The Weekly Observer.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1847.

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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.

MAIL CONTRACT.

TENDERS addressed to the Duputy Post Master General, St. John, will be received until 12 o'clock at noon, on Monday, the 8th day of March next, from such persons as may be willing to enter into a Contract for conveying Her Majesty's MAILS, twice a week each way, between SAINT JOHN, N. B. and AMHERST, N. S. commencing on and from the 6th day of July, 1847, the Sum per annum to be stated in Halifax Currency, for which they would be willing to perform the Service.

The Particulars of the Contract are, that the Mails shall be conveyed on such days and at such hours as the Deputy Post Master General may from time to time apppoint, in a Waggon of suitable size, (to be approved of by an Officer of the Department,) to be drawn by not less than two Horses. The Mails to be carried at a rate of speed of not less than Seven Miles per Hour, including stoppages. The Contract will be entered into for Three Years, after which period, either party shall have power to annul the same, by giving a Notice of Three Months. The Contractor will be bound to afford perfect Security to the Mails, and means to protect them against the Weather.

TENDERS will at the same time be received for conveying the Mails on the above conditions, THREE TIMES PER WEEK each way between Saint John and Amherst.

J. HOWE, *D. P. M. G.*

General Post Office, New Brunswick, 5th December, 1846. } 3m.

MAIL CONVEYANCE between Truro and Amherst.

ANY Persons desirous of entering into a Contract for the Conveyance of HER MAJESTY'S MAILS, (*it being understood that the Courier will not be allowed to convey any Passenger with the Mails,*) between Truro and Amherst, twice in each week each way, to commence after the 5th July, 1847, are requested to send in Sealed Tenders, addressed to the Deputy Postmaster General, Halifax, stating the Sum per annum, in Currency, for which they would be willing to perform the Service. The particulars of the Contract are, that the Mails shall be conveyed on such days and at such hours as the Deputy Post Master General may from time to time direct, without reservation. The Mails are to be carried in a Waggon of suitable size, to be approved of by an Officer of the Department, and to be drawn by not less than Two Horses, and at a rate of speed not less than Eight Miles per hour, between 1st May and 1st November, and not less than Six Miles per hour between the 1st of November and 30th April, in each year.

The Contract will be entered into for Three Years, after which period either party shall have power to annul the same by giving a notice of Three Months. The Contractor will be bound to afford perfect security to the Mails, and means to protect them against the weather.

Sealed Tenders will also be received, addressed as above, from such persons as may be willing to carry the Mails upon the above conditions, with permission to carry Six Passengers. Security will be required for the faithful performance of the service.

Tenders will be received for both Services on the 8th of March next, after which time none will be noticed. A. WOODGATE, D. P. M. G.

GENERAL POST OFFICE, *Halifax, November* 27, 1846. } 3m.

WM. A. ROBERTSON,

Tailor, &c., Dock Street,

WOULD inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has removed to his Store in Dock-street, lately occupied by Messrs. T. & J. C. Hatheway,—where he has on hand an assortment of the best Superfine CLOTHS, Cassimeres, DOESKINS, TWEEDS, Fashionable VESTINGS, &c., which he will make up to order, in the first style of workmanship, at short notice.

St. John, May 26, 1846.

S. M'LEOD, Tailor,

A few doors below the Saint John Hotel,

KING STREET,

RESPECTFULLY tenders his thanks to his friends and the public, for the kind patronage hitherto extended to him, and would inform them that he now keeps on hand an assortment of GOODS in his line, suitable for the season, with TRIMMINGS to match, which he will make up to order on very liberal terms.

St. John, June 23, 1846.

Liverpool, 1st May, 1846.

23, Sefton Street.

THE Business hitherto carried on by ASHCROFT, MACKAY & Co. has been dissolved by mutual consent.

We, the undersigned, have this day entered into Co-Partnership, under the Firm of A. F. & D. MACKAY, as Wood Brokers and Measurers, and solicit a continuance of past favors.

A. F. MACKAY, D. MACKAY. 6t

☞ NOTICE.

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

DUNCAN M. CAMPBELL, *Sole Executor.*

Parish of Sussex, King's County, 21st December, 1846. } 3m

☞ NOTICE.

THE Co-Partnership lately existing under the Firm of WILLIAM HAMMOND & Co. is, by the death of the late William Hammond, dissolved. Parties indebted to the said firm are requested to make immediate payment to William E. Moore, Surviving Partner, who will adjust all claims against the same.

JANE HAMMOND, *Executrix.*
W. G. LAWTON,
GUILFORD FLEWWELLING,
JOHN DUNCAN,
CHAS. WARD,
WILLIAM E. MOORE, } *Executors.*

St. John, 16th May, 1846.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of WILLIAM HAMMOND, late of this City, Merchant, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, at the Office of the late William Hammond & Co. within Six Months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment at the said office.

JANE HAMMOND, *Executrix.*
W. G. LAWTON,
GUILFORD FLEWWELLING,
JOHN DUNCAN,
CHAS. WARD, } *Executors.*

St. John, 16th May, 1846.

SPIKES & NAILS for Sale

9 TONS Rose and Diamond head SPIKES, of the following sizes:—

4 Casks,	2 Cwt. each,	4½	inch;
3	do.	do.	5 do.
11	do.	do.	5½ do.
19	do.	do.	6 do.
8	do.	do.	6½ do.
12	do.	do.	7 do.
5	do.	do.	8 do.
14	do.	do.	9 do.
8	do.	do.	10 do.

ALSO—100 Casks Wrought NAILS, 18s)—

10 Casks	20dy	NAILS,
15	do.	16 do.
20	do.	14 do.
50	do.	12 do.
20	do.	10 do.
12	do.	8 do.
5	do.	6 & 4dy. do.

—ALSO—

30 Casks 7, 8, 9, and 10 HORSE NAILS.

JOHN KINNEAR, *Prince Wm. Street.*

December 3.—6i.

Receiving ex 'Themis,' at

TISDALE'S HARDWARE STORE,

No. 1, South Market Wharf, St. John, N. B.

10 PAIR Smith's BELLOWS; 6 Anvils; 1 hamper VICES;
1 cask Hand and Sledge HAMMERS,
20 boxes Tin Plates, IC. DC.;
290 TEA-KETTLES,
3 tons Pots, Bakepans, Griddles, Spiders and Frying PANS;
5 bundles long handled Frying Pans;
24 pair FIRE DOGS,
1 case *Hoole & Co's.* MILL SAWS, 5½ to 7 feet;
1 case do. Circular Saws, 18 to 28 inch,
1 do. Cross-cut, Hand, Tenon, Buck and other SAWS;
2 cases *Thompson's* AUGURS, ⅝ to 2¼ inch,
1 cask London GLUE,
Heel and Toe Bills, Cut and Wrought NAILS,
Horse and Ox Nails, Copper Boat Nails,
Tacks and Counter-Sunk Nails,
Short Link CHAIN, ¼ to ⅞ inch,
1 cask Horse Traces and Ox Chains,
2 cases GUNS, 1 cask Lead Pipe, Block Tin, Spelter,
1 case Coffin Mounting, Chair Web and Hair Seating;
1 case Jack, Trying and Smoothing PLANES,
1 cask well assorted CUTLERY;
1 do. HORSE SHOES.
1 do. Horse Bells, Locks, 2-foot Rules, &c.
9 cases containing a general assortment of Hinges, Screws, Latches, Rivets, Squares, Gimlets, Bed Screws, Knitting Pins, Steelyards, Coach Wrenches, Pod Augurs, Fire and Andiron, Wire Rat Traps, Castors, Compasses, Timber Scribes, Shovel Pans, Awls, Sad Needles and Palms, Counter and Stand Scales, Dog Collars, Candlesticks, Iron Weights, Sad Irons, Chest Locks and Handles, Fox Traps; Shoe, Paint, Horse and Scrub BRUSHES, Whip Thongs, Mattrass Needles, Jews' Harps, Curry Combs, Heel Balls, Caulking Irons, Augur Bits, Oil Stones, Pins, Axes, Faucets, Stock and Dies, &c.
1 crate Iron and Copper Coal Scoops,
1 case Mill, Cross-cut, Bit and other FILES,
1 case Cast STEEL, for Axes,
1 cask Block Bushes; 1 bale Shoe Thread,
12 doz. Barn Shovels; 1 cask Miners' do.;
Plough Plating, Plough Moulds, and Round IRON, ass'd.

—ON HAND—

PAINTS, OIL, PUTTY, GLASS, &c.
C. F FF. F. and Canister GUNPOWDER.
Rowland's MILL SAWS, &c., together with a general assortment of HARDWARE, which are offered at exceedingly low rates for Cash.

October 6. W. TISDALE & SON.

HARDWARE, &c.

T. R. GORDON

Has received per *William Ward, Queen Pomare, Coronation*, and other vessels, a good Stock of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c. among which are

24 Tons HOLLOW WARE,

—CONSISTING OF—

21 BOILERS, assorted, 25 to 50 gallons,
1835 POTS, ½ to 25 "
950 OVENS and COVERS, 651 Extra do. do.
Fire Dogs, Cart Boxes, Fry Pans, Spiders, Griddles, &c.;
20 barrels Fine GUNPOWDER,
1 bale CHALK-LINES, and Coffin Cord,
1 keg good RED CHALK,
2 cases best Scotch SCREW AUGERS,
1 cask Chisels, Hatchets, Hammers, Plane Irons, &c.
1 cask PLANES—O. G., Grecian Ovalve, Bead, Reed, Table, Plough, &c.
3 casks CUTLERY, well assorted,
3 casks *Vickers'* and *Marsh's & Shepherd's* FILES, RASPS, &c.;
6 rolls Sheet LEAD; 1 case Sheet Copper,
2 casks Shot and Balls; 3 cases Cast Steel,
1 cask Sheet ZINC; 1 case Sheet BRASS,
10 bundles Blister Steel; 10 bdls. Spring STEEL
110 bags NAILS and SPIKES, assorted,
15 cwt. OX and HORSE NAILS,
300 TEA KETTLES, tin'd and untin'd, assorted,
12 dozen long-handled FRY PANS,
100 dozen Socket SHOVELS,
300 pairs HORSE TRACES,
1 cask Ox Chains and Back Bands, Cart Hames, &c.
100 doz. Scythes, 200 do. Sickles and Scythe Hooks,
1 basket Smith's VICES; 3 ANVILS,
12 Smiths' BELLOWS, 22 to 36 inches,
1 cask BORAX,
Sledge and hand HAMMERS, Stocks and Dies, Screw Plates, &c.;
1 ton Iron WIRE, assorted,
2 cases Mill, Circular, Pit, and Cross-cut SAWS,
1 cask Strap Hinges; 1 case Tea Trays,
25 dozen SPADES and SHOVELS,
20 dozen IRISH SPADES,
2 bales Wire Riddles, Rat and Mouse Traps,
2 baskets Sand and Rag Stones,
1 cask of "Water of Ayr" STONES,
3 casks Block Bushes, assorted,
6 bags Rivets and Clout NAILS,
1 case School SLATES and PENCILS,
1 cask Patent enamelled Sauce and STEW PANS, Preserving Kettles, Wash-basins;
1 case Britannia Metal Ware and Stone PITCHERS,
3 cases GUNS and PISTOLS.
40 casks and cases, containing—
Locks, Hinges, and Screws, in great variety, Carpenters' Tools; Norfolk, rim and night Latches; Harness Mounting; Saddle-trees, Girth and Straining Web; Chair Web; Curled Hair; Hair Seating; Lamps, Candlesticks, Snuffers and Trays; Fenders, Footmen, Foils and masks; Fire Irons; Shoe, Paint, scrub, black-lead and other BRUSHES; Urns; plated Candlesticks, Castors, Snuffers, Bottle-stands, &c.; Brass and Bell-metal Preserving Kettles; Mortars; Coffin Furniture; Slop-pails; Foot-baths and Water-cans; Coffee-mills; Coal Scoops and Sifters, Dust Pans, Weights and Scales, Fish hooks, Hoes, Rakes, Toy Spades, Curry Combs; Trowels; Brads and Tacks, Copper Boat-nails and Pump-tacks; Bellows nails and pipes; Fire Irons, Smoothing and Italian Irons, Box irons and heaters; Stair Rods, curtain bands and Pins; Brass and japan'd Knockers; Bell mounting, Cow Bells; Powder flasks and shot belts; Liquor flasks; Percussion Caps; Fishing reels; Dish covers; Tea and Coffee Pots; Socket Castors; Sheep shears; Curriers' knives and steels; Patent and common Steel-yards, &c.

A great many other Goods in the Hardware Line, all of which will be sold as low as possible.

T. R. GORDON, Market-Square.

June 9, 1846.

GAS, GAS, GAS.

November 24, 1846.

C. & W. H. ADAMS have received per ships Kestrel and Lucius Carey—

An Assortment of Bronzed and Bright ARGAND BURNERS;
JET SOCKETS, with superior Union Jet Burners, with and without Glass Holders;
19 Bags BOAT NAILS,
22 " Horse and Ox NAILS,
2 Crates Japanned COAL SCOOPS,
4½ Dozen *Lawson's Pattern* FOX TRAPS,
Grocers' COFFEE MILLS; Brushes, assorted;
Iron Squares; Brass Cocks; Hooks and Staples
Palace Motion Mortice Locks, &c. &c.

Ladies' French Worked Slippers

JUST received from London, per ship "Great Britain," via Liverpool, an elegant assortment of LADIES' FRENCH WORKED SLIPPERS, the patterns of which were selected by the subscriber, and the Shoes made under his personal inspection, while in London. S. K. FOSTER.

November 3.

THE GARLAND.

ODE.

The dead are wise in Heaven!
They know the truth of all things on the earth;
The immortal morning's birth
To them is given,
That they may see and feel
Life's ever widening wheel
Is never downward driven;
But upwards burns and beams,
Scattering no glorious dreams—
No hearts, asunder riven.

The dead are wise in Heaven!
Their worldly knowledge they review with sighs:
It shades the fields and skies
Of morn and even;
And their ancestral feuds—
Hate, and revengeful moods—
Are by a sun-beam cloven,
Whence peals the quire above—
"Pure wisdom is pure Love;"
Inseparably enwoven.

STANZAS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

It is not alone when we gaze on the flower,
Whose beauty enchants us—its influence we feel;
Its fragrance lives on to a far distant hour,
Triumphant o'er death in his silent appeal.

Nor while music's full harmony round us may float,
Is it then and then only, we bow to its spell;
On the echo of many a magical note,
In moments to come, faithful memory shall dwell.

And then when from friends we are fated to part
Should feeling and thoughts on our memory throng,
Which should still keep their images stored in each heart,
Like the odor of flowers, or the echo of song!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BACHELOR'S CLUB.

We learn that measures are about to be adopted to revive the Bachelor's Club, as it existed some twenty-five years ago. Most, if not nearly all, of the officers and managers having been committed to matrimony long since, the club has become in a measure extinct. There never was a more agreeable association, nor were any balls got up with more magnificence than those of the old club. The first series of balls were held at the City Hotel, before that splendid saloon, with its numerous mirrors and silken draperies, was converted into sleeping rooms, and the club driven up to Niblo's, where their balls were still more costly and crowded.

The Bachelor's Club, it must be borne in mind, was not established to perpetuate single blessedness; on the contrary, it was intended to bring together youth, beauty, taste and character of both sexes—to place them in the most winning, social intercourse where pleasure, gaiety and good manners prevailed; and in a few years not a manager, director, or even member of the club was single, and many matches were made up from the agreeable associations at these balls. One exception still existed, and we believe only one. We called a few weeks ago on one of the most active directors of the club, a famous floor manager, as we called him—one who took great delight in arranging the cotillions, finding partners for the company, saying soft and complimentary things to the ladies, and often mounting four pair of stairs to his lodging. We found him with a night cap on, looking as if it had not been washed in Castalian streams, and with an old fashioned pair of specs on the tip of his nose.

'Why, Max, what are you at?'

'I'm sewing a button on my pants!' said he, in a low gruff tone.

'Why, have you no woman to do that little affair for you?'

'Where should I get one! When I joined that swindling Bachelor's Club, we swore never to marry. Hang me if there's a single one left but myself!'

'You are the last of the 'cocked hats.''

'Yes, I am the last, I suppose. On Sunday I met Frank Faithful—he who swore so often that no wife should give him a curtain lecture—and what do you think he was about?'

'Can't say.'

'He was going to church, with his wife tucked under his arm, and three or four little 'uns walking before him, dressed in silk frocks. A pretty sight for a bachelor, to be sure!'

'Well, why don't you get a quiet, staid, clever woman for a wife—one who would mend your hose and darn your nightcaps, and rub your back with opodeldoc when you have the rheumatism and lumbago?'

'Pooh, pooh!—nonsense! What's an old fellow like me to do with a wife? My old black woman makes my bed and my tea. I dine down town—go to the library to read the papers—play a rubber of whist at the Piggery—come home at ten, and tumble in for the night.'

We cast a furtive glance around the room.—Everything looked wretchedly dilapidated. The dust and feathers had accumulated under the bed—rusty old coats and pants were hanging on pegs on the wall—two chairs had lost their backs—a tray, on which were the dregs of black tea and a piece of clammy toast, was lying on the table—a bottle on the wooden mantelpiece had the remnant of a tallow candle in it—the embers of a fire threw out a flickering glare from the grate—a cricket was chirping on the hearth, and a cockroach was throwing divers somersets in one corner of the room.—Everything indicated carelessness and an absence of all that was neat and comfortable; and yet Max was accounted rich, and in his time was quite a gallant—a perfect Beau Nash among the ladies, wore salmon coloured smalls, silk stockings and pumps—and was quite an Adonis at Hewlett's practising balls, which were then held in Long Room in William Street, opposite Cedar. His family had all died off, and he was left to die also with no one probably near him but his old negro wench—living in gloomy solitude, and dying 'unwept, unhonoured, and unsung,' as the poet has it, and some graceless nephew administering to the will, and squandering the old fellow's thousands in fast trotting horses on the avenue, or champagne suppers at Tortoni's

'What makes you look so ruddy and healthy?' said he.

'A contented mind, Max, and domestic happiness.'

'Ah, very likely! Look at me; as the man says in the play, which half of me is fed? I want all kinds of comforts.'

'Then marry, and marry wisely, for at your age a man may be caught in a trap.' So good day Max, and better luck to you hereafter.

We thought no more of Max, till on Sunday last, we saw him ringing the bell of a neat two story house in Franklin Street. He had on a suit of black—a new wig, cane and gloves—and a middle aged, matronly looking gentle woman in black silk was hanging on his arm.

'Come in—come! I've something to say to you.'

We entered the house.

'This is my wife.'

'Your wife, Max?'

'My wife, in sober earnest.'

We offered our congratulations.

'When you left me at your last visit, I pondered on what you said, und there was so much truth in it, that I determined to marry.'

'But how did you manage to make so good a selection, Max?' said we with a low bow to the Lady, which she acknowledged with an expressive smile.

'Well, you shall know. My wife was an old sweetheart of mine, and had refused me in my younger days. She continued single, and I always had a sneaking kindness for her. Three weeks ago I got into the same pew with her at church, and we read together from the same prayer book. After service I walked home with her, and on the way I said—'Well, Milley, why cant you and I alway read out of the same prayer book, and say amen together?' 'Well,' said she, 'I don't know why we could not. Suppose you come to-morrow night, and drink tea with me, and we'll talk the matter over.' Well, I did go, and got such a nice cup of tea before a comfortable fire, with hot muffins and quince sweetmeats, that before I left I said—'Well, Milly, my old friend, let's go to-morrow evening to Parson Snufflebags and get married. We are not strangers to each other. We are both comfortable, well off, and happy.' She said—'Here's my hand, Max; I will go.' She did, and here we are.'—*N. Y. paper.*

THE DORCAS MEETING.—Roland Howard, Esq. late Captain in her Majesty's —— Regiment, and Maud Hastings were married at ——; and never two entered on the "holy estate" with hearts and minds more congenial: there was no eye dimmed with tears, nor any line or furrow could be traced on a brow of those there assembled; all was bright and sunshine, as the lovely spring morning which hailed their vows. Even Lord Conningby, who shared in the festive group, smiled: for she whom he loved was happy; and he had long ceased to envy his friend. True love delights more in pleasing the one dear object than self. The young nobleman remained in Ireland until he saw his newly married friends quietly seated in the domestic felicity of happiness: another duty called him on to the gay world, for which he had lost all taste: a father, stern and ambitious, feared lest those rivals might rob him of his son's regard; so he peremptorily ordered him back to London.

Spring and summer passed away; autumn's glowing hours of golden hues and crimson sunsets found Roland Howard and his wife steady in all their tastes and feelings. It was a beautiful day, about post-hour, that a group were in the drawing-room: Mrs. Howard, indefatigable still in preparing clothes for the poor, against the rigours of winter. Walter Hastings (who lived with his sister) was reading the news of the day. Maud (we love yet to call her by that name,) laid down her work to read a letter; her husband stood near, and, for the information of our readers, we must say he had recovered his good looks perfectly. "Another smile, Maud? Do tell me, dearest, what has caused it," he said, gaily, as he came behind her chair and leant on it.

"A letter from Frances, poor Frances! She speaks with something like feeling, and wishes her lot had been like mine: she says her father has chosen a husband for her; that she never would have married the old duke, only that half London were dying to catch him; and every one envies her good fortune; she desires her regards to you, and asks us all to the wedding."

"Here is the official announcement, or rather *on dit*, of Lady Frances Conningsby's marriage with the venerable Duke of Staverdale. Will you go, sister?" inquired Walter Hastings.

"Oh no! unless Roland wishes it particularly: to me this village is dearer, and my humble duties more interesting than that gay, heartless wedding could be."

"I agree with you, my wife, my better angel," cried Roland, winding his arms round her, and kissing fondly the brow turned towards him,—"What to me are the world's pageantries; have I not all I want and prize about me? The memory of one place and time shall ever reign in my heart. I shall never cease to thank heaven for my lot, and bless the hour that induced the idle soldier to visit the "Dorcas Meeting."

THE SISTERS.—There is scarcely anything so well calculated to cheer the lonely hour of solitude—comfort the heart amid the afflictions and trials of life—or give peace and joy in the midst of disappointments, as the exercise and enjoyment of affections.

Riches may supply us with every luxury the world affords—satisfying all our appetites and desires—and clothe and surround us in pomp and splendour. Honor and fame may sound our name in every land, and cause our praise to be upon every tongue; yet if the heart cannot lean upon some loved object, or rely on the faithfulness of another, happiness would be a stranger, and peace would not dwell in the bosom. The intellect may be of the highest order and stored with all that worldly wisdom can teach; yet, cold and dreary would be the feelings of that one who has no one to call into exercise the warmer affections of our nature. Better would it be, to be assured of true sincerity, sympathy and love, than be the richest, most honored and learned of all men, yet be deprived of these enjoyments, and if there is any one from whom we have a right to expect such an exercise of the affections, it is a sister, Alas that we often look for them in vain.

Why are so many homes dreary, and so many fire sides forsaken? Why so many taverns frequented, and so many theatres visited? Why so many hopes blasted, and so many hearts withered, even in early life? We answer, because of the absence of love and affections from the Family Circle, and on account of the sister not exercising that influence which it is her duty to do; for she ought always to strive to make her brother happy, and home attractive to him, and this can never be done while she is constantly herself seeking pleasures abroad and while her thoughts and affections are fixed only on the mere fashions and follies of the day; and it is a rule which may always be depended on, that she who does not perform well the duties of a sister will be deficient also in the performance of those which devolve on a wife.

FINE TRAIT IN A BRITISH GENERAL.—"Well, I should first tell your reverence that nearly the first thing I remember was, when I was a girl, a soldier's daughter, with my father and mother in Gibraltar, about 1800—indeed I know it was in that year, as the peace soon followed—my father, a soldier in the garrison, was on guard on one of those hot days when the wind of the desert, as it is called, blows directly on the rock, and when the being on guard the usual time is almost sure to be fatal; well, sir, my father was on guard that day, and General Smith happened to pass the sentry box, and to observe now ill my father looked. 'How long have you been ill, Wellington?' said the general, 'you look more fit for the hospital than for the guard.' 'I have only felt ill, general, since the last hour, and I fear it is the hot wind; your honour sees the brown cloud which always comes with it on the top of the rock yonder.' 'How much longer, rejoined the general, 'have you to be on duty?' 'About half an hour, general.' 'Then make the best use you can of it; get home to your cot,' replied the general, 'and tell your wife to take care of you. Here, give me your musket; I will mount guard for you till you send me the orderly officer.' This was accordingly done, sir, and my father went home and was recovered."—*Mary Ann Wellington, the Soldier's Daughter.*

A young lady was told by a married lady that she had better precipitate herself off Niagara Falls into the basin beneath, than marry. The young lady replied, "I would, if I thought I could find a *husband* at the bottom."

From the United Service Gazette, Dec. 19.

SIR MARTIN HUNTER.—In our obituary are recorded the demise of three Military Officers, all of whom saw good service in their day. They are, Gen. Sir Martin Hunter, Col. Thomas Henry Hastings Davies, and Lieut. Col. Fountain Elwin. Sir Martin died on the 9th inst., at Anton's hill, in the 90th year of his age. He was the second son and heir of Mr. Cuthbert Hunter, of Medomsley, Durham. In 1797, he married the daughter and heiress of Mr. James Dickson, of Anton's-hill, Berwickshire. He entered the Army at the early age of fifteen, his first Commission bearing date 30th August, 1771. On the 18th June, 1775, he was promoted to a Lieutenancy; on the 21st November, 1777, to a Company. On the 30th October, 1793, he obtained his Majority, and on the 19th July, 1794, his Lieutenant Colonelcy. On the first of January, 1800, he was appointed Colonel, by Brevet; Major General on the 30th October, 1805; Lieutenant General on the 4th June, 1811; and General, 27th May, 1825—Sir Martin served in the first American war, including the battles of Bunker's Hill, Brooklyn, and Brandywine. He also took part in the storming of Fort Washington, and in the night attack on Gen. Wayne's Brigade. On the latter occasion he was wounded. He subsequently proceeded to the East Indies, and commanded the 52d at the seige of Cannamore, being the leader of the party of Light Infantry that stormed the breach. He afterwards took part in other Indian engagements, including those of Seringapatam and Bangalore, and the night attack on Tippoo Saib's intrenched camp under the walls of the former town, where he was severely wounded in the body and arm; and in 1797 he commanded a Brigade at the capture of Trinidad and the seige of Porto Rico. At the seige and surrender of Malta, in 1800, he commanded the 48th Regiment. Several years ago he commanded the Troops in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and was three times President of the Council and Commander-in-Chief of the latter Province, from 1808 to 1812, and on the 23d July, 1832, he was appointed Governor of Stirling Castle, a post which will not again be filled up. He was a Grand Cross of the Ionian Order of St. Michael, and St. George, and of the Guelph; he was, previous to his death, the oldest officer in the British army, and the last of the British Officers who survived the battle of Bunker's Hill. He has left a large family.

ROME, Dec. 12.—A sad calamity has befallen our city. The Tiber, suddenly swollen by rain such as is only witnessed under the tropics, and impeded in its course towards Ostia by a south-east wind, has just flooded two thirds of the inhabited streets, and destroyed property, both in town and country, to a melancholy extent. This century has not seen a similar inundation, that of 1805 being far less extensive or disastrous. As far as the eye could reach, from the Pincian hill to the foot of Monte Mario, from the Sonte Molle to the counterscarpe of Castle St. Angelo, became at once a vast lake, interspersed with tops of trees and farm roofs, cattle swimming, and floating waggons. Not only the accustomed low quarters of the Piazzo Novona and Pantheon, but the Corso and Condotti were submerged, and the well known magnificent area of the Porta del Popolo became a deep pond impassable to carriages. It was a singular sight to look down from the Pincian on this extemporised basin, reflecting calmly the surrounding churches and monuments, and receiving into its abundance the rather superfluous contributions of the four Egyptian lions, who kept up the farce of their quadruple *jet d'eau* throughout. The central obelisk of Rhames, which rose in quiet grandeur over the waters, seemed, after many thousand years, to have got a glimpse of his native Nile at its work of fertilization. Unfortunately, mischief, unmixed with any compensating result, ensues from these visits of the Roman river. The reports from the various quarters (for islands) of the city have as yet brought no tidings of drowned men, though horses, pigs, and kine have perished in numbers, and the misery of the poorer classes can hardly be estimated unless by the knowledge of their exclusive tenancy of all ground floors, in Rome the upper stories being alone inhabited by the wealthy.

Accident to the Emperor of Russia.—On Wednesday, the 9th of December, an accident which had nearly been attended with fatal results occurred to the Emperor of Russia, at Kiow, in Poland, upon the high road between St. Petersburgh and Warsaw. The Emperor was on his route to Warsaw, and had arrived at the border of a large river at that place, where there is no bridge. A temporary platform had been constructed to run the Emperor's travelling carriage into the ferry-boat, when, by some accident, the platform gave way and broke down, and the carriage was precipitated into the water. The Emperor, with Count Orloff, who was also in the carriage, was obliged to escape from the windows and wade up to his middle in the water, and as the current was running very strongly, and the river full of ice, no little danger was incurred. So much time was lost, that the Emperor, who had arranged to be by a certain day at St. Petersburgh, was obliged to renounce altogether his visit to Warsaw, and to turn back immediately to the Russian capital.

Horrible Massacre on the Western Coast of Africa.—The *Constitutional* says:—"The British government has lately received information from its agents on the western coast of Africa, of a frightful occurrence, which, however, is not novel in the annals of slavery. A negro chief having 2,000 slaves upon his hands, and being unable to dispose of them, had them all killed before his own eyes. The French government has also been made acquainted with this horrible massacre. We are assured that the cabinets of London and Paris have resolved to join in punishing with severity the cruel chief."

THE MISSIONARY SHIP JOHN WESLEY.—This beautiful vessel sailed from Southampton on Monday, the 21st of November, having on board eight missionaries with their families—in all 20 persons, and a crew of 15—Captain Buck, commander. She carried upwards of 1200 reams of printing paper, for the use of the missions in New Zealand, the Friendly Islands, and Fejee—together with Manchester goods, iron mongery, school apparatus, and other stores. In the Channel she met with contrary winds; but, after having been at anchor some days in Portland roads, she finally sailed on Friday, the 27th November. The missionaries and their destination are as follows:—Mr. and Mrs. Harris, for Sydney; Mr. Kirk, for New Zealand; Mr. and Mrs. Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, with Mr. and Mrs. Amos, for the Friendly Islands; and Mr. and Mrs. Ford, with Mr. and Mrs. Malvern, for the Fejee Islands.

DESTITUTION IN BELGIUM.—We regret to observe that several deaths are reported to have occurred from want in Belgium. The *Journal de Bruxelles* publishes the following letter, dated Courtrai, the 18th ult.:—"The distress which is raging at present amongst our population has caused the establishment of slaughter-houses for horses in several villages, which compete with the established butchers. As soon as it is known that a horse has been slaughtered, the flesh is immediately purchased by the operative classes at 12 centimes, or 1d. the pound weight." The *Journal de Gand* of the 19th ult. states that on that day a band consisting of fifteen individuals attacked the bakers' shops in that city, and plundered them of all their bread. Two of those individuals were arrested and lodged in prison.

THE CHILD'S LOVE OF VIRTUE.—The mind that is matured by long observation of society, and by profound reflection on those ties which make the action of one man a source of profit or injury to remote individuals, may, indeed, look with esteem on certain actions, and with indignation on others. Our love of virtue and hatred of vice, if they arise from such knowledge, must be in every case progressive as the knowledge itself, from infancy to old age. To relate to a child some action of cruelty, must be to speak to an indifferent heart,—to a heart which cannot have made these nice reflections, and which cannot, therefore, feel what is not to be felt without the knowledge which those reflections give. Every nursery, then, exhibits a fair field for an experiment that may be said to be decisive; and will the selfish moralist submit his theory to the test? Will he take upon his knee that little creature which has, perhaps, scarcely felt a pain since it entered into life, which knows only that it has a friend in every living being that has met its eye, and which has never thought of its own misery as a thing that is possible? Will he watch that listening countenance, every look of which is fixed on his own, as he repeats verse after verse of the ballad which describes some act of injustice and atrocious cruelty; and will he expect to see no tears in those eyes; to hear no sobbings when the misery is extreme; to discover no demonstrations of an indignant wrath, that thinks not of itself at the time, but thinks only of the oppressed whom it would gladly succour, of the oppressor on whom it would gladly inflict vengeance? It will be well for that child if, in the corruption of the world, he retain a sympathy with the good and the wretched, and a hatred of guilt, as ardent as he feels in those years of ignorance; if, on learning the relations of virtue to his own happiness, he love it merely as he loved it when he never thought of the relation.—*Dr. Thomas Brown's Lectures on Ethics.*

CHRISTMAS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—On Christmas morning her Majesty and Prince Albert attended divine service in the private chapel of the castle, at Windsor. After service, the Queen, the Prince Consort, and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent partook of the holy sacrament. The principal dish on the royal dinner table in the evening consisted of a noble baron of beef from the carcase of the Highland Scot ox, fattened at Flemish Farm by Prince Albert, and which gained the silver medal at the Smithfield Club. The joint, which weighed nearly 260 lbs., occupied twelve hours in roasting. The second dish in importance consisted of a magnificent sirloin of beef, from Prince Albert's Highland Scot, and which carried off a silver medal at the Smithfield Club Show. After dinner her Majesty and the Prince, with the royal suite, retired to the grand drawing-room, where on the tables were gracefully displayed several imitation fir trees, upwards of six feet in height, from the boughs of which were suspended a variety of French *bonbons*, and numerous elegant little presents for the royal visiters and suite. The trees were brilliantly illuminated with wax tapers, judiciously placed amongst the leaves.

THE FIRST VISIT TO A MARRIED CHILD.—Generally speaking, if there is a moment of unmixed happiness, it is that in which parents pay their first visit to a married child, and in which children receive the first visit from their parents. The pretty, half childish, half matronly pride with which the young wife does the honours of her domestic arrangements; the tearful joy of the mother as she inspects and admires; the happiness of the father; and the modest exultation of the bridegroom who has installed the creature he loves, in all the comforts by which she is surrounded, render the moment of pleasing interest to the most careless bystander.

A HAPPY VALLEY.—In a deep and retired valley of the Pyrenees exists the small independent state of Andorre, under the joint protection of France and Spain. It has laws by prescription, which are administered by two judges, one French, the other Spanish. This little republic comprises fifty-four villages, with a population of 12,000 inhabitants, living on the produce of the flocks and herds—their chief wealth. When Napoleon crossed the Pyrenees, on his way into Spain, he stopped at Andorre, the capital, and promised to confer on the republic a written code of laws. But this promise concurrent political events prevented him from performing. The inhabitants have at length framed a code for themselves, and it was promulgated last month at the chief town. It is of the greatest simplicity, comprising all its enactments, civil and criminal, in 100 articles only. Murder is a crime extremely rare in this little state, and, when sentence of death is pronounced, it cannot be executed until it is confirmed by a general assembly of representatives of the villages, convoked at Andorre. The mode of execution is consistent with the nature of the people. At a short distance from the road into Catalonia is a tremendous precipice, the bottom of which no eye of man can discover. The criminal, with his eyes bound, is led to the edge, and, in the presence of all who wish to attend, is thrown over by the executioner.—*Paris paper.*

DONATIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS FOR THE IRISH POOR.—The "Friends" throughout England have come forward in a most unostentatious and truly liberal manner, in behalf of the destitute people of Ireland. In the language of a contemporary, "the contributions of individual members have been most liberal—they put to shame the heartlessness with which the applications of voluntary Committees have been treated by some who draw their fortunes from the soil." The "Friends" of London have appropriated very handsome sums of from 500*l.* to at the least 50*l.* by each member. Mr. Samuel Gurney and Mr. John Gurney of London, have contributed 500*l.* each, and we have before us a list of about fifty individuals, some giving 300*l.* each, others 200*l.*, a large number 100*l.*, and others 50*l.* and 20*l.* respectively. It is fully expected that the "Friends," in this town, Manchester, Leeds, &c. will follow this noble example. The establishment of soup-shops is the channel through which they appear to think relief can, at this season, be most beneficially distributed, and in that way the funds obtained are intended to be applied.—*Liverpool Standard.*

LEECH HUNTING.—Near Xanthus the leeches are gathered all the year round; but in the highlands only in summer. To collect them, people go into the water, wading about with their legs and thighs bare, so that the leeches may stick to their skin. They then scrape them off, and put them into a bag. The leech merchants carry them away in linen bags, which they soak in every stream or pool they come to. Each carries many of these bags suspended in a basket, and kept apart by twigs. Every day such of the leeches as may have died are separated from the living and thrown away. Smyrna is their usual destination, whence they are forwarded to the ports of France and Italy. The leeches are farmed by the Agas, but there is a profitable contraband trade driven. They are sold by the gatherers for about one hundred and twenty piastres the oke; which, even though a great many die, gives a large profit to the merchant. Sometim