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THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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DONALD A. CAMERON.

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(half to be paid in advance.)

Printing, in its various branches, executed with neatness and despatch, on very moderate terms.

☞ All Letters (except such as may contain money,) must come free of postage, or they cannot be taken from the Post Office.

Weekly Almanack.

April—1835.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
29 Wednesday	5 1	6 57	8 50	0 27
30 Thursday	5 0	7 0	9 50	0 54
1 Friday	4 58	7 2	10 49	1 25
2 Saturday	4 57	7 3	11 55	1 58
3 Sunday	4 56	7 4	Morn.	2 34
4 Monday	4 55	7 5	0 24	3 18
5 Tuesday	4 54	7 6	1 16	4 9

Last Quarter 5th day, 5h. 59m. evening.

INSURANCE.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 12 o'clock.

JOHN M. WILMOT, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.

Committee for April:

JAMES HENDRICKS, WILLIAM JARVIS, JOHN KINNEAR.

☞ All Communications, by Mail, must be post paid.

Marine Insurance Agency.

THE subscriber having been duly authorized by the PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, Connecticut, to take Risks upon Vessels, Cargoes, or Freights, agreeable to the general principles of Marine Insurance, and having obtained by a late arrival from the United States, Blank Policies duly signed by the President and Secretary of the aforesaid Company—Now begs leave to inform the Merchants and Ship-Owners of this City and the Province at large, that he will attend to applications in writing to that effect, fairly stating particulars of the Risks required to be covered.—He would also remark for the information of the public, that the above Company have had a Marine Insurance Agency established at Halifax for some time past, under the management of J. L. Starr, Esquire, who has done a good deal of business in that line, and which he believes has given general satisfaction to the assured,—and that although the Company reserve to themselves the right of settling Averages, Partial or Total Losses, agreeable to the usage of Marine Insurances in the United States—that in any case where the claim for Loss is so dubious as to warrant an appeal to a Court of Law or Equity, the Office will submit to the decision of the Courts in this Province.

ANGUS M'KENZIE, *Agent.*

St. John, Sept. 30, 1834.

☞ Office in the Store of A. M'Kenzie, Prince Wm. Street.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of Hartford, Connecticut.

THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent for the above Insurance Company, will issue Policies and Renewal Receipts (on Policies issued by the former Agent, E. D. W. Ratchford, Esq.) for Insurance on Dwelling Houses, Stores, Mills, Factories, Barns, Vessels and Cargoes while in port, Vessels on the stocks, Household Furniture, Merchandize, and every other species of Insurable Personal Property,—against

Loss or Damage by Fire,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution in good standing,—Will give personal attendance to the survey of premises, &c. in the City and vicinity, on which Insurance is desired, free of charge to the assured,—Applications in writing (post paid) from all other parts of the Province, describing the situation and the Property to be Insured, will receive prompt attention; the correctness of which description shall on all occasions be binding on the part of the applicant.

The Ætna Insurance Company was Incorporated in 1819,—Capital $200,000, with liberty to increase the same to half a million of dollars. The Capital has been all paid in, and invested in the best securities, independently of which a *Surplus Fund* of more than $35,000 has been set apart to meet the occasional claims for Losses, and the Stock bears a high premium. The reputation the Office has acquired for promptness and liberality in the adjustment and payment of Losses, requires no additional pledge to entitle it to a liberal share of public patronage.

A. BALLOCH, *Agent.*

St. John, N. B., 1st July, 1833.

PROTECTION
INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Insurance Company, in this City, will insure Houses, Stores, Mills, Factories, Barns, and the contents of each, together with every similar species of property against *LOSS or DAMAGE by FIRE*, at as low a rate of Premium as any similar Institution; and will be always in readiness for taking Surveys of premises offered for Insurance in any part of the City, free of charge to the assured. He will likewise attend to the renewal of any Policies of Insurance issued by M'Kenzie & Tisdale, as Agents of the above Insurance Company; and act in all case in reference to such as if subscribed by himself.

ANGUS M'KENZIE, *Agent.*

St. John, November 6, 1832.

WEST OF SCOTLAND
INSURANCE OFFICE.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the Public, that he has lately received instructions to take Risks at lower rates than heretofore; and also, to issue New Policies at the *reduced rates* for all Insurances now effected, at the termination of the Present Policies, instead of Renewal Receipts.

JOHN ROBERTSON,
St. John, March 8, 1831. *Agent and Attorney.*

The Alianthus Glandulosa, or tree of Heaven.—It is of no small interest and satisfaction to the citizens of New-York, that a very appropriate tree for the planting and ornamenting the streets and avenues, is found in that beautiful plant, which is found to combine all the useful qualities requisite to the intended purpose. The tree is a *native* of China. It endures *heat* admirably well; and the present winter having no effect apparently on those healthy and vigorous, is a proof of its hardiness. The ornamental characteristic of the tree is not surpassed, if equalled, by any in the summer, when its fine glossy leaves of a beautiful green, continue to very late in the season.

Let any citizen who is desirous of planting trees before his house, inspect those of this kind planted before the splendid buildings of Lafayette Place, or other parts of the city at this time; and in the summer season no one of taste can fail to pay a tribute of delight to their superior elegance and magnificence.—*New-York American.*

The Garland.

I CAN'T DECIDE.

(FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.)

I can't decide, I can't decide!
And know not what to do;
I'm so perplex'd, and teased, and tried,
Between my suitors two.
The charms of each I fairly scan,
I weigh their merits well;
But which must be the happy man
Is more than I can tell.

I ponder on't, but cannot see
Which way the odds incline;
Sir William, he is twenty-three,
Sir Paul is sixty-nine.
'Tis three to one in point of age,
And that's a difference wide;
But hear me out, and I'll engage
You'll say I can't decide.

I've thought it o'er from week to week!
The odds may thus be told—
Sir William has a blooming cheek,
Sir Paul has bags of gold;
Sir William's fair, well-shaped and tall,
He has my heart 'tis clear;
But there's pin-money with Sir Paul,
Three thousand pounds a year.

My choice unfix'd between them floats;
With equal claims they stand;
This has a hand at tender notes,
That tenders notes of hand.
On either side they rise to view,
'Tis quite perplexing still;
Here I see many a *billet-doux*,
There dues on many a bill.

Sir William is a charming youth—
So well he plays and sings;
And then he vows eternal truth,
And says such tender things.
Sir Paul's a dull old stupid bore—
The truth can't be denied—
But who'd refuse a coach and four?
Indeed I can't decide.

I can't decide—but hark! I hear
Sir Paul, as I'm alive!
"*I said three thousand pounds a year.*
But now I'll make it five."
Five thousand pounds! my stars! the die
Is cast, and I'm your bride!
Fate has ordain'd it; so I'll cry
No more "I can't decide!"

THE THREE CHARMS.

Books! Music! Flowers; ye charms of life,
Of taste and feeling, sense and sound!
Oh, what a waste of words and strife
Is there where ye do not abound!
Books!—learned teachers of content—
Through ye fair science we discern:
To raise the soul—instructors sent—
To bid us proudly live and learn!

Flowers! newly gathered, fresh and fair!
Like new raised hopes, ye gaily smile,
And perfume sweet the ambient air—
In varied hues delight the while.
Flowers! ye the love of nature being
Each season, as your beauties vie,
And from the Autumn to the Spring
Ye tell us we were born to die!

Music! thou soul-subduing power!
Sweet soother of our ills and woes,
Composer in the troubled hour,
Calming the mind in soft repose.
Music imparts a sacred glow—
Harmonious sounds by angels given
To sooth our rugged path below,
And waft the earth-bound soul to heaven!

Miscellanea.

Petrarch and Laura.—Hitherto the feelings of friendship had engrossed Petrarch: love had not robbed him of sleep, nor dimmed his eyes with tears; and he wondered to behold such weakness in others. Now at the age of twenty-three, after the fire of mere boyhood had evaporated, he felt the power of a violent and inextinguishable passion. At six in the morning, on the 6th of April, A. D. 1327, (he often fondly records the exact year, day, and hour,) on occasion of the festival of Easter, he visited the church of Sainte Claire, at Avignon, and beheld for the first time, Laura de Sade. She was just twenty years of age and in the bloom of beauty; a beauty so touching and heavenly, so irradiated by purity and smiling innocence, and so adorned by gentleness and modesty, that the first sight stamped the image in the poet's heart, never hereafter to be erased. Laura was the daughter of Audibert de Noves, a noble and a knight; she lost her father in her early youth, and, at the age of seventeen, her mother married her to Hugh de Sade, a young noble only a few years older than his bride. She was distinguished by her rank and fortune, but more by her loveliness, her sweetness, and the untainted purity of her life and manners in the midst of a society noted for its licentiousness. Now she is known as the subject of Petrarch's verses; as the woman who inspired an immortal passion, and, kindling into living fire the dormant sensibility of the poet, gave origin to the most beautiful and refined, the most passionate and yet the most delicate amatory poetry that exists in the world. Petrarch beheld the loveliness and sweetness of the young beauty, and was transfixed. He sought acquaintance with her; and, while the manners of the times prevented his entering her house, he enjoyed many opportunities of meeting her in society, and of conversing with her. He would have declared his love, but her reserve enforced silence. "She opened my breast," he writes, "and took my heart into her hand, saying, 'Speak no more of this.'" Yet the reverence inspired by her modesty and dignity was not always sufficient to restrain her lover; being alone with her lover, and she appearing more gracious than usual, Petrarch, on one occasion, tremblingly and fearfully confessed his passion, but she, with altered looks, replied, "I am not the person you take me for!" Her displeasure froze the very heart of the poet, so that he fled from her presence in grief and dismay. No attentions on his part could make any impression on her steady and virtuous mind. While love and youth drove him on, she remained impregnable and firm; and when she found that he still rushed wildly forward, she preferred forsaking, to following him to the precipice down which he would have hurried her. Meanwhile as he gazed on her angelic countenance, and saw purity painted on it, his love grew as spotless as herself. Love transforms the true lover into a resemblance of the object of his passion. In a town which was the asylum of vice, calumny never breathed a taint upon Laura's name; her actions, her words, the very expresssion of her countenance, and her slightest gestures were replete with a modest reserve combined with sweetness, and won the applause of all. The passion of Petrarch was purified and exalted at the same time. Laura filled him with noble aspirations, and divided him from the common herd. He felt that her influence made him superior to vulgar ambition, and rendered him wise, true, and great. She saved him in the dangerous period of youth, and gave a worthy aim to all his endeavours. The manners of his age permitted one solace, a Platonic attachment was the fashion of the day. The troubadours had each his lady to adore, to wait upon, and to celebrate in song, without its being supposed that she made any return beyond a gracious acceptance of his devoir, and the allowing him to make her the heroine of his verses. Petrarch endeavoured to merge the living passion of his soul into this airy and unsubstantial devotion. Laura permitted the homage; she perceived his merit, and was proud of his admiration; she felt the truth of his affection, and indulged the wish of preserving it and her own honour at the same time. Without her inflexibility, this had been a dangerous experiment; but she always kept her lover distant from her, rewarding his reserve by smiles, and repressing by frowns all the overflowings of his heart. By her resolute severity she incurred the danger of ceasing to be the object of his attachment, and of losing the gift of an immortal name, which he has conferred upon her. But Petrarch's constancy was proof against hopelessness and time. He had too fervent an admiration of her qualities ever to change; he controlled the vivacity of his feelings, and they became deeper rooted. The struggle cost him his peace of mind. From the moment that love had seized upon his heart the tenor of his life had changed. He fed upon tears, and took a fatal pleasure in complaints and sighs; his nights became sleepless, and the beloved name dwelt upon his lips during the hours of darkness. He desired death, and sought solitude, devouring there his own heart. He grew pale and thin, and the flower of youth faded before its time. The day began and ended in sorrow; the varieties of her behaviour towards him alone imparted joy or grief. He strove to flee and to forget; but her memory became and for ever remained the ruling law of his existence. From this time his poetic life is dated. He probably composed verses before he saw Laura; but none have been preserved except such as celebrate his passion. How soon, after seeing her, he began thus to pour forth his full heart cannot be told; probably love, which turns the man of the most prosaic temperament into a versifier, impelled him, at its birth, to give harmonious expression to the rush of thought and feeling that it created.

Charles Seymour, the Proud Duke of Somerset.—The princess whom he had served, and their ministers, seem to have been fully aware of his taste for pompous show and dignified ceremony, and studious to gratify it, for he was almost invariably appointed to act a principal part in every grand public solemnity which occurred during his life; and the loftiness of his temper and habits, the most exact high breeding, and a fine person and countenance, combined to qualify him peculiarly for such offices. Of his excessive haughtiness in private life, a multitude of instances, for the most part unworthy of being here repeated, have been preserved. We are told that his second duchess, who will be presently mentioned, having once familiarly tapped him on the shoulder with her fan, he started, and cried with great indignation,—"Madam, my first wife was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty." He exacted, too, the most profound respect from his children. It was one of the offices of his two youngest daughters to watch him in turn while he slept after dinner, but they were to stand without intermission. Indulging one afternoon in a longer portion of repose than usual, the fair sentinel became fatigued, and took a chair, when the duke, suddenly awaking, severely reprimanded her, and told her that he would make her remember her disobedience. He left £20,000 less to her than to her sister, and this has been, it is hoped falsely, ascribed to his resentment of that offence. His communication with his servants is said to have been conducted by signs, in perfect silence. His lady died in 1722, and the duke, after a widowhood of three years, married, in his grand climacteric, Charlotte, second daughter of Daniel Finch, Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham. From that period, he lived almost wholly in the country, residing chiefly at his mansion of Petworth, in Sussex, now the seat of his great grandson, the Earl of Egremont. In this retirement his objects and his pursuits seem gradually to have narrowed and dwindled into a constant series of efforts to prolong a life which, especially to one of his character, had teemed with so many blessings. Among the papers of Sir Hans Sloane, preserved in the British Museum, are numerous letters from the duke and duchess, and their attendants, to that celebrated physician, chiefly on the state of his grace's health, marked by an anxiety so intense and so extravagant as to be at once ridiculous and deplorable. Many of them are to press the doctors for remedies for a deafness that vexed him, the cause of which he seems at last himself shrewdly to have guessed; for in the year 1737, when he was seventy-five, the duchess thus concludes a long letter to Sir Hans:—"My lord desires his most humble service to you. He continues with thickness of hearing, which puts him in the spleen, fearing it proceeds from old age. He has been very seldom out of the house, and keeps his ears stopt with black wool, dipt in oil of vipers; mixed sometimes with palsy drops, sometimes with spirit of castor, and sometimes dipt only in oil of bitter almonds, but does not find advantage from either."—*Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs.*

Christianity Introduced into England.—It was in the year 597 that Christianity was introduced anew among the Anglo-Saxons. England was at that time one of the greatest European markets for slaves; whenever the Saxons felt the pressure of want, they had no hesitation in selling their children. They were extremely numerous in France; Bathilde, queen of Clovis II., had herself been a Saxon slave bought by a Frank. Anglo-Saxon slaves were exposed to sale in the markets of Rome. On one occasion, Gregory the Great, afterwards Pope, struck with the delicacy of their skins, and the beauty of their fair hair, asked of what nation they were. "They are Angles," (Angli,) said the merchant. "Say rather angels,"* said Gregory. "What is their birthplace?" "Deiri in Northumberland." "*Deira?* they must be rescued from the anger of God." Gregory's puns struck him as being a revelation, and he was no sooner seated in the Papal chair than he took measures for the conversion of Britain. He entrusted his task to the monk Augustin, afterwards created first Archbishop of Canterbury. The Roman priest set out, accompanied by forty missionaries, to whom England owed the knowledge of what was called christianity in the sixth century; that is, of the religion which it suited the church to promulgate. The conversion of England began with her kings, and the new faith descended to their subjects. It took root, and was established without persecution; nor was the change stained with the blood of a single martyr. The popular faith, if not very enlightened, was not the less lively; nor was it less efficacious in inclining those who embraced it to great sacrifices. A reputation for sanctity was easily obtained, especially by large donations to the church. It is, however, somewhat remarkable, that, during the heptarchy, seven Anglo-Saxon kings, seven queens, eight princes, and sixteen princesses of the blood received the honour of canonization. It is not less so, that, in the same period of time, ten kings and eleven queens laid aside a crown to devote themselves to a monastic life.—*Sismondi's Fall of the Roman Empire.*

* "Non, imo, Angli sed Angeli."

A Chinese Bazaar.—Foreigners are only permitted to visit a particular quarter of the city of Canton, in which there is little to see except the curious figures which inhabit it; and the multitudinous assortment of fancy goods exposed for sale in the shops. No place in the world can be so tempting as a Chinese bazaar; and we must question the wisdom which excludes European ladies from a sight of the irresistible articles, in every possible shape, which it contains. The glimpse afforded by the best stocked warehouses in London, give but a faint idea of the splendour, beauty, ingenuity, and delicacy displayed in the manufactories of this industrious race, in silk, gold, silver, ivory, tortoise-shell, wood, lacquer, and paper. Those white, thick, velvety leaves of the latter, so much in esteem for paintings, both in Europe and Asia, and which in England go under the name of rice, are made from the pith of a tree, which in India also is used for many ornamental purposes, though with less skill than by the dexterous fingers of the Chinese. Rice is employed for a very different purpose, it being moulded into a composition resembling stone, of which a great many descriptions of knick-knackery are made, a manufacture in which the Chinese, beyond any other nation, excel. Their toys are the most ingenious things imaginable; and, though the mechanism by which they are made to move about is exceedingly clumsy, and liable to get out of order, the imitation of men and animals is so exact, as to put to shame the dolls and horses of the most celebrated makers of London or Paris.—*Fisher's Views in India.*

The Far West.—In the often-vaunted regions of the Far West, several hundred miles beyond the Mississippi, extends a vast tract of uninhabited country, where there is neither to be seen the log-house of the white man nor the wigwam of the Indian. It consists of great grassy plains, interspersed with forests and groves and clumps of trees, and watered by the Arkansas, the Grand Canadian, the Red River, and all their tributary streams. Over these fertile and verdant wastes still roam the elk, the buffalo, and the wild horse, in all their native freedom. These, in fact, are the hunting-grounds of the various tribes of the Far West. Thither repair the Osage, the Creek, the Delaware, and other tribes that have linked themselves with civilization, and live within the vicinity of the white settlements. Here resort also the Pawnees, the Comanches, and other fierce and as yet independent tribes, the nomades of the prairies, or the inhabitants of the skirts of the Rocky Mountains. The region I have mentioned forms a debateable ground of these warring and vindictive tribes. None of them presume to erect a permanent habitation within its borders. Their hunters and "braves" repair thither in numerous bodies during the season of game; throw up their transient encampments, formed of light bowers, branches, and skins; commit hasty slaughter among the innumerable herds that graze the prairies; and, having loaded themselves with venison and buffalo meat, retreat rapidly from the dangerous neighbourhood. These expeditions partake always of a warlike character; the hunters are always armed for action, offensive and defensive, and are bound to practice incessant vigilance. Should they in their excursions meet the hunters of an adverse tribe, savage conflicts take place. Their encampments, too, are always subject to be surprised by wandering war parties, and their hunters, when scattered in pursuit of game, to be captured or massacred by lurking foes. Mouldering skulls and skeletons, bleaching in some dark ravine, or near the traces of a hunting-camp, occasionally mark the scene of a foregone act of blood, and let the wanderer know the dangerous nature of the region he is traversing.—*Washington Irving's Tour on the Prairies.*

The Osage and Creek Indians.—Near by these was a group of Osages; stately fellows; stern and simple in garb and aspect. They wore no ornaments, and their dress consisted merely of blankets, leathern leggings, and mocassins. Their heads were bare, their hair was cropped close, except a bristling ridge on the top, like the crest of a hemlet, with a long scalp-lock hanging behind. They had fine Roman countenances, and broad deep chests; and, as they generally wore their blankets wrapped round their loins, so as to leave the bust and arms bare, they looked like so many bronze figures. The Osages are the finest looking Indians I have seen in the west. They have not yielded sufficiently, as yet, to the influence of civilization, to lay by their simple Indian garb, or to lose the habits of the hunter and the warrior, and their poverty prevents their indulging in much luxury of apparel. In contrast to these was a gaily dressed party of Creeks. There is something, at the first glance, quite oriental in the appearance of this tribe. They dress in calico hunting-shirts of various brilliant colours, decorated with bright fringes, and belted with broad girdles embroidered with beads; they have leggings of dressed deerskins, or of green or scarlet cloth, with embroidered knee-bands and tassals. Their mocassins are fancifully wrought and ornamented, and they wear gaudy handkerchiefs tastefully bound round their heads. * * * Hoping to reach the encampment of the rangers before nightfall, we pushed on until twilight, when we were obliged to halt on the borders of a ravine. The rangers bivouacked under trees, at the bottom of the dell, while we pitched our tent on a rocky knoll near a running stream. The night came on dark and overcast, with flying clouds, and much appearance of rain. The fires of the rangers burnt brightly in the dell, and threw strong masses of light upon the robber-looking groups that were cooking, eating, and drinking around them. To add to the wildness of the scene, several Osage Indians, visitors from the village we had passed, were mingled among the men. Three of them came and seated themselves by our fire. They watched every thing that was going on around them in silence, and looked like figures of monumental bronze. We gave them food, and what they most relished, coffee; for the Indians partake in the universal fondness for this beverage which pervades the west. When they had made their supper, they stretched themselves side by side before the fire, and began a low nasal chant, drumming with their hands upon their breasts, by way of accompaniment. Their chant seemed to consist of regular staves, every one terminating, not in a melodious cadence, but in the abrupt interjection, hah! uttered almost like a hiccup. This chant, we were told by our interpreter, Beatte, related to ourselves, our appearance, our treatment of them, and all they knew of our plans. In one part they spoke of the young count, whose animated character and eagerness for Indian enterprise had struck their fancy; and they indulged in some waggery about him and the young Indian beauties, that produced great merriment among our half-breeds. This mode of improvising is common throughout the savage tribes; and, in this way, with a few simple inflections of the voice, they chant all their exploits in war and hunting, and occasionally indulge in a vein of comic humour and dry satire, to which the Indians appear to me much more prone than is generally imagined.—*Washington Irving's Tour on the Prairies.*

Father O'Flannaghan's Advice to his Pupil.—The great object of existence is the acquisition of power. Gain this, conscientiously, if you can; but, at all events, gain it—for the world respects you solely for your influence; it has neither leisure nor inclination to canvass the means by which you gained it. Remember, also, that man is the natural prey of man, and that if you refrain from turning your friend to a rational and profitable account, you will do him no service, but yourself much injury, for some other less fastidious individual will be sure to step into your position. But, whatever you do, be it with friend or foe, always do it in, what Englishmen call, "a business-like fashion," for the word "business" has a talismanic virtue, and, like charity, covereth a multitude of rogueries. Moreover, in your intercourse with society, be careful to reserve your smiles for those above, and your frowns for those beneath you." If, however, you cannot reconcile it to your innate sense of virtue to be perpetually flattering your superiors, you can easily make up matters with your conscience, by telling truths by wholesale to your inferiors.—*The Exile of Erin.*

Toryism in Canada.—A feeling of toryism pervaded most people in the Canadas I came in contact with, more especially those lately arrived from Britain. Whig and Radical in the mother country, after becoming possessed of a few acres of forest in Canada, seem to consider themselves part of the aristocracy, and speak with horror of the people and liberality. Politicians are too seldom influenced by patriotism and philanthropy; changing opinions as they do garments, according to fashion and interest.—*Shirreff's Tour through North America.*

The American Congress.—The Senate is the American House of Lords, and consists of forty-eight senators, or two from each state. Their hall is much smaller, and in many respects inferior to the other, though fitted up nearly upon the same plan. It looks more clean and polished than the House of Representatives, and inspires that kind of respect which every similar assembly ought to produce. This impression is far from being diminished on seeing the respective senators take their places. Each of them has an arm-chair and a writing-table. All are uncovered, and support the dignity of statesmen. In America, the greatest orators and statesmen are generally elected members of Congress. This post of honour, so much courted by every American citizen, is, therefore seldom filled by men destitute of talents: they must show their ability in some way or other to attract the notice of the people. This explains a singular circumstance, that, in a commercial country like the United States, where the wealthy merchant is the only aristocrat, that he is very rarely elected member of the Congress. On the other hand, we find lawyers occupying the chief places in the legislative body, and standing foremost on the list of statesmen. In illustration of my assertion, I need only examine the returns of senators for the twenty-third Congress. I there find, out of forty-eight members, no fewer than thirty-nine lawyers: the remainder are three doctors, one India agent, one proprietor of a newspaper, one ex-governor of a state, one farmer, one mechanic, and one solitary merchant. In the Lower House, also, the proportion of lawyers is much larger than that of any other class of citizens. The representatives of the Lower House are elected by the people; the Senate by the Legislature of each state. A senator is seldom elected until he has been a member of the Lower House for some time; and none can, constitutionally, fill the senatorial chair, till he has reached the age of thirty; but at twenty-five a person is competent to become member of the other house. The Senate is composed of men distinguished as orators and politicians, the pride, in fact, of America. Talents more consummate than in this Senate have seldom been united in one point, either in ancient or modern times. Many of the senators are well known in Europe, such as Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and others, who are distinguished models among modern orators and statesmen.—*Arfwedson's United States.*

Slave Auction in the United States.—In Richmond, the capital of Virginia, Mr. Arfwedson witnessed the sale of some slaves by public auction, one of whom, poor Betsy, appeared to feel her situation deeply. She had an infant, three years of age, that constantly engaged her affectionate eyes, except when commanded by some to look up; for speculators went round inspecting them as if they had been horses; their teeth, eyes, feet, shoulders, and sides were examined and pronounced upon. Betsy and her child had the honour of occupying the first place on the catalogue, although a variety of articles were entered for sale, such as pots, pans, beds, chairs, and books. "A woman to be disposed of!" commenced the auctioneer, with a loud voice; "Who will start a price? She is an excellent woman, without blemishes! And a boy into the bargain! what shall I say for mother and son? Two hundred and fifty dollars. I thank you, sir. Two hundred and fifty dollars once. Will any person give more than two hundred and fifty? Why, gentlemen, this is as cheap as cattle; look at her eyes, limbs, &c. Shall I say two hundred and sixty? Much obliged to you. Two hundred and sixty are offered, once. Two hundred and seventy-five dollars did I hear? Gentlemen, it is the cheapest lot I ever sold. Only two hundred and eighty dollars for the best cook, laundress and seamstress? Is she to be knocked down for a paltry two hundred and eighty dollars. Going for two hundred and eighty dollars. Three hundred dollars, two voices: I am glad to see you get into the spirit, gentlemen. Three hundred and ten is offered, once. Three hundred and thirty—three hundred and thirty-five—three hundred and forty: going for three hundred and forty. Really, gentlemen, I am astonished; allow an experienced cook to be sacrificed for three hundred and forty dollars! By Jupiter and all the gods of Olympus! such a woman as this for the trifling sum of three hundred and forty dollars! I beg you for a moment to reflect, gentlemen! and a boy into the bargain!" Here the auctioneer was stopped by one of the buyers, a man whose features from the beginning had inspired me with horror, and who now, with the indifference and sang froid of a real assassin, made the following observation:—"The boy is good for nothing; he is not worth a day's feed. If I buy the mother, I will sell the brat immediately, at a cheap rate, to the first comer." I cast a glance at the unfortunate mother, to observe what effect this barbarous expression might produce. She uttered not a word; but her countenance denoted profound grief and resignation. The auctioneer continued:—"Three hundred and forty dollars—three hundred and fifty, three hundred and fifty dollars—a better woman has never come under the hammer, I feel well satisfied—three hundred and fifty dollars for a woman worth at least six hundred dollars—three hundred and sixty dollars—going for three hundred and sixty dollars—three hundred and sixty dollars once, twice,—going for three hundred and sixty—for three hundred and sixty—going—going—going—for three hundred and sixty dollars—three hundred and sixty dollars, I say—make up your minds, gentlemen—you will lose her—going—going—gone. She is yours for three hundred and sixty dollars." A blow with the hammer concluded the bargain; the victim descended from the table, and the buyer carried her off.—*The United States and Canada.*

Test of Ill Breeding.—The swaggerer is invariably an imposter; the man who calls loudest for the waiter, who treats him worst, and who finds more fault than any body else in the room, when the company is mixed, will always turn out to be the man of all others the least entitled, either by rank or intelligence, to give himself airs. People who are conscious of what is due to them never display irritability or impetuosity. Their manners ensure civility, their civility ensures respect; but the blockhead, or the coxcomb, fully aware that something more than ordinary is necessary to produce an effect, is sure, whether in clubs or coffee rooms, to be the most fastidious and captious of the community, the most restless and irritable amongst his equals, and the most cringing and subservient before his superiors.—*T. Hook's "Gilbert Gurney."*