

willing that I should see him drink, he learned to tarry at the office, the hotel, the club room, into the weary watches of the night; and then he grew cold and hard, and—shall I say it to you, Amy—brutal. His bloated cheek, his red rimmed eyes, his distorted face, told every passer-by the tale. Business forsook him; his friends forsook him; virtue, religion, manliness forsook him. How could they tarry with the drunkard?

Months ago the spirit of William died.—Yesterday the breath left his suffering body, and he is dead. O! doubly dead to us.—You, Amy, have not seen him for five years. You will remember him as the lofty, high-minded, noble brother—the embodiment of all that was good and manly; I must remember him as the dying maniac, shrieking in his agony, and fighting with all a madman's fury with legions of devils. Remember him with glaring and bloodshot eyes, with foaming mouth, uttering curses and groans and deafening cries.

I must remember him as the murderer of our boy; for it was his hand that in a frenzied moment, dealt the blow that precipitated him down the long flight of stairs, which fall you know ended his life.

"Spare me, Emily, oh spare me," I hear you cry; "why have you told me all this?—Why, if my brother is gone will you blight his memory thus? In pity let me remember him as the good and the noble. Have you thought of the agony that this recital will give his grey-haired mother, of the pangs that will grieve his father's soul, of his young brothers, and sisters just bursting into womanhood? Could you not have spared us this recital, and thrown the mantle of charity over the errors of a dear husband?"

Gladly would I have spared you, oh! my sister, my mother, my father, and my brothers. Gladly would I have hid his sins in my heart, and locked them in the casket of love as strong as woman's heart e'er knew. But a stern duty said no. His father still orders the wine to be placed before the guest with his own hand, he fills the tempting glass for his sons. His mother smiles complacently and makes no effort, and Amy, my sister Amy, and her lover sip the dainty nectar coyly from the same glass. Amy and her lover, he pure and good and strong now, but no purer and stronger than William in days ago.

Amy said to him, "drink, it will do you good; never mind Emily, she belongs to the fanatics, who preach that every man who wants a glass now and then for exhilaration, must become a drunkard, because, forsooth, some low, vulgar wretch has fallen into a pothouse. Never let a woman rule you, Will?" Dost thou remember it, Amy?

Oh, by that disfigured corpse beneath you winding sheet, by the agony of the tearless wife, (no tears have soothed me since he died,) by the tears of orphaned children who must now depend on charity for bread, let me implore you, Amy, to take your stand again the destroyer. Save your younger brothers from the fearful doom; save your lover, if it be not too late; save your father.

"'Twas for this and this only, I have penned these lines; for this only I have laid open the deep and incurable wounds of my heart, in their hideous deformity. To-morrow they will lay him by his son in the poor-house church yard. There I shall soon follow him, for poverty, shame and abuse have done their work. I did not drink the dark waters of death—but, he who was dear to me than my own life drank them, and they have killed me.

If our father cares for the children, oh, say to him, my sister, that I had rather my babes, my darling boys, should be brought up in the poor-house, and run their risks among strangers, than to live in his lordly halls, and be tempted day by day to sin, by loving lips and hands.

I shall never write to you again, but let me plead as one from the grave with you; give your aid to the work of reform.—Stand no more with the idle, you can do much, for you have wealth, talent and beauty.

Farewell; I can write no more. God preserve thee, is the dying prayer of

EMILY — —

Thus wrote the dying wife over the corpse of her husband. And is there but one such case in this goodly land? Is there but one father leading his children to ruin; one easy mother making no effort for her loved ones; but one sister Amy, teaching to scorn those who would save the weak or wavering from destruction? We know there are thousands, and we trust this record of truth may reach their hearts.

#### Two noble-hearted Children.

It is a beautiful sight, when children treat each other with kindness and love, as is related in the following little story: "Last evening," (says the narrator,) I took supper with Lydia's father and mother. Before supper, Lydia, her parents, and myself, were sitting in the room together, and her little brother Oliver was out in the yard drawing his cart about.

The mother went out and brought in some peaches; a few of which were large red-cheeked rare-ripes—the rest, small ordinary peaches.

The father handed me one of the rare-ripes, gave one to the mother, and then one of the best to his little daughter, who was eight years old. He then took one of the smaller ones, and gave it to Lydia, and told her to go and give it to her brother. He was four years old. Lydia went out and was gone about ten minutes, and then came in.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father.

Lydia blushed, turned away, and did not answer.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father little more sharply.

"No, father," said she, "I did not give him that."

"What did you do with it?" he asked.

"I ate it," said Lydia.

"What! Did you not give your brother any?" asked the father.

"Yes, I did, father," said she, "I gave him mine."

"Why did you not give him the one I told you to give?" asked the father, again, rather sternly.

"Because, father," said Lydia, "I thought he would like mine better."

"But you ought not to disobey your father," said he.

"I did not mean to be disobedient, father," said she; and her bosom began to heave, and her chin to quiver.

"But you were, my daughter," said he.

"I thought you would not be displeased with me, father," said Lydia, "if I did give brother the biggest peach;" and the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"But I want you to give the best things to brother," said the noble girl.

"Why?" asked the father, scarcely able to contain himself.

"Because," answered the dear, generous sister, "I love him so—I always feel best when he gets the best things."

"You are right, my precious daughter," said the father, as he proudly folded her in his arms. "You are right, and you may be certain your happy father can never be displeased with you for wishing to give up the best of everything to your affectionate little brother. He is a dear and noble little boy, and I am glad you love him so. Do you think he loves you as well as you do him?"

"Yes, father," said the little girl. "I think he does; for when I offered him the largest peach he would not take it, and wanted me to keep it; and it was a good while before I could get him to take it."

#### DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

**TO CLEAN KID GLOVES OF ANY COLOR.**—Take white soap and make a very thick "lather" with a soft brush, such as gentlemen use in shaving, and put the glove upon the hand, cover it with the "lather," and rub it off quickly with a clean flannel till it is dry. Repeat the process till the glove is clean, being careful that it is done so quickly as not to saturate the kid, and "they will look as nice as new."

**CUCUMBERS.**—"Who ever heard of cooking a cucumber?" we hear our readers exclaim. Try it, and then tell your neighbors how well a poor man may live in this country. Take the cucumber just as it begins to turn yellow, peel and slice it into salt water; drop it into cold water and boil until tender. Season with salt and pepper—mix with butter and fry. Few can tell it from the egg-plant.—*Soil of the South.*

**TO BAKE APPLES.**—Take sour apples—those of a keen acid—and to every square tin filled with them, pour over a tea-cupful of sugar. Bake them slowly till done. Eat them with cream and the juice which cooals from them. Nobody knows much of baked apples who has not eaten them in this way. No quince, pear, peach, or plum preserves, equal this simple desert.

**TO FINE AND CLARIFY BEER.**—Put into a barrel a piece of soft chalk, burnt, about the bigness of two hen's eggs, which will disturb the liquor and cause it to be fine, and draw off brisk to the last, though it were flat before.—*American Farmer.*

**TO PRESERVE EGGS.**—Rub them with butter or varnish. They will keep many months, and produce chickens. When varnished, the varnish should be removed before setting. Another mode is to pack them in salt, the point always downward.

**TO PREVENT OR REMOVE RUST.**—If wire-fence, or any rusty wire or iron, is rubbed with boiled oil, in which some red led had been mixed, on a warm day, the rusting process will be arrested.

**CREAM PIE.**—Boil and sweeten the cream, flavor it with grated lemon, and bake in a paste about as long as pumpkin pie.

**FRUIT OR WINE STAINS.**—Mix two tea-spoonsful of water and one of spirit of salt, and let the stained part lie in this for two minutes; then rinse in cold water. Or wet the stain with hartshorne.

**THE PLAIN TRUTH.**—The late Rev. Dr. —, of a certain town in Maine, an eccentric but honest minister, was once preaching in the practical virtues, and having a short time previous bought a load of wood of one of the officers of the church, and finding it fell short in measure, took this occasion to speak thus plainly upon the subject: "Any man who will sell seven feet of wood for a cord, is no Christian, whether he sits in the gallery, below, or even in the deacon's seat."

**RUSSIA.**—Letters from the south of Russia mention that the Russians have thrown a bridge of boats across the Danube, with the view apparently of facilitating the transfer of masses of troops withdrawn from the Danubian Principalities to the Crimea, now threatened by the Allies. This bridge of boats has caused the accumulation of a large number of craft laden with linseed and other produce, which are prevented from pursuing their voyage down the river to the Russian ports on the Black Sea. The Russian embassy at Vienna has received notice that the greater part of the Russian army will have quitted Moldavia by the 20th of September, and the remainder by the beginning of October, unless hostile operations should render a fresh concentration necessary. A letter of the 29th ult. from the Polish frontier, in the *Presse* of Vienna, says:—It is evident that Russia intends to repeat her acts of 1812 on a large scale. This year in the month of May, when the state of war was proclaimed, all criminals with the exception of assassins and political prisoners, were completely amnestied. Their only duty is to stay in certain places, under the vigilance of the military authorities, and to set fire to the place they live in as soon as the enemy shall make his appearance." Letters from St. Petersburg of the 31st of August mention the receipt of telegraphic accounts from Moscow, reporting an immense fire, said to have destroyed 360 houses. The letters of the 1st, however, say nothing further on the subject.

**THE FRENCH WORLD'S FAIR.**—The Palais d'Industrie, which is now in the course of completion covers a space of ten acres. In addition to this, the French Government are erecting a supplementary building on the banks of the Seine, which will occupy a space of about seven acres, and present a frontage to the river of about three quarters of a mile in length. The government is at present also engaged in completing the Louvre, and the new portion of the building is to be occupied by the works of living artists, consisting of paintings, statuary, drawings, photographs, &c. With respect to the principal building itself, it is not such as was erected in London, the one at Sydenham, or the one in New York; it is of the Corinthian order, built entirely of stone, and is to be covered with a glass roof of three circular compartments. A peculiarity in the structure of the building is, that all the staircases are formed outside, so that the inside presents the appearance of a great unobstructed square. The building is erected by a joint stock company, who are to have its use for thirty years, when it reverts to the government. The whole affair is under government patronage, and is strictly national. With the ingenuity, activity, enterprise, and artistic resources, for which Frenchmen are proverbial, we shall be disappointed if this great affair does not outstrip in interest the British Exhibition of 1851. We trust that our citizens will not be backward in competing for the French prizes. The sons of old Gaul made a noble display in our Crystal Palace, and we ought to return the compliment so far as we can. Americans are highly esteemed in France, and our countrymen may rest assured of cordial, kind, and honorable treatment there,—better, probably, than they received from the managers of the New York Exhibition.—*N. Y. Jour. Commerce.*

## HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT



A PERSON 30 YEARS OF AGE CURED OF A BAD LEG, OF THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. William Abbs, Builder of Gas Ovens, of Rushcliffe, near Huddersfield, dated May 31st, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I suffered for a period of thirty years from a bad leg, the result of two or three different accidents at Gas Works accompanied by severe rheumatic symptoms. I had recourse to a variety of medical advice, without deriving any benefit, and was even told that the leg must be amputated, yet in opposition to that opinion, your Pills and Ointment have effected a complete cure in so short a time, that few who had not witnessed it would credit the fact.

(Signed) WILLIAM ABBS.  
The truth of this statement can be verified by Mr. W. P. England, Chemist, 13 Market Street, Huddersfield.

A MOST MIRACULOUS CURE OF BAD LEGS, AFTER 43 YEARS' SUFFERING.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Galpin, of 70, 8th Mary Street, Weymouth, dated May 15th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—At the age of 18 my wife (who is now 61) caught a violent cold which settled in her legs, and ever since that time they have been more or less sore and greatly inflamed. Her agonies were distressing, and for months together she was deprived entirely of rest and sleep. Every remedy that medical men advised was tried, but without effect; her health suffered severely, and the state of her legs was terrible. I had often read your Advertisements, and advised her to try your Pills and Ointment; and, as a last resource, after every other remedy had proved useless, she consented to do so. She commenced six weeks ago, and strange to relate, is now in good health. Her legs are no longer without sores or scars, and her sleep is sound and undisturbed. Could you have witnessed the sufferings of my wife during the last 43 years, and contrast them with her present enjoyment of health, you would indeed be led to think that your Pills and Ointment are so greatly alleviating the sufferings of a fellow creature.

(Signed) WILLIAM GALPIN.  
A WONDERFUL CURE OF A DANGEROUS SWELLING OF THE KNEE.

Copy of a Letter from John Forfar, an Agriculturist, residing at Netherborough, near Hexham, May 15, 1850.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I was afflicted with a swelling on each side of the leg, rather above the knee, for nearly two years, which increased to a great size. I had the advice of three eminent surgeons here, and was admitted of the Newcastle Infirmary for four weeks. After various modes of treatment had been tried, I was discharged as incurable. Having heard so much of your Pills and Ointment, I determined to try them, and in less than a month I was completely cured. What is more remarkable I was engaged twelve hours a day in the hay harvest, and although I have followed my laborious occupation throughout the winter, I have had no return whatever of my complaint. (Signed) JOHN FORFAR.  
AN INFLAMMATION IN THE SHOE PERFECTLY CURED.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Francis Arnot, of Breachan, Lothian Road, Edinburgh, dated April 29th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—For more than twenty years my wife has been subject, from time to time, to attacks of inflammation in the side, for which she was bled and blistered to a great extent, still the pain could not be removed. About four years ago she saw, in the papers, the wonderful cures effected by your Pills and Ointment, and thought she would give them a trial. To her great astonishment and delight she got immediate relief from the disease, and after persevering for three weeks, the pain in her side was completely cured, and she has enjoyed the best of health for the last four years.

(Signed) FRANCIS ARNOT.  
A DREADFUL BAD BREAST CURED IN ONE MONTH.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Frederick Turner, of Penarth, Kent, dated Dec. 13th, 1850.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

DEAR SIR,—My wife had suffered from Bad Breast, for more than six months, and during the whole period had the best medical attendance, but all to no use. Having before heard of an awful wound in my own leg by your unrivalled medicine, I determined again to use your Pills and Ointment, and therefore gave them a trial in her case, and fortunate it was I did so, for in less than a month a perfect cure was effected, and the benefit that various other branches of my family have derived from their use is really astonishing. I now strongly recommend them to all my friends. (Signed) FREDERICK TURNER.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:—

Bad Legs	Chiefo-foot	Sore-throats
Bad Breasts	Chilblains	Skin diseases
Burns	Chapped hands	Scurvy
Bunions	Corns (soft)	Sore-heads
Bite of Mosquitoes and Sand-Flies	Cancers	Tumours
Fistulas	Contracted and Stiff Joints	Ulcers
Lumbago	Gout	Wounds
Rheumatism	Piles	Glandular Swellings
Coro bay	Scalds	Sore Nipples
	Elephantiasis	Yaws

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N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients are affixed to each box.

**HAMS.**—Just received per Steamer Eastern City from Boston—2 Casks superior Sugar-cured HAMS—For sale by

G. M. BURNS, South Market Wharf.

August 4.