Head Quarters

The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No 1562. SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1848. HAROLD B. GRIFFIN. VOL. XXI.—NO. 11.

The Observer;

Published on TUESDAY, by DONALD A. CAMERON, at his Office, corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Jardine & Co.—TERMS: 15s. per annum, half in advance.

At a Court of Common Council holden at the City Hall of the City of Saint John, on Friday the 25th day of August, Anno Domini 1848:

Read and re-enacted the following Ordinance:

AN Ordinance to regulate Public Exhibitions within the City of Saint John.

By order of the Common Council.

J. WILLIAM BOYD,
Common Clerk.

AT a COMMON COUNCIL, 11th August, 1848—*Resolved*, That all BALLAST to be discharged on the South side of the *Breakwater*, shall be deposited to the Eastward of the prolongation of the Western line of Charlotte Street,—and further Ordered, that the Common Clerk transmit a copy of this Resolution to the Harbour Master.

And all parties concerned are hereby notified and required to govern themselves accordingly.

THOMAS REED,
Harbour Master.

To all whom it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Commissioners appointed under and by virtue of an Act passed in the 9th year of Her Majesty's Reign, intituled "An Act to authorise the widening of Saint John street, and the continuation thereof to Duke-street, in the City of St. John," have deposited and filed in the Office of the Common Clerk of the said City, a true copy of the Report to the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the said City, under the said Act, together with the Plan or Survey by them adopted in furtherance of the said Act, for the Inspection of all whom it may concern.

JOHN DUNCAN,
WM. O. SMITH,
J. H. GRAY,
GEO. A. LOCKHART,
Commissioners for widening and enlarging Saint John-street, and a continuation thereof.

June 24, 1848.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.

St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

☞ NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the Firm of THOMAS BARLOW & COMPANY, is this day dissolved, by mutual consent. All Debts due to and by the late Firm, will be received and paid by THOMAS BARLOW, and all persons indebted to the late Firm, by having unsettled Accounts with them, will please call at their office at an early period and adjust the same.

THOS. BARLOW,
GEORGE FLEMING,
JOHN STEWART.

St. John, January 1st, 1848.

THE Subscribers tender their grateful acknowledgments for the patronage received by the late Firm, and beg to intimate to their friends and the public generally, that the Business will be continued in all its branches, at the PHŒNIX FOUNDRY, where they solicit a continuance of the patronage hitherto enjoyed.

☞ Any orders for *Castings, Machinery, Mill-Work, Engines, &c.*, will be promptly attended to.

THOS. BARLOW,
GEORGE FLEMING,

January 1st, 1848.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of JARVIS & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Creditors are requested to present their demands to E. L. JARVIS, who is authorized to collect all debts due to the said Firm.

EDWARD L. JARVIS,
G. MURRAY JARVIS.

11th July, 1848.—[Chron. 8in.]

Copartnership Notice.

C. D. EVERETT

RETURNS his sincere thanks for the liberal patronage which has been extended to him since his commencement in business, and would now inform his friends and the public that he has taken into Copartnership with him his Son, CHAS. A. EVERETT, under the Frm of C. D. EVERETT & SON, who will continue business in the old stand, and respectfully call attention to the

Spring and Summer Style

of Moleskin, Silk, and Velvet HATS, which they are now manufacturing, and which have been acknowledged to be the easiest fit and most beautiful pattern that has been manufactured for many years.

☞ HATS of all shapes and Prices on hand, or manufactured to order at a great reduction on former prices.

C. D. EVERETT,
CHAS. A. EVERETT,
City Hat Store, East side of the arket Square.

April 29.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of VALENTINE C. TROOP, late of this City, Grocer, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within six months from the date hereof;—and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to REBECCA TROOP,
Sole Executrix.

Saint John, June 24th, 1848.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of ROBERT RAY, late of this City, Sailmaker, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within Six Months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to GILBERT T. RAY, THOMAS LEAVITT, GEO. A. LOCKHART, } *Executors.*

St. John, 11th February, 1848.

SCOTCH GOODS.

Landing ex ship "Rosanna," from Glasgow:

20 BARRELS "Ayrshire" OATMEAL, 25 barrels Pot and Pearl BARLEY,
10 Barrels Split PEASE,
1 Hhd. Washing SODA,
1 Do. Carbonate of Soda,
1 Bale TWINE,
4 Bales Wrapping PAPER.—For sale by

May 9. JARDINE & CO.

FANCY GOODS.

Per Jenny Lind. Received at the "Liverpool House," from London:

WHITE, Black and Brown Ginpure, Chantilly, Paris and Fancy Net, Thread, Valenciennes, American Lace and Muslin EDGINGS and INSERTIONS; British Chantilly and Brussells Falls and Veils; Black Silk Briganti Lace Shawls; Lace Capes; Paris and Cambray Quilling and Edged Goffered Blonds; Muslin Collars; Habit Shirts; Chemizettes; Brussels and Cambray Rouche; shaded Purse Silk; Artificial Flowers, Gents. and Ladies' Cambric Handkerchiefs, &c. at usual low prices

VAUGHANS & LOCKHART.

May 2, 1848.

EARTHENWARE, FANCY GOODS, SUGARS, Ships' Outfits, &c.

The Subscribers have on hand, and for sale at their Warehouses in Portland, viz:

ON CONSIGNMENT—*Ex "SPRING:"*—

21 CRATES EARTHENWARE, of good assortment for this market;
10,000 FIRE BRICKS;
500 RIDGE TILES.

Ex "CAMBRIA," from London:

Two Cases, containing—
Fancy DOESKINS, Cashmeretts, TWEEDS and Black BROAD CLOTHS;

One Case, containing—
Black Crapes, Satin Vestings, Silk Parasols,
Fancy Silk Opera Ties,
Black Kid, Pearl, and colored Silk GLOVES,
Black, White and colored Lace ditto,
Colored Lisle ditto,
LACE CAP FRONTS,
Lace HEAD DRESSES,
Muslin CAPS, Ribbon Collarets,
Lace Collars, Black Crape Collars,
Sewed Muslin Collars,
Muslin Habit Shirts, with Collars,
Worked Muslin do.; Worked Cambric do.
Bunches French FLOWERS,
White Mourning ditto,
Colored WREATHS,
Egyptian Muslin Edging,
Lisle and Imitation Valanciennes LACE,
Thread Lace, Thread Edging.

One Case, containing—
Checked GINGHAMS, Gambroons,
Fancy CRAPE,
Fancy Plaid ORLEANS CLOTHS,
Lustred Checked ditto,
Cheni ditto ditto,
SILK STRIPED GLACE;

One Case, containing—
Black and White and Printed Muslin DRESSES,
Men's and Women's Grey, Colored and White Cotton and Merino HOSE.

—ALSO—

40 Puncheons fine flavored Cuba RUM,
15 Tierces Cuba HONEY,
50 Hhds. British Island SUGAR,
60 Puncheons do. MOLASSES,
10 Hhds. } SHERRY WINE.
50 Qr. Casks }
100 Octaves }
2 Pipes } Madeira WINE,
2 Hhds. }

A few Puncheons Prime WHISKEY, imported in 1841.

ALSO—*Quantities of*

CORDAGE, CANVAS, CHAINS, ANCHORS, NAILS, SPIKES, Oakum, Pitch, TAR, Rosin, Putty, IRON, Patent BOLT METAL, HARDWARE assorted, POTS, Kettles, &c.; Screw AUGERS, PAINTS, OILS, Stone Jugs; SLOP CLOTHING, FLANNEL, Grey and Printed COTTONS, with various descriptions of DRY GOODS.

DAILY EXPECTED,
Per "Caroline Lesure" from Greenock:
10 Hhds. GENEVA,
10 Ditto BRANDY, (*Hennessey's.*)

ROBERT RANKIN & CO.

13th June, 1848.

LONDON HOUSE, MARKET SQUARE.

MAY 16th.

IN addition to the Shipments already received per "Jenny Lind," "Delta," and "Zenobia," the Subscriber has now received per "Wanderer," a Stock of MOUSLIN DE LAINES, plain and figured COBURGS and ORLEANS, Printed and plain MUSLINS, Ginghams, PRINTS, Furnitures, Grey and White COTTONS, Fancy Drills and Gambroons, VESTINGS, Cashmarett, Russell Cord, Mohair Facings, Moreens, Tweeds, Moleskins, Aprons, Linings, Towellings, Cotton Warp, &c. &c.

ALSO—1 Tierce Superior SALMON TWINE, and Fishing Thread.

T. W. DANIEL.

CHEAP BOOKS.

HISTORY OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM, containing a collection of experiments, &c., also, a dissertation on the proofs of Mesmerism.
Spurzheim on Education, founded on the nature of man; The Loves of Paris;
Wallace, the Hero of Scotland;
Yankee Stories, by Judge Haliburton;
The Journal of a Vicar;
Martin the Foundling, by Eugene Sue.
A large collection of cheap Novels, which are all offered for sale at very reduced prices.

V. H. NELSON,
July 4. *Victoria Book-Store.*

BLACKING.

Ex brigantine *Hantsport* from Philadelphia—

4 BARRELS and 13 boxes, containing 530 dozen Mason's large and small tins of PASTE BLACKING, for sale at lowest wholesale and retail prices, at Hammond's Brick Buildings, 20, Dock-street, by

July 18. H. G. KINNEAR.

Brandy, Geneva, Whisky, &c.

Now landing ex ship Rosanna, *Gibson, master, from Glasgow:*—

12 HHDS. Old Cognac BRANDY,
10 Hhds. pale Hollands GENEVA,
2 Puns. Old Malt WHISKY.

—ALSO—

4 Cases Linen THREADS—Black, White, Brown, &c., assorted numbers.

JOHN V. THURGAR,
9th May 1848. North Market Wharf

TEA.

Ex ship *David* from Liverpool:

26 CHESTS East India Company fine Congo TEA, of very great strength and flavour.—For Sale at Hammond's Brick Buildings, 20, Dock-street, by H. G. KINNEAR.

18th July, 1848.

VINEGAR.—Just received a further supply of Pure CIDER VINEGAR, in Casks and Barrels. GEO. THOMAS,
August 8. *South Market Wharf.*

The Garland.

THE JUDGMENT OF CUPID.

Between Janetta's lips and eyes
There once arose a warm dispute,
Each claim'd, for loveliness, the prize,
And Cupid sat, to try the suit.

The eyes, a pair of archest blue,
Darted him such a winning look,
That, spite of all the gods could do,
His judgment they severely shook.

The rosy lips' delicious pout
Arrested his attention next,
And, if he were before in doubt,
He then grew ten times more perplex'd.

The eyes, who now about their case
Began to have no trifling fears,
Look'd timidly in Cupid's face,
And burst into a flood of tears.

Their sorrow, quite, the god beguil'd,
And eyes had gain'd the contest then,
But the sweet lips so fondly smil'd,
That Cupid paus'd, in doubt, again.

And, deeming 'twere of little use
The matter longer to discuss,
When each could still new charms produce,
He wisely gave the sentence thus:—

"Whoe'er does homage to the eyes,
The lips shall pay his rich reward;
Whoever dares the lips despise,
His woe the eyes shall ne'er regard.

"Go, then, in friendship still combine,
And cease to quarrel till you meet
With eyes that more serenely shine,
Or lips, whose nectar is more sweet."

Thus did the god his judgment speak,
And bound them in eternal ties,
For well he knew, 'twere vain to seek
For sweeter lips or brighter eyes.

Miscellaneous.

GRETNA GREEN IN DANGER.

From the Edinburgh Correspondent of "Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper."

It is the opinion of some of our wise men here that if the Lord Advocate's Marriage Bill pass in the present or future session, it will go far to put an extinguisher on matrimonial elopements to Gretna Green. These are reputed "irregular," and must come in collision with the new statute. Should his lordship succeed in performing this exploit, he will accomplish what the Presbytery of Annan (to which Gretna belongs) has never been able to effect. The late Mr. Morgan (minister of Gretna), was very anxious to strike a blow at these romantic unions; but though he is said to have made trial of his prowess, he had not the good fortune to carry his point. His reverend successor, although humorously pronounced by the late Dr. Chalmers to be the "greatest man in the Church of Scotland" (Mr Roddick in height stands far above six feet) has never plucked up courage enough to take any serious hand in the contest. No doubt he has taken warning from the failure of his predecessor, and, perhaps, on such a ticklish field, deems "prudence the better part of valour."

I suspect that the strong arm of the law can alone reach and put down these bold and desperate movements of the "tender passion." No other power seems adequate for the Herculean task. And yet so long has mutual love been accustomed to indulge in these eccentric but interesting vagaries, that it may be extremely difficult for even legislative wisdom to abolish them in whole or in part. Perhaps it may amuse some of your fair readers if I give a short account of the office-bearers who are employed in this curious sort of match-making; and as my information is derived from pretty accurate sources, they may venture to accept it as not unworthy of their trust and confidence.

Mr. Linton, of Gretna-hall Inn, or rather Hotel, has long stood at the head of the matrimonial firm. He may be called the high-priest of the hymeneal temple, or bishop of this "peculiar" diocese. He is assisted in his labours by two (and sometimes more) coadjutors, or I may rather say curates, who are, however, quite independent of him, and do business entirely on their own account. He is an elderly, respectable-looking man, and is possessed of much intelligence and knowledge of the world. He shows a good family example, and in private life does no discredit to the black cloth which he occasionally dons. All the higher marriages are performed by him, and of course some of them pay remarkably well. At the elopement of Lady Adeliza Villiers with Capt. Ibbetson he is said to have cleared about £60; and I have little doubt that in the course of his professional career he has made even luckier hits than this. Some of his "richer affairs," however, have been called in question in courts of law. He has of course been summoned on such occasions as a witness; but I have never heard that his moral reputation has suffered in the slightest degree from any of these "delicate investigations."

Bishop Linton's nearest curate is Mr. Murray, of Sark Toll-bar, who not only collects the dues there, but also sells capital ale. When he puts on his "blacks," no man in his station can look more reverend or respectable. He shows well off at a funeral, and is extremely useful on such mournful occasions. I have little doubt that he performs the gayer ceremony with equal tact and decorum—in proof of which I may mention that his business is said to have increased since he began to practise. His house is most conveniently situated, being the very first you meet after leaving the "debateable land" (belonging for the most part to our ex-Home Secretary) and crossing the small river or "water" of Sark, which separates "Merry England" from her graver (but not more sober) northern sister.

Mr. Brough, the more distant curate, lives in the parish of Annan, and keeps the inn at Battlehill—from which a ferry-boat sails every day to Bowness, on the Cumberland shore. He was once a farmer in that "canny" country, but being too skilfu'-dudgent or convivial in his habits, he found it necessary to relinquish agriculture, and prudently retreated to the Scottish side of the Solway. The inn is small but comfortable, and in the summer season much frequented by sea-bathers. Mr. Brough is a large, athletic-looking man, and, like his two fellow-labourers, can boast of a respectable appearance. He leads a quiet, easy, domestic life; and though not a disciple of Father Mathew, he has not, as far as I have heard, been guilty of any remarkable breach of temperance since he entered upon his new vocation.

These two "Messieurs les Cures," as the French would call them, do a great deal of the more common work. Most of the crown and half-crown couples apply to them; and when a seven shilling fee is handed to them it is joyfully hailed as better luck than usual. Of course, besides the more direct payment, there is sometimes a handsome profit made from the ale and porter, (not to mention ardent spirits) that are consumed in the house by the gay parties, in order to enhance their gaiety and please their semi-clerical landlord, who has just tied the nuptial knot that has made them "one" and happy.

AREWELL TO THE PARENTAL ROOF.

There is something peculiarly interesting, far beyond the ordinary feelings of gossipping curiosity, in that one particular scene and hour of woman's history, in which many old ties are dissolved, on the formation of that other tie, so new, so solemn, and so binding, on till death itself. The ceremony (as it is called) of marriage is so common, so frequently performed, and generally attended with so much previous bustle of external preparation, that there is seldom leisure left to ponder deeply the serious responsibilities it involves. Indeed some are even mad enough to venture on that untried sea with less care or thought than they would expend on a voyage of a few weeks. To the contemplative spectator, however, the ideas suggested are full of meaning. Let us indulge them here for a moment. I see a charming maiden, with all her rainbow hopes and fancies clustering thick round her heart—even as her fresh and blushing graces mantle sweetly round her face and form—standing on the shore of a lovely island. Here have been spent her infancy and childhood—and many pleasant hours beside, all registered green in their secret memory. I see her early home, gleaming among the waving woods on the hill side. But she has bid it a long farewell. And now her foot is on the light bark that is to bear her away to a distant and unknown clime. All the friends of her purest years, her father, mother, the bold brothers, the gentle sisterhood, of her happy household are around her, and gaze upon her with a more intense and solemn affection. Their child, their companion, is about to leave them: and though they shall see her again, though she may return to visit her former haunts, she will be no longer the same; her spirit will have felt a change; and almost as a stranger when she comes, will she share the paternal roof. But whither is she bound, and goes she of her own free choice? Oh yes; here is no necessity, no constraint. The home she leaves is dear, and must ever be dear to her—but the home to which she is destined is full of bright and beauteous promise; and though she is almost loth to depart, she would not willingly remain. No marvel, then, that there is a soft tear trembling in that speaking eye—that there is a slight faltering of sudden emotion in that low voice—that her very soul seems warring with a thousand contradictory elements,—the past, the present, the future, all mingling in one flood of thought! But the struggle is short; for the bride's lustrous eye has caught the deep glance of that true knight whom holy rites have just vested with a husband's name; and beautiful as the moon, when she bursts from the barrier of the surrounding clouds, that trusting spirit casts off every shade of regret, and with one joyous bound springs into the bark which weighs swiftly from the land.—[Woman's History, by Gertrude.

SAM SLICK'S CLASSIFICATION OF PATRIOTS.—There are jist five kinds of patriots in the colonies. Rebel patriots, mahogany patriots, spooney patriots, place patriots, and rael genuine patriots. Now, to govern a colony, a man ought to know these critters at first sight, for they are as different from each other as a hoss is from a jackass, or a hawk from a handsaw. A *rebel* patriot is a gentleman that talks better than he fights; haint got much property in a gineral way; and hopes to grab a little in the universal scramble. He starts on his own hook, looks to his rifle for support, and shoots his own gome. If he got his due he would get nothing for his reward. A *mahogany patriot* is a critter that rides like a beggar a-horse-back;—you'll know him by his gait. As soon as he begins to get on a little bit in the world, he is envious of all them that's above him; and if he can't get his legs under the mahogany of his betters, is for takin his betters' mahogany away from them. To skin his pride over and salve his vanity, he says he is excluded on account of his politics and patriotism, a martyr to his vartue. This chap mistakes impudence for independence, and abuse for manliness; he is just about a little the dirtiest and nastiest bird of the whole flock of patriots. This feller should be served out in his own way; he should stand in the pillory and be pelted with rotten eggs. A *spooney* patriot is a well-meanin', silly Billey, who thinks the world can be reduced to squares like a draftboard, and governed by systems—who talks about reforms, codifyin', progression, schoolmasters abroad, liberality, responsibility, and a pack of party catchwords that he don't know the meaning of. This chap is a fool, and ought to go to the infarmary. A *place* patriot is a rogue; he panders to popular prejudice, appeals to the passion of the mob, and tries to set them agin' their richer neighbors, and attempts to ride on their shoulders into government, and to secure place will sacrifice everything that is valuable and good and respectable. He is a philosopher in religion, and a rascal in his philosophy.—He is wilful, and acts against conviction. This man is the loudest and most dangerous of all, and should go to the workhouse. The *true* patriot is one who is neither a sycophant to the government nor a tyrant to the people, but one who will manfully oppose either when they are wrong; who regards what's right, as a minister said to me, and not what is popular; who supports existin' institutions as a whole, but is willin' to mend or repair any part that is defective.

A PINT OF ALE AND A NEWSPAPER.—How strangely the value of different things is estimated in some minds! A few grains of toasted barley are wetted and the juice squeezed into a little water, with a taste of the leaves of the hop plant—the value of both being too small to be calculated, and a very slight tax is laid upon the mixture, which costs also so little labour as hardly to be reckoned in our comage. A pint of this sells, retail, for fourpence, and, if of good flavour, it is reckoned cheap and well worth the money; and so it is. It is drunk off in a minute or two—it is gone. On the same table on which this was served lies a newspaper, the mere white sheet of which cost 1½d. and the duty thereon 1d. with no deductions for damaged, crooked, or over printed copies made ready for sale, and charged too, with carriage from mills and stampoffice at a distance; and it is covered with half a million of types, at a cost of thirty pounds for itself and other sheets printed at the same office the same day; and this sells for no more than the pint of ale, the juice of a little malt and hops!—And yet after one person has enjoyed it, affording him news from all parts of the world, and useful thoughts on all that interests him as a man and a citizen, it remains to be enjoyed by scores of others in the same town or elsewhere; and it promotes trade and finds employment, and markets for goods, and cautions against frauds and accidents, and subjects for conversation; and there are some who think this article dear, though the swiftly-gone barley-water is paid for cheerfully. How is this? Is the body a better paymaster than the mind, and are things of the moment more prized than things of moment? Is the transient tickling of the stomach of more consequence than the improvement of the mind, and the information that is essential to rational beings? If things had their real value, would not the newspaper be worth many pints of the best ale?—*Liverpool Mercury.*

LORD ELDON'S PROPHECY.—July 1830.—Now occurred the three days of July which placed Louis Philippe the citizen King on the throne of the Bourbons. On the 23rd of August, Lord Eldon said:—"The Frenchmen are making what cannot long exist, a Republican Government with a king at the head of it. They will soon find out that such things cannot co-exist, and revolution has not yet done its work in that country, I persuade myself."

SKETCHES IN PARIS.—That thin man, with his thin military waist, his long thin bronzed face, his thick mustaches and tufted beard, and his dark, somewhat heavy, eyes, gleaming forth from beneath a calm but stern brow, who is riding at the head of a brilliant staff, is General Cavaignac, the military commander of the hour, the autocrat into whose hands the National Assembly of France has confided its destinies. Although, when he removes his plumed hat to salute those who receive him now with enthusiastic acclamation, he exhibits a head partially bald, yet his general air is that of a man in the full vigour of his best years, in the full active use of his lithy form. See! at the head of another group is a still younger man of military command. His face is fuller and handsomer; and his thick mustaches give him a rough bold look, which does not, however, detract from his prepossessing appearance. This is the young General de Lamoricière, also of African fame. He is now minister of war. There are others, also, of the heroes of Algeria, who have not fallen in the street combat, in which so many, who had earned a reputation in the open battle-field, received death by the hands of their fellow-countrymen. In every sketch are to be seen, as prominent figures, these military rulers of the destinies of France, which a few days have again changed so rapidly. We cannot look upon their striking portraits, without asking ourselves how long Cæsar and Anthony may be content to rule the country hand in hand. —*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A FIRST-RATE TEMPERANCE TALK.—A captain of a packet vessel sailing from New York to Liverpool, says he never heard a better Temperance talk than the following; but that was "first-rate." He once went to a temperance meeting at Liverpool to oblige a friend; and a good looking well-dressed man was called upon to address the meeting. He now stood up before the meeting, and said he never had made a speech in his life, and did not believe he ever should, for it was not in him. However, he would tell what temperance had done for him. When he used to drink, somehow, he never was well, could never pay his quarter's rent, nor his weekly bills, nor clothe himself nor his family decently; but now that he had left off drinking, his rent was punctually paid to the day—he had no weekly accounts—for he had ready money. They all saw how he appeared and was dressed. And, taking a nice-looking woman by the arm, and four children by the hand, he said, "You see how my wife and children look in health and appearance. Well, their food and dress is all paid for; and if you want to see how my house is furnished, come and see me at home at any evening except church night, which is Tuesday, and this meeting, which is Thursday, and you will find me in as well-furnished a room as any one needs. Besides this, I have a hundred pounds in the savings bank. This is all I can say to-night." And he sat down. He had said enough.

THREE GREAT PHYSICIANS.—The bedside of the celebrated Dumoulin, a few hours before he breathed his last, was surrounded by the most eminent physicians of Paris, who affected to believe that his death would be an irreparable loss to the profession. "Gentlemen," said Dumoulin, "you are in error. I shall leave behind me three distinguished physicians." Being pressed to name them, as each expected to be included in the trio, he [illegible] "*Water, Exercise, and Diet.*"

SALT WATER AND FRESH.—We have just had the pleasure of drinking a goblet of water taken from the sea at Margate, as sparkling and aqueable as if drawn from the best pump in London; indeed, it was impossible to tell the difference. The water had been previously distilled in the usual way, and then treated by the simple galvanic process, as patented by Mr. Crosse. The invention, for emigrant ships and others on long voyages, will be invaluable.—*The Emigrant.*

SAGACITY OF THE BUFFALO.—The following instance of courage, sagacity, and attachment in the Buffalo, rivals what we read in the pages which Mr. Jesse, Captain Brown, and other enthusiastic naturalists, devoted to holding up the canine species to our admiration:—In the month of March, an occurrence took place in the division Modjokerto (residence of the Sourabaya) which deserves to be brought to general notice, as a new and striking proof of the attachment of animals towards their purveyors. The local authorities of the division have inquired into the truth of the facts mentioned below; there cannot, therefore, be the least doubt about the matter. On the 14th March, a boy eight years of age, in the Dessa Gilang, was herding some buffaloes in a wood not very distant from the village, when he was unexpectedly seized and dragged away by a tiger. At the cries of anguish uttered by the boy two buffaloes immediately came running up, one of which attacked the tiger with such success that he released the boy and seized the buffalo above the knee joint; on which a short fight ensued between the buffalo and the tiger, which ended in the flight of the latter. In the mean time the other buffalo had placed himself over the body of the boy, which was lying on the ground, in such a way as to cover it entirely and to protect it against a second attack of the tiger. The people of the neighbouring Dessa had in the mean time armed themselves and pursued and killed the tiger. The life of the boy, although he was severely wounded by the tiger on the right thigh bone, is not yet despaired of. The peculiar attachment which the two buffaloes in this case showed towards their herd, is explained by the circumstance that for the most part the young natives, who take care of the pasturage of these animals, bestow extraordinary attention on one or more of their flock, that they generally remain in their vicinity, and sometimes pass a large portion of the day on their backs.—*Singapore Free Press.*

THE MAIDEN'S LEAP.—A daughter of the first Earl of Gowrie was courted by a young Highland gentleman, much her inferior in rank and fortune. Her family, though they gave no encouragement to the match, permitted him to visit them at the Castle of Ruthven, in Perthshire, and on such occasions the chamber assigned to him was in a tower near another tower, in which his lovely mistress slept. On one of his visits the young lady, before the doors were shut, got into her lover's apartment, but some person of the family having discovered it, told her mother, who, cutting off all possibility of retreat, hastened to surprise them. The young lady, however, hearing the well-known steps of her mother hobbling up stairs, ran to the leads, and took a desperate leap of nine feet four inches, over a chasm sixty feet from the ground, alighted on the battlements of the other tower, whence, descending into her chamber, she crept into bed. Her mother having in vain sought her in her lover's chamber, came into her room, where, finding her seemingly asleep, she apologised for her unjust suspicion. The young lady eloped the following night with her Highland laddie, and was married. The chasm between the towers is still known under the appellation of "The Maiden's Leap."—*Glasgow Courier.*

BEAUTY IN A WIFE.—A young man married a wife whose only claim upon his regard was her personal beauty. She said to him at the end of one of their quarrels—"You don't love me; you cannot look me in the face and say that you love me." "You mistake me, my dear," cried he, "for it is only when I look you in the face that I can say that I love you."

SERMON OF AN AFRICAN CLERGYMAN AT LIVERPOOL.—The Rev. Alexander Crummell, one of the only four episcopally ordained African clergymen in the United States, has been residing for some days, on a visit, with the Rev. Mr. Ewbank, of Everton, to whom, as well as to many of our churchmen he was known by reputation, and highly recommended by letter. Mr. Crummell has a large congregation in New York, exclusively of his own race, and the object of his mission is to obtain contributions towards the erection of an episcopal church for his increasing congregation in that city, in which there is a large negro population, deprived of almost every means of spiritual instruction or education that may elevate them in the scale of humanity and religion, owing to the unhappy prejudices which exist against them even in that land of the free." Mr. Crummell read prayers on Wednesday evening last most impressively in Mr. Ewbank's church, (St. George's, Everton,) and having obtained leave to preach on Sunday forenoon at the same place, public notice was given, and much interest was naturally excited from curiosity to hear a negro preacher, and still more we trust from a desire to promote his benevolent object. The church was crowded by a most respectable congregation to repletion—many parties being unable to obtain seats, and fain to stand at the entrances, and many more obliged to retire, hopeless of even this last accommodation. The free seats were firmly packed, as well as the organ gallery All eyes were rivetted on the preacher as he ascended the pulpit. He is a good-looking man of small stature, with an intelligent countenance, so removed from the coarseness of a large portion of his race that, but for his sable complexion and thick frizzly hair, he might be said to be a European. His voice is strong and manly; his articulation clear, and his pronunciation of the English language so generally accurate, with, at the same time, a rapid flow of words and a modesty of bearing, that he immediately won the deep attention of his hearers; the first general feeling being that of astonishment.—*Liverpool paper.*

DEATH OF MR. GEORGE STEPHENSON.—It is with much concern that we announce the decease of Mr. George Stephenson, the celebrated engineer. He died at his establishment in Derbyshire on Saturday last, aged 67. Few men have obtained or deserved a higher reputation. He rose from the humblest life, from the elasticity of his native talent overcoming the obstacle of narrow circumstances, and even confined education. In his profession he was as happy and ingenious in his discoveries, as generous in imparting the benefit of them to the world. In the history of railroad enterprise and movement, the name of George Stephenson will live.—*London paper.*

THE LATE MRS. COBBETT.—The remains of Mrs Cobbett, widow of the late Mr. William Cobbett, M.P., were on Wednesday week conveyed to Farnham, in Surrey, and there interred in the same spot where those of her husband were deposited in 1835. The deceased lady, who was married to Mr. Cobbett in 1792, was in her 75th year at the of the Republic, that formality having been already anticipated by a community of mediation in the time of her death.—*London paper.*—["All that's bright must fade." One of the most beautiful things in the English language is Cobbett's description, in his voluminous works, we know not where to look for it, of the scutcheon of his wife. He was a soldier in New Brunswick.]—*Montreal Courier.*

A GENTLE REPROOF.—One day as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine large codfish, and sent it home with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it or made it into a chowder her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him for once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in different ways. She also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook, back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet anything that you have spoilt it for my eating. (Taking off the cover.) I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing—you knew better—I never loved fried fish—why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some."

So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish, a sight of which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish this!" exclaimed he. "Boiled fish? chips and porridge; If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a chowder!"

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favourite dish."

"Favourite dish, indeed," grumbled the discomfited husband. "I dare say it is an unpalatable wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish, near her husband, and there was a large BULL-FROG, of portentous dimensions and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprung from his chair, not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finely overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right and that he was wrong; and declared that she would never again have occasion to read him such another lesson; and he was as good as his word.

LOGIC OF DEBT AND CREDIT.—The *Morning Chronicle* has a long article on the law of debtor and creditor. The essay is finely conceived and logically conducted, imparting to the trading world in general one unexpected comfort. For instance, "at this moment," credit is in a most wholesome condition. Hear the *Chronicle*:—"At this moment, not less than nineteen shillings in the pound of every body's money is fructifying or evaporating, as the case may be, in the pockets of somebody else." Now, as nineteen shillings in every body's pound is one in the pockets of somebody else, it follows that everybody must owe everybody nineteen shillings, and as everybody has nineteen shillings to receive, why everybody, in fact, owes everybody nothing.

There are in the United States about 10,000 lawyers, 1500 surgeons, and 20,000 clergymen of all sects.