The Weekly Observer.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1853.

VOL. XXV.—NO. 45.

The Weekly Observer.

Published on Tuesday, by Donald A. Cameron at his Office, corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Flewwelling & Reading.—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.*

TEAS.

LANDING, per Brig *Mecca*, from New York —20 chests Fine SOUCHONG TEA.

March 29. FLEWWELLING & READING.

Figs, Tea, Patent Metal, Oakum.

Landing ex "Liberia"—

350 BOXES finest Elcme Turkey FIGS, 30 chests Congou TEA, *Duchess Lancaster*;

76 rods Patent METAL, ass'd sizes;

2 tons best quality *OAKUM.*

GEORGE THOMAS,

April 19. *South Market Wharf.*

PERFUMERY.

THE Subscriber has just received a fresh supply of Lubin's celebrated PERFUMES, consisting in part of "Jockey Club," "Boquet de Caroline," "Eau de Adelaide," "Patchouly," &c. &c., all of which are *warranted genuine.*—Also, a small assortment of Perfume and CONFECTIONARY BOXES, suitable for Christmas Presents.

THOMAS M. REED,

Head of North Wharf.

Sheffield House,

Market Square, December, 1852.

WE are just opening, ex *Olive, Cathcart* and other vessels, a splendid assortment of FANCY and STAPLE GOODS, suitable for Christmas and New-Year's Presents.

We invite the attention of purchasers to the following list of articles, which are offered at such prices and quality as will ensure a continuance of that patronage we have so liberally enjoyed.

Gold and Silver WATCHES, with all the modern improvements; rich gold JEWELERY, in Brooches, Rings, Cuff Pins, Lockets, Earrings, Gold Chains, Vest do., Necklets, Seals, Keys, Slides, Studs, split Rings, Hooks, Gold and Hair Bracelets, gold and silver Thimbles, gold and silver Pencil Cases, Penholders, Toothpicks,

Silver and Plated JEWELLERY, in great variety—Black Brooches, shawl Pins; gold, silver and steel Spectacles and Eye Glasses; silver Butter Knives and Pickle Forks, Albata and Electro do., silver, electro and albata Spoons, Forks, &c. silver Combs and Boquet Holders, silver Mugs, and Knife, Fork and spoons in cases, silver Bell Corals, Paper Knives in cases, Cake Knives and Fish Carvers in cases, silver Fruit Knives, Vinegarets, silver Scissors, Bodkins, Emerys, Waxes, Yard Measures, Card Cases in silver, pearl, papie machie, tortoise shell and leather, Portemonnies do. do., silver top Smelling Bottles' &c. &c.

☞ *One Large and Powerful Achromatic MICROSCOPE.*

Electro Plate TEA SETS, Cake Baskets, Salvers, Castors, Butter Coolers; Table, Piano and chamber Candlesticks; Snuffers and Trays to match; Communion Sets; Coasters, Toast Racks, plated Desserts in case, &c.

Britannia Metal Tea and Coffee Pots, do. Urns, Kettles do. on stands, Castors, Candlesticks, snuffer Trays, Wine strainers, Flasks, &c. block tin saucepans, Kettles, Tea and Coffee Pots, Egg Coolers, Graters, patty pans, soup tureens, dish covers, bedroom candlesticks, foot warmers, fish trowels and slicers, gravy strainers, pepper and flour boxes, dust pans, japann'd Cash Boxes, &c.—Six sets new patterns fancy Toilet Ware; japann'd and copper Coal Pans, small Brass Kettles, Tea Trays and Waiters, Fenders and Fire Irons, Crimping Machines, Hearth Brooms, Gilt Cornices and Cornice Polls, Rings for do.

Papie Machie Tea Trays, Work Boxes, Desks, Portfolios, Card receivers, Hand screens, Tea Caddies, Inkstands; a large lot of Rosewood Work Boxes, all prices; Ladies' and Gents. Rosewood and Leather Dressing Cases, Writing Desks Papateries, Draft and Backgammon Bodrds; Ladies' Companions, in great variety; a beautiful assortment of Toilet add Mantle Ornaments, in lava, terra cotta, china and grass ware; Fancy Handkerchief Boxes, Scenes, paper Weights, Snow Storms, Accordeons, Ivory and Bone Fancy Articles, Fancy Fans, Games, Alphabets, Puzzles, Magic Toys and Lanterns, Transparent Slates, porcelain Slates, boxes Tools, Colour Boxes, &c.

Guns, Pistols, Percussion Caps, shot Belts, Powder Flasks; Glassware—Pitchers, Creams, Sugars, Decanters, Toilettes, Plates, Dishes, Salts, Tumblers, Wines, Jars, Butter Coolers, spoon Glasses, Bowls on feet, Glass Lamps (Fluid and Oil), Lamp shades, &c.

An invoice of Dolls—in Wax, Composition and Wood; Cutlery of every description, Combs and Brushes, Bronzed Ornaments, &c &c. with a great variety of other Goods not enumerated.—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Expected daily per Steamer—A good supply of Ivory Handle Table Knives, self tip and other Patterns; Carvers to match—in sets 51 pieces and dozens.

☞ The above, with the large stock of fancy articles on hand, not enumerated, are worthy of inspection. We can with confidence say, that there is not such a selection of novel and seasonable Goods to be found elsewhere in this city. Thanking our friends for all past favours, we solicit a continuance for the future.

ROBINSON & THOMPSON,

Dec. 7, 1852. Proprietors.

Corner of Dock-street and Market Square.

HARDWARE.

W. H. ADAMS

Has just received per ship *Commodore*, from England, and other arrivals, the following Goods, viz

2 BDLS. Wire Riddles: 2 Grocers' Coffee Mills, on Metal stands;

2 cases Counter Scales; 1 cask Weights; 1 cask Butt Hinges; 1 cask Hand and Tenon Saws.

2 cases Cross cut Saws; 75 Plough Moulds;

10 bundles Long handle Frying Pans;

8 casks Tea Kettles and sauce Pans; 6 casks Sad Irons; 6 rolls Lead; 2 tierces Lead Pipe.

12 bales Iron Wire; 1 cask Traces;

25 bags 8d'y and 10d'y Rose Nails; 75 bags Spikes and Clinch Rings; 14 bags Tinmen's Rivets;

3 casks Tin Ware, comprising Dish Covers and Japanned Ware;

7 packages Sheffield Goods, consisting of Tools, Files, &c.; 1 case *Thomson's* Long Treenail Augers; 1 cask Curb Chain, for Wells;

1 case Guns, including one MINNIE RIFLE;

3 casks Barn-door and Gate Hinges;

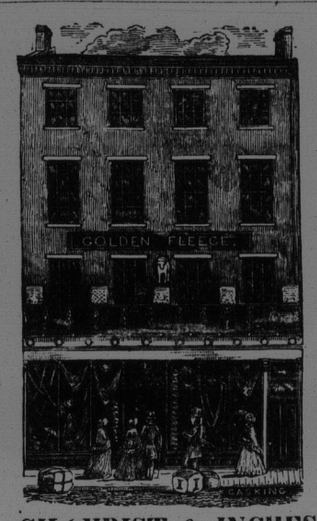
1 cask T, Chest, and Strap do.; 1 cask Venetian Shutter, &c.; 95 coils Manilla Rope;

75 boxes 10x12 Glass; Gas Pendants & Brackets

17 Packages containing

Brass and Iron Shelf Goods, amongst which are Brass and Iron Chamber and Pillar Candlesticks, Pocket Compasses, Copper Coal Scoops, Counter Weighing Machines with Tin and Copper Scoops, Curtain Pins and Bands, Powder Flasks, plated Cruet Frames and Candlesticks, Locks of all kinds, Cornice Slides and Tester Hooks, Whip Thongs, Planes, Brass Rack Pullies and Roller Ends, Castors, Cornice Ends and Rings, Bell Levers, Brass Latches, screw Hooks and Rings, Brass and Iron Bolts, stair Rods and Eyes, Coffin Mounting, Percussion Caps, Glass Paper, Wire Web, Awls, Punches, Pinchers, shoe Hammers, Peg Breakers, Tinned Tea and Table Spoons, Coolers, Ladles and Forks, Britannia and German silver and Albata do., Jack Chain, Knitting Pins, Brass Butt Hinges, Cart Hames, Gimblets, Japanned and Mahogany Knobs, Mineral, Glass, Porcelain and other Knobs for Locks, Italian Irons, Cork Squeezers, Shoe Bills, Screw Bolts, Door Springs, Brushes, Curry Combs, House Bells and Copper Wire, Gridirons, short handled Fry Pans, Rat and Fox Traps, Farriers' Hammers and Knives, Hooks and Staples, Brass and Tin Cocks, Chest Handles, &c, &c

Nov. 23



GILCHRIST & INCHES

ARE NOW OPENING AT THE

GOLDEN FLEECE,

Prince William Street,

PART OF THEIR

Spring and Summer Stock,

Received per Packet Ship *Liberia.*

St. John, April 19, 1853.

LONDON HOUSE,

Market Square, April 9, 1853.

Per Steamer "Niagara."

A FEW cases of SCOTCH GOODS containing Paisley, Cashmere, and French Barege

LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS.

Persian and Silk Striped LAINES;

Brocade and Embroidered ROBES;

French Printed CAMBRICS;

Fancy Printed ORLEANS;

HABITS, Chemizettes, Collars, Sleeves, &c. &c.

T. W. DANIEL.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

A MOST MIRACULOUS CURE OF BAD LEGS, AFTER 43 YEARS' SUFFERING.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Galpin, of 70, St Mary's Street, Weymouth, dated May 15th, 1851.

To Professor Holloway,

Sir,—At the age of 18 my wife (who is now 61) caught a violent cold, which settled in her legs, and ever since that time they have been more or less sore, and greatly inflamed. Her agonies were distracting, and for months together she was deprived entirely of rest and sleep. Every remedy that medical men advised was tried but without effect, her health suffered severely, and the state of her legs was terrible. I had often read your Advertisements, and advised her to try your Pills and Ointment; and, as a last resource, after every other remedy had proved useless, she consented to do so. She commenced six weeks ago, and, strange to relate, is now in good health. Her legs are painless, without seam or scars, and her sleep sound and undisturbed. Could you have witnessed the sufferings of my wife during the last 43 years, and contrast them with her present enjoyment of health, you would indeed feel delighted in having been one means of so greatly alleviating the sufferings of a fellow creature.

(Signed) WILLIAM GALPIN.

A PERSON 70 YEARS OF AGE CURED OF A BAD LEG, OF THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. William Abbs, Builder of Gas Ovens, of Rushcliffe, near Huddersfield, dated May 31st, 1851.

To Professor Holloway,

Sir,—I suffered for a period of thirty years from a bad leg, the result of two or three different accidents at Gas Works, accompanied by scourbutic symptoms. I had recourse to a variety of medical advice, without deriving any benefit, and was even told that the leg must be amputated yet, in opposition to that opinion, your Pills and Ointment have effected a complete cure in so short a time, that few who had not witnessed it would credit the fact.

(Signed) WILLIAM ABBS.

The truth of this statement can be verified by Mr. W. P England, Chemist, 13 Market Street, Huddersfield.

A DREADFUL BAD BREAST CURED IN ONE MONTH.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Frederick Turner, of Penshurst, Kent, dated Dec. 13th, 1850.

To Professor Holloway,

Dear Sir,—My wife had suffered from Bad Breast, for more than six months, and during the whole period had the best medical attendance, but all to no use. Having before healed an awful wound in my own leg by your unrivalled medicine, I determined again to use your Pills and Ointment, and therefore gave them a trial in her case, and fortunate it was I did so, for in less than a month a perfect cure was effected, and the benefit that various other branches of my family have derived from their use is really astonishing. I now strongly recommend them to all my friends. (Signed) FREDERICK TURNER.

A WONDERFUL CURE OF A DANGEROUS SWELLING OF THE KNEE.

Copy of a Letter from John Forfar, an Agriculturist, residing at Newborough, near Hexham, May 15, 1850

To Professor Holloway,

Sir,—I was afflicted with a swelling on each side of the leg, rather above the knee, for nearly two years, which increased to a great size. I had the advice of three eminent surgeons here, and was an inmate of the Newcastle Infirmary for four weeks. After various modes of treatment had been tried, I was discharged as incurable. Having heard so much of your Pills and Ointment, I determined to try them and in less than a month I was completely cured. What is more remarkable I was engaged twelve hours a day in the hay harvest, and although I have followed my laborious occupation througeout the winter, I have had no return whatever of my complaint. (Signed) JOHN FORFAR

AN INFLAMMATION IN THE SIDE PERFECTLY CURED.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Francis Arnot, of Breshouse, Lothian Road, Edinbro', dated April 29th, 1851.

To Professor Holloway.

Sir,—For more than twenty years my wife has been subject, from time to time to attacks of inflammation in the side, for which she was bled and blistered to a great extent, still the pain could not be removed. About four years ago she saw, in the papers, the wonderful cures effected by your Pills and Ointment, and thought she would give them a trial. To her great astonishment and delight she got immediate relief from their use, and after persevering for three weeks, the pain in her side was completely cured, and she has enjoyed the best of health for the last four years.

(Signed) FRANCIS ARNOT.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases;—

Bad Legs	Chiego-foot	Sore-throats
Bad Breasts	Chilblains	Skin diseases
Burns	Chapped hands	Scurvy
Bunions	Corns (soft)	Sore-heads
Bite of Moschetoes and Sand-Flies	Contracted and Stiff Joints	Tumours
Fistulas	Gout	Ulcers
Lumbago	Piles	Wounds
Rheumatism	Scalds	Glandular Swellings
Coco-bay	Elephantiasis	Sore Nipples
		Yaws

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and by S. L. TILLEY, *Provincial Agent*, No. 15, King-street, St. John, N. B. A. Coy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alex. Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Petitcodiac; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James G. White, Belleisle.

—In Potts and Boxes, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 7s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

APRIL 9, 1853.

NEW GOODS.

Per Steamer "*Niagara*," from Liverpool:—

A FURTHER supply of BONNETS;
Bonnet RIBBONS;
Plain and Figured Rich SILKS;
SATINETTS, SATINS, SARSNETTS;
Rich black Silk Laces;
Cambric Handkerchiefs;
Collars and Habit Shirts;
Gloves and Hosiery;
Silk Trimmings, Braids, Buttons,
Tassels, &c. &c. &c.

W. G. LAWTON.

VICTORIA HOUSE,

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

AND

BRITISH HOUSE,

KING STREET.

Saint John, 8th March, 1853.

First Spring Importations!

PER SHIP "MIDDLETON."

5,000 Straw Bonnets!

Newest Spring Shapes!!

J. DOHERTY & CO.

N. B.—*Further Supply per Steamer* "Cambria," *at Boston, together with RIBBONS, SHAWLS, PRINTS, and Fancy* DRESS GOODS, *to arrive per "Admiral" next trip.* J. D. & CO.

NEW GOODS,

Per Steamer "Cambria."

MORRISON & CO.

HAVE now ready for inspection, suited for the season, the LARGEST, MOST VARIED and MOST MAGNIFICENT STOCK of

SILKS, SATINS AND RIBBONS

Ever exhibited in this Province.

MORRISON & CO,

April 5. Prince Wm. Street

COFFEE! COFFEE!

Per Schooner "Linnet," from Boston—

66 BAGS Java, Laguira and St. Domingo COFFEE—in Bond or Duty paid.

April 16. JAMES MACFARLANE.

Socket Shovels and Spades.

ON HAND—200 dozen Steeled Point Shovels, 30 dozen long-handled Irish SPADES.

Just received—1 cask Carpenters' Patent Locks.

April 19. W. H. ADAMS.

Poetry.

The following exquisite lines were written by a venerable and worthy lady, to her husband, on his sixty-first birthday, and are so worthy of the theme so truthfully and beautifully expressed. Our readers will, we are sure, feel with us, that if the wasting touch of time has dimmed the outward ornaments, it has not tarnished the freshness or diminished the warmth of the heart within, but has left it young and genial as in the morning prime of life. It is proper to add that the lines were written with no intention or expectation of publication.—*Louisville Journal.*

THE TALISMAN.

Tho' all hath changed since we first met,
Love's golden hours have rolled along;
His Talisman is with us yet,
If not so bright, yet still as strong.

Tho' time hath changed life's varied hue,
And stripped our vernal flowers,
Yet love can guild the sombre view,
And smile upon the passing hours.

Hail, wedded love! thy magic spell
By genuine truth that bound us fast;
We would not for a diadem
Exchange the memory of the past.

True, we have seen life's sunny ray
Eclipsed by many a fitful gloom,
But light hath beamed on that bright day
That knows no change beyond the tomb.

Love, o'er the noiseless wave of time,
Hath nearly borne us to that shore
Where mortal bliss becomes divine,
And hearts are bound for evermore.

Full soon we'll hail the joyful sight
Of *Love* matured in heavenly bowers,
When one eternal day of light
Shall beam in Eden's deathless flowers.

Miscellaneous.

CHANGE.

Within a few short years almost every process, and every object also, has undergone a material change. An old burgher who had been absent five and twenty winters, would not know Boston, New York, Newark, Philadelphia or Baltimore, on his return. The face of the country in many great particulars has altered. Hills, if they do not skip like lambs, as in the times of David, travell off to fill up hollows, or are levelled into plains. They are not safe nowadays, unless a monument is clapped upon them, as on Bunker's. Without some such protection none of the noses of the St. Authonys are safe. Even Bacon has been condemned to bear houses instead of honors. In a few years Niagara will be yoked to the great water wheel, and be seen grinding corn, as the Passaic has been for a long while making cotton cloth and paper.

They do not do any thing now as they used to do. They neither plough, nor sow, nor rake nor reap, as they as they did a little while ago. People do not work now; they look on and see the blackies and boilers sweating at it, while they smoke and play. Many men used to have many minds, and travel in fifty directions on a journey. Now they all go together to the same point. Great has been the revolution on the sea, as well as on the land. The free ocean has been enslaved. Brought up to the boiling point, it proves a better servant than the wind, which is a chartered libertine at the best. Men waited once for wind and weather; they are no longer mentioned, except in some old almanacs.

A few things remind one of past times. The rain comes down very much according to the old fashion; but it does not wet one as formerly, on account of the India Rubber. And the thunder—ah! it sounds natural still. Never has there been better than some we had an evening since. No deterioration or change there, thank heaven! That and women have the lightning. But there is enough left, as we also saw lately, and of a beautiful rose color, too. Let them turn the sun into a painter, the lightning into a postman, if they will. They cannot do anything with thunder but to make bonney-clabber. After all, they are none of them so altered but what we know them still. But society, its habitations, pastimes, fashions and employments—why we hardly know them, unless one's eye are kept upon them daily, any more than we recognize an infant in the brocade and bravery of a maiden at eighteen. The face of nature changes rapidly, but that of society outstrips it.

The inhabitants of the earth used to live upon it. They now live under it, down out of sight in cellars, or else up where birds once made their nests. A quarter of a centuary ago, an exemplary man and wife resided together with their children, like a home-staying rooster, his mate and chickens. You will find them now packed up in hotels, where there is no telling hardly one man's wife from another's, as thick together as a flock of blackbirds, and as noisey. Families are abolished, and society is collected into flocks; but we are rejoiced to see the out barn-door fowl still sticking to his insects—a surer guide in some respects than reason, especially when paralyzed by fashion

But there is no end to these speculations, nor pleasure in them neither; so we will only add, that the face of society is so changed, that its best friends cannot recognize the frankness and heartiness, which once sat so kindly on its features. In some instances its natural expression is said to be covered up by paint. The principal cause is feared however to proceed from within. Were all well there, the face of society, like the countenance of the fallen archangel in Milton, would still be beautiful. It is the change at the centre of each individul which has wrought so great a one upon the exterior, as to render it not easy to recognize its ancient openness and simplicity.—*Newark Daily Advertiser*, 23d.

Domestic Opera.

Since the commencement of the Sontag operas, an enthusiastic friend of ours and his wife have become so carried away with the furor awakened by attendance two nights at the opera, that it is the hardest thing in the world for them to restrain their disposition to sing everything—the more so because they are both proficients in music. The other morning, while ordering his dinner, the butcher—a sedate man—was surprised to hear our friend shout out, with most emphatic enunciation—

"What will you take
For that 'ere stake?"

The butcher winked at his partner, and answered, with an air of composure, "A shillin', sir;" but it was evident that our friend was down in the daybook of his estimation as a lunatic. Making his purchase, and going out of the door, he met with his neighbor Jones. Extending his hand frantically, he sung—

"Ah, friend Jones, and is it you?
How do you do, Jones, how do you do?
Long time since we've met together,
Isn't this delightful weather?"

Jones was astonished, as well he might be. Passing into a bakery to procure some bread for breakfast, he sung, to a very plaintive air—

"Bakers! bakers! bless your souls!
Let us have a dozen rolls!"

and rolled the word "rolls" out so tenderly that the baker's wife burst into tears. The rolls were taken down by the baker's wife, when, finding his voice again, he sang, with great feeling—

"Dearest one, with fingers taper,
Toe the bread up in a paper!"

which she did, and he went home humming, and beating time on the paper parcel as he held in his arms.—His wife met him at the door, wringing her hands.—The fit was on her, and she commenced singing—

"My dear Charles, what do you think?
The coffee's a la black as ink!
I'm so provoked that I can cry!"—

Charles—

"Stop, my dear, it's all in your eye!
When misfortune comes, why, bear it;
I, your loving spouse, will share it.
Come, now let us sit at table,
Do the best that we are able.
Let the coffee go to grass,
We will have some tea, my lass."

Wife—

"Oh, my Charles, you happy make me!"

Charles—

"If I don't, the deuce may take me!
Hear the words that now I utter—
My love is strong, and—so's the butter—
Trust me it will e'er be weary—
Pass the toast and cheese, my deary."

Both—

"Now good bye, my dearest treasure!"

Charles—

"Cook the steak just to your pleasure,
But see that it's not overdone.
And I will be at home by one."

Both—

"Good bye, farewell,
'Tis hard to part;
I cannot tell
How dear thou art!"

How this will end, it is hard to foresee, but "friends of the family" shake their heads, and point to their foreheads significantly—as much as to say there is something wrong about our unfortunate friend's phrenology.—*Boston Post.*

Mrs. Beecher Stowe in Liverpool.—On the Monday following, Mrs. Stowe arrived in Liverpool, by the steamer Canada. She and her husband, Professor Stowe, and brother, Rev. Charles Beecher, breakfasted at the mansion of Mr. Edwd. Cropper, in company with a select party, who had been invited to meet them. In reply to an address by Rev. Dr. McNeile, Professor Stowe said a few words. Speaking of the success of his gifted lady's book, he said—"Incredible as it may seem to those who are without prejudice, it is nevertheless a fact that this book was condemned by the leading religious newspapers in the United States as anti-Christian and its author associated with infidels and disorganisers. And had it not been for the decided expression of the mind of English Christians, and of Christendom itself on this point, there is reason to fear that the pro-slavery power of the United States would have succeeded in putting the book under foot."

On Tuesday following, Mrs. Stowe and her husband were received by the Negro's Friend Society. On Wednesday she was presented with a purse containing about $600, which had been collected in Liverpool, chiefly in pence, by a committee of ladies. Mr. Adam Hodgson addressed her in handing her the purse, and Professor Stowe replied in her behalf, as follows:

"It is impossible for me to express the feelings of my heart at the kind and generous manner in which I have been received upon English shores. Just when I had begun to realise that a whole wide ocean lay between me and all that is dearest to me, I found most unexpectedly a home and friends waiting to receive me here. I have had not an hour in which to know the heart of a stranger. I have been made to feel at home since the first moment of landing, and everywhere I have seen only the faces of friends." Professor Stowe, in the course of his own speech which followed, said: "We never could believe that slavery in our own land would be a perpetual curse; but we felt and felt deeply, that there must be a terrible struggle before we could be delivered from it, and that there must be suffering and martyrdom in this cause, as in every other great cause; for eighteen years of immediate contact with the horrible thing, eighteen years of struggling and of suffering against it had shown to us its strength.—And, under God, we rely very much on the Caristian public of Great Britain; for every expression of feeling from the wise and good of this land, with whatever petulance it may be met by some, goes to the heart of the American people (hear, hear). You are not to judge the American people by the expressions which come across the Atlantic in reference to the subject.—Nine-tenths of the American people—nine-tenths of all the inhabitants of the land, at least—are in heart and feeling with you and with us on this great subject—(hear, hear);—but there is a tremendous pressure brought to bear upon all who are in favor of emancipation there. The whole political power, the whole money power, almost the whole ecclesiastical power, is welded in defence of slavery, protecting it from all aggression; and it is as much as a man's reputation is worth to utter a syllable boldly and openly on the other side. They say there are social evils in England.—Undoubtedly there are; but the difference between the social evils in England and this great evil of slavery in the United States is just here. In England, the power of the government and the power of Christian sympathy are all exerted to remove those evils. This is the difference. England repents and reforms. America refuses to repent and reform."

Mrs. Stowe and party proceeded to Glasgow on Wednesday, to attend a grand honorary soiree. She arrived there in the evening, and was greeted at the railway station by an enthusiastic crowd. She was also to visit Greenock, where she would be the guest of John Scott, of Finnart House, after which she would visit Edinburgh, by invitation.

An English Lady's Opinion of Americans.—I like the Americans more and more: either they have improved wonderfully lately, or else the criticisms on them must have been cruelly exaggerated. They are particularly courteous and obliging, and seem, I think, amiably anxious that foreigners should carry away a favorable impression of them. As for me, let other travellers say what they please of them, I am determined not to be prejudiced, but to judge of them exactly as I find them; and I shall most pertinaciously continue to praise them, (if I see no good cause to alter my present humble opinion,) and most especially for their obliging civility and hospitable attention to strangers, of which I have already seen several instances. I have witnessed but very few insolated cases, as yet, of the unrefined habits so usually ascribed to them, and those cases decidedly were not among the higher orders of people; for there seems just as much difference in America as anywhere else in some respects. The superior classes here have almost excellent manners, and a great deal of real and natural as well as acquired refinement, and are often besides (which, perhaps, will not be believed by fastidious England) extremely distinguished-looking. By the way, the captains of the steamboats appear a remarkably gentlemanly-like race of men in general, particularly courteous in their deportment, and very considerate and obliging to to passengers.—*Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley.*

Sam Slick in Liverpool.—England is to have the honour of receiving in 1853 an unusual number of the greatest literary celebrities of the New World. Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the first novelist; Judge Halliburton, the first wit; and Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, the first prose writer (if we except Mr. Washington Irving, perhaps). Mrs. Stowe is, even while we write, in our immediate neighbourhood; Sam Slick is not out of Lancashire; and very soon we shall have the author of "The Blithedale Romance" [illegible] among us. Mrs. Stowe's visit to this country has been for some time past the subject of much conversation and eager anticipation; but, even in the midst of the universal enthusiasm, which her arrival on our shores is so well calculated to create, the visit of the witty and the wise Judge Haliburton, author of the amusing and instructive "Sam Slick," will not be deemed unworthy of note. Mr. Haliburton has, we believe, left Liverpool, though he has not yet taken his departure from Lancashire.

"A Nugget of a Wife."—A recent traveller in Australia came to the "estate of Mr. Badgery, who, besides receiving an ample income from his land, realises large profits by supplying the diggers with butcher's meat and all sorts of necessaries from his store. In this he is assisted by Mrs. Badgery; a tidy, clever, bustling little woman, who, though probably never before accustomed to such an occupation, was, under the circumstances, quite equal to the task; in fact, what a wife should be, particularly in this young community—a helpmate to her husband. We heard an opinion of her, expressed loudly to himself, from a huge-fellow who was leaning his heavy shoulders against the door-post, and watching her. "Ah!" said he, "that's what I call a *nugget* of a wife." Now a "nugget" is a smooth, water-worn piece of shining gold, varying from the size of a pea to a large turnip, and what the Californian and Australian gold-diggers consider the most satisfactory thing imaginable to possess. To liken Mrs. Badgery to a "nugget," therefore, was in his mind the greatest complement he could pay her."

An American on Slavery.—The American Bible Society has appointed some distinguished clergyman to attend the meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, in May. Imagine one of our eloquent divines upon the platform in Exeter-Hall. The vast building is thronged. In glowing terms he speaks of the word of God, the gift to all his children. He speaks of the priceless treasures with which it is taught to every human soul. He urges its universal diffusion through Europe, through Asia, through Africa.

Some tongue, eloquent through envy and malice, responds "Have you, an American, the effrontery to urge us to send the Bible to Africa? Your eloquence is wasted here, it is needed at home. Your own countrymen professing to be Christians, withhold the Bible from three millions of souls. You not only refuse to give it to them, but you declare they shall not have it. Say not that this is the work of oppressive rulers to which the people are compelled to submit at the bayonet's point. In your land the people rule. Go home, then, to your own countrymen, tell them their boasted liberty and christianity are despised in lands which they called despotic."

It is in vain that our clerical friend attempts a defence. Indignation deafens every ear, and the clamour of an audience, loving to reproach Republican America, drowns his voice. This is the reception that awaits every American in England. "Who cares," some one valiantly exclaims. Undeserved obloquy the bold heart can bear; but merited contempt crushes the spirit. And who are they who are thus degrading America, and sinking her in the abyss of reproach and shame? They are thirty thousand men, who insist upon it, that they will have their lands tilled, their linen washed, and their boots blacked without pay. Their fathers did it before them, and therefore they will do the same. And the deep disgrace tarnishes the fair fame of our noble, liberty-loving, high-minded Nation, twenty-three millions strong. It is intolerable: We do well to be angry.—*New-York Tribune.*

How to Make a Good Student.

Many years since, when the late Lieutenant Governor Phillips, of Andover, Mass., was a student of Harvard College, owing to some boyish freak, he left the University and went home. His father was a very grave man, of sound mind and few words. He inquired into the business, but deferred expressing his opinion until the next day. At breakfast, he said, speaking to his wife, "My dear, have you any cloth in the house suitable to make Sam a frock and trowsers?"

She replied, "Yes."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "follow me, my son."

Samuel kept pace with his father, as he leisurely walked near the Common, and at length ventured to ask,

"What are you going to do with me, father?"

"I am going to bind you an apprentice to that blacksmith," replied Mr. Phillips. "Take your choice; return to college, or you must work."

"I had rather return," said the son.

He did return, confessed his fault, was a good scholar, and became an excellent and useful citizen. If all parents were like Mr. Phillips, the students at our colleges would prove better students, or the nation would have a more plentiful supply of blacksmiths.

Table Delicacies.—The N. Y. Journal of Commerce states that people who have money enough, can obtain as many fine new potatoes as they want, from Bermuda, for thirty-seven and a half cents per half peck, or three dollars a bushel; asparagus, for fifty-six cents a bunch; strawberries, one dollar a basket, or fifty cents a mouthful; green peas, fifty cents a half peck; tomatoes, thirty-seven and a half cents a quart. The latter come from Bermuda, wrapped in paper and packed in boxes, in the same manner that oranges are imported.

A writer in Putnam remarks that nearly half the people in New York dine out every day in the week but Sunday—the gentlemen down town, and the ladies and children at some fashioable Broadway saloon. A gentleman who was in New York last week, says he counted one hundred and seventy-five ladies dining at one time in one of the fashionable Broadway saloons. There was any quantity of livery carriages standing in front of the door. Our New York friends are getting almost as bad as the French, in deserting their homes.—*Boston Traveller.*

The steamship Ucayel, formerly the British steamer Cherokee, will go to sea from New York this week. She has been purchased by the Peruvian Government as a war steamer. She will touch at Rio Janeiro.

The Collins steamer Arctic for Liverpool, sailed from New York on Saturday at noon with 208 passengers and $51,000 in specie.—Among her passengers are Ex-President Van Buren and son.

The screw steamship Alps, from New York for Liverpool, had on board over 1300 tons of freight of flour, cheese, &c.

The Reflector.

The Sense of Justice.—A strong sense of justice—a quick perception and invincible love of right, forms one of the most beautiful and useful elements of a genuinely virtuous character. Some degree of integrity is essential to all virtue. Other excellences may be indispensable to the completeness of Christian character; but justice and truth, and a supreme devotion to right, are indispensable to its existence. But though it must exist in some degree, the best character is that in which it most largely and dominantly intermingles. The mind that most strongly feels the inherent authority of right, and instinctively bows before the voice of Divinity speaking at the heart's innermost shrine, will necessarily be deepest and most spiritual in its experiences, and most immovably moored to Christian principle. Other hearts may have higher enjoyments, and pass through a more rapturous orbit, emiting a milder light as they go, but the strength and steadfastness of principle, and the reliable qualities of usefulness stability and unremitting progress, we shall find connected with, and springing out of an abiding, all controlling sense of right. The most useful names of Christian history are associated with the existence of this sterner class of graces. Paul, Augustine, Luther, Calvin, the Puritans and Huguenots—in all these, the love and worship of right—the omnipresent sense of justice, were the overruling traits. They honored their religion, and augmented their moral power, by bending all things to their convictions of right.

Religion in its social aspects as a rule of conduct between man and man, consists primarily in the exercise of integrity and justice. To do right is the first law; to do right wisely, lovingly, and attractively, so as to mingle mercy and justice, is the perfection of Christianity as a social principle. To be amiable is well; sympathy, benevolence, self sacrifice, are all Christian graces and Christian duties. But to be just is a deeper and more central duty—to do right, and to render every man his dues, in all his relations, and to the full extent forms an ideal of Christian perfection to which the milder graces may add beauty and adornment, but the lack of which no other qualities can supply. Our fellow-men have no claim upon us so strong as that of justice; no other duties we may discharge towards them will dispense with this. Whatever else we may do, all duty is defective which does not involve as its most abiding element, the idea and intention of justice. To smile and to be courteous is a duty, but poorly will it compensate for a wrong inflicted, or a right denied. Generosity is a noble trait, but it becomes hollow and repulsive when substituted for justice.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Hope.—Without hope the world would be a wilderness. Gloom would hang shades of care and sorrow on all countenances, and cause despair to brood in hearts now beating with high and heavenly emotions. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, the learned and the ignorant, all hope. Hope of what? Of earthly gain, wealth, fame, ease, life? A hope of these merely is not enough. Reader, hast thou a hope of heaven? Hast thou a title to a mansion beyond the grave? Is Christ the foundation of all thy expectations? Is He, the beloved Saviour, formed within thee, *the hope of glory*? If not, thy hope is worthless. In the hour of death it will be like the giving up of the Ghost. O how many have trusted to false and deceptive hopes, and been most miserably disappointed. See that thy hope is like an anchor to the soul. Then will you not be ashamed, though the heavens and the earth pass away.

The Missionary's Wife.—There is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. I saw much of the missionaries abroad, and even made many warm friends among them, and I repeat it, there is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. She who has been cherished as a plant that the winds must not breathe on too rudely, recovers from the separation from her friends, and finds herself in a land of barbarians, where her loud cry of distress can never reach their ears. New ties twine round her heart and the tender and helpless girl changes her nature, and becomes the staff and support of the man. In his hours of despondency she raises his drooping spirits; she bathes his aching head, and smooths his pillow of sickness. I have enter her dwelling, and have been welcomed as a b ther; and sometimes, when I have known any her friends at home, I have been for a mon more than recompensed for all the toils and tions of a traveller in the East. And when her dwelling it was with a mind harder remembrances to friends whom she wi never see again.—*Stephen's Incidents o*