The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the Title of "The Star." } Whole No. 814. ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1833. Vol. VI. No. 23.

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.
PUBLISHED ON TUESDAYS, BY
DONALD A. CAMERON.
Office—In Mr. Hatfield's brick building, west side of the Market-Square, St. John, N. B.
Terms—City Subscribers ... ... 15s. per annum; Country do. (by mail) ... 17s. 6d. ditto; Country do. (not by mail) 15s. ditto; (half to be paid in advance.)

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

Weekly Almanack.

December—1833.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
11 Wednesday - -	7 38	4 22	sets.	11 22
12 Thursday - -	7 39	4 21	5 45	ev. 1
13 Friday - -	7 39	4 21	6 40	0 38
14 Saturday - -	7 39	4 21	7 40	1 16
15 Sunday - -	7 40	4 20	8 42	1 54
16 Monday - -	7 40	4 20	9 42	2 34
17 Tuesday - -	7 40	4 20	10 43	3 16

New Moon 11th day, 2h. 32m. morning.

INSURANCE.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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

Committee for December:
JOHN M. WILMOT, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.
JAMES HENDRICKS, WM. JARVIS, JOHN KINNEAR.

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

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.

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 McKenzie & Tisdale, as Agents of the above Insurance Company; and act in all case in reference to such as if subscribed by himself.

ANGUS McKENZIE, *Agent.*
St. John, November 6, 1832.

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.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Subscribers having entered into Co-partnership, their Business will be continued under the Firm of

D. & P. HATFIELD.

DAVID HATFIELD,
PETER HATFIELD.
St. John, 24th September, 1833.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having associated himself with Mr. Edward J. Budd, the Business will in future be conducted under the Firm of

GEO. D. ROBINSON & Co.

GEO. D. ROBINSO.
St. John, July 12, 1833.

Removal, and Co-partnership.

THE Subscriber has removed to his new Store in *Nelson-street*,—and having this day associated himself with Mr. S. L. Lugrin, the *Auction and Commission* Business will be conducted by them under the Firm of *RATCHFORD & LUGRIN.*

E. D. W. RATCHFORD.
St. John, 1st June, 1833.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Committee appointed to take charge of the Person and Estate of R. W. Crookshank, Junior, Lunatic, give notice, that they have taken an Office in the house belonging to Miss Williamson, Prince William-street, where they will attend daily, from 9 to 11 o'clock in the forenoon: and they request those persons indebted to the Estate to call and settle their Accounts without delay; and those having claims against the same, to lodge their Accounts at the Office, with full explanations and particulars in writing, in order that they may be examined and adjusted.

CHARLES WARD,
W. H. STREET,
JOHN V. THURGAR, } *Committee.*
St. John, 2d July, 1833.

WANTED,

A JOURNEYMAN SADDLER.—A man of steady habits and a good workman, will meet with [illegible]
[illegible] YEARS

Blanks for sale at this Office.

THE GARLAND.

THE FAREWELL TO EARTH.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

Must, must I die? leave all I've loved or known,
Possess'd or cherish'd, call'd and dream'd my own,
This glad bright world, this laughing air, and sky,
This blessed home of love; must, must I die?
O! beautiful hath life seem'd unto me,
Death—hence! away! thou ghastly mystery!

Youth's flushing characters o'er paint my cheek,
Round my bright path the glitt'ring moments break
In sudden star showers, or soft vernal dews,
Till life but wears the rose's sumptuous hues;
My heart is borne on gusts of quivering joy,—
Must fate its fervid happiness destroy?

A power is given to wood and breezy hill,
My soul with gushing tenderness to fill;
A magic pour'd through clouds, and leaves and streams
Mantling with glory all my gladsome dreams:
The very breeze is murmuring, "stay! oh, stay!"
A chain winds round me, with each morning ray.

How can I, poor, reluctant trembler, part
From the beloved ones of my yearning heart;
How turn my lingering, aching sight away
From the familiar glories of the day—
Whilst summer's breathings float so sweetly round,
And morning's unisons of gladness sound?

Even now, warm southern winds are faintly flowing
Through answering leaves, and flowers of June's bestowing;
And Death is in the world, and on his way
Rushing like midnight, in its haughty sway;
Unpitying, 'mongst all gentle loving things,
O'ersweeping *all*, with his vast shadowy wings!

And thou my home! Thy dim and antique towers,
Must they no more, while glow noon's conquering hours,
Shade me with woven veil of scented boughs,
Through which no arrowy beam its pathway ploughs?
Thy singing birds shall yet haunt each loved gloom,
While I am in the dark, unwhispering tomb!

Even now, their full victorious joy is swelling
Through the green leafy precincts of my dwelling;
Their glimmering colours glance along the air,
Like rainbow fragments, quivering, restless there;
Far have ye journey'd, birds of summer's sky,
O'er waste and deep, bearing rich melody.

Far have ye journey'd! but *my* journeyings *lone*,
May not, like yours, with starry joys be strown;
To my green native earth, no hurrying back,
On the spring's glorious and exulting track:
Alas! 'tis, therefore, with dejected eyes,
I mark the queenly morning's dawn and rise.

Yet doth it haste towards cloudy, vapoury eve,
No brilliant record, no bright trace to leave
Of all it hath been! so to mournful eld
My life will float, if doom be now withheld;
'Tis o'er the grave, the undying mornings glow
Triumphantly, though mournfully—I go!

HARVEST HYMN.

[The following effusion was written for a recent Agricultural exhibition at Hartford, Connecticut.]

God of the year!—with songs of praise,
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness;—
In early spring-time thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming—
And its sweet treasures, day by day,
Rose quick'ning in thy blessed ray.

And now they whiten hill and vale,
And hang from every vine and tree,
Whose pensile branches bending low
Seem bowed in thankfulness to thee,—
The earth with all its purple isles,
Is answering to thy genial smiles,
And gales of perfume breathe along
And lift to thee their voiceless song.

God of the seasons! Thou hast blest
The land with sunlight and with showers,
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles
To crown the sweet autumnal hours;
Praise, praise to thee! Our hearts expand
To view these blessings of thy hand;
And on the incense-breath of love,
Go off to their bright home above.

MISCELLANEA.

EXTRACT FROM

THE LIFE OF THE LATE MR. TARDY.

Unfortunate in love, Mr. Tardy took refuge in politics; and a vacancy occurring at Rottenbury, he presented himself as a candidate in Parliament, as one of the representatives of that independent and respectable borough. Although he had no support in the contest, save his own talent and integrity, (for his family interest, and three thousand pounds advanced by his father to serve a purpose of his own in getting his son into Parliament, could have had no influence over the minds of the independent voters of Rottenbury.) Tardy ran his opponent Lord George Pliant, so hard in the canvass, that it was difficult even to guess on which side fortune would declare. By his promptitude and industry he astonished all those who were aware of his usual habits of indolence and procrastination. He had, as he believed, canvassed every person who had a vote to (qu.) *sell?* for Rottenbury, except one Mr. Grubthorpe, a farmer who, living at a village seven miles off, Mr. Tardy resolved to leave till the last. Just within three hours of the time appointed for the opening of the poll, he ordered his horse for the purpose of paying a visit to the farmer. He had set one foot in the stirrup when the London newspaper was put into his hand. He opened it, and turned to the sporting intelligence. "How's this!" said he "Bluestocking not expected to run! That alters my book; it may make a difference of sixty guineas to me. As soon as I return I'll—stop—I'll write up to my friend Snaffle upon the subject at once—no; I'd better first go over to—no; I'll write this letter, and then it will be off my mind." He turned to his room, wrote a long letter to his friend Snaffle touching this all-important matter of sixty guineas, and having so done, he mounted his horse and rode over to solicit the vote of Mr. Grubthorpe. On his way thither he met Lord George Pliant riding towards Rottenbury. They coldly exchanged bows, and passed on. On stating to Mr. Grubthorpe the object of his visit, Mr. G. replied:—"Lard, Sir, how could'ee come so leate? I ha' had twenty visits from his Lardship, nor wou'd'n promise he in hopes ye'd come, for I knows yer feyther: but as this weare the last day I didn' think ye'd come at all, so I weare obliged to teake care o' myself, and so I ha' just promised my vote to my Lard, Lard, Sir, if ye had but come the matter of a quarter of an hour ago!" At the final close of the poll the numbers were declared; for

Lord George Pliant	-	-	371
Loiter Lag Tardy, Esq.	-	-	370

Hurra! Pliant forever! Glorious majority of ONE!!!

Not long afterwards Lord George Pliant, by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, (and probably, something more,) vacated his seat; and then Mr. Tardy was, without opposition, returned member for Rottenbury:—the sole condition of his election being that he would oppose, negative and undo, the Rottenbury-Payment-of-rate-for-building-a-bridge-across-the-River-Slush-Enforcement-Bill.

[illegible] and no sooner arrived there than he took the oaths and his seat. This arrival was opportune; for it happened that, on the evening of that very day, a hard struggle was expected to take place on the third reading of the Rottenbury,—*&c., &c.*—Enforcement-Bill. On that evening, Mrs. Siddons, whom he had never seen, was to play *Lady Macbeth:* so as the Rottenbury Bill was not expected to come on earlier than half-past ten, and the other business before the House being unimportant, he despatched his servant to Drury-Lane Theatre to secure a place for him.

Tardy went to the theatre, and did not reach the House of Commons until a quarter before eleven. On being admitted, he found that the House had just then divided on the third reading of the Rottenbury-Payment-of-rate-for-Building-a-Bridge-across-the-River-Slush Enforcement-Bill; which after an animated debate, was carried by a majority of ONE: the Speaker, in the absence of the honorable member, having decided the question by his casting vote. No sooner did the news reach his constituents at Rottenbury that the Rate-paying-Enforcement-Bill (for the express object of opposing which they had returned Mr. Tardy to Parliament) had been carried against them, and that, too, entirely owing to his absence on the division, than the free and independent electors forwarded what they called a "peremptory *request*" to their representative that he would instantly surrender the important trust, which, for the good of the British Empire in general, and of the borough of Rottenbury in particular, they had confided to him. This he accordingly did, and returned un-M. P.'d to Neverdone Castle.

Years rolled on. In their advance they carried Mr. Tardy along with them—through the prime of life—into its meridian—past it. He was now fifty-five. At this period old Sir Dawdlemore died. The elder brother succeeded, of course, to the titles, the estates, and all the advantages of primogeniture. Loiter inherited a legacy of twenty thousand pounds. This bequest would materially improve his condition; for having no one to provide for but himself, he determined to lay out the entire sum in the purchase of an annuity for his own life. Arrangements for that purpose were immediately entered into; and in order that the money might be forth-coming as soon as required, it was placed in the rich, responsible, and long established banking-house of Messrs. Spec, Smash & Co., London. He would now be the master of about eighteen hundred a year. "It come too late for me to enjoy it as once I should have done," thought he; "but better late than never."

Having occasion to go into the city one morning on account of some business connected with his annuity, his eye was caught by a ticket, numbered 77, in the window of a lottery-office. He walked on and presently got into a hackney-coach: it was numbered 77. He drove to his solicitor's: his house was numbered 77. At night (naturally enough) Tardy dreamt that No. 77 was drawn the great prize in the lottery. He rose early the next morning, and sallied forth from his lodgings in Pall-mall to Cornhill, resolved to purchase No. 77. The ticket occupied the same place in the window. He entered the office, drew from his pocket twenty pounds, and—"Hold!" said he; "slow and sure; 'tis a great deal of money to throw away in a lottery speculation; I'll consider of it." He retraced his steps. At Temple Bar, an old man implored his charity.

"What's your age, my fine fellow?" asked Mr. Tardy.

"Seventy-seven, Sir," was the reply.

This was irresistible. Back again he flew to Cornhill.—Again the twenty pounds were displayed on the counter.

"Give me ticket No. 77," said he to the office-keeper.

"No. 77, Sir?" said the man: "sold it only a quarter of an hour ago in a whole ticket, Sir."

Two days afterwards, No. 77 was drawn a prize of five thousand pounds. Even the ingenuity of Mr. Tardy in twisting "better late than never" into a consolation failed upon this occasion.

Just at the same time when he received intelligence of his unlucky miss, his solicitor called at his lodgings. The purpose of his visit was to *hint* to Mr. Tardy that, from certain whispers afloat in the city touching the credit of Messrs. Spec, Smash & Co., it might be prudent to withdraw his deposit from their custody. He could not speak out—it was a delicate matter—*might* injure the credit of a long-established house—an action at law—prosecution—heavy damages; however, he had drawn every shilling of *his* money out of their hands. Mr. Tardy would, of course, do as he pleased; yet, were *he* in *his* place, most certainly *he*—but, as he said before, he could say nothing." And having disburthened himself of these agreeable innuendoes, the cautious solicitor took his leave.

Here was a matter for rumination—and—slow and sure—Mr. Tardy did ruminate upon it during the greater part of the day. The firm of Spec, Smash & Co. in a ticklish condition! The thing was impossible. A house so long established—so wealthy—so close and wary in its transactions! And then, the individual partners so affluent! Each with his establishments in town and country: one with his yacht—another with his stud of racers! To doubt *their* stability!—Pooh! Besides, to withdraw so large a sum at a moment's notice would betray a want of confidence in those most respectable men; and wound their feelings. And yet, there was no smoke without fire. Could he but find a decent pretext for removing his account! And fortunately a decent pretext was afforded him. Notice was sent him that all the preliminary forms towards the settlement of his annuity being arranged, nothing now remained but to pay the twenty thousand pounds, which, if convenient to Mr. Tardy, he might do at two o'clock on the morrow. Thus were Mr. Tardy's delicate scruples regarding the tender feelings of his bankers appeased; and, with respect to the safety of his property, his mind set perfectly at rest.

At one o'clock on the *morrow*, Mr. Tardy, resolving to be punctual to this most important appointment, walked stoutly towards the city, neither turning to the right hand nor the left—except to see some wherries start on a rowing-match from Blackfriars Bridge; nor stopping by the way—except occasionally to look at some of the very best caricatures ever exhibited. Thus it was three-quarters past two when he reached the place of his destination—a delay, however, which was of no importance, he being quite in time to sign the necessary papers and deeds. "I am rather late, I know," exclaimed Tardy, laughingly; "but better late than never."

As he was drawing his cheque-book from his pocket, a gentleman entered the office. "Here's a pretty piece of work!" said he. "Spec, Smash and Co. stopt payment, and there won't be half-a-crown in the pound."

"Eh!—how!—what!—when?" said, or, rather, gurgled Mr. Tardy.

"They have been paying till within this quarter of an hour," was the reply; "but if you have any curiosity about it, Sir, you may now see their beautiful mahogany shutters up."

The wealthy, respectable, and long-established Messrs. Spec, Smash and Co. assuring their creditors that there would turn out to be forty shillings in the pound,—nothing,—Mr. Tardy, for his own part was satisfied. After the lapse of nineteen years, a first and final dividend of eight-pence-farthing in the pound was declared, which Mr. Tardy would have received—had he not arrived a quarter of an hour too late to prove his debt.

Mr. Tardy entered his sixtieth year, yet had experience not rendered him wiser. The fatal influence of the family mottoes attended him to the very close of his existence. For several years had he kept up an insurance on his life for three thousand pounds, in favor of a young lady who was either his neice, or his cousin, or the orphan daughter of a naval officer,—for he was not consistent in his explanations upon this point. In due course he received the usual notice that the premium for the insurance was becoming due; but, fifteen days beyond the period specified being allowed for the payment, Mr. Tardy had plenty of time before him, and he saw no earthly reason why he should hurry himself in the business. The last of those days of grace arrived; and so, nearly, had the last hour. He was rather late in his payment, he admitted; but, "better late than never." So he mounted his horse, and set off at a brisk trot towards the insurance-office. He had not proceeded far when his horse stumbled and threw him. He was carried home senseless from a severe contusion on the head. Preparations were made for bleeding him. He recovered himself sufficiently to be aware of what was going on.

"Slow and sure," he faintly articulated; "as I never have been bled, I have a great objection to undergoing that operation now."

In vain did the surgeon assure him that his life depended upon it; remonstrance and entreaty were alike unavailing. After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, the surgeon, kindly taking his hand, once more urged him to submit to his advice; adding, at the same time, "Indeed, indeed, Sir, unless you instantly do so it will be too late."

"Do as you please, then," replied he, in a voice scarcely audible; "better late than never."

Even whilst the surgeon was pointing the lancet to his arm, poor Tardy breathed his last. "Had he consented to this a quarter of an hour ago," exclaimed the operator, "I would have answered for his recovery." This melancholy event occurred at precisely fifteen minutes past four o'clock, as it was sworn to, by the parties present, before a magistrate. It is important that we should be thus particular concerning the time of his death; for at four o'clock precisely, the policy for the mysterious young lady we have alluded to, at which till that hour had remained in force, became void and valueless! it expired—just one quarter of an hour before Mr. Tardy!

The Mother.—Bishop Doane, in his sermon on the death of Rev. Dr. Wharton, says of him: "He is to be added, on his own testimony, to the host of great and good men who have owed their greatness and their goodness, under God, to a mother's precepts, piety, and prayers. 'Many of her parental precepts and tender caresses,' he says, in a little sketch of his first fifteen years, 'are still fresh in my memory, and frequently present her dear image to my mind.'"

Under eighty-five years of age, "he was accustomed to speak of these benefits with the fervour and susceptibility of youth."

Lives of Eminent Missionaries. By John Carne, Esq. Author of "Letters from the East." Vol. II. 12mo. London: Fisher & Son.

We have before noticed with much commendation the first volume of this interesting work. The second volume fully sustains the character of its predecessor. It gives brief but pithy, interesting, and well-written biographies of David Zeisberger, a Moravian Missionary to the North American Indians,—of Vanderkemp and Kicherer, missionaries in Caffraria and among the Hottentots,—of Claudius Buchanan, the learned missionary to Hindoostan,—of Jens Haven, the Moravian Missionary to Labrador,—of Mrs. Judson, the zealous, devoted, and accomplished wife and fellow-labourer of the American Missionary to Siam,—of David Brainerd, the admirable missionary to the North American Indians,—and of Dr. Milne, the colleague of Dr. Morrison in China. The volume is intensely interesting, and records the labours of as noble a band of Christian heroes as the world has ever seen. We cannot too strongly recommend these narratives and memoirs to all who feel the importance and dignity of evangelizing the heathen world, or who can sympathize with the sufferings and perils of adventurers in the moral wilderness; whose object is not merely to discover the most extraordinary diversities and perversities of human character, but to bring all such under the transforming influence of the gospel.—*Leeds Mercury.*

The Banks of Newfoundland.—These banks extend over a space of forty thousand miles, and are from thirty to forty-five miles below the surface of the ocean. The shoals are inhabited by innumerable tribes of muscles and clams, to which it is a favourite residence, as they can easily bury their shells in the soft sand. They have enemies to contend with. The codfish resort to this coast to prey on them. They keep a constant watch, and swim about a foot above the sub-marine sands; when a muscle opens its shell, it is immediately seized and devoured. At other times the fish do not wait; they are provided with a horny protuberance round their mouths; with these they burrow in the sand, and capture the muscle in its shell. The fishermen of various nations, French, English, and Americans, who resort to these banks, take annually from eight to ten millions of fish; on opening them they often find the remains of twenty or fifty muscles in each—sometimes the muscle-shells are found either wholly or partially dissolved. The first care of the fishermen, after taking their stations, is to ascertain the depth of water; the lines must be regulated so as to be on the bottom, where the fish are always engaged in this species of sub-marine war.

Important Discovery.—Mr. Putter, of Lymington, already known as the author of a Treatise on Gas-lighting, has obtained a patent for a new method of producing heat, which is certainly one of the most useful discoveries of modern sciences. In large furnaces and manufactories it will almost entirely supersede the use of coal. But its greatest advantage will be found in its applicability to steam navigation. The principal ingredient employed for fuel in this process is water! The only material required besides, is something in a liquid form, which contains a large portion of carbon: whale oil, tar, or almost any thing of a similar kind, will answer the purpose. As these materials are introduced into the furnace simultaneously and in combination with each other, the one yields its carbon, while the other gives out its hydrogen, and a small portion of atmospheric air is the only thing that is then required to keep them in a state of perfect combustion. The whiteness and intensity of the flame thus produced can hardly be imagined by any one who has not seen it, and yet is so completely under management, that in one second it can be reduced or augmented as occasion may require. It is almost unnecessary to add that it yields no smoke, and, consequently, the hideous funnel now used in steam-packets may be laid aside. But the greatest advantage of all is, that steam navigation may henceforth be employed in cases, where, till now, it was altogether impracticable. A vessel may be so constructed as to take on board, with its necessary cargo, a supply of fuel, which would enable her to circumnavigate the globe.—*Hampshire* [illegible]

The [illegible].—A lawyer, [illegible] estate [illegible] and keeps it himself.

Longevity.—There is at present residing in Cochran-street, in Glasgow, a woman who has attained the surprising age of 107 years. Her maiden name is Elizabeth Moore, but she is better known as "Granny M'Donald" in the neighborhood in which she resides. This relic of a former century is a curiosity worth visiting, having a never-failing fund of anecdote and stories of other times—"tales of the deeds of other years," with which to amuse the visiter, many of them mixed with strange infusions of the superstitious notions of her early life. Like all other ancient Scottish dames, the rebellion of 1745 is an interminable topic of conversation with her, and she describes with great animation the appearance of the young Pretender, with whom she had an interview when she resided in the south of Scotland, on occasion of presenting him with some dainty provision of her own cooking, which seems to have been given rather as a peace offering than out of any particular love for his cause. The whole matrons of the district had vied with each other in loading his table as heavily, and with as many delicacies as possible, during his stay among them; and the subject of this notice, then a very young woman, newly raised to the ladyship of a Maybole feu, was not, according to her own statement, behind in her efforts to please the Prince. Granny M'Donald has had a family of fifteen children, all of whom, with two husbands, have long ago gone before her into the dark and narrow house. At one time she had been in highly respectable circumstances, and from her conversation it is still evident that she must have been a woman of more than ordinary intelligence. For many years, however, she has lived in a state of deep poverty, entirely dependent upon the support of the charitable and humane. She is still able to walk out when assisted, and occasionally visits in this way her benevolent friends. Her hearing is as quick as ever it was. Her appearance is always cleanly and neat, and an air of respectability is thrown around her, seldom observable in persons in the situation she now occupies.—*Glasgow Argus.*

Byron on Sentiment in Women.—"Does the cant of sentiment still continue in England? (asked Byron.) Nothing sickens me so completely as women who affect sentiment in conversation. A woman without sentiment is not a woman; but I have observed, that those who most display it in words have least of the reality. Sentiment, like love and grief, should be reserved for privacy; and when I hear women *afficheant* their sentimentality, I look upon it as an allegorical mode of declaring their wish of finding an object on whom they could bestow its superfluity. I am of a jealous nature, (said Byron,) and should wish to call slumbering sentiment into life in the woman I love, instead of finding that I was chosen, from its excess and activity rendering a partner in the firm indispensable. I should hate a woman (continued Byron) who could laugh at or ridicule sentiment, as I should, and do, women who have not religious feelings; and, much as I dislike bigotry, I think it a thousand times more pardonable in a woman than irreligion.—*Lady Blessington in the New Monthly Magazine.*

Disgraceful Outrage.—An outrage of a most fiendish description was on Monday night committed on a young [redacted] at present (so troublously prevalent both here and elsewhere,) and, accosting her, scarcely gave her time to reply that her name was not what he imagined it to be, till, throwing his arms round her neck, and holding up her face, he threw a jugful of vitriol into it, and darted swiftly off. As may be imagined, the poor girl was carried home in a deplorable state. The whole of her face has been severely burnt, and it is feared that she will be permanently deprived of the sight of one of her eyes. On Thursday she was very feverish, and although she was on Friday rather better, fears are entertained for her ultimate recovery. A fellow, bearing a vagabond character, has been apprehended on suspicion.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

How to get a tight Ring off a Finger.—Thread a needle flat in the eye with strong thread; pass the needle with care under the ring, and pull the thread through a few inches towards the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly round the finger, regularly, all down to the nails, to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end of the thread, and unwind it.—The thread, pressing against the ring, will gradually remove it from the finger. This never-failing method will remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however swollen the finger may be.—*Lit. Times.*

Duel between two Friends.—One day after dinner, two officers in a celebrated Irish regiment, and very intimate friends, having carried their badinage beyond the precision of military punctilio, a Major and a Captain, well known for their love of duelling, interfered, and at length gave the young friends to understand that they must have a shot or two at one another. As they walked to the field of blood, without a grain of animosity against one another, but of no little displeasure against their friends upon the occasion, who would listen to no excuse, apology, or explanation, Calamy, having a moment's opportunity of speaking to Trollope apart, whispered—"I'll fire at your second, if you'll fire at mine.—"Agreed," replied Trollope. When they came upon the ground, and all due preliminaries had taken place, off went their pistols together in a straight line at their seconds. The Major and the Captain were found very ready to settle the affair.—*From Consequences of an Irish Clearing.*

Van Diemen's Land.—The spirit of enterprise is alive in this young colony. We observe by the *Independent*, a Launceston paper, which we have received from a correspondent, that a Monthly Magazine is just started at Hobart Town; and that a tradesman in Launceston has erected gas works, and announces that he is willing to "illuminate" shops, hotels, &c.

Ireland.—The total present expenditure of Ireland, including debt, army, pensions, civil list, miscellaneous estimates, and all disbursements payable out of the public revenue, is £2,910,806 8s. 10d.

Steam Carriages.—A joint stock company is now forming in London, with a capital of £100,000 in £25 shares, for the purpose of establishing coaches to convey passengers and merchandize, by steam, between London and the principal towns in England on the common turnpike roads. Leeds, Bath, Bristol, Birmingham, and Manchester are mentioned as the first amongst a number of places to which the coaches are to run.

What gives value.—"What do you ask for this sketch?" said Sir Joshua to an old picture dealer, whose portfolio he was looking over.—"Twenty guineas, Sir."—"Twenty pence, I suppose you mean?" "No, Sir; it is true I would have taken twenty pence for it this morning, but if the President of the Academy thinks it worth looking at, all the world will think it worth having."—Sir Joshua ordered him to send the sketch home, and gave him his money.