*By the Queen's Patent.*

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF

**Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life,**

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY FOR

*Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption.*

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and every form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE, discovered by that eminent medical chemist, Dr. Buchan, of London, England, and extensively known as the 'Great English Remedy.'

It has been tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, where it is universally considered the great and only remedy for this awful malady, and is now introduced to the public under the immediate superintendence of the inventor. Within three years it has been distributed from Maine to Florida, and from Canada to Wisconsin, and its effects are every where alike ASTONISHING AND TRIUMPHANT.

*As a preventive* medicine, and an antidote to the consumptive tendencies of the climate, it is invaluable. *As a remedy* for severe and obstinate coughs, inflammation of the Lungs, Croup, &c. it is unrivaled. But the Proprietor is so confident of the merit of this great remedy, in the worst forms of consumption, that he prefers to have it used by the DYING INVALID, rather than by persons afflicted with some simple and less dangerous disorder of the throat and lungs:—this may seem strange language, but it is the result of experience in thousands of cases, sustained by the most intelligent and unimpeachable testimony. It is not pronounced an infallible remedy in all cases, but it is THE MOST INFALLIBLE remedy known to the civilized world. It is the best preventive of hereditary consumption—it is the best defender against the influences of climate—it is the best remedy for incipient consumption—and it is the great and only remedy for that fearful *softening of the lungs—inflammation of the membrane, and tuberculous decay,* which are the fast effects of that dreadful scourge, and which are erroneously supposed to be beyond the reach of medical aid:—the agent or proprietors of other medicines dare not claim for their preparations a power like this: they know that in no case have such effects been produced:—the grand object and purpose of the common 'remedies' is simply to *give relief—not to cure:* this is easily done by an intelligent Physician or Druggist; but while daily using with these delusive compounds, the patient rapidly declines, and every day places him farther and further beyond the reach of hope.

Such is not the case with the Hungarian Balsam: it is always salutary in its effects—never injurious. It is not an opiate—it is not a tonic—it is not a mere expectorant. It is not intended to lull the invalid into a fatal security. It is a great remedy—a grand healing and curative compound; the great and only remedy which medical science and skill has yet produced for the treatment of this hitherto unconquerable malady. It is in fact *the best remedy in the world!*

[From the John Bull, newspaper, London.]

There is certainly some mysterious and occult virtue in the famous "Hungarian Balsam of Life," which the medical faculty are unable to discover, or Dr. Buchan would not be permitted for so many years to enjoy the magnificent monopoly of the treatment and cure of Consumption in Great Britain. No satisfactory analysis of this famous compound has ever, to our knowledge, been offered to the public.

Sold by McDonald & Smith, Sole Agents for the United Kingdom.

By special appointment PETERS and TILLEY, No. 2, King street, St. John, Sole Agents for the Province of New-Brunswick. Aug. 1.

**HARDWARE.**

C. & W. H. ADAMS

*Have received ex Emigrant, Themis, and Mariner, from Liverpool:*

31 CASKS and Cases **Hardware,** containing Carpenters and Turrets improved Rim Locks, butt Hinges, Screws, rim, spring, Norfolk, and Night Latches; improved Mortice Door Locks; sliding Cabin door Mortice Locks; chest, cupboard, pad, till, trunk and desk Locks; wrought chest, T. H. HL. table and Venitian shutter Hinges; Italian and sad Irons, polished steel and Iron Shovels and Tongs, and Fire Irons, Tea Kettles, sauce Pans, brass preserving Kettles, patent Enamel'd preserving Kettles, and sauce Pans, Glue socket Shovels, Percussion GUNS, and Caps, Powder Flasks, Brushes, Seives and Riddles, short handled Frying Pans, Lamp wick and Chimnies, Solar side Lamps, Rivets Sickles and reaping Hooks; Hoes, Cow bells, pit, cross cut, buck, tenon, and hand Saws; coffin and harness MOUNTING, slates and Pencils, Carry Combs and Brushes, Brass Goods, Planes, cams Cast Steel Tools, Imperial Tin Dish Covers, Britannia Tea and Coffees; "John Wilson's" shoe and butcher Knives; silver plated, brass and iron Candlesticks;

230 Bags Cut and Wrought NAILS;
3 Kegs Horse Nails;
1 cask bright Horse Traces; 1 do Ox Chains,
2 cases Cast Steel; hoop L and common blister'd steel; 1 cask wrought Jump Tacks and Brads, and Copper Tacks;
2 cases Hoole and Co's. Gang and Circular Saws;
1 cask "Treble prima" Mill and other Files;
8 dozen long handle Frying Pans;
5 bundles Wire; 1 cask Curled Hair;
52 dozen Scythes; 12 do. sqr. point Shovels;
Ex "Arab" from London;
40 Kegs F. F. and Canister POWDER;
On Hand—Rowland's Mill Saws, 6 to 7 feet.

**C. & W. H. Adams,**

HAVE received per *Canmore* and *Ready Rhino,* 4 cases Thomson's SCREW AUGERS;
2 Tons *Brandram's* WHITE LEAD, No. 1.
2 Tons PUTTY. *August 22.*

Ex Ships 'Mountaineer,' and 'Edinburgh,' from Liverpool—

1 CHAIN CABLE ca. 1 1-8 and 1 1-4 in. 90 fathome;
1 do. 1 1-3 4 in. each 90 and 120 fathoms;
15 Smiths' Anvils; 1 cask OX CHAINS;
5 hhds. *superior PORT WINE.*—For sale by Sept. 12 ALLISON & SPURR.

REDWOOD.—7 tons REDWOOD, received this day, per schr 'Woodlands,' from Boston. For sale by J. R. CRANE.

*To have the character of being a good workman, involves the necessity of possessing first rate Tools.*

RESPECTABLE TAILORS are informed that a few pairs of the real New York made SHEARS, than which, none can be better, are for sale at the store of MARSH, *late* DRURY
July 25. *Prince Wm. street.*

TO TINMEN.—WATKINS' celebrated scotch SHEARS, of assorted weights, Snip and Hand Shears, Hollow Punches, Oval Punches for cutting Patty Pans, &c., and hollow cutting Punches ¼ to 2 inches, of superior make and finish, may be had at the store of
July 25 MARSH, late DRURY.



SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1845.

# THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 10. *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* Number 4.


**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—Five shillings 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.**

| Sept. | R. Sun. | S. Moon | H. W. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 27 Saturday, | 6 7 | 5 53 | 2 2 4 |
| 28 Sunday, | 6 8 | 5 52 | 2 58 3 32 |
| 29 Monday, | 5 10 | 5 50 | 3 58 10 12 |
| 30 Tuesday, | 6 11 | 5 49 | 5 3 10 50 |
| 1 Wednesday, | 6 12 | 5 48 | Morn 11 37 |
| 2 Thursday, | 6 14 | 5 46 | 6 10 morn |
| 3 Friday, | 6 15 | 5 45 | 6 49 0 4 |

New Moon, 1st day, 6h. 6m. morn.

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 Eliphalet Terry, James H. Wolfe, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.; Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntingdon, Elisha Colt, R. R. Ward.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.

JAMES G. BOLLES, *Secretary.*

The subscriber having been duly appointed as 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.

☞ The above is the first agency established by this company in St. John.

**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.

**"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.*

***Carding Machines.***

THE Subscribers offer for sale at their Establishment, Sackville, (Westmorland, N. B.) three setts of Woollen *CARDING MACHINES,* complete, which will be sold low.—The Cards are of English manufacture, from Leeds, and machinery warranted to make good work and to give general satisfaction.—Address to

J. MORICE & SON,
*Sackville, Westmorland, N. B.*

N. B.—Reference may be made to Messrs. Harris & Allen, or John Bryden, St. John. Dec. 13.

**Globe Assurance Company.**

NOTICE is hereby given, That the first Instalment of Ten per cent. on the Capital Stock of this Company has been paid in, and that the Directors of the Company are now prepared to make Insurance on Vessels, Cargoes and Freights.

May 9. JOHN DUNCAN, *President.*

☞ NOTICE. ☜

THE subscribers have entered into Co-partnership, and their business will henceforth be conducted under the Firm of **Samuel Reynolds & Son.**

SAMUEL REYNOLDS,
WILLIAM A. REYNOLDS.

*Indian Town, N. B. Feb 22, 1845.*

☞ All arrangements entered into, and all balances due by me and to me, either in Notes of Hand or Accounts, will be received and paid by the above Firm. SAMUEL REYNOLDS.

*Indian Town, N. B. Feb. 22, 1845.*

**Zinc, Tin Plate, Oil, &c.**

*By the St. Andrews and Severn from Liverpool:*—

100 BOXES best I C Tin Plates,
488 bags *SHOT,* assorted sizes,
1 ton ZINC, 7 hhds. Boiled Linseed OIL.

For sale at low prices, by

JOHN KINNEAR,
July 4, *Prince William Street.*

**CURE FOR ALL!!**

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

**Extraordinary Cure of a Case**

ABANDONED BY

*Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College and Charing Cross Hospitals.*

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April, 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure here the deponent sought relief at the three following hospitals:—King's College Hospital in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing cross Hospital at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's where sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM.* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, *"I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a-sovereign: go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again."* This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and *a perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive it would be without your arm. I can only compare this Cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the City of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.

Before me, JOHN PIRIE Mayor.

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stoney and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles the Pills, in all the above cases ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected withs much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of mosquitoes, Sand flies, Chiego foot, Yawns, and Coco tary.

Burns, Scalds, childblains, chapped Hands and Lips, also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

**The Pills** are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In nervous affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.—*Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No 1. King street, St. John, N. B.*

**To Carriage Builders**—*in particular*—A Good assortment of SCREW BOLTS, with round, chesse and countersunk heads 2 to 7 inches, 5 16 and 3 8 iron, suitable for Coach building, heavy Gate Hinges, &c. are just opened at the store of MARSH, late DRURY.
July 25. Prince Wm. street.

**PAILS and BUCKETS,**

*Sole Agency, No. 20, South Wharf.*

BY Wholesale Only, at prices less than can be imported, and equal in quality to the best American Pails. COLIN E CROSS.
June 20. 6mo.

**More Paper Hangings.**

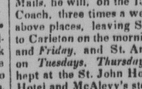
*Just received per steamer Herald from Boston:*—

3000 PIECES of cheap **Room Papers,** for sale at very low prices, JOHN LEITCH,
May 2. *Prince Wm. street*

**Royal Mail STAGE**

BETWEEN

SAINT JOHN & ST. ANDREWS.



THE Subscriber desire to tender his unfeigned thanks for the very liberal share of public patronage which he has enjoyed during many years, and begs most respectfully to announce that having entered into a contract for the conveyance of her Majesty's Mails, he will, on the 15th inst., run a Two Horse Coach, three times a week, each way, between the above places, leaving Saint John by the first Boat on *Tuesday, Thursday,* and *Saturday.* Books kept at the St. John Hotel, St. John, and at Ross' Hotel and McAlevy's store, St. Andrews.

No exertion or expences that may contribute to the comfort or accommodation of Travellers, will be wanting on his part; he is therefore encouraged to solicit, most humbly, but confidently, a renewal o support which he was wont to enjoy.

August 15. WM. H. WILLIAMS.

**Old Port Wine.**

PER Canmore—15 Cases Old PORT WINE, of superior quality, landing from the above named vessel and for sale by ALLISON & SPURR.
August 8.

**IRON.**

Per *Asia,* the subscriber has received:

100 TONS best Bar and Bolt IRON, well assorted;
12 Tons BEST, BEST, Boiler Plate and Angle IRON;
74 Pieces BEST and Hammered Round and Square IRON, for large shafts, cranks, &c.

—IN STORE—

An excellent assortment of Common and Swedish IRON, Cast STEEL, Wrought NAILS, Spikes, Double link CHAINS, &c. &c.
August 22. E. L. JARVIS.

*Miscellany.*

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

MRS. CAUDLE HAS RETURNED HOME.—THE HOUSE (OF COURSE) "NOT FIT TO BE SEEN." MR. CAUDLE, IN SELF-DEFENCE, TAKES A BOOK.

"After all, Caudle, it is something to get into one's own bed again. *I shall* sleep to-night. What! *You're glad of it?* That's like your sneering; I know what you mean. Of course; I never can think of making myself comfortable, but you wound my feelings. If you cared for your own bed like any man, you'd not have staid out till this hour.—Don't say that I drove you out of the house as soon as we came in it. I only just spoke about the dirt and the dust,—but the fact is, you'd be happy in a pigsty! I thought I could have trusted that Mrs. Closepeg with the untold gold; and did you only see the hearth-rug? When we left home there was a tiger in it: I should like to know who could make out the tiger now! Oh, its very well for you to swear at the tiger, but swearing won't revive the rug again. Else you might swear.

"You could go out and make yourself comfortable at your club. You little know how many windows are broken. How many do you think? No: I shant tell you to-morrow—you shall know now.—I'm sure! Talking about getting health at Margate! all my health went away directly. I went into the kitchen. There's dear mother's china mug cracked in two places. I could have sit down and cried when I saw it: a mug I can recollect when I was a child. Eh! *I should have locked it up. Mem!* Yes: that's your feeling for anything of mine. I only wish it had been your punch bowl; but, thank goodness! think that's chipped.

"Well, you haven't answered about the windows—you can't guess how many? *You don't care!*—Well, if nothing caught cold but you, it would be little matter. Six windows clean out, and three cracked! *You can't help it!* I should like to know where the money's to come from to mend 'em!—They shan't be mended, that's all. Then you see how respectable the house will look. But I know very well what you think. Yes: you're glad of it. You think that this will keep me at home—but I'll never stir out again. Then you can go to the *sea side* by yourself; then, perhaps, you'll come home with Miss Prettyman!—Now, Caudle, if you knock the pillow with your fist in that way, I'll get up—Its very odd that I can't mention that person's name, but you begin to fight the bolster, and do I don't know what. There must be something it it, or you wouldn't kick about so. A guilty conscience needs no—but you know what I mean.

"She wasn't coming to town for a week; and then, of a sudden, she'd ha' a letter. I dare say she had. And then, as she said, it would be company for her to come with us. No doubt. She thought I would be ill again, and down in the cabin; but with all her art she does not know the depth of me—quite. Not but what I was ill; though, like a brute, you couldn't see it.

"What do you say? *Good night, love?* Yes: you can be very tender, I dare say—like all of your sex—to suit your own ends; but I can't sleep with my head full of the house. The fender in the parlour will never come to itself again. I haven't counted the knives yet, but I've made up my mind that half of 'em are lost. No: I don't always think the worst; no, and I don't make myself unhappy before the time; but of course, that's my thanks for caring about your property. If there ain't spiders in the curtain's as big as mittmegs, I'm a wicked creature. Not a broom has the whole place seen since I've been away. But as soon as I get up, won't I rummage the house out, that's all. I shan't the heart to look at my pickles; but for all I left the door locked. I'm sure the the jars have been moved. Yes; you can swear at pickles when you're in bed; but nobody makes more noise about 'em when you want 'em.

"I only hope they've been to the wine cellar: then you may know what my feelings are. That poor cat, too—What? *You hate cats?* Yes, poor thing! because she's my favourite—that's it. If that cat only could speak—What? *He isn't necessary!* I don't know what you mean, Mr. Caudle; but if that cat could only speak, she'd tell me how *she's been cheated.* Poor thing! I know where the money's gone to that I left for her milk—I know Why, what have you got there Mr. Caudle? A book? *What! If you ain't allowed to sleep, you'll read?* Well, now it is come to something! If that isn't insulting a wife to bring a book to bed. I don't know what wedlock is. But you shan't read, Caudle; no you shan't; not while I've strength to get up and put out a candle.

"And that's like your feelings! You can think a great deal of trumpery books; yes, you can't think too much of the stuff that's put into print: but for what's real and true about you, why you've the heart of stone. I should like to know what that book's about? What? *Milton's Paradise Lost?* I thought some rubbish of the sort—something to insult me. A nice book, I think, to read in bed; and a very respectable person he was who wrote it. *What do I know of him?* Much more than you think. A very pretty fellow, indeed, with his six wives. What? *He hadn't six—he'd only three?*—That's nothing to do with it: But of course you'll take his part. Poor women! A nice time they had with him, I dare say! And I've no doubt, Mr. Caudle, you'd like to follow Mr. Milton's example: else you wouldn't read the stuff he wrote. But you don't use me as the poor souls who married him! Poets, indeed! I'd make a law against any of 'em having wives, except upon paper; for goodness help the dear creatures tied to them! Like innocent moths lured by a candle! Talking of candles, you don't know that the lamp in the passage is spit to bits?. I say you don't—do you hear me, Mr. Caudle? Won't you answer? Do you know where you are? What? *In the Garden of Eden?* Are you? Then you've no business there at this time of night."

"And saying this," writes Caudle, "she scrambled from the bed, and put out the light."

THE LONGEST LADDER IN THE WORLD.

On approaching the roads of James Town, in the Island of St. Helena, your attention is attracted by an enormous ladder, that extends from the town beneath to a fort directly over the town, on the summit of a hill 800 feet high. On enquiry I found that sentinels were placed both below and above, for the purpose of preventing any one ascending without an order from the town major. This regulation was adopted in consequence of the number of accidents, attended with fatal consequences, that had occurred. Together with a companion, after dinner, I rambled down to the guard house, and having found the town major there, we obtained an order to permit our ascent.

The ladder is composed of steps more than three feet in width, and some inches in breadth, firmly fastened in sides of great strenght. On either side is a hand rail, of such a width that you can conveniently lay a hand on either side. The steps are upward of 18 inches apart, and great numbers of them much decayed. At regular distances are small seats for resting places. On one side of the ladder, a description of slide has been formed, along which pullies are fixed for the purpose, it would seem, of rising anything from the town beneath, or lowering from the fort above. The face of the hill, against which the ladder is erected, is extraordinary steep, so as utterly to preclude the idea of any ascent without artificial means; in places there are perfect precipices, the rocks completely overhanging.

At the bottom we found no sentry, and so proceeded to ascend at once, but had not attained above the hight of one hundred feet when we heard a voice hailing us, and perceived a sentry calling on us to return, who in his walk had been concealed from us when below by an intervening projection. Down we had to go, and after showing our pass, and satisfied the Cerberus, commenced our ascent again. At first we proceeded rapidly, but soon found that not to answer, the height of each step caused considerable exertion. More slowly then we moved along, attained the third resting place where we seated ourselves, and turned to view the town beneath, with its narrow streets and confined situation, covering, as it were between the two mighty hills that seemed to close in either side.

Aloft we turned our eyes, anxiously wishing ourselves at the top, but we had the best part of the ascent yet to accomplish, and to our task we once more went. As we attained a greater height, we found the steps getting more and more out of repair, in some places two or three steps being broken so that we had to clamber up the best way we could. On, on we went, with alternate rests; the town, the bay and shipping beneath gradually became more minute, the moving bodies seemed almost mites. When we reached within a hundred feet of the top, the unusual fatigue almost overpowered us;—the dizzy height so affected us that we felt as if we could scarce preserve ourselves from falling—yet we persevered, and did succeed in reaching the top.

A moment later one human being would have passed into another world. My companion, who was before me, had scarce passed the gate at the top, when he fainted, completely overcome, and afterward declared to me that the last hundred feet or so, nothing prevented his physical energies from being overcome by fatigue and the position he was in, but the immediate prospect of reaching a place of safety. Many lives have been lost on this ladder, particularly those of passengers, whom curiosity induced to attempt the ascent. The artillery men and garrison of the fort are not, however, used to going up and down, exempt from casualties, and it was only the very week before my visit to St. Helena that an artillery man was killed in attempting to descend the ladder against time for a wager. Ladder Hill fort completely hangs over the bay; it is of great strength, and commands the roadstead beneath.

In the batteries are mounted generally eighteen twenty-four and thirty-two pounders, but there are some few guns of a large calibre. A singular accident happened a few days previous on this battery. A passenger from one of the ships in the bay had ascended to the fort, and received his vessel beneath, at one of the batteries, to receive his vessel beneath, and thought he could reach her with a stone, but in his attempt to do so, overbalanced himself, and fell from the awful height, being dashed literally to pieces in the fall. After passing an hour at the fort, we descended, but by the road, which is cut in a zigzag manner in the side of the hills.—*From "Reminiscences of a Nine Years' Travel," in the Liverpool Times.*

NO NONSENSE ABOUT OLD MAIDS.—Now here is a plain straight forward, sensible article from the *Brooklyn Star.* We have always respected and "cottoned" to a lady of mature age and in a good state of preservation before a regiment of misses, in what Cleopatra calls their "green and salad" days:

My dear sir, if you ever marry, marry an old maid—a good old maid—who is serious, and simple, and true. I hate these double minded misses, who all are the time hunting after a husband. I tell you that when a woman gets to be twenty-eight, she settles into a calm—rather she "anchors in deep waters, and safe from the shore." There never was a set, or class, or community of persons so belied, as these ancient ladies.

Look upon it as no reproach to a woman that she is not married at thirty or thirty-five. Above all fall not into the vulgar notion of romances, and shallow wits—unlearned in a woman's heart, because they never had the love of a true woman—that these are continually laying in wait to catch bachelor's hearts.—For one woman who has floated into the calm of her years, who is anxious to *fix* you, I will find you fifty maidens in their teens, and just out, who lay a thousand snares to entrap you, and with more cold-blooded intent—for which is worse? that one of singleness of purpose should seek to lean upon you for life, or that one should seek you as a lover, to excite jealously in others, or as a last resort?

Marry a healthy, well-bred woman, between twenty-eight and thirty-five, who is inclined to love you, and never bewilder your brains with suspicions about whether she has intentions on you or not. This is the rock of vanity upon which many a man has wrecked his best feelings and truest inclinations. Our falseness, and the falseness of society, and more than all, the false and hollow tone of language upon this subject, leave very little courage for a straight forward and independant course in the matter. What matter if a woman likes you, and shows that she does, honestly, and wishes to marry you?—the more reason for congratulation but not for vanity. What matter if she be young or not so she be loveable? I won't say what matter if she be plain or not—for everybody knows that *is no* matter where love is, tho' it may have some business in determining the sentiment. I don't know what has led me into this course of remark, the last thing I should have expected on sitting down to write, is, that I should have fell into a lecture on matrimony. I am not an old maid myself, yet; but I have a clearer eye to their virtues than I have had, and begin to feel how dignified a woman may be "in her loneliness—in her loneliness—and a fairer for that loneness." You may think it is bespeaking favor and patience with a vengeance.

THE INHABITANTS OF BOSTON AND NEW YORK.—I took a stroll or two while in Boston, and was struck with the contrast of its physiognomy to that of New York. There is a look of staid respectability and thrift in everything that strikes the eye in Boston. The drays, carts, omnibuses, and public vehicles, are well horsed and appointed, and driven by respectable-looking men. The people are all clad very warmly and very inelegantly. The face of every pedestrian in the street has a marked errand in it—gentlemen holding their nerves to the screw till they have achieved the object of being out of doors, and ladies undergoing a "constitutional" to carry out a system. There are no individuals in Boston—they are all classes. It is a cohesive and gregarious town, and half a dozen portraits would give you the entire population. Every eye in Boston seems to move in its socket with a check—a fear of meeting something that may offend it—and all heads are carried in a posture of worthy gravity singularly contagious. It struck me the very loaves in the bakers' windows had a look of virtuous exaction, to be eaten gravely if at all. New York seems to differ from this, as a dish of rice, boiled to let every grain fall apart, differs from a pot of mush. Every man you meet with in our city walks with his countenance free of any sense of observation or any dread of his neighbour. He has evidently dressed to please himself, and he looks about with an eye wholly at ease. He is an integer in the throng, untroubled with any influence beyond the risk of personal accident. There is neither restraint nor curiosity in his look, and he neither expects to be noticed by the passers-by, nor to see anything worthy of more notice than half a glance in the persons he meets. The moving sights of the city have all the same integrity that stands at your door. The drays instead of belonging to a company are each the property of the man who drives it; the hacks and cabs are under no corporate discipline, every ragged whip doing as he likes with his own vehicle; and all the smaller trades seem followed by individual impulse, responsible to nothing but police law. Boston has the advantage in many things, but a man who has any taste for *cosmopolitism* would very much prefer New York.—*Willis's Dashes at Life.*

FATAL MISTAKE.—Let us repeat, unceasingly, society thinks of punishing, but never of preventing crime. A criminal is sentenced to the galleys for life; another is executed; Does society take any care or heed of these orphans? these orphans whom it has made so, by visiting their father with a civil death or cutting off his head? Does it substitute any careful or preserving guardianship after the removal of him whom the law has declared to be unworthy, infamous? after the removal of him whom the law has put to death? No: "the poison dies with the beast," says society. It is deceived; the poison of corruption is so subtle, so corrosive, so contagious, that it becomes almost invariably hereditary; but if counteracted in time, it would never be incurable. Strange contradiction! Dissection proves that a man dies of a malady that may be transmitted, and then, by precautionary measures, his descendants are preserved from the affection of which he has been the victim. Let the same facts be produced in the moral order of things; let it be demonstrated that a criminal almost always bequeaths to his son the germ of a precocious depravity. Will society do for the safety of this young soul what the doctor does for the body, when it is a question of contending against hereditary vitiation? No; instead of curing this unhappy creature, we leave him to be gangrened, even to death; and then, in the same way as the people believe the son of the executioner to be an executioner, perforce also, they will believe the son of a criminal also a criminal. And then when we consider that the result of an inheritance inexorably fatal, which is really a corruption caused by the egotistical neglect of society.—*Mysteries of Paris.*

MARRIED LIFE.—The following beautiful and true sentiments are from the pen of that charming writer *Frederika Bremer,* whose observations might well become rules of life, so appropriate are they to many of its phases:

Deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One little single lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life. A small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the arms together and sit idle. "Laziness is the devil's cushion."

Do not run much from home. One's own health is of much more worth than gold.

Many a marriage, my friends, begins like the rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why, my friends? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavour always to please one another, but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Labour and

your love on to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. "Spare, as one may say, fuel for the winter."

Consider, my daughters, what the word wife expresses. The married woman is her husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to confide house and family; be able to entrust her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating room.—His honor and his home are under her keeping, his well being is in her hand. Think of this.

And you sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

DEATH OF THE SCHOOLMASTER.—After making his will he sent for Mr. Taddy, the head usher, and addressed him as follows: "It's all over, Mr. Taddy—I am sinking fast—I am going from the terrestrial globe—to the celestial—and have promised Tomkins a flogging—mind he has it—and don't let him pick off the tender skin—I'm dying—the new pupil—he had wandered)—and he says I cannot live an hour—I dont like that black horse grinning at me—cane him soundly for not knowing his verbs—Oh, Mr. Taddy, its breaking up with me—the vacation's coming. I'm afraid, through my illness—the boys have gone back in their flogging—I feel a strange feeling at my heart—the new pupil come—I trust I have done my duty—and made my will—and left all—(here his head wandered again)—to Mr. Souter, the school bookseller. Mr. Taddy, I invite you to my funeral—make the boys walk in good order—and take care of the crossings.—My sight is getting dim—write to Mrs. B. at Margate—and inform her—the new pupil—up on the 21st—The school door is left open—I am very cold—where is my ruler gone—I will make him feel—John, light the school lamps—I cannot see a line—O Mr. Taddy—vent hora—my hour is come—I am dying—thou art dying—he—is dying—We—are—dying—you are dy'——" The voice ceased. He made a feeble motion with his hand as if in act of ruling a copy book—"the ruling passion strong in death"—and expired.

THE CROSS.

IN ANSWER TO THE INFIDEL INQUIRY OF A POPULAR MODERN WRITER.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS, ESQ.

Asked thou, in exaltation,
What the cross of Christ has done?
Ask the splendours of creation,
If they feel the noonday sun!
Ask reviving vegetation,
Gushing forth on joyful wing,
If it feels the inspiration
Of the breath-enchanting spring.

Asked thou? Behold, and wonder
At the cross of Calvary;
Own the terrors of its thunder,
Celebrate love's jubilee.
Lost, exposed to endless ruin,
Deity himself descending,
Wipes away the curse and stain

Swift as lightning spreads the story,
Echoed on from sea to shore;
Angel voices sing its glory.
Hallelujah evermore!
Still it triumphs, braves the ocean,
Wax not louder every swell;
Empires, thrones, in wild commotion,
Tremble at the gates of hell.

Heathen temples fall before it—
Pagan rites and idols fall—
Savage hearts and tongues adore it,
Freed from their unhallowed thrall.
Slavish souls, whose great oblation,
'Twas to feed the alter's flame;
Hear the music of salvation,—
Worship Jesus' sacred name.

Infidels and sceptic scoffers,
Lost in the amazing theme,
Spurn no longer mercy's offers,
Turn and taste the swelling stream
Deserts sing—"Man of Sorrows"
Cities hum with praise and prayer;
Every fleeting moment borrows
Heavenly winds a part to bear.

Ask you star celestial, beaming
On night's cloudless bosom fair,
Calvery's blood stain'd trophies streaming,
Life and death are written there.
Christ shall reign, and man's salvation
Purchased on th accursed tree,
Be a theme of exultation
Throughout all eternity.

TRY ME.—The motto on the seal of General Houston is "Try me." The origin of these two words deserve notice. It will illustrate the character of the man better than any description of his life. He was one day grossly insulted by a low ruffian of Arkanzas, whom he horsewhipped on the spot. A week afterwards his exasperated antagonist sent a challenge in a public room, which General Houston was in the habit of frequenting. The General, however, openly refused to grant the satisfaction required, under the plea that the man whom he had punished was below his notice, and that he could not meet him without degradation. Among the persons present was a government officer, a duellist by profession, whose constant boast was that "he had done the business of twenty-nine fools." He often repeated that he would give half his fortune to complete the thirtieth. When he heard the answer of Houston he made several coarse remarks, adding that he wondered if the General would have dared to have given him such an answer. "Try me" said Houston. The trial was made the next morning, and the duellist was shot through the head.

*Great Men.*—Historians relate that the Emperor Maximus was 8 feet and 5 inches in height. In the reign of Claudian, a man was brought out of Arabia 9 feet 9 inches tall. John Middleton, born in Lancashire, England, was 9 feet 3 inches high—Patrick Cotter, the celebrated Irish Giant, born in 1761, was 8 feet 7 inches high.

A Bill has been introduced, under Government auspices, into Parliament, and is now in course of passing, which makes it unlawful hereafter for any officer of a criminal court to take or demand fees from any person accused of any crime or misdemeanor.

A BEAUTIFUL IMAGE.—A deaf and dumb person being asked to give his idea of forgiveness, took a pencil and wrote:—"It is the sweetness which flowers yield when trampled upon."

An old gentleman of the name of Gould having married a very young wife, wrote a poetic epistle to a friend to inform him of it, and concluded it thus:

"So see my dear sir, though I'm eighty years old,
A girl of eighteen is in love with—old Gould."

To which his friend replied,

"A girl of eighteen may love Gold it is true;
But believe me, dear sir, it is gold without U."

"One extreme follows the other," as a little dog actually remarked when he dew round after his tail.