SAINT JOHN, N. B. — THE — FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1846.

# Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 10. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 38.

**THE CHRONICLE**

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church streets

TERMS—Ios. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s 6d. extra.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

**Weekly Almanack.**

| MAY. | | H. Sun. | H. Moon | H. W. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 23 Saturday, | 4 39 | 7 21 | 3 31 | 10 16 |
| 24 Sunday, | 4 38 | 7 22 | Sets | 11 5 |
| 25 Monday, | 4 38 | 7 22 | 7 52 | 11 48 |
| 26 Tuesday, | 4 37 | 7 23 | 8 43 | Morn |
| 27 Wednesday, | 4 36 | 7 24 | 9 29 | 0 28 |
| 28 Thursday, | 4 25 | 7 25 | 10 9 | 1 5 |
| 29 Friday, | 4 35 | 7 25 | 10 44 | 1 41 |

New Moon, 24th day, 12h. 0m. even.

*National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society.*

Office 26, Cornhill, London.

**CAPITAL £500,000 sterling.**

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

THIS Company insures for sums from £100 to £3000 on a single Life. It has the *mutual* system, or distribution of profits—offers advantages while living, as well as to widows and orphans after the death of the insured—loans part of the premiums paid when needed—induces persons to insure the lives of others who may be indebted to them—insures a man and his wife *jointly*, payable to the survivor on the death of either—grants endowments to children on reaching the age of twenty-one years—and conducts its operations upon a most comprehensive and satisfactory system.

Medical Examiner at St. John, N. B.
WILLIAM BAYARD, Esq. M. D.
Agent for Saint John, N. B.
EDWARD L. JARVIS.
May 3, 1845. *Nelson Street.*

**Ætna Insurance Company.**

"IN the event of a War, we should act in the same good faith towards claimants under our Policies, that we ever have; and if the Insured should prefer and require a Return of the *unearned* Premium, the Board have decided in such cases, that the Agent may refund *pro rata*."

The foregoing came to hand by last night's mail.
A. BALLOCH.
*Agent for New-Brunswick*
St. John, 23d January, 1846.

**Insurance & Assurance**

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Ætna Insurance Company, and the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, (Con.)

THE undersigned Agent for the above Companies, continues to effect Insurance on Buildings, finished or unfinished, Stores, Merchandize, Mills, Ships, while in port or on the stocks, and on every other species of Insurable personal property against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution of equal good standing.

The course pursued by these Companies, in transacting their business, and in the adjustment and payment of Losses, is liberal and prompt. And by order of the respective Boards of Directors, the undersigned Agent is authorized, in all cases of disputed claims, under policies issued by him, on which suits may be instituted to accept service of process, and enter appearance for his principals, in the Courts of this Province, and abide the decision thereon.

Terms made known, and if accepted, policies issued to applicants without delay.

**Life Assurance.**

The "United Kingdom Life Assurance Company of London, and the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," of London, continue to effect assurance, upon highly favourable terms.

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Dunn's Brick Building, Prince William street.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.
St. John, November 3, 1843.

THE HARTFORD
**Fire Insurance Company,**
OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice.

The Directors of the company are Elphalet Terry, James H. Wills, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.: Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntington, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.
JAMES G. BOLLES, *Secretary.*

The subscriber having been duly appointed an Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city, and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given, on application to
JOHN ROBERTSON.
St. John, 1st March, 1844.
☞ This office is the first agency established by this company in St. John.

**"PROTECTION"**
*Insurance Company of Hartford,*
SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Company, will attend to the Renewal of Policies issued by the late Agent, W. H. Scovil, Esquire, as also to effecting new Insurances against Fire, on Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, ships on the stocks and in harbour, &c.
A. BALLOCH, *Agent.*

*The Steamer "New-Brunswick,"*

WILL commence running on the opening of the River, on his usual days, leaving Indian Town on TUESDAY and THURSDAY at 10 o'clock, a. m., and on SATURDAY at 12, noon; and Fredericton on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, at 9 o'clock, a. m.
ROBERT WYLIE.
*April 3, 1846.*

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**

*Copy of a Letter from* HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND *to* MRS. ANN MELLISH, *(one of his Tenants.) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.*

MADAM,

If Mr. HOLLOWAY will undertake to Cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete, I will undertake to pay him £24 10s. You may show him this Letter.

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.
*Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.*

Copy of a Letter from the Most honorable the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, K. G.

LORD WESTMINSTER has just received Mr. HOLLOWAY'S Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks.

*Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.*

THIS INESTIMABLE MEDICINE being composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substance. Benign to the tender infant, or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.*

OF THE THOUSANDS *Cured by its agency* many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period, (by *persevering in its use*) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

ALL DISEASES, (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, *viz*, a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this Wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

THE AFFLICTED need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the MIGHTY POWERS of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

TIME should not be lost in taking this remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Ague, | Indigestion, |
| Asthmas, | Inflammation, |
| Bilious complaints, | Jaundice, |
| Blotches on the skin, | Liver complaints, |
| Bowel complaints, | Lumbago, |
| Colics, | Piles, |
| Constipation of Bowels, | Rheumatism, |
| Consumption, | Retention of the Urine, |
| Debility, | Sore Throats, |
| Dropsy, | Scrofula, or King's Evil, |
| Dysentery, | Stone and Gravel, |
| Erysipelas, | Tic Doloureux, |
| Female Irregularities, | Tumours, |
| Fevers of all kinds, | Ulcers, |
| Fits, | Worms of all kinds, |
| Gout, | Weakness, from whatever cause, &c. &c. |
| Headache, | |

THESE truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London. And are sold by PETERS & TILLEY, Provincial Agents, No. 2, King st., St. John N. B.; James F. Gale, Fredericton; W. J. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac; O R. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Currey, Canning; and James E. White, Belleisle.

In Boxes at 1s 9d, 4s 6d and 7s each.

N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box.

May 3, 1844.

*Minerva Life Assurance Company.*
King William street, London.

ALL Persons assured at the above Office, are requested to take Notice, that in future no Extra Premium will be charged on their Policies for residence in British North America, as heretofore; nor will such Extra Premium be charged on any Assurance hereafter effected. All applications for assurance to be made to
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
*Agents for New Brunswick.*
Medical referee, JOHN PADDOCK, Esq., M.D.
*January 30, 1846.*

☞ *NOTICE.*

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late CYNTHIA SMILER, (Widow,) deceased, are requested to hand in the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to
SAMUEL C. SMILER,
*Administrator.*
St. John, Oct. 7, 1845.

**French Paper Hangings.**

THE subscriber has just received from PARIS via New York, per *Helen Marr*, a beautiful assortment of FRENCH PAPER HANGINGS, Borders, &c.

Also per brig *Albert Tearing*, from Philadelphia 3 cases of Fine Glazed Paper Hangings.
JOHN LEITCH.
*Mclick's Brick Building, Market square.*
Oct 24.

*McKibben's Improved Roofing Felt.*

3000 SHEETS, Ex Demerest—of much better quality than that which we had before, for sale by
ALLISON & SPURR.
March 27.

*ON CONSIGNMENT,*

EX *Demerest from Liverpool*:—19 cases, three dozen each, superior Old PORT; 1 case one dozen ditto; 9 cases, three dozen each, superior GOLDEN SHERRY; 1 ditto two dozen ditto; 1 hogshead superior Pale Sherry; 27 cases, 1 doz. each, superior Pale Cognac BRANDY—*Martell's*; 1 case, 1½ dozen ditto ditto.

The above have been selected by a thorough judge of the article expressly for this market, and will be sold on reasonable terms.
*April 3.* JOHN ROBERTSON.

**Cheap Room Paper, &c.**

JUST received and for sale—5 pieces PAPER Hangings, at 7½d, 9d, 1s 1s 3d, and 1s 6d.
250 school SLATES; 10 dozen Match Safes;
10 dozen small Lamps; 500 bottles Castor OIL;
1 box Children's Shoes; 1 bag Cloves.
JOHN KINNEAR.
3d april. *Prince Wm. street.*

**Steel'd Socket Shovels.**

280 DOZEN steel point socket Shovels, just received.
17th april. C. & W. H. ADAMS.

OATS.—Ex *Charlotte*, 19 hogsheads (18 bushels each,) prime Oats. For sale by
ALLISON & SPURR.
17th april.

*Miscellany.*

## THE AVENGER.

### A TALE OF THE WOODS OF MAINE.

BY CHARLES P. ILSLEY.

[*Concluded.*]

### CHAPTER IV.

The scene was one of gloomy grandeur. It was deep midnight. Heavy masses of clouds floated athwart the heavens, through the rifts of which the rays of the moon occasionally fell in glimmering patches on a lake's broad bosom, which spread out like a vast mirror of steel in the uncertain light.—Tall trees—the wide spread oak—the straight and slender branch and walnut—the little ash, and the plume like fir formed a dense array in the back ground, while the borders of the lake were fringed with bushes and tussocks of alders. At one point the bank ran up slopingly to the forest's edge, which here receded for some distance, the huge trunks standing like massy columns in the great temple of nature.

Deep silence brooded over this little green plat—silence and darkness—save when at times a light shiver rang among the trees, as a breath of air broke their repose, and an opening in the clouds illuminated the place with the moon's transient light. At such times might be seen drawn up in a line on the grassy bank, their prows just at the water's edge, three canoes, ready to be launched at a moment's warning—and clustered here and there, in groups, the dim forms of sleeping savages, to the number of ten or more.

It was the temporary encampment of a war party, each member of which was apparently buried in profound slumber. A moment however, showed that there were sleepless eyes and listening ears in that seemingly slumbering band—for one of the number might have been seen half rising himself, resting on an elbow, in an attitude expressing keen and vigilant watchfulness. For five minutes or more the attention of the aroused savage seemed rivitted in a particular direction, as if his jealousy was awakened—his restless, burning glances striving to penetrate the dim recesses of the surrounding woods, and his ears keenly sensitive to the faintest sound that might be afloat. After awhile, perfectly satisfied with his scrutiny, he let himself slowly down to his former recumbent position.

Keen as were the senses of the red man—confident as he was of his power of detecting the first approach of danger—there was one in his immediate neighborhood whose skill and cunning in wood craft were more than a match for him. In an angle of the opening was a thick clump of bushes, and towards this, prone on the ground, the form of a man might have been seen, at the very time the awakened savage was peering around with those snake like eyes of his—worming slowly along. Not the rustle of a leaf—not the crackle of a twig marked the wily movement, which was so slow as to be almost imperceptible.

The covert was at last reached, and for nearly an hour the figure remained as if void of life. It was now that time of night when the senses are most deeply locked in slumber—the hour generally chosen by the savages for an attack. A deep silence reigned over the scene, broken only by the heavy breathings of the red men, all of whom, even to the sentinel, were buried in profound slumber. Slowly and cautiously the prostrate figure of the man in the bushes rose upright, revealing the well known form of the Scout.

After peering around on the sleeping savages, the hunter gave a low serpent like hiss, and presently the shaggy mastiff was seen, treading noiselessly over the dried leaves, just skirting the forest, to where his master was secreted—the cover he had chosen being directly opposite his entrance into the opening. Arriving at his master's side, the dog stood looking wistfully into his face.

Stooping down and patting the head of the faithful animal, the old man held the dhoul's scalp towards him and spoke in his ear: 'Go, Brave, and snell 'em out!'

In obedience to the command, the sagacious creature started, picking his way slowly, and carefully along among the sleeping foe, snuffling the air as he went, until at last he paused by the side of two of the savages who were huddled a little apart from the others, and fortunately for the design of the Scout, in close proximity to the forest's edge.

What that design was the reader has already surmised. It was to avenge the death of the mother and child. He had been prowling around the encampment for some hours, and had ascertained the number of the enemy. Their superior force, and the great risk of detection would have deterred a less resolute man; but the old Scout knew not fear, and once his mind resolved, no danger, however threatening would turn him aside.

'Tis pesky risky business, I know,' soliloquized the old man, 'but little Ruth shall be avenged, that I'm determined on!'

Leaving his rifle in the bushes, and unsheathing his long hunting knife, he prepared himself for the fearful and desperate task he had undertaken.

'I'd rather meet 'em in a fair fight,' was the tenor of his thoughts as he left his covert, and warily advanced to the spot where Brave stood motionless over the unconscious sleepers. 'I'd rather meet 'em in a fair fight, with a tree atween us, when the quickest eye and the surest aim does the job. This skinning 'em in their sleep is ag'in my white natur', and too much like the deceitful redskins!—There's a taint of murder about it I don't like,' and for a moment paused and hesitated in his vengeful purpose.

Then came the thought of little Ruth writhing under the merciless scalping knife—then, too, came the thought of his own sister, who, years ago, fell beneath the murderous tomahawk, and over whose mangled corpse he had sworn, that for every drop of blood shed of her's, a red man's life should be forfeited—well had the oath been kept—and should he relent now—with some of the very tribe before him that committed that deed—perhaps the very perpetrator of it—his hands now fresh stained with innocent blood? The cruel foe was within his power, and the very ground seemed to cry 'blood for blood!'

'They shall die!' exclaimed the Scout in an excited voice, completely thrown off his guard as those recollections thronged upon him, and totally forgetful of his perilous situation, and the extreme caution necessary.

He had nearly reached the side of the Indians when these fatal words were uttered, and barely had they escaped his lips when he was made sensible of his imprudence, for the savage nearest to him sprung half way to his feet with an expressive 'Hugh!' But ere he had got his footing the old man leaped upon him, like a panther on his prey, and the next moment his knife was buried deep in the heart of the savage. A gurgling groan burst from the mortally wounded foe, as he fell heavily across his sleeping companion. Quick as lightning ere the one thus suddenly aroused had a moment for thought or speech, the dog had him by the throat, and only relaxed his hold when the formidable knife of the hunter, with one stroop had half severed the head from the body of the victim.

Ere the reeking blade was withdrawn from the gaping wound, a wild whoop rang thro' the air, and a dozen dusky forms leaped, as if by magic, from the sward!

### CHAPTER V.

Aroused suddenly from a deep sleep, the bewildered savages made a simultaneous rush towards the canoes, two of which were hastily launched upon the lake, filled with the startled and half awakened party. Taking advantage of the momentary confusion, with his gaunt form bent nearly to the earth, the old man followed by his dog, glided into the clump of bushes where he had left his rifle. Grasping his trusty weapon, he plunged into the neighboring forest—with rapid strides burying himself each moment deeper within its intricate mazes. He knew there was no time to be lost, and that all his cunning would be required to extricate him from the peril which had surrounded him. After the first alarm had subsided, he was perfectly aware the foe would lose not a moment in dogging his footsteps.

He was right—for after the momentary confusion was over, and perceiving no other demonstrations of an attack, the canoes were paddled to the landing, the savages leaped on shore and immediately made preparations for offensive operations. The discovery of their fallen companions excited them to the highest pitch of revenge, and called forth a fierce howl of rage, which reaching the ears of the Scout, added wings to his flight. His first object was to put as great a distance between himself and the foe as possible, hoping to escape them by superior speed, not doubting they would follow his track, urged on by hatred and revenge.

With incredible rapidity he treaded his way thro' the thick woods, every little while changing the direction of his route in the hope of throwing his pursuers off his trail. Occasionally he would cast an upward glance through the opening foliage. To his regret he perceived the clouds which veiled the moon were rolling towards the east, and ere long her light would be entirely unobscured. In darkness he trusted in a great measure for his safety, and so long as the moon remained eclipsed he cherished the assurance that his trail would remain undiscovered, and even its light, he hoped, would not be sufficient to reveal it. Give him an hour or two until day light and he had no apprehensions for his safety. Worst come to worst, we cannot say that the Scout would have experienced much alarm for he had often been thrown into equally dangerous positions, in which his cunning and skill had alone proved his salvation. As to fear, that was a feeling which never troubled his breast.

The hopes that his trail would not be discovered were soon dissipated, however, for faintly echoing through the forest a furious yell swelled upon the night air, which the old man well knew was one of triump. The foe were on his track!

'The varmints have sharp eyes for sartin!' he muttered to himself, as present a second and more distinct peal of triumph broke the stillness of the forest. An angry growl from the mastiff followed.

'Do you hear 'em, Brave—the reptyles are arter us! But it will be pesky hard if we cant sarcumvent 'em with this start in the dark. Wal, 'taint much use to be hurried now, as I knows,' he added, slacking his pace—'they will want a nose like your'n pup, to follow us in all our twistings. There's a sense, now, that dumb critter's got, which God has gin to no varmint, although I sometimes consate these tarnal red skins have it, they follow one up so in the night!'

A whine from the dog interrupted the muttered colloquy of his master. The Scout stopped and threw himself at lengthin on the ground, with ear just raised from the earth.

'Your right, pup!' said the Scout springing to his feet and composedly patting his companion—'the varmints are swift on the foot, and are nigher than I'd'an idea o'. Nothing's left now but to p'ay possum with 'em.'

He had just entered a more than usually heavy growth of wood—huge trees, whose interlacing branches formed a dense roof of leaves overhead.—After proceeding some distance, he retraced his steps with the greatest care, and selecting a low oak he placed his rifle in the branches, and grasping a limb within his reach, swung himself into the tree. With the ease and agility of the youthful nutgatherer he passed from tree to tree—striking off to the left. He worked his way along in this manner for a number of rods, until he reached a broad shallow stream. Letting himself down from his airy perch into the centre of this rivulet, he gave a low signal, which in a few minutes brought the faithful Brave to his side. The then commenced following up the rocky channel of the stream towards the lake, for perhaps an eighth of a mile, when the Scout again struck into the woods in a direction which led to the very point from which he had first started.

'I reckon 'twil puzzle the varmints some to follow my trail now!' chuckled the old man to himself—'though for the matter of that, many's the time I've tracked their steps under water. But it wars broad daylight to do that in, and a sharp eye to boot, which every man haint got. 'Tis a gift of natur', as Parson Smith on the Neck said the other day. A clever man that Smith, and a right smart one too, only he is too uncommonly gifted in prayer,—specially of a cold winter's day! his sarmons is very edifying, so I've hearn tell; and he handles a gun well, too—that I know:—a good shot—a good shot for a parson!'

Muttering to himself in this manner, totally indifferent to the danger which surrounded him, the old man continued his way towards the encampment of the savages, assured that wherever they might look for him they would not suspect his presence in that neighborhood, which they had faithfully scoured on the first alarm, after which, his trail being discovered four of the runners had started off in pursuit.

### CHAPTER VI.

The first faint streaks of light 'glimmering in the dampled east'—the lake, unruffled by the gentlest zephyr, spread out its broad glassy bosom, dotted here and there with little green islets—the bordering trees and bushes hung motionless over the still waters in which their foliage was perfectly reflected tinging the edges of the lake with a deep green like colored crystal:—the whole forming as quiet and beautiful a picture as ever delighted the eye of a lover of nature. The woods were vocal with the matin song of birds, their rich and varied warblings blending into one glorious harmony,—as if the feathered choir had in the language of Milton,

'Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.'

Far off on the lake just seen in the dawning light, a solitary canoe glided slowly on its way. A short time and it doubled a point of land and disappeared from sight. Drawn up on the bank of the little opening already described were the two remaining canoes, and under a neighboring tree, stark and ghastly, stretched out lay the body of one of the savages who had fallen beneath the knife of the hunter. The canoe that had just been lost to view, bore the body of the other victim—a chief of some note—on its way to the distant tribe to which he belonged.

From the belt of the corpse beneath the tree was still suspended the woman's scalp, which had called down upon the perpetrator of the foul deed, the dire vengeance of the Scout. The long dark hair lay in a heavy mass upon his breast, as if even in death, he triumphed in this fearful trophy of his cruelty.

The plat was nearly deserted. Presently, however, the tall form of the Scout might have been seen emerging from the woods. Casting quick and searching glances in every direction, he advanced with the utmost caution towards his fallen foe—occasionally pausing, listening intently and eyeing suspiciously every bush and tree as if they concealed a lurking enemy. Stepping as if his slightest foot fall would break the slumber of the dead, he reached the side of the corpse.

'The merciless wretches shan't have this to exult over,' muttered the old man as he disengaged the scalp from the belt and carefully placed it in his pouch, where the ringlets of the mother and child mingled in striking though mournful contrast.

He had turned to retrace his steps, when a sudden thought seemed to occur to him.

'I do it to madden the varmints,' he remarked in an emphatic tone—'twill ruck them awfully! kalkerlate!'

Unsheathing his knife and stooping over the head of the corpse, with a dexterity that evinced a practical hand, he removed the scalp from the dead Indian's head, and then having placed it in the same place lately occupied by the scalp of the woman, he noiselessly left the spot. An angry growl from Brave quickened his steps. In a moment he was again in the woods and on his way to Yarmouth, skilfully and cunningly endeavouring to conceal his trail—no easy matter—from the preying eyes of the red skins.

Ten minutes had barely elapsed, during which the Scout was making the best of his way towards the settlement, when behind him there arose a yell, so wild and terrific—a howl so demoniac and unearthly, that even the old hunter, to whose ears such sounds were familiar, could not conceal a slight shudder as it went echoing through the forest.

'Ha!' he ejaculated, as he increased his speed—'the reptyles have returned and diskivered the scalp, and it has touched the raw! The sooner I get out of this neighborhood, I conceite, the better.'

Throughout the day, hardly slackening his pace he continued to thread the tangled forest, until about nightfall, he approached the settlement of North Yarmouth. In the out skirts he fell in with a number of the scouting party from Falmouth, who detailed to him the atrocity that had been committed.

'Yes, Yes,' said the Scout, 'I knew the reptyles had been at their bloody work in the settlements.—Poor little Ruth!' and the old man's voice became choked with emotion.

'But have you not seen any signs of the Indians, Wier?' asked one of the party.

'I reckon I have, the varmints!' replied the Scout, and opening his pouch he handed to the astonished speaker the two scalps.

'Why what are these? Where did you get them?' were the eager exclamations of the party, as they closed round and gazed on the gory trophies.

'They are proofs,' replied the old man with deep feeling, 'that little Ruth and her mother are AVENGED!'

A few more questions and replies elicited the whole story, and with a shout of triump the men escorted the Scout to the Block House, where his prowess was the theme of many an admiring tongue. To escape the compliments showered upon him the Scout modestly remarked—

'I take no credit to myself—you may thank that are dog for all this, for if it hadn't been for Brave I should never have trapped the varmints.'

It is unnecessary to add, that ever after the faithful Brave was a petted favorite in the settlement.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT OF THE PATENT FIRE-PROOF CEMENT.—Mr. Yates, of Princess-street, Manchester, having some time ago obtained the permission of the mayor to make a public trial of his patent fire-proof cement, fitted up for the purpose a four-story building in John Dalton-street (late Tassel-street,) where the tests to which Mr. Yates proposed to submit his invention, were on Monday applied, in accordance with the notice previously given. The second story was selected as the scene of the experiment. The entire length of the room is about forty-eight feet, and a portion of this was partitioned off, measuring about seventeen feet. The partition was composed solely of laths and plaster, about three-fourths of an inch thick, coated with cement about the same thickness. The flooring, composed of common inch boards, was also coated with the cement, about an inch thick, and the ceiling in the same manner. In the centre of the room, there was a kind of closet or safe, composed like the partition, of laths and plaster, and covered with a coating of the cement, inside and out. In this safe was deposited a number of ledgers, books and papers, laths and pieces of common deal timber; the object being to show the applicability of the cement for the purpose of forming safes in each room or story of a warehouse or other large building. Before eleven o'clock the room was filled with a large quantity of combustible materials, consisting of staves, barrels, shavings, &c. &c., in the presence of the Mayor, Sir Thomas de Trafford, Mr. Alderman Potter, and most of the Aldermen and Council of the Borough, and a very great number of the most influential and respectable gentlemen in the town. The experiments were tried under the superintendance of Mr. Rose, of the fire brigade, and his son; and at five minutes past eleven the room was fired. The flames spread with inconceivable rapidity, and in a short time burst through the windows, emitting the most intense and suffocating heat. At this time the room appeared to be one entire mass of fire, the flames ascending through the windows to a height of sixteen feet, and fears were entertained by the spectators that the whole building must fall a prey to the devouring element. The fire burnt with unremitting fury for one hour and thirty-five minutes, when it became exhausted. After the room had become sufficiently cool, through the admission of the external air, the books and other papers in the interior of the safe were taken out and examined by the gentlemen present, and were found to be untouched. In fact they had not the slightest appearance of having ever been near the fire; the writing inside is in every respect as black as jet, and there is no appearance of that crispness about the paper which is usually found in such cases. We are assured by Mr. Rose, that such a fire in a building of ordinary construction, would be over in twenty minutes, and yet we find that in this instance, the flames continued to burn fiercely for an hour and 35 minutes, so that supposing a large mill to be on fire in which this cement were used, we find that ample time would be given for every precaution to be taken against the spreading of the fire, or for the removal of a large amount of property. Outside the building and immediately underneath the windows were fixed several handsome Grecian window cornices, formed of the cement, and which, although subjected to the action of the flames, were found to be uninjured. We ought to mention that the ceiling was only covered with cement 5-8ths of an inch in thickness, although in direct opposition to Mr. Yates, who requested that it might be plastered an inch. It is only justice to Mr. Yates to say that the result of the trial was in every respect highly satisfactory, and exceeded the most sanguine expectations of all who witnessed the experiments, and we have the authority of Mr. Rose for stating that such also is his opinion.—*Manchester Courier.*

HUSBANDS.—The influence of a sensible woman is of no ordinary kind and happy is the man who is thus favoured; not indeed that sensible women are more rare than sensible men; but, because men are too apt to monopolise the entire sense of the family, (in their own opinion) to desire the woman to leave the thinking to them, to treat women as automatons, objects rather of amusement than rational beings, as children or dolls, to be coaxed and made fools of rather than as equals or friends, bound to one eternity; fellow sufferers who weep in their misfortunes; as partakers and heighteners of their joys; and as being equally accountable to one God.—Others, again, look on women as the mere slaves of their will, a sort of safety valve for their spleen, by means of which their ill tempers find vent. Both these characters, I trust will be far from my reader; but, if he should have entertained such erroneous ideas of what women, in her higher moral capacity, is and ought to be, let me entreat him to try, for a short time, (and he will then continue to do so,) by kindness and affection to draw forth the hidden treasures from the mind and the heart of his wife; if he have treated her as a mere cypher in his family let him gradually introduce her to trust and responsibility; if he have treated her as a child, incapable of maturity of mind, let him now make her as confident, and in the many opportunities for inference which will then occur, he will soon be aware how much he has lost by past neglect; and if he have treated her as a tyrant, if he have crushed the but half uttered sentiment, if he have stultized her tastes and opinions; if by coldness he have thrown the oft springing affections back upon her heart, there to wither and to die, or with the wound to rankle and to become gall, let him try before it be too late, to restore sufficient confidence to elicit opinion; let him then by especial gentleness awaken the dormant affection, and by the warmth of his love, perpetuate its flow. The unadulterated love of women is the greatest boon Heaven itself can in this world bestow on man.—*The Young Husband.*

SHERRY WINE.—This wine (Sherry) was first known in England about the time of Henry VII. It became popular under Elizabeth, when those who, under Essex, sacked Cadiz, brought home the fashion of good 'sherris sack.' The wine is still called on the spot 'Seco,' in contradistinction to the sweet malvoises and *paxarates* of Xerez. The Spaniards scarcely know sherry beyond its immediate vicinity. More is drank in Gibraltar, as the red faces of the red coast evince, than at Madrid, Toledo, Salamanca and Valladolid. Sherry is in fact a foreign wine, made and drank by foreigners. Nor do the generality of Spaniards like its strength, and still less its high price. At Seville in the best houses, one glass only is handed round. It is very dear, and costs half a dollar on the spot. Pure genuine sherry, from ten to twelve years old, is worth from fifty to eighty guineas per butt in the shop; and when freight, insurance, duty, and charges are added, will stand the importer from one hundred to one hundred and thirty guineas in his cellar. A butt will run from one hundred and eight to one hundred and twelve gallons, and the duty is 5s. 6d. per gallon. Such a butt will bottle about fifty two dozen. The readers will now appreciate the bargains of those 'pale' and 'golden sherries' advertised at thirty six shillings the dozen bottles included! They are mere capers, although much indebted to Thames water, Cape Wine, French Brandy, and Devonshire cider. Sherry is a purely artificial wine, and, when perfect, is made up from many different butts; the entire is in truth the result of Xerez grapes, but of many sorts and varieties of flavor. Thus one barrel corrects another by addition or subtraction, until the proposed standard aggregate is produced. All this is managed by the cooper or headman who is usually a *Montanese* from the Austrian mountain, and often becomes the real master of his nominal master, whom he cheats as well as the growers. Some make large fortunes—one died recently worth £300,000. The whole system is cheerfully explained, as there is no mystery nor, provided satisfactory beverage be produced, can it much signify whether the process be natural or artificial; all champaign, to a certain degree, is a manufacture.

FLOUNCING.—In Guernsey, when a young man offers himself to a lady, and is accepted, the parents of the parties give what is termed a flouncing; that is, they invite their friends to a feast, where the young lady is led round the room by her future father in law; there is then an exchange of rings, and some articles of plate according to the rank of the parties. After this it is horrid for the damsel to be seen walking with any other male person, and the youth must scarcely glance at anything feminine; in this way they court for years. After this ceremony, if the gentleman alters his mind, the lady claims half his property; and if the fickle lass should repent, the gentleman can demand half of hers.

SELF OBSERVATION.—Men carry their minds so far the most part they carry their watches, content to be ignorant of the constitution and action within, and attentive only to the little exterior circle of things to which the passion, like indexes are pointing.—*Foster.*