The Weekly Observer.

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The Observer.

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

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.

ALL Persons indebted to JAMES AGNEW, late of the City of Saint John, deceased, Watchmaker, are hereby required to make immediate payment to the undersigned: and those who have demands against his Estate, are requested to leave a statement of the same with her, within Three Months from date, in order to their adjustment.

ELIZA AGNEW.

St. John, Dec. 24th, 1850 *Administratrix.*

☞NOTICE

ALL Persons having any demands against the Estate of The Honorable HUGH JOHNSTON, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested; and all those indebted to the same Estate, are required to make immediate payment to JOHN M. ROBINSON, one of the undersigned.

HARRIET M. JOHNSTON, *Executrix.*
HUGH B. JOHNSTON, } *Executors.*
JOHN M. ROBINSON, }

St. John, May 7, 1850.

JUST RECEIVED,

Ex Brig 'Victor,' from New York—

20 BARRELS New York City MESS PORK.

Ex Shcrs. 'Cuba,' and 'Eliza Jane,' from Boston:

10 Bales BATTING: 5 bags FILBERTS,
5 Sacks Jordan ALMONDS,
20 Bags Porto Cabello COFFEE.
50 Boxes RAISINS: 25 half do Raisins,
25 Quarter do. do: 25 boxes Layer do.
10 Kegs GRAPES,
10 Half-barrels SALERATUS,
10 Casks Cooking RAISINS,
2 Boxes Castile SOAP,
3 do. LEMONS:
1 Barrel CANARY SEED,
1 do. HEMP SEED,
1 Box Patent Yeast POWDERS,
½ Barrel Ground CASSIA,
12 Mats CASSIA,
20 dozen Corn BROOMS.
3 Agricultural FURNACES,
3 Eagle PLOUGHS: 1 Road SCRAPER, Patent FLAILS, &c., &c.

Nov. 19, 1850. JARDINE & CO.

FLEWWELLING & READING,

Prince William Street,

—(Corner of Church Street)—

Are now receiving from London, per ship 'Lisbon,'

112 CHESTS Fine Congo TEA;
5 do. Orange Pekoe do;
25 Hhds. GENEVA;
16 Do. Martell's BRANDY;
5 Qr. Casks Old Brown SHERRY;
30 Kegs Coleman's MUSTARD;
6 Cases do. Best STARCH;
2 Casks Mixed PICKLES;
20 Bags Black PEPPER;
10 Do. PIMENTO.

October 1, 1850.

19th October, 1850.

Received per recent arrivals from Liverpool and Glasgow—

8 ROLLS SHEET LEAD, 2 casks SHOT,
100 bags SPIKES-4 to 9 inch,
3 cases Hoole, Stainforth & Co's Mill SAWS, &c.
Pots, Bake Ovens, Spiders, Griddles, Boilers, &c.
Cart Boxes and Waggon Boxes; Barrow Wheels,
2 cases Thomsons's SCREW AUGERS,
1 case CAST STEEL, for Axes,
1 cask London GLUE, 20 bags Horse NAILS,
1 cask TRACES; Ploughshare Moulds,
LEAD PIPE; 1 cask SAD IRONS,
2 crates Japanned COAL SCOOPS,
121 bundles SHEET IRON.

A VARIETY OF SHELF GOODS;—

Files, Cutlery, Nails—and a good assortment of HARDWARE expected daily.

C. & W. H. ADAMS.

Grocery Goods.

Just Landing, per "Edward,"

111 Packages Grocery Goods,

—COMPRISING—

INDIGO, Split PEAS, Pearl BARLEY, English CHEESE,
PICKLES and SAUCES, Black PEPPER, Writing and Wrapping PAPER,
POLAND STARCH, *Hall's* Patent STARCH,
Fancy SOAP, Coleman's MUSTARD, INK,
NUTMEGS, CURRANTS, and FIGS,
CANDIED PEEL, SUGAR CANDY,
CREAM TARTAR, White Wine VINEGAR,
GINGER—ground and whole,
PIPES—assorted,
SCOTCH OATMEAL, &c. &c.

For Sale by JAMES MACFARLANE.

Oct. 8.

SUGAR, &c.

The Subscriber has just received, and now in course of landing:—

25 CHESTS Souchong TEAS, of superior quality, suitable for family use;
50 chests London Fine CONGOU;
10 hhds. Bright quality SUGAR.

JOHN V. THURGAR,

Nov. 5. North Market Wharf.

Oil, Nails, and Tin.

By the Ship "Avon," from Liverpool—

11 PIPES Raw Linseed OIL.
25 boxes DC Charcoal Tin Plates,
25 do IX do. do.
25 do IXX do. do.
60 casks rose-head Wrought NAILS—4d, 6d, 8d, 10d, 12d, and 14d;
10 casks 6d. and 8d. clasp-head Nails;
40 casks 8d. and 9d. HORSE NAILS;

For Sale by JOHN KINNEAR.

August 27th, 1850.

Ships' Provisions in Bond.

Ex 'Cuba' from Boston—

40 BRLS. Boston Inspection Prime PORK;
40 do do Prime MESS BEEF.

—ALSO—

1 Hhd. Sugar Cured HAMS;
20 Barrels Boston CRACKERS; 10 do Soda ditto; 3 do Sugar do; 5 do Extra Family Pilot BREAD, all newly Baked and best in Market.

GEO. THOMAS.

Nov. 12. South Market Wharf.

WINTER GOODS.

Received per Ships "Harriott," "Thetis" and "Olive," "Lisbon," "Fusade," "Edward" and "Aurora"—

A VARIETY of GOODS, suitable for the coming season, comprising—
Superfine CLOTHS, Doeskins, Kerseys,
PILOTS and BEAVERS; fancy VESTINGS,
STOCK, Braces, Umbrellas, Shirt Collars,
DRESS MATERIALS in every variety,
Long and Square Wool SHAWLS,
Fashionable CLOAKINGS.
Victorines, Muffs, Cuffs and Trimmings,
Black and Colored SILK VELVETS,
Bonnet and Cap RIBBONS,
GLOVES and HOSIERY, all kinds;
BLONDES, NETTS and LACES,
Lace and Blonde Demi VEILS,
Cambric, Silk and Cotton Handkerchiefs,
White and Colored STAYS,
MUSLINS of every description,
Twilled and Plain Regatta SHIRTING,
Grey and White COTTONS,
Printed COTTONS and FURNITURES;
Red, Blue, Yellow, Pink and White FLANNELS,
Rose and Witney BLANKETS,
Cradle BLANKETS,
Irish LINENS, Lawns, Diaper, Hollands,
Damask TABLE LINENS and TOWELS,
Osnaburg, Canvas and Duck,
Ladies' BOOTS and SHOES;
Gent's HATS and CAPS—which together with sundry Small Wares, will be disposed of at the lowest market prices.

Nov. 19. W. G. LAWTON.

Fall & Winter Goods.

Wholesale and Retail Warehouse,

Prince William Street.

J. & J. HEGAN

Have received per *Lisbon, Thetis, Edward, Olive,* and *John S. DeWolf*, the whole of their

FALL IMPORTATIONS,

which have been carefully selected in the best Markets, and purchased for *Cash*:

—CONSISTING OF—

LINEN, WOOLLEN, COTTON and SILK Manufactures, of every description:

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, in the *newest materials* and *latest designs*,
Irish POPLINS and TABINETS,
PLAIN GLACE and BROCADED SILKS and SATINS, in great Variety,
Haberdashery, HOSIERY, GLOVES,
RIBBONS, SHAWLS, LACES, TRIMMINGS, &c.
Pilot, Beaver, and Broad CLOTHS,
Cassimeres, Doeskins, Tweeds, Vestings, &c.,
Gents. STOCKS, Handkfs., Mufflers, Scarfs, &c.,
CARPETINGS, Hearth Rugs, and Drugget,
MOREENS and DAMASKS, with Trimming to match,
LINEN and Cotton SHEETINGS,
Bed Ticks, Counterpanes and Quilts,

☞ The public are respectfully invited to an inspection of the above, as the proprietors are determined to clear off the whole STOCK, at as low prices as can be afforded by any House in the Trade. ☞ *Terms, CASH.*

West side Prince William Street,
St. John, 5th Nov., 1850.

JAMES BURRELL,

Corner of King and Germain Streets,

Has received per *Lisbon* from London, *Olive* from Liverpool, and *Aurora* from Glasgow, an excellent assortment of Fancy and Staple DRY GOODS, suitable for the Fall and Winter Seasons, consisting of—

LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS, in great variety;
Gala Plaid and Tweed CLOAKINGS;
SQUARE and LONG SHAWLS;
5-4 Printed COTTONS;
GINGHAMS; Grey and White COTTONS;
Red and White FLANNELS;
SHIRTING STRIPES and BED TICKS;
LINENS, LAWNS; HOLLANDS;
DAMASK TABLE LINEN;
TOWELLINGS; Toilette COVERS; LAWN HANDKERCHIEFS;
WOOLLEN YARN;
PELERINES; COMFORTERS;
Ladies' and Gent.'s GLOVES and HOSIERY;
Children's Fancy and Plaid SOCKS;
Do. Fancy Woollen HOODS;
Do. Woollen POLKAS;
Do. Victorines, Mantillas and MUFFS;
Black and Col'd Silk and Cotton VELVETS;
Bonnet and Cap RIBBONS;
Black GRO. DE NAPS; THREAD;
Cotton and Egyptian LACES; Edgings and Insertions; Nun's Lace, and Muslin RIBBON;

MUSLINS:
White and Coloured STAYS;
Sewed HABIT SHIRTS and CHEMIZETTES
Infants' Frock BODIES, Robs and CAPS;
Sewed Insertions and Edgings;
Gent's SHIRT FRONTS and COLLARS,
Do. Silk Pocket and Neck HANDK'FS,
Cotton Batting, Pound Cottons, Combs, Brushes, Whalebone, Small Wares, &c. &c.

MILLINERY.

The Subscriber feels grateful for the liberal support he has hitherto received, and hopes by strict attention and *low prices*, to merit a continuation of past favors.

JAMES BURRELL,

Nov. 5. *Corner of King and Germain Sstreet.*

HOWARD HOUSE.

Fall & Winter Goods.

THE Subscriber has now ready for sale a large lot of OVER COATS, in all shades and textures, together with a good assortment of

WINTER PANTS AND VESTS.

The above Goods having been made in the Establishment, the subscriber has no hesitation in recommending them, and they will be sold at reduced prices for CASH.

CLOTH DEPARTMENT.

J. MYLES begs leave to call the attention of persons purchasing CLOTHS to his Stock, which consists of Whitney, Beaver and Pilot Cloths, West of England Cloths and Doeskins, in all shades; French, German, Victoria, and Albert CLOTHS, together with a splendid lot of Fancy Doeskins and Tweeds, in all shades and textures.

☞ Parties wishing to purchase Wholesale will be liberally dealt with.

October 22. JAMES MYLES.

Horse Nails, Paper, &c.

By the Perseverance, from Liverpool, just arrived,—

40 KEGS 8, 9, and 10dy. best HORSE NAILS;
50 Reams of WRAPPING PAPER;
½ ton WIRE RODS, No. 5 and 6.

For Sale by JOHN KINNEAR.

January 14. *Prince Wm. Street.*

Miscellaneous.

WORK!

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Attend, oh Man,
Uplift the banner of thy kind,
Advance the ministry of mind,
The mountain height is free to climb,
Toil on—Man's heritage is Time!
Toil on!

Work on and win!—
Life without work is unenjoyed!—
The largest are the best employed!—
Work moves and moulds the mightiest birth,
And grasps the destinies of earth!
Work on!

Work sows the seed;
Even the *rock* may yield its flower,—
No lot so hard, but human power
Exerted to one end and aim,
May conquer fate and capture fame!
Press on!

Press onward still;
In nature's centre lives the fire
That slow, though sure, doth yet aspire;
Through fathoms deep of mould and clay
It splits the rocks that bar its way!
Press on!

If nature then
Lay tame beneath her weight of earth,
When would her hidden fire know birth?—
Thus man, through *granite* Fate, must find
The path—the upward path—of Mind!
Work on!

Pause not in fear;
Preach no desponding, servile view—
Whate'er thou will'st thy Will may do!
Strengthen each manly nerve to bend
Truth's bow, and bid its shaft ascend!
Toil on!

Be firm of heart;
By fusion of unnumber'd years
A *Continent* its vastness rears!
A drop, 'tis said, through flint will wear;
Toil on, and nature's conquest share!
Toil on!

Within thyself
Bright morn, and noon, and night succeed!
Power, feeling, passion, thought and deed;
Harmonious beauty prompts thy breast,—
Things Angels love, and God hath blessed!
Work on!

Work on and win!
Shall light from nature's depths arise,
And thou, whose mind can grasp the skies,
Sit down with fate, and idly rail?—
No—onward! Let the truth prevail!
Work on!

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

A LEGEND OF ONIAUGARA.

By the Author of "Ellen Clayton, or The Nomades of the West."

[CONCLUDED.]

Ronla led her aside within the screen of leaves, and spoke soothingly, and in the endearing accents she had once loved.

"Why is my sister trombled?" he asked. "Ronla thought that his path only was sad and full of thorns. Speak openly. Am I not thy brother Ronla—thy friend?"

"Talk not so, else I shall die," *she muttered,* half-speechless with emotion. "Cover me with reproaches—evil names; spurn me as a creature without faith or shame; this would be less cruel to Lo-o-lote than good words from Ronla."

"We rock like tree-tops in the wind, sister," was the mournful reply. "Who shall keep us steady when the Great Spirit bids it blow? Weave we our webs ever so strong, the storm will break through them in the end."

"But it was my fault—mine!" rejoined Lo-o-lote, with vehemence. Why did I listen to the voice of the stranger and drink in his deceitful promises, when Ronla loved me? He scorned to say what was not true—he was a warrior. I thought the pale face spoke with his heart, when it was only with his lips; I have found out now how guileful he was. Yet, when he said some kinds of lies were not sinful, I believed him. Oh, Ronla, surely I was wicked—wicked, and so the bad Manitous gave him power over me!" And she buried her face, and wept convulsively in his bosom.

"What is this?" demanded the Indian, while his brow grew dark and threatening. "What has the stranger done to make my poor Lo-o-lote so very sick with trouble? She will go with him to his own country in the bright sunshine; then she will be glad."

"Never!" exclaimed the girl, lifting her head and speaking with energy. "I would not go now,—no, not for all the treasures of his people, of which he boasts. He has deceived me, and I am a Seneca. Lo-o-lote is not a worm!"

"The stranger is given to much talking," observed Ronla; "and words are pointed and very apt to wound, if not used with care. My sister will bury his words under the leaves, and make a covenant chain with him, and be at peace."

"There are some words we can never bury," was the low reply, "they will always arise. Suppose a man were to say to a woman—a woman who had trusted him—'I must leave you now. Smile softly on the young warriors, and you will soon find a place in their wigwams. What is past is past.' Could the woman forget those words?"

"Did the pale-face say this to Lo-o-lote?"

"Even so," she faltered, sinking her head on the arm that encircled her, and quivering with agitation. "He goes at sunrise: I was to have gone with him. He swore it by the name of the white man's God. But, look you, when I told him so he laughed, saying I was foolish-minded to believe in love promises. I thought it was only a jest at first, but I found it was very true, and that I was a fool."

Ronla was deeply moved; he folded the weeper closer to him, and bending down until his cheek rested on her hair, he said, intensely,—"Come back to my heart, my wild bird of sorrow; it is very desolate and cold! Let us seek some far country beyond the reach of the perfidious, where we can sit together and be at rest. My brethren are all gone. They are rolling now like uprooted oaks in the whirlpools of Oniagara. I could not return to my nation, the last of so many braves, and be esteemed honourable. I would have died, too, but the memory of thee, Lo-o-lote, made me live. I saw that thy face was overcast with clouds, and I wanted to drive them away. Let it be even as it was, one heart and one path. These cares are wrinkled leaves; we will shake them from us. Lo-o-lote, and look behind as on a journey that is done."

The girl withdrew herself gently from his embrace, while the blood rushed impetuously to her face, and ebbing as suddenly left it colourless and rigid.

"Never! oh, never, now!" she said, waving her lover back with mournful dignity; "the daughter of Ton-wis-kwan must break no more promises. She is the wife of the stranger."

A sharp cry broke from the Indian—a convulsion passed over him. Then his features contracted with deadly passion, and his eyes glared.

"And he forsook thee, this stranger accursed?"

There was no reply. Ronla drew his knife, held it aloft for a moment in adjuration, and darted from the thicket into the path. He rushed on straight towards the village, unconscious of everything in the fury that possessed him,—the one image of his mind that of the false pale-face who had done this wrong: his knife was already in his heart.

On the verge of the woods a man stood leaning abstractedly against a tree, and chipping the bark with a tomahawk of steel, to which was attached a gilt pipe-bowl and a hollow haft, that it might serve the double purposes of peace and war. A branch snapped in the forest, and the man started; it was Francois Lamoyne, the enemy of Ronla.

"Serpent that bites with a smile—woman-blaster!" shouted the Erie; "the stroke of the avenger is sure!" And issuing fiercely from the trees he sprang towards him with his copper blade.

Surprised at the sudden assault, and seized with momentary terror the Frenchman flung his weapon at the advancing foe, and drew his hunting-knife. The hatchet clove the air like a wheel and grazed the scalp-lock of Ronla. A shriek wild and pierc ing rang through the grove, but the two combatants heard it not; they were grappling life to life—they were glaring like tigers at one another. The Erie's knife was bent double with the first blow, that of his adversary red with blood; but the grasp of the former was at his throat, and he could not use his weapon effectually, for his elbow was pinioned by an arm.

They fell crashing among the underwood—the white man below, the other half covered with blood. They tore the moss with their mocassins, they struggled desperately for a time; but Ronla never relaxed his gripe from the throat of his enemy, until the eyes fixed and the limbs became placid and still. Then taking the knife out of the dead man's fingers, he plunged it thrice into his breast, took the war-trophy, and rose grimly from his work, dripping with gore from the numerous flesh wounds he had received.

What brings him to a stand and arrests his laboring breath as he strides moodily away? The figure of a woman lying prostrate in the path. One glance tells him it is Lo-o-lote. He swept the long hair from her face—it was very peaceful; he put his hand to her heart—it had ceased to beat.

Armed at his gestures she had followed her lover, and received her death-stroke from the hatchet of Lamoyne. All unconsciously the selfish foreigner crowned the sacrifice he had wrought, and the victim was released from trouble.

The bright young creature who had overmastered his man's nature, and taught him the humanity of the woman passion, was lying dead before Ronla. He knelt down mutely, and folded her in his arms: he bowed his head upon her breast. He m de no moan, neither did he move, until coming footsteps aroused him. The Senecas had caught the alarm, and were gathering on the skirts of the wood. He sprang up, uttered a terrible cry, and disappeared in the covert, while three of the enemy started after in pursuit.

It was the death chase,—the winding trail where man hunts man, with the keen obstinacy of a blood hound, in the intricate forests of the West.

Ronla was an adept in the strategy of the war-path and by making false trails and doubling on his course he separated his pursuers and killed one ere the darkness obscured the forest. The others kept watch until morning, afraid to close an eye in the neighbourhood of so vigilant a foe. The next day they renewed the search, but without avail: no twigs were discovered broken, no trail indented the moss, and no sound but that of the wind over the trees was heard in the solitude.

"This carcajou of an Erie has gone home," said one.

"Then he will save his scalp, and we shall get our pelts plucked for our ill luck," said the other, mirthfully. "Let us return."

Ronla overheard them, for he was lying like a lizard along a limb of the tree directly above their heads; and when they departed he got down and followed cautiously in their rear. He was the pursuer now, and they were more than a day's journey from their homes. He had no hope, no heart left; he remembered only the fate of his brethren, and that he was a warrior. In the dead of the night, when the Senecas were asleep, he stole up and killed them both, leaving them both to the beasts of the wild. Then, with a stern apathy, he gathered the spoils, bound up his wounds, and turned his face towards his country.

Dragging himself feebly along, and half delirious, on the fourth day Ronla arrived at the pictured trees in the territory of the Eries. He sat down in the midst of the war annals of his nation, and chanted a wild song of triumph, until his eye chanced to fall upon the tree which commemorated the ill-starred expedition, when all at once he recollected himself, and where he was.

With considerable labour he peeled the bark from another tree in its immediate vicinity, and procuring materials from a hole where they were concealed, he drew in red outlines a sketch of a waterfall, with the canoes of the war-party descending it. He was careful to make the number of men in them tally exactly with that of the first painting, with a single exception, and that one he drew large and apart from the fall, with his feet upon a buffalo robe, and his face towards the village of the Eries. When this was completed he pinned three dark-haired scalps and one light one beside it to the tree with a Seneca arrow, and suspended a bow and quiver conspicuously, where they could be seen from the lake. Then fastening the wampum necklace of Lo-o-lote round his head, he painted his face red, and began a death-song, with a proud, resolute expression. As he proceeded his voice gathered clearness, his eye brilliancy, his arm vigour; the lonely shore responded in many a ringing echo to his strains, and pealing at length the war-cry of his tribe as in the heat of battle, he leaned back and buried his knife in his heart.

So perished the last leader of a people, who, like the Trojans of old, were undone by a woman's caprice. The Eries never recovered the loss of so many warriors. The death-blow was given to their nationality, and from that hour their spirit was entirely broken. The few who remained soon dispersed themselves among the neighbouring tribes, and thus, by the time the English arrived to contest with the French the right of sovereignty over the heritage of the red man, nothing remained of the once famous Eries but their name, which yet clings to the majestic lake that washes their ancient boundary. As with many other aboriginal tribes, the chance attachment of the national cognomen to their haunts has been the means of rescuing them from utter oblivion. The mysterious mound-builders, the Alleghens, have the Alleghany Mountains; the Wyandots, Lake Huron: the Mohawks their river: and the Eries their lake;—to suggest to generations as they pass the existence of an ancient people, and the mutability of human affairs.

They buried the daughter of Ton-wis-kwan on Iris Island, which was consecrated to the dead, and guarded, it was believed, by the spirits that hover within the vapour of the cataract. They placed on her cedar-lined grave the carrying-belt and paddle, the badges of labour, because she was a woman; and they added flowers for her youth, and pemican for her journey to the Land of the Blest, in the direction of the setting sun.

Year after year her kindred came to weed her grave, and to talk to their favourite:—year after year, with a strange tenacity of affection, until they slept beside her. The proud Senecas, like their allies, have also faded from the groves before the influx of the foreigner; and the very bones of the old hunters are ejected from the soil they once possessed. Cities are now built where the log cabin stood, and high roads intersect the wild. The herd of the Saxon is on the grave of the Indian, and his dwelling—by *"the thunder of water."*

A negro once gave the following toast: "De Gubernor ob de State—he comes in wid bery little opposition, he go out wid none at all."

THE EARL OF CARLISLE AND LITERARY SOCIETY AT BOSTON.—Boston appears to me, certainly, on the whole, the American town at which an Englishman of cultivated and literary tastes or philanthropic pursuits, would feel himself most at home. The residence here was rendered peculiarly agreeable to me by a friendship with one of its inhabitants, which I had previously made in England; he hardly yet comes within my rule of exception, but I do not give up the notion of his being one of the historical men of his country. However, it is quite open for me to mention some of those with whom, mainly through his introduction, I here became acquainted. There was Mr. Justice Storey, whose reputation and authority as a commentator and expounder of law, stands high wherever law is known or honored, and who was, what at least is more generally attractive, one of the most generous and single-hearted of men. He was an enthusiastic admirer of this country, especially of its lawyers: how he would kindle up and flow on if he touched upon Lord Hardwick or Lord Mansfield!—"Sir," as an American always begins, "on the prairies of Illinois this day Lord Mansfield administers the law of commerce." He had also a very exalted opinion of the judgments of Lord Stowell, which his own studies and practice have led him thoroughly to appreciate: and I may permit myself to say that he had formed a high estimate of the judicial powers of Lord Cottenham. I must admit one thing—when he was in the room few others could get in a word: but it was impossible to resent this, for he talked evidently not to bear down others, but because he could not help it. Then there was Dr. Channing. I could not hear him preach, as his physical powers were nearly exhausted: but on one or two occasions I was admitted to his house. You found a fragile frame, and a dry manner, but you soon felt that you were in a presence in which nothing that was impure, base, or selfish, could breathe at ease. These, alas, have since my visit been taken away. In the more immediate department of letters there are happily several who yet remain—Mr. Bancroft, the able and accomplished historian of his own country: Mr. Ticknor, who has displayed the resources of a well-stored and accomplised mind in his recent work on the literature of Spain: Mr. Longfellow, with whose feeling and graceful poetry many must be acquainted: Mr. Emerson, who has been heard and admired in this country: and I crown my list with Mr. Prescott, the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Mexico and of Peru, with respect to whom, during the visit he paid to England during the past summer, I had the satisfaction of witnessing how all that was most eminent in this country confirmed the high estimate I had myself formed of his head, and *the higher one of his heart.* The public institutions of Boston are admirably conducted. The public, or common schools there, as I believe in New England generally, are supported by a general rate, to which all contribute, and all may profit by. I am not naturally now disposed to discuss the question how far this system would bear being transplanted and engrafted on our polity, but it would be uncandid if I did not state that the universality of the instruction, and the excellence of what fell under my own observation, presented to my mind some mortifying points of contrast with what we have hitherto effected at home. Before I leave Boston, let me add one observation on a lighter topic. I lodged at the Tremont Hotel, which was admirably conducted, like very many of those imposing establishments in the chief cities of the union. Here I learned that one is apt to receive false impressions at first. I was struck with the clean, orderly, agile appearance of the waiters. "The Americans beat us hollow in waiters," was my inner thought. On inquiring I found that of the 25 waiters in the house, four were English, and 21 Irish. I could not help wishing that a large number of the Irish might come to America and be waiters for a little while.—*Earl of Carlisle's Lecture at Leeds.*

A BISHOP DOING HOMAGE.—The late Right Rev. W. A. Shirley, Bishop of Sodor and Man, gave the following account of this ceremony in a letter to his daughter, dated January 22d, 1847.—"I found myself in Buckingham Palace before a single carriage had arrived. There were servants at the door in scarlet liveries, all with staves of office in their hands, and the folding-doors were immediately opened to receive me. I passed on from one set of servants to another, through several apartments, until I was conducted into a very beautiful picture-gallery, I should think nearly one hundred and fifty feet long, and perhaps fifty feet high. The ceiling was divided into three parts longitudinally, like the nave and aisles of a church, and the whole was covered with plate glass, with designs, such as the stars of the different orders, cut upon it. There were no side lights, and the soft light thus thrown on the pictures (entirely of the Flemish school, with only one or two exceptions) was very beautiful. There was only a gentleman of the household, decorated with some order, in the gallery when I arrived, and I had time to look at many of the pictures before any one else came in. At length the Ministers, officers of State, and members of the Council, began to arrive, and the deputy-clerk of the closet, whom I found to be a very pleasing clergyman. When Sir George Grey arrived I had 'a friend at court,' and talked with him about the ceremony and about my poor Manx clergy, for whom, you know, I want to get £500 per annum of tithes belonging to the crown. While we were talking, a messenger came to say that the Queen was ready in her 'closet' for the bishop to do homage. So Sir George Grey led the way; I followed, and then came the deputy-clerk of the closet, bearing a Bible on a cushion. The said closet is a very small and ordinary room, and we found the Queen seated on a very ordinary arm-chair. Prince Albert, in a military dress, stood on her right hand. I knelt before her, and on my left stood Sir George Grey, who read the oath to me, which I repeated after him, engaging that I would bear her Majesty true allegiance and fealty, &c. When I had gone through the oath the clergy of the closet presented to me the Bible to kiss. The Queen then presented me her hand to kiss. I rose up, and we all bowed and retired, with all the decency and dignity we could command, backwards to the door, happily for us not a very long journey. The Queen turned to Prince Albert and smiled when the ceremony was over, and then bowed in her own very graceful manner to us. We then returned to the picture-gallery, where I had some conversation with Lord John Russell, and then left the palace, leaving the rest of the company to go to the council-chamber, where the Queen's speech was red to her Majesty, and other business which required the presenec of the Queen in Council."

A NOVELTY.—Among the novelties in the way of public exhibitions preparing for the "Great Exhibition of all Nations," is a very extraordinary one, for which a building is now erecting on a piece of ground which was formerly the site of a brewery at Albert-gate, Knightsbridge. An English poet has written a poem of six hundred stanzas descriptive of the creation of the world—one hundred stanzas for each of the six days in which "the Lord made heaven and earth;" and this poem is to be illustrated by a large and ingeniously designed Diorama, the exhibition of which is to be extended over six days—that is to say, a day is to be devoted to the illustration of each one hundred stanzas of the poem, which will be confined to the work of creation of each particular day. The terms of admission are to be thus arranged. Every purchaser of the poem (the price of which is to be 15s.) will receive a ticket entitling him to admission every one of the six days; and those who do not purchase it will be charged three shillings for each day's exhibition. It is expected the novelty of the scheme, added to the sublime interest of the subject, will ensure it a large amount of patronage from the visitors of "all nations" who will throng the metropolis: and in the confidence of such a result some two or three thousand pounds will be expended on the building and its fittings-up, as well as paying £400 for a year's rent of the ground.—*Oxford Herald.*

GIRLS.—Have you a father, have you a mother? Do you love them? Girls do you know the value of your mother, if you have not lost her? Nobody loves you, nobody will love you as she does. Do not be ungrateful for that love; do not repay it with coldness, or a curse of coldness will rest upon you, which you can never shake off. Unloved and unloving you will live and die, if you do not love and honor your father and mother.

One thing, never call either 'old man,, or 'old woman.' It is quite a habit in the country for young people to name their parents this. This is rude, impudent and undutiful. Any aged person is an old man or an old woman. There should be something sacred, something peculiar in the word that designates parents. The tone of voice in which they are addressed, should be affectionate and respectful. A short, surly answer from a child to a parent falls very harshly on the ear of any person who has any idea of filial duty. Be sure, girls, that you each win for yourselves the name of a dutiful daughter. It is so easy to win that no one should be without it. It is much easier to be a good daughter than a good wife and mother. A child's duties are much more easily performed than a parent's; so that she who is a good daughter may fail to be a good wife or mother: but she who fails in the first most simple relation, need never hope to fill another well. Be sure, then, that you are a good daughter. It is the best preparation for every other station, and will be its own reward. The secret you dare not tell her is a dangerous secret, and one that will be likely to bring you sorrow. The hours you spend with her will not bring you regret; and you should never feel disappointed or out of humor, for not being permitted to go to some place to which you wish to go. You should love her so well that it would not be felt a punishment to give up the gayest party to remain with her.

Nothing is more beautiful than to see a girl take off her things, and sit smilingly down with her mother, because she wished it. Go and kiss mother, as you used to do when a child, and never grow too large or wise to be a child at her side.

FASHION IN NEW YORK.—An evening party by a fashionable lady in New York, a few evenings ago, is estimated to have cost $15,000. There were present 1200 guests, and the splendor was almost "Monte Christo" magnificence. A New York paper says of this display of wealthy folly:—"Some of the apartments were more gorgeously decorated than were those prepared by the French, in the grand Trianon at Versailles, for the reception of Queen Victoria; and there were others ornamented with such true pictorial effect, as would have done honor to the genius and taste of Marie Antoinette.

This day (Feb. 4th) is the first anniversary of the Hague street explosion, at which over fifty were killed, and an appropriate sermon is to be delivered in New York this evening, by the Rev. Mr. Armitage of the Norfolk St. Baptist Church, at the request of the survivors.—*New York paper.*

SUDDEN DEATH.—The Hon. B. W. Crowninshield, of Salem, Secretary of the Navy under President Madison, fell dead in a store in Boston yesterday morning. The cause was disease of the heart. He was nearly eighty years old.—*Boston paper.*

The American ship Roman, of 774 tons burden, has arrived in the London Docks from Canton, with an entire cargo consisting of nearly 10,000 packages of tea, consigned to order, which is admissible by virtue of the relaxed laws of navigation.

Captain Harris, the Abyssinian traveller, when introduced, by especial favour, into the lady-chapel of the cathedral of Shoa, is stated to have found the walls of that holiest of Abyssinian shrines hung round with coloured prints of the great Leicestershire steeple-chase.