Europe. Paoli, and the Patriots of Corsica determined to resist the French. They could not prevent their landing, but on the 9th of May, 1769, they determined to strike a blow for liberty, and they resisted the progress of the French at the Bridge of Ponte Nuovo. Here the Patriot party of Corsica were annihilated at a blow, and Corsica lost its freedom.

After the battle of Ponte Nuovo, Carlo Buonaparte and his wife fled to a villa they had in the mountains of Corsica, called Monte Rotondo. The French, however, sent a flag of truce to the patriots in the mountains, inviting them to return to the town. Carlo Buonaparte was sent by the patriots to Corte, and he came back with passports of security. The patriots then began to return to their respective homes. In crossing the river Liamone, on their way from Monte Rotondo to Ajaccio, the river was found to be swollen, and Letitia Buonaparte was nearly drowned. On getting back to Ajaccio, Paoli, who was ordered into exile by the French, wished Carlo Buonaparte to accompany him to England. The condition of his wife however prevented him; she was near her time; and on the 15th of August, 1769, only a few days after her return, Napoleon the Great was born.

Letitia had attended mass on the morning of the 15th of August. On her return home she was suddenly seized with labor pains. A temporary bed was prepared for her in a room, hung with old tapestry; and those who have since examined the tapestry have declared that it gives the history of the heroes of the Iliad. Such was the birth of Napoleon I.

NAPOLEON II.

The birth of the "King of Rome," (Napoleon II. as he is now designated, though he never wore the crown,) took place in April, 1811, a short year after the marriage between the Emperor Napoleon and Maria Louise, which took place at Vienna, March 11, 1810, was consummated at Compiegne, March 18, and re celebrated in Paris, 2nd of April, 1810. Napoleon's first marriage with Josephine took place 9th of March, 1796.

The circumstances of the birth of the King of Rome are thus described by Southey:—

"Napoleon's wishes were crowned by the birth of a son. The birth was a difficult one, and the nerves of the medical attendants were shaken. 'She is but a woman,' said the Emperor, who was present, 'treat her as you would bourgeoise of the Rue St. Denis.' The accoucheur at a subsequent moment, withdrew Napoleon from the couch, and demanded whether in case one life must be sacrificed he should prefer the mother or the child? 'the mother,' he answered, 'it is her right!' At length the child appeared, but without any signs of life. After the lapse of some minutes a feeble cry was heard; the infant thought to be dead, was awakened from its lethargy by the discharge of one hundred and one pieces of cannon. Napoleon entered the antechamber in which the high functionaries were assembled, and announced the event in these words: 'IT IS A KING OF ROME.'

"The birth of the heir of Napoleon was received with as many demonstrations of loyal enthusiasm as had ever attended that of a Dauphin; yet the joy on this occasion was far from universal. The Royalist considered the event as fatal to the last hopes of the Bourbons; the ambitious generals despaired of any dismemberment of the Empire. The old Republicans who had envied Buonaparte's despotic power, as the progeny of the revolution, looked forward with a deep distrust to the rule of a dynasty fond of shedding the blood of the haughtiest of the houses of Europe, and consequently were more likely to make common cause with the little band of hereditary sovereigns than with the people. Finally the title 'King of Rome,' put an end to the fond hopes of the Italians, who had been taught by Napoleon to expect that after his death their country should possess a Government separate from France; nor could the same title fail to excite some bitter feelings in the Austrian Court, when the heir apparent under the old empire had been commonly styled 'King of the Romans.'

But the most interesting event of all connected with this birth is the letter of the divorced Josephine to the Emperor, her still dearly-beloved husband, on the birth of this child, and for whom she had been discarded. This truly affecting epistle runs in the language following:—

"NAVARRE.

"SIRE—Amidst the numerous congratulations which you receive from all parts of Europe, from every town in France, and every regiment in the army, can the feeble voice of a woman reach you? And will you condescend to listen to her who so often consoled you in your sorrows and assuaged the pangs of your heart, when she speaks only of the happiness which has just crowned your wishes? Being no longer your wife dare I offer my felicitations on your becoming a father? Yes, doubtless, Sire! for my soul renders the same justice to yours as yours to mine; I conceive what you now experience as readily as you divine my emotions on this occasion; though separated, we are united by the sympathy which bids defiance to events.

"I should have been glad to learn the birth of the King of Rome from yourself, and not by the cannon of Goreux, or the prefect, Cuvier, but I am well aware that your first attentions are due to the members of the *corps diplomatique*, to your family, and above all to the happy Princess who has just realized your dearest hopes. She cannot be more tenderly devoted to you than I am; but she has had it in her power to do more for your happiness by assuring the welfare of France; she has, therefore, a right to your first sentiments, to all your cares; and I who was your companion in misfortune only, can claim but a far inferior place to that which Marie Louise occupies in your affection. You will have watched round her bed, and embraced her son, before you take up your pen to converse with your best friend. I will wait!

It is, however, impossible for me to defer telling you that more than any one on earth I share in your joy. You will not doubt of my sincerity when I say that far from being afflicted with a sacrifice, so necessary to the repose of all, I rejoice that it has been made, *now that I suffer alone.—Suffer*, do I say? No, since you are contented, my only regret is, that I have not yet done sufficient to prove how dear you were to me."

NAPOLEON III.

Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, the present Emperor of the French, was born on the 20th of April, 1808, at the Tuileries. His mother was Hortense, Queen of Holland, the wife of Napoleon's brother Louis, to whom that kingdom had been assigned.—The marriage of Hortense and Louis was most unfortunate; they did nothing but quarrel, and in September 1807, they finally separated at Amsterdam, and Hortense returned to her mother in Paris. There the present Emperor was born, and it is remarkable that he and the King of Rome were the only two persons of the family of Napoleon whose births were received with military honors and the homage of the people.

There is one circumstance connected with the fate of this family which historians have not as yet observed, but which is well worth mention. Napoleon the Great set aside his own best friend and counsellor, to obtain an heir to the throne of France.—He married a Princess of Austria, and by her he had a son. That birth was the culminating point of his power and his dignity. From thence he did nothing but descend. He died in exile—his son also. Who succeeded to his name, his fame, his power? The child of Hortense, who was the child of Josephine! In the person of the Emperor of the French, we find not the offspring of Napoleon the Great, but the offspring of his discarded wife. What an illustration of the truth of the adage—"That it is man who proposes but God who disposes!"

The Jealous Dog.

The following singular story is related by Judge Haliburton, in his recent work work entitled, "Nature and Human Nature:"

Last summer my duties sent me to George's Island. I take it for granted you know it. It is a small Island situated in the centre of the harbour of Halifax, has a powerful battery on it, and barracks for the accomodation of troops.

There was a company of my regiment stationed there at the time. I took this Newfoundland and a small terrier called Titt in the boat with me. The latter was a very active fellow that the general had given me a few weeks before. He was such an amusing creature that he soon became a universal favorite, and was suffered to come into the house, a privilege that was never granted to the other gentleman, who paid no regard to the appearance of his coat, which was often wet and dirty, and he was therefore excluded.

The consequence was, Thunder was jealous, and would not associate with him, and if he ever took any liberty, he turned upon him and punished him severely.—This, however he did not do in my presence, as he knew I would not suffer it; and therefore when they both accompanied me in my walks the big dog contented himself by treating the other with perfect indifference and contempt. Upon this occasion Thunder lay down in the boat and composed himself to sleep, while the little fellow who was full of life and animation, and appeared as if he did not know what it was to lay down and close his eyes, sat up looking over the gunwale and seemed to enjoy the thing uncommonly. He watched the motions of the men, as if he understood what was required of them and was anxious they should acquit themselves properly.

After having made my inspection I returned to the boat, for the purpose of recrossing to the town, when I missed the terrier. Thunder was close at my heels, and when I whistled for the other, wagged his tail and looked up in my face, as if he would say, "Never mind that foolish dog; I am here and that is enough; or, is there anything you want me to do?"

After calling in vain I went back to the barracks, and inquired of the men for Titt; but no one appeared to have noticed his movements.

After perambulating the little island in vain I happened to ask the sentry if he knew where he was.

"Yes sir, he is buried in the beach."

"Buried in the beach!" said I, with great anger. "Who dared to kill him?—Tell me, sir, immediately."

"The large dog did it, sir. He enticed him down to the shore by playing with him, pretending to crouch and then run after, and then retreating and coaxing him to chase after him; and when he got him near the beach he throttled him in an instant, and then scratched a hole in the shore and buried him, covering him up with gravel. After that he went into the harbour, and with his paws washed his head and face, shook himself, and went into the barracks. You will find the terrier just down there, sir."

And sure enough there was the poor little fellow, quite dead, and yet warm.

In the meantime Thunder, who had watched our proceedings from a distance, as soon as he saw the body exhumed, felt as if there was a court martial holding over himself, plunged into the harbor, and swam across to the town, and hid himself for several days, until he thought the affair had blown over; and then approached me anxiously and cautiously, lest he should be apprehended and condemned. As I was unwilling to lose both my dogs, I was obliged to overlook it, and take him back to my confidence.

Asiatic Mysteries.

The Amsterdamshe Courrant contains the following:—

"It is well known that East Indians have many inventions unknown to Europeans, and that they possess secrets incomparable to us. The Chinese understood the art of printing several centuries before Western nations, and they also used gunpowder a long time before it was known in Europe. In Bengal the art of serpent charming strikes foreigners with astonishment. In Chili the Spaniards instituted a system of rapid correspondence by means of the human voice, which at that period went ahead of every other mode of communication.—In the kingdom of Montezuma videttes were established at certain distances who transmitted the orders of the Government and transmitted information with the utmost rapidity from one end of the kingdom to the other.

It is a recognized fact in British India, that, in 1815, the Governor of Bengal received notice of the sudden revolt of the tribes of the interior. His informants proved that the natives had obtained information of the Allies having lost the first day of Waterloo, (Quatres Bras.) The rebels also knew, a short time subsequently, that the battle (Waterloo) had been gained by the British and their allies. Three weeks later the Governor received official notice of this event, which news had been immediately expedited to him by the Duke of Wellington, by means of couriers despatched from the battle field

A similar circumstance has just taken place. Letters received this week from Calcutta announced that the European mail is awaited with much anxiety, as the people of the interior have already received the anticipated news of the conclusion of peace. This news, of which as yet the European population knew nothing, and could know nothing, because no mail had arrived, had reached Calcutta in advance of steam, and even distanced the telegraph (from Bombay to Calcutta)

The Terrors and Perils of Lightning.

E. Merriam, a well-known meteorologist, residing in the vicinity of New York city, communicates the following to the New York Commercial Advertizer:

There are many persons who are greatly affected by fear during thunder-storms; we have recorded deaths by fright during fearful displays of lightning, and there are thunder-storms occurring, so appalling, as to cause the stoutest heart to tremble.

It will be a consolation to many who are thus exercised by fear to know there is safety during the continuance of the most fearful thunder-storms, in either a steamboat, railroad car, iron ship, iron house, warehouse filled with bar iron or iron castings, or in a vessel or building furnished with metallic conductors *reared for the purpose of protection*.

Steamboats have been in use more than fifty years, railroad cars more than thirty, and iron ships and iron buildings about twenty years, and during this period millions on millions of persons have been in steamboats, railroad cars, iron ships, and iron buildings, and not one of the vast multitude thus situated has fallen by lightning, nor has death by lightning ever been known in a steamboat, railroad car, iron ship, or iron building.

To those who think metals are dangerous from their *supposed* attraction for lightning, no argument beyond this plain, brief statement of facts need be offered.

The same exemption has been extended to vessels furnished with conductors. No case of loss of life or property in a vessel has ever occurred where the vessel was furnished with conductors, and the continuity uninterrupted to the water.

During my long-continued researches into the phenomena of lightning, extending over a period of nearly half a century, I have heard of but a single death by lightning in a building furnished with rods *reared for the purpose of protection.*—That one death occurred in the summer of 1855, in a house at Little Prairie, Wisconsin.

Lightning conductors made of No. 1, or No. 2 iron wire, are sufficiently large for a conductor, and cost less than one cent per foot, and less than one dollar for a conductor one hundred feet in length. Glass insulators can be bought of glass and hardware dealers for about twelve shillings per dozen.

To those who object to the size of the wire as being too small, we say, take one, two, three, or four wires and put them together—the bridge over the chasm of the great Niagara is suspended on No 9 wire—and this bridge sustains the weight of an immense train of cars of the Central railroad.

While upon this subject, we are anxious to give extensive publicity to the fact that cold water possesses the power of restoring to animation, persons who have been paralyzed by lightning. The fact should be known to every body. We have an account of a person being restored after a labor of five hours, with no other means than cold water drenching. Do not be discouraged if disappointment does attend the first effort; perseverance in this means of restoration has the sure promise of success.

Notes & News.

BALANCE SHEET OF THE WAR.—The grand net totals of the loss or gain by the late contest, to each party in the Paris conference, may thus be tabulated:

Turkey. Termination of Mussulman tyranny over Christians. The strip of Bessarabian Territory. A place in the European system.

France. A place for Napoleon III. among the potentates. A voice in the dictatorship of Europe.

England. Removal of commercial obstructions in the Black Sea, and perhaps in the Baltic. Extension of trade with Russia.

Austria. Loss of position. Complications in Italy.

Prussia. Reduction to secondary place in the Conference of European Powers.

Sardinia. A position among the powers of Europe. A European support in Italy.

Sweden. Dismantling of the Aland fortifications and military establishments.

Russia. Loss of protectorate in Turkey, of the Danube bank, of the Aland fortifications and military position in the East, of European dictatorship.

Fiasco of Peter the Great encroachment policy.

Institution of Alexander the Second peace and commerce policy.

Europe gains enlargement of commercial rights during war, and provision for arbitration in certain cases *vice* war. With respect to the individual states, there is a direct ratio between the loss or gain, and the moral deserts of each state as the upholder of public law or the reverse. The fortune of war is unusually in harmony with poetical justice.—*London Spectator.*

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHILDREN.—The whole household is up betimes; the young people breakfast at eight and dine at one. During the forenoon they keep to their books. Then the boys are drilled in military exercises, while the girls, we suppose, practice calisthenics. By this time dinner is ready; and when its toils are surmounted the children go the riding-school, from which they proceed, the princesses to drawing and music, and the princes to a carpenter's shop, where they hammer, and saw, and turn till they are tired; after which they occasionally spend some time in a laboratory fitted up for their particular use. The school is now ended; and while the girls go out to play or ride, the boys go out to walk, play, ride, or shoot till teatime. Then come the preparations for the lesson to-morrow, and then to bed.—Such according to the English papers, is the daily life of the Queen's children; and when we add that, morning and evening, they are trained in the truths of religion, we believe that we have before us the fact that the first family in the empire is regulated in a fashion which it were well for a good many other families if they would but imitate.—*Toronto Globe.*

TRIALS.—It is not in the light and sunny places of the wilderness that the traveller most sweetly reposes. It is under the shadow of a great rock, or in the depth of a sequestrated valley; and so it is with a Christian. The sun of prosperity withers our joy, and changes the green leaves into the sickly colors of autumn. Adversity is like the winter, which prepares the soil for the reception of seed, and for the rich and glowing luxuriance of spring-time. In sickness we are near to grace, and feel that God's banner over us is love. What is bodily pain if we experience this nearness? It is but a joyful messenger, looking in at the door of our prison to assure us that our release is at hand, and that our letters are about to be broken.

Wesleyan Book-Room!

HALIFAX, N. S.

THE friends of WESLEYAN and GENERAL Literature are hereby informed that in three or four weeks the present BOOK-ROOM in Halifax will be REOPENED with a complete assortment of NEW BOOKS which will be selected personally in the best market—and offered to the purchaser at low prices. A considerable reduction will also be made in the prices of the present Stock.

A new stock of Wesleyan Hymn Books will be received at the same time. The Hymns will also be offered at reduced prices.

☞ A list of the principal new Works will be published in the Provincial Wesleyan when they arrive.

CHARLES CHURCHILL,
Book Steward.

Halifax, July 24th, 1856.

N. B.—The first quarterly Meeting of the Book Committee will take place on the first Wednesday in September at 2 o'clock, P. M.

WESLEYAN Branch Book-Room!

ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE friends of Wesleyan Methodism in New Brunswick are hereby informed that a Branch Book Room has already been opened in the city of St John—at No 82 Germain Street, where a large assortment of Wesleyan Hymn Books, Catechisms, Sunday School Libraries, Sunday School Hymn Books, &c. &c. will always be kept on hand. A good stock of the Religious and general current Literature of the day will also be found, and the whole will be offered at low prices.

Orders for Sunday School Libraries or any other Works may be addressed to the Rev. CHARLES STEWART, Wesleyan Minister, or direct to the Wesleyan Branch Book Room, 82 Germain Street, St John. A large accession to the Stock may be shortly expected.

CHARLES CHURCHILL,
Book Steward.

July 24.

Wesleyan Book-Room.

Colporteurs Wanted.

TENDERS will be received by the Book Steward in Halifax from parties willing to act in the above capacity, in the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The engagement to commence if possible about the last week in August.

The terms will be made known to parties making the application—if by letter postage paid.

Halifax, July 24th, 1856.

NEW GOODS.

Per Steamer Canada,
AT THE ALBION HOUSE.

JULY 3rd, 1856.

BLACK GLACE SILKS; Vesting Cords,
Toilet Covers, Window Muslins,
Curtain Fringes, Children's Socks and Hose,
Ribbons, Tartanns, Window Nett-
Edgings Working Cotton, Pink Knitting,
Glove Sewing Thread, Reticules and Port Monies.
French Kid Gloves,
Black Barege Dresses, (very rich.)
With sundry other articles to complete assortment
ALSO—Brown and Black STRAW HATS.

July 24. JOST, KNIGHT & CO

G. E. MORTON & CO.

WHOLESALE Dealers in Patent Medicines, Perfumery, &c. General Depot and Special Agency for the sale of all genuine

Popular Family Medicines,

39 Granville Street, Halifax.

N. B.—Country Merchants and Druggists are particularly referred to the following articles:—

☞ Gerry's Pectoral Tablets for Coughs and Colds.
☞ Houghton's Pepsin for Dyspepsia, &c.
☞ Dyer's Healing Embrocation, a perfect Pain Destroyer.
☞ Bryan's Canomile Pills, and Moffats Life Pills approved family remedies.
☞ Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, the great English remedy for Consumption.
☞ Bryan's Tasteless Vermifuge for Worms in children or adults.
☞ Lord's Eureka or Easy Shaving Compound.
☞ Merchants Gargling Oil, an external remedy for horses and cattle.
☞ Nisy's Black Lead Polish.
☞ Nelson's Patent Gelatine for Blanc Mange and Jellies.
☞ Low's Soaps and Creams for the Toilet.
☞ Rowland's Maccassar Oil, Kalydor, Odonto and Melscomia, approved personal requisites.
☞ Keating's Cough Lozenges
☞ Borwick's Baking Powder, Infants Food, &c
☞ Saunders' Fragrant Sachets, for Perfuming drawers, decks, &c
☞ Wright's Sugar-coated Pills.
☞ Houchin's Corn solvent and Renovator
☞ Rimmel's Benzoline for cleaning silks, &c
☞ Balm of a Thousand Flowers.
☞ Rimmell's Toilet Vinegar, superseding the common perfumes.
☞ Cleaver's Prize Medal Honey Soap.
☞ Herring's Galvanic Hair Brushes and Combs for preserving the hair.
☞ The Wholesale Agency for all the above named popular articles, at Morton's Medical Warehouse Halifax. May 29

DAVID ALLEN POE,

(LATE JAS. R. ORR & Co.,)
COMMISSION MERCHANT. SHIPPING AGENT,
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June 19. 2m.

WILLIAM PITTS,

Commission Merchant, General Agent,
Broker and Auctioneer,
WATER STREET,
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

June 5. 2m.

ZINC, ZINC, ZINC!!

Just received per "Sunderland" via Liverpool.

FROM THE
"Vieille Montagne Zinc Mining Company,"
Leige, Belgium.

32 CASKS ROOFING ZINC,
120 Cases SHEATHING, do.
50 Barrels WROUGHT ZINC NAILS.
For sale at the Company's prices, by
DAVID STARR & SONS,
AGENTS,
May 29. 4w. 49 Upper Water Street.

THE COLONIAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

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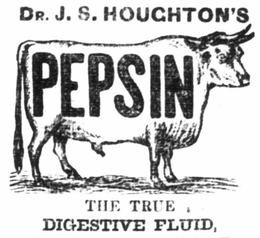

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