

FOR ALL!!



AY'S OINTMENT!

linary Cure of a Case

ABANDONED BY METROPOLITAN KING'S AND CHARING-CROSS HOSPITALS, LONDON.

On the 25th day of March the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House.

BY AFFIDAVIT.

KEE, Messenger of No. 9, Southwark, London, maketh

that he (this deponent) was FIFTEEN RUNNING ULcers

in both legs, for which deponent an out-door patient at an Hospital, in April 1841,

found for nearly four weeks a cure there, but as I have

received the three following depots at the three following Hospitals, in May

at Guy's Hospital in July, and at Charing Cross Hospital

of August, for some weeks dependent left, being in a far

more than when he had quitted Sir BRANSBY COOPER,

Medical officers of the establishment that the only chance of

was to lose his arm. The upon called upon Dr. Bright

at Guy's, who, on viewing deponent, finally and liberally

only at a loss what to do, for is half a sovereign; go to

AY, and try what effect the agent will have, as I have

used the wonderful effects of deponent's case. You can

regain. This is the only cure that has been known, and

is effected in three weeks, by HOLLOWAY'S PILLS &

ster. Now Hospitals had Dr. Bright was shown by the

result of his advice and I am both astounded and

thought that it ever I saw it would be without your

compare this cure to a

London House, of the city of

the 25th day of March, 1842

W. BROOKE, JOHN PIERCE, M.D.,

USES OF THE SKIN. Bed

The Standard

OR FRONTIER AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

Price 12s 6d in Advance. SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1845. [Iss. at the end of the year

Frontier's Magazine. TRUE LOVE: A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMERY. Gentle reader, do you like a story with a beginning, a middle, and an end? It is to turn the page, for this will not be your taste. I am weary of treading the same track. I will tell my tale in my own way, even if it be like a child's first experiment in knitting, where, though the thread is left unbroken, many a stitch is dropped—or, like old Dr. ——— sermons, which contain broken bits of a golden chain of thought, but are always wanting in connecting links. My story begins in the middle, and finishes after the end: Now read if you will, I have given you an honest warning.

In a spacious apartment, whose low ceiling and carpeted panels were in keeping with the quaint and embossed furniture, which the Parisians of Albany fancied at the beginning of the last century, sat two persons engaged in deep and earnest conversation. The lady was young and very beautiful, but there was pride in every motion of her stately form; pride in the curve of her graceful neck; pride in her broad, high brow; pride in the cold clear light of her superb eyes; pride in every lineament, save in the curve of her sweet mouth, that only feature which cannot be educated to false coloring. There was an expression of exquisite tenderness in the full softness of her lips, which was strangely at variance with the calm, and statue-like character of her commanding beauty. Her companion was a man in the prime of early manhood, with a tall, commanding figure and a face full of noble ingenuities. Even the most careless observer might have discovered how much more really the seal of worldliness is stamped on the doctress character of women, than on the less impressive nature of men: for his cheek glowed and paled his lip quivered, his eye flashed and filled with tears, while the calm earnest gaze of the lady seemed to reproach him for such untrammelled emotion.

"You must learn prudence, Horace," said she, in a low clear voice. "I have you and have been weak enough to consent to you my regard for you, but remember my pride is as strong as my affection. You drew upon me the eyes of a gaping crowd by your vehemence and I cannot submit to be a laughing stock of fools."

"Do you mean to say, Gertrude, that I must temperly submit to see other claiming rights where I dare not ask privileges? Why did you refuse me your hand, and then five minutes afterward, allow that puppy Saunders to lead you to the dance?"

"It might be sufficient to say that such was my pleasure; and I will give you another reason. Your attentions to me have been so marked, so exclusive all the evening, that something very decided was necessary to silence the tongues of gossiping friends."

"Then we must forever play each other false, lest the world should suspect our truth?"

"Nay, Horace, let us understand our position. We are both proud and proud—we have been nurtured in high notions, and we have to secure our position in society—we have by our talents and education—and I, by my poor beauty and woman's tact. Your family are ambitious for you, and they anticipate your future marriage with wealth, as an essential means of acquiring distinction. Something of the same kind is expected of me. Nay, never frown and shake your head—it is even so. They would fain barter you for that which they most need, nor do I blame them for trying to preserve their time-honored station in a society, by all lawful and proper means."

"Even by the sale of true hearts, I suppose," was the bitter reply.

"You forget, Horace, that they know nothing of our real feelings, and that therefore they anticipate no such sacrifice. But such being the plan with regard to us, you well know what fierce opposition we might expect if our secret were suspected. It may be that I carry my womanly pride too far, but I am sure that I could never endure the ridicule, or the contemptuous pity of the world. I am content to wait for better times. Horace, and I only ask you to be as patient as myself."

"With me love is a sacred and holy thing, it must not be blazoned before the eyes of every one; I will cherish it in my heart, but I will not bear its badge upon my breast."

"You mean to say, Gertrude, that you would rather sacrifice me to the world than give up the world for me?"

"You talk of giving up the world as if it were a word, and as the world does, at least as far as appearance goes. I will not sacrifice a penny to the whims of society, but I will always resist an impulse, in order to avoid its censure."

"How can you reason so coldly, on a matter which to me involves something dearer than life?"

"I tell you, Horace, that all affections, richest store of gifts could not repay me for the loss of that dignity which is only to be pre-

ferred by self-governance. Good heavens! Gertrude, how can you place the cold cavillings of a set of gossips, in competition with love, and hope, and happiness?"

"I must be frank with you: I love you with my whole heart, yet I will not risk the world's dread laugh for you. Anything else I would do—the sacrifice of my life—the slow martyrdom of the heart—all would I suffer, but not the contempt of those among whom my lot is cast. I may be wrong, but education has confirmed the innate pride of my nature. You must trust me, Horace, trust my love and my word, but there must be no bond between us which can be converted into a fetter, clanking in the ears of society. I will not be pitied as a loveless damsel pining with hope deferred."

"Gertrude, you never loved me, you do not now love me, or could not reason thus."

"If you think so, Horace, we had better never recur to the subject," was the calm rejoinder.

"Only let me appear before the world as your lover, Gertrude, and I care not for every trial. I will go forth and win the means which can enable me to claim your hand;—but I cannot bear this stifling of all true emotion, this daily acted lie. Let us at least be true to our natures."

I am so, Horace, I tell you pride with me is as strong as love; and secrets must be buried in our own hearts, and each must be content with a consciousness of recognition that allows of no outward sign. If this contents you not, it is better that we part at once.

The young man gazed earnestly on the fair face before him, but not a trace of emotion was upon it. The position of her delicate hand hid from his view the pained sorrowful expression of her tremulous lip, while her cold, calm eyes looked quietly out as if they were never illumined with other than external light. His impetuous temper could bear no more.

"Be it so, madam, he exclaimed, you speak of parting as if the thought were a familiar one. I will no longer thrust myself between you and your hopes of worldly honors. We will part at once."

He turned towards the door as he spoke, but the lady sat still as a statue. You had better not leave me in anger, Horace, said she, in a voice as unflinching as if she had been bidding him to a banquet. You had better not leave me thus; there are some things which cannot be forgiven."

Yes, there are things which the heart can neither forgive nor forget, exclaimed Horace vehemently. Proud, cold, unfeeling woman, may you yet learn the value of the true affection you now cast from you; he turned gaze one look at the wonderful beauty of that calm face, and then, the heavy closing of the door signalled his departure.

With a face pale almost to grisliness, and with unaltering step, the lady slowly arose and left the room. Fearful was the power of passion in that woman's heart—the more fearful still that almost superhuman power of repression.

Ten years have passed away since the scene already depicted, and we will once more lift the curtain.

In a magnificent library, fitted up with all the appliances of taste and luxury, sat Horace L****. His companion was a woman fair and delicate, and bearing that high refinement, both of look and manner, which makes one so readily pardon the want of symmetry of feature. She was much younger and far less striking in personal beauty than he yet there was a similitude, rather of expression than of hue, which betrayed their relationship. Horace had been gazing abstractly in the fire, for some moments when he suddenly turned to his sister, and said:

"Will you answer me one question frankly, Julia?"

"Certainly, did I ever hesitate to do so?" was the immediate reply.

"No, my sister, you have ever been full of truthfulness, but tell me—this new admirer of yours, who comes armed with all the powers of intellect and courtly grace—your traveled friend—what do you really think of him?"

"That he would be one of the most captivating of men to most of my sex?"

"Have you found him so Julia?"

"A merry light shone in her eyes, as she looked up from her needle-work, but the earnestness of her brother's question checked her gaiety. She arose, and laying her hand on his shoulder, said:

"He does not reach my standard, of perfection, Horace, he is some inches shorter, both in bodily and mental stature."

Horace smiled merrily: "I have long wanted to speak to you on this subject, Julia, and yet I have shrunk from it with a childish dread. I am afraid that time has made me selfish, and I will not yield to so mean a selfish, and I will not yield to so mean a selfish. The frosts of forty winters have chilled my heart far more than they have silvered my brow; I am weary of the

hollowness of society, but to you, who are yet in the early season of womanhood, it may still offer charms. It is wrong in me to suffer you thus to devote your best years to a wayward brother."

"I am happy, perfectly happy with you, Horace."

"But, are you not resigning for my sake, the hopes so dear to every woman's heart? Tell me—my mind, I must be answered truly—have you never felt the stirrings of an impassioned nature—never recognized the first dawning of an affection which might have brightened into happiness?"

"Never, dearest brother, never have I known that bewildering emotion which is called love. From my childhood I revered you as a being of lofty order, you were my girlish ideal of all that is beautiful, and good, and noble in manhood. I worshipped your image instead of fashioning for myself some hero of romance, as maidens do. As I grew older and saw something of society, I found that there was none other like you; all other men shrunk into pigmies beside you—you were the King of Israel, towering above his future subjects, in physical as in moral grandeur. I cannot love where I do not reverence, Horace, and you already possess the deepest veneration of my spirit. I have loved you with all a sister's affection, with all a woman's devotedness. The whole thought of my nature has been expended here, and never has a thought proved traitor to you. At your side I would have lived and died. One thing only sometimes overshadowed my spirit, mine is a jealous love, and I dread lest a being unworthy of your high excellence should at some future time claim, as a wife, the privilege of ministering to your comforts, while I shall be cast out."

"Fear not that, Julia; I have no faith in woman: I know your truthfulness, your nobleness, your unselfish devotion, but you are the only being of your sex whom I would trust. You are one, but the name of the false is Legion. Yet it is not strange that the same vague fear of future separation should have come to the hearts of both of us, my sister! Among all that have loved you, I have found none worthy of you, and I have sometimes doubted whether I was not blinded by my selfishness."

"Let us then quit all such anxieties, Horace; let us make a spiritual marriage—let me bind myself to be the companion of your future life, the partner of all your fortunes, sharing with you every sorrow and every joy."

She knelt down before her brother as she spoke, and her countenance was almost beautiful, illumined, as it was, by the pure enthusiasm of affection. The eyes of Horace were sufficed with tears as he bent forward and pressed his lips to her fair and open brow.

"Be it so, sweet sister," said he, "we will live for each other. It shall be my privilege to guard you from every sorrow, while you shall share my every joy." With smiles on her lips, while tears yet stood upon her cheeks, Julia, half playfully, half seriously drew from her finger a plain gold ring, and exchanged from an antique chased one, worn by her brother.

"Now we have pledged our troth," said she, death only can sever us if we are true to our pledge; and the words uttered in jesting mood were remembered by both during many future years.

Another period of ten years has passed away. Horace L**** reclined in his easy chair his guilty foot rested on a cushion, and beside him sat his devoted sister. Time had touched both with a gentle hand, and the brow of Julia was still as smooth as in days of childhood, for there had been no passions to deepen the light foot prints of quiet years. Her brother's noble bearing was still unchanged, his eyes were still bright, his forehead wrought over by "the intercrossed lines of thought," rather than of age, and the almost womanish beauty of his mouth was still unimpaired.

The door opened, and a handsome youth entered with a merry laugh and a joyous greeting. "Ah, uncle Horace, is your foot still wrapped in 'fleece hoary'?" you must still of those fates next week; your presence cannot be dispensed with at Emsdale."

"So you are really going to be married, next week, Frank?"

"Well, well, boy, I do my duty by you all in the way of warning and remonstrance; but I don't see that it is of much use. Pray what do you want of a wife?"

"I want someone to love, someone to love me all my life."

"Natural enough; but do you expect this in a wife? Then, take my word for it, you never were more mistaken. A woman is brought up even from the nursery to the belief that it is her destiny to be married. For this she is trained, for this she is ushered into society. Mind you, I did not say she was educated to be a wife; she is instructed

in the art of getting married. She sings, and plays, and dances, and dresses, and looks pretty, until some flat is taken in the net, and the sooner is he looked and fairly caught, than she has fulfilled her vocation."

"You are too general, uncle, in your remarks," interrupted Frank.

"I tell you, Frank, there is no faith in woman," was the reply. "She is a creature of moods and impulses; there is no stability in her feelings, no duration in her sentiments. Trust to the waves your richly freighted bark, waste upon the winds your richest music, and your sweetest perfumes, and you will yet be woe compared with him who puts faith in woman. She will, she must disappoint your trust. Her nature is full of variability, and until the Ethiopian can change his skin, or the leopard his spots, woman must ever be faithless and fickle."

"You are severe, uncle, I wonder how you dare utter such heresies in the presence of such a sister."

"She is the exception that proves the rule. Do you remember the saying of Solomon? 'One man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all these have I not found.' I have known hundreds of women, but I never found one who could keep her faith. Ambition, pride, the love of display, the petty vanity of personal decoration, all such mean, base feelings mingle with a woman's love. She offers not to the trusting soul the full rich draught of unmingled tenderness; the cup may sparkle, and the head may woo the lip, but there are bitter drops beneath."

Conclusion in our next.

A COURT SCENE AT GEORGIA.

A friend of mine has recently returned from an excursion into the circuit in this State. He tells me that while in the country of ——— he strayed into the Court house and was present at an arraignment of a man by the name of Henry Day, who was charged with attempting to kill his wife. Day was a little pale man, and the wife was a perfect beauty. The indictment being read, the prisoner was asked to say whether he was guilty or not guilty.

He answered, "There's a mighty chance 'o' her lies in the papers; but some part is true. I did strike the old lady; but she hit me powerfully first. She can swear equal to fiftieth of anything, and her kicks are awful. I reckon what you say about the devil moving me is pretty tolerable correct, seeing as how she accused me. I have told all I know 'bout the circumstances, Mister, I gin Squire Jones there a five dollar bill, and I gin he'll take it out for me." Squire Jones thereupon rose and said he had a point of law to raise in this case, which he thought conclusive. It was an established rule of law, that man and wife were but one, and he should like to know if a man could be punished for shipping himself; he should be glad to hear what the Solicitor General had to say to that. The Solicitor General answered, that he thought his brother Jones had carried the maxim a little too far; men had often been punished for beating their wives. If a man should kill his wife it would not be suicide.

Here Squire Jones interposed, and defied the Solicitor General to produce any authority to that effect. The Solicitor General looked at "Green and Lumpkin's Georgia Justice" for some minutes and then observed that he could not find the authorities just then, but he was sure he had seen the principle somewhere, and he called on the judge to sustain him. In the enthusiasm of counsel on the point, they forgot to offer any evidence as to the guilt or innocence of Day in the premises. The judge, likewise being oblivious of the fact, proceeded to charge the Jury. He told them that man and wife were one. He remarked that in either event, the man was legally bound to suffer; and therefore, come as they would, Day was undoubtedly guilty. He would not decide the question whether if a man kill his wife it was murder or suicide.

He was not prepared to express an opinion on that point, it was a very delicate one, and he had no idea of committing himself. (Some one here observed that he was mighty fond of committing others.) He then called on the bailiff, a tremendous looking cracker, wearing a broad-brim hat, (I never saw a man south of latitude thirty three, that did not wear a white hat with craps), and proceeded to admonish him that the jury were very much in the habit of coming in drunk with their verdict, and that if it happened in this case, he would discharge the prisoner, and put the punishment upon him. The bailiff gave a significant glance at the Judge, and applied that other people besides the jury, came into Court drunk when some people were drunk themselves. The jury then retired, and so did my friend.

The next day he returned, and found matters in statu quo, except that Day and his wife had made up, and were discussing the merits of a cold fowl and a quart of beer, and now and then interchanging kisses, de-

spiteful frowns and looks of the officers—the Judge, Clerk, and Sheriff, had been up all night and looked wolfish; and the bailiff was seated on his white hat at the door of the Jury room, and this indicated that he had swallowed the concentrated venom of a thousand wild cats. The most awful curses, oaths and wounds, proceeded from the jury rooms; some were roaring like lions, some crying like children, moving like cats, neighing like horses, &c. At last a short consultation was held at the jury room door, between the foreman and the bailiff, whereupon the latter putting his hat on one side on his head, came into the court-room, and addressed the Judge thus: "Mister, Tom Jakes says the jury can't agree about this here man; and if you keep him [that is Tom Jakes] without grog any more, he'll whip you on sight." Judge appealed to the bar if this was not a contempt of Court, and "Green and Lumpkin's Georgia Justice" having been consulted, it was finally decided that it was a threat addressed to the Judge as a private individual, and was to whip him on sight, and not on the bench; it was not under the free, and enlightened principles of Georgia legislation, a contempt of Court. This being settled, the Judge directed the bailiff to say to Tom Jakes, the foreman, "the jury should agree if they stand there through eternity." The bailiff retired, and so did my friend—but he gives it as his opinion, from the frame of mind in which he left all parties, the juries and bailiffs are still there.

TURKISH VENGEANCE.

The following is a "romance of real life," which occurred in 1842, in the household of Mohammed Ali, Governor of Tophana, and Director-General of Artillery.

Among his dependents were a Circassian slave girl, of more than ordinary beauty, and a Turkish youth, holding the place of valet, or pipe-bearer. Having been told that this young man was not only accustomed to address the ladies of his establishment, when sent to accompany them in boats of carriage, but that direct intelligence was supposed to exist between him and the Circassian, the pacha warned him to beware, and forbade him to hold intercourse of any kind with the inmates of the harem. The lovers for so it seems they were, contrived, nevertheless, to communicate for some time without exciting further suspicion. It chanced however, one afternoon that the pacha, strolling through a portion of his harem overlooking the garden, perceived his female slave leaning against the trellis-work blind of the window, and covering the object of her attachment, who stood unobserved. Upon seeing this, Mohammed Ali retired behind the door curtain, listened, and sufficient words soon reached his ears to convince him that the girl was guilty—guilty, at least, of losing the youthful Turk.

The reful is horrible, and, unless assisted upon authority strictly to be called a question, would not bear narration. Drawing his sword, and rushing suddenly forward, the victim had time to speak only a few words. Mohammed Ali seized her by the hair, and with one stroke of his Korassan blade neatly severed her body. Death, with agonizing agonies, soon ensued, and at midnight the body, according to report, was disposed of in the neighbouring Bosphorus.

Judging, in the meantime, by the unhappy girl's shrieks, that some miserable fate, he fell upon her, the youth flew from the house, and hurried down the hill of Beekitash, to the palace of the grand marshal, Riza Pacha, the friend and patron of his master. Calling himself upon his knees at the feet of this all-powerful functionary, the fugitive told his story, narrated what he believed to have occurred, and then, retained Riza Pacha that their fathers were bosom friends, besought his intercession and protection. After pointing out to the suppliant the extent and gravity of his offence, Riza Pacha desired him to remain in the palace, and dispatched a note to Mohammed Ali, requesting that pardon might be extended to the offender, as a personal favour to himself, and as a mark of consideration for his own father, the intimate friend of the youth's parent. In the course of the day a favourable reply was returned, and the young man was directed to resume his usual avocations in the topology neary's house-hold.

This order having been obeyed, matters went on smoothly for three or four days. The pacha, smiling and soft tongued, made no reference to past events, and treated his attendant as if nothing had occurred, to disturb the repose of his household; whilst the youth, concealing the anguish he felt at being the cause of the unfortunate victim's murder, his exertions to please, and satisfy his master. Upon the fourth evening, however, as the pacha was seated in his garden, opposite to the window within which he had enacted the hideous duty usually entrusted to the common headsmen, he was observed to start, compress his lips, and fidget his body with more than usual rapidity. His handsome, and usually serene countenance

[Continued on the last page.]

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