

The Weekly Observer.

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ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1835.

Vol. VII. No. 28.

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

PUBLISHED BY DONALD A. CAMERON. Office:—In Mr. HATHFIELD'S brick building, west side of the Market-Square, St. John, N. B.

TERMS:—City Subscribers:—... 15s. per annum; Country do. (by mail) at 17s. 6d. ditto; Country do. (not by mail) 15s. ditto; (Half to be paid in advance.)

Printing, in its various branches, executed with neatness and despatch, on very moderate terms.

Weekly Almanack.

JANUARY—1835.	SUN	MOON	FULL
13 WEDNESDAY	7 28	4 32	4 39 11 32
14 THURSDAY	7 28	4 32	5 54 10 30
15 FRIDAY	7 27	4 33	6 55 9 10
16 SATURDAY	7 26	4 34	8 7 0 53
17 SUNDAY	7 25	4 35	9 20 1 35
18 MONDAY	7 24	4 36	10 33 2 21
19 TUESDAY	7 23	4 37	11 46 3 8

Last Quarter 21st day, 4h. 12m. evening.

INSURANCE.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 12 o'clock.

JOHN M. WILMOT, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.

Committee for January: H. T. HAZEN, DANIEL ANSLY, JOHN HAMMOND.

All Communications, by Mail, must be post paid.

Marine Insurance Agency.

THE subscriber having been duly authorized by the PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY of HARTFORD, Connecticut, to take Risks upon Vessels, Cargoes, or Freight, agreeable to the general principles of MARINE INSURANCE, and having obtained by a late arrival from the United States, Blank Policies duly signed by the President and Secretary of the aforesaid Company—Now begs leave to inform the Merchants and Ship-Owners of this City and the Province at large, that he will attend to applications in writing to that effect, fairly stating particulars of the Risks required to be covered.—He would also remark for the information of the public, that the above Company have had a Marine Insurance Agency established at Halifax for some time past, under the management of J. L. SPARKS, ESQUIRE, who has done a good deal of business in that line, and which he believes has given general satisfaction to the assured, and that although the Company reserve to themselves the right of settling Averages, Partial or Total Losses, agreeable to the usage of Marine Insurance in the United States—that in any case where the claim for Loss is so dubious as to warrant an appeal to a Court of Law or Equity, the Office will submit to the decision of the Courts in this Province.

ANGUS M'KENZIE, Agent.

St. John, Sept. 31, 1834.

Office in the Store of A. M'KENZIE & Co., Prince Wm. Street.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Insurance Company, in this City, will insure Houses, Stores, Mills, Factories, Barns, and the contents of each, together with every similar species of property against LOSS or DAMAGE BY FIRE, at as low a rate of Premium as any similar Institution; and will be always in readiness for taking Surveys of premises offered for Insurance in any part of the City, free of charge to the assured. He will likewise attend to the renewal of any Policies of Insurance issued by M'KENZIE & TISSARD, as Agents of the above Insurance Company; and act in all cases in reference to such as if subscribed by himself.

ANGUS M'KENZIE, Agent.

St. John, November 6, 1832.

WEST OF SCOTLAND INSURANCE OFFICE.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the Public, that he has lately received instructions to take Risks at lower rates than heretofore; and also, to issue New Policies at the reduced rates for all Insurances now effected, at the termination of the Present Policies, instead of Renewal Receipts.

JOHN ROBERTSON, Agent and Attorney.

St. John, March 8, 1831.

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY, Of Hartford, Connecticut.

THE Subscriber having been appointed AGENT for the above Insurance Company, will issue Policies and Renewal Receipts (on Policies issued by the former Agent, E. D. W. RAYBROOK, Esq.) for Insurance on Dwelling Houses, Stores, Mills, Factories, Barns, Vessels and Cargoes while in port, Yachts on the stocks, Household Furniture, Merchandise, and every other species of Insurable Personal Property, against

Loss or Damage by Fire,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution in good standing.—Will give personal attendance to the survey of premises, etc. in the City and vicinity, on which Insurance is desired, free of charge to the assured.—Applications in writing (post paid) from all other parts of the Province, describing the situation and the Property to be insured, will receive prompt attention; the correctness of which description shall on all occasions be binding on the part of the applicant.

The ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY was incorporated in 1819.—Capital \$2,000,000, with liberty to increase the same to half a million of dollars. The Capital has been all paid in, and invested in the best securities, independently of which a *Surplus Fund* of more than \$35,000 has been set apart to meet the occasional claims for Losses, and the Stock bears a high premium. The reputation the Office has acquired for promptness and liberality in the adjustment and payment of Losses, requires no additional pledge to entitle it to a liberal share of public patronage.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

St. John, N. B., 1st July, 1833.

Per sch'r SARAH, from Halifax:

12 H HDS. and 5 brls. best Brown SUGAR,
25 boxes fresh Muscatel RAISINS,
15 half-boxes and 25 gr.-boxes ditto ditto,
10 bala paper-shell ALMONDS,
10 cases Marcellus Madame WINE,
20 ditto Muscat; 6 ditto Claret,
4 ditto Claret—*Vin de Bourdeaux*,
5 ditto Sauterne; 5 ditto Grave,
4 hampers Champagne,
10 half-casks Salsaparilla; 5 baskets ditto,
5 boxes Olives; 5 ditto Capers,
5 ditto Anchovies; 5 ditto Brandy Fruit,
5 ditto Vinegar Pickles; 5 do. assorted ditto,
5 ditto PRUNES,
25 boxes Corks, very superior, (2000 each.)
5 ditto Cordials, assorted.

November 11. JOHN ROBERTSON.

The Garland.

"CAIN, WHERE IS THY BROTHER ABEL?"
Gen. iv. 9.

Where is thy brother Abel?
Thou murderer, answer, where?
He talked with thee on yonder plain,
Beside the altar there;
Sweet peace was in his eye serene,
And his heart was filled with love,
As he pointed thy unbending soul
To Him who reigns above.

Where is thy brother Abel?
Thou fratricide, ah! where?
Thy heart, in childhood's earlier hours,
His joy or grief could share;
Ye danced beneath the same green tree;
In the same bowyer ye played;
And oft have wandered hand in hand,
Beneath the groves deep shade.

Where is thy brother Abel?
Unfading one, ah! where?
Look'd in each other's fond embrace,
Ye once could know no care;
Now the silence nor the gloom of night
Could wake an anxious ye, or
Or felt each other near.

Where is thy brother Abel?
Ungrateful one, ah! where?
His lips dwell long upon thy name
As he breath'd his morning prayer;
He begged that Heaven would fix thy faith
On Him that is to come,
To take away the curse of sin,
And bring God's outcasts home.

Where is thy brother Abel?
Thy red hands have been dry:
No light is in his sunken eye,
No smiles his cold cheeks bear;
His lips are closed; his tongue is seal'd;
His locks are wet with gore;
The cooling breeze revives him not,
'Twill wake him now no more.

His blood has raised its voice to Heaven,
And calls for vengeance loud;
Yet merry still, with smiling face,
Looks o'er the thunder cloud;
But a fugitive and vagabond,
Thou now on earth shalt be,
Though the latest breath that pass'd his lips,
Was spent in prayer for thee.

THOMAS RAGO.

DOING BUSINESS IN SCOTLAND.
(By an English Traveller.)

"It is not as in England, where, when an article is offered for sale, it is impudently purchased, or at once rejected as being too dear, but here there is a long haggling and chaffing of every article successively offered. The relation of my transactions with a man, will serve to show the general mode of doing business. He bids me call again, which I do several times without doing any thing. He wishes to be the last I do with, but all cannot be last, and all have wished to be so. After a few days I get him to proceed to business; he objects to the price of the article I offer, he will not buy. I try to induce him, but do not offer to make any reduction. Says he—'You are over dear, Sir; I can buy the same goods ten per cent. lower; if you like to take fifteen per cent. I'll take some of those.' I tell him that a reduction in price is quite out of the question, and put my sample of the article aside. But the Scotchman wants it—'Weel, Sir, it's a terrible price, but as I am out of it at present, I'll just take a little till I can be supplied cheaper, but we mustn't talk of five per cent.' 'But, Sir,' says I, 'would you not think mean unmercenary to ask ten or even fifteen per cent. more than what I intended to take?' He laughs at me—'Hoot, hoot, man, do ye expect to get what ye ask? Guide Lord, am I was able to get half what I ask, I would soon be rich. Come, come, I'll give ye within two and a half of your ain price, and guide faith, man, ye'll be well paid.' I tell him that I never make any reduction from the price I first demand, and that an adherence to the rule saves much trouble to both parties. 'Weel, weel,' says he, 'so ye man has it; but I think your ain price is too high. So ye'll have to give up your mind, and be content with the offer I make; then comes the settlement. 'Hoo much discount do ye tak aff, Sir?' 'Discount! ye cannot expect it; the account has been standing a twelvemonth.' 'Indeed, but I do expect discount—pay siller without discount! na, na, Sir, that's not the way here—ye man deduct five per cent.' I tell him that I make no discount at all. 'Weel, Sir, I'll give ye one money at a'.' Rather than go without a settlement, I at last agree to take off two and a half per cent. from the amount, which is accordingly deducted. 'I have ten shillings doon against ye for short measure, and fifteen shillings for damages.' 'Indeed, these are heavy deductions; but if you say that you shall lose to that amount, I suppose that I must allow it.' 'Oh, ye, a' sight, then, Sir, eight shillings and four pence for pack siller, and thirteen shillings for carriage and postage.' These last terms astonish me. 'What, Sir,' says I, 'are we to pay all the charges in your business?'—'But if I do not allow these to be taken off, he will not pay his account; so I acquiesce, resolving within myself that since these unfair deductions are made at settlement, it would be quite fair to charge an additional price to cover the extortion. I now congratulate myself on having concluded my business with the man, but am disappointed. 'Hae ye a stamp?' asks he. 'A stamp—for what?' 'Just to draw ye a bill,' replies he. 'A bill, my good Sir! I took off two and a half per cent. on the faith of being paid in cash.' But he tells me it is the custom of the place to pay in bills, and sits down and draws me a bill at three months after date, payable at his own shop. 'A'nd what can I do with this?' 'Oh, ye may tak it to Sir William's; he'll discount it for ye, on paying him three months' interest.' 'And what can I do with his notes?' 'He'll gie ye a bill in London at forty-five days.' 'So, Sir, after allowing you twelve months' credit, and two and a half per cent. discount, and exhibiting charges which you have no claim on us to pay, I must be content with a bill, which we are not to cash for four months and a half.' 'Weel, weel; and now, Sir,' says he, 'if you are going to your inn, I'll gie ye a glass of wine.'—An exaggerated description but certainly 'founded on fact.'

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
And ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die;
Yet on that rose's humble bed,
The soft dews of night are shed,
As though she wept such waste to see,
But none shall drop one tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,
Which trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away.
Yet when that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The wind whom the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the print, which fust
Have left on Tampa's desert strand,
Soon as the rising sun shall beat,
Their trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to retire
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none shall thus lament for me!

MY SISTER.

One morning in my early life, I remember to have been playing with a younger sister, not then three years old. It was one of those bright mornings in spring, that bring joy and life to the heart, and diffuse gladness and animation through all the tribes of living creatures. Our feelings were in perfect harmony with the universal gladness of nature. Even now I seem to hear the merry laugh of my little sister, as she followed me through the winding alleys of the garden, her cheek suffused with the glow of health and animation, and her waving hair floating in the wind.

She was an only sister, the sole companion of my childish sports. We were constantly together; and my young heart went out to hers, with all the affection, all the fondness, of which childhood is capable. Nothing afforded me enjoyment in which she did not participate; no amusement was sought which we could not share together.

That morning we had prolonged our play till near the hour of breakfast, with undiminished ardor, when at some slight provocation, my impetuous nature broke forth, and in my anger, I struck my little sister a blow with my hand. She turned to me with an appealing look, and the large tears came into her eyes. Her heart was too full to allow her to speak, and shame made me silent. At that moment the breakfast bell summoned us away, and we returned to the house without exchanging a word. The excitement of play was over, and as she sat beside my mother at breakfast, I perceived by occasional stolen glances at her, that she was pale and sad. A tear seemed ready to start in her eye, which all her little self-possession could scarcely repress. It was only when my mother inquired if she was ill, that she drank her coffee and endeavored to eat. I was ashamed and grieved, and inwardly resolved to embrace the first opportunity when we were alone, to throw my arms around her neck, and entreat her forgiveness.

When breakfast was over, my mother retired with her into her own room, directing me in the meantime to sit down to my lesson. I seated myself by the window, and ran over my lesson, but did not learn it. My thoughts were perpetually recurring to the scene in the garden, and at table. It was long before my mother returned, and when she did, it was with an agitated look, and hurried step, to tell me that my poor Ellen was very ill. I asked eagerly if I might go to her, but was not permitted, lest I should disturb her. A physician was called, and every means used for her recovery, but to no purpose. The disease, which was in her head, constantly increased in violence, and she became delirious. It was not until evening that I was permitted to see her. She was a little recovered from the severity of her pain, and lay with her eyes closed, and her little hand resting on the pillow beneath her head. How I longed to tell her the sorrow I felt for my unkindness to her in the morning, and how much I had suffered for it during the day. But I was forbidden to speak to her, and was soon taken out of the room. During that night and the day following, she continued to grow worse. I saw her several times, but she was

always insensible of my presence. Once indeed, she showed some signs of consciousness, and asked for me, but immediately relapsed into her former state.

On the morning of the third day I rose at an early hour, and repaired to the sick room. My mother was sitting by the bed. As I entered, she drew me to her, and for some time was silent, while the tears flowed fast down her face. I first learned that my sweet sister was dead, as my mother drew aside the curtain that concealed her from me. I felt as though my heart would break. The remembrance of her affection for me, and my last unkind deed, reviv'd in my mind; and burying my face in the folds of the curtain, I wept long and bitterly.

I saw her laid in the coffin, and lowered into the grave. I almost wished to lie down there with her, if so I might see once more her smile, and hear my forgiveness pronounced in her sweet voice.

Years have passed away, and I am now a man—but never does the recollection of this incident of my early life fail to awaken bitter feelings of grief and change. And never do I see my young friends exclaiming, 'Look, look, or words of anger, without thinking of my last parting with my own loved Ellen.—*Religious Magazine.*

PICTURE OF NEW YORK BY A NEW YORKER.

The one head and long flicker stamp'd upon the face of every street, and countenance in this great city is—pain! Nature designed New York for the greatest commercial emporium in the world, and it fulfils its destiny. Its situation is one of those wonderful accidents, if such it may be called without profanity, which startle and delight the observer of natural wonders. It is a nucleus of access. It seems to me, whenever I approach it by my own avenues, that the original discoverer must have held his breath while he contemplated it as the site of a future city. There is the Sound sweeping up to it with its majestic channel, from the sea, and giving a protected passage for its shore navigation to the east; the ocean itself swelling in from another quarter to the very feet of its 'merchaut princes'; the Hudson opening two hundred miles into the heart of the most magnificent and productive state of the Union, threading valleys of such beauty as the world lacks to see, and washing the bases of noble mountains, and the feet of other cities, populous and prosperous; and, to the south, channels for its smaller navigation running parallel with the sea, and yet protected from its violence; and the city itself, rising by a gentle ascent from the bay on one side, and sinking so gently to the river on the other, leading off its refuse waters by natural drains, and washing its streets with every shower. What could the hand of nature have done more? Add to this the enterprise of the people, which has seconded nature; beginning their canals where she had stopped her rivers, and opening waters, three hundred miles to her inland seas; and you have a picture of facility and prosperity which, for the brief period it has existed, is unequalled in the history of the world. All this, however, gives a character to the society, and every man feels its influence, whatever be his pursuits. There are here none of the professed idlers, such as you may find in Boston or Philadelphia. The gentleman, according to the dictionary, 'one who has no visible employment for his support,' is an uncommon, if not an unpopular character. The beaux have each a 'vocation.' The same wit that bewilders the belles at night, is exercised with hammer in hand in the morning session. You will find the unexceptionable exquisites who shaved your wheel on Monday afternoon, and his superb four-in-hand, ready to shove your note with equal alacrity at his broker's box in Wall-street, at Tuesday noon. The mart that gives you a dinner that would satisfy an emperor to day, is the model of 'cent. per cent.' to-morrow; it slave to state and ponied from daylight till three, and the pence of gay hospitalities from that hour till morning. And all these incongruities harmonize perfectly. They are gentlemen of the first water, with one exception, they have no ennui. Business takes its place. The pleasures are, of course, more delightful from the relief and contrast on the whole, it makes a very pretty philosophy for happiness. I am willing, at any rate, that in our republican country the necessity of our nature for occupation should be consistent, as it is here, with the most fastidious claim to the title of 'gentleman.'—*N. P. Willis.*

BEAUTIFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE NARRATIVE.—A manuscript work, entitled the 'Wonders of Nature,' is preserved in the Royal Library at Paris, by an Arabian writer, Mohammed Kazwin, who flourished in the seventh century of the Hejra, or at the close of the thirteenth century of our era. Besides several curious remarks on comets, earthquakes, and the successive changes of position which the land and sea have undergone, we meet with the following beautiful passage, which is given as the narrative of Kihuz, an allegorical personage.—'I passed one day by a very ancient and wonderfully populous city, and asked one of its inhabitants how long it had been founded? 'It is indeed a mighty city,' replied he; 'we know not how long it has existed, and our ancestors were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves.' Five centuries afterwards, as I passed by the same place, I could not perceive the slightest vestige of the city. I demanded of a peasant who was gathering herbs upon its former site, how long it had been destroyed? 'In sooth, a strange question!' replied he; 'the ground here has never been different from what you now behold it.' 'Was there not of old,' said I, 'a splendid city here?' 'Never,' answered he, 'so far we have seen, and never did our fathers speak to us of any such.' On my return, two 500 years afterwards, I found the city in the same place, and on its shores were a party of fishermen, of whom I inquired how long the land had been covered by the waters. 'Is this a question,' said they, 'for a man like you?—this spot has always been what it is now.' I again returned, 500 years afterwards, and the sea had disappeared. I inquired of a man, who stood alone upon the spot, how long ago this change had taken place, and he gave me the same answer as I had received before. Lastly, on coming back again after an equal lapse of time, I found there a flourishing city, more populous and more rich in buildings than the city I had seen the first time, and when I would fain have informed myself concerning its origin, the inhabitants answered me. 'Its rise is lost in remote antiquity; we are ignorant how long it has existed, and our fathers were, on this subject, as ignorant as ourselves.'

REASONABLE STUDY OF OTHERS IN CONVERSATION.—If you have two topics to talk to a man about, one of which interests him the most, while the other interests you the most, begin with that which interests him the most. It will put him in good humour; it will confer pleasure.—*Bentham.*

PRECONIVATIONS.—I asked two little village boys, one seven, the other eight years old, what they meant to be when they were men. Says one, 'I shall be the doctor of the village.' And you, what shall you be? said I to the other. 'Oh! if brother's a doctor, I'll be sure. He shall kill the people, and I'll bury them—so we shall have the whole village between us.'—*H. L. Doer's France.*

IN THE reign of Richard the Second, the trains of the ladies' gowns were so long that a tract was written by some divine, entitled 'Contra Crudas Dominarum,' (Against the Tails of the Ladies.)

unconventional domestic. But I could not, like the hunted stag, pass by the 'break.'—For like a little bird, sing in it, I was compelled to finish her. Poor soul! she said that the intimation broke upon her so suddenly that she was quite overthrown, and declared that she should break her heart! Her father, who was out at a livery-stable, called for Betty and her 'box.' I could scarcely refrain from laughter:—reader! he actually drove to the door for her in a 'BREAK!'—*The Comic Offering for 1835.*

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—M. Dupin, the celebrated French Advocate, on opening the Session of the Court of Cassation in Paris, concluded his address by alluding to the destruction of the two Houses of Parliament in England, and expressed his deep regret at the loss of that venerable assembly.—'There,' he said, 'were collected, by an uninterrupted series of traditions, all the precedents of power and liberty. There may be said to have been breathed the history of old England, containing sources of inspiration to the orators whose voices resounded within its walls. Under the same roof, by the side of the Parliamentary Forum, sometimes so full of storm, were seated in all the dignity of the most profound calmness, the ancient courts of Chancery, King's Bench, and Common Pleas; that immortal Jury, so severely rigid in protecting liberty; and on the throne of Justice, those Magistrates, so great in power, in doctrine, and consideration—each of whom alone represents the Majesty of a Court, delivering their judgments, surrounded by the respectable citizens, in the presence of a learned and vigilant Bar.' The Marquis of Lansdowne and the Turkish Ambassador and suite were present on this interesting occasion.

HINTS TO PARENTS.—One word on the most melancholy part of our subject: the immediate and often irreparable mischief which follows an 'grand ball.' In the severest part of our winter, at an hour whose breath strikes to the bones even of the strongest; under a sky, rude and inclement, or distilling dews and fogs, poisonous as the malaria of the Pontine Marshes; the weak girl is led, flushed and joyous, and in her joy, careless and unguarded, from the heated scene into the raw air. There are some, who, smothered in cashmere, are hurried at a step into a close carriage, and thus escape at little risk; but in a circle whose fortune is not so favourable, what danger is not incurred in waiting for the lined conveyance, and in its cold, richly-fabric when arrived, and a few readers whose recollection will not serve them with some unhappy instance, in which months of illness often succeeded by death itself, has followed upon this exposure. For then comes the cough and the pale cheek, and life burning itself out fast in fever. The laughing eye becomes extinct and sunken, only to be lit again by the fearful blaze of consumption, as if death held his watch-tower there. The stream of life is polluted, weakened where it looks for strengthening. Levishness and discontent seize upon the once unruled temper. Then have we hours of hope and weeks of despair, the self-accusations of the wretched parent, the flickering hopes of the victim, and the deserted hearth.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

THE EMPIRES OF MEXICO AND PERU FOUNDED BY THE MALAYS.—Pisquis, or Esteyrian Island, which is inhabited by a branch of the Polynesian nation, is situated within 1800 miles of the continent of America, but at the distance of not less than 8000 miles from the Philippines. Are we not warranted, therefore, to conclude that the same causes that have evidently operated during a long succession of ages in carrying individuals of the Malayan race across so extensive an ocean, and so vast a distance from the earlier settlements of their nation, filling every solitary isle in their trackless course with a numerous population, may have also operated in carrying other individuals of that amphibious nation across the remaining tract of ocean to the coast of America?..... In short I conceive there is abundant reason to believe that America was originally peopled from the continent of Asia; and is generally supposed, by way of the Aleutian Islands, at the entrance of Behring's Straits—but by way of the South Sea Islands, and across the widest part of the Pacific Ocean.—*Dr. Lang.*

Operation of Mental Emotions on the Skin.—Some mental emotions operate upon the skin, and impair its functions much in the same way as cold—Grief, fear, and the depressing passions, by diminishing the afflux of arterial blood, render the skin pale, and at the same time diminish perspiration and nervous action; while rage and other violent passions, by augmenting the afflux of blood, elevate the temperature of the skin, and give rise to the red flush, fulness, and tension so characteristic of excitement. Sometimes, indeed, the effect of mental emotions on the skin is so great as to induce disease. In speaking of impetigo, Dr. Bateman alludes to two gentlemen in whom the eruption arose from 'great alarm and agitation of mind'; and adds, that he 'witnessed some time ago the extraordinary influence of mental alarm on the cutaneous circulation in a poor woman who became a patient in the Public Dispensary.' A sudden universal anasarca (dropsy under the skin) followed in one night, the shock occasioned by the loss of a small sum of money, which was all she possessed. Facts like these establish a connexion between the brain and the nervous system and the skin, which it is important not to overlook.—*Combe's Principles of Physiology.*

A Frenchman's opinion of Lord Brougham's Oratory.—I received from Neemeh the last gazettes of Calcutta, this morning, on horseback on the road, read the sixteen immense columns of Lord Brougham's speech in the House of Lords, on the 7th of October last. What talents! but what a perverted use of talent! What a disagreeable kind of talent is that which disgusts the hearer instead of conciliating him. If I were a public man I would study Lord Brougham in order not to resemble him; what is the use of that cutting irony, that bitter sarcasm, that supercilious pride?—*Jacquemon's Letters.*

SHAKSPEARE.—'Let me propose something for your speculation,' said the Major:—'tell me what profession Shakspeare was? Do you notice how wonderfully and universally correct he is in his descriptions of every profession! I have heard it said that, from his accurate descriptions of the human frame, you would suppose he had applied himself to study anatomy.' 'If,' interrupted Captain Henneage, 'the thorough knowledge he displays of a military life did not make us ready to dub him a soldier.' 'Then, his intimate acquaintance with law,' said Octavian; 'surely nothing can be clearer than his detection of its intricacies, I am of opinion he was a lawyer, and instance Portia, and his frequent use of legal terms.' 'And again, you might suppose him a sailor when you read the *Tempest*,' said I. 'In short, Major, you are perfectly right,' said Mr. Henneage; 'the idea is quite correct, and I believe most men will own, when reading Shakspeare, that the intimate knowledge he displays of their own profession justifies the suspicion that their identical calling was his.'—*Miss Tallant's Octavia Elphinstone.*

Patterson's Love Letters.—'Will you go to Gibraltar with me? C. H.' 'Yes, or all the world over. M. A. B.'

showered some signs of consciousness, and asked for me, but immediately relapsed into her former state. On the morning of the third day I rose at an early hour, and repaired to the sick room. My mother was sitting by the bed. As I entered, she drew me to her, and for some time was silent, while the tears flowed fast down her face. I first learned that my sweet sister was dead, as my mother drew aside the curtain that concealed her from me. I felt as though my heart would break. The remembrance of her affection for me, and my last unkind deed, reviv'd in my mind; and burying my face in the folds of the curtain, I wept long and bitterly.

I saw her laid in the coffin, and lowered into the grave. I almost wished to lie down there with her, if so I might see once more her smile, and hear my forgiveness pronounced in her sweet voice. Years have passed away, and I am now a man—but never does the recollection of this incident of my early life fail to awaken bitter feelings of grief and change. And never do I see my young friends exclaiming, 'Look, look, or words of anger, without thinking of my last parting with my own loved Ellen.—*Religious Magazine.*

The one head and long flicker stamp'd upon the face of every street, and countenance in this great city is—pain! Nature designed New York for the greatest commercial emporium in the world, and it fulfils its destiny. Its situation is one of those wonderful accidents, if such it may be called without profanity, which startle and delight the observer of natural wonders. It is a nucleus of access. It seems to me, whenever I approach it by my own avenues, that the original discoverer must have held his breath while he contemplated it as the site of a future city.

There is the Sound sweeping up to it with its majestic channel, from the sea, and giving a protected passage for its shore navigation to the east; the ocean itself swelling in from another quarter to the very feet of its 'merchaut princes'; the Hudson opening two hundred miles into the heart of the most magnificent and productive state of the Union, threading valleys of such beauty as the world lacks to see, and washing the bases of noble mountains, and the feet of other cities, populous and prosperous; and, to the south, channels for its smaller navigation running parallel with the sea, and yet protected from its violence; and the city itself, rising by a gentle ascent from the bay on one side, and sinking so gently to the river on the other, leading off its refuse waters by natural drains, and washing its streets with every shower.

What could the hand of nature have done more? Add to this the enterprise of the people, which has seconded nature; beginning their canals where she had stopped her rivers, and opening waters, three hundred miles to her inland seas; and you have a picture of facility and prosperity which, for the brief period it has existed, is unequalled in the history of the world. All this, however, gives a character to the society, and every man feels its influence, whatever be his pursuits.

There are here none of the professed idlers, such as you may find in Boston or Philadelphia. The gentleman, according to the dictionary, 'one who has no visible employment for his support,' is an uncommon, if not an unpopular character. The beaux have each a 'vocation.' The same wit that bewilders the belles at night, is exercised with hammer in hand in the morning session. You will find the unexceptionable exquisites who shaved your wheel on Monday afternoon, and his superb four-in-hand, ready to shove your note with equal alacrity at his broker's box in Wall-street, at Tuesday noon.

The mart that gives you a dinner that would satisfy an emperor to day, is the model of 'cent. per cent.' to-morrow; it slave to state and ponied from daylight till three, and the pence of gay hospitalities from that hour till morning. And all these incongruities harmonize perfectly. They are gentlemen of the first water, with one exception, they have no ennui. Business takes its place. The pleasures are, of course, more delightful from the relief and contrast on the whole, it makes a very pretty philosophy for happiness. I am willing, at any rate, that in our republican country the necessity of our nature for occupation should be consistent, as it is here, with the most fastidious claim to the title of 'gentleman.'

A manuscript work, entitled the 'Wonders of Nature,' is preserved in the Royal Library at Paris, by an Arabian writer, Mohammed Kazwin, who flourished in the seventh century of the Hejra, or at the close of the thirteenth century of our era. Besides several curious remarks on comets, earthquakes, and the successive changes of position which the land and sea have undergone, we meet with the following beautiful passage, which is given as the narrative of Kihuz, an allegorical personage.—'I passed one day by a very ancient and wonderfully populous city, and asked one of its inhabitants how long it had been founded? 'It is indeed a mighty city,' replied he; 'we know not how long it has existed, and our ancestors were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves.'

Five centuries afterwards, as I passed by the same place, I could not perceive the slightest vestige of the city. I demanded of a peasant who was gathering herbs upon its former site, how long it had been destroyed? 'In sooth, a strange question!' replied he; 'the ground here has never been different from what you now behold it.'

'Was there not of old,' said I, 'a splendid city here?' 'Never,' answered he, 'so far we have seen, and never did our fathers speak to us of any such.' On my return, two 500 years afterwards, I found the city in the same place, and on its shores were a party of fishermen, of whom I inquired how long the land had been covered by the waters. 'Is this a question,' said they, 'for a man like you?—this spot has always been what it is now.'

I again returned, 500 years afterwards, and the sea had disappeared. I inquired of a man, who stood alone upon the spot, how long ago this change had taken place, and he gave me the same answer as I had received before. Lastly, on coming back again after an equal lapse of time, I found there a flourishing city, more populous and more rich in buildings than the city I had seen the first time, and when I would fain have informed myself concerning its origin, the inhabitants answered me. 'Its rise is lost in remote antiquity; we are ignorant how long it has existed, and our fathers were, on this subject, as ignorant as ourselves.'

If you have two topics to talk to a man about, one of which interests him the most, while the other interests you the most, begin with that which interests him the most. It will put him in good humour; it will confer pleasure.—*Bentham.*

I asked two little village boys, one seven, the other eight years old, what they meant to be when they were men. Says one, 'I shall be the doctor of the village.' And you, what shall you be? said I to the other. 'Oh! if brother's a doctor, I'll be sure. He shall kill the people, and I'll bury them—so we shall have the whole village between us.'

In the reign of Richard the Second, the trains of the ladies' gowns were so long that a tract was written by some divine, entitled 'Contra Crudas Dominarum,' (Against the Tails of the Ladies.)

unconventional domestic. But I could not, like the hunted stag, pass by the 'break.'—For like a little bird, sing in it, I was compelled to finish her. Poor soul! she said that the intimation broke upon her so suddenly that she was quite overthrown, and declared that she should break her heart! Her father, who was out at a livery-stable, called for Betty and her 'box.'

reader! he actually drove to the door for her in a 'BREAK!'—*The Comic Offering for 1835.*

M. Dupin, the celebrated French Advocate, on opening the Session of the Court of Cassation in Paris, concluded his address by alluding to the destruction of the two Houses of Parliament in England, and expressed his deep regret at the loss of that venerable assembly.—'There,' he said, 'were collected, by an uninterrupted series of traditions, all the precedents of power and liberty. There may be said to have been breathed the history of old England, containing sources of inspiration to the orators whose voices resounded within its walls.

Under the same roof, by the side of the Parliamentary Forum, sometimes so full of storm, were seated in all the dignity of the most profound calmness, the ancient courts of Chancery, King's Bench, and Common Pleas; that immortal Jury, so severely rigid in protecting liberty; and on the throne of Justice, those Magistrates, so great in power, in doctrine, and consideration—each of whom alone represents the Majesty of a Court, delivering their judgments, surrounded by the respectable citizens, in the presence of a learned and vigilant Bar.'

The Marquis of Lansdowne and the Turkish Ambassador and suite were present on this interesting occasion.

One word on the most melancholy part of our subject: the immediate and often irreparable mischief which follows an 'grand ball.' In the severest part of our winter, at an hour whose breath strikes to the bones even of the strongest; under a sky, rude and inclement, or distilling dews and fogs, poisonous as the malaria of the Pontine Marshes; the weak girl is led, flushed and joyous, and in her joy, careless and unguarded, from the heated scene into the raw air.

There are some, who, smothered in cashmere, are hurried at a step into a close carriage, and thus escape at little risk; but in a circle whose fortune is not so favourable, what danger is not incurred in waiting for the lined conveyance, and in its cold, richly-fabric when arrived, and a few readers whose recollection will not serve them with some unhappy instance, in which months of illness often succeeded by death itself, has followed upon this exposure.

For then comes the cough and the pale cheek, and life burning itself out fast in fever. The laughing eye becomes extinct and sunken, only to be lit again by the fearful blaze of consumption, as if death held his watch-tower there. The stream of life is polluted, weakened where it looks for strengthening. Levishness and discontent seize upon the once unruled temper. Then have we hours of hope and weeks of despair, the self-accusations of the wretched parent, the flickering hopes of the victim, and the deserted hearth.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

Pisquis, or Esteyrian Island, which is inhabited by a branch of the Polynesian nation, is situated within 1800 miles of the continent of America, but at the distance of not less than 8000