The Weekly Observer.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1847.

VOL. XX.—NO. 27.

The Observer,

Published on TUESDAY, by DONALD A. CAMERON, at his Office, corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Jardine & Co.—TERMS: 15s. per annum, half in advance.

NEW GOODS.

Fall Importations!

ALBION HOUSE, KING-STREET.

THE Subscribers have received per *Lion* from Clyde, part of their FALL IMPORTATIONS,—consisting of

Gala Plaids, Britannia CLOAKINGS,
Maude and Plaid Wool Shawls and Scarfs,
Orleans, Coburgs, DeLaines, and Saxonics,
GINGHAMS, Mohairs and Cashmeres,
Blankets, Flannels, Quilts and Counterpanes,
Damasks, Moreens, and Printed Druggets,
Linens, Diapers, Huckabacks, Towels,
Osnaburgs, Canvasses, Ducks, and Dowlasses,
Brown, White and Checked HOLLANDS,
Regattas, Checks, Homespuns,
Buckskins, Doeskins, Cassimeres & Vestings.

Per "Mountaineer":—

Linen and Cotton BED TICKING,
Grey, White, Printed and Furniture Cottons,
Plain, Figured and Shaded Orleans & Coburgs.

To arrive per Howard, Wm. Carson, and Margaret Jane,—61 Packages, containing

Black and Colored SILK VELVETS,
Black and Brown Collar VELVETS,
Black and Colored Gro de Naps & Satin Turcs,
Dark BONNET RIBBONS (new styles),
Thread Valencines and Gimp Lace and Edgings,
Hosiery, Wool and Merino Vests and Drawers,
Ladies' Cashmere, Thibet and Kid GLOVES,
Fancy Hdkfs, Silk and Ribbon Neck Ties,
Printed and Check'd Cashmere and Satin SHAWLS,
FURS—in Cardinals, Muffs, Boas, Victorines, and Cuffs,—stone martin, fitch, squirrel, and mock sable;
FUR CAPS, Gauntlets, Gloves and Trimming
Gent's Scarfs, Stocks, Gloves, Handkerchie
Mufflers, Braces and Hose, in great variety
Pilot, Beaver and Fancy Winter COATINGS,-with Trimmings to match,
Linen and Wool Stair Cloth, Sheetings,
Cotton Warps, Oil Cloth, Wool Rugs,

And a great variety of other Goods, which are offered, wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices for Cash.

Oct. 19. BEARD & VENNING.

LONDON GOODS.

Received at the "Liverpool House," per barque *Lisbon*:—

BLACK and Colored Silk Bonnet VELVET,
" " French " Satin,
" " and fancy Turc Satin and Gros de Naples,
Fancy Silk and Satin Bonnet Ribbon,
Plain " " Ribbon, Genoa Velvet Ribbon,
White and Black Crape; White Crape Lise,
Ladies' white French Satteen Stays,
Do. Fancy Silk and Satin Neck Ties,
Bullion Fringe, Black and Coloured Silk Gimp
Chain Gimp, Crape Trimming,
Children's Worsted Socks and Garters,
Ladies' and Misses' Lambswool and Angola Hose,
" " Cashmere and Winter Gloves,
" " Kid Gloves, fleecy lined,
" " Blk. and Col'd Silk Gloves,
Gents'. Angola and winter Half Hose,
" Cashmere, Buck, Norway, Beaver, Pique Cloth, and Aberdeen Gloves,
" Blk. and col'd. French Kid Gloves, superior,
" Genoa Scarfs, Ducape Neck Hdkfs., Silk Pocket Hdkfs.
" Silk Velvet and Satin Vestings,
Printed Oil Cloths and Pencil Table Covers,
Gingham Umbrellas, Paramatta, Cut and prepared Whalebone, Toilet fringe, Furniture Lace,
Mohair and Silk Cont Cord, Braid and Binding, Fancy Cord, Patent fancy Satin Coat and Vest Buttons.

The subscribers are selling the above with their extensive assortment of Cloths, Blankets, Flannels, Prints, Cottons, Dresses, Moreens, CARPETING, Shawls, Laces, and Furs, all of recent importation, at retail, for wholesale prices.

VAUGHANS & LOCKHART.

November 23.

NEW FALL GOODS.

JAMES SMELLIE

Has received per ships *Commodore*, from LONDON, and *Mountaineer*, from LIVERPOOL, part of his FALL STOCK, consisting of

BLACK and colored Orleans and Cobourgs,
Figured ORLEANS and LUSTRES,
Black and colored French Merinoes,
Moreens and Damasks.
PRINTED COTTONS,
Grey and White Shirtings and Muslins,
White and colored STAYS,
RIBBONS, SILKS, and SATINS,
Black and colored SILK VELVETS,
FURS—in Boas, Capes, Cardinals, Victorines, and MUFFS,
Beaver BONNETS—Grey and Black, &c.
All of which will be sold at the very smallest possible profit.

Prince William Street, October 19, 1847.

PANTECHNETHECA.

TAILORING WOOLEN DRAPERY READY MADE CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,

Opposite Sands's Brick Buildings, Prince William Street.

THE Proprietors of the above establishment have now completed their Fall and Winter Stock of CLOTHS, which will be found on inspection to far surpass in extent and quality any assortment we have had heretofore; they consist in part as follows:—

FOR COATS.

Superfine West of England Wool-died Black,
Ditto Invisible Green,
Ditto Browns in variety of shades,
Ditto Olives,
Ditto Oxford mixed, fine quality.

FOR PANTALOONS.

76 pieces Fashionable shades in Black, Blues Browns, Drabs, &c., Doeskins, Checks, Tweeds Fancy Stripes, &c. &c.

FOR TOP COATS.

West of England Beavers, in Blacks, Blues Browns, and Invisible Greens,
Ditto Soft finished Newfoundland Pilot, &c.

FOR VESTS.

An endless variety of Winter Vestings, all o which will be made in a few hours' notice for Cash, before leaving the shop.

Persons that we are unacquainted with will be required to leave a deposit on leaving their measure.

GARRETT & SKILLEN.

November 16, 1847.

Ladies' Rich FURS.

Received at the LIVERPOOL HOUSE, Prince William Street, an Invoice very Rich FURS, ex "William Carson," from London, consisting of

SETS STONE MARTIN, in very large Cardinal, Flat Boa, Muff and Gauntlet,
Sets French SABLE, large Cardinal, Boa, Muff and Gauntlet,
Sets FITCH, same,
Sets Siberian SQUIRREL, same,
Very large CARDINALS, in Siberian Squirrel, Fitch, Lustred Musk, and British Sable,
MUFFS and BOAS, in Stone Martin, French Sable, Fitch, Siberian Squirrel, Squirrel Lock, British lynx, British Ermine, British Sable,
VICTORINES, Misses and Ladies., in Siberian Squirrel, Squirrel lock, and British Sable,
Ladies' Gauntlets, in Stone Martin, French Sable, Siberian Squirrel, and lustred Musk,
Ladies' Fur Trimming, in Squirrel lock, Fitch, British Sable, and British Ermine,
Ladies' Strong BOAS,
Gents. FUR TRIMMING, in Astrachan, Nutria, and British Sable.

☞ The above splendid assortment of FURS are offered very low, wholesale and retail.

Oct. 26. VAUGHANS & LOCKHART.

LONDON HOUSE,

Market Square.

Winter Importations!

Per *Commodore*, *Mountaineer*, and *Lion*, from London, Liverpool, and the Clyde—

AN extensive Stock of SHAWLS, SCARFS, Hdkfs., CLOAKINGS, *Silks, Satins Satin Turcs*, Silk and Satin Handkerchiefs and Neck Ties, *Velvets, Ribbons, Gloves, Hose, Laces*, CASHMERES, Coburg and Orleans Cloths, Tartans, Camlets, Paramatta, Moreens, Aprons, Gent's Mufflers, Doeskins, Kerseys, Tweeds, *Pilot, Beaver, and Broad CLOTHS*, &c. A large quantity of PRINTS, Grey & White COTTONS, Ginghams, Furnitures, Linings, LINENS, Lawns, Diapers, Muslins, Moleskins, Ticks, SHEETINGS, Shirtings, *FLANNELS, BLANKETS*, Quilts, Counterpanes, Duck, Dowlas, Padding, Canvass, Cotton Warp, &c.

Also, a variety of FURS.

October 12. T. W. DANIEL.

MORRISON & CO.

Are receiving ex *Lion*, from Glasgow, part of their

New Fall and Winter Goods,

—CONSISTING OF—

SHAWLS in great variety;
Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, Mufflers,
CLOAKINGS in Gala and Plaid Wool, &c.
Tweeds, Plaidings, Regattas,
Osnaburg, Canvass, Muslins,
Linen, Lawns, Diaper, and Hollands,
Scotch Bonnets; Glengarry and Cloth Caps,

With a large assortment of Reels, Linen Thread, Braces, &c. &c. will be sold at the lowest prices for Cash. Oct. 5, 1847.

Ladies' LACES.

Received at the *Liverpool House*, Prince Wm. Street, ex "William Carson," from London:

A LARGE assortment German Thread LACE; Brussels Corded and Fancy and Silk Net; Paris and Queen's Quilling, Egyptian Plait, Valenciennes, and Thread Edgings and Insertions, British Cambray Falls and Veils, Bonnet and Cap Goffered and Blond Borders, Infants' Egyptian Caps, FEATHERS, Flowers, and Cap Fronts. VAUGHANS & LOCKHART.

October 26.—[Chron. Alb.]

THE SUBSCRIBER.

Has received ex *Syria*, from New York, and *Joseph Howe*, from Boston:

50 BRLS. Superfine Genesee FLOUR,
50 barrels best Brandywine CORN MEAL—Kiln dried,
40 barrels best NAVY BREAD,
20 M. best Havana CIGARS,
1 case India Silk Handkfs.—various patterns,
20 puncheons Strong RUM.

Also, ex *Charlotte*, from *Halifax*:
10 hhds. Bright Porto Rico SUGAR,
30 casks superior PORT WINE,
15 puncheons Fine Old Jamaica RUM.

Which he offers at market rates.

JOHN V. THURGAR.

North Wharf, 2d Nov. 1847.

C. & W. H. ADAMS,

Have just received per ships *Themis* and *Howard* from Liverpool, part of their Fall Stock of HARDWARE, containing a good assortment of Shelf Goods—*Also:*

6 ROLLS SHEET LEAD,
187 Bags NAILS,
4 cases CAST STEEL,
11 bales Blistered do.
10 pair Blacksmith's BELLOWS,
2 casks Horse Traces,
2 crates COAL SCOOPS,
20 bundles Eye Handle SHOVELS,
96 do. SHEET IRON,
1 cask Curled HAIR,
2 casks PLANES,
1 cask Sheet ZINC; 2 cases GUNS,
3 casks Tea Kettles; 1 cask Borax.

October 26.

LONDON GOODS.

Landing ex *Commodore*, from London:

100 CHESTS Fine Congo TEA,
5 Chests Old Hyson do.
7 Hhds. LOAF SUGAR,
5 Hhds. Crushed Loaf do.
20 Boxes Sperm CANDLES,
5 Casks BLACKING,
50 Kegs *Brandram's* WHITE LEAD,
10 Kegs Superfine MUSTARD,
3 Cases Windsor SOAP,
2 Casks *Lazenby's* PICKELS and SAUCES,
Cases Manilla CHEROOTS, Italian Juice, Tapioca, Nutmegs, Salad OIL, Isinglass, Maccaroni, Vermicelli, Patent Groats of Barley, &c. &c.

For sale by JARDINE & CO.

October 12, 1847.

Stoves and Hollow Ware.

Per Lion, from the Clyde—

FIFTY Canada STOVES, 20 to 30 inch;
10 tons of Pots, Ovens, Covers, Spiders, Fry Pans, Griddles, Fire Dogs, Cart and Pipe Boxes, &c.;
52 dozen "Thompson's" Screw AUGERS.

THOS. R. GORDON.

Corner of Dock Street and Market Square.

October 12, 1847.

Waterproof Blacking.

WHICH renders Boots and Shoes completely impervious to Water and Snow, and at the same time does not prevent the leather from receiving a good polish from any Blacking in ordinary use.

The Subscriber has just received another supply of the above named article, the virtues of which have been tested by hundreds of persons in various parts of the Province, and he strongly recommends its use to all persons who feel desirous of protecting their feet from the dampness during the approaching season.

☞ The price is only one shilling a pot. Orders from all parts of the Province attended to.

S. K. FOSTER,

Nov 9—3s. *Corner of King and Germain streets.*

The Garland.

CHRISTMAS.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

'T was Night upon Judea: all was hushed—
And in her peerless capital the hum
Of varied voices, and the bustling tread
Of busy footsteps long had died away:
Silence sat brooding upon town and tower;
The flocks and herds had sought their peaceful rest,
And Night's broad mantle wrapped Judea's realm.

'T was Night: but though unconscious Earth did sleep,
The courts of Heaven, that never know repose,
Were doubly wakeful with angelic joy!
For never since the glad Creation's morn
Was night so pregnant of such high events;
For He, whom ancient prophets long foretold
Should come—Jehovah's well-beloved Son,
Who filled in highest Heaven the second throne,
In human nature's humblest mien should come,
The Great Messiah of his chosen race,
And only Saviour of a ruined world—
This very night should be of woman born!

Night waned apace; and in the distant East,
Where Magi studied their mysterious lore,
A star arose, of strange, unusual light,
And slowly, westward, took its flaming way!
The wondering Sages, filled with holy fear,
Girt up their loins, quick bound their sandals on,
And, taught by some unknown, directing power,
Followed, with willing steps, the guiding star!

'T was Midnight's hour; and on fair Bethlehem's plains
The wakeful shepherds watched their sleeping flocks:
'T was silent all, save the far streamlet's sound,
And the light whisper of the passing breeze!
Then lo! the Angel of the Lord came down,
And heavenly glory beamed upon their sight!
The simple shepherds shrunk away in fear,
And prostrate fell: "Fear not"! the spirit said,
"For tidings of great joy to you I bring,
And all mankind. The promised Christ is born;
In David's city ye the babe shall find,
In manger lying, clad in mean attire!"
Then suddenly appeared a heavenly host,
And shouted "Glory to the Highest, God—
Peace upon Earth—good will to all mankind!"

Thus was the time which drew a Saviour down;
Such was the Night on which our King was born!
Long hath his Church the festal day revered,
And sung Hosannahs to the Prince of Peace!
'T is meet the birth-day of the King of Kings
Should thus be honored by his ransomed train!
'T is meet to deck his courts with signs of joy,
And press the altar's steps with willing feet;
And while the old aisles ring with sacred praise,
And the loud anthem peals its swelling note,
Thus be the tribute of our grateful heart:

Thou who didst come to save!
To take upon thee all our mortal woe,
And suffer death in love for man below,
And triumph over the grave!

List to the song we raise!
We bless thee for thy love's transcending care,
That thou didst deign to leave thy glories fair,
In worlds of heavenly praise!

Saviour! be thou our friend!
Guide us in mercy o'er Life's changing path
In mercy shield from every storm of wrath,
Till Life's sad conflict end!

Then, by thy succor blest,
Let us abide, while mortal life remains;
Then may the star which lumined Bethlehem's plains
Guide to thy Heavenly rest!

Miscellaneous.

EXTRACTS FROM

DAILY SCRIPTURE READINGS.

BY THE LATE REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D., LL.D.

In course of Publication in Quarterly Volumes.

The following remarks are on that passage in Genesis (chap. XII., verses 9—20), which details the circumstances of Abram's temporary sojourn in Egypt, when he made his wife appear as only his sister. The remarks on Abraham's second deception of the same kind (chap. XX.) are in precisely the same strain:—

"The mystery of this passage lies in the deceit of Abram being recorded without any animadversion on the evil of it. He is called the Father of the Faithful; and all true disciples walk in the footsteps at least of his faith. But the fact that is given of him here is surely not for our imitation. There are other examples of the same thing held forth in Scripture, and without the reprobation that we might have expected—as with Jacob, and David, and several others; examples that are fitted to stagger those who reflect not sufficiently on the incapacity of our narrow faculties, with their limited range, to pronounce on all the objects and history of the divine administration. Though morality in the abstract is unchangeable, it looks as if in the concrete there was a progressive morality from one era to another—an accommodation to the ruder and earlier periods of humanity, distinctly intimated by our Saviour when He tells of polygamy being allowed before the times of the Gospel, because of the hardness of their hearts. It is worthy of remark, that there is no example, as far as I can recollect, of any deception or imperfect morality of any sort being recorded of Christian disciples in the New Testament without a prompt and decided condemnation—as in the case of Paul rebuking Peter for his ambi-dextrous policy between Jews and Gentiles. In those cases given in the Old Testament, where God is represented as giving a specific order to that which without this express sanction would have been questionable or wrong, we feel no difficulty, and think that Butler's explanation thereof might well be accepted as altogether satisfactory."

THE MEETING OF ISAAC AND REBEKAH.

"In this passage Isaac is introduced for the first time, so as to make the reader in part acquainted with him. There is a most observable dramatic variety between him and Abraham—the father evidently a larger man in every respect, and of higher grade, so as to qualify him for the more arduous fortunes which he was called upon to encounter. Yet in Isaac there is something inexpressibly attractive. To him belonged the mild majesty of private life, and we figure his to be more a life of peaceful and domestic piety. It was probably in the spirit of religion that he went out to meditate at the eventide—a fine picture this for the imagination to dwell upon—a good and holy man of old walking forth among the beauties of nature, and engaged in the contemplation of nature's God. The interview is altogether beautiful; and before the chapter closes we have certain other traits which should be collected and kept up for the purpose of completing our sketch of Isaac—the love he bore to Rebekah, and the grief he had felt for the loss of his mother—an abiding grief, and only dissipated by the transference of his heart to a new object—the wound inflicted on one domestic affection healed by the replacement thereof with another—proving how much he was a family man."

THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM.

"The death of this truly magnificent personage—whose biography is altogether worthy of the Father of the Faithful—is recorded in suitable terms of venerable simplicity, quite in keeping with his character as the greatest of the Patriarchs. He gave up the ghost, died in a good old age, an old man full of years, and, most touching of all, both in simplicity and force—was gathered to his people. I feel convinced from the effect of my now more special attention, in sections and piecemeal, to the Bible, that I become far more intimate than before with the character of its recorded personages; and have no doubt that the biography of Scripture, if more fully studied, would be found not only replete with moral instruction, but would contribute to build up a distinct evidence for the truth of Scripture."

THE DEATH OF ISAAC.

"One is pleased to meet once more with good, mild, venerable Isaac. He must have spent a very long old age from the time in which he blest his sons, to Jacob's return, and considerably after it—for he survived the sale of Joseph by his brethren. It is interesting to think of Isaac as the living grandfather of that family. There is no scriptural character which I love more to dwell upon, or in whom I find more of that gentleness and repose, in the contemplation of which there is something inexpressibly soothing and delightful. Peace and blessings upon his memory."

THE SONG OF MOSES—EXODUS XV.

"This noble poem is ascribed to Moses himself; and while its poetry speaks the inspiration of high genius, its sacredness speaks the direct inspiration of Heaven. Such a recognition of poetry and song tells us that in the service of God there should be the exercise, the consecrated exercise, of all the powers which He has given to us; and tells us that in religion the enjoyment might be as various as are the capacities of our nature. And there is that of sentiment in it which adapts it to the use of a Church delivered from her enemies in all ages—nay, which fits and so makes it to be actually adapted for one of the triumphant songs of eternity. I will not attempt what I could not execute but inadequately and feebly—a commentary on this great composition. My God, deliver me from the power of my spiritual enemies, so that I may triumph gloriously and make Thee my strength and my song, because of so great an emancipation. I am at a loss to particularise the verses which tell most powerfully upon me. Next to the direct ascriptions of praise sent up to him who sitteth in the heavens, and gave forth these signal demonstrations of Himself on the earth below, is the sublimity of the narrative, of which I would single out verses 5th, 9th, and 10th. There is something also very impressive in the declared consciousness of their own peculiar relationship to God as His selected family; and of the ulterior blessings which He had in reserve for them—to realise and reach onward to which was the great design of their present movement—as in verses 13th, 16th and 17th. I have often felt, as in reading Milton or Thomson, a strong poetical effect in the bare enumeration of different countries, and this strongly enhanced by the statement of some common and pervading emotion which passed from one to another of their respective people. This is set forth with great beauty and power in verses 14th and 15th—20-27. Their very having of timbrels, or the materials of which they were made, is a specimen of how much and variously the children of Israel were enriched by the spoil of Egypt. I always feel a recoil when I read of women sharing in any exultation over an event which involves in it death, nor can I escape from this feeling when Miriam and her female attendants are set before me dancing over the destruction of the Egyptians, whose dead bodies had been cast upon the sea-shore. Their song was the first stanza of the song of Moses, which may have been repeated by them at intervals as a chorus."

A SERMON BY DOW, JUNIOR.

TEXT.

How solveless is woman!
How tender is woman!
How lofty is woman!
How loving is woman!
How childlike is woman!

My hearers—Sure enough, how solveless is woman! She is an unguessable riddle—a most intricate enigma; a flower which, by analysing, no one can tell to a certainty whether it be poisonous or noxious, not always. She has been with man from the beginning, and he hasn't found her out yet. She is comparatively an unexplored country—an alphabet of hieroglyphics—a magnetic mystery. Nobody knows what her heart contains. Sometimes it seems stuffed with love, tenderness, and sympathy, and at others filled with nothing but grit and gravel. It won't answer to shake her—if you do, you cause the acids and the alkalies of her nature to come in contact, and then such an effervescence takes place as might lower the ambition of pearl-ash and cider. Like the month of April, she is all sunshine and flowers. Many a tear-drop of hers dries and evaporates in the light of her smile ere it has a chance to fall; and many a bright smile is suddenly quenched by a sprinkling from some passing cloud of sorrow not larger than a bed blanket. Griefs bubble out from her bosom to burst in an atmosphere of joy; and joys, like autumnal flowers, spring from the warm beds of her heart, to be cut down by the sudden frost of grief. A queer compound is woman! She is made up of industry, boldness, beauty, silks, satins, jealousy, love, hatred, horse-hair, whale-bone, piety, point, gaiety, gum-elastic, bear's-grease, sympathy, tears, smiles, indepence, affection, and kindness. She talks with her tongue, speaks with her eyes, is eloquent with her actions, and yet I can't understand her.

My friends—How tender is woman? She is as tender as a chicken, and as tough as an old gobler. She must be screened from the hot summer's sun, and sheltered from storms, and protected from the blasts of the winter—and yet she, if she makes up her mind to do it, she can out-sweat the sun, face a north-easter, and be a match for the d——l. But inwardly she is as tender as the mercies of Heaven; her heart is as much softer than that of man as bees-wax is softer than a brick-bat.

Her sympathies are as delicate as the down, and her love appears as fresh and unfading amid the sorrows of adversity as the evergreen wreath that encircles the broad brow of winter. Her tenderness is too tough to be destroyed by whatever chance fortune or time may bring; tough as tripe and twice as common.

My dear friends—How lofty is woman! no matter whether born in a cellar, she can sometimes be as lofty as a garret. When she once gets her back up, oh, cats and broomsticks, look out for yourselves!

She is as high as Olympus, and as savage as a sausage machine. In her wrath she is as crazy as a bedbug, as strong as a tiger, and as terrible as a tornado. She blazes up as though she were a tar-barrel, and in a moment all is over—and nobody killed. When she comes down from the mountains, whence she was rolling big stones upon the people below, softens down to a jelly, and becomes as quiescent as a goose-pond after a tempest. The breeches won't fit—she must resume the petticoats and be a woman after all.

My hearers—How loving is woman? Ay, she is amazingly sticky in her attachments. She will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a possum to a gum tree; and you can't separate her without snapping strings that no art can mend, and leaving a portion of her soul upon the upper leather of her affections. She will see something to love where others can discover nothing even to admire; and when her fondness is fastened upon a fellow it stays there, like glue and molasses in a bushy head of hair.

My hearers—How childlike is woman! A plaything in the world's great toy-shop. Her home is the realm of fancy—her existence is a kind of reality—her very miseries are mingled with a pleasing romance, her presence is always bright, and her future still brighter. Would that I were a woman, to be pleased with every posey that props its head above the weeds of this world, and have no thorns to molest me while gathering the wild flowers of imagination! Childlike; woman is very happy. Tickled with the straw of flattery, delighted with every rainbow-tinted bubble that floats upon the wave of time, and as merry as a cricket, she dances to the sunlight of joy, and seems to use every endeavour to coax male, moody mortals, into brighter and happier paths. So mote it be.

THE COMMERCIAL PANIC IN 1825.—The stoppage of the bank of Sir William Elford, at Plymouth, while it added to the alarm in London, created a melancholy scene on the spot. The people were almost frantic. The holders of notes crossed and jostled each other in all directions. There were literally a whole population, with food in abundance staring them in the face, unable to procure it, as nothing but gold would be taken. Daybreak witnessed the bank surrounded by tumultuous mobs, and the civil power mustered in the front. "A night of fearful omen succeeded to many an unfortunate family." The run on the Norwich Bank was stopped by the notes of the Bank of England being given in exchange. On the 12th of December the crash, which struck terror and alarm throughout the city of London, commenced with the partners in the banking-house of Sir Peter Pole and Co., which was said to have yielded the sum of £40,000 a year for the previous seven years, announcing their incapacity to meet the claims of their creditors. At 9 o'clock this stoppage was known, and the Exchange was resorted to to ask the cause, and inquire if other houses were in danger. Forty-four country banks were connected with this firm, and the ruin of many was anticipated. The agitation of the City exceeded every thing that had been witnessed for a century. The funds fluctuated violently. Rumours of the failures of other firms spread rapidly. On the 12th, an important house, possessed of half a million of undeniable securities, declared, after a most severe pressure, its inability to meet its creditors. On the 14th, a West-end banker advertised that, though compelled to pause for the present in his payment, he hoped to resume on the following Saturday; and in this he was successful. On the same day the distress was increased by the stoppage of two firms known as Sikes, Smith and Co., and Everett, Walker and Co. The confusion spread; men ran in alarm and dread to draw the balances from the hands of their bankers. Lombard-street was crowded with persons waiting in anxious fear or idle curiosity. A few dozens around a door was sufficient to create the destructive rumour that a run was made upon the establishment. But there was no occasion for rumour. The people seemed to anticipate that the bankers kept all their deposits to answer unreasonable demands, and that the expense of a banking-house was maintained for the sole purpose of benefiting the public. Many a firm of unimpeachable honour and unquestionable solvency was compelled to bend before the storm. The merchant looked to his banker for support; but all the efforts of the latter were directed to save himself from destruction. The usual channels of credit were stopped, and the circulation of the country completely deranged. Cheques came pouring in from all quarters; and it was remarked that the question would soon be not "who goes?" but "who stands?" For two or three days the most unquestionable security would not procure money, nor could the public funds be said to have a price. There was no market for Bank—there were no buyers of East India stock. It was the opinion of Mr. Huskisson that in 48 hours all dealings would have been stopped between man and man except by way of barter. Owing to the difference in the money and account prices of Consols, those bankers who were compelled to sell stock to raise cash, paid at the rate of 72 per cent.

DOMESTIC DISCOMFORTS IN INDIA.—My wife and I were sitting after tea, playing at backgammon, and enjoying the cool breeze that came through the open Venetians, when suddenly it began to rain. In an instant, the room swarmed with insects of all sorts. There was the beautiful large green mantis; and as we were watching his almost human motions, a grasshopper and a large brown cricket flew against my face, while a great cockroach, full three inches long, came on my wife's neck, and began running about her head and face and dress; the flying ant, which emits a most nauseous effluvia; and the flying bug, black, and about the size of an English one, which, if you crush him, will make your fingers smell dreadfully for many hours; and with these our clothes were covered, and we were obliged to keep brushing them away from our faces, but with very gentle handling; and then came two or three hornets, which sent Mrs Acland to bed, to get under the musquito curtains, where none of these horrid creatures can get at her. I sat up trying to read, but buzz came a musquito on the side of my face, up went my hand a tremendous slap on the cheek, to kill the tormentor, and buzz he went on again. Then I felt something big burying itself in my hair, and then came buzz on the other side, and then all around. Presently, with a loud hum, a great rhinocerous beetle dashed into my face. I now began to take some of the animals out of my hair, and the first that I touched was a flying bug; the stench was dreadful. I rushed out of the room, brushing the horrible creatures from my hair with both of my hands. I nearly fell over a toad on which I trod, and reached my bedroom to find eighteen or twenty great toads croaking in different parts of the room, and five large bats were whirling round and round the bed. Having washed my hands in eau-de-cologne, I quickly undressed, and fell asleep. In the course of the night, a troop of jackals surrounded the house, and by their frightful yells soon drove away all idea of rest; and then, about four o'clock, as we were just dozing off again, comes the roll of the drum, and the loud voice of the trumpet, the tramp of the soldiers, the firing, and all the bustle of the parade; and, as soon as that is over, comes the changing guard, and the "shoulder harrn," and the "quick marrch," near our house; and so we got up.—*Manners and Customs of India.*

LADY EGLINTOUNE OF THE LAST CENTURY.—*Cosmetic then in use.*—When Dr. Johnson and Boswell returned from their tour to the Hebrides, they visited her Ladyship; and we have heard that she was so well pleased with the Doctor, his politics, and his conversation, that she embraced and kissed him at parting—an honour of which the gifted tourist was ever afterwards extremely proud. Boswell's account of the interview is interesting:—"Lady Eglintoune," says he, "though she was now in her eighty-fifth year, and had lived in the country almost half a century, was still a very agreeable woman. Her figure was majestic—her manners high-bred—her reading extensive—and her conversation elegant. She had been the admiration of the gay circles, and the patroness of poets. Dr. Johnson was delighted with his reception here. Her principles in church and state were congenial with his. In the course of conversation it came out that Lady Eglintoune was married the year before Dr. Johnson was born, upon which she graciously said to him, that she might have been his mother, and she now adopted him. This venerable woman amused herself latterly in taming and patronising rats. She kept a vast number of these animals in her pay at Auchans, and they succeeded in her affections to the poets and artists whom she had loved in early life. It does not reflect much credit upon the latter, that her Ladyship used to complain of never having met with gratitude except from four footed animals; but perhaps her Ladyship ought to have taken into account, that her literary friends had repaid her patronage in the best way they could, by the flattery of their praise, and were therefore in a great measure out of her debt. She had a panel in the oak wainscot of her dining-room, which she tapped upon and opened at meal-times, when ten or twelve of these odious creatures came tripping forth, and joined her at table. At the word of command, or a signal from her Ladyship, they retired again obediently to their native obscurity—a trait of good sense in the character and habits of the animals which patrons do not always find in two-legged proteges. Her Ladyship lived to the year 1780, when she died at the age of 91, having preserved her stately mien and beautiful complexion to the last. Her complexion was a mystery of fineness to many ladies not the third of her age.—Her secret may now be of service to modern beauties, and we will, therefore, in kindness to the sex, divulge it. *She never used paint, but washed her face periodically with* SOW'S MILK."

WEDDING AT NEW ARCHANGEL.—New Archangel, notwithstanding its isolated position, is a very gay place—much of the time of its inhabitants is devoted to festivity; dinners and balls run a perpetual round, and are managed in a style which, in this part of the world, may be deemed extravagant. Among other gaieties that took place during my visit, was a wedding between one Paulofi, mate of a vessel, and a rather good-looking Creole girl, about twenty years old, named Archemanditoffa. Attended by their friends and the principal inhabitants of the establishment, the happy couple proceeded about six in the evening to church, where a tedious service of an hour and a half was solemnized by the monk. At the close of the ceremony, which comprised fully the usual proportion of dumb show, the bridegroom led off his bride to the ball-room. I was going to say that he was followed by his guests; but the expression would have been incorrect, for the guests were not his. The sufferer, in these cases, according to the rule made and provided in Russia, is the individual who has enjoyed the honour of giving away the lady—an honour which, however unpleasant in itself, or in its incidents, no man is expected to decline. Archemanditoffa's father for the occasion was Lieutenant Bertram, one of the Company's principal officers. On entering the ball-room the bride and bridegroom took their station at the upper end, where Lieutenant Bertram described a variety of mystic signs on their breasts with the bridal cake, which, being thus consecrated, was sent off as fit for use. The newly-married pair sat side by side, while every gentleman in his turn drank to their health and happiness in a glass of champagne. On this occasion were assembled nearly all the beauty and fashion of Sitka,—the latter quality, if I may presume to offer an opinion, being perhaps more conspicuous than the former. The ladies were showily attired in clear muslin dresses, white satin shoes, silk stockings, kid gloves, fans, and all other necessary or unnecessary appendages; and these fair ones enjoyed the advantage of being at a high premium, inasmuch as the gentlemen, who amounted to about fifty, outnumbered them in the proportion of nearly two to one. The ball was opened by the bride and the highest officer present; quadrilles and waltzes followed in quick succession; and the business was kept up with great spirit till three o'clock in the morning. The band was of a superior description, some of the clerks and servants being fine performers, who exerted themselves to the utmost. The master and pay-master of the ceremonies *did his duty like a prince.* Tea, coffee, chocolate, and champagne were handed about in profusion, varied, at proper intervals, with sandwiches and liquors; while a smoking room, besides being a necessary of life to many, afforded a place of retreat to all such as did not wish to take part in the dancing. On these matrimonial occasions the father of the bride, however hard his lot, gets off much more cheaply than some of the other auxiliaries in the drama. According to the law of the church, the brides-maids and bridesmen are prohibited from marrying each other; but as, in the limited society of New Archangel, where the lottery consists of so few tickets, youths and maidens would never officiate together on such forbidding terms, the church has indulged Sitka with a special dispensation in this respect.—"Narrative of a Journey round the World in 1841-42, by Sir George Simpson."

ADVENTURE IN SYRIA.—We have just heard of an interesting adventure of Lieutenant Molineux, of Her Majesty's frigate Spartan, which may amuse our readers. He having volunteered to make a survey of the Dead Sea, during the time the frigate was on the coast of Syria (a sea by the by, which has never been thoroughly surveyed)—started with three of the crew of the above frigate. Soon after the arrival of the gallant Lieutenant at the place of his labours, the story is told that the boat's crew were attacked by a band of Arabs, and made prisoners. The Arabs were, however, satisfied with not taking their lives, but plundered them of everything they had about them, not even excepting their shirts, and left them thus exposed to a burning sun on a parched sand. The sailors bravely persevered, and after incredible hardships arrived safe at Beyrout, with their backs skinned by the heat, and their feet dreadfully swollen. The men were conveyed on board of Her Majesty's steamer Hecla, and immediately were put on the sick list. They are all happily recovering. But to return to the Lieutenant; he was more fortunate; whilst riding on a camel he was attacked by the Arabs, but with the true courage of a British tar immediately jumped off the animal's back, and, getting to leeward, presented his double-barrelled gun over the neck of the camel, and with his finger on the trigger threatened the robbers to fire upon the first that attempted to touch him; in this state he travelled, keeping the ruffians at bay, for miles, and at last reached Jerusalem in safety. We hear that he has since joined his ship at Jaffa, and is now engaged in drawing a chart of that ancient, historical, and interesting sea. The Cadi, or Governor, having been informed of the affair, immediately sent in pursuit of the Arabs, whose tribe are well known.—*Malta Times.*

COFFEE.—Why is a cup of coffee in France superior, being better flavoured than in England? Because in France the berries are roasted (scorched) slowly over, or near a moderate (generally a charcoal fire, and all the aroma or essential oil is concentrated. Whereas, in England the process is hurried; and the berries are burnt over or near a fierce and flaming coal fire, by which nearly all the aroma is evaporated, and the essential oil destroyed. To make good coffee when boiled and not percolated, it should boil up once only, and then it should be suffered to stew (simmer) in a close vessel or pot on the hob, the longer the better, until wanted, when it will seldom require fining; for which purpose, however, a little pounded isinglass is the best. In France, and most other countries, the berries are mostly fresh scorched or roasted, just before being required, which in nearly all families is performed in the frying pan (rarely in a roasting machine) over a slow fire of charcoal or brazes of turf, the berries being kept moist by the addition of a little fresh butter or lard, which prevents all possibility of burning. They are turned out when finished, on flannel, and rolled closely up till cold.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

In complete solitude the eye wants objects, the heart wants attachments, the understanding recipiprocation.