The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No. 1417.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1845.

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 15.

THE OBSERVER,

Published on Tuesday, by Donald A. Cameron, at his Office in Water Street, South West corner of the Market Square.—Terms: 15s. per annum, half in advance.

☞ The postage on all Letters (except those containing money, or from Agents,) must be pre-paid, or they will not be attended to.

ATLANTIC

Mutual Insurance Company of Boston.

Marine Agency at Saint John.

THE Subscriber is authorised by the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company of Boston, to take Risks on Vessels, Cargoes, and Freights, to an extent not exceeding Ten Thousand Dollars on any one risk.

August 13. A. W. WHIPPLE.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Subscribers having this day entered into Co-Partnership, the Business heretofore carried on by WILLIAM HAMMOND, in his own name, will in future be conducted under the Firm of WILLIAM HAMMOND & CO.

WILLIAM HAMMOND,
WILLIAM E. MOORE.

St. John, 8th July, 1845.

☞ Thereby request all parties indebted to me by Note, Bond, or Book Account, to pay the amount to William Hammond & Co.; and all those to whom I am indebted, will please render their Accounts to the new Firm for payment. WILLIAM HAMMOND

St. John, 8th July, 1845.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of DANIEL CAMPBELL, late of the Parish of Sussex, King's County, Farmer, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, to the subscribers, within Nine Months from the date hereof; and all those indebted to said Estate, are required to make immediate payment to

JOHN B. CAMPBELL, DUNCAN B. CAMPBELL, } *Executors.*

Parish of Sussex, (K. C.) July 28, 1845.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Charles Robertson, late of the Parish of Lancaster, County of Saint John, Lime Burner, deceased, are desired to present the same, duly attested, within Three Months from the date hereof; and all those indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

ROBERT ROBERTSON,
Sole Administrator.

Indian Town, June 14, 1845.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

ALL persons having any demands against the firm of THOMAS NISBET & SON, *Cabinet Makers and Upholsterers*, or against the Estate of the late THOMAS NISBET, Junior, are requested to render the same forthwith; and all persons indebted to the said firm are requested to make immediate payment to the Subscriber, who continues the business under the same firm, and has now on hand an extensive assortment of superior NEW FURNITURE, of their own manufacture.

THOMAS NISBET.

St. John, N. B. 1st March, 1845.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any demands against the Firm of "Robertson & Co." or Robert Robertson, as Lime Burners, are requested to present the same for payment; and those indebted to said Firm, or to Robert Robertson, for LIME, are desired to make immediate payment to either of the Subscribers.

JOSEPH ARMSTRONG,
ROBERT ROBERTSON.

Indian Town, June 17, 1845.

REMOVAL.

THE subscriber has removed his Business to the Store lately occupied by E. W. Greenwood, (*No. 19, South Market Wharf,*) and has now on hand—Superfine, Fine, and Middlings FLOUR, manufactured from prime Alexandria Wheat; RYE FLOUR; CORN MEAL; HORSE FEED, BRAN, &c. &c.

☞ He will also continue to attend to the sale of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

May 6, 1845.—2m. JOHN W. McLEOD.

New BOOKS and STATIONERY.

V. H. NELSON

OFFERS for sale at the VICTORIA BOOK-STORE, an extensive and well selected assortment of Books and Stationery, including—SUPERFINE, fine, and common Post, Foolscap, Demy, Pot, and Note PAPERS;
500 reams Wrapping do.; Quills, Steel Pens;
Sealing Wax, Drawing Pencils, Artists' Materials;
Tissue, Fancy, and Coloured Papers,
Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, Copying Books, and Copying Presses;
Blank, Memorandum and Copy BOOKS;
Blue, Black, Red, and Copying INK;
Primers, Spelling Books, Dictionaries, Geographies, Arithmetics, Catechisms, and School Books of every description;
Slates and Slate Pencils; Bibles, Testaments;
Prayer Books, Psalm Books, Methodist and Baptist HYMN BOOKS, together with a large assortment of miscellaneous works in Divinity, History, Arts, Sciences, &c.
Sunday School Books, Prizes and Presents, Juvenile Books, &c. &c.

☞ Agent for the Publications of Messrs. Chambers, and for the sale of Morrison's Universal Medicine. June 17, 1845.

CORDAGE.

Just arrived per "Severn," from Liverpool;

107 COILS "Jackson's" CORDAGE consisting of Rope from 6 inch to 1 1-4 ich; Spunyarn, Marline, Amberline and Houseline—suitable for Rigging for a Vessel of 200 tons. For sale low while landing.

July 5. C & W. H. ADAMS.

OLD PORT WINE.

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

August 5.

Geneva, Wine, Brandy, &c.

Per Brig *Ariel*, Stewart, Master, from Glasgow

15 HHDS. superior quality Pale Holland GIN;
10 Hhds. Old Cognac BRANDY;
2 Hhds. and 52 casks superior Old PORT WINE.

For sale low, by JOHN V. THURGAR.

St. John, 24th June, 1845.

The Subscribers have just received;

25 BARRELS Pale SEAL OIL;
15 tons first quality GUANO—in lots to suit purchasers;
50 brls. and half brls. Genessee S'fine FLOUR;
71 bags Round Yellow CORN;
2 tons *REDWOOD,*
25 jars and 50 bladders "Lorillards" *SNUFF,*
15 casks Cider VINEGAR.—For sale by

August 5. *JARDINE & CO.*

IRON, TIN,

Copper, Anchors, Chains, &c.

The Subscriber is now landing ex "Nancy:"

200 TONS of well assorted English IRON;
Ex "Caroline":—
50 tons of do. do.;
50 tons PIG IRON;
" Ex " Thomas":—
10 tons Spike Nails—4½ to 10 inches;
20 boxes DC TIN;
" Ex " New-Zealand":—
200 tons Banks' best refined IRON, assorted;
150 do. English IRON, assorted;
100 dozen Farmer's SPADES;
9 casks Miner's SHOVELS, steeled;
100 bags Patent NAILS, from 4d'y to 24d'y;
15 tons SPIKE NAILS, from 4½ to 10 inch;
220 bolts best Navy CANVAS, No. 1 to 6;
8 casks Iron WIRE, well assorted;
7 tons Cast STEEL, *Naylor & Co.*, assorted,
2 do. COACH SPRINGS, Steel, assorted,
100 boxes TIN PLATES, well assorted,
6 tons Bolt COPPER, assorted, ⅝ to 1½ inch,
50 chests best CONGOU TEA;
20 bags Horse and Ox Nails, assorted,
20 dozen FRYING PANS, assorted,
1 cask VICES, assorted;
12 best (warranted) ANVILS, assorted;
40 cwt. best Short Link ¾ inch CHAIN;
20 " " " 7-16 " "
40 " " " ½ " "
40 " " " ⅜ " "
40 " " " ⅜ " "
20 " " " ⅜ " "
20 " " " 1 " "
30 CHAIN CABLES, best proved, assorted, ⅝ to 1⅜ inch;
60 ANCHORS, assorted, 1 cwt. to 30 cwt.;

—ON HAND—

10,000 best Fire *BRICKS,*
100 boxes *TIN PLATES,*
25 tons *SHEET IRON,* assorted,
500 boxes Liverpool *SOAP,*
4 tons Sock Plates, single and double,
4 tons Blister *STEEL,*
200 TEA KETTLES, assorted numbers,
25 dozen Ballast *SHOVELS,* assorted sizes;
20 dozen Garden *SPADES,* do.;
20 Register *GRATES,* assorted;
50 Half Register do. do;
10 tons Plough Plates, 2 to 5 inches,
5 do. *HOOP IRON,* from 1 to inches,
200 do. assorted English Iron;
100 do. best Refined do.;
20 do. Swedish do., best brand, assorted,
10 bars best low Moor Iron, 4½ & 5 inch square,
20 dozen Kiln Tiles.

Daily expected ex "Wakefield";—
10 tons Swedish Iron, assorted,
10 tons Refined Round Iron, from ¼ to ½ inch,
2 tons Blister *STEEL,*
4 tons *SHEET IRON,* No. 16 to 24,
12 pairs Forge *BELLOWS,* 24 to 36 inch,
10 tons *OAKUM,*
50 tons Slates—Queen, Ladies & Countess;
100 tons *COAL.*

All of which will be sold on moderate terms for good payments.

July 1. WILLIAM CARVILL.

Powder, Shot, Blacking, &c.

Ex ship "Severn," from Liverpool:—

50 KEGS D.S.F. GUNPOWDER,
50 Cannisters best extra strong Diamond Grain Sporting Gunpowder;
2 Casks SHOT, from BB to No. 9,
12 Sides PUMP LEATHER,
60,000 Pump TACKS,
12 Casks Day & Martin's Liquid BLACKING, in half pints, pints, and quarts;
4 Do. PASTE do. in Tins,
6 Boxes SUGAR CANDY.

IN STORE.

A large assortment of BRANDY,—"*Martell's*" and "*Hennessey's,*"; HOLLANDS; WINES; TEAS; DRY GOODS, and GROCERIES.

—ALSO—

4 Tons SHIP BREAD; Tobacco PIPES, &c.

Which will be sold low for satisfactory payments at his Stores, North Market Wharf and Reed's Point.

July 15, 1845. JOHN KIRK.

SOAP, CANDLES, etc.

Ex "Themis," "Britannia," and "Severn."

200 BOXES *Steele's* Liverpool SOAP,
100 boxes Imperial Crown do.
100 boxes *Steele's* Family White do.

—IN STORE—

50 boxes American Soda and Fancy SOAP,
100 boxes Wax Wick Mould CANDLES,
50 boxes Dip CANDLES,
400 brls. *MESS and PRIME PORK,*
50 do. Mess and Prime BEEF,
400 packages TOBACCO, various brands;
200 do. TEAS, of superior quality; and other Goods, at lowest market prices.

June 24. JOHN KERR & CO.

J. SMELLIE

Has received per *Canmore, Mary Pring*, and *Ariel*, from the Clyde; *Emigrant*, and *Thetis*, from Liverpool, a general assortment of the undermentioned GOODS, which he offers for sale upon the most reasonable terms:

CACHMERE, DeLaine, Barege, Organdy, and Persian DRESSES;
Orleans, Coburgh and Alpaca CLOTHS,
Earlstoun and Glasgow GINGHAMS,
Printed COTTONS, Handkerchiefs, &c.
Gro de Naps, Turc Satins, Sarsnets, &c.
SHAWLS and Handkerchiefs, in Crape, Silk, Satin, Indiana, and Wool Net,
Sewed Collars, Habits, Chemizettes, Cuffs, Trimmings and Edgings,
Ladies' and Children's Sewed ROBES,
LINENS, Lawns, Diapers and Damasks,
9-8, 10-4, and 12-4 LINEN SHEETINGS,
Cotton and Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs,
MUSLINS of all kinds,
HOSIERY and GLOVES,
BROAD CLOTHS, Tweeds and Doeskins,
Gents' Gossamer and Beaver HATS, &c. &c.

Prince Wm. Street, 17th June, 1845.

☞ A large supply of Damask TABLE CLOTHS and Napkins, daily expected from Belfast. J. S.

S. K. FOSTER'S SHOE STORES,

Corner of King and Germain Streets.

MORE BOOTS AND SHOES.

Just received, per "Kate," from London:

LADIES' FANCY SLIPPERS, of the newest and most Fashionable patterns,
Misses', Children's and Babes' Fancy Prunella and Valentia BOOTS, in great variety,
Gentlemen's Wellington, Clarence, Albert, Coburg and other BOOTS,
DRESS SHOES, PUMPS, and SLIPPERS, of every style,—Together with a great variety of Cheap BOOTS and Shoes, of every sort and quality that can be named—for sale Wholesale and Retail, by

June 24. S. K. FOSTER.

Molasses! Molasses!!

Received ex Brig "Bluenose," from Havana—

A FULL Cargo, containing 252 Hhds. Retailing MOLASSES.—For sale in or out of Bond. N. S. DEMILL.

July 15, 1845.

THE GARLAND.

HOPE.

BY DOCTER DRAKE.

See through the clouds that roll in wrath
You little star benignant peep,
To light along their trackless path
The wanderers of the deep.

And thus, oh! hope, thy lovely form,
In sorrow's gloomy night shall be
The star that looks through cloud and storm
Upon a dark and moonless sea.

When heaven is all serene and fair,
Full many a brighter beam we meet;
'Tis when the tempest hovers there,
Thy beam is most divinely sweet.

The rainbow with the sun's decline,
Like faithful friends, will disappear;
Thy lights, dear star, more brightly shine,
When all is wail and lonely here.

And though Aurora's stealing gleam
May wake a morning of delight,
'Tis only thy enchanting beam
Will smile amid affliction's night.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ESCAPE.

A SCENE IN NOVA-SCOTIA.

In the year 175—, during the administration of Governor Cornwallis, an incident occurred in the neighbourhood of Halifax, which is illustrative of the difficulties of its first settlement, and imparts to a particular spot in the vicinity that "romance of the past" which forms one of the most endearing charms of an old country; and ought to be doubly attractive, when it exists, in one of recent birth, from the broken and scanty tissue of traditionary lore, which the Memory and Imagination, for lack of materials, can cast athwart it.

At that early time our forefathers lived in the constant fear of an hostile attack from the Indians, who were urged on by the Acadian French, to perpetrate every foul deed of treachery or murder. The better to secure themselves from this anticipated danger, the Town, in its then narrower dimensions was surrounded by a complete palisade—sentries were stationed at the gates—at sundown these were regularly closed and barricaded, as is the custom in a besieged city; and some years ago, while travelling in the south of England, upon the great post road which leads to Brent in Devonshire, I fell in, by a singular rencontre, with an old soldier who had often mounted guard at the North gate; and who acquainted me with a variety of interesting matter relative to that period.—Among other facts he informed me (a matter by the bye, which I had never before heard) that Governor Cornwallis, by general proclamation, had positively forbade any soldier to go without the palisades, unless he had the special permission of his commanding officer.

Notwithstanding however these precautionary measures, which are a sufficient proof of the perils of the times, the young men of the town, were often daring enough to adventure without the palisades, on a shooting or fishing expedition. The young officers of the Regiments too sometimes ventured to follow their example; and it was on one of those excursions that the event occurred which I am now about to relate. To the old hero, mentioned above, I am indebted for the facts.

Ensign Morgan was the son of Colonel Morgan, who at that time commanded the gallant 7—th—who afterwards acted so nobly on the plains of Abram. His father occupied a neat, but small house in the neighbourhood of our Artillery Park, which was then known by the name of Fort Cornwallis. His wife had died some years before he was ordered on this station; and had left him only one son and daughter. Both of these however bore a strong resemblance to the image of his idolized partner; and on this account, as if he were a proselyte to the whimsical doctrines of that ancient philosopher who believed that the souls of children were a break from and part of the souls of their parents, he seemed to have transferred the lovely and cherished for his departed Ellen, to those who wore her image. The gallant Ensign especially was the object of his peculiar affection, for he was brave, generous, and enterprising—loved and respected by all—and gave those early indications which promise in their fruits to distinguish the man and the soldier; and which, as the revealed light of Heaven to a self-conceived apostle, fill a parent's heart with exultation and joy.

One gloomy morning in the month of October, just as the leaf was beginning to sear, and the woods to dapple with their autumn covering of variegated colours, Ensign Morgan started from his bed, dressed himself in his shooting suit, seized his accoutrements of gun, powder flask and shot belt, and whistling his pointer dog Brisco, proceeded directly to the N. Gate, which led to what was then, as it is now designated Dutch Town. On arriving at the gate, the Serjeant of the Guard advised him not to proceed without the range of Hobson's Fort; "for he had been informed late last evening by an inhabitant who had gone out towards the N. W. Arm to cut fire wood, that a party of Indians were lurking in the neighbourhood and would infallibly murder him should he chance to fall into their hands."

"The Indian Dogs," answered the Ensign, as he strode boldly through the gate, which the sentry had just opened, "if they do make the attempt they shall pay dearly for their temerity. I think Serjeant Brown I can mark as well as any of them; and if it comes to the chace, I shall let them see that I can run as swift as any Indian blood-hound between this and Queen's city. If my father should inquire after me, tell him I shall be back before sun-set."

The serjeant as the young man turned from him with a springing and light step, merely shook his head, in token of disapprobation of his youthful hardihood. "It will be well" muttered he to the corporal of the guard, who then stood beside him, "if the young blade returns unscathed in life or limb; but it is in vain to expect an old head on young shoulders; so Dixon, call any of the soldiers you see loitering in the barrack yard, and desire him to go up to the sentry who is stationed on the north side of Hobson's fort, and charge him to keep a sharp ear to, the northward. If he should hear any shout and that infernal Indian yell, the very thoughts of which makes a man's blood run cold, let him give the alarm, so that poor Morgan may receive assistance, before his scalp goes on a journey to Louisbourg, to hang as a trophy on the city gates."

Morgan himself felt no such fear. He whistled a gay carol as he mounted a small rise which led to the Commons, which was then not flat and smooth as now, but had the uneven surface of a forest, and was shaded with a thick growth of spruces, hemlocks and alder bushes. His pointer dog seemed to feel the inspiration of his master's simple music, for he bounded and gambolled—now scoured through the bushes and fast returning barked and bayed at his master's feet, and gaily shook off the pearly dew drops which glistened on his shaggy hide.

They proceeded steadily on through a beaten pathway in the woods, till they reached the swamp which lay at the foot of Fort Needham. Here Brisco started a fine flock of plover, and the Ensign just as they rose from the ground heaven-ward, brought down seven by one shot. Gods! what a gallant deed—thought he, as he tucked the trembling things into his bag—what a glorious tale for the Mess table! Such flattering success only served to embolden his enterprise. He forgot the prudent caution of Serjeant Brown. No tale of Indian cruelty then rose to startle or affright his imagination—and as the excitement of sporting is something like the desperate inspiration of the gaming table,—the deeper the stake the more eager becomes the pursuit,—Morgan entered boldly into the woods and determined to traverse the ravine which lay between the Basin and the N. W. Arm—a place which he had often heard celebrated as fine ground for plovering.

The morning had considerably advanced, before he reached the Ravine; and here a scene broke upon him, which even in his eargerness, he did not fail both to remark and admire. The landscape during the whole morning, had been enshrouded with a pall of dense fog—but as he ascended the gradual and declining sweep of the peninsula in that quarter, the sun began to break in the eastern horizon and penetrate the haze with his flickering beams. As the god of day won his course through this dark mass of vapours, the fog began to move upwards from the lowlands, and to gather in denser masses upon that wild ridge of elevated land which entrenches the neat and verdant brake of cultivation, then a tract of uninvaded forest! which is now called the Dutch Village. In its course upwards it sometimes parted into thin and airy columns, and these as they slowly followed the larger clouds, which preceded them, looked like a gaudy drapery of gauze, through which the variegated woods shone, in the refracted splendour of the sunbeams with a milder and yet a richer beauty.

Morgan knew enough of the Natural history of Acadia, to be aware that the plover soared high in fine weather and afforded poor sport in sunshine. By this time however, his game-bag was well nigh loaded, and previous to tending his road homewards, he sat down on a rising mound to number its contents. Just as he had opened it, Brisco barked loudly from a neighbouring thicket and hastily resuming "les accoutremens" he hurried into the bushes and saw a fine flock of partridge take wing. They skimmed the edge of the North West Arm, directed their flight down the ravine, and then dived into that retiring hollow where Black's Mill now stands. He did not tarry long to hold parlance with prudence, but boldly began a winding ascent up the steep with murderous intent upon the innocent covey. On reaching the edge of the Lake they were again startled and escaped him; and he was led on, through the various vicissitudes of approach and distance, till he came up with them on the breast of Corie's hill, and brought down five of them from the gnarled limbs of a lofty beech tree, by successive shots.

As he was picking the birds from the ground, he heard from Hobson's Fort the shrill note of the bugle horn; and as the reville struck his ear, he recognised in the peculiar strains of the music one of the band, who had been formerly a servant of his father's. "Ah Brisco" said Morgan turning to his faithful dog, who lay panting on the ground, and with his tongue extended and quivering, as if fatigued by his exertions, "there is a call for us, so, bestir thyself, for we shall now turn homewards, and I promise you good fare for this day's exertion's" Brisco started instantly on his feet, as if he understood the full meaning of his master's language—stretched his back till it became like an inverted bow,—and then bounded forward, with a joyful whine, in the direction of the Town.

Morgan felt the load extremely burdensome—and he may be said to have tottered, rather than to have walked down the steep ascent of Cowrie's hill. He had descended about midway, when Brisco stopped suddenly, cowered at his master's feet; and then turning his nose to a thicket above snuffed with an air of keen and striking sagacity. "What matters thee, Brisco," said Morgan, as he patted his head, "What gives thee so much alarm, my faithful dog?" The dumb brute answered first with a low whine, and then starting at a slight rustling which he heard in the thicket, barked and bayed with a fury which seemed uncontrollable.

"Down Brisco, down," said his courageous Master; and taking up his gun he locked at the flint and priming. On turning his head upwards a tall gigantic Indian stood a few yards above him. He was clothed in furs from head to foot, a curious head dress which he were was adorned on one side with a rich dye—a bow and a quiver of arrows were bent on his shoulder, and he held in his hand a light fowling piece. He was young and lightly made; and stood with an air of great Majesty on a point of elevated rock. Morgan amid the contrary feelings which rose in his breast, was wont to confess that admiration was predominant, and that he could not help conceiving him to be a Deus loci—the fit image of a warlike God. The two young Men stood eyeing one another askance, but with the grim look of stern defiance, which showed that both were perpared for the deadly combat and were equally confident of their own skill and prowess. Morgan however knew that the chances were against him. He was satisfied that the savage was not alone, and that, even in case he should succeed in mastering him, the noise of the strife would draw others to his assistance, and that finally he would be overwhelmed by numbers. He saw no hope of escape but one—and prompt in deed as in council, he lifted his fowling piece, took aim at the Indian's leg—and fired! Immediately unbuckling the belt of his game-bag, and throwing down his gun and every other incumbrance to flight, he made some desperate leaps down the bank, in the hope of reaching the deep woods which shadowed the shores of the Arm, and there, by concealment, baffling the eager pursuit of his enemies.

His fire however had missed its effect. The shot had grazed the skin of the savage, and in place of disabling him, only served to awaken his wrath and whet his revenge. No European need ever hope to equal the agility of an Indian among his native rocks and forests. Morgan had reached within 50 yards of the water and was just preparing to make another, and as he hoped a last leap, from a large rock which now lies upon the right hand of the road to Harriet's field when he felt his neck grasped by a firm hand—the recoil of the leap threw him on his back; when he awoke from the stunning effect of his fall and looked up, he saw the savage standing over him, with a spiteful glee flaring in his eye and brightening his bronze features. His blood seemed to curdle, for he thought his end was nigh. His conqueror now uttered a loud halloo, which made the forests ring and echo far and wide. Before many seconds had elapsed it was answered by the horrid yells, of many and indistinguishable voices. In a few seconds more he was surrounded by a savage band of apparently twenty in number. A film seemed to cloud and dim his sight as he saw a desperate villainously looking warrior approach him and brandish a large scalping knife over his head.

I pause here, in this tale of horror, to describe the events which were transacted during the day within the palisade of the Town. Early in the morning, Colonel Morgan accompanied by His Excellency, had proceeded to Point Pleasant to plan some fortifications which were there to be raised. He did not return till the afternoon was advanced some hours, when on entering the parlour he found to his astonishment, his daughter Ellen bathed in tears. He immediately pressed her as to the cause, and when he was informed of the daring enterprise which his son had attempted, and his protracted absence, his own grief and anxiety became equal to hers. The difference however between the sorrow of Man and Woman is—that the one broods over and allows it to burn the very sources of vitality—but the other proceeds instantly to action, and either removes or by the very excitement alleviates it. Col. Morgan instantly summoned his old servant—the bugleman; and proceeding to Hobson's Fort ordered him to sound his reveille, which his son heard and was preparing to obey, when he was prevented by the incident already detailed. The Colonel with a prospect glass in his hand, paced the parapet wall of the fort, where he had a commanding view of all the entrances to the Town. Two hours had lingered past, and still there were no signs of his son's return. As he continued to tread the platform with an anxious step and scan the surrounding country, the sentry who occasionally crossed him in his appointed walk directed his attention beyond the Windmill-hill, where in a small clearing in the forest, three figures were seen to move across the fore ground of a bright evening's sky. He raised his glass—they moved in file, and in remarking their low stooping gait, he became convinced that they were Indians. Good God—could his son have fallen a victim to their savage hands!—The moment the thought struck him (for Sergeant Brown—with a kind, though indeed inconsiderate, regard for his parental feelings, had studiously concealed the conversation he had held with the son in the morning,) he determined to alarm the Garrison and Town, and to dispatch several distinct parties to different parts of the Peninsula.—As soon as it was generally circulated that one of the officers had gone without the gate in the morning to shoot, and had not returned, and that the Indians were seen in the neighbourhood, a meeting of the Inhabitants was held near Cornwallis Fort; there gathered young and old—the weak and the strong—for a danger like this, in these early periods of the Colony, was like the Chieftain's summons in a Highland glen. As the emergency was pressing, there was little time for consultation;—but when one of the most aged and influential of the settlers stated shortly the purpose of their assembling, the young men marshalled themselves forth, like brave volunteers and proffered their arms and aid. Poor Morgan in sooth, was well known by them all, and was as generally beloved and esteemed. Accordingly, about half an hour before sun down, the North Gate was opened to a party of near 200 men, all well armed, and who proceeded on their enterprise with a determined zeal and intrepidity.

Col. Morgan led the advance himself; on reaching the height of that rising ground, which led to what is now called the Common, he gathered them into a circle; and explained the different routes into which he wished them, by parties of ten, to diverge. As he was addressing them, and endeavouring to incite their zeal by all the eloquence of a father, Brisco reached the spot where the crowd had halted. His tail was slouched, his tongue hung down from his mouth, and his ears were lapped. He drew near with a slow and even solemn gait, as if overcome by the speed at which he had formerly moved. On approaching, he immediately made up to the Colonel, stretched himself on the ground, and then looking up in his face, uttered a shrill and piercing whine.

"God's will be done," said the Father, in a tone of convulsive agony. "My son has perished—all further search is in vain. The faithful Brisco would never have left him until life was extinct. Captain Dawson, marshal the Men, and march them into barracks again."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Origin of the Great Ones of the Earth.—An English journal publishes the following:—Moses was a shepherd; Noah, a farmer; Confucius, a carpenter; Mehemit Ali, a barber; the present Emperor of Morocco, a seller of curiosities; Bernadette, late King of Sweden, was a surgeon in the Martinique garrison at the time of its invasion by the English; Mme. Bernadotte was a washer-woman at Paris; Napoleon descended from an obscure Corsican family, was only a major when he married Josephine, the daughter of a tobacco merchant, and creole of Martinique; Franklin, was a printer; President Boyer, a mulatto barber; President Tyler, a militia captain; Oliver Cromwell, a brewer; President Polk, a tavern keeper; the father-in-law of Isabel, Queen of Spain, and brother-in-law of the King of Naples, was formerly a coffee-house waiter; General Espartero, was a sexton; King Christopher, of Hayti, a slave; the present President of Hayti, also a slave; Boliver, a druggist; General Peez, a cow-herd; Vasco de Gama, a sailor; Columbus, a sailor; Louis Philippe, a school-master at Switzerland, at Boston, and Havana; Catherine, Empress of Russia, was a *grisette* in the regiment; the present Governor of Madeira was a tailor; and the Minister of Finance of Portugal a simple wine merchant of Madeira.

At the present moment, Spain and Portugal count a goodly number of dukes, marquises', counts, and barons, who were formerly cooks, tailors, hair-dressers, cobblers, sweeps, and mulattos. These characteristic traits suffice to prove that individuals from the lowest degree in society have arrived to the pinnicle of honour, power and fortune, and have even seized upon thrones, crowns, and altars."

What would the Almack's exclusives of Boston have said to this?—the *little* "upper crust" fifty, who boasted their levees had never smelt of the shop!

The Governor of Madeira, a tailor; Mehemet Ali, a barber; Mahomet, an ass-driver; Murat, the husband of Napoleon's sister and King of Naples, a pastry cook; and Mme. Bernadotte, a washerwoman—*Oh my!*

Highland Generosity.—The rites of hospitality were inviolable among the Celts, who, lest they might discover an enemy in their guests, did not ask their names or business until after a protracted sojourn. The following affecting anecdote is related in a number of "*The Clans,*" lately published:—

A young man from Cowal, traveling through the M'Gregor's country, went into a tighnsda or Inn, to pass the night. A company of others had met there, and in the course of the evening, a quarrel having arisen, dirks were drawn, and (Lamond the stranger) unfortunately killed his opponent, who was no other than the son of M'Gregor of Glenstrae, who was then head of the clan. The young man then fled with the speed of a deer, and reached a house at the door of which he stood: the proprietor looking out, as the practice was before retiring to rest, for passing strangers; and to him Lamond exclaimed, "I have slain a man; save me from the death which now pursues me!" "Whoever you are," says the old chief, "enter my house and you are safe." In a few minutes the pursuers were at the door, impatiently inquiring whether the fugitive had been seen, "for," said they, "he has slain your son, and we burn for revenge!" "Alas, alas! my beloved child,' cried Glenstrae, bursting into a flood of bitter tears; "the stranger has besought my protection and received it—my promise cannot be forfeited, even for this dreadful deed: as I live, he shall here be safe." The generous, but sorrowing M'Gregor, true to his word, not only shielded him from the vengeance of his clansmen, but conveyed him under a strong guard, to his native place; and, on parting, he thus addressed him, "M'Lamond, you are now in safety, but take care that you meet not hereafter with my followers, for I no longer can or will protect you—farewell!" Sometime after this, when the M'Gregors were visited with the dire and relentless persecution by which they were so long afflicted, old Alastair, of Glenstrae, obliged to conceal himself from his enemies, was received with becoming hospitality, and treated with the utmost respect and kindness by this Lamond, who blessed God for affording him the opportunity of so far repaying the deep debt of gratitude which he owed to his now unfortunate friend

Affectation of Musicians.—The present day exhibits an increasing tendency amongst a certain class of musicians to make themselves singular, if they happen to be placed, either by others or by their own acts, in a conspicuous situation; one displays an uncommon degree of activity and *legerite*, which, although it may astonish the uninformed, and gain the individual a certain share of notoriety, decidedly cannot add much to his fame or respectability among musical men, or the more enlightened portion of the public generally. Another courts the admiration of the crowd by playing upon a variety of instruments in the same piece of music, and in rapid succession, working and hammering away with both hands and feet all the while, as if nothing less than his life depended upon his activity, almost rivalling those itinerant musicians (if we may dignify them by such a title) of by-gone days, who were wont to play some would-be lively tune in solemn and measured time, upon four or five instruments at once (the number depending, of course, upon the ingenuity of the performer), generally consisting of a drum, pandean pipes, triangle, and Turkisk bells; another contents himself with grimace, mixing up an occasional frown with an abundance of smiles the most bewitching, and bows the most graceful, enlivened occasionally with a decidedly inspiriting and truly national piping and jigging; one makes himself conspicuous by his lank hair, fixing the appearance of haggard old age upon what should be a young man's countenance; another depends upon his luxurient ringlets; one places his hopes upon a delicately-fomed mustache; another upon the thick underwood that half encircles his face; whilst another, whose example is being followed by hundreds of needy adventurers in this country, like the fugleman of a regiment, goes through a deaf and dumb manual exercise, with a halo of ready-made glory shed around him, which, alas for human hopes and aspirations after greatness, lasts only while the gas is on!—*Dramatic and Musical Review.*

Romance at Hoboken.—The New York American Patriot gives an old account of a Penobscot squaw, who is living in a tent at Hoboken, having fallen in love with a white lad, who is only seventeen, fair hair, blue-eyed and white. The Indian is 36, though very pretty, and, apparently, intelegent. They are now living together, and are going to be married. Several gentlemen have visited the wigwam and endeavoured to argue with the pair upon the impropriety of their conduct. The only answer each made was, "I love." The American Patriot says: "The woman protested with tears in her eyes, and with a savage grandeur of pathos quite captivating, that she 'could not spare him,' while the boy declared, in all earnestness, that he could not leave her, and was quite willing to marry her. Her objection to this is that he has no money. The old father is a Roman Catholic, and wears a large crucifix at his breast. He seems to think his daughter does only what is emphatically correct. He is 78 years of age. The brother and his wife are very much annoyed by these circumstances, and beg every body to sunder the *liaison*! It is very curious to observe the red woman fondling the fair skinned, blue-eyed lad. The best of the tale remains to be told. At two o'clock to day the parties are to be married, provided the gentleman before alluded to, furnish the clergyman or magistrate. Of course, if the boy unite himself with the woman, he is ruined for life. He is a native of the State of Maine.

The Thistle.—The following is said to be the origin of the national badge of Scotland:—At the period when the Danes invaded the country it was not considered in accordance with the laws of honourable warfare to attack an enemy under cover of the night—battles were almost invariably fought by daylight. On one occasion however, the invaders determined to avail themselves of the darkness, and in order to render their stratagem more likely to succeed, they marched barefooted. By this precaution they had passed the Scottish lines unobserved when the very means they had taken to ensure their safety proved the cause of ultimate destruction. One of the Danes placing the undefended *epidermis* of his foot on a superb prickly thistle, could not repress a sudden exclamation or pain, thereby discovering their proximity to the Scots, who instantly seizing their arms, defeated the unwelcome visitors with great slaughter, and immediately after the battle adopted the thistle as the insignia of Scotland.

Affecting Incident.—A little girl, the only and well-bloved child of her parents, who are residents of Brooklyn, Long Island, died a few weeks since, and was interred in the private family burying ground. A large Newfoundland dog, the private companion and playmate of the child, was frequently missing from the house after the funeral. When seen, he was observed to be crest fallen and drooping, he refused his food, moped and lost flesh day by day. These circumstances exciting curiosity, the animal was watched and followed in his stealthy excursions, and it at length appeared that he went daily to the grave of his former friend and playmate, deposited, at each visit, some of the child's play things obtained secretly from the house, on the grassy mound that covered her remains, in the vain hope of alluring her to his side again, and then lay down, and passed hour after hour, moaning and whimming piteously. His master was obliged finally to chain up the animal, to put an end to his melancholy vigils, the continuance of which would have cost the faithful mourner his existence.

Extraordinary Feat.—A London paper states that a Carrier Pigeon was lately seen at the Railway terminus at Vauxhall, in an exhausted states; it was caught by hand, but died shortly afterward. A label was appended to one of its legs, addressed to His Grace the Duke of Wellington, which stated that three pigeons were thrown up at the island of Ichaboe and bore date July, 1845. The distance is computed to be between two thousand and three thousand miles from the place where the pigeon appears to have been liberated, to its destination in London. The bird with its appendage, was immediately forwarded to Apsley House, and the Duke of Wellington, by an autograph note, the next day courteously acknowledged the receipt from the party who sent the bird. It has been stuffed, and in the process it was discovered that the bird had been shot, otherwise there can be no doubt that it would have reached home.

Travelling lately on the North River a friend overheard two ladies in an adjoining state-room, who kept incessantly calling upon the steward, 'Steward,' called one in a smoothered voice, as of intense suffering, 'do come and open this window or I shall die!' The window was accordingly opened; but directly, the other lady exclaimed, 'Steward, do come and shut the window, or I shall die!' This, too, was obeyed: when the first order was repeated, and followed; until things began to grow serious, and the poor steward commenced turning very red, and perspiring with vexation. At this moment, a gentleman, who had been a quiet observer of the scene, cried out in a loud voice, 'Steward, why don't you wait upon the ladies there? Open the window till one of them is dead, and then shut it—and finish the other!'