

Miscellaneous.

A Lost Day—Its Value.

A day has perished from our brief calendar of days; and that we could endure; but this day is no more than the reiteration of many other days, days counted by thousands that have perished to the same extent and by the same unhappy means, viz.: the evil usages of the world made effectual and ratified by our own neglect. Bitter is the upbraiding which we seem to hear from a secret monitor—"My friend, you make very free with your days; pray, how many do you expect to have? What is your rental, as regards the total harvest of days which this life is likely to yield?" Let us consider. Three score years and ten produce a total sum of 25,550 days; to say nothing of some seventeen or eighteen more that will be payable to you as a bonus on account of leap years. Now, out of this total, one-third must be deducted at a blow for a single item, viz.: sleep. Next, on account of illness, of recreation, and the serious occupations spread over the surface of life, it will be little enough to deduct another third.

Recollect also that twenty years will have gone the earlier end of your life, viz.: above seven thousand days, before you can have attained any skill or system, or definite purpose in the distribution of your time. Lastly, for that single item which, among the Roman armies, was indicated by the technical phrase, "corpus curare" tendance on the animal necessities, viz.: eating, drinking, washing, bathing, and exercise, deduct the smallest allowance consistent with propriety, and, upon summing up all these appropriations, you will not find so much as four thousand days left disposable for direct intellectual culture. Four thousand, or forty hundreds, will be a hundred forties; that is, according to the lax Hebrew method of indicating six weeks by the phrase of "forty days," you will have a hundred bills or drafts on Father Time, value six weeks each as the whole period available for intellectual labour. A solid block of about eleven and a half continuous years is all that a long life will furnish for the development of what is most august in man's nature. After that, the night comes when no man can work; brain and arm will be alike unserviceable, or, if the life should be unusually extended, the vital powers will be drooping as regards all motions in advance.—*De Quincy.*

First Step to Ruin.

"My first step to ruin," exclaimed a wretched youth, as he lay tossing from side to side on the straw bed in one corner of his prison-house. "My first step to ruin was going fishing on the Sabbath. I knew it was wrong; my mother taught me better; my minister taught me better; my Bible taught me better. I didn't believe them, but I didn't think it would come to this. I am undone! I am lost!" Perhaps he said, "It is too pleasant to be cooped up in church. What harm is there taking a stroll in the woods? What harm to take my fishing tackle and sit on the banks to fish?" What harm? The harm is that God is disobeyed, who says "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The moment a youth determines to have his own way, choosing his own pleasure before God's will that moment he lets go his rudder, his compass, his chart; nothing but God's word can guide you safely over the ocean of life. Give that up and you get bewildered; you are drifting; you will be lost.—*Child's paper.*

A Picture of Romanism.

Professor Schaff, of Mercersburg, has been visiting different seats of learning in Europe since the commencement of this year, and in a letter, dated Paris, 13th February, 1854, speaking of the numerical strength of the Roman Catholics in England, he says: "The result of the last census is more unfavorable to the Roman Church than had been expected. According to the census, the Roman Church scarce numbers one-half the number in England usually recorded her, whilst she furnishes the largest number *Gefangenen-kandidaten*, (candidates for prison). According to a Report of Parliament published in the Catholic Tablet, Dublin, Feb. 25, 1852, out of a population of 21,000,000, in England and Scotland, whereof the Roman Church claims 1,000,000, she supplies the prisons with 2955 candidates. Three Romans to one of all the other Churches.

Know your Husband's Income.

We hear it frequently asserted that extravagance is the great evil of the age. Husbands particularly, are fond of expatiating on this subject before their wives, or before female visitors, whom they talk to, in order to talk to their spouses. But, in justice to the ladies it should be known that men are quite as extravagant as women. If the latter have a weakness for laces, silks, and fine furniture, the former are just as fond of cigars, champagne and horses. Many a husband who grumbles at what he thinks the extravagant sums paid by his wife for gloves, shoes, and handkerchiefs, spends twice as much on oysters, or at ten-pins. Things the wife fancies are, moreover, the more refined of the two, and on the whole, are perhaps quite as useful as the others. Fair play has not been given to the sex. The men, who do most of the editing, writing and paying, have raised the cry of extravagance against the ladies, until a popular idea has arisen that females are constitutionally greater spendthrifts than the males. It is the old story of the lion painting his own virtues.

Having thus exonerated the ladies from a charge we think unjust, they will, we trust, listen dispassionately to what further we have to say. For though we consider the men quite as extravagant as the women, we are far from exonerating either from this folly entirely. At some other time we may have a word of advice for the "lords of creation," but to day we wish to have the ear for a while of the wives of those same "lords."

We presume, at the outset, we are talking to sensible women. By a sensible woman, in this instance, we mean the one who, if a wife, makes a husband's interest her own; and who is, therefore, anxious to spare him unnecessary anxiety, and to labour with, to the extent of her ability, to lay by something for their old age, if not for the future establishment of their children. The wife who has not this sympathy from her husband, but who regards him merely as a means of enabling her to dress expensively, is unworthy of the name, the position, the honors of a companion for life. She is, in one sense, the help-mate, which she was called in the old Saxon. She is a drag on her husband, not an assistant to him. To aid him she should be cheerful, should order her house well, and above all, should strictly avoid extravagance; and to achieve the latter, there is no other way, provided she is a woman of sense, than to know his income exactly.

For extravagance is a relative term. A brocade silk may be a folly for one wife, but only what is proper in another. We do not advocate parsimony on the part of the rich. If elegant fabrics and sumptuous furniture and fine houses were abolished, many thriving trades would perish for want of sustenance; and those who ply them would either be reduced to permanent beggary or forced into other pursuits which are already, perhaps, sufficiently stocked. But if a sensible wife knows her husband's income, she can tell for herself what is extravagant, and what is not. Is he a merchant? She is aware then, that he has a fortune to make; that his pursuit is a precarious one; and that consequently the household expenses must bear a very small proportion to the apparent profits. Is he a professional man? She knows that in this case the road to wealth is slow, and that, therefore she must deny herself many things that his position would seem to warrant. Is he a mechanic? In such an event, her husband can never hope to be rich until he saves capital enough to become master workman, and he can never hope to succeed in this effort, unless sustained by the strictest economy on the part of his wife. Is he a man of fortune? A wise wife is aware that property fluctuates, and that children will want a start in life; and consequently even the wife of a landed proprietor will take care not to spend their whole income.

It is not always the wife who is to blame, however, for not regulating expenses of the husband's income. Many men foolishly think that it is not a wife's business to know the state of their affairs. Others, when in difficulty, deceive their wives. It frequently happens that the wife either believes her husband to be prospering when he is not, or greatly over-estimates the extent of his prosperity. In such cases the husband is quite as consumable for the wife's extravagance as she is herself. To sum up all in a sentence, if husbands would be more just to wives, wives would oftener act like women of sense, and would be less extravagant.—*Hay Magazine.*

Industry.—A lazy husband, or lazy wife, though rich as Croesus, is a bad bargain in any rank of society, but unspeakably so in the families of our operatives. Here every thing depends upon effort. You cannot help the mechanic or labourer who will not help himself. Indolence, like drunkenness, cannot be elevated. The proverb of Solomon has been verified in all ages—"The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness will cover a man with rage," and not only men, but women too, for here, as in other things, you will be sure to have the same sauce for the goose and the gander. Hundreds of families are now in the most abject wretchedness solely through their sloth and idleness. We would have all young men inquire what time their sweethearts rise in the morning, and how they spend their days; and the young women to be just inquisitive concerning their swains. It may not be very poetical to be thus prying; but it may save a world of trouble by-and-by. Paul's rule was, that "if people would not work, they should not eat;" and it will not be a bad addition to prohibit them from

marrying, not by any Parliamentary Act, but by every person refusing to be yoked with such useless and heartless monsters.

A Picture of Broadway.

Along the dusty pavement streams a busy host. The eye in vain attempts to fix upon the flitting faces. The passing glimpse and the sudden transition from a fair to a shrivelled face, from a laughing to a frowning one, from heavy to pinched features, suggest the comical gutta-percha heads which may be made to assume every imaginable expression in as many seconds; or torments one with the notion that he sees his own face distorted in a succession of convex mirrors.

A pale being, with sunken cheeks, follows behind a portly, round faced man, and a harassed miserly countenance comes next: a broad, benevolent Quaker face, a long nose, a short one, goggle eyes, and eyes hidden under lowering brows, lips like Cupid's bow, and mouths of extraordinary dimensions, chase one another with dizzy rapidity. A hunchback and a giant walk in close contrast. A girl, fair as a Circassian; next a negress, black as night; a Canadian, with his broad English face, and close fur wrappings, and beside him, a Chinese in flowing robes; a fair woman in trailing brocade, and a Bloomer, whose drapery seems to touch the pavement; a dandy on ghost-like stilts, his fists lost in roomy sleeve, and a beggar in rags, are all in a moment daguerrotyped for the memory.

Then the eye falls upon a babe in a long embroidered cloak, in the arms of a nursery-maid. At her side, a young urchin runs along with bare knees, while his head and face are lost in fur and feathers. Poor little victim of fashion! Then comes a fourierite, or a Hydropathist, with long uncut beard; then an Indian minus that hirsute ornament. A country belle gazes at the passing crowd, puzzled to know the fashions, and perhaps ignorantly selects her patterns from a richly dressed unfortunate. At the corner stands a group of bewildered Dutch emigrants, in wooden shoes and wide bordered caps, bonnetless, moneyless and homeless.

A sweet bride and her happy groom, a widow in weeds hurries past. Then comes a pale student, and beside him a braimless millionaire, and a fair heiress, whose books and learning were left at boarding-school. She spurns the shabby poet, or artist, and never dreams or cares to know that the eider-nest of the mountains has been robbed for her delicate throat; that the deserts of Africa have contributed her plumes, that the jungles of Hindostan or India have been rifled for her fan, that the bed of the ocean has been disturbed for her pearls, that the earth has been searched for her gold and gems, or that the tears of an embroiderer are interwoven in the exquisite tracery of her handkerchief, and that its fine-wrought work has left the toiler blind. She sees nothing from the windows of her castled pride but wealth and luxury, and envious or adulatory glances. Thus they hurry on all day, side by side—the rich and poor, the wise and the foolish, the miserable and the happy, the pure and the vile—scarcely thinking they shall be all swept away in half a century, and no more missed than the silent crowds who now people the cities of the dead.

Broadway is an illustrated volume which "he who runs may read." We call it "school" when children are gathered together to con text-books, or when men are declaiming in a certain system of opinion, or when they are tried by affliction. We forget that we are always at school in this world even when sauntering along the street and gazing at the myriad of objects, animate and inanimate, which surrounds us. The world of nature and of man is a great picture-book, not for amusement only, but to be used as an illuminated alphabet of truth. As in painted primer, beneath the picture of a purple robed man in a yellow chariot, the letter "C" stands for Croesus, who was rich in gold, so in the painted book of life, every Croesus himself, and every man, and everything, stands for some sad or bright reality, some eternal verity.—*N. Y. Independent.*

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IS constantly receiving by Packets from England and the United States, HARDWARE Goods of every description, and has at present on hand one of the best assorted Stocks in the Province, which he is prepared to sell low—Wholesale and Retail. The Stock comprises in part the following—viz.

10 Cases, Sanderson's best and extra Cast STEEL, 35 ANVILS; English and American VICES; Blacksmiths' Bellows, Files and Raps, HOOLE & Co's Gang Saws and Circulars, ROWLAND'S MILL SAWS, MILL FILES of all the best makes; LEATHER and INDIA RUBBER BELTING; Lacing LEATHER and Belt RIVETS; Flax, Hemp and India Rubber STEAM PACKING, with a very general assortment of all Goods in this line.—BRANDON'S WHITE LEAD and other PAINT. June 27, 1854.

CHALONER & HUNT

HAVE just received per "Middleton" from London, via Liverpool—An assortment of GARDEN & FLOWER SEEDS, warranted fresh. CHALONER & HUNT, April 14—2m. Opposite the St. John Hotel.

The Road to Health.



Holloway's PILLS.

CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND BAD DIGESTION.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. R. W. Kirkus, Chemist, Prescott Street, Liverpool, dated 6th June, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—Your Pills and Ointment have stood the highest on our sale list of Proprietary Medicines for some years. A customer, to whom I can refer for any enquiries, desires me to let you know the particulars of her case. She had been troubled for years with a disordered liver and bad digestion. On the last occasion, however, the violence of the attack was so alarming, and the inflammation so severely, that doubts were entertained of her not being able to bear up under it; fortunately she was induced to try your Pills, and she informs me that after the first, and each succeeding dose, she had great relief. She continued to take them, and although she used only three Boxes, she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I could have sent you many more cases, but the above, from the severity of the attack, and the speedy cure, I think, speaks much in favor of your astonishing Pills. (Signed) R. W. KIRKUS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF RHEUMATIC FEVER, IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Copy of a Letter inserted in the Hobart-Town Courier, on the 1st March, 1851, by Major J. Walsh.

Margaret M'Connigan, nineteen years of age, residing a New Town, had been suffering from a violent rheumatic fever for upwards of two months, which had entirely deprived her of the use of her limbs; during this period she was under the care of the most eminent medical men in Hobart Town, and by them her case was considered hopeless. A friend prevailed upon her to try Holloway's celebrated Pills, which she consented to do, and in an incredible short space of time they effected perfect cure.

WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, IN CASES OF DROPSY.

Persons suffering from Dropsy, either about the turn of life, or at other times, should immediately have recourse to these Pills, as hundreds of persons are annually cured, by their use, of this direful complaint in its different stages, when all other means had failed.

CURE OF A PAIN AND TIGHTNESS IN THE CHEST AND STOMACH OF A PERSON 84 YEARS OF AGE.

From Messrs. Thew & Son, Proprietors of the Lynn Advertiser, who can vouch for the following statement.—August 2nd, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—I desire to bear testimony to the good effects of Holloway's Pills. For some years I suffered severely from a pain and tightness in the stomach which was also accompanied by a shortness of breath, that prevented me from walking about. I am 84 years of age, and notwithstanding my advanced state of life, these Pills have so relieved me, that I am desirous that others should be made acquainted with their virtues. I am now rendered, by their means comparatively active, and can take exercise without inconvenience or pain, which I could not do before. (Signed) HENRY COE, North Street, Lynn, Norfolk.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF THE GRAVEL, AND A MOST DANGEROUS FEVER COMPLAINT.

Copy of a Letter addressed to J. K. Heyden, Esq., Sydney, New South Wales, dated Feb. 25th, 1851.

SIR—A Mr. Thomas Clark, a Settler at Lake George was for a considerable time seriously afflicted with a Complaint of the Liver, together with the Gravel. His medical attendants, after trying all their skill, candidly told him that his case was hopeless, and any further efforts useless. In this situation, and when expecting every day would terminate his existence, a friend recommended him to try Holloway's Pills, and as a forlorn hope he did so, the first gave him considerable relief, he therefore persevered in taking them according to the directions, and is now restored to health. He will feel great pleasure in confirming this statement, or even make an affidavit to the same effect, should it be required. (Signed) WILLIAM JONES, Proprietor of the Goulburn Herald, New South Wales.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints.

Ague, Asthma, Bilious Complaints, Blotches on the Skin, Bowel Complaints, Colic, Constipation of the Bowels, Consumption, Debility, Dropsy, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Female Irregularities, Fevers of all kinds, Fits, Gout, Head-ache, Indigestion, Inflammation, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Lumbago, Piles, Rheumatism, Retention of Urine, Scrofula or King's Evil, Sore Throats, Stone and Gravel, Secondary Symptoms, Tic Douloureux, Tumours, Ulcers, Venereal Affections, Worms of all kinds, Weakness, from whatever cause, &c. &c.

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N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patient are affixed to each Box.

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