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Weekly Almanack.

September—1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
23 Wednesday - -	5 48	6 56	3 15	9 40
24 Thursday - -	5 49	6 55	4 28	10 18
25 Friday - -	5 50	6 53	Sets.	10 52
26 Saturday - -	5 52	6 51	5 55	11 26
27 Sunday - -	5 53	6 49	6 16	11 58
28 Monday - -	5 54	6 47	6 40	v.m. 30
29 Tuesday - -	5 56	5 45	7 9	1 5

New Moon 25th, 1h. 48m. evening.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
Thomas Leavitt, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be left at the Bank before three o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK
Lewis Burns, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Mondays and Thursdays.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
SAINT JOHN BRANCH.
R. H. Liston, Esquire, Manager.
Discount Days .. .. *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before three o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 1 o'clock.
John Boyd, Esquire, President.
Committee for September,
N. Merritt, William Jarvis, John Kinnear.

☞ All Communications by Mail, must be post paid.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 3 o'clock.
James Kirk, Esquire, President.
☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing

NEW-BRUNSWICK
Marine Assurance Company,
(Incorporated by Act of the Legislature;)
CAPITAL, £50,000,
With power to increase to £100,000.

THE above Company having been organized, agreeably to the Act of Incorporation, will be ready to commence taking Risks on Vessels, Cargoes, and Freights, on and after Monday next, the 26th instant, on the most favorable terms.
JAMES KIRK, President.
St. John, 20th June, 1837.

Marine Insurance.

AN Association of Merchants having been formed for the purpose of Insuring *Vessels, Cargoes,* and *Freights*, have appointed a Committee of the following Gentlemen for the purpose of fixing premiums, arranging and settling losses, &c., viz:—John Duncan, A. S. Perkins, John Hammond, and John Walker, Esquires.
Application to be made to
I. & J. G. WOODWARD, *Brokers.*
☞ Office, Peters' Wharf.
St. John, 21st April, 1840.

Bank of British North America.

NOTICE is hereby given, that in accordance with an arrangement concluded between the Directors of this Bank and those of the Colonial Bank, this Branch is now authorised to grant Drafts on the Branches of the Colonial Bank,—

Jamaica, { Kingston, Montego Bay, Falmouth, Savannah-la-mar.
Barbados, Demerara, Trinidad,
Antigua, Dominica, Grenada,
Saint Lucia, Saint Kitts, Saint Vincent,
Tobago, Berbice, Saint Thomas,
Porto Rico, Saint Croix,

For sums of sterling money, payable in the currency of the Colony on which they are granted at the current Bank rate of Exchange for Bills on London at 60 days' sight.
ROBERT H. LISTON, Manager.
St. John, N. B., 11th August, 1838.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber wishes to intimate to his friends and the Public that he has removed from his late residence, corner of King and Germain streets, to the Store lately occupied by Mr. P. Duff, King street, where he intends to carry on his former business in all its various branches, thankful for past favours, and still hopes to continue a share of public patronage. P. M'CULLOUGH.
St. John, N. B. July 14.

CANVAS.

400 BOLTS best Navy and patent CANVAS—for sale on very liberal terms.
Aug. 11.—3 JOHN KERR & CO.

WILLIAM REYNOLDS,

Bookseller, Stationer, and Binder,
West side Cross Street, 4 doors from King Street, St. John, N. B.

IMPORTER and dealer in all kinds of Mercantile Account and other Blank Books; Navigation and School Books, by the most approved authors; Works in the different departments of Literature and Science; Maps, Charts, and Nautical Instruments; Musical, Mathematical and Philosophical Instruments; fancy Hardware and Cutlery; Fishing Gear; Steel Pens; Ladies' and Gentlemen's fancy Dressing Cases; Work Boxes, Desks, &c. &c.
☞ Books imported to order.

HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT
At Loch Lomond.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has opened a House of Entertainment at Loch Lomond, in the premises formerly occupied by Mrs. Tyson, adjoining the Farm of Richard Sands, Esquire, and is prepared to accommodate, in a comfortable manner, Boarders or Pleasure Parties from the City, who may wish to enjoy the delightful scenery and aquatic sports of the Lake and its vicinity. The House is convenient either for permanent Boarders or family parties visiting the country for a few hours, is well supplied with excellent Beds; and a plentiful stock of provisions, &c. at all times on hand. He respectfully solicits a portion of the public patronage, which it will be his unceasing study to merret.
☞ Good accommodations for Horses and Carriages. PETER CLEMENTS.
Loch Lomond, 16th June, 1840.

Sugar, Molasses and Treacle.

200 CASKS best Porto Rico SUGAR,
30 do. common Bastard ditto,
30 casks good Molasses,
100 casks very superior TREACLE,
On sale at the lowest market rates.
Aug. 11.—3 JOHN KERR & CO.

The Garland.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
Young children at our play,
And laugh to see the yellow things
Go rustling on their way:
Right merrily we hunt them down,
The autumn winds and we,
Nor pause to gaze where snow-drifts lie,
Or sunbeams gild the tree:
With dancing feet we leap along
Where wither'd boughs are strown;
Nor past nor future checks our song—
The present is our own.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In youth's enchanted spring—
When Hope (who wearies at the last)
First spreads her eagle wing.
We tread with steps of conscious strength
Beneath the leafless trees,
And the colour kindles on our cheek
As blows the winter breeze;
While, gazing towards the cold grey sky,
Clouded with snow and rain,
We wish the old year all past by,
And the young spring come again.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In manhood's haughty prime—
When first our pausing hearts begin
To love "the olden time;"
And, as we gaze, we sigh to think
How many a year hath pass'd
Since 'neath those cold and faded trees
Our footsteps wander'd last;
And old companions—now perchance
Estranged, forgot, or dead—
Come round us, as those autumn leaves
Are crushed beneath our tread.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In our *own* autumn day—
And, tott'ring on with feeble steps,
Pursue our cheerless way.
We look not back—too long ago
Hath all we loved been lost;
Nor forward—for we may not live
To see our new hope cross'd:
But on we go—the sun's faint beam
A feeble warmth imparts—
Childhood without its joy returns—
The present fills our hearts!

Miscellaneous.

From the New-Yorker.

THE 'GREAT LORD CHATHAM.'

Of all the British statesmen, who were contemporary with our Revolution, Pitt obtained in this country the most enduring celebrity. Although it is probable that he never contemplated the Independence of America, and the last act of his life was a speech against its acknowledgement by the British Government, he devoted his best energies for years to our cause, in all its vicissitudes and aspects, and next to Washington, of all mankind, perhaps, contributed most to its success. His eloquent denunciation of the use of savage allies against the Colonies, is incorporated into nearly all the primary reading books for our schools, and so also is the fine composition entitled 'Chatham's Reply to Walpole,' beginning 'The atrocious crime of being a Young Man.' It is true that Pitt had at a time when it suited better his own purposes, employed Indians in the Canadian war, so that this celebrated piece of declamation cannot well be urged in proof of his enlightened humanity; and it is likewise true that he never made any such speech as that described as his Reply to Walpole; that sententious piece of sarcasm, according to Archdeacon Coxe, having been written entirely by Dr. Johnson, and containing not a word ever uttered by the putative author.

Mr. Pitt commenced life as a cornet of dragoons, and was dismissed from the army on account of his opposition to the Ministry, in the House of Commons, to which he had been returned in 1736. Inspired by resentment, and by gratitude to the Prince of Wales, who made him groom of his bed-chamber, he soon became a formidable opponent to the Government; but the system of Parliamentary reporting which now obtains not having at that time been established, we have very few and but meagre reports of those speeches which shook to its centre the Walpole administration, and raised Mr. Pitt to the highest influence and distinction. His opposition to the *Hanover* policy of the King, who sought, it was said, to make Great Britain a mere appendage to his petty German dominions, for a long time prevented his elevation to the Cabinet; but he finally attained such a hold upon the public mind as to be able without the loss of any of his popularity, to pass into diametrically opposite principles, and to support the same Hanoverian interests, a pertinacious opposition to which had won for him the character of a patriot.

Intending by these remarks only to introduce an estimate of the character of Lord Chatham from the last number of the Foreign Quarterly Review, we cannot trace the history of that great orator, and shall dwell but a moment on that part of his career which is most interesting to Americans. The dispute between the Mother Country and the Colonies, after smouldering with occasional bursts of flame from the time of the Stamp Act, finally broke out into an unquenchable conflagration. In this great affair Lord Chatham was, as on all exciting occasions, frequently carried away into contradictions, inconsistencies, and even faction, yet on the whole his motives were honest, his councils wise, and the abilities with which he developed them transcendently admirable. It is in this part of his history that this great man seems to us to be the greatest. A life of tortuous policy is not likely at its close to resolve itself into a course of straightforward simplicity—that was not to be expected from a veteran tactician like Lord Chatham. But his personal circumstances, as well as the real magnitude of the public interest at stake, appear to have given more candor and sincerity, and consequently more force and effect, to his exertions on the American question, than are visible in any former period of his life. It is here that we recognise the longest views of his sagacity, as well as the loftiest flights of his genius and eloquence. His speeches on American taxation, and his other efforts in our behalf during the long warfare of debate which kept England in an excitement as deep as that produced on this continent by battles and sieges, must be known to our readers. We venture to recall to their recollection the last scene of his life. On the 17th April, 1771, the Duke of Richmond, hitherto the ally and supporter of all Lord Chatham's American policy, moved an address to the Crown, recapitulating in detail the expenses, losses, and misconduct of the late war, entreating his Majesty to dismiss his Ministers, and to withdraw his forces, by sea and land, from the revolted provinces. There was hardly a topic in this motion which Lord Chatham had not repeatedly urged; and it was, no doubt, so framed with a view to secure his concurrence; but he saw that it involved, though not in direct terms, the acknowledgement of American independence, and on the motion being communicated to him the day before it was to be made, he apprised the Duke 'with unspeakable concern, that the difference between them, on the point of the independence and sovereignty of America, was so very wide, that he despaired of bringing about any reasonable issue. He was still ill, but hoped to be in town to-morrow.' On that morrow he appeared in the House of Lords for the last time.

"Lord Chatham came into the House of Lords, leaning upon two friends, wrapped up in flannel, pale and emaciated. Within his large wig little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose, and his penetrating eye. He looked like a dying man; yet never was seen a figure of more dignity; he appeared like a being of a superior species. He rose from his seat with slowness and difficulty, leaning on his crutches, and supported under each arm by his two friends. He took one hand from his crutch and raised it, casting his eyes towards heaven, and said, "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day—to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm—and have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave—I am risen from my bed, to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this House." The reverence—the attention—the stillness of the House was most affecting: if any one had dropped a handkerchief, the noise would have been heard. At first he spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and was as harmonious as ever; oratorical and affecting, perhaps more than at any former period; both from his own situation, and from the importance of the subject on which he spoke.....

He rejoiced that he was yet alive to give his vote against so impolitic, so inglorious a measure as the acknowledgement of the independence of America; and declared he would much rather be in his grave than see the lustre of the British throne tarnished, the dignity of the empire disgraced, the glory of the nation sunk to such a degree as it must be, when the dependency of America on the sovereignty of Great Britain was given up."

After speaking for some time with great enthusiasm he sat down exhausted, and the Duke of Richmond rose to explain some point on which he had been misunderstood. While he was speaking, Lord Chatham listened with attention, and when he had ended, rose to reply; but his strength failed, and he fell backward in convulsions. He was immediately supported by the peers around him, and by his younger sons who happened to be present as spectators, and conveyed to his residence, where after lingering three days, he expired. On the evening of his death the House of Commons voted him a public funeral and a monument in Westminster Abbey, a tribute in which men of all parties generously and cordially joined. The following is the just description of his character, to which we have alluded, by a writer in the last *Foreign Quarterly*.

"That he was the most *powerful* orator that ever illustrated and ruled the senate of this empire—that for nearly half a century, he was not merely the arbiter of the destinies of his own country, but the 'foremost man of all this world'—that he had an unparalleled grandeur and affluence of intellectual powers, softened and brightened by all the minor accomplishments—that his ambition was noble—his views instinctively elevated—his patriotism all but excessive—that in all the domestic relations of life he was exemplary and amiable—a fine scholar, a finished gentleman, a sincere Christian—one whom his private friends and servants loved as a good man, and all the world admired as a great one—these are the praises which his contemporaries awarded, and which posterity has, with little diminution, confirmed.

But, on the other hand, there were serious defects which decreased his splendour, impaired his authority, and rendered his great abilities rather glorious to himself, than, for any practical purposes, beneficial to his country. These defects, though of course well known to the political circles in which he moved, and deplored and censured by the sober few, were so much in the fashion of the times, and were so glossed over by his own wonderful powers, as to excite comparatively little contemporaneous observation—but since his life has become history, and been elucidated by contemporaneous letters and memoirs, they have appeared every day more and more flagrant; and the present publication*—an honest publication we will say—has brought them out in still bolder prominence.

In the first place, it would not be easy to specify any positive advantage (except, perhaps, the possession—*valeat quantum*—of Canada) which the country has inherited from Lord Chatham. The very existence of so great a man is, no doubt, a national glory, and therefore a national good; and his indirect influence may have been highly useful. Can we calculate the extent to which his *lectures*, so to call them, may have educated and improved the public mind in both the science and the art of government? How many statesmen may his example have formed? How many improvements may his precepts have produced? How many errors and evils may his authority have repressed? But of direct, permanent, practical amelioration of our social and political condition, few of our statesmen—even those who had not a thousandth part of his abilities—have, we believe, left such scanty traces.

Though so sagacious and so accomplished a mind could not be insensible to, and did in fact highly appreciate, the value of mental cultivation, social improvements, commercial enterprise, and all the fair and fruitful arts of peace, yet he did little for them. His genius and his voice—'quo non præstantior alter—Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu'—were still for *War*'—a fearful lottery, in which one or two brilliant prizes are dearly purchased by the misery of individuals and the calamity of nations. We believe the world is by this time pretty well disposed to subscribe to Sir Samuel Romilly's opinion 'that the *glorics*, as they are called, of Lord Chatham's administration, produced no solid advantage to his country' (Mem. II. 402):—and how short a space of his career was that epoch of doubtful glory!

As to his personal qualities, it must be admitted that his temper, naturally reserved and haughty, was, as he advanced in life, soured by disease and disappointment. *It is not good for man to be alone* in political, any more than in social life; but he endeavoured to release himself from the obligations of political connection—affected to stand alone, and to guide himself by his individual lights, feelings and interests—he grew, at first, impatient of contradiction, and afterwards, of advice, and even of assistance—he used to shut himself up in the impenetrable solitude of an Eastern despot, from which he emerged occasionally, to dazzle the world with his pomp and splendor. This isolation could not fail to produce singularity and selfishness, and to foster a dictatorial habit of mind very ill-fitted for a minister under our constitution.

We have already mentioned with regret his indiscreet and offensive language towards George II., which had, we believe, the effect—more injurious to his country than even to his own—of keeping him out of efficient office at a time when he could have served the state with distinction, and his own mind might been trained to habits of practical business, which he never afterwards attained. And we cannot, in truth and candor, designate his conduct towards George III. otherwise than as alike ungrateful and unconstitutional—unjust in its spirit, mischievous in its effect, and pernicious in its consequences.

He lived, too, at a time when public principle, as we now understand the term, was at a very low ebb amongst public men: and his practice brought it still lower. He thought too steadily of his own individual interests, and in pursuit of them was strangely versatile both as to persons and to principles. We do not, as the world in general does, reckon *consistency* as one of the first virtues of public men. Sagacity to detect, and candor to avow one's own errors, we rate much higher; besides, all is not inconsistency that at first sight seems so—circumstances change, and to be consistent in principle a statesman may be forced to inconsistencies in practice. But the inconsistencies, or at least the majority of them, which are alleged against Lord Chatham, are not of this class. There is not, we believe, to be named any one of his various adversaries who did not successively become his political associate—nor any one of his various associates who was not, on some other turn of the wheel, his decided adversary. There is not, we believe, to be found any one considerable measure which he ever advocated that he did not at some time or other oppose; nor any that he ever opposed which he did not at some other period advocate. Conscious of his vast superiority to all the politicians who surrounded him, he probably had sincerely persuaded himself that his being in place was a *sine qua non* to the prosperity of the country, and he seems to have acted all through life as if he thought that all means were just and honorable which could lead to so desirable an end. There was some truth in that self-flattering idea. Endowed as he was with irrepressible ambition and irresistible talents, he must inevitably have either ruled or disordered the state; but the misfortune was, that an overweening self-confidence disinclined, and a haughty and capricious temper disabled him from conciliating and associating in his designs the humbler but still necessary utilities of other men. He fancied he could make a political clock which should go by the mere force of the *main-spring*, without the help of cog-wheel, pendulum, or balance—the consequence was, that his system, whenever it was set a-going, ran itself out in a moment.

The sum of all seems to us to be, that the qualities of the orator were more transcendent than those of the statesman, and that his public character, when calmly considered, excites rather admiration than applause. The generosity of his sentiments did not always guide his practice; and the majestic stream of his declamation for the rights and liberties of mankind was always accompanied by eddies and under-currents of personal interest. He was too fine a genius for the lower, and too selfish a politician for the higher duties of a minister—

'Graced as he was with all the power of words'—

his talents were neither for conducting an office nor managing a party—he was neither *the sun to rule the day* nor *the moon to rule the night*—but a meteor which astonished and alarmed mankind by its supernatural splendor, but left the world, when it expired, in deeper darkness than before.

Mr. Pitt's patrimonial fortune was very small, and he would not, probably, have been able to maintain himself in the early part of his parliamentary career, had not the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough in 1774 bequeathed him £10,000 'on account of his noble defence of England'; and, a few years later, Sir William Rynsant, for the same cause, an estate worth £2500 a-year and £30,000 in ready money."

From the New-York Sun.

THE FIRST AND LAST VISIT TO THE DRAM SHOP.—Timothy Truesdell is the name we shall assign to a very worthy, thriving, and industrious mechanic of New York, who was a burthen to himself, a curse to his family, and a nuisance to society at large; in short, one of the most shameful and abandoned drunkards that ever took the measure of an unmade grave in a Gotham gutter. He was not weaned from his degrading propensity by the temperance, or the tract, or any other society. Their logic was labor lost on Tim, who would have uncorked the bottle amid the quakings and thunders of Mount Sinai, and drained it by the crater of exploding Vesuvius. It was a woman's love that cured him, and all women may get a just idea of their own importance in society from his story.

Though he had a wife and five beautiful children, Tim seemed to be unconscious of the fact. He neglected his work, squandered his earnings, which daily grew smaller and smaller, and spent his time at the pot house, till the nigh prostration of all his faculties, or the distasteful words "no more trust!" warned him to seek the shelter of his wife's care and protection. His children could not go to school, because learning was dear and rum was cheap; the landlord dunned for his rent, and Mrs. Truesdell was obliged to keep the house, because she had no dress fit to appear abroad in, having pawned the last to pay the last fine imposed on her spouse by the Police Court. Misery, utter destitution and famine stared the unhappy family in the face. It is impossible to exaggerate the picture, even had we room or inclination.

Mrs. T. was a heroine, though not of romance. She loved her worthless husband, and had borne his neglect, the tears of her children, the gripe of famine and the railing of the drunkard, without repining. Never had her exertions slackened—never had a harsh word passed her lips. At night when she put her children to sleep, she went and watched for his coming, and when he did come, drunk, as usual, she undressed and assisted him to bed without a murmur or reproach. At last, her courage well-nigh exhausted, she resolved upon one last desperate effort.

At night, having disposed of her three oldest children, she took her two youngest by the hand and bent her steps to the groggery her husband was accustomed to frequent. She looked into the window, and there he sat, in the midst of his boon-companions, with his pipe in his mouth and his glass in his hand. He was evidently excited, though not yet drunk. Great was the astonishment of that bad company, and enormous Mr. Truesdell's dismay and confusion, when his wife, pale as marble, and leading two tattered and barefooted babes, stepped up to the bar, and called for three glasses of brandy toddy, and then set down by his side.

"What the deuce brings you here, Mary?" said he morosely.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek wife. "There is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me I must go to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this!" expostulated Tim.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder!" She took up the glass of alcohol.

"Surely you are not going to drink that?" asked Tim in huge astonishment.

"Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and if brandy has that effect, I am sure no living creature has so good an excuse for drinking as I. Besides, I have not eaten a mouthful to-day, and I really need something to support my strength."

"Woman! woman! you are not going to give the children such stuff as that!" cried Tim as she handed each of the children a glass of liquor.

"Why not? can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children; this is fire, and bed, and food, and clothing.—Drink—you can see how much good it does your father."

With seeming reluctance Mary suffered her husband to conduct her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently, which he had not done before for years.

The next evening as, O miracle! he returned homeward with a steady step, he saw his eldest boy run into the house, and heard him exclaim, "Oh, mother! here comes father, and he is *not* drunk!" Tears coursed down the penitent's cheek, and, from that hour, he has not tasted strong drink. He had never been vicious or unfeeling, and, as soon as his emancipation from the thraldom of a debasing appetite became known, friends, employment and prosperity returned to him. As for Mrs. Truesdell, she is the happiest of women, and never thinks without pride of her first and last visit to the dram shop.

Love and Marriage.—The chain of love is made of fading flowers, but that of wedlock of gold—lasting as well as beautiful.

SINGULAR MODE OF COURTSHIP.—The Rev. Dr. L———n, an eminent Scotch divine, and professor of theology, was remarkable for absence of mind and indifference to worldly affairs. His mind, wrapt up in lofty contemplations, could seldom stoop to the ordinary business of life, and when at any time he did attend to secular affairs, he generally went about them in a way unlike any body else, as the history of his courtship will show. He was greatly beloved by his elders and congregation; was full of simplicity and sincerity, and entirely unacquainted with the etiquette of the world. Living the solitary, comfortless life of a bachelor, his elders gave him frequent hints that his domestic happiness would be much increased by his taking to himself a wife, and pointed out several young ladies in his congregation, any one of whom might be a fit match or companion for him.

The elders, finding all the hints had no effect in rousing the doctor to the using of the means, preliminary to entering into a matrimonial alliance, at last concluded to wait upon him, and stir him up to the performance of his duty. They urged on him the advantages of marriage—its happiness—spoke of it as a divine institution, and as affording all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and, in short, all the sweets of domestic life. The doctor approved of all they said, and apologized for his past neglect of duty, on account of many difficult passages of Scripture he had of late been attending to, and promised to look after it, "the first convenient season." The elders, however, were not to be put off any longer; they insisted on the doctor at once making use of the means, and requested from him a promise that, on Monday afternoon, he would straightway visit the house of a widow lady, a few doors from him, who had three pretty daughters, and who were the most respectable in the doctor's congregation. To solve any difficult passage in the book of Genesis—reconcile apparent discrepancies, or clear up a knotty text, would have been an easy and agreeable task to the doctor, compared with storming the widow's premises. But to the raising of the siege the doctor must go, and, with great gravity and simplicity, gentle reader, you can imagine you see him commencing the work.

After the usual salutations were over, he said to Mrs. W———n, "my session have of late been advising me to take a wife, and recommended me to call upon you; and as you have three fine daughters, I would like to say a word to the eldest, if you have no objections," Miss W———n enters, and the doctor, with his characteristic simplicity said to her, "my session have been advising me to take a wife, and recommended me to call upon you."—The young lady, who had seen some thirty summers, was not to be caught so easily; she laughed heartily at the doctor's abruptness; hinted to him that in making a sermon, was it not necessary to say something first to introduce the subject properly before he entered fully upon it; and as for her part, she was determined not to surrender her liberty at a moment's warning—"the honor of her sex was concerned in her standing out." This was all a waste of time to the doctor, and he requested to see her sister.

Miss E. W———n then entered, and to save time the Doctor says, "my session have been advising me to take a wife, and I had been speaking to your sister who has just gone out at the door, and as she is not inclined that way, what would you think of becoming Mrs. L———n." "Oh! Doctor, I don't know, it is rather a serious question. Marriage you know binds one for life, and it should not be rashly entered into; I would not consent without taking time to deliberate upon it." My time, says the Doctor, is so much occupied, and as my session has said so much to me, on the business, that I must finish it to-day, if I can, so you had best tell your mother to send in your youngest sister to speak to me. In a moment comes the honest, lively Miss Mary W———n. "Come away my child, it is getting on in the afternoon, and I must get home to my studies; I have been speaking to your sisters on a little business, and they have declined—I am a man of few words, and without misspending precious time what would you think of being made Mrs. L———n?"—"Indeed I always thought a deal of you Doctor, and if my mother does not say against it, I have no objections." The Doctor left Miss Mary in a few minutes, enjoining her to fix the day, for any would suit him, but to send him up word the day before.

The Doctor was scarcely home before a keen dispute arose in the family among the three young ladies, all claiming the Doctor. The eldest one said the offer was first made to her, and she did not positively refuse. The second declared that she wished only a little time to think upon it; and the youngest insisted that it was completely settled with her. The mother of the young ladies was in such difficulty with her daughters, that she was obliged to call upon the Doctor himself to settle the dispute. She called, and the reverend Doctor, in his characteristic way said, "My dear Mrs. W———n, I am very fond of peace in families; it is all the same thing to me, which of them, and just settle it among yourselves, and send me up word." The Doctor was married to the youngest, and one of his sons is at this day a respectable clergyman, "in the land of the mountain and the flood."—*St. Louis Bulletin.*

PHYSICAL ASPECT OF THE NORTH WEST.

From Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

In the natural resources of the land, it spreads out, to say the least, as rich a field for human enterprise as is developed by any tract of country of the same extent on the face of the globe. Ohio, with a very large domain, which is now in its greater part in a forward state of cultivation, presents in its dense forests a soil that is in almost its entire portion favourable to agriculture, producing bountiful crops of all those harvests that are found in the same latitude at the east; showing in its granaries, stock, husbandry, and general improvement, an amount of wealth that is extraordinary when we consider that this wealth has been reaped from the soil in a period, less than half a century. The new state of Michigan, although far behind Ohio in the amount of its population and general improvement, unfolds in the enterprise which has already been exerted upon its forests, prairies and lake besprinkled oaklands, an energy no less remarkable. Indiana, with equal agricultural advantages; Wisconsin, with its forests-crowned hills and mineral wealth, and Illinois with its unmeasured prairies, extending her rich mould towards the horizon like the sea—stretch out a land capable of producing crops adequate to the support of ten times the present population of the United States. The land thus favourable to the production of the various kinds of grain, fruit, and vegetables, abounds in mineral resources. In its recesses are found coal, salt, sulphur, lead, zinc, copper, iron, and other metals in sufficient abundance for its own consumption, and even for exportation! when a sufficient amount of enterprise shall have been concentrated to work them with effect. Besides these agricultural and mineral resources, that are always essential to the comfort of a local population, it possesses natural channels of navigation, by which the surplus of its products may be exported abroad. A chain of lakes, the largest on the globe, stretches from the shores of New York, and waters its coast for thousands of miles. The Mississippi, which is much the longest although not the broadest river upon the earth, taking its rise in the remote north, opens a highway to the ocean through the Gulf of Mexico, for the distance of about three thousand miles, and will be conjoined with the whole line of the lakes, when the projected ship canal to connect the Fox River of Green Bay with the Wisconsin, and that at the Sault de Sainte Marie shall have been constructed; thus affording a continuous line of coast navigation from New Orleans to Buffalo, or to the remotest shores of Lake Superior. Besides this line of coast navigation, the territory is variegated with inland lakes and streams, (the largest of which is the Ohio,) that connect its remotest parts, and furnish communications with the principal waters, channels for steamships, flat boats, rafts, or hydraulic power for the propulsion of machinery; and, it is not the least remarkable feature of this territory, that within fifty years, under American auspices, it has increased from a comparative solitude to a population of nearly three millions, according to the lowest estimate.

FIRST EXPLORER.

La Salle may be justly regarded as *The Columbus of Western Discovery*. Constructing a vessel upon the shore of Lake Erie, when there was stretched around him a chain of unknown seas and forests, inhabited by Indians whose temper towards the French had not been clearly ascertained, with here and there, perhaps, a jesuit missionary, who had erected his cross in the woods, we find him on the 7th August, 1679, first ploughing the billows of that lake in his frail bark, *The Griffin*, for an image of that animal was carved upon her bow. This was the first vessel that had ever adventured upon the north-western waters. Louis Hennepin, a Flemish recollect, was his spiritual adviser, and a small body of Frenchmen constituted his crew. They sounded as they went, because no ship had ever crossed these lakes before. Having succeeded in navigating this lake, they arrived on the 10th of that month near the cluster of islands that is grouped at the mouth of Detroit River, where they anchored.

History has scarcely done justice to the merits of the heroic La Salle, although a monument to his memory has been erected at Washington, in the rotunda of the Capitol, by the side of those of William Penn and John Smith.

AN AMERICAN'S OPINION OF THE IRISH LADIES.—The Irish ladies are thus spoken of in a letter from N. P. Willis, written after a fashionable party in Dublin:

Moore's remark has often been quoted—"There is nothing like an Irish woman to take a man off his feet:" but whether this figure of speech was suggested by the little bard's common *soubriquet* of "Jump up and kiss me Tom Moore," or simply conveyed his idea of the bewildering character of Irish beauty, it contains, to any one who has ever travelled (or waltzed) in that country, a very just as well as realizing description. Physically, Irish women are probably the finest race in the world—I mean, taller, better limbed and chested, larger eyed, and with more luxuriant hair, and freer action, than any other nation I have observed. The Phœnician and Spanish blood which has run hundreds of years in their veins, still kindles its dark fire in their eyes, and with the vivacity of the Northern mind and the bright color of the Northern skin, the Southern qualities mingle in the most admirable and superb harmony. The idea we form of Italian and Grecian beauty is never realized in Greece and Italy, but we find it in Ireland, heightened and exceeded. Cheeks and lips of the delicacy and bright tint of carnation, with snowy teeth, and hair and eyebrows of jet, are what we should look for on the palette of Apelles, could we reach the painter, and re-animate his far famed models; and these varied charms, united, fall very commonly to the share of the fair Milesian of the upper classes. In other lands of dark eyes, the rareness of a fine grained skin, so necessary to a brunette, makes beauty so rare—but whether it is the damp or softness of the climate or the infusion of Saxon blood, a coarse skin is almost never seen in Ireland. I speak now only of the better born ranks of society, for in all my travels in Ireland, I did not chance to see even one peasant girl of any pretensions to good looks.

Nothing could be more captivating and delightful than the manners of Irish women, and nothing at the same time, could be more at war with the first principles of English high breeding—coldness and retenu. The frank, almost hilarious "how are you?" of an Irish girl, her whole handed and cordial grasp, as often in the day as you meet her, the perfectly unmissyish, confiding, direct character of her conversation, are all traits which would stamp her as somewhat rudely bred in England, and as desperately vulgar in New-York or Philadelphia.

Modest to a proverb the Irish woman is as unsuspecting of an impropriety as if it were an impossible thing, and she is as fearless and joyous as a midshipman, and sometimes as noisy. In a ball room she looks ill drest, not because her dress was ill put on, but she dances, not glides, sits down without care, pulls her flowers to pieces, and if her head dress incommodes her, gives it a pull or a push—acts which would be perfect insanity at Almack's. If she is offended, she asks for an explanation. If she does not understand you, she confesses her ignorance. If she wishes to see you the next day, she tells you how and when.—She is the child of nature, and children are not "stylish." The niminy piminy, eye avoiding, finger tipped, drawling, dont touch me manner of some of the fashionable ladies of our country, would amuse a cold and reserved English woman sufficiently, but they would drive an Irish girl into hysterics. I have met one of our fair country people abroad, whose "Grecian stoop," and exquisitely subdued manner was invariably taken for a fit of indigestion.

* The Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, Edited by the Executors of his son, John, Earl of Chatham.