The Weekly Observer.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1846.

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 30.

THE OBSERVER,

Published on TUESDAY, by DONALD A. CAMERON, at his Office in Water Street, South West corner of the Market Square.—TERMS: 15s. per annum, half in advance.

☞ The postage on all Letters (except those containing money, or from Agents.) must be pre-paid, or they will not be attended to.

☞ NOTICE. ☜

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of JOHN BECK, late of this City, Master Mariner, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within Three Months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said Estate, are required to make immediate payment to

J. GEORGE BECK,
WILLIAM HEWITT,
L. H. WATERHOUSE,
Executors.

St. John, N. B., 2d Dec. 1845.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Subscribers having this day entered into Co-Partnership, the Business heretofore carried on by WILLIAM HAMMOND, in his own name, will in future be conducted under the Firm of WILLIAM HAMMOND & CO.

WILLIAM HAMMOND,
WILLIAM E. MOORE.

St. John, 8th July, 1845.

☞ I hereby request all parties indebted to me by Note, Bond, or Book Account, to pay the amount to WILLIAM HAMMOND & Co.; and all those to whom I am indebted, will please render their Accounts to the new Firm for payment. WILLIAM HAMMOND.

St. John, 8th July, 1845.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

ALL persons having any demands against the firm of THOMAS NISBET & SON, *Cabinet Makers and Upholsterers*, or against the Estate of the late THOMAS NISBET, Junior, are requested to render the same forthwith; and all persons indebted to the said firm are requested to make immediate payment to the Subscriber, who continues the business under the same firm, and has now on hand an extensive assortment of superior NEW FURNITURE, of their own manufacture.

THOMAS NISBET.

St. John, N. B. 1st March, 1845.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any demands against the Firm of "ROBERTSON & Co." or ROBERT ROBERTSON, as Lime Burners, are requested to present the same for payment; and those indebted to said Firm, or to Robert Robertson, for LIME, are desired to make immediate payment to either of the Subscribers.

JOSEPH ARMSTRONG,
ROBERT ROBERTSON.

Indian Town, June 17, 1845.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of CHARLES ROBERTSON, late of the Parish of Lancaster, County of Saint John, Lime Burner, deceased, are desired to present the same, duly attested, within Three Months from the date hereof; and all those indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

ROBERT ROBERTSON,
Sole Administrator.

Indian Town, June 14, 1845.

NEW GOODS.

MORRISON & CO.

Have received per "Edinburgh," "Themis," and "Schoodiac," from Liverpool, and "Queen Pomare," from Clyde, part of their Fall Importations, consisting of:—

PLAIN and Printed Coburgs and Orleans, White & Printed Cottons, Moleskin, Cantoons, Ticks, Flannels, Serges, Baize and Padding, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, Ribbons, &c.
Black & Colored Silk and German Velvets, Linens, Lawns, Diapers, Holland, Table Cloths and Covers, Osnaburg, Canvass & Duck.
A large assortment of SHAWLS, SCARFS, and HANDKERCHIEFS;
Over all Hose, Lambs' Wool, Thibet and Gala Plaid, Mufflers and Scarfs,
Worsted, Gala and Woollen Plaid Cloakings;
Worsted, Yarns, and Knitting Cotton—which, together with a general assortment of Tailors' Trimmings and Small Wares, will be sold both Wholesale and Retail, at unusually low prices.

The remainder of Stock daily expected per Harmony and Avon from Liverpool, and Southampton from Clyde. *Oct.* 14.

RECEIVED

Per ships 'Samuel,' 'Themis,' and 'Schoodiac':

17 CASKS HARDWARE,
2 casks Table CUTLERY,
2 casks FILES,
3 casks TEA KETTLES & SAUCEPANS,
2 casks SAD IRONS,
1 cask CHAIN TRACES
1 cask Refined BORAX,
3 cases SADDLERY,
3 cases SCREW AUGERS—*Thompson's*,
1 case SLATES,
1 case Japanned TRAYS & WAITERS,
1 case GUNS,
1 case SAWS,
100 bags SHOT,
150 GRIDDLES,
25 dozen Long handle FRYING PANS,
12 dozen Short ditto, ditto,
15 dozen Bow ditto, ditto,
2 rolls SHEET LEAD,
3 tons CAST STEEL,
1 ton BLISTER ditto,
2 tons HOLLOW WARE,
1 cask PUTTY, (in Bladders.)
20 packages MANILLA ROPE,
80 bundles OAKUM,
20 ANCHORS, from 1 to 5 cwt.
600 fathom close-link Chain, ⅝, 7-16, ½, ⅜, ¼ & 7-8 in.
20 boxes TIN,
420 bundles SHEET IRON,
190 tons Bar and Bolt IRON—Common,
75 tons Bar and Bolt Iron.—Refined,
86 rolls SHEATHING FELT.

ALEXANDER YEATS.

Dock-street, 7th October, 1845.

LONDON GOODS.

Landing ex *Marshall Bennett*, from London:—

55 CHESTS Congou TEA; 2 do. Old Hyson; 20 boxes Sperm Candles;
12 casks Day & Martin's BLACKING,
2 casks 'Lazenby's' Pickles and Sauces,
1 box Citron, Lemon and Orange Peel;
10 casks French White Wine VINEGAR,
1 case ISINGLASS; 2 chests Florence OIL.

From Dorchester:—

1 ton Robb's OATMEAL.—For sale by December 2. JARDINE & CO.

FLOUR, &c.

300 BRLS. Superfine and Fine Genesee FLOUR;
10 Boxes TOBACCO, 8's and 16's,
45 Chests Congou TEA of superior quality,
50 Barrels Prime PORK (in Bond,)
Received this day per schr. *Brothers* from Boston, and for sale low while landing by

Oct. 21. J. R. CRANE.

NEW GOODS.

HORSFALL & SHERATON

Have received per Themis, Brothers, and Edinburgh, from Liverpool, and Lady Caroline from London, a large and well assorted stock of DRY GOODS, suitable for the season, consisting of:—

5 BALES Gala Plaid, Lambswool & Tweed CLOAKINGS;
2 cases COTTON VELVETS;
8 do. Coburgs, Orleans, and Cashmeres;
3500 yards CARPETINGS—*new styles*;
2 bales HEARTH RUGS,
Floor and Table Oil Cloths and Covers,
5 bales Printed COTTONS,
5 do. Grey and White do.;
2 do. Ginghams and Shirting Stripes,
7 do. FLANNELS, BLANKETS, &c.
5 do. CLOTHS, viz.—Superfine, Beaver, Pilot Cloth, and Trowserings;
2 cases Winter BOOTS and SHOES,
25 cases FANCY GOODS, Laces, Hosiery, Gloves, Haberdashery, Flowers, Feathers, Shawls, Scarfs, Silk and Satin Cravats, Muslins, Bonnet and Cap Ribbons, &c.

Prince Wm. Street, St. John. Oct. 14.

Wines, Brandy and Rum.

26 DOZEN very superior Pale SHERRY
28 do. do. Golden Sherry;
21 do. do. do. Brown Sherry;
18 do. do. do. Old Madeira;
57 do. do. do. Old Port;
15 do. do. do. Old Pale Brandy.

The above are being landed from the *Schoodiac*, in cases of from 1 to 3 dozen each, recommended as being of superior quality and offered at *Cost and Charges.* Ex *Canmore*;—
45 doz. Old PORT, in cases 3 doz. each.
Ex Edinburgh—
5 hhds. superior PORT WINE.
Ex Duke of Wellington—
20 hhds. BRANDY, (Otard, Dupuy & Co.)
Ex Jane—
5 puns. Strong St. Kitts RUM.

For sale by *ALLISON & SPURR.*
October 7, 1845.

Groceries, Liquors, Flour, &c.

The subscribers have just received ex Ship *Lady Caroline*, from London:—

20 HHDS. Holland *GENEVA*;
6 do. *SHERRY WINE*
24 chests Fine Congou TEA;
10 hhds. Loaf SUGAR; 3 do. Crushed do.;
50 boxes Turkey Raisins; 4 carroteels Currants,
20 bags Black PEPPER,
50 boxes Mould CANDLES, (Wax Wicks);
3 do. Windsor SOAP; 1 case PINS,
55 kegs FF GUNPOWDER; 100 bags SHOT,
35 kegs MUSTARD; 1 case Bottled do;
3 cases Fig Blue; 1 do. Confectionary,
4 cases LIQUORICE and Cassia,
50 dozen Playing Cards; 1 case Ink,
15 bags CORKS; 1 case shoe Brushes,
15 barrels Day & Martin's Liquid Blacking,
10 hhds. Raw and Boiled Linseed OIL;
50 kegs Colored PAINT,
10 casks Black Lead, Vitriol, Salts & Sulpnur;
200 bundles Picked OAKUM.

Ex "Themis." from Liverpool:—
110 boxes Steele's SOAP; 1 hhd. Starch,
30 dozen Bed Cords; 1 bale Shad Twine,
1 tierce Scrubbing Brushes,
1 bale Shoe Thread; 30 boxes Tobacco Pipes,
10 bales Cotton Warp.

Ex "Douglas" from Glasgow:—
400 reams Paper, assorted; 1 pun. Malt Whiskey;
40 bags BARLEY; 1 hhd. COPPERAS.

Ex sundry vessels from Philadelphia:—
570 barrels CORN MEAL,
130 do. Superfine FLOUR.

In Store of former Importations:—
240 hhds. Muscovado SUGAR,
15 tierces Loaf and Bastard ditto,
190 hhds. MOLASSES,
125 chests TEA, assorted,
60 puns. Jamaica and Demerara RUM,
45 hhds. *Martell's* BRANDY,
30 casks Port, Sherry and Madeira WINES,
50 bags Java and St. Domingo COFFEE,
40 do. Common and Pearl BARLEY,
20 do. Pimento; 10 do. Split Peas,
15 do. Pepper; 20 kegs GINGER,
20 brls. WHITING; 20 boxes PIPES,
60 kegs Wrought NAILS, assorted sizes,
20 boxes IC and IX TIN,
4 chests Indigo; 5 tierces Rice;
50 boxes London SOAP; 10 brls. VINEGAR,
12 hhds. Linseed OIL; 100 kegs White Lead,
200 boxes and half-boxes Muscatel Raisins,
120 barrels RYE FLOUR.

The above, with a large assortment of other GOODS in the Grocery line, will be sold low for good payments.
October 4. WM. HAMMOND & CO.

No. 2, North Market Wharf.

C. & W. H. ADAMS

Have received per "*Themis*" and other arrivals, part of their Fall Stock of HARDWARE, amongst which are—

300 TINED and untined TEA KETTLES;
20 cwt. SAD IRONS,
110 bags *Improved* CUT NAILS;
28 bags OX and HORSE NAILS,
2 cases CAST STEEL; 4 bdls. Blistered do.
2 packages *Blacksmith's VICES*,
20 ANVILS,
Blacksmith's Sledges, Hammers and Bellows,
FOX TRAPS of an improved pattern;
RIM LOCKS, &c.—Common and Carpenters' Patent;
BUTT HINGES,
Wrought Pump TACKS BRADS; RIVETS,
Pad, Chest, and Cupboard LOCKS, assorted,
Patent H & H HINGES; WHIP THONGS,
Polished Steel and Bronze Head FIRE IRONS,
Tinned Harness Buckles, and a few patent double action BRIDLE BITTS,
John Wilson's Shoe & Butcher Knives, Chisels, Gouges, Hatchets, Drawing Knives, Turkey Oil Stones;
Table Knives & Forks, Mill Saw and other FILES.

—O.—HAND—

5½ feet *Hoole & Co's* GANG MILL SAWS.
30th September, 1845.

S. K. FOSTER'S

SHOE STORES,

Corner of Germain and King Streets.

LADIES', Gentlemens', Girls', Boys' and Childrens' CLOTH BOOTS, of every description; together with Carpet, Kid, Seal, Satin, and every other variety of Ladies' SHOES that may be required. Also, Girls', Boys', and Childrens' BOOTS and SHOES of every description that may be required for the season.

☞ *FOR SALE CHEAP.* ☜

Saint John, November 8, 1845.

Iron, Tin, Slates, and Oakum.

Landing ex 'Wakefield,' and for sale by the Subscriber

10 TONS Swedish IRON, assorted;
200 bundles Round Iron—best refined, ¼ to ½ inch;
50 do. BLISTER STEEL,
60 do. SHEET IRON, assorted, No. 16 to 26;
15 pairs Forge BELLOWS, from 26 to 34 inch,
100 boxes TIN, assorted;
20 M. FIRE BRICKS; 5 tons OAKUM;
30 tons Queen Ton SLATES,
10 M. Countess do.;
100 tons Smith COAL.

Aug. 5. *WILLIAM CARVILL.*

SUGAR.

50 HHDS. superior Porto-Rico SUGAR, (in Bond or duty paid.)
ALSO,—A few tons Jamaica LOGWOOD.
December 16. ALLISON & SPURR.

THE GARLAND.

THE POOR—GOD HELP THEM!

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWETT.

Old Winter hath come with a stealthy tread,
O'er the fallen Autumn leaves,
And shrilly he whistleth overhead,
And pipeth beneath the eaves.
Let him come! We care not amid our mirth
For the driving snow or rain;
For little we wreck of the dull, cold hearth,
Or the broken window pane.

'Tis a stormy night, but our glee shall mock
At the winds that loudly prate,
As they echo the moan of the poor that knock
With their cold hands at our gate.
The poor! We give them the half-picked bone,
And the dry and mildewed bread;
Ah! they never (God help them!) know the pain
Of being over-fed.

Fill round again with the citeering wine,
While the fire glows warm and bright;
And sing me a song sweetheart of mine,
Ere you whisper the words 'Good Night!'
You never dream 'neath the covering warm
Of your soft and curtained bed,
Of the scanty rug and the shivering form,
And the yawning roof o'erhead.

The poor! God help them in their need!
We've a prayer for their every groan;
They ask us with outstretched hands for bread,
And we give unto them a stone.
God help them! God help us! for much we lack,
Though lofty and rich we be,
And open our hearts unto all that knock
With the cry of charity!

THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE.

Brother! speak in whispers light,
'Tis my last—my last good night!
Never more our steps will stray,
Through the garden's scented way;
By the homestead of the bees—
'Neath the shady chesnut trees;
By the meadow's winding stream,
Glittering in the sunset beam;
Gentle Brother! smile and bless—
'Tis my last—my last caress.

Sister! with thine eyes of blue,
Hither come and weep "adieu!"
Let thy arm around me twine,
Let thy cheek repose on mine,
While I gaze into thy face,
Circled in this dear embrace;
Thou hast ever proved to me
All that love could wish to be;
—Yet I leave thy heart alone,
Brother—Sister! bless your own.

Mother! thou hast rocked my head
Softly on its cradle bed;
When the storm was raging high,
Sweetly sung love's lullaby—
Yes I part—I part from THEE.
Who henceforth will sing to me,
—When my forehead aches with pain?
I shall miss that early strain.
Mother! with thy accents mild,
Bless, oh! bless thy weeping child.

Father! thou hast loved me well—
More than human tongue may tell;
More than wealth, since childhood's hour,
Thou hast lavished on thy flower;
Now, thy locks are waxing grey,
From thy heart I pass away;
Never more thy lips at eve,
On my cheeck their kiss will leave,
—In thy prayer of under tone,
Mother! Father! bless your own.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Columbian Magazine for January.]

KATE EWING;

OR,

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

I was on a visit, not long since, to a friend of mine, who, still in the unimpaired maturity of life, is surrounded by grown and growing children. Her summer residence is in the neighbourhood of a thickly populated village, and being a "most gracious ladye," she is sometimes rather over visited by her social neighbors. We had one of those occurrences which in June give such an out-door freshness and fragrance and always an in-door security—a rainy day. Days of rural dissipation, of rides, drives, walks and pic-nics had preceded it, and an immense batch of sewing had accumulated in my friend's work-basket. She called us all about her and gave to each one an appropriate task. I took a pile of stockings, whose "windowed raggedness" was to me a storied record of our scrambles through the rocky beds of brooks and up the tangled mountain sides. On Clara devolved the task of "hook and eyeing," as she called it, and little Lilly was to replace the missing strings.

"You are good for nothing at the needle, Anne," said her mother.

"Least in mamma's kingdom of heaven," interposed Anne Reyburn, with an arch smile.

The mother returned a smile, as she said "You don't deserve for that the pleasure I had allotted to you; but it does not signify; people seldom get their deserts in this world; so, Miss Anne, you may read to us while we work. There is Boswell's Johnson on the table—a delightful book for social reading.—Open it where you may you cannot fail to fall on something agreeable."

We were soon arranged for our morning's business, and a lovelier household group than the mother and her girls I have seldom seen. That compendious and trite description of matrons, "fair, fat and forty," might be applied to my friend, but in her case the fortunate physical circumstances were symbols of moral wealth and beauty. That "fair and fat" indicated health produced by a wise simplicity of living, by the most beneficent disposition and the sweetest serenity of temper; and the "forty" was forty years of sunshine, with only just so much of clouds as is necessary to keep frail human virtue alive and vigorous. Mrs. Reyburn sat, generously filling her commodious sewing-chair, with her large work-basket on the table before her; Anne gracefully lounged on the sofa with her book; and the younger girls, their faces "bright with thoughtless smiles," sat on their low chairs with their pretty work-boxes and sewing implements beside them. The door opened into the garden, fresh and flowery in its young June beauty; the rain pattered musically on the door-step, and the sweet-briar, honeysuckle and mignonette sent in to us their exquisite odors.—When the sky brightened for a moment the robins swelled their throats; but the clouds dropping down the distant mountain's side insured the continuance of the morning's rain, and we began our business with that placid contentment which comes of having no thought, project, temptation or desire beyond the present moment.

Anne Reyburn was just nineteen. Hardly any one saw her for the first time without exclaiming "how like her mother!" and to a slight observation there was little difference but that of age—in the daughter, the fervid and startling charm of the morning—in the mother, the more subdued beauty of the advancing day: but on a study, Anne revealed feelings of greater depth than her mother's and a more impulsive gush, liable too to find their way in more uncertain and more devious channels—a character better fitted to modify circumstances than to be modified by them.

My friend influenced the formation of her children's characters rather by the atmosphere of affection and kindness with which she surrounded herself, than by any direct bearing of authority upon them. This is an admirable and sufficient agent with gentle and pliable materials. Anne has one of those strong characters that must do for itself the hardest work of education: the training of feeling, the subduing of passion, the maturing of reason, must for itself fight the battle of life.

I am tempted to draw Anne's character, which is curious enough in these days of task-work education and regular training, (dwarfing she calls it,) but her portrait in all its unframed luxuriance would fill more than the space we have now assigned to other matter, so we leave her to be guessed at by a few glimpses of her heart through her words.

She began to read to us, but she read rather dreamily. Her poetic eyes often wandered to the mist floating over the mountains, and finally coming upon Dr. Johnson's saying, that he believed marriages would be full as happy as they are if matches were made by the lord chancellor, she threw down the volume, saying,

"What a detestable old goose he is! What did he know about happy marriages?"

"Doctor Johnson an old goose!" said one of the little younger girls. "Well, Anne, I wonder what discovery you will make next!"

"I dare say, Clara, you would like a husband of the chancellor's choosing, and would take him with a 'thank you, sir!' and, 'if you like him, sir, I am sure I shall.' Now Heaven save me even from our dear chancellor, M——s, choosing a husband for me."

"And yet, Anne," said her mother, "I am not sure that you would not in the end be happier with a husband of any wise man's selection than with one of your own choosing."

"I don't care about the 'end,' mamma; I wish to be happy in the beginning."

A light laugh, which Anne felt to be against her, ran round the circle. She waited till it was past, and then said, very earnestly, "You may all laugh, but is there one of you, from Miss —— down to Lilly, that would not think it a disgrace to marry any man but him of your own heart's election?"

"Certainly not, Anne," replied her mother, "but you, my dear child, I presume would have that election decided by love alone."

"Assuredly, for that alone influences the heart. Reason and judgment, which weigh heavily in the lord chancellor's balance, are not of a feather's weight in the heart's scale."

"But utterly worthless as reason and judgment are in themselves," said Mrs. Reyburn, with a grave smile, "may they not be allowed to sanction, or influence, or even to decide an insufficient love?"

"No, no—oh, no, mamma! An insufficient love is no love at all; is good for nothing. The man that I marry I must love with a love that doubts nothing, fears nothing, hopes all things, and believes all things. The whole world's favor would not advance him one jot in my affection, nor its disfavor throw one shadow over him."

"The 'whole world!' That is talking in very general terms; but suppose a case. If you had a lover whom you liked extremely, but did not love, according to your extravagant notions of love"——

"Extravagant, mamma!"

"Do not interrupt me, Anne. Suppose that your father and I approved him; would choose him from all the world for you; that your brothers were his warm friends; that the children loved him"——

"You need not suppose anything more, mamma. It would not all have the slightest influence on me—it could not. Love comes and goes whither it will. If reasons were as thick as blackberries, they could not create love; and marriage is disgraceful without love—that

'Most sacred fire, that burneth mightily
In living breasts.'"

"I grant you, Anne; but remember that same poetic oracle whom you have quoted, also says—

'Wonder it is to see in diverse minds,
How diversely love doth his pageants play,
And shows his power in variable kinds.'

"Now, I believe that an affection far short of—or rather far different from what you would call love, may make the basis of the happiest marriage. Do not you?" said my friend, appealing to me, and trusting that, as her cotemporary, I had arrived at her more sober point of view.

I confess my sympathies were with the daughter; but I compromised between the opposing parties so far as to say, that I deemed love without reason perilous, reason without love inadmissible; and the only sure basis, love sanctioned by reason.

Mrs. Reyburn admitted that in theory I was right, but she contended that there were many modifications and aspects of love; that characters were so various, and that life was so different in reality from what youth pictured it; that she had seen so many different loves that 'hoped all things and believed all things' wrecked in the first year of marriage; that, for her part, she would rather her girls would trust to a more rational and calmer sentiment than that which made the inspiration of poetry and the basis of romance.

"I will tell you a true story, girls," she said; "a 'love-story' I call it. Perhaps it will rectify some of your opinions. My heroine was a friend of Miss ——'s as well as of mine. She knew as well as I the parties and circumstances, and will vouch for their truth, though indeed there is nothing in them so incredible as to require a voucher.

[*To be Continued.*]

[From the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.]

THE EARTHQUAKE AT CARACAS.

Mr. Editor—I have placed at your disposal the following extract from my note book, believing that if its perusal shall excite in you even a small portion of that thrilling interest which its narration did in me, you may deem it worthy of a place in your columns.

WM. PENN CHANDLER,
U. S. Consulate, Puerto Cabello,
Venezuela.

To J. R. Chandler, Esq., U. S. Gazette,
October 15th, 1845.

CURACOA, Sept. 25th, 1845.

In the course of my visits to the house of a worthy English gentleman of great intelligence, who resides in Otrabanda, I have had the pleasure to hear from his lips the following reminiscences of the *great* Earthquake in Caracas, in the year 1812.

If I could but "tell the tale as it was told to me," I am satisfied that the reader would not dwell for a moment upon any other chapter of this poor book, until after reading; and at least twice rereading this:—

"I had been for some years in Caracas," said Mr. Da——, "when this sorrowful calamity occurred, and was driving a very heavy and sufficiently prosperous business. I recollect as well as though it had been this evening, the event.*—It was late in the afternoon. I was sitting at the *table d'hote*, at dinner, with a large number of persons, chiefly foreigners, including many Frenchmen. While in the midst of our repast, wine and wit being in full flow, suddenly—in an instant—the knives, plates, and glasses sprang from the table—some over our heads, others into our laps; our chairs rocked under us, and the floor seemed swaying to and fro, like a huge scale suspended from a beam. "La terre tremble," exclaimed the Frenchmen, as they leaped over the table and out of the windows, breaking down in their egress, the strong gratings with which in lieu of glass, the windows of that country are barred. I had never before witnessed an earthquake, and was not enough of a Frenchman at that time to understand their exclamations. But without divining what it was, I perceived instantly that there was something wrong, and that imminent danger was nigh at hand. Following the French party, who carried with them the others, to the window, just as I arrived there, a large piece of the house wall fell into the yard, I sprang upon it, and thence, clearing the yard wall and intermediate space at a single bound to the street, where my companions already were. I was the last of our company, and the last who escaped from that ill-fated house. A moment later and I had been lost, for I had not fairly landed in the street before the remainder of the house fell in, burying all of the servants under its ruins. Naturally, we thought of the servants; and were about devising means of ascertaining whether any were still living and could be saved, when one poor fellow crawled out through a crevice which had been formed by the arch of the door way falling entire, with both his legs crushed off above the knees, as fully as though they had been amputated. We all started to procure a surgeon, but before we had advanced twenty paces, we saw so many others in as bad and worse situations, that we entirely forgot him, as well as his comrades who remained under the ruins of our fallen house. One *temblo* (the shaking of the earth to and fro without disruption) followed another; one house scattered its debris alongside of those already down; one street sank after another, until more than one half of the city, including all the churches, convents, public buildings, and much the best portion of the private houses were wholly destroyed, or greatly injured. We passed on our course, seeking we knew not what, but only endeavouring to avoid the instant death which momentarily and constantly hung over us, from the falling walls, timbers and stones. We came to the place where had recently stood one of the finest churches of the city, perhaps of this portion of the South—near the centre of the city. It was constructed in something of a circular form. Here our eyes were met by a monstrous pile of ruins. The walls had fallen in—(the day being Holy Thursday, all the churches were filled with people,) and four thousand persons had perished on the spot. Not one escaped to tell the melancholy tale. (In reference to so large a number being destroyed within one church, it may be proper to remark that the churches in Venezuela, as in other Catholic countries, are constructed without pews, benches or other seats, save the confessionals along the walls, and that the congregation either standing or kneeling, will be far more numerous than could be placed within the same space in a church pewed or benched after the Protestant manner. But of course it will not be improper for the reader who desires great accuracy to make some deduction for gross estimates. A little further on we passed the Cathedral, from its wide portals—now gaping wider with still more ghastly chasms—were rushing upon the heels of the half crushed, wounded, bleeding and terrified crowd, a score or more of Priests, Monks, and Friars, some of them with the gore streaming from their shaven crowns, others with broken arms dangling at their sides—and all covered with contusions—while most of the outside walls had stood firm—the roof and inner parts of the building had fallen in pieces upon the congregration, thus wounding almost every one.

We now thought we should seek some place of shelter. We selected the garden of one of our company, a French gentleman named Marceau.—Through its centre flowed, as is the case with many of the gardens of Caracas, a small rivulet. Upon the banks of this little brook grew a great number of cabbages—enclosed by the high walls of that garden; defended by its barred and locked gate—eating those cabbages raw—green for food—and for drink using the water of the little stream; we remained for the space of 8 days. It then became necessary for some one to go out in search of other food, our supplies even of this Moloja†—being well nigh exhausted. The city depopulated. Those who went forth—did not encounter a half a dozen human faces. Then commenced the work of plunder. The jewellers and goldsmith's shops were excavated, the mansions of the rich, and the government vaults were torn open.

Every night these Frenchmen returned laden with booty. A gold watch of the first quality, could be brought in the streets for a dollar—Rings, Diamonds, Plate, Watches, Chains and Jewellery of every description, were to be found in the hands or on the persons of miserable wretches, who had delved them out of the ruins, but knew not their value.

These were brought into our garden in such quantities that soon it began to present the appearance of Ali Baba's cave, or the vault wherein the slave of the Lamp kept guard over Aladdin's treasures. But now, all the chance food that could be procured having been used, it became necessary to break open the bakers' shops. From thence flour and bread was obtained. Soon afterwards a few soldiers were sent into the city to stop the work of pillage—which had long since become universal.

Near a month had now elapsed, and disgusted with my companions and desirous of change, I ventured forth for the first time. Not seeing any better, or, indeed, any other place of convenient or safe resort, I was about to return to our garden. A soldier met me in the street near our alley gate with the word "estras," (back.) I told him, "I was going home;" but as he presented bayonet, I retreated. I fell back to the next corner, and turning it, was met by another armed sentry—and the same order. An officer was here also—and I was now informed that the Government had issued an order for the burial of the dead, and that every inhabitant capable of duty was mustered into service, for the purpose of excavating the ruins and collecting the dead bodies and mutilated limbs from beneath. We were furnished with hammocks and mattocks. A hammock was spread upon the ground, and as we dragged an arm, head or body from under the ruins, it was thrown upon it. When a load was obtained, it was tied up and carried upon the head of a Peon (slave) into the plain beyond the city, where a large fire was kept burning, into which the ghastly putrid contents were thrown, and thus consumed. Beside the general pile, many smaller ones were found necessary to destroy all the dead. Then came the "peste." The stench of forty thousand (so many it is estimated by some perished in the sad catastrophe) dead bodies rotting in the open air, upon a plain but of a few miles extent, was intolerable indeed. We wore rosaries, or strings of limes, around our necks, in the vain hope of preserving a little pure air near our nostrils, by putting something at them from time to time. Sickness, of course, followed.—But there were as yet but few to be sick. Had more returned the epidemic must have been frightful.

While engaged in searching for and collecting the dead, the most horrible spectacles were constantly exhibited. Being a high feast day, and in a country were dress and show is the greatest extravagance of the people, every one was found with some jewellery on, and all, with all they had. Upon the ruins of the churches and elsewhere could be seen the *miners for the dead* looking with eager eye for the precious spoils, as ever did those who delved in high Potosi, or deep Golconda. Now tearing the jewelled pendants from the ears of the corpse of a fair young girl, or cracking its putrid fingers in twain to enable the removal of their glittering load of rings—now stripping an aged lady of her gold crucifix or jewelled watch—now rifling the pockets of the gay young cavalier of his purse and mistress' miniature—even rending limbs apart at their already loosened sockets, in order to procure bracelets whose rusted lockets refused to yield to the touch of the new owner. In these, and all the thousand other disgusting forms, which may be imagined but not described, from day to day, THE WORK WENT ON.

THE BOOTY was the finders, no enquiry could be made, no certainty as to the ownership of property of this description arrived at. The DEAD were disfigured past recognition by putrefaction. The LIVING were mostly fled far away. There were no claimants, could it even have been ascertained of whom claims should be made.

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For thirteen months we lived in Tents in the same garden, still doing a little business occasionally, and attempting to get along as best we could. During most of this time the shocks continued at short intervals, though with abated violence.

I can never forget that awful sickening motion. The earth seemed in throes of agony, and the heaving of her bosom to indicate her suffering. It was very difficult to stand, and it was only by extending the legs as wide as possible, bracing them firmly to the ground, and throwing the hands backward and to opposite sides, that we were able to do so.

* This clock of the Cathedral was stopped as is supposed by the first shock. The tower in which the dials are placed, one fronting each quarter of the heavens, remained standing, although the clock has been repaired and set going, again, one of these dials and its hands have never been disturbed. They still point to the hour and minute which heralded so many thousand souls without a single moment's warning into eternity. According to this, 20 minutes past four o'clock, P. M. was the moment of the first shock. I have seen the silent yet awful monitor myself, now when after a lapse of more than one third of a century a new city has sprung up on the spot where stood that whose destruction it witnessed, and now thousands when they raise their eyes to ascertain "what's the clock," are thus warned of the dread fate of those other thousands who thus so suddenly preceded them, to the dim cold home, to which we all are so speedily hastening.

† Pronounced (Maloja) Spanish for any green vegetable substance used to feed horses, cattle, asses, &c., and frequently applied extensively to green vegetables of every description.

IBRAHIM PACHA, the son and heir apparent of the sovereign of Egypt, by the last account from Europe, was recruiting his health and recreating himself at Genoa. A letter from that place, in the *Journal des Debats*, gives some account of his movements and his personal appearance, from which we take the following particulars:

"Four days since Ibrahim Pacha arrived in our port. He proceeded on landing to the Hotel de Ville, and went immediately afterwards to pay a visit to King Charles Albert, who received him with the greatest distinction, and invited him the same day to dine at the palace. The same evening the Egyptian Prince attended a ball at the house of the Marquis de Brignole-Sales, the Parisian Ambassador to Sardinia. His entrance produced a great sensation, and the curiosity to see the conqueror of Koniah and of Nezib was so great that the dancing was interrupted, even to the quadrille in which was the Duke of Genoa, the second son of the King.

"Ibrahim Pacha is stout, but short, his face is marked with the small pox, with a long white beard hanging down to his breast, but his noble and imposing physiognomy, his brilliant and penetrating eye, which he fixes on objects boldly and with dignity, announce a commanding and resolute man. He dresses very simply—wears a brown Egyptian vest, with a Cachemere about his body. He has visited with great interest all the hospitals and public establishments here, and has been present at a magnificent entertainment given in his honor by M. Rocca, one of our richest and most respectable merchants. All the society of Genoa, the consular body and public functionaries were invited to this fete.

"Ibrahim Pacha is going to the waters of Vernet in the Pyrenees, and it is thought he will go to Paris to pay a visit to the King of the French. He is accompanied by his son, aged twelve years, who has been passing six months at Paris, prosecuting his studies—Ibrahim Pacha had also a nephew with him."

ARE THE AMERICAN INDIANS THE DESCENDANTS OF THE TEN LOST TRIBES?—It will naturally be asked what I think of that extraordinary question lately so much mooted in Europe and America, and so much connected with my own researches—Whether the Indians spring from the ten tribes of the dispersion? With respect to ancient tradition, the rule of Vicentius Lirinensis, though not infallible, is one of the best criteria—"What has always been believed by all and everywhere." This is not traceable in the Indians.—They have not at all times, and in all places, and all conjointly, affirmed, "We are the ten lost tribes of the dispersion." On the contrary, they know nothing of any such tradition.—I trace no remarkable affinities in their language to lead to such a conclusion. Nor are the rites among them, quoted as analagous to the Jewish, sufficient to justify their conclusion. I am sure all nations will be found connected with the Jewish, as the great centre of spiritual worship—all rites will be found, in their uses and abuses, to maintain somewhat of the great principles inculcated in the Jewish law; but I am not prepared, from such grounds, the result of a common origin from the first parents, to affirm all to be necessarily descendants from the lost tribes, because, in sooth, no other hypothesis suits the reigning taste. People have a preconceived favorite system—try to maintain it *ad outrance*—and think they see it realized, when nothing of the kind in reality exists. Worthy people in America desired me to travel about with them, in order that I might convince the Indians of their extraction from the Jews; but this was putting the argument the wrong way. I wanted the Indians to convince me of their origin, and not to aid in deluding them into this notion, as I perceived many well intentioned people did. I came among the Mohican tribes near New York, and asked them—"Whose descendants are you?" They replied—"We are of Israel." I asked—"Who told you so?" and expected to learn much ancient tradition. To my great surprise, they said—"Mr. and Mrs Simmons of Scotland." I asked—"What did your ancestors tell you about it?" "All our ancestors told us that we were born under the earth; and a woman among us, looking out of the earth, was taken hold of by a spirit; and that spirit led us up to the surface of the earth; and there we lived in peace, until the white men came, by whom we were subdued."—*Dr. Wolff's Mission to Bokhara.*

Hudson Bay Produce.—The annual importations of furs and skins by the Hudson's Bay Company from that quarter has just taken place. Two of their vessels, the Prince Albert and Prince Rupert, recently arrived at London, with immense cargoes of every description of the most valuable furs and skins of animals abounding in that quarter.