# The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No 1607.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1849.

VOL. XXII.—NO. 4.



## The Observer.

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



## MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

### NOTICE

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of WILLIAM SCOTT, Esquire, late of the Parish of Sussex, King's County, Farmer, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within Three Months from this date; and all those indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to the subscribers.

ROBERT SCOTT, Jun. } *Executors.*
WILLIAM O. A. SCOTT, }
Sussex, 7th May, 1849.

### Administration Notice.

ALL Persons having any demands against the Estate of John Landerkin, late of the Parish of Portland, in the County of Saint John, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned, for payment; and all persons indebted to the said Estate, are hereby required to make immediate payment to

WM. WRIGHT,
*Sole Administrator in New-Brunswick.*
St. John, 26th February, 1849.

NOTICE is hereby given, that all Persons having claims against the Estate of the late GEORGE F. GOVE, formerly Merchant of this City, are requested to forward the same, duly attested, within Six Months from this date, to John Gardner, Peters' Wharf, St. John; and all Persons indebted to the said Estate, are required to discharge the same forthwith.

JOHN GARDNER,
E. LLOYD,
*Executors of the late* George F. Gove
St. John, 17th February, 1849.

### NOTICE

IS hereby given, that I have appointed Messrs. W. & G. Ritchie to act as my Attornies, and to settle the affairs of the Estate of the late James Robertson, deceased; and all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to them, and all persons having any claims against the said Estate, will please hand them in to my said Attornies for adjustment.

CHARLOTTE ANN ROBERTSON.
Sole Executrix of the Estate of the late James Robertson.
Dated ninth day of February, A. D. 1849.

### NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Stephen Humbert, Esquire, late of the City of Saint John, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within six months from this date, and all Persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment.

MARY HUMBERT, *Administratrix.*
JOHN HUMBERT, } *Administrators.*
STEPHEN GEROW, }
St. John, February 21, 1849.

### NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having this day assigned unto his Son, ROBERT NISBET, all his Stock of Furniture, Materials and Tools, &c. &c., the Cabinet Making and Upholstery Business heretofore conducted in the name of Thomas Nisbet & Son, will in future be carried on by the said Robert Nisbet, on his own account, upon the same premises.

All the outstanding debts due to and owing by the late firm of Thomas Nisbet & Son, will be collected and settled by the Subscriber.

THOMAS NISBET.
Saint John, N. B. 1st Sept. 1848.

May 1st, 1849.

## SPRING GOODS!

Received per *Infanta* and *Portland* from Liverpool, and *Lisbon* from London—

AN assortment of Gents' Silk and Paris HATS, Broad CLOTHS, Kerseys, CASSIMERES, CACHMERETTS,
Doeskins, Drills, Cantoons and Moleskins,
Stocks, Braces, Vests and Drawers,
Blue and White Cotton WARPS, Flannels,
Furniture Prints, Moreens, Damask, Dimity and Fringes,
Grey, White and Printed COTTONS,
Sheetings, Shirtings, Muslins, Linens, Lawns,
Cambrics, Canvas, Duck and Holland,
HOSIERY and GLOVES of all kinds,
Gimps, Fringes and Artificial Flowers,
Fancy SHAWLS, Hdkfs, and Neck Ties,
Worked Collars and Habit Shirts,
PARASOLS, Umbrellas, Nets and Laces,
Fancy Bonnet and Cap RIBBONS,
A variety of new DRESS MATERIALS, in Mohairs, Glacies, Checks, Coburgs, Silks, Satins, Orientals, &c. &c.
Which, together with Four Thousand Pairs of BOOTS and SHOES, are offered at the very lowest market prices. W. G. LAWTON.

## Tremendous Sacrifice ON DRY GOODS.

## LEEDS HOUSE,

*PRINCE WM. STREET.*

AFTER the 10th of May the whole of the STOCK on hand, including this Spring's Importation, will be offered at a *Great Reduction* in price, with a view to clearing off the whole as early as possible.

Purchasers "*with Cash*" will find this one of the most desirable opportunities ever offered.

The Stock consists of a choice assortment of seasonable GOODS, in part of the following—

Cap and Bonnet Flowers, Ribbons, Parasols in Brown and Fancy; Bonnets in Pearl, Rice, Luton, Tuscan, and whole Straws; Muslins, Printed Cottons, Gro de Naples, Orientals, Damask Silks, Satins and Satinetts, Neck Ties; of GLOVES a large assortment, Hearth Rugs, Druggets and Carpets, Gimps, Muslin Collars, Tarlatan Muslins, DeLaines, Coburgs and Orleans, Gauze Lisses, Broad Cloths, Kerseymeres, Hosiery, Haberdashery, Small Wares, Union Damasks, Moreens, Gipsy and Jenny Lind Hats, &c., &c.

BENJAMIN CROWTHER.
May 1, 1849—2¦

## LONDON HOUSE, MARKET SQUARE.

### SPRING IMPORTATIONS.

*From London, Manchester, and Glasgow, per* "Lisbon," and "Infanta,"

—CONSISTING OF—

RICH Fancy, and Plain DRESS GOODS, in different styles and qualities of Brilliants, Glaciers, Mohairs, Delaines, Coburghs, Orleans, Organdies, and Colored Muslins;
Black and Colored Shot GROS-DE-NAPS and SATINS;
SHAWLS and Handkerchiefs, Laces, Gloves, and HOSIERY;
RIBBONS, PARASOLS, UMBRELLAS,
Grey, White, and Printed COTTONS,
Sheetings, Shirtings, Muslins, Linens,
Lawns, Towelling, Osnaburghs,
Canvas, Duck, &c.
BROAD CLOTHS, Kerseymeres, Doeskins,
VESTINGS, Drills, Cantoons, and Moleskins,
COTTON WARPS,
FISHING THREADS,, &c. &c.
With the usual assortment of Small Wares—all of which are now offered, Wholesale and Retail, at very low prices.
April 24, 1849. T. W. DANIEL

## Spring Importations.

Received per *Infanta, Portland,* and *Lisbon,* and to arrive per *Ant* from Glasgow—A large assortment of GOODS suitable for the season—consisting of

NEW Styles DRESS MATERIALS, in Mohairs, Glacies, Brilliants, Cashmeres,
Coburgs, MUSLINS, Organdies, Balzerines, GINGHAMS,
SILKS, SATINS, and Orientals,
Shawls, HDKFS, and Fancy NECK TIES,
LACES, Netts, QUILLINGS and Edgings,
Gloves, HOSIERY, Umbrellas and Parasols,
BROAD CLOTHS, Fancy DOESKINS, and CASSIMERES,
Cassinett, Tweeds, Russel Cords and Cashmerettes,
Plain and Fancy Bonnet and Cap Ribbons,
Linens, Lawns, Diapers and Twilling,
Gray, White and Printed Cottons,
Gent's Silk, Beaver and Paris HATS,
Ladies' and Children's STRAW BONNETS, in great variety.
Tailors' Trimmings, Cotton Warp.
Which are offered at very low prices, wholesale and retail.
May 1. J. & H. FOTHERBY.

## LADIES' BOOTS.

*Ex* Infanta, and other late arrivals:

LADIES' Cashmere, Albert Cord, and Fancy colored Pruncella BOOTS, neatly Captor Vamped—some all Pruncella;
Ladies' Black Satin, Kid, Armazine, Coburg, Pruncella, and Patent Leather SLIPPERS;
Girls' strong Anklestrap TIES and other description SHOES; Evening Slippers, &c.
Gents. Cloth Oxonian and Blucher BOOTS; Gents. Walking PUMPS; also, Gents. strong BOOTEES—which will be sold very cheap, *at the Brunswick Shoe Store.* FAULKE & HENNIGAR.
May 8th, 1849.

## SHIPS' PROVISIONS.

*Landing this day ex Schr's. "Olevia" and "Beverly":—*

20 BARRELS Extra Mess } BEEF,
15 do. Mess }
18 do. Prime }
25 do. Prime PORK,
20 do. Mess do.
40 do. Extra Navy } BREAD.
20 do. Pilot }

For Sale at low sale, by
GEORGE THOMAS,
June 19th, 1849. *South Mkt. Wharf.*

## Whiting, Paint, Alum, &c.

*Ex Brig John & Isabella from Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

5 TONS WHITING, in brls and hhds.;
2 do. COPPERAS,
4 do. LAMPBLACK, 2 do. ALUM,
3 do. Washing SODA, in all sized packages;
100 kegs finest No. 1 WHITE LEAD,
100 bags SHOT, from 4 to A.
For sale at low rates, by H. G. KINNEAR,
*Hammond's Buildings,* 20 *Dock-street.*
May 22.

THIS preparation has now stood the test of several years' trial, and is confidently recommended as a safe and effectual medicine for expelling worms from the system. The unexampled success that has attended its administration in every case where the patient was really afflicted with worms, certainly renders it worthy the attention of Physicians.

*Lowell, Mass., April 2d,* 1844.

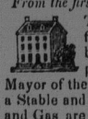
I have a child six years of age, who has been troubled with worms for some time past, and I have endeavoured to obtain a specific, but have found nothing that could be relied upon, until *Fahnestock's Vermifuge* was recommended to me by a friend. I procured a bottle, and gave it according to directions, and in less than three hours my child passed seventeen large worms. I subsequently gave it two other doses, and it passed in all about one hundred worms. I also gave one tea-spoonful of it to a child three years old, and to my surprise it brought away more than a hundred fine worms, in less than two hours from the time I administered it. AMASA WOODWARD.
*Moody Street.*

☞ A Supply of the above valuable Medicine constantly on hand, and for Sale by the subscribers whole sale and retail.

THOMAS WALKER & SON
St. John, June 5, 1849.

## TO LET,

*From the first of May next, for one or more years:*



THAT pleasantly situated and well finished HOUSE, in Germain street, belonging to the Subscriber, and at present occupied by His Worship the Mayor of the City. W. H. Street, Esq.—There is a Stable and Coach-house in the rear; both Water and Gas are taken into the House; and there is also a well of water in the Cellar. The House is 40 by 30 feet, two stories and a basement.—Apply to THOMAS NISBET.


## The Garland.

### FLOWERS IN THE CITY.

Flowers! buy flowers! and cheaply too,
In their rainbow colours glancing!
They were pluck'd when the silver dew
Within each fairy cup was dancing,
All through the rosy matin hours,
Flowers! buy flowers!

Here is the Columbine, whose horn
Offers to the bee a flowing brimmer,
Conceivably, that even with the morn,
And close when rival stars begin to glimmer
In the pale sky; and with the Woodbine wreathed,
That smells as though an angel near us breathed.

For you the Fuschia drops its bells,
The chaste Tuberose its perfume sheddeth;
For you were born these Asphodels,
And the rich bloom the Poppy spreadeth:
Things all so bright and fair, that sure
This earth hath a beauteous garniture.

Busy man with clouded brow,
Maybap a sister's cheek doth borrow
Too much of the Lilly's wanness, and even now
For childhood's joys long past doth sorrow;
Oh! place these Roses in the sunless room,
To glad the sick one with their sweet perfume.

Woman, whose sad looks may tell
Of a fond one from thee taken,
Repress thy bosom's passioned swell,
Feel not utterly forsaken,
Kiss these blossoms; he who made
Their forms so exquisite will be thine aid.

And ye who toil in the great City,
Cordwellers all with wo and want,
By vice removed from human pity,
Should these flowers reach one squalid haunt,
Let your hearts soften while you see them shine,
And hear them whisper of a Love Divine!

## Miscellaneous.

### MARIA LOUISA.

A darker day never enveloped in its gloom the Austrian monarchy, than when the beleaguering hosts of Napoleon encompassed Vienna, and from their encircling batteries were showering shot and shell upon the doomed city. The armies of Austria, in repeated conflicts, had been mown down and scattered by the resistless conqueror. As the eagles of Napoleon glittered upon the hills which overlook the city, the Royal family, with the "hot haste" which terror inspires, had fled far off into the wilds of Hungary. It is midnight. The sky is streaked with the fiery projectiles which, like meteors of death, are descending into the thronged and dismayed metropolis. Flames are bursting forth in every part of the city. All hearts are frozen with terror. There is no place of refuge. Red hot balls crush their way through dwellings of brick and stone. Shells explode in the cradle of the infant, and upheaving the most massy dwellings, bury their mangled inmates beneath their ruins. The clamors of two hundred thousand combatants fill the midnight air, and mingle with the thunders of one of the most awful bombardments earth has ever witnessed.

In one of the chambers of the royal palace there lies a maiden, sixteen years of age, the daughter of the king. Her father and mother, in the consternation of their flight, were compelled to leave behind them their sick child. Her cheek is flushed with fever, and again paled with terror as the uproar of the assault, like angry thunder, fills the air. The glare of bursting shells and the flames of the spreading conflagration, portentously gleam through the windows, upon the eye of the sick and terrified sufferer. She in vain buries her head beneath the bedclothes to shut out the horrid cries of the assailants and the shrieks of the wounded.

In the midst of this most dreadful scene, the gates of the city are suddenly thrown open, and a small party emerge, and with a flag of truce pass through the embattled hosts till they approach the presence of Napoleon. They inform him of the situation and peril of the princess. He instantly orders the direction of every gun to be changed, which might endanger her person. The flag of truce again retires within the walls, and the awful bombardment continues. For ten long hours this terrific storm of iron descends upon the city, till three thousand shells have filled its streets with ruins and with blood. But Maria Louisa remains upon her bed unharmed, though other parts of her father's palace are blown from their foundations. Little did she imagine in the consternation of that dreadful night, that it was her future husband who was thus raining down destruction upon her father's capital. And little did the plebian conqueror imagine, as he compassionately changed the direction of his guns, that this maiden was to be the Queen of France, and that by this bombardment he was wooing and winning for his bride a daughter of the Cæsars.

A daughter of the Cæsars! What a mysterious influence there is in ancestral renown! Napoleon even, the creator of his crown, the fabricator of his own glory, was dazzled by its glare. Maria Louisa was a lineal descendant of the proudest monarchs of Rome. The blood which circulated in her veins had passed to her from the Cæsars, and through the heroic heart of Maria Theresa. She had been cradled and nurtured amidst scenes of moral sublimity and regal magnificence, which, one would think, would give an impress of grandeur even to the meanest. Surely then, her spirit must be animated with all that is lofty and ennobling in human character. Alas, it was not so! She was nothing more than a mild, amiable, pretty girl, utterly incapable of cherishing an idea of magnanimity or of heroism. She was endowed, by nature, only with those qualities which were most commonplace and earthly, and was entirely unqualified to act a noble part in the lofty drama through which she was destined to move.

Napoleon, despairing of offspring from Josephine, and consumed with the most intense desire to have an heir who should inherit his glory and perpetuate his name, resolves to sever the ties which bind him to Josephine, the wife of his youth, and to obtain a more youthful bride from the subservient monarchies around him. He hoped thus to secure an heir in whose person should be allied all that was glorious in his own achievements, and all that is illustrious in exalted descent. The repudiation of Josephine, strong as were the political motives which led to it, is the darkest stain upon the character of Napoleon. And, like all wrong doing, however seemingly prosperous for a time, it promoted final disaster and woe. A pique originating in this marriage, alienated Alexander of Russia from the French Emperor, and hence the campaign of Moscow, and the imprisonment of St. Helena. When the design of Napoleon was known, every Court in Europe was emulous of the honor of such an alliance. The Bourbons, in their exile, would gladly furnish a princess of the blood royal, as a bride for the mighty conqueror. The Russian Court proffers any of its high born maidens to the acceptance of the master spirit at whose frown all Europe trembles. And the Austrian monarchy, the proudest of all earthly dynasties, eagerly seeks alliance with the soldier of fortune, who has twice entered its capital in triumph, and reposed with his plebian marshals, in its palace. After much deliberation Napoleon decided to accept the alliance of Austria. Proposals were made for Maria Louisa, and eagerly accepted. Maria was then nineteen years of age, and was most happy to be honored as the bride of one who had filled the world with his renown. Napoleon was forty-two. On the 12th of March, 1810, apparently without emotion, she left the palaces of her fathers, surrounded by all the pomp the Austrian monarchy could confer, to meet her future husband. As the long train of carriages left Vienna the people gazed mournfully upon the scene. Maria Antoinette, the last princess Austria had furnished for the throne of France, but a few years before had perished miserably upon the scaffold. The populace were only preventing the departure. The gorgeous procession proceeded on its way towards the frontiers of France. Napoleon had never yet seen the bride who was coming to meet him. "She is not beautiful," he said, as he gazed upon her miniature, "but she is a daughter of the Cæsars!"

When Maria arrived at the Rhine, her Austrian attendants left her, and she was received by the French nation, and conducted towards Paris with the highest possible accompaniments of imperial splendor. The bells rang their merriest pearls of congratulation. The Austrian and the tri-colored flag floated in friendly embrace from every tower. Triumphant arches, illuminated cities, and civic and military processions greeted her progress, while the horses of her chariot buried their hoofs in the beds of roses which were spread over her path. France, then in the zenith of its pride and intoxicated with glory from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, resounded with all the expressions and demonstrations of rejoicing. Napoleon met her near Compeigne. Springing from his own carriage he eagerly leaped into that of the Empress; and, entirely regardless of all the restraints and etiquette of courts, folded her in his embrace with the most youthful impetuosity. The postilions were ordered to drive upon the gallop to the palace of Compeigne. This unexpected ardor was not at all unwelcomed to Maria, and a few hours in the society of her imperial husband invested her with such queenly ease and affability, that she could hardly be recognized by her former attendants. The marriage ceremony was celebrated with the utmost splendor at St. Cloud, and never before nor since has Paris resounded with such an uproar of rejoicing, as when Napoleon led his youthful bride into those apartments of the Tuilleries, from which Josephine, but three months before, had been so cruelly ejected. Four queens held the bridal train of Maria Louisa, and the ambassadors of all the Courts of Europe revolving around her as their central luminary. But who can tell how dismally these rejoicings fell upon the ear of Josephine, as she sat weeping in her deserted chamber.

In one year from that time Maria was placed upon that mysterious couch of suffering, from which no regal wealth or splendor can purchase exemption. Her pains were long protracted and anguish dreadful. The attendant physicians, in the utmost trepidation, informed Napoleon that the life of the mother or the child must be sacrificed. "Save the mother," said Napoleon; but, perceiving they had lost their presence of mind, in view of the peril of so illustrious a patient, he immediately added, "Do as you would with the wife of the humblest tradesman in the Rue St. Denis." The physicians, re-assured, returned to their duty, and the crisis was passed.

The birth of this child was an event which had been anticipated by all France with the most sincere interest. It had been previously announced that the cannon of the Invalids should proclaim the advent of the expected heir to the throne. If the child were a princess, twenty-one guns were to be fired, if a prince one hundred. At six o'clock in the morning of March, 1810, all Paris was aroused by the deep booming of those heavy guns, reverberating over the city in annunciation of the arrival of the stranger. Every ear was on the alert. The slumberers were roused from their pillows, and silence pervaded all the streets of the busy metropolis, as the vast throngs stood motionless to count the tidings which those explosions were thundering into their ears. The heart of the great capital ceased to beat, and in all her glowing veins the current of life stood still.

When the twenty-first gun had been fired, the interest was intense, beyond all conception. The gunners delayed for a moment the next discharge, and all Paris stood breathless in suspense. The next moment, the guns, doubly loaded, pealed forth the most welcome announcement, and, from the entire city, one universal roar of acclamation rose and blended with their thunders. Never was an earthly monarch greeted with more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage. The birth of the King of Rome, how illustrious! The thoughtful mind will pause and muse upon the striking contrast furnished by his death. Who could then have imagined that his renowned father would perish a prisoner in a dilapidated stable in St. Helena; and that this child, a nation's idol, would linger through a few short years of neglect and sorrow, and sink into a forgotten grave.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Effect of Music as Remembrance.—The evening bell of a village church sounds cheering and hospitable to every ear, and vividly do its strokes bring back to our recollection, with the days of infancy, our birth place, the place where we learned to know our first joy, our first sorrow; for if certain sounds act on the nerves, those which remind us of the past, which express a sentiment and reveal a feeling, must have an effect of a higher kind upon the soul. It would be difficult to mark the limit where the operation upon the senses and that upon the soul begins or ends. These are mysteries which lie beyond the surface of our attainments, but of which we have, however, many indubitable proofs. Melodies which we heard in our childhood, a song—the poorest as music or poetry—if it brings to our mind recollections of earlier and happier times, if it reminds us of places and occurrences, or more still of persons whose memory lies near to our heart, who can doubt that its effect will be powerful, and a thousand times more so than a composition infinitely richer, more regular, more harmonious and scientific? The "Rans des Vaches" is originally nothing but a melody composed of the three notes of a chord, played by the shepherd upon the horn of a cow, and is scarcely more than a signal of the cowherd of the Alps; hence its name "Kuhreignen" in German; "Rans des Vaches" in French. Its charms, therefore, are not in its music, but in the recollections of home and infancy. Its sounds, like those of "Erin-go-brah" or "Lochaber no more," speak more strongly to the memory and to the heart than to the ear. At these accents, as by enchantment, past years, with all their joy and sorrow, rise as from the tomb, and surround like phantoms the imagination of the exile. National airs are, in this respect most deeply affecting, and volumes upon volumes might be filled with facts gathered in the Irish and Scotch regiments, in the American and Peninsular wars, in India, and elsewhere, of their wonderful effect when heard in a foreign land. Soldiers and settlers feel, according to the character of the melody, raised to the utmost excitement, or moved to the deepest dejection. "We were at a ball a few days ago," wrote a young Scotchman from one of the islands in the Pacific Ocean; "we danced, and were happy; when, all at once, to please me, a Scotch tune was struck up. It seized me with such power that I was quite overcome; I could stand it no longer, and was obliged to leave the company, in order to hide my tears and my emotion." How deeply a simple tune, heard in our youth, can strike into the recollection of the past days of our existence, is illustrated in a remarkable instance which happened in the Glasgow Lunatic Asylum, and which was told to the author by the very persons concerned in it. Some patients in the ladies' ward met in the evening in the room of the matron. They took tea, sang, and were cheerful. A Scoth song, however, disturbed the harmony of the party: it caused such violent emotion in one of the patients that they were obliged to remove her from the company. The following day she came to see the matron, and said—"Do you know why I wept so much yesterday in hearing that song? It reminded me of some circumstances of which I had long since lost all recollection." Gradually, in retracing, step by step, occurrences and events of long forgotten years, she came to a clear understanding and sound appreciation of her own situation, and not many weeks passed before she was restored to health and to her family.—*Dr. Mainzer's Music and Education.*

How to Settle a Breach of Promise of Marriage.—A curious instance of a lady availing herself, in 1840, of the right to appear by champion in a breach of promise of marriage case, is mentioned in the memoirs of the Marechal de Vielville. The husband of Phillippe de Montespedon having died in Piedmont without issue, she was left a young, rich, and beautiful widow, and was sought in marriage by several noble suitors. Amongst these was the Marquis de Saluces, to whose attentions she seemed to listen favourably, and she permitted him to accompany her from Turin to Paris. It turned out, however, that the sly dame merely wished to have the advantage of his escort on the journey; and when she arrived at its termination, she cavalierly dismissed him, saying—"Adieu, sir! your lodging is at the hotel des Ursins, and mine at the hostel Saint Denis, close to that of the Augustins." The Marquis still persisted in his suit; but as Phillippe continued obdurate, he asserted that she had made him a formal promise of marriage, and cited her to appear before the court of parliament. She came there, attended by a numerous company of friends, and having been desired by the President to hold up her hand, she was asked whether she had ever promised marriage to the Marquis, who was then present in court. She answered upon her honor that she had not; and when the court proceeded to press her with further questions, she exclaimed with passionate warmth,—"Gentlemen, I never was in a court of justice before; and this makes me fear that I may not answer properly. But to put a stop to all captious cavilling and word-catching, I swear in the face of this assembly to God and the King,—to God under pain of eternal damnation to my soul; and to the King under the penalty of loss of honour and life,—that I have never given pledge or promise of marriage to the Marquis de Saluces, and what is more, that I never thought of such a thing in my life. And if there is any one who will assert the contrary, here is my chevalier whom I offer to maintain my words, which he knows are entirely true, and uttered by the lips of a lady of honour, if ever there was one. And this I do, trusting in God and my good right, that he will prove the plaintiff to be (begging the pardon of the court) a villainous liar." This spirited defiance caused no little sensation in the audience; and the president told the registrar that he might put up his papers, for Madame la Marechale had taken another and much shorter road towards settling the dispute. Then, addressing the Marquis, he asked, "Well, sir, what say you to this challenge?" But the love, as well as the valour of the latter, was fast oozing away; and the craven knight answered by a very decided negative. "I want not," said he, "to take a wife by force; and if she does not wish to have me, I do not wish to have her." And so, making a low obeisance to the court, he prudently retired, and the fair Phillippe heard no more of his pretensions to her hand.—*Hortensius, by W. Forsyth, Esq.*

A Russian Ball.—Quadrilles, polkas, and waltzes, are energetically perpetrated, and then the national dance—the Mazourka—is started, which appears to be but a half-fledged Polish Mazourka, which is the genuine dance. The officer (for here all the cavaliers are officers) takes his partner by the right hand, and goes down the room in an allegretto movement, with a series of hops, steps, and jumps, then, with his left hand round her waist, makes a backward revolution of two or three turns, and then hands the lady to a seat. Off he vanishes to another fair enslaver, and the same operation is performed. The Russian etiquette does not permit a lady to take the gentleman's arm, but he leads her by the hand, and as soon as the dance is finished the couple separates at once, and the promenade is dispensed with; a far better plan than ours, for the lady is independent, and not in fear and trembling when left alone for a few minutes; besides, the gentleman can escape from a monosyllabic damsel (with whom he must dance for her mamma's sake,) and who sedulously confines her answers to "yeses" and "noes;" and so he must pace up and down like a sentry, there being no vacant seat, and she cannot find her mamma, and the next waltz strikes up, away goes his inamorato with his rival, for she imagines he has got hold of a new flame in the monosyllable that is still tacked to his elbow. No! the Russian style is best, for even, on the other side, with the lovely girl you so much admire, you can be quite as agreeable and happy standing detached to converse after the dance, and the file marching round the room is avoided, and your soft nonsense is not listened to by rows of turbanded dowagers, glorying in sharp ears and black velvet. The Russians are capital waltzers, but the music is played so fast that a graceful dance is converted into an intolerable whirl,—the ladies, instead of displaying ease and elegance in their movements, are whisked round, and require such a rotatory velocity in their gyrations, like so many tee-totums, that when they stop, one would imagine that hay-making had been their pastime, so breathless and heated are they, and consequently far from captivating.—*Pictures from the North.*

*Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.*—A bill has been brought down from the Lords, intituled "An Act for the more effectual prevention of Cruelty to Animals." It repeals certain acts (viz., the 5th and 6th William IV., chap. 59, the 7th William IV., and 1st Victoria, chap. 66), and imposes a penalty of £5 on all persons who shall wantonly or cruelly beat, ill-treat, over-drive, abuse, or torture any animal." The over-driving of animals and the imposition of burdens manifestly beyond the strength of the beast employed, are offences especially pointed out as acts of cruelty. Clause 4 attacks the barbarous "sports" of bull-baiting, dog fighting, &c., and renders persons keeping or using places for such purposes, liable to a penalty of £10, or not less than £5 *per diem*, as long as the place is kept open and used as aforesaid. Moreover, all persons who shall in any manner, encourage, aid, or assist at the fighting or baiting of bulls, bears, badgers, dogs, cocks, and other animals, are liable to a fine of £5 for every such offence. Mere spectators, or persons found in such places, "without lawful excuse," may be fined 40s. The damage done by persons guilty of cruelty to animals is to be compensated by a fine of £20, to be paid to the owner of the animals; the right to proceed against the party by civil action being reserved by the same (the fifth) clause. Persons impounding animals are bound to provide food and water under a penalty of 20s. Animals impounded may be sold after seven days. Clauses 11, 12, and 13 make provisions for the merciful treatment of cattle in slaughter-houses. Persons improperly conveying animals, so as to subject them to unnecessary pain and suffering, will be punishable by a fine of £3, and £5, for the second offence. In default of payment persons ordered to pay fines may be sentenced to imprisonment for three calender months, with hard labour. —*London Times.*

The Britannia Bridge.—The 19th inst. is the day fixed for mooring the first of the stupendous tubes which will form the Britannia-bridge to the piers proposed for their reception. The work of mooring these enormous iron structures will be much more arduous than was that of placing the Conway tubes, as they are much larger, and the difficulties to be overcome are considerably greater. The Carnarvon Herald, in a notice of the forthcoming event, says, "the tubes are eight in number, four of which, smaller than the rest, are to be seen in course of construction, on scaffolding of great strength, occupying the spaces between the land tower and the inland abutments, which are 230 feet apart, at either extremity of the bridge; two tubes being placed parallel to each other, forming the roadway to and fro. The four large ones are placed together on stages reaching into the river, and covering a long distance along the Carnarvonshire shore, each measuring 472 feet in length, and weighing 1,800 tons. Three piers of masonry of stupendous dimensions, the highest of which rises on the Britannia Rock in the middle of the straits some 230 feet, being about 70 feet higher than the arch hollowed out for the reception of the tubes, stand towering over the foaming waters. The traveller is also attracted by the colossal sculpture of four monster lions, which distinguish the entrance to the tubes, two at each end, couched on the summit of lofty pedestals. They contain about 8,000 cubit feet of limestone. Near to the stage on which the tubes are erected are eight pontoons, two of them iron, and the others of wood, ready for floating the first tube to its resting place between the pillars. This has just been completed. The piles on which it was built have been removed, and it now rests on two walls of masonry, erected at either end, affording sufficient room for placing the immense pontoons beneath. Its strength has been tested with satisfactory results. Coils of rope cable, which will be ussd to guide the tube when afloat, by means of strong capstans fixed on the shore, have been brought to the spot, and experiments are being daily made by the parties on whom the responsibility of removal rests to insure success. The ponderous hydraulic machinery for raising the tube to its proper elevation is being placed in the archway of the towers, and the preparations in every department are carried on with great earnestness. The length of the bridge, when completed, will exceed a quarter of a mile."—[London paper.

The Punjaub.—The Punjaub is an extensive and hitherto independent country of North-west Hindostan, situated chiefly between the 29th and 34th degrees of north latitude, and the 70th and 77th degrees of east longitude. It derives its name from two Persian words, signifying "five waters," in allusion to the five great streams, arms of the Indus, by which it is intersected. It was the scene of the last Campaign of Alexander the Great. Its superficial extent has been estimated at 60,000 square miles, and its population at 4,000,000. Jats, Rajpoots, Hindoos of low cast, various hill tribes, and Mussulmans constitute part of this population, but the Sikhs, or "disciples," (as the name signifies in Sanscrit,) are the predominant race. Burnes says, he conjectures the Sikhs number but 500,000 individuals; this, however, is a subject involved in much uncertainty. The Sikhs were originally Hindoos, and their incorporation as a sect, with the assumption of a distinctive appellation, dates from the close of the fifteenth, or beginning of the sixteenth, century. Their founder, Nanac, a native of the Punjaub, was born in 1469; he professed a desire to reform, not to destroy, the Hindoo religion, and sought to reconcile the jarring faiths of Brahma and Mahomet, so as to unite the followers of each system into one body. The creed which he inculcated was one of pure Deism, founded on the most sublime general truths, and breathing a spirit of peace and toleration; yet his followers speedily lost sight of the purity of his doctrine, retaining only the remembrance of the Hindoo and Mahometan, fables which had found a place in his system. Guru Govind, the tenth guru or teacher in succession from Nanac, impressed a new character on the religion of his followers, by recognising the equality of all men, thus abolishing the distinction of caste, and enforcing the bearing of arms as a religious duty incumbent on all. He was the founder of the temporal power of the Sikhs. He was killed A.D. 1708. It further appears that an edition of the New Testament in Punjabee was completed in 1815, and a second edition was undertaken in 1832. The translation of the Old Testament has only been partially accomplished.—*The Bible in Every Land.*

Affecting Memorials.—The Duchess of Angouleme, daughter of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette, and now about seventy years old, lives with the Duke of Bordeaux (Henry V.) at Frohsdorf, on the Hungarian frontier. She keeps in her bed-chamber, the austerity of which is almost monastic, only such objects as are calculated to revive the tragic scenes of her early youth,—the portraits of her father, her mother, and her mother's friend, the Princess de Lamballo, and near her bed, which has not even a curtain, stands a *prie-dieu* full of objects most sacred in her eyes,—the black vest which her father wore when he ascended the scaffold—the lace cap which her mother made with her own hands to appear in before the revolutionary tribunal. She alone has the key of these sad relics, and once a-year, on the 21st of January, she takes them from the reliquary in which they are inclosed, and surrounds herself with them, in order to bring herself into closer communion with the beloved dead by whom they were worn. On that day she buries her tears in complete seclusion; she sanctifies the blood-stained anniversary by solitude and prayer.

Over-Fed Paupers!—Death!—The public are indebted to the Earl of Mountcashel for a striking contribution to physiological science. We refer to his speech at the Fermoy Board of Guardians. Singular and daring as have been the aberrations of the Noble Earl, we are obliged to confess that on the last occasion he surpassed himself. Various and opposing conjectures had been hazarded as to the cause of the mortality in the union of which he is a guardian; and we were ourselves near being consumed in the controversay which the matter excited. Some blamed the want of ventilation, and some the want of food, or both together. His Lordship, however, has turned the flank of the disputants on all sides. The things referred to, he maintains, have really nothing to do with the question. He therefore vouchsafes a more correct explanation, and surely one of a nature not to be anticipated. According to him, the real solution lies not in the deficiency, but the excess of rations. In plain earnest, he has discovered that the extraordinary mortality among the *paupers* simply and necessarily arose from *over-feeding!* Dickens's beadle did certainly affirm that the public fare made Oliver Twist brazen, and even fat; and experience proves that a luxurious diet doth make paupers somewhat contumacious. But he never went to the extent of saying that it would kill him. It was reserved for the noble guardian of the Fermoy Union to show the awful sacrifice of life resulting from excessive indulgence at the public board!—*Cork Examiner.*

The Soldier Skipper.—Mr. Macaulay relates that General Monk, who, although a soldier, in conformity with the English practice of that day, and the Russian practice of the present, also held a naval command, moved the mirth of his crew when he wanted his ship to tack to larboard, by calling out, "Wheel to the left."