

# The Weekly Observer.

ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1839.

Vol. XII. No. 20.

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PUBLISHED ON TUESDAYS, BY DONALD A. CAMERON, Office in Prince William-street, near the Market square, over the Marine Assurance Office.

**Weekly Almanack.**

Oct. - 1839.	SUN.	MOON.	FULL.
13 WEDNESDAY	6 53	4 37	10 49
14 THURSDAY	6 54	4 36	10 53
15 FRIDAY	6 55	4 35	10 57
16 SATURDAY	6 56	4 34	11 0
17 SUNDAY	6 57	4 32	11 03
18 MONDAY	6 58	4 31	11 06
19 TUESDAY	6 59	4 30	11 09

First Quarter 14th, 4h. 34m. morning.

**BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.**  
THOMAS LEAVITT, Esq., President.  
Discount Days... Tuesdays and Fridays.  
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.

**COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.**  
HAYES GILBERT, Esq., President.  
Discount Days... Tuesdays and Fridays.  
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.

**BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.**  
S. H. LESTON, Esq., Manager.  
Discount Days... Tuesdays and Fridays.  
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.

**NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 11 to 1 o'clock.  
JOHN M. WILMOT, Esquire, President.

**MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**  
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 11 to 1 o'clock.  
JAMES KIRK, Esquire, President.

**NEW-BRUNSWICK Marine Insurance Company.**  
(Incorporated by Act of the Legislature.)  
CAPITAL, £50,000.  
With power to increase to £100,000.

**Bank of British North America.**  
NOTICE is hereby given, that in accordance with an arrangement concluded between the Directors of this Bank and those of the Colonial Bank, this Branch is now authorized to grant Drafts on the Branches of the Colonial Bank.

**COOKING STOVES, Franklins, Ploughs, &c.**  
The subscribers have now on hand at their Warehouse, corner of Mill and Pond streets, a great variety of COOKING STOVES of the most approved patterns, FRANKLINS, COVE STOVES, and TIN WARE. An assortment of PLOUGHS, of much improved models, being entirely new articles in this market.

**THOMAS BARLOW & CO.**  
St. John, Oct. 8, 1839. (Sentinel.)

**NOTICE.**  
ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late DANIEL SCOTT, of this City, Tailor, deceased, are required to hand in their claims for adjustment, and all persons indebted are desired to make payment without delay.

**PORK! PORK!**  
Now landing from the schooner Esperance, from Quebec.  
350 BLS. Prime PORK, which will be sold very low while landing.

**TIMBER.**  
1000 TONS Sapling Red PINE, 600 do. Tubique White Pine, 17 1/2 inches average, 400 do. Restock do. 10 1/2 in. average.  
For sale by RATHBORN & BROTHERS, 12th September.

**DEALS.**  
THE subscriber offers for sale on reasonable terms, from 100 to 150 M. feet DEALS, (Deal measure), to be delivered immediately at the Bend of Peticonic River.  
JAMES E. McDONALD, St. John, October 8.

**IRON, IRON, IRON.**  
250 TONS of Single and Double Refined IRON, of almost every description and size usually required, in store for sale by J. & H. KINNEAR, Sept. 10 - 6w

**CHAIN CABLES & ANCHORS.**  
6 ANCHORS, from 9 to 24 cwt. for Wood Stocks.  
14 Ditto, from 2 to 15 cwt. Iron Stock'd.  
13 Chain CABLES, from 2 to 1 1/2 inch, with Shackles complete.  
The above are now landing from ship Flora, and will be sold on reasonable terms.  
JAMES ROBERTSON, Sept. 24, 1839. Peters' Wharf.

**HERRINGS.**  
200 BARRELS No. 1 August HERRINGS, in excellent order, for sale by ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, September 17. Peters' Wharf.

## FALL GOODS.

THE subscriber has received per *Thetis* and *Rebecca*, part of his Fall Goods, among which are—Broad, Beaver, Pilot, and Habit CLOTHS; Buckskin, Cassimeres, Moleskins, Silk Velvet of superior quality, Gloves, Flannels, fine Garter Vests and Drawers, Blankets, Vestings, &c., the whole of which with his former stock will be sold low for prompt payment.—*E. L. THORNE.*

## D. MILLAN

Has received—  
30 PACKAGES, containing an assortment of Writing and Printing PAPERS; Merchants' Account Books, Quills, and other Stationery; a Superior Horizontal Elliptic PIANO-FORTE, six Octaves, made by Green, London. Also, Regulation Swords, Sword Knives, Sashes, Belts, &c. suitable for Officers of Artillery, Infantry and the Rifles; Instruction Books for Field Battery Exercises and Movements, and for the service and management of heavy Ordnance of the Royal Artillery.  
Daily expected.

A large supply of SCHOOL BOOKS, ANNUALS, Prints, Music, &c. &c.  
Phenix Bank and Stationery Warehouse, 47 St. John, 15th Oct. 1839.

Just received per *MARGARET* from *Greenock*, and for sale cheap, in course of landing—  
40 H HDS. Treacle, 200 Boxes Soap, 86 Boxes Tobacco Pipes, 100 Bags assorted Rose Nails, 200 Do. do. Spikes, 5 a 9 inch, 50 Tons No. 1 Pig IRON, 1515 Bars assorted Round Iron, 3 a 1 1/2 inch, 20 Do. do. Patent Yellow Metal, 3 a 1 1/2 inch, 20 Assorted Chain Cables, 3 a 2 inch, 11 ANCHORS, 3 a 7 Cwt., 10 Bales Irish Bacon, 30 Casks Ox and Horse Nails, 300 Cans assorted Codrugs, 12h. a 6 inch, 10 Assorted Havers, 3 a 5 inch, 2 Boxes containing STATIONERY, 17 Bales, containing 400 Reams assorted Grey and Brown Wrapping Paper, 2 Do. containing SLOPS, 1 Do. do. 100 pair Rose Blankets, 1 Do. do. 20 pieces Tweed Trousers, 1 Do. do. 26 do. S'fine Broad Cloths, 2 Do. do. 10 do. Beaver and Pilot Cloths, 2 Do. do. 50 do. do. of Martin's, 2 Do. do. 80 do. do. Flannels.

110 Tons Scotch COAL.  
October 14. ADAM & DAVIDSON.

Landing ex *Clutha*, from *Greenock*, 30 B BOXES Tobacco Pipes, 10 Bush fresh Pot and Pearl Barley.  
For sale at lowest rates, on Oct. 15. B. TILTON & CO.

**The Garland.**  
NATIONAL SONG.  
By MRS. GORE.

Lo! the dread cannon's opening bray—  
Lo! the startled archer's yell—  
The Black Prince wins his spurs to-day,  
But King Edward wins the field.  
'Twas at Cressy, boys! Did you never hear  
That name of old renown?  
'Tis one of the Jewels bright and clear,  
That gem our English Crown!  
Then on!—for home and freedom on!  
On for the leopards three;  
Each man of us is Old England's son,  
And our cry is Liberty.

Lo! horse to horse, and lance to lance,  
The serried ranks appear,  
To fight the prodigious hosts of France  
With Harry Lancaster.  
'Twas at Agincourt! Did you never hear  
That name of old renown?  
'Tis one of the Jewels bright and clear,  
That gem our English Crown!  
Then on!—  
The Bourdon proud with his yelling pack  
Sweep the earth from north to south,  
Till old Marlborough came and drove them back,  
With their hoastings in their mouth.  
'Twas at Blenheim, boys! Did you never hear  
That name of old renown?  
'Tis one of the Jewels bright and clear,  
That gem our English Crown!  
Then on!—  
Proud, proud the day, when the Victory bore  
On the fleets of France and Spain;  
Our laurels droop'd for a hero's gore  
Ting'd them with withering stain.  
'Twas at Trafalgar! Did you never hear  
That name of bright renown?  
'Tis one of the Jewels bright and clear,  
That gem our English Crown!  
Then on!—

With waving flags, now won, now lost,  
Our fight of fights sped;  
But 'twas our's at last, for our gallant host  
Was led by Wellington!  
'Twas at Waterloo! Did you never hear  
That name of great renown?  
'Tis one of the Jewels bright and clear,  
That gem our English Crown!  
Then on!—

**Miscellaneous.**  
AN ELOPEMENT.  
From "Adventures of an Attorney in search of Practice."

While my thoughts were yet but little occupied with the cares of business, (and alas! I was full thirty ere business had much to do with them,) I used to ramble about at parties and soirees, in the certainty of finding amusement, if I did not find clients. On one of these occasions, I fell into company with a very agreeable lady of four-and-twenty. I knew that she was engaged, and shortly to be married; but I played the agreeable so delightfully, that the fair creature, knowing I was "a lawyer," as they are pleased to call us, told me she wanted to consult me about her affairs. It is of little use preaching about it; I am going to read a very instructive lesson; and yet I am quite certain that there is not one of my readers to be found, under seven or eight and twenty, who will not, as assuredly I did, fall into the same error, if he has the same opportunity. She declared she was serious; it is quite impossible to advise while one is walking—the head is too giddy, to say nothing of other enchantments; so I invited her to call on me the following day. She came, chaperoned by the lady at whose house she was staying, who was as young and yet prettier than herself. I must give her a *nom de guerre*, and I will call her Mrs. Chartres. My fair client's object was bona fide to ask me her own position in respect of some proceedings in an amicable suit, in which all her family were involved, but which as they supposed, were conducted by the family solicitor with

some less activity than was desirable. I think she called on me twice after this. It is very many years ago, and I cannot remember how many times we met; but it was sufficiently often to make me familiar with the nature and position of her property. About six weeks after our first interview, I received a very singular note from her. She resided ten miles from town, and she wrote to request that I would ride over to see her the following day at three o'clock, to advise her on an urgent business. There was so far nothing extraordinary in this note concluded with saying that her mother's house was so full of friends that she could not hope to talk to me there with any convenience, but she would call on me at the inn of the town. I hesitated long before I could decide on the proper course to take; but as the word "urgent" was twice underlined, it seemed cruel to refuse; and notwithstanding she had imposed confidence on me, I determined to call on my mutual friend, Mrs. Chartres, and consult her. I showed her the letter. "You need not entertain any doubt on the case," said Mrs. Chartres. "I know that her lover has had a quarrel with the mother, and the marriage has been put off; she wants you to be the mediator." "Very well; but I think her lover would scarcely like this stolen interview at an inn, nevertheless; will you go with me?" "With all my heart," and we ordered our horses: both her horses and mine were at livery at the same stables. "We have a few friends to dine with us at five; will you join us at dinner?" I accepted her invitation. Thinking it might occasion some tattling below stairs, at our friend's expense, Mrs. Chartres would not take her groom, though he had always attended us in our rides, which were not unfrequent. When we arrived at the inn at 12 Do. containing SLOPS, 1 Do. do. 100 pair Rose Blankets, 1 Do. do. 20 pieces Tweed Trousers, 1 Do. do. 26 do. S'fine Broad Cloths, 2 Do. do. 10 do. Beaver and Pilot Cloths, 2 Do. do. 50 do. do. of Martin's, 2 Do. do. 80 do. do. Flannels.

"So I have, except a trunk that I have had smuggled here!"  
"What is it all about! Where are you going?"  
"I am going off!"  
"Where? when?"  
"To Yorkshire—to-night!"  
"Not with me, I presume, Miss Danvers?" I asked, half laughing, but really uneasy.  
"No, Mr. Sharp; not at all the way; but I do want you to put me in the mail."  
"And why did not Mr. Douglas meet you himself?"  
"Because he is watched at every step."  
"Was this then the 'urgent' affair you wanted me to advise in?"  
"Not altogether; Mr. Douglas wished you to prepare something for me in the way of a letter."  
"You are married the day after to-morrow."  
"Your mother of course knows nothing of this frolic. I hope you have left a letter for her?"  
"No, I have not; she went yesterday to my aunt's, at Crofton."  
"Both Mrs. Chartres and I exerted all our powers to divert her from her purpose, but in vain; she had ordered a chaise, and it was at the door: we continued arguing with her for about an hour, and the most we could obtain from her was to leave a letter for her mother, which nearly another hour was spent in preparing; the next point was whether it was right to accompany her to the coach? It was already six o'clock, and the spring not far advanced; consequently it was growing dark, and would be quite so by the time she reached London. I could not allow Mrs. Chartres to ride home unattended; but the good natured girl put an end to the difficulty, by saying she would accompany us in the chaise. I therefore sent our horses back to their stables by the ostler of the inn, with a verbal message, which the blockhead forgot. We arrived just in time to secure the only remaining place inside the York Mail, and giving Miss Danvers a few hurried lines to Mr. Douglas, to suggest the sort of prenuptial agreement it would be right to make, we took our leave of her. Some accidents impeded their marriage for a short time, but it soon took place, and I believe it proved a happy one.

Now, however, came the fun of the affair. So intent had both of us been on the discussion with Miss Danvers, and so absorbed by the interest we felt in her strange position, that Mrs. Chartres and I had alike forgotten the dinner, the party, the time, and every thing else. Meanwhile a curious scene was acting in Bryanstone Square, the residence of Mrs. Chartres. Four o'clock came.  
"Where is your mistress, Anne?"  
"She is gone out for a ride, sir."  
"When did she say she would return?"  
"She told me in good time to dress, sir."  
"Who was with her?"  
"Mr. Sharp, sir."  
"Half past four!"  
"Is Mrs. Chartres come home?"  
"No, sir."  
"Very careless! did John go with her?"  
"Very strange!"  
"Five o'clock, and no Mrs. Chartres! Half past five! There were Mrs. Langston, and Miss Langston, and Mr. Henderson, and the two Miss Dixons, and the Rev. Doctor, and half a dozen besides; all smirking and all wondering, and all divided between curiosity and hunger, with sundry good natured suggestions and explanations, and sympathizing consternations; some would wait up dinner; for "dear Mrs. Chartres would be so distressed" while the poor husband smiled and giggled it off; and Mr. Chetwyn, her father, who began to suspect it was no jest at all, "didn't like such jesting, and rambled about after dark; and dinner spoilt while that brainless Sharp was leading his daughter scamping about the country, &c. &c.; if I were you, Tom, I would look her up, whenever that scape-grace turned his horse's

head this way." This was giving so pointed a turn to the affair, that by way of closing discussion, Chartres ordered up the dinner, and handed down the ladies; but matters began to be uncomfortable, and Chartres soon made them worse by suddenly exclaiming, as the clock struck seven.  
"I see how it is, they have had an accident!" and running to the bell, ordered John to go instantly to the stables, and inquire if the horses had been sent home, while the other servants brought a chaise to the door, to be promptly ready to go in search of the sufferers.

"It must be so! dear Mr. Chartres, now don't distress yourself, pray don't!"  
"That we should never have thought of this sooner!"  
"Poor dear Mrs. Chartres, what she must suffer!"  
"Well, I hope she has not broken her leg!"  
"Now be composed, Mr. Chartres, all will be well!"  
"Had you not better send for Mr. Brodie immediately?"  
"And half a hundred similar speeches were simultaneously poured forth by all their sweet voices united; Chartres striding from his chair to the window, and back to his chair, and Chetwyn sitting silent till he growled out,  
"That's the only word of sense that's said; send for Brodie directly."  
In the midst of this hubbub re-entered John.  
"Are the horses come back?" thundered out Chartres.  
"Yes, sir."  
"Oh! and is she killed? where is she hurt? get her led, and call Anne, &c. &c. &c. while John stood mute, but with a sort of half-repressed grin on his face, that at once dispelled immediate alarm about her safety.

"Are the horses hurt?" asked Chartres.  
"No, sir."  
"Who brought them?"  
"The ostler at—"  
"Any message?"  
"No, sir."  
"Did you ask the man?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Don't stand twisting your mouth that way, blockhead, with your 'yes' and 'no'! Tell us what passed."  
"The man said, sir, as how mistress and Mr. Sharp—" (pausing.)  
"Speak out, sir," shouted Chartres.  
"Gone off, sir, in a Dartford chaise."  
"Impossible!" groaned Chartres.  
"Oh! a!" "Oh dear!" "How shocking!" "How very odd!" "How sad an event!" screamed Miss Langston, and Mrs. Langston, and the two Miss Dixons, in every variety of intonation.  
"Awfully wicked!" observed the Rev. Doctor, deliberately exhausting a glass of port.

"Order four horses to the chaise at the door!" Henderson, you'll accompany me—Dover Road! do you hear there?" and so saying, Chartres left the room; mounted the flight of stairs in a hop, step, and jump; and was equipped for Calais in less than ten minutes. Meanwhile the ladies hysterical, and fainted and ran this way and the other way, as ladies will do on such occasions; and the ladies' maids clattered, and comforted and cloaked, as fast as they could; while Mrs. Langston, and Mrs. Henderson, and the whole house one babel of confusion; not one of the party dreaming of going, in spite of preparation for it, while a chaise remained of gleaming more food for curiosity and scandal.

The hubbub had scarcely at all subsided, when a loud tap at the door announced a visitor.  
"Not at home!" exclaimed Mr. Chetwyn, to prevent intrusion at an unreasonable hour; but the mandate was unheeded, and the general confusion below stairs. The ladies hearing footsteps ascending, resumed their chairs, with as much clamour as they could muster. The door opened; and in walked Mrs. Chartres, more radiant with smiles than ever, though not a little surprised at the strange chaos which seemed to reign; while I followed close behind her, as cheerful and composed as if nothing had happened to disturb me.

"Very extraordinary, Mrs. Chartres; very strange conduct this, Mr. Sharp," said her husband sternly.  
"Where the devil have you been?" cried her father.  
"Dear Mrs. Chartres!" exclaimed all the ladies at once.  
"Chartres," I said, "your wife is tired; take her up stairs, and she'll give you a good hour's laugh; for though this denouement had never once occurred to either of us during the whole of the busy scene in which we had been engaged, I saw, by a glance of the eye, what it all meant."  
"And now, Mr. Chetwyn, order us some dinner, if you please; for we have not tasted any to-day."  
"Manifestly, indeed, were the inquiries, and ardent the curiosity—all unbounded and unshowered again, but we could not gratify them; and when Chartres re-entered the room ten minutes after, and smok me by the hand most cordially, laughing all the time, and loudly commending my civility, the fair creatures almost forgot their disappointment that there was an elopement after all, in their unfeigned delight at the returning spirit of domestic harmony and love.

UNMARRIED LADIES.—The single state is no diminution of the beauties and the utilities of the female character; on the contrary, our present life would lose many of the comforts, and much likewise of what is absolutely essential to the well-being of every part of society, and even of the private home, without the unmarried female. To how many a father, mother, brother, and not less a sister, is she both a necessity and a blessing! How many orphans have to look up with gratitude

to her care and kindness? How many nephews and nieces owe their young felicities and improvements to her? Were every woman married, the paternal home would in declining life be a solitary abode, when affectionate attentions are most precious, and but from such a source not attainable. It is the single class of women which supplies the lower ranks nearly all the domestic assistants of our household come. What vast changes not promotive of the general happiness would ensue in every station of life if every female married as soon as she was fully grown! Certainly human life would in that case have a different aspect, and must lead to consequences which cannot be calculated. The single woman is therefore as important an element of social and private happiness as the married one. The utilities of each are different, but both are necessary; and it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of manly reason and creditable to every just feeling, for any one to depreciate the unmarried condition. If from what is beneficial we turn to what is interesting, the single lady is not surpassed by the wedded matron. For no small portion of her life, I think for the whole of it, with judicious conduct she is indebted to the more attractive portion. The wife, res, or ought to resign, always her claims to general attention; and to concentrate and to confine her regards, and wishes, and objects to her chosen companion, and domestic claims and scenes. She has quitted the public stage; she seeks no more the general gaze; she is become part of a distinct and separated world. But the unmarried lady remains still a candidate for every honorable notice, and injures no one by receiving it. Those of the male sex who are in the same condition are at full liberty to pay her their proper attentions as she is to receive them. Being in this position as to society at large, she is always interesting wherever she goes; and she preserve her good temper, her steady conduct, and her modest reputation undiminished, and cultivate her amiable, her intellectual, and her truly feminine qualities, she cannot go anywhere in any station of life, without being an object of interest and pleasurable feeling to all those of her circle with whom she may chuse to be acquainted.—*Turner's Sacred History.*

BLOWING UP THE WRECK OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.—Colonel Pasley has at length succeeded in firing off one of the enormous submarine mines of gunpowder against the wreck of the Royal George at Spithead, two o'clock on Monday afternoon, a cylinder, containing 2320 lbs. of powder, was carefully lowered to the bottom, where it was placed alongside the most compact portion of the wreck which has yet been discovered by means of hauling lines, rove through blocks attached to the bottom of the ship by the divers. When every thing was ready, the vessel in which the volcanic battery was placed was drawn off to the distance of 600 feet, which is the length of the connecting wires, and instantaneously on the circuit being completed, the explosion took place. At first the surface of the sea, which had been perfectly smooth and calm, was violently agitated by a sort of tremulous motion, which threw it into small irregular waves, a few inches only in height. This subsided in three or four seconds, when a huge dome of water made its appearance, of a conical or rather beehive shape. At first it appeared to rise slowly, but rapidly increased in height and size till it reached the altitude of 28 or 30 feet, in a tolerably compact mass. It then fell down and produced a series of rings, which spread in all directions. The first, or outer one of these, having the aspect of a wave several feet in height, rolled inwards, and in a few seconds, was placed towards the shore. Neither the shock, nor the sound was as great as had been expected by those who had witnessed the former explosions by Col. Pasley, where the quantity of powder was only 45 lbs., but the effect produced on the water at the surface, considering that the depth was 90 feet, was truly astonishing. What the effect has been upon the wreck will not be fully ascertained till the divers enter the present spring tides are over, and the long periods of slack water on the maps enable the divers to remain for upwards of an hour under water. In the mean time it is satisfactory to know that Col. Pasley has completely established his command over the application of the voltaic battery to submarine purposes, and that he can now with certainty explode his charges at any depth of water. This will give him the power of placing his cylinders against the most refractory parts of the wreck, and by blowing these to pieces, and dislocating the knees, timbers and beams, enable him to draw the whole up, bit by bit, to the surface. Any person who has seen the operation of breaking up a ship on land, knows that this is the only way of going to work with a mass so firmly bound together as a line-of-battle ship, that even the action of the 57 years of decay under water goes but a small way to disintegrate the parts.—*London Morning Herald.*

The Wreck of the Royal George.—Immense quantities of the wreck of this vessel have been picked up since the great explosion of the cylinder containing 2320 lbs. of gunpowder on Monday, the force of which is expected to have almost shattered the wreck to pieces. On Tuesday the mainmast was picked up by the pilot of the look out vessel belonging to the Netherlands Consul, moored at Spithead, who conveyed it to the dock-yards at Portsmouth. It has a most extraordinary appearance, and has excited very great curiosity. It is entirely covered with barnacles, all alive, some measuring eight inches in length.

GAS-LIGHT.—The earliest application of this artificial light, on a large systematic scale, was made at Manchester, where an apparatus for lighting the great cotton mills

of Messrs. Philips and Lee was fitted up, in 1804 and 1805, under the direction of Mr. Mordoch. A quantity of light nearly equal to 2,000 candles, was produced and distributed in the building. This splendid pattern has been since followed very generally in Great Britain, and more or less in many parts of the continents of Europe and America. In 1822, gas-lighting in London had become the business of many public companies, having in all 47 gasometers at work, capable of containing 917,910 cubic feet of gas, supplied by 1,315 retorts, which generated per annum upwards of 397,000,000 cubic feet of gas, by which 61,203 private lamps, and 7,208 public or street lamps, were lighted in the metropolis. Besides these public companies, there were likewise several private ones.—*Dr. Ure's Dictionary.*

COLONY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.—The population of the colony, by an accurate census taken in 1837, amounts to 75,974. Of these 27,976 are Roman Catholics, 26,748 are of the Established Church, and 10,656 Dissenters. The population is spread over a line of coast extending from Cape St. John's northward to Cape Ray, a direct distance of about 600 miles, to which may be added 300 or 400 more for bays and sinuities. There are in the island about 200 families of Miemie Indians, amounting to about 200 men, women, and children. They sustain principally on venison, which they kill in the neighbourhood of the lakes to the northward of St. George's harbour. They employ themselves in hunting the martin, otter and beaver, and sell the skins-sometimes to the establishment of Messrs. Newman in the Bay of Despair, and sometimes to the traders who occasionally touch at St. George's Bay and Bay of Islands. They are all of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and are a timid inefficient people. They generally live the winter near to the south coast, in the vicinity of Bay Despair; and in their hunting excursions in the summer, traverse the Island between the southern and western shores and the Bay of Exploits on the northern coast. They continually pass over the vast tract of country which was formerly inhabited by the Red Indians, and which they have not for years seen any trace of them, it seems certain that those unhappy aborigines are extinct. There are about 12,000 acres of land in cultivation, principally producing potatoes, turnips, hay and oats; barley is grown, and occasionally ripens, but is frequently cut down for fodder, in consequence of the early departure of summer.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

Jeremy Taylor on Calumny.—"There is no worse devil," said Jeremy Taylor, "than a devilish tongue. Were I a legislator I would enact a law that every one who spoke evil of his fellow creature, should be condemned to fine, could he not fully substantiate his charge; and that the punishment of every slander and falsehood should lose its tongue. Then, perchance, there might be some peace in Israel. But in the present sickening state of society it is fearful and heart sickening to think how entirely one is in the power of these said tongues."

Blowing up the Wreck of the Royal George.—Colonel Pasley has at length succeeded in firing off one of the enormous submarine mines of gunpowder against the wreck of the Royal George at Spithead, two o'clock on Monday afternoon, a cylinder, containing 2320 lbs. of powder, was carefully lowered to the bottom, where it was placed alongside the most compact portion of the wreck which has yet been discovered by means of hauling lines, rove through blocks attached to the bottom of the ship by the divers. When every thing was ready, the vessel in which the voltaic battery was placed was drawn off to the distance of 600 feet, which is the length of the connecting wires, and instantaneously on the circuit being completed, the explosion took place. At first the surface of the sea, which had been perfectly smooth and calm, was violently agitated by a sort of tremulous motion, which threw it into small irregular waves, a few inches only in height. This subsided in three or four seconds, when a huge dome of water made its appearance, of a conical or rather beehive shape. At first it appeared to rise slowly, but rapidly increased in height and size till it reached the altitude of 28 or 30 feet, in a tolerably compact mass. It then fell down and produced a series of rings, which spread in all directions. The first, or outer one of these, having the aspect of a wave several feet in height, rolled inwards, and in a few seconds, was placed towards the shore. Neither the shock, nor the sound was as great as had been expected by those who had witnessed the former explosions by Col. Pasley, where the quantity of powder was only 45 lbs., but the effect produced on the water at the surface, considering that the depth was 90 feet, was truly astonishing. What the effect has been upon the wreck will not be fully ascertained till the divers enter the present spring tides are over, and the long periods of slack water on the maps enable the divers to remain for upwards of an hour under water. In the mean time it is satisfactory to know that Col. Pasley has completely established his command over the application of the voltaic battery to submarine purposes, and that he can now with certainty explode his charges at any depth of water. This will give him the power of placing his cylinders against the most refractory parts of the wreck, and by blowing these to pieces, and dislocating the knees, timbers and beams, enable him to draw the whole up, bit by bit, to the surface. Any person who has seen the operation of breaking up a ship on land, knows that this is the only way of going to work with a mass so firmly bound together as a line-of-battle ship, that even the action of the 57 years of decay under water goes but a small way to disintegrate the parts.—*London Morning Herald.*

The Wreck of the Royal George.—Immense quantities of the wreck of this vessel have been picked up since the great explosion of the cylinder containing 2320 lbs. of gunpowder on Monday, the force of which is expected to have almost shattered the wreck to pieces. On Tuesday the mainmast was picked up by the pilot of the look out vessel belonging to the Netherlands Consul, moored at Spithead, who conveyed it to the dock-yards at Portsmouth. It has a most extraordinary appearance, and has excited very great curiosity. It is entirely covered with barnacles, all alive, some measuring eight inches in length.

GAS-LIGHT.—The earliest application of this artificial light, on a large systematic scale, was made at Manchester, where an apparatus for lighting the great cotton mills

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