The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No. 1157.

ST. JOHN, TUESDAY JULY 28, 1840.

Vol. XIII. No. 5.

PUBLISHED ON TUESDAYS, BY
DONALD A. CAMERON.
Office in Prince William-street, near the Market Ten square, opposite Sands' Brick Building.
Price—15s. per annum, exclusive of postage, half in advance.

Weekly Almanack.

July—1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
29 Wednesday	4 43	7 29	8 5	11 43
30 Thursday	4 44	7 28	8 29	ev 20
31 Friday	4 45	7 26	8 49	0 54
1 Saturday	4 47	7 25	9 8	1 28
2 Sunday	4 48	7 24	9 27	2 1
3 Monday	4 49	7 23	9 48	2 41
4 Tuesday	4 50	7 22	10 11	3 26

First Quarter 5th, 0h. 35m. morning.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
Thomas Leavitt, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be left at the Bank before three o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK
Lewis Burns, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Mondays and Thursdays.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
SAINT JOHN BRANCH.
R. H. Liston, Esquire, Manager.
Discount Days .. .. *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before three o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 1 o'clock.
JOHN BOYD, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.
Committee for July.
A. S. PERKINS, JOHN WARKER, R. KELTIE.
☞ All Communications by Mail, must be post paid.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 3 o'clock.
James Kirk, Esquire, President.
☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing

REMOVAL

The Subscriber having removed his Watch, Clock, and Jewellery establishment, to his new stand in that House lately occupied by Mrs. Hendricks, corner of King and Cross streets, begs to call the attention of his Friends and the Public in general to his new and varied assortment of

Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, SILVER PLATE, &c.

Just received per ships *Eagle*, *Mearns*, and *British Queen*, from London, Liverpool, and Greenock,
—CONSISTING OF—
LADIES' and Gents. Patent Lever and Lepine Watches, in gold and silver cases, capp'd and jewell'd; Vertical ditto in ditto; Plain Vertical do.; A large collection of Eight day and Spring Clocks, suitable for offices and halls; Ladies' and Gents. solid fine Gold and Gold plated Stone and Pearl set Finger RINGS; plain ditto; Fancy gold Snaps: Cameo and other Brooches, set in fine gold, Gold Lockets and Vinegarettes: Gents. bosom chain Pins: solid gold and gold plated Seals & Keys: fine gold top and drop, fancy and plain Ear-rings: Filagree ditto; silver plated Bread Trays: Cake Dishes: Cruet stands with 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 cut glass bottles: Cream Ewers, richly gilt inside: Egg stands, cups and spoons to match: Candlesticks, Snuffer Trays and Snuffers: sterling silver Table, Dessert, Tea, Salt and Mustard SPOONS: Sugar Tongs: Tweesers, Tooth Picks, fine silver and silver plated Pencil Cases: solid and plated Gold and silver Watch Guards; Thimbles, Fob chains, German silver Chains in variety, Pickle Forks, Butter Knives, sterling silver Snuff Boxes, Wood do: 4, 3, and 2 tuned Music Boxes: Sextants, Quadrants, Compasses, Parallel Rulers, Day and Night Telescopes, Barometers, Thermometers, Ladies' Tortoise shell and horn Card Cases.

And a variety of small but useful articles, which together with his former stock he offers for sale wholesale or retail, on reasonable terms for cash or approved paper.

JAMES AGNEW.
Watchmaker, &c.
Corner of King and Cross streets.

FOR SALE, two superior Two Days' Ships' Chronometers, on moderate terms.

J. A. begs leave further to state that he continues to repair and adjust ships' and pocket Chronometers Watches and Clocks of every description: Also, Astronomical and Philosophical Instruments, in the most correct manner and on reasonable terms.

☞ Engraving on Stone and Metals done to order.
St. John, May 19, 1840.

TAR and PITCH.

77 BRLS. TAR; 10 do PITCH, —for sale low by
July 7. Ratchford & Brothers.

HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT
At Loch Lomond.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has opened a House of Entertainment at Loch Lomond, in the premises formerly occupied by Mrs. Tyson, adjoining the Farm of Richard Sands, Esquire, and is prepared to accommodate, in a comfortable manner, Boarders or Pleasure Parties from the City, who may wish to enjoy the delightful scenery and aquatic sports of the Lake and its vicinity. The House is convenient either for permanent Boarders or family parties visiting the country for a few hours, is well supplied with excellent Beds; and a plentiful stock of provisions, &c. at all times on hand. He respectfully solicits a portion of the public patronage, which it will be his unceasing study to merret.

☞ Good accommodations for Horses and Carriages. PETER CLEMENTS.
Loch Lomond, 16th June, 1840

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has, for the better accommodation of the public, fitted out a good, comfortable PACKET to sail between the Ports of Shediac, New-Brunswick, and Bedeque, P. E. Island, once every week during the Summer, so as to intersect all the lines of Stages, that is to say—M'Beath's from *Miramichi*; Brown's from *Pettiodiac*; and the line of Coach from Nova-Scotia;—and all persons going to Prince Edward Island will find immediate conveyance to all parts of said Island.

The Packet Dolphin will sail every *Monday*, from Shediac to Bedeque, and every *Thursday*, after the arrival of the Charlottetown Stage, from Bedeque to Shediac, weather permitting.—Fare, best Cabin, seven shillings and sixpence; forward Cabin six shillings; deck passengers, five shillings. All Letters and Newspapers free between said Ports.

The Subscriber respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage, which it will be his unceasing object to merit.

ANTHONY SIMPSON,
Shediac, May 25, 1840. *Master.*

The Garland.

ON GETTING HOME THE PORTRAIT OF A FEMALE CHILD.

PAINTED BY EUGENIO LATILLA.

Type of the Cherubim above;
Come live with me, and be my love.
Smile from my wall, dear roguish sprite,
By sunshine and by candlelight,
For both look sweetly on thy traits;
And, were the mellow moon to gaze,
She'd welcome thee with lustre bland,
Like some young fay from fairy land.

Cast in simplicity's own mould,
How canst thou be so manifold
In sportively distracting charms!—
Thy lips—thine eyes—thy little arms,
That wrap thy shoulders and thy head
In homeliest shawl of netted thread,
Brown woollen net-work: yet it seeks
Accordance with thy smiling cheeks,
And more becomes thy beauty's bloom
Than any shawl of Cashmere's loom.

Thou hast not to adorn thee, girl!
Flower, link of gold, gem, or pearl!
I would not see a ruby speck
The passing whiteness of thy neck—
Thou need'st no casket, witching elf—
No gawd—thy toilet is thyself;
Not ev'n a rosebud from the bower—
Thyself a magnet, gem, and flower.

My arch and playful little creature;
Thou hast a mind in every feature—
Thy brow with its disparted locks
Speaks language that translation mocks—
Thy lucid eyes so beam with soul,
They on the canvass seem to roll,
Instructing both my head and heart
To idolize the painter's art—
He marshal's minds to Beauty's feast,
He is humanity's high priest,
And proves by heavenly forms on earth
How much this world of our's is worth.

Inspire me, child, with visions fair,
For children, in creation are
The only things that could be given
Back and unchanged, alive, to Heaven.

London, May 23, 1840. Thomas Campbell.

EVENING PRAYERS.

WRITTEN FOR A CHILD, BY DAVID PAUL BROWN.

O guard me through the shades of night,
Saviour and Lord, I humbly pray,
Surround, and shield me with thy might,
And bless me through the coming day.

Bless me in *youth*, bless me in *years*,
And bind me in thy bonds of love;
Inspire my hopes, dispel my fears
And train me for the realms above.

In all *I do*, and *think* and *say*
Direct and counsel me, O Lord,
Sleeping or waking, night or day,
Sustain me by thy sovereign word.

And when I yield this fleeting breath,
And fly to meet Thee face to face,
Preserve me from *eternal* death—
Still bless me, through redeeming grace.

Bless parents, brothers, sisters, all,
In health and sickness, joy and grief,
What'er betide—what'er befall,
Be *Thou*, their solace, and relief.

Teach them and me, how weak, how vain—
How worthless, are these scenes below;
When mirth is mourning—pleasure pain,
And proud rejoicing, turns to woe.

Let me dear Lord alone rejoice,
In *prayer* and *grateful praise*, to Thee;
Subdue my heart—attune my voice,
And mould me for eternity.

Miscellaneous.

From the New Monthly Magazine for March.

THE CHALET IN THE ALPS.

(Concluded.)

It was a cold night in the early part of autumn, when winter had anticipated its visit by many weeks, that Michael Bauvais, returning to his home through a narrow pass in the mountains, was attracted by the barking of a dog; and, on approaching the spot whence the sounds came, discovered a man nearly in a state of insensibility, over whom the faithful animal was uttering his melancholy cries. It was not without considerable difficulty that he succeeded in restoring suspended animation to the stranger, and then slowly led him to the humble chalet, where his mother assisted him in his exertions to render the visit of their unexpected guest as comfortable as their limited means permitted. The warmth of a good fire, and some boiled goat's milk, had such a salutary effect on the invalid, that he was shortly able to thank his preserver, and to inform him that he was an artist, who, in search of the picturesque and sublime scenery which he wished to delineate, having advanced farther into the mountain than prudence warranted, had lost his way; and, after many hours passed in fruitlessly endeavoring to regain it, had at last sunk exhausted into a slumber, whence in all human probability he might from the intense cold to which he was exposed, have never awakened, had he not been rescued by Michael Bauvais.

The young artist was pressed by his poor but hospitable hosts, to continue with them a day or two, until he had recovered sufficient strength to ensure a safe return to his home. He opened his portfolio, and delighted their inexperienced eyes with sketches that might well have claimed approbation from those accustomed to see the finest drawings. Annette was called to share in the gratification their display afforded, and her beauty and artless grace excited so much interest in the young artist, that he immediately made a portrait of her, which filled her lover with joy and gratitude.

The vicinity of the wild spot inhabited by the two families, possessed such attractive scenery, that the painter prolonged his stay several days for the purpose of sketching the different views. Annette would hang with delight over his drawings, and *listen* with scarcely less pleasure to the songs he would sing while making them.

At first Michael shared in the interest which was awakened in her mind; but soon a jealous feeling occasioned by witnessing how much of her time and attention was engrossed by the stranger, took possession of his mind. He became moody, captious, and harsh to her, towards whom he had never previously evinced a sympton of ill-humor. This sudden, and to Annette unaccountable change in his temper, only aggravated the cause that led to it; and the poor simple girl, repulsed by her lover each time that she sought to address him with her wonted and affectionate familiarity, took refuge in the mild and amusing conversation of the young painter. When Michael was compelled to be absent from the chalet in search of fuel, or to lead home the goats, it was evident that his moodiness increased; and when he returned, it was excited almost to frenzy, by finding Annette seated by the stranger, listening with unconcealed delight to his songs, or the stories he related to her.

The whole character of Michael became changed. No longer the gay youth, whose cheerfulness had been the life of the chalets, his ill-humor was now a source of chagrin to all its inhabitants, none of whom, owing to their simplicity, suspected the cause. Often in the moodiness of his spirits, when stung into anger by some innocent familiarity exhibited toward the stranger by Annette, he almost cursed the hour when he saved him from death, and led him to the chalet to fascinate her who hitherto had never lent her eyes or ears with pleasure to aught save himself alone.

Sketches of Annette multiplied every hour. The artist found her figure so graceful and picturesque, and it gave such a charm to his drawings, that he was never tired of copying it; and sooth to say, Annette with all her simplicity, had enough of woman's vanity in her heart, to be pleased, if not proud of the artist's evident admiration of her.

At this time, too, the young painter, who sometimes amused himself in the composition of simple songs, addressed the following one to Annette, and this piece of music gallantry excited the jealousy of her lover into still greater violence.

"Beautiful maiden as pure as the snow
On thine own native mountains, wherever I go,
I'll think of thee artless and fair as thou art,—
Though soon, ah! too soon, I from thee must depart.
I'll think of thee beaming as now with a smile,
And thy innocent converse that oft did beguile
The long hours of evening, and of thy sweet song
That the wild mountain echoes so love to prolong.
Beautiful maiden, oh! blest be thy lot
With the youth who has won thee, though I be forgot,
My prayer shall ascend to the heavens for thee,
Where distant thy sweet face no more can I see."

One evening when Michael returned to the chalet, he found the stranger platting the long tresses of Annette, who was innocently laughing at the awkwardness with which he performed the operation. Michael had, from her infancy, always reserved this task as a labor of love for himself; and his feelings could not have been more wounded had he discovered her in the arms of the stranger.

"How, faithless girl!" exclaimed he, "and is it come to this? Is all shame gone, that you let a stranger touch those tresses, that my hands alone have heretofore pressed? And you, ungrateful man! is it thus you repay me for having saved your life? But I will fly from you both for ever!" And so saying, he rushed from the chalet with the frantic haste of a maniac.

The stranger, alarmed by his violence and impetuosity, the cause of which he for the first time clearly discerned, and deeply pained that he should have furnished the occasion for the developement of a passion which now raged with such fury, fled in pursuit of Michael, leaving Annette overwhelmed with surprise and grief. Dreadful were the sufferings of the poor girl, as hour after hour elapsed, bringing with them no tidings of her lover or his pursuer. At early dawn after a night of such wretchedness as she had previously been a stranger to, she stood in front of the chalet, straining her eyes in the hope of discerning her lover; when her young sister descried a figure in the distance, and pointed it out to her. The most fearful apprehensions filled her breast, for there was but *one* figure to be seen, and that with the quick sight of love she discerned was not his.

Alas! the fears of Annette were but too well founded. Durand, the young artist, only returned to prepare for the reception of the corse of the ill-fated Michael, which, after a long search, was discovered, owing to the barking of his dog, in the very spot whence, but a few days before, he had rescued him who was the innocent cause of the groundless jealousy that led to his own destruction. Whether the unhappy youth had wilfully precipitated himself into the yawning gulf, or that in the rapidity of his flight he had overlooked his vicinity to it, and so had accidentally fallen in, was never ascertained. The charitable minded of the few persons collected from the neighboring hamlets were disposed to adopt the latter supposition, while those less good natured, declared their conviction that the deceased, driven to madness by jealousy, had thrown himself into the chasm, where his mutilated remains were found—a belief in which they were strengthened by the frantic self-accusations of the wretched Annette, who, with piercing cries, declared herself to be the cause of all. Fearful was the picture presented at the two chalets, so lately the scene of peace and content. The poor old mother of Michael Bauvais, rendered nearly insane by this last terrible affliction, sat by the corse of her son, and, gazing fondly on the pale face, murmured, from time to time, "Yes, there he lies, as his father did before him, twenty years ago. Gone from me, without a parting word—a single embrace. These cold lips that never uttered a word of unkindness to me, cannot return the kiss that I imprint on them. Ah, my son! never before did they receive the touch of mine without returning the pressure. How often in my dreams have I seen you as you now lie, cold, speechless, without life, and I have awoke in agony, to bless God that it was but a dream! But now! oh! my son, my son, who will close the weary eyes of your wretched mother, who will lay her in the grave! The wicked spirits of these dreary mountains first envied me the possession of my poor Claude, and snatched him from me, and now they have torn away my son. Often have I seen a light too bright for mortal ken, shine into his room, when he slept, as if the moon itself had entered his casement, and cast all its beams around his head, just as it used to do round that of his poor father. I ought to have known it boded no good, but I dared not think that my child would be taken from me. I have heard such sighs and whispers, too, in the night, when the wind has shook the chalet, and the snow has been drifted against the windows with a violence that has dashed them to pieces. Ah! I ought to have known that even then the evil spirits that haunt these wild mountains were planning his destruction!"

So raved the poor woman, in all the incoherence of a grief that unsettled her reason, until some of the inhabitants of the nearest hamlet came to remove the corse for interment, when, uttering a piercing shriek, and clasping it in her arms, she fell senseless upon the coffin; and when raised, was found to be dead. Annette had lost all consciousness of the misery around her, in a brain fever, which kept her hovering between life and death many days. When health once more began to tinge her pale cheek, it was discovered with sorrow by Durand, who had watched over her with unceasing solicitude and unwearying care, that reason assumed not its empire in her brain.—Perfectly harmless and gentle, she did all that she was told to do, with the docility of the most obedient child, but was utterly incapable of the least reflection or self-government. Durand, considering that he was the cause, though the innocent one, of the afflictions that had befallen these poor families, insisted on becoming their support for the future.—He prevailed on the helpless old Martin Vignolles to accompany him with his two daughters, to Paris, where, having established them in his home, he left nothing undone to promote their comfort. Fortune, too, favored the worthy young man who so religiously fulfilled his self-imposed duties; for his pictures, justly admired, produced such high prices, that, after a few years, he secured a handsome competence, and became the happy husband of the pretty Fanchon, the sister of poor Annette, to whom he had given an education that rendered her in every way suitable to be the companion of a person with a cultivated mind. Old Martin Vignolles lived to see the marriage of his Fanchon, and died blessing his children. And poor Annette still survives, innocent, gentle, and fondly beloved by her sister and Durand, with whose little children she delights to play, offering subjects for his pencil, the representation of which often draws crowds of admirers round them in the gallery of the Louvre.

Frock coats and white cravets are becoming quite the vogue, Prince Albert having set the fashion.

Three Bad Habits.—There are three weaknesses in our habits which are very common, and which have a very prejudicial influence on our welfare. The first is giving way to the ease or indulgence of the moment, instead of doing at once what ought to be done. This practice almost always diminishes the beneficial effects of our actions, and often leads us to abstain from action altogether; as for instance, if at this season of the year there is a gleam of sunshine, of which we feel we ought to take advantage, but have not the resolution to leave at the moment a comfortable seat or an attractive occupation, we miss the most favourable opportunity, and perhaps at last justify ourselves in remaining in doors on the ground that the time for exercise is past. One evil attendant upon the habit of procrastination is, that it produces a certain dissatisfaction of the mind which impedes and disarranges the animal functions, and tends to prevent the attainment of a high state of health. A perception of what is right, followed by a promptness of execution, would render the way of life perfectly smooth. Children should be told to do nothing but what is reasonable, but they should be taught to do what they are told at once. The habit will stand them instead all their lives—The second weakness is, when we have made a good resolution, and have partially failed in executing it, we are very apt to abandon it altogether. For instance, a person who has been accustomed to rise at ten, resolves to rise at six, and after a few successful attempts happens to sleep till seven, there is great danger that he will relapse into his former habits, or probably even go beyond it, and lie till noon. It is the same with resolutions as to economy and temperance, or any thing else; if we cannot do all we intended, or make one slip, we are apt to give up entirely. Now what we should aim at is, always to do the best we can under existing circumstances; and then our progress, with the exception of slight interruptions, would be continual—The third and last weakness to which I allude is, the practice of eating and drinking things because they are to be paid for. How seldom it happens that two men leave a few glasses of wine in a decanter at a coffee-house, though they both have had enough? and the consequence of not doing so is frequently to order a fresh supply; but, at any rate, even the first small excess is pernicious. Excess, however slight, either in solids or liquids, deranges the power of digestion, and of course diminishes the full benefit of any meal. It often induces an indisposition to move, and so one excess leads to another. What is called a second appetite is generated; and, the proper bounds once passed, it is not easy to fix another limit. The importance in a man's life of stopping at enough is quite incalculable; and to be guilty of excess for the reason I have just mentioned, though very common, is the height of folly. A small quantity will cause the difference between spending the remainder of the day profitably or agreeably and in indolence and dissipation.—*The Original.*

The Bible.—We do not know where there is so good a description of the Bible, in so small a compass, as is to be found in the article below from the Hartford Courier:—

A nation must be truly blest if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book; it is so complete a system that nothing can be added to or taken from it; it contains every thing needful to be known or done; it affords a copy for a king and a rule for a subject; it gives instruction and council to a senate, authority and direction to a magistrate; it cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes a judge with his sentence; it sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table; tells him how to rule and her how to manage. It entails honor to parents and enjoins obedience to children; it prescribes and limits the sway of sovereigns, the rule of the ruler and authority of the master; commands the subjects to honor and the servants to obey; and promises the protection of its Author to all who may walk by its rules. It gives directions for weddings and for burials; it promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both; it points out a faithful and eternal guardian to the departing husband and father; tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children and in whom his widow is to trust, and promises a father to the former and a husband to the latter. It teaches a man how he ought to set his house in order, and how to make his will; it appoints a dowry for the wife, and entails a right of the first born; and shows how the younger branches shall be left. It defends the right of all and reveals vengeance to the defrauder, over-reacher and oppressor. It is the first book and the oldest book in the world. It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instruction, and affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that ever were revealed. It contains the best laws and profoundest mysteries that ever were penned. It brings the best things and affords the best of comforts to the inquiring and disconsolate. It exhibits life and immortality, and shows the way to everlasting glory. It is a brief recital of all that is to come. It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples. It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to him; and sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them, and of all that put their trust on them.

Our Colonial Relations.—We do earnestly implore the government of England (without reference to party politics,) to join heart in hand with the enterprise of our countrymen, for the establishment of new colonies in every part of the globe. During the glorious reign of Elizabeth, the surest road to distinction and honors was, by the discovery of heretofore unknown lands, and by forming plantations thereon. Then public companies were organized in various parts of the kingdom: the noblest peers and the wealthiest commoners vied with each other in generous emulation for the expansion of the realms of their Sovereign. We should rejoice to see the same spirit arising—to witness the real aristocracy of the land co-operating for the useful purpose of providing happy homes for the rapidly augmenting population of the united kingdom. This is the true policy of England—to make corn grow on heretofore waste soils, and to render vast territories, which were heretofore uninhabitable, the abode of numerous and independant yeomenry. * * * In our judgment, we should desire to direct the public mind from political agitation at home, to social improvement in our colonies. Instead of seeking to destroy the landed interest by breaking down the corn laws, and with them the funded property and all species of contracts, let us endeavour to obtain a yearly supply of grain and timber from our transmarine possessions; instead of endeavouring to prevent continental Europe from manufacturing for its own wants, let us turn to the certain profitable markets which our colonies supply, remembering that in British subjects, the consumption of our manufactures are not more than sixpence per head annually. In our colonies will be found the richest fields for the increase of our power; these are the genuine sources of national wealth; and their cultivation is, in reality the true policy of England.—*Colonial Magazine.*

Dignity of Labour.—I have faith in labour, and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labour alone can keep us alive. I would not change, if I could, our subjection to physical laws, our exposure to hunger and cold, and the necessity of constant conflicts with the material world. I would not, if I could, so temper the elements that they should infuse into us only grateful sensations, that they should make vegetation so exuberant as to anticipate every want, and the minerals so ductile as to offer no resistance to our strength and skill. Such a world would make a contemptible race. Man owes his growth, his energy, chiefly to that striving of the will, that conflict with difficulty, which we call effort. Easy, pleasant work does not make robust minds, does not give men such a consciousness of their powers, does not train to endurance, to perseverance, to steady force of will, that force without which all other acquisitions avail nothing. Manual labour is a school where men are placed to get energy of purpose and character, a more important endowment than the learning of all other schools. They are placed, indeed, under hard masters, physical sufferings and wants, the power of fearful elements, and the vicissitudes of all human things; but these stern teachers do a work which no compassionate indulgent friend could do for us; and true wisdom will bless Providence for their sharp ministry. I have great faith in hard work.—*Channing.*

Destructive Fire at Bridport—Twenty-two Cottages Burnt.—Loss of Life.—On Friday last, about noon, a most destructive fire, with loss of life, occurred at Allington, adjoining the thriving town of Bridport. Twenty-two cottages were burnt to the ground in so short a time that the inhabitants saved but very little of their property.

It is generally known, that Sir Hudson Lowe, anticipating that France would, sooner or later, claim Napoleon's corpse, caused him to be buried in a manner which renders his removal perfectly easy, and will prevent any necessity for rudely disturbing his remains. Though Napoleon desired that his body might rest on the banks of the Seine, he bequeathed his heart to Marie Louise; and from Sir Hudson Lowe's desire to comply, as far as lay in his power, with the emperor's will, the heart is not, we believe, placed in the coffin, but is deposited in the tomb in a seperate case.—*Spectator.*

Transportation of Convicts.—Transportation, as hitherto conducted, is to cease at the end of the month after next. Colonization by convicts is abolished. New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land may no longer be termed penal colonies. So far as transportation will henceforth affect Australasia, the colonies hitherto called penal will be on a par with all the others. Convicts are still tot be transported, not to become slaves anywhere, nor in any way to be mixed, as convicts, with the inhabitants of any colony, but are to be confined by themselves in such places as Tasman's Peninsula and Norfolk Island, and, when their term of punishment has expired, are to be let loose, not on New South Wales or Van Diemen's land in particular, but on all that part of the world without distinction.—*Colonial Gazette.*

Frightful.—A confirmed tobacco chewer, says the St. Louis Gazette, for five years, chews *one mile and a quarter* in length of tobacco in that time.

The mainmast of the Queen, of 120 guns, is 127 feet 7 inches high, and her mainyard 111 feet 4 inches long, and is considered to be the largest mast and yard ever yet made.

Earl Manvers, whose generosity as captain of the royal navy, in renouncing his half-pay, amounting to £3224 2s 6d, in favour of the Royal Benevolent Society, has entitled him justly to the thanks of the whole service, has recently presented to the Royal Naval Female School a donation of 53 guineas.

Extracts of two Letters from British Guiana.—"You have already heard of our long and tedious voyage. It is impossible to convey to you within the compass of a letter an adequate idea of the mortification and diappointment I experienced on seeing the present condition and prospect of the estate. The greater part of the property appears in next thing to a state of abandonment. Very extensive fields of canes are rotting on the ground from being overripe, and of course the succession is proportionally injured. On my arrival on the estate my first measure was to sacrifice entirely 184 acres of canes, and to order 60 more acres of overripe canes to be cut down and piled on the banks, and, notwithstanding this tremendous sacrifice the manager informs me that it will still be the end of April or beginning of May before he is able to overtake the ripe canes. The labourers are unsteady and capricious regarding their work in the last degree, and absent themselves from labour on the most frivolous pretexts.

Woman.—Nature has given woman an influence over man, more powerful, more perpetual, than his over her; from birth to death he takes help and healing from her hand, under all the most touching circumstances of life; her bosom succors him in infancy, soothes him in manhood; supports him in sickness and in age. Such influence as this, being at the spring of life; and acting in all its most trying moments, must deteriorate or improve man's character, must diminish or increase his happiness, according to the moral and intellectual gradation of woman. Thus upon her improvement in particular, depends human improvement in general.

Malibran's Cure for a Cold.—On one occasion, after having dined at three o'clock, as she usually did when she had to perform, De Beriot was sitting at table with several friends, waiting till she was ready to proceed to the theatre, when, about six o'clock she entered the room with an air of disappointment. "What ails you, Maria?" inquired her husband! "I have got a dreadful sore throat," she replied, "and am so hoarse I can't sing a note." "Never mind—think nothing of it. Be calm; agitation will only make it worse." "No, I must try some remedy. Ah, I see something that will do me good;" and before De Beriot had time to arrest her arm, she had seized the mustard-pot, and swallowed the whole of its contents. —*Memoirs of Malibran.*

The Postman.—His portrait is an every day picture of life, and yet not easy to paint. He is the very incarnation of alacrity, the embodied spirit of regularity and precision. Day by day, hour by hour, he is to be seen traversing with rapid step the limits of his own narrow district. The heavens may smile or frown—revolutions may shake the land; or peace and prosperity gladden its children. Disease may wave its pestilent torch, or sudden calamity sweep away its victims, but the postman is still at his post. A diurnal dispenser of news; a kind of Hope in the Queen's livery, visiting every one in turn, and welcomed by all. A messenger of life and death, of gratified ambition or disappointed desire; of gracious acceptance or harsh refusal. He is still welcome, for his presence, or that which he brings at least, puts an end to the most cruel of human sufferings—uncertainty.

Study and Sleep.—Mr. Combe says that nature has allotted the darkness of the night for repose, and the restoration by sleep, of the exhausted energies of the body and mind. If study or composition be ardently engaged in, towards that period of the day, the increased action in the brain which always accompanies activity of mind, requires a long time to subside; and if the individual be of irritable habit, he will be sleepless for hours, or tormented with unpleasant dreams. If, nevertheless, the practice be continued, the want of refreshing repose will ultimately produce a state of irritability of nervous system approaching insanity. It is therefore of great advantage to engage in severe studies early in the day, and devote two or three hours preceding bed time to light reading, music, or amusing conversation.

Oriental Proverb.—A beautiful Oriental proverb runs thus: "With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin."

Kein Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir G. Staunton the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When with some difficulty his majesty was made to comprehend the manner of paying the physicians so well in England for the time they were sick, he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England that can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians—I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed; a certain weekly salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you that my illnesses are very short."

Cottage Windows.—The Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland have offered a premium of ten sovereigns for the best and most approved cottage window, combining economy in the construction, efficiency in excluding rain, affording means of ventilation, &c. Competitors are to furnish a specimen of the window proposed, with a statement of the necessary particulars, to be lodged with Sir Charles Gordon, Secretary of the Highland and Agricultural Society in Edinburgh, on or before the 1st of September, 1840.

Popping the Question.—We forget where we met with the following laconic example of 'popping the question.'—'Pray, madam, do you like buttered toast?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Buttered on both sides!' 'Yes, sir,' 'Will you marry me?' The mode adopted by an eccentric physician is almost as condensed. A lady came to consult him. He prescribed and took his guinea. 'Madam', said he, 'I wish to see you again to-morrow. In the interval take the medicine here prescribed, and ere we meet again, make up your mind to give me a plian 'yes,' or 'no,' to the question I now put to you. I am inclined to wed but not to woo. Will you allow me to lay out my fee in the purchase of your wedding ring?'—*Frazer's Magazine.*

A quiet Mind.—Nothing contributes more to an easy and quiet mind than a disregard of the praise and despising the censures and reproaches of others; the man is still the same, which his own actions and the judgment of God make him; this is the standard of our worth and happiness.

A Sharp Lad.—On Wednesday last, a boy was riding a horse to the fair at Barnsley to sell, he was accosted as he entered the town by a sprig of a dealer, who called out in a consequential tone, "Why, Jack, that horse your'e riding is badley, look what a white face hee's gettan." "Hey," said the lad, breaking off whistling, "an yod hev a white face too, if you look't through a helter az long az it hez."

The horse's motto is as follws:—Down hill, spare me—up hill, indulge me—on the level, push me—in the stable, don't forget me.

Praise the fineness of a day when it is ended—a woman when you have known her—a word when you have proven it—the ice when you have crossed it—and a newspaper when you have read and paid for it.