The Weekly Observer.

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VOL. XX.—NO. 25.

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.

VICTORIA HOUSE.

Re-opening at the Old Stand!

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

On TUESDAY Next, 23d November,

WITH AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF

FALL & WINTER GOODS.

THE Subscribers having completed the extensive alterations and additions to their premises, will open their enlarged Fire-Proof Establishment with a very Choice and Varied assortment of GOODS, personally selected by their J. D. in the best English and Scotch Markets, and imported per ships "Mountaincer," "Commodore," "Howard," and "Themis," comprising—

BROADCLOTHS, Pilot and Beaver Cloths;
Cassimeres, Buckskins, and Fancy Trowserings;
VESTINGS, in Satin, Velvet, Cashmere and Valentia;
Ladies' DRESS MATERIALS, newest Winter styles;
GROS DE NAPS, Turc Satins, Ducapes and Baratheas;
COBOURGS, Cashmeres, DeLaines and Orleans;
Ladies' SHAWLS and SCARFS, newest designs;
Newest WINTER RIBBONS, for Cap and Bonnet;
Ladies' Silk and Satin NECK TIES;
LACES, Habit-Shirts, Collars and Capes;
HOSIERY and GLOVES of every description;
FURS, in Muffs, Boas, Victorines and Capes;
GALA PLAIDS, and Fancy

WINTER CLOAKINGS;

BLANKETS, Flannels, Serges and Baizes;
Garment and Furniture PRINTS;
Scotch and French Ginghams, Lawns, &c.;
Crapes and Plaid CAMBLETS, for Children's Dresses;
MOLESKINS, Cantoons, Jeans and Tickens,
Twilled and Plan Shirting, Stripes and Checks,
Grey and White COTTONS, Sheetings & Warps,
Irish Linens, Lawns, Hollands. Dimpers, &c.,
Gents. Silk and Satin SCARFS, Opera Ties, Stocks, &c.;
Silk and Satin Neck and Pocket Handkerchiefs,
Youths and Gents. Cloth and Fur CAPS,
Silk, Gossamer, and Beaver HATS,
Tailors' Trimmings and small Wares of every kind

FOR CASH ONLY!

Nov. 23. JAMES DOHERTY & CO.

NEW FALL GOODS.

JAMES SMELLIE

Has received per ships *Commodore*, from LONDON, and *Mountaineer*, from LIVERPOOL, part of his FALL STOCK, consisting of

BLACK and colored Orleans and Cobourgs,
Figured ORLEANS and LUSTRES,
Black and colored French Merinoes,
Moreens and Damasks,
PRINTED COTTONS,
Grey and White Shittings and Muslins,
White and colored STAYS,
RIBBONS, SILKS, and SATINS,
Black and colored SILK VELVETS,
FURS—in Boas, Capes, Cardinals, Victorines, and MUFFS,
Beaver BONNETS—Grey and Black, &c.

All of which will be sold at the very smallest possible profit.

Prince William Street, October 19, 1847.

Ladies' LACES.

Received at the *Liverpool House*, Prince Wm. Street, ex "William Carson," from London:

A LARGE assortment German Thread LACE; Brussels Corded and Fancy and Silk Net; Paris and Queen's Quilling, Egyptian Plait, Valenciennes, Thread Edgings and Insertions, British Cambray Falls and Veils, Bonnet and Cap Goffered and Blond Borders, Infants' Egyptian Caps, FEATHERS, Flowers, and Cap Fronts. VAUGHANS & LOCKHART.

October 26.—[Chron. Alb.]

NEW GOODS.

Fall Importations!

ALBION HOUSE, KING-STREET.

THE Subscribers have received per *Lion* from Clyde, part of their FALL IMPORTATIONS,—consisting of

Gala Plaids, Britannia CLOAKINGS,
Maude and Plaid Wool Shawls and Scarfs,
Orleans, Coburgs, DeLaines, and Saxonies,
GINGHAMS, Mohairs and Cashmeres,
Blankets, Flannels, Quilts and Counterpanes,
Damasks, Moreens, and Printed Druggets,
Linens, Diapers, Huckabacks, Towels,
Osnaburgs, Canvasses, Ducks, and Dowlasses,
Brown, White and Checked HOLLANDS,
Regattas, Checks, Homespuns,
Buckskins, Doeskins, Cassimeres & Vestings.

Per "Mountaineer":—

Linen and Cotton BED TICKING,
Grey, White, Printed and Furniture Cottons,
Plain, Figured and Shaded Orleans & Coburgs.

To arrive per Howard, Wm. Carson, and Margaret Jane,—64 Packages, containing

Black and Colored SILK VELVETS,
Black and Brown Collar VELVETS,
Black and Colored Gro de Naps & Satin Turcs,
Dark BONNET RIBBONS (new styles),
Thread Valencines and Gimp Lace and Edgings,
Hosiery, Wool and Merino Vests and Drawers,
Ladies' Cashmere, Thibet and Kid GLOVES,
Fancy Hdkfs, Silk and Ribbon Neck Ties,
Printed and Check'd Cashmere and Satin SHAWLS,
FURS—in Cardinals, Muffs, Boas, Victorines, and Cuffs,—stone martin, fitch, squirrel, and mock sable;
FUR CAPS, Gauntlets, Gloves and Trimming
Gent's Scarfs, Stocks, Gloves, Handkerchiefs
Mufflers, Braces and Hose, in great variety
Pilot, Beaver and Fancy Winter COATINGS, with Trimmings to match,
Linen and Wool Stair Cloth, Sheetings,
Cotton Warps, Oil Cloth, Wool Rugs,

And a great variety of other Goods, which are offered, wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices for Cash.

Oct. 19. BEARD & VENNING.

Ladies' Rich FURS.

Received at the LIVERPOOL HOUSE, Prince William Street, an Invoice very Rich FURS, ex "William Carson," from London, consisting of

SETS STONE MARTIN, in very large Cardinal, Flat Boa, Muff and Gauntlet,
Sets French SABLE, large Cardinal, Boa, Muff and Gauntlet,
Sets FITCH, same,
Sets Siberian SQUIRREL, same,
Very large CARDINALS, in Siberian Squirrel, Fitch, Lustred Musk, and British Sable,
MUFFS and BOAS, in Stone Martin, French Sable, Fitch, Siberian Squirrel, Squirrel Lock, British lynx, British Ermine, British Sable,
VICTORINES, Misses and Ladies., in Siberian Squirrel, Squirrel lock, and British Sable,
Ladies' Gauntlets, in Stone Martin, French Sable, Siberian Squirrel, and lustred Musk,
Ladies' Fur Trimming, in Squirrel lock, Fitch, British Sable, and British Ermine,
Ladies' Strong BOAS.
Gents. FUR TRIMMING, in Astrachan, Nutria, and British Sable.

☞ The above splendid assortment of FURS are offered very low, wholesale and retail.

Oct. 26. VAUGHANS & LOCKHART.

Stoves and Hollow Ware.

Per *Lion*, from the Clyde—

FIFTY Canada STOVES, 20 to 30 inch;
10 tons of Pots, Ovens, Covers, Spiders, Fry Pans, Griddles, Fire Dogs, Cart and Pipe Boxes, &c.;
52 dozen "Thompson's" Screw AUGERS.

THOS. R. GORDON,
Corner of Dock Street and Market Square.

October 12, 1847.

THE SUBSCRIBER.

Has received ex *Syria*, from New York, and *Joseph Howe*, from Boston:

50 BRLS. Superfine Genesee FLOUR,
50 barrels best Brandywine CORN MEAL—Kiln dried,
40 barrels best NAVY BREAD,
20 M. best Havana CIGARS,
1 case India Silk Handkfs.—various patterns,
20 puncheons Strong RUM.

Also, ex *Charlotte*, from *Halifax*:

10 hhds. Bright Porto Rico SUGAR,
30 casks superior PORT WINE.
15 puncheons Fine Old Jamaica RUM.

Which he offers at market rates.

JOHN V. THURGAR.

North Wharf, 2d Nov. 1847.

LONDON HOUSE,

Market Square.

Winter Importations!

Per *Commodore, Mountaincer*, and *Lion*, from London, Liverpool, and the Clyde—

AN extensive Stock of SHAWLS, SCARFS, Hdkfs., CLOAKINGS, *Silks, Satins Satin Turcs*, Silk and Satin Handkerchiefs and Neck Ties, *Velvets, Ribbons, Gloves, Hose, Laces*, CASHMERES, Coburg and Orleans Cloths, Tartans, Camlets, Parramatta, Moreens, Aprons, Gent's Mufflers, Doeskins, Kerseys, Tweeds, *Pilot, Beaver, and Broad CLOTHS*, &c. A large quantity of PRINTS, Grey & White COTTONS, Ginghams, Furnitures, Linings, LINENS, Lawns, Diapers, Muslins, Moleskins, Ticks, SHEETINGS, Shirtings, *FLANNELS, BLANKETS*, Quilts, Counterpanes, Duck, Dowlas, Padding, Canvass, Cotton Warp, &c.

Also, a variety of FURS.

October 12. T. W. DANIEL.

C. & W. H. ADAMS,

Have just received per ships *Themis* and *Howard* from Liverpool, part of their Fall Stock of HARDWARE, containing a good assortment of Shelf Goods—*Also:*

6 ROLLS SHEET LEAD,
187 Bags NAILS,
4 cases CAST STEEL,
11 bales Blistered do.
10 pair Blacksmith's BELLOWS,
2 casks Horse Traces,
2 crates COAL SCOOPS,
20 bundles Eye Handle SHOVELS,
96 do. SHEET IRON,
1 cask Curled HAIR,
2 casks PLANES,
1 cask Sheet ZINC; 2 cases GUNS,
3 casks Tea Kettles; 1 cask Borax.

October 26.

Waterproof Blacking.

WHICH renders Boots and Shoes completely impervious to Water and Snow, and at the same time does not prevent the leather from receiving a good polish from any Blacking in ordinary use.

The Subscriber has just received another supply of the above named article, the virtues of which have been tested by hundreds of persons in various parts of the Province, and he strongly recommends its use to all persons who feel desirous of protecting their feet from the dampness during the approaching season.

☞ The price is only one shilling a pot. Orders from all parts of the Province attended to.

S. K. FOSTER.

Nov. 9.—3i. Corner of King and Germain streets.

LONDON GOODS.

Landing ex *Commodore*, from London:

100 CHESTS Fine Congo TEA,
5 Chests Old Hyson do.
7 Hhds, LOAF SUGAR,
5 Hhds. Crushed Loaf do.
20 Boxes Sperm CANDLES,
5 Casks BLACKING,
50 Kegs *Brandram's* WHITE LEAD,
10 Kegs Superfine MUSTARD,
3 Cases Windsor SOAP,
2 Casks *Lazenby's* PICKELS and SAUCES,
Cases Manilla CHEROOTS, Italian Juice, Tapioca, Nutmegs, Salad OIL, Isinglass, Maccaroni, Vermicelli, Patent Groats of Barley, &c. &c.

For sale by JARDINE & CO.

October 12, 1847.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, BOYS', GIRLS CHILDREN'S and INFANTS'

PLAIN and PLAIN INDIA RUBBER SHOES.

S. K. FOSTER

HAS just received at his Shoe Stores, Corner of King and Germain streets—Twenty Cases of the above named Goods, comprising the greatest variety ever offered for sale in this City.

☞ Orders from the Country punctually attended to, as usual.

Oct. 12, 1847. S. K. FOSTER.

Per Brig LION.

THE Subscriber has received by the above vessel from the Clyde—4 bales CANVAS, consisting of Brown, Bleached, and Tarpaulin, from No. 1 to 6. For sale low by

Oct. 12. JOHN WALKER.

Robb's Oatmeal!

JUST received from Dorchester—50 Bags new Oatmeal. For sale by

November 2. JARDINE & CO.

The Garland.

SONG OF THE SOIL.

BY J. H. R. BAYLEY.

I start the bulb of the beautiful flower,
And feed the bloom of the wild wood bower.
I rear the blade of the tender herb,
And the trunk of the stalwart oak I curb,
I force the sap of the mountain pine,
And curb the tendrils of the vine;
I robe the forest, and clothe the plain
With the ripest of fruits, and the richest of grain.

The cheek of the peasant I clothe with health,
And yield the sturdy yeoman wealth;
I give the spirit of commerce wings,
And prop the tottering throne of kings—
The gorgeous palace and the humble cot
Owe every atom to me they've got—
And the prince of the banquet, and the hind at his board,
Alike must depend on the fare I afford.

Man may boast of his creature might—
His talent in peace, and prowess in fight;
And lord it over the beast and bird,
By the charm of his touch and the spell of his word;
But I am the sole and might of source
Whence flows the tide of his boasted force—
Whatever his right, and whoever he be,
His pomp and dominion must come from ME!

I am the giver of all that's good,
And have been since the world has stood;
Where's there wealth on ocean, or beauty on land,
But sprung from the warmth of my fostering hand?
Or where's the object fair and free,
That claims a being, but's traced to me?
Cherish, then cherish, ye sons of toil,
The wonderful might of the fruitful soil!

And whence, says the Christian, dost thou obtain
This power so mighty, of which thou art vain?
Thou boasted of that which is furnished to thee,
By Him who is Lord both of land and of sea,
For know that the treasure which come from thy sod,
Are only thine own, as the gift of thy God.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MARIA ROSEAU.

Speak gently to the little child,
So guileless and so free,
Who, with a trustful, loving heart,
Puts confidence in thee.
Speak not the cold and careless thoughts
Which time has taught thee well,
Nor breathe one word whose bitter tones
DISTRUST might seem to tell.

If on his brow there rests a cloud,
However light it be,
Speak loving words, and let him feel
He has a friend in thee:
And do not send him from thy side
Till on his face shall rest,
The joyous look, the sunny smile
That mark a happy breast.

Oh! teach him, THIS should be his aim,
To cheer the aching heart,
To strive, where thickest darkness reigns
Some radiance to impart;
To spread a peaceful, quiet calm
Where dwells the noise of strife,
Thus doing good and blessing all,
To spread the whole of life.

To love with pure affection deep,
All creatures great and small,
And still a stronger love to bear
For Him, who made them all.
Remember, 'tis no common task
That thus to thee is given,
To rear a spirit fit to be
The inhabitant of Heaven.

Miscellaneous.

THE SKATING MATCH.

(From "The Old Judge," in "Fraser" for October.)

"Well, arter the race, Luke felt a kind of affection for the young gall, and she for him. I guess they liked the flavour of them ere kisses ——"

"Ain't you ashamed to talk that way?" asked Miss Lucy.

"And he proposed to the old woman to marry her, but she would'nt hear to it at no rate. Women don't much care to have a jilted man that way for their darters; cast-off things ain't like new, and second-hand articles ain't prised in a general way; and besides, the old lady was kind of proud of her girl, and thought she might make a better match than taking up with the likes of him. At last winter came, and things were going on in this dissatisfactory kind of way, when a thought struck Luke. Sally was a'most a beautiful skater. She could go the outside edge, cut circles one inside the other, write her name, and the figures of the year, and execute all sorts of things on the ice with her skates; and Luke proposed to run her that way for marriage, or twenty pounds forfeit if he did'nt catch her. It was a long time before the old woman would consent; but at last, seeing that Sally had beat him so easy afoot, she knowed, in course, she could out-skate him on the ice like nothing; and, therefore, she gave in, on condition that Luke, if he was beat, should clear out and leave the Cove: and, as he could'nt get no better terms, he agreed to it, and the day was fixed and arrangements made for the race, and the folks came from afar and near to see it. Some backed Sally and bet on her, and some backed Luke and betted on him, but most people wished him to win; and there never was, perhaps, a horse-race, or foot-race, or boat-race, or anything excited and interested folks like this 'Race for a Wife.'

"The Cove was all froze over with beautiful glassy ice, and the day was fine and the company assembled, and out came the two racers. Sally was dressed in long cloth pantalets, only covered by her skirt as far as the knees, so as to admit of a free use of her limbs, and a close fitting body with narrow sleeves, and wore a black fur cap on her head. Luke had on a pair of seaman's trousers, belted tight round the waist, and a loose striped Guernsey shirt, open at the neck, and a knowing little seal-skin cap, worn jauntily a one side. It ain't often you see such a handsome couple, I can tell you.

"Well they walked hand in hand down to the Cove, and the folks cheered them again and again when they arrived on the ice. After fitting on their skates, they slowly skimmed about the Cove, showing off, cutting all sorts of feats of shines, evolutions, and didoes, and what not; when they came together again, tightened their straps, shook hands, and took their places, twenty yards apart, and, at the sound of a conch-shell, off they started, like two streaks of lightning. Perhaps it was the most splendid thing ever seen in this country. Sally played him off beautifully, and would let him all but catch her, then stop short, double on him, and leave him ever so far behind. Once she ran right round him, so near as to be able to lay her little balance-stick across his shoulders, whack! with all her might. Oh! what a laugh it raised, and what shouts of applause every cutting off or heading of his received, or sudden pull up, sharp turn, or knowing dodge of hern was welcomed with! It was great sport.

"The Cove fairly rung with merriment. At last the hour for the race was drawing near its close (for it was agreed it should only last an hour), and she began to lead him off as far as possible, so as to double on him, and make a dash for the shore, and was saving her breath and strength for the last rush, when, unfortunately, she got unawares into what they call blistered ice (that is, a kind of rough and oneven freezing of the surface), tripped, and fell at full length on her face; and, as Luke was in full pursuit, he couldn't stop himself in time, and fell also right over her.

"'She is mine!' said he; 'I have her! Hurrah! I have won!'

"Oh," continued Mr. Stephen, "what a cheer of praise and triumph that caused! It rang over the ice, and was echoed back by the woods, and was so loud and clear you might have heard it clean away out to sea, as far as the lighthouse a'most!"

"And this is your dismal story, is it?" said the young hostess, with an air of disappointment.

"Such a waving of hats and throwing up of fur caps was never seen; and when people had done cheering, and got their heads straight again, and looked for the racers, they were gone"——

"Gone!" said Lucy. "Where?"

"To heaven, I hope!" said Stephen.

"Why, you don't mean to say they were lost, do you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Drowned?"

"Yes, drowned."

"What, both of them?"

"Yes, both of them."

"What, did they go through the ice?"

"Yes, through the ice. It was an air-hole where they fell."

"Oh, my, how awful!"

"I told you so, Miss," said Stephen, "but you wouldn't believe me. It was awful, that's a fact!"

"Dear me!" ejaculated Lucy. "Only think of poor Luke; he was a misfortunate man, sartinly! Where they ever found?"

"Yes, when the ice broke up, the next eastwardly gale, they floated ashore, tightly clasped in each other's arms, and were buried in one grave and in one coffin. It was the largest funeral ever seen in them parts; all the fishermen from far and near attended, with their wives and darters, marching two and two, the men all dressed in their blue trousers and check shirts, and the women in their grey homespun and white aprons. There was hardly a dry eye among the whole of them. It was a most affecting scene."

THE GIN PALACE.

The gin-palace is generally at the corner of two intersecting streets in a gin-drinking neighbourhood; it towers, in all the majesty of stucco pilasters, in genuine cockney splendour, over the dingy mansions that support it, like a rapacious tyrant over his impoverished subjects.

The doors are large, swinging easily upon patent hinges, and ever half-and-half—half open and half-shut, so that the most undecided touch of the dram-drinker admits him. The windows are of plate-glass, set in brass sashes, and are filled with flaming announcements in large letters, "The Cheapest House in London,"—"Cream of the Valley"—"Creaming Stout"—"Brilliant Ales,"—Old Tom, four-pence a quartern,"—"Hodge's Best for mixing,"—and a variety of other entertainments for the men and beasts who make the gin-palace their home. At night splendid lights irradiate the surrounding gloom, and an illuminated clock serves to remind the toper of the time he throws away in throwing away his reason.

Within, the splendour is in keeping with the splendour without; counters fitted with zinc, and a long array of brass *taps*; fittings of the finest Spanish mahogany, beautifully polished; bottles, containing cordials, and other drugs, gilded and labelled, as in the apothecaries' shops. At one side is the bar-parlour, an apartment fitted up with congenial taste, and usually occupied by the family of the publican; in the distance are *vistas*, and sometimes galleries, formed altogether of huge vats of the various sorts of liquor dispensed in the establishment. Behind the counter, which is usually raised to a level with the breasts of the topers, stand men in their shirt-sleeves, well-dressed females, or both, dispensers of the "short" and "heavy;" the under-sized tipplers, raising themselves on tiptoe, deposit the three-halfpence for the "drop" of gin, or whatever else they require, and receive their *quantum* of the poison in return; ragged women, with starveling children, match and ballad-venders, fill up the foreground of the picture.—There are no seats, nor any accommodation for the customers in the regular gin-palace; every exertion is used to make the place as uncomfortable to the consumers as possible, so that they shall only step in to drink, and pay; step out, and return to drink and pay again. No food of any kind is provided at the gin-palace, save a few biscuits, which are exhibited in a wire cage for protection against the furtive hand; drink, *eternal*, poisonous drink, is the sole provision of this whited sepulchre.

There is not in all London a more melancholy and spirit-depressing sight than the area of one of the larger gin-palaces on a wet night. There the homeless, houseless, miserables of both sexes, whether they have money or not, resort in numbers for a temporary shelter; aged women selling ballads and matches, cripples, little beggar-boys and girls, slavering idiots, piemen, sandwich-men, apple and orange women, shell-fishmongers, huddled pell-mell, in draggle-tailed confusion. Never can human nature, one would imagine, take a more abject posture than is exhibited here; there is a character, an individuality, a family likeness common to the whole race of sots; the pale, clayey, flaccid, clammy face, pinched in every feature: the weeping, ferret-like, lack-lustre eye, the unkempt hair, the slattern shawl, the untidy dress, the slip-shod gait, too well betray the confirmed drunkard.

The noises, too, of the assembled topers are hideous; appalling even when heard in an atmosphere of gin. Imprecations, execrations, objurgations, applications, until at length the patience of the publican, and the last copper of his customers, are exhausted, when, rushing from behind his counter, assisted by his shopmen, he expels, *vi et armis*, the dilatory mob, dragging out by the heels or collars the dead drunkards, to nestle, as best they may, outside the unhospitable door.

Here, unobserved, may you contemplate the infinite varieties of men self-metamorphosed into beasts; soaker, tippler, toper, muddler, dram-drinker, beer-swiller, cordial-tipper, sot.

Here you may behold the barefoot child, hungry, naked, clay-faced, handing up on tiptoe that infernal bottle, which made it, and keeps it what it is, and with which, when filled, it creeps home to its brutal father, or infamous mother, the messenger of its own misery.

Here the steady *respectable* sot, the good customer, slides in, and *flings* down his throat the frequent dram; then, with an emphatic "hah" of gratification, drops his money, nods to his friend, the landlord, and for a short interval disappears.

Here you may behold with pity and regret, and as much superadded virtuous indignation as the inward contemplation of your own continence may inspire, the flaunting Cyprian, in over-dressed tawdriness, calling, in shameless voice, for a quartern of "pleasant-drinking," gin, which she liberally shares with two or three gentlemen, who are being educated for the bar of the Central Criminal Court. You may contrast her short-lived hey-day of prosperous sin with that row of miserables seated by the wall, whose charms are fled, and whose voices are husky, while they implore you to treat them with a glass of ale, or supplicate for the coppers they see you receive in change from the barman; and who are only permitted that wretched place of rest that they may *beg* for the benefit of the publican, and for his profit poison themselves with the alms of others.—*Physiology of London Life.*

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—So much had the winning manners and rising beauty of the young Princess endeared her to the citizens that the day of her departure from Vienna was one of universal gloom and depression—all the satisfaction which they felt at beholding her Dauphiness of France was forgotten in the melancholy foreboding that they would see her no more. Her entry to her future kingdom brought the Dauphiness at once into enchanted ground. She literally trode air all the way from Strasburgh to Paris. Everywhere the peasantry quitted the neighboring fields, crossing to the road side to get a glimpse of their destined Sovereign, triumphal arches were erected in all the towns and villages, the streets were strewn with nosegays, rows of maidens dressed in white, adorned with garlands, awaited to present her with the choicest flowers of spring. Her youth, her beauty, her benignity, the radiant joy which beamed from her countenance, diffused a universal feeling of enchantment. How beautiful she is—our Dauphiness! was the remark of all. The general admiration was augmented when she was heard to answer the deputations of towns in elegant French; of the schools and colleges in the purest Latin.—She was received with unparalleled demonstrations of joy at Compeigne, where she was met by the King, and at Versailles all that art and genius could combine were prepared to add to the splendour of her nuptials, which were celebrated in the chapel of the palace, amidst the brightest sunshine and with extraordinary magnificence. Shortly after she left the altar, however, the heavens darkened, the clouds collected, rain fell in torrents, violent peals of thunder dispersed the crowds assembled round the palace, and shook the walls of the august structure. It was emblamatic of her destiny; at the close of the path thus in its outset bestrewed with flowers, there awaited her the Temple, the Conciergerie, the scaffold.

PLEASING INCIDENTS.—A kind and good, as well as a distinguished man, was the late Judge Smith, of New Hampshire. His interest in the young, his power of entertaining them, and his familiar intercourse with them, form to our view one of the pleasantest features of his character. In this respect, he was like Chief Justice Marshall. An interesting fact or two will illustrate this:

A lady, at whose house he was, asked her daughter, about three years old, to go to another room for her father.

"I will," she said, "when Judge Smith is not here."

A little fellow, just beginning to talk, was so entertained by him that every time he paused, he called out—

"Man, talk more; man, talk more!"

Another little girl, with whom he had been playing and talking some time, being asked to go out with her mother, said—

"No, no; I want to stay here; I want to hear what he will say next!"

This pleasant and simple character of the Judge is well exemplified in an incidental picture which is drawn of his chamber, with a little child of vicious and dissolute parents, sleeping in her little crib, in one corner of it. "The sight of the little creature," says his biographer, "seemed to double the enjoyment of his own comforts. When he saw her put to bed at night in her flannel night-gown, or dressed in the morning before the cheering wood-fire, he always manifested the liveliest pleasure; exclaiming again and again—

"A brand snatched from the burning! a brand snatched from the burning!"

WHO MAY NOT BE RICH?—A Polish woman, who has a stall in the Franklin Market, found herself, about five years ago, a widow with four young children, and an estate of just one dollar and fifty cents in money. She did not, however, turn her steps towards the alms-house, nor spend her time in begging from door to door. Though embarrassed by a very poor knowledge of our language, she immediately invested her capital in some articles which she could sell, and commenced operations, employing her children as she could for her assistance. For a year or two past she has had the market stall. A few months ago she learned that the owner of a good farm of seventy-five acres, in one of the central counties of the State, was very desirous to sell his farm for money. She examined the farm, found a good house, barn, &c., and fifty acres under cultivation. Her twelve shillings had grown to *twelve hundred dollars*, all safe in the savings bank, and she offered it for the farm, and it was accepted, for it was all in cash. The Polish widow now has her country estate, where she has been spending some months; though, unwilling to retire as yet, she has returned and resumed her stall. What a fine provision for herself and family has she secured, by five years of determined effort! What proof has she made that this is the land where all may be rich who have health, and where they only who have it not are proper objects of charity!—["New-York Journal of Commerce."

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.—From the moment in which the exercise of certain expressions of good-will is exclusively directed to the body, the class, or nation to which we belong, and is denied to others, from the moment in which they break out into words and deeds of antipathy, from the moment in which the fact that a fellow-man speaks a different language, or lives under a different government, constitutes him an object of contempt, abhorrence, or misdoings,—from that moment it is maleficent. A toast, for example, in America, has been given, "Our country, right or wrong," which is, in itself, a proclamation of maleficence, and if brought into operation, might lead to crimes and follies on the widest conceivable field,—to plunder, murder, and all the consequences of unjust wars. Not less blameworthy was the declaration of a prime minister of this country, "that England—nothing but England—formed any portion of his care or concern." An enlarged philanthropy, indeed, might have given to both expressions a Deontological meaning, since the true interests of nations, as the true interests of individuals, are equally those of prudence and benevolence; but the phrases were employed solely to justify wrong, if that wrong were perpetrated by the land or government which we call our own. Suppose a man were to give as a toast, in serious earnest, "Myself, right or wrong?" Yet the above assumptions of false patriotism, both in America and England, are founded on no better principle.—*Bentham.*

HOW LADIES SHOULD DRESS.—The "Philadelphia Pennsylvanian" publishes, from the pen of a lady, the following remarks on Dress:—"Speaking of beauty, I wish people would dress pleasantly, benevolently. I saw a lovely girl to-day looking unlovely and unlovable, because her muslin dress was stiffly starched, *to keep clean the longer*. My laundress tries in vain to persuade me into the barbarous custom. To my mind a woman should always look as soft to the touch as a flower, and as pure. All her garments should be made of the finest and softest material possible; material that will easily dispose into folds, falling gracefully around her; and not, by being liable to ruffle it every moment, compel her to stiff attitudes and starched demeanour, denying her all luxury of lounge and loll; why, my very words would grow prim and precise, were I to wear a dress which depended on flour or potato for its propriety."

THE CULTIVATION OF PATIENCE.—The finest opportunity for the cultivation of patience is in a household where there are many children—boys and girls—with no great difference of years between them. Here, in the first place, the parents have need of all the faith and patience they have, to bear hopefully with the impatience of some of their children. There are moments, hours, and days in the best households, when the conscientious and tender mother feels her heart rent by the spectacle of the quarrels of her children. It is a truth which had better be at once fully admitted, that where there are many children nearly approaching each other in age, their wills must clash, their passions become excited, and their affections be for the time overborne. When a mother sees children scratch and strike, when her ear catches the bitter words of passion between brothers, her heart stands still with grief and dread. But she must be comforted. All may be well if she overrules this terrible necessity as she may. She must remember that the strength of will, thus shown, is a great power for use in the acquisition of patience. She must remember that the odiousness of passion is not yet so evident to her children as it is to her. She must remember how small is the moral comprehension of a child; and, therefore, how intense are all its desires, and how strong is the provocation when those desires are thwarted. She must remember that time and enlargement of views are what children want to make them men and women; and that time and enlargement are sure to come to these young creatures and make men of them if the parents do their part.—Her part to-day is to seperate the children who cannot agree, to give time and opportunity for their passions to subside, the desire of the moment to pass away, and the affections and the reason to be aroused. She must obtain their confidence apart, and bring them together again when they can forgive and agree—If she finds that such trouble enables her to understand her children better, and reveal their own minds to themselves, and teach them a more careful self-rule, the event may be well worth the pains.

FIRST STEPS.—The anxiety of accumulating something for their children—if not enough for their entire support at least enough to see them well afloat in life—is very common among parents. This is injudicious and arises from parental weakness. Educate your children well, and you have done enough for them; teach them to depend on their own strength—and this can only be done by putting them on their own resources—in no other way can they acquire strength. In truth, setting a young man afloat on the wealth accumulated by his father is like tying bladders under the arms of a swimmer, or rather one that cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders, and his sole dependence, and then where is he? Teach him while young to swim a little with his own strength and then he will be prepared to enter the stream of life and take care of himself without any extraneous helps. Under such circumstances he will be likely to buffet the waves with far more success.

A RUSE.—One of the Secretaries of State for the United States struck out a good mode of getting rid of an intruder in a particular case. It appears that the doorkeeper of the Secretary's office was remarkably obliging, which proved quite the thing for a rabid office-seeker, who managed to get in every day and bother the Secretary.—When the annoyance had continued three or four days, the Secretary stepped up one morning to the doorkeeper, and inquired whether he knew what that man came after daily. "Yes," said the functionary, "an office, I suppose." "True, but do you know what office?" "No Sir." "Well, then, I'll tell you: he wants your place." The meeting next morning between the office-seeker and the polite door-keeper is said to have been rich, from the peculiar manner in which the intruder was informed, "the Secretary is not at home."—*Galt Reporter.*

DEATH OF THE GIPSY KING.—Will Faa died at Kirk-Yetholm last week, in the 96th year of his age. Up to a very recent period he was in the enjoyment of a hale old age—pursuing his favourite amusement with the fishing-rod, and taking long rambles, but within these few months back his iron frame indicated quick-coming decay. At one time he kept a public-house in Yetholm, and was a man pretty well to do in the old Border village. With Will the ancient gipsy name of Faa becomes extinct. The tribe have appointed a successor of the name of Blyth. At this moment there are about 120 gipsies resident or belonging to Yetholm. Their occupations consist mostly in selling clay-ware, picked up at the Newcastle potteries, as also in making horn-spoons and white tin water-cans.

SEARCH FOR WIVES.—Where do the men usually discover the women who afterwards become their wives? is a question we have occasionally heard discussed: and the result invariably come to, is worth mentioning to our lady readers. Chance has much to do in the affair; but then there are important governing circumstances. It is certain that few men make a selection from ball rooms or any other place of public gaiety; and nearly as few are influenced by what is called showing off in the streets, or by any allurements of dress. Our conviction is, that ninety-nine hundredths of all the fancy with which woman decorate or load their persons go for nothing as far as husband-catching is concerned. Where and how then do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians—at the fire side where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated.—*Chambers' Journal.*

IMPORTANT TO PHYSICIANS.—Yesterday Alderman Ash gave decision in the case of a physician who had sued another for medical attendance during illness, and which the defendant refused to pay to the bill on the ground that there was a custom among the profession, amounting to law, not to charge each other for professional services. The magistrate decided that what appeared to be custom was but a matter of etiquette, which did not obtain so generally as to deserve to be considered as law, and therefore gave judgment in favour of the plantiff for the amount of his claim.—*Philadelphia News.*

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—A boy labouring under a disease presenting extraordinary symptoms, was lately admitted into Addenbrooke's Hospital, at Cambridge, and the surgeons were unable to determine the nature of his complaint until they discovered that a common bean had been forced up the nasal passage. The bean was extracted, and was found to have vegetated since it had been imbedded, and to have produced a sprout half an inch long.

REQUISITES TO FORM A GOOD ACTION.—A lady asked her uncle, a veteran attorney, what were the requisites for going to law? He answered, "I'll tell you, Maria—first, a good cause; second, a good purse; third, a good attorney; fourth, a good counsel; fifth, a good judge; sixth, a good jury; seventh, good luck.

A GREAT LIE.—"A great lie," says the poet Crabbe, "is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still, and it will die of itself."