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Weekly Almanack.

SEPT.—1839.	SUN	MOON	FULL
18 WEDNESDAY	5 42 6 6	MORN 8 7	
19 THURSDAY	5 44 6 4	1 2 9 10	
20 FRIDAY	5 45 6 2	2 17 9 57	
21 SATURDAY	5 46 6 0	3 32 10 36	
22 SUNDAY	5 47 5 54	4 49 11 16	
23 MONDAY	5 48 5 51	6 11 12 3	
24 TUESDAY	5 49 5 55	7 52 noon	

Full Moon, 23d, 2h. 31m. morning.
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THOMAS LEAHY, Esq. President.
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The whole works, together with 15,000 other Miscellaneous Volumes, are for sale at the lowest Cash prices, at the Observer's Office, &c.

See NELSON'S Catalogue of Cheap Books, 16th July, V. H. NELSON.

New Goods.
Just received per sundry late Arrivals, an assortment of HARDWARE, consisting of

BRITANNIA Metal Tea and Coffee Pots, Soup Ladles, Inkstands, Drinking Cups, &c.
A large assortment of Imperial Black Tin Cans, singly or in sets; Soup Tureens,
Dress and Iron Castles, sets Fire Irons; cast steel Mill Saws; circular, crosscut, whip, hand and back Saws; blacksmith, smooth and bastard Files, whip and hand-saw Files.

Jack, trying, smoothing, mauling and heading Planes; Spokeshaves, Squares and Bevels, Braces and Bits; drawing, chipping and mowing Knives, Beekley's Trowels, Carpenter's Rules; Ripping, and cup-shaped, chest, till, mortise, and drawer Locks; Hinges, assorted; round and flat spring Bolts; brass and iron box Door Springs; sets of Iron Weights, from 4 lb down; Tea Kettles, Saucepans, Halloo Irons, box Coffee Mills, Grid-irons, Shovels and Spades.

A case of Cast STEEL, assorted; Blacksmith's best bright Vices; Under Sitters and Dust Pans; Cook's Ladles and Forks.
An assortment of Stone Pitchers, Teapots, Sugar Basins, Cream Pitchers, and Mustard Pots, with Britannia metal Covers.

Sets of ivory handled Knives and Forks, black ditto, lark and stag do.; do. do. Carvers; Jack and Penknives, Rollers, best pocket Knives, Scissors, Razors, Glass Lintners, silver plated Water Kettles, Teapots, Sugar Basins, and Cream Pitchers.

Boxes Soap, Mould and Dye Candles.
An extensive assortment of Frankslin, register Grates, Cooking Stoves, wood and coal Stoves, Cast Iron Pumps, wrought and cast Mill Cranks, Ships Calashes of an improved pattern, ships Skylights, a new article; Cast Wheels, Capstans, Copper Signal Lanterns, Lead Scurpers, &c.

Narrow and Broad Axes; Ironmen's Adzes and Mails.
The Ware of all descriptions kept constantly on hand. Ship and Mill work of all kinds made to order at the shortest notice.—DAILY EXPECTED.—A large assortment of Hand and Shop Lamps, the whole of which will be disposed of low for approved payments, at the subscribers' Warehouse on the Mill Bridge.

16th June.—MARRIS & ALLAN.

A CARD. DR. RUDDICK.

Practitioner of Medicine, Surgery, Obstetrics, &c.
DOES hereby certify that his best services, in the above branches, are at their command.
It is his constant aim to exercise the most judicious and salutary to the interests of his Patients, and by a due consideration to the limited resources of the Indigent, to merit even yet a greater share of public patronage.
He is, however, during his actual Medical career, to be known by his Patients, as Dr. RUDDICK, and he humbly trusts, that those upon whom he has not yet had the honor to attend, who may in future consult him, will be enabled to do so with confidence, in the Parish of St. Martin, County of Dublin, where he may be there consulted at any time the case requires.
W. RUDDICK,
Physician & Surgeon.
St. Martin, Aug. 10, 1839.

BRITISH GOODS.

Just arrived by ship COLUMBINE from Liverpool.
20 Bales White and Blue Cotton WARP.
4 Bales assorted MERINOS.
10 Bales Red, White and Green FLANNELS.
5 Bales Linen, Lawn, and Hollands.
1 Truss Chamis VESTS.
5 Bales White and striped Shirting.
10 Bales Grey COTTONS.
4 Bales Woolen Hosiery and Shawls.
1 Bale Tartan Cloaking.
3 Bales Checked and Striped Homepun.
8 Bales Broad and Narrow CLOTH, Pilot Cloth, Casimer, &c.
2 Bales Silk, Vesture, and Fancy Waistcoating.
1 Bale Fancy Cotton Handkerchiefs.
2 Bales Padding and Canvas.
2 Bales Furniture Prints.
5 Bales assorted Calicoes, dark patterns.
2 Trunks (Thin and Cambric Dresses).
1 Bale Ticks.
3 Bales Green Baize, Swanskin, and Plaiding.
2 Bales Candlewick; 1 Box Umbrellas.
1 Bale Braces, Trusser Straps, and Buttons.
1 Case Pins; 12 Cases assorted Earthenware.
2 Cases Dress and Shoe Brushes.
1 Cases assorted Cutlery.
5 Tereos Leaf Sugar.
100 Boxes Yellow and White Soap.
2 Boxes Windsor Soap.
1 Bale Cumberland Hams; 25 Bags Spices.
2 Tons Camp Ovens, extra Covers, and Poles.
375 Bars and 18 bundles Round Iron.
10 Casks Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil.
5 Barrels Bright Varnish.
2 Casks Bl. Shot.
20 Barrels Turkey Raisins.
2 Boxes Zante Currants.
50 Bags Rio Coffee.
For sale at lowest rates by
August 20, 1839. B. TILTON & CO.

Valuable MILL and MILL PRIVILEGE, LAND.

Belonging to the Estate of EDWARD DUNAY & Co. FOR SALE.
An excellent single SAW MILL at Mispeck, with abundance of Water by a large Lake. There is also fitted up, in the most approved manner, two Circular Saws for cutting Flooring, Staves, &c. Also, about 1000 Acres of LAND fronting on the Bay Shore, well timbered which will be sold with the Mill or separately, as may be agreed upon.

Terms and further particulars to be known on application at the store of the late Firm of E. Dunay & Co. July 30, 1839.

The Garland.

AN ENGLISH SONG.

Old England is our home,
And Englishmen are we;
Our tongue is known in every clime,
Our flag in every sea.
We will not leave that we alone
The rights of freedom know;
There's many a land that's free beside,
But Englishmen made it so.
The thunder of her battle-ships
Was heard on many a shore;
But her healing words of peace are heard
Above the cannon's roar.
Then let us shout for England—for the world-
long England!
Let each man shout with us, "Hurrah! hurrah for
England!"
Old England's dust is rich
With the dead that lie in her—
Her Newtons, Sidneys, Miltons—
Oh! could such beings die?
Yes, died to make us rightful heirs,
To leave, for us, behind,
Strong head and hand to do the right,
And deathless power of mind.
Oh, godlike men of England,
Ye have not lived in vain,
For many a one of us shall rise
Your mighty minds again!
Then let us shout for England—for the young strong
minds of England!
Sage, patriot, poet, shout with us, "Hurrah! hurrah for
England!"
Mothers and wives of England,
Be to your birthright true;
The welfare of the people's earth
Is yours of God's gift to be.
Ye have no common sense—the child
Who on your breast doth lie,
Though born within a peasant's shed,
Is meant for doing high.
And let each child of England
Rejoice that it has birth;
For who is born of English blood
Is powerful in the earth.
Come, let us shout for England—for the great good
hearts of England!
Let the wives and children shout with us, "Hurrah!
hurrah for England!"

FEMALE MUTABILITY.

Pique her and soothe her by turns, soon passion
crowns thy hopes.—[Byron.]
I gave her a rose—and I gave her a ring,
And I asked her to marry me;
But she sent them all back—the insolent thing,
And said she'd no notion of men.
I told her I'd oceans of money and goods,
And I tried her to fright with a grovel,
But she answered she was't brought up in the
woods,
To be scared by the shade of an owl.
I called her a baggage and every thing bad—
I slighted her features and form,
Till at length I succeeded in getting her mad.
And she raged like a sea in a storm;
And then in a moment I turned and smiled,
And called her my angel and all,
And she fell in my arms like a wearisome child,
And exclaimed—"We will marry next fall."

The following lines were written by Mr. LEIGHTON,
of New-York, a few days before his death. They were
the last lines from his pen.
—Why, what is death but life
In other forms of being? Life without
The crosser attributes of man, the dull
And momentarily decaying frame which holds
The ethereal spirit in, and binds it down
To brotherhood with brutes? There's no such thing
As death: what's called so is but the beginning
Of our existence, a fresh segment in
The eternal round of change.

Miscellaneous.

THE REVERSES OF A SEASON. (Concluded.)

The girl was a perfect philosopher upon the true Hume and Rochefoucault principles. She continued to promulgate her maxims in the same low, monotonous, cold, languid vein; but I did not remain to profit by them. I hurried away to conceal my sorrow and my disappointment in the privacy of those apartments, where on the preceding evening, surrounded by so many comforts, I had proudly, perhaps too proudly, contemplated my stock of happiness, and had at large expatiated on my many deceitful topics of self-gratulation. How miserably was that stock of happiness now impaired! But, hopeful as I am by nature, my sanguine temperament still triumphed; and as I ascended the staircase to my apartment, Maria's image presented itself in my imagination, and I repeated to myself, "my fortune has gone! My friend has deserted me! But, Maria, then, dearest, still remain to me. I'll tranquillize my mind by the sweet counsel of your daily letter, and then proceed to deliberate and act for myself." I knew that the post must by this time have arrived.

I approached the table where my cards and letters were constantly deposited—but no letter was there. I could not believe my eyes; I rung, and asked for my letters—none had arrived during my absence from home. "Had the post gone by?" "Yes, many an hour ago." It was too true, then—even Maria was perfidious to my misfortune. This was the severest blow of all—possibly accidental; but occurring at such a time, it fell with all the weight of a last and consuming calamity on one who was already overthrown. I clenched my teeth; I stamped over the floor; I tossed my arms about with the vain and objectless passion of an angry child. My dog, snuffed at the violence of my gesticulation, fixed his large dark eyes upon me, and stared with astonishment, as well he might, at the agitated passion of his master.

I saw an expression of tenderness and commiseration in his looks, and, in an agony of tears—don't laugh at me, for, in the same situation, under the same circumstances, you probably would have done the same—I flung myself down on the floor by his side, exclaiming, "Yes, Neptune, everything on earth has forsaken me but you—my fortune—my friend—my love—my dog!"

And you, alone, my good old faithful dog, are constant to me in the hour of my affliction! I started up, and paced my apartment backwards and forwards with wide and hurried strides, fevered with the rapid succession of painful events, bewildered in my mind, afflicted at heart, perplexed in the extreme!

Impelled by that restlessness of body which results from the agitation of the mind, I took up my hat, called Neptune to follow me, and prepared to seek abroad that distraction from my grief, which could not be found in the quiet of my home. In leaving the room, my eye accidentally glanced towards my pistols. My hand was on the lock of the door. I perceived that to approach the place where they lay was like tempting hell to tempt me; but, a thought flashed across my mind, that to die were to punish the unworthy authors of my sorrow—were to strike imperishable remorse to the hearts of Maria and John; and I took the pistols with me, muttering, as I concealed them in my breast, "Perhaps I may want them."

In this frame of mind, wandering through back and retired streets, with no other motive to direct me than the necessity of locomotion, I, at length, found myself on the banks of the Thames, at no great distance from Westminster Bridge. My boat was kept near this place; as I was to be delivered from all apprehension of observation, I should be alone with sorrow; and, unfavorable as the season and weather were, I proceeded to the spot where my boat was moored. "Bad time for boating, Mr. Lutterell," said Piner, who had charge of my wherry; "it's mortal cold, and there's rain getting out there to the windward." But, seized the oars, good natured remonstrance, I proceeded, in angry silence, to the boat. I pushed her off, and rowed rapidly up the river towards Chelsea, with Neptune lying at my feet. When I had found myself alone upon the water, with none to know, or mark, or overhear me, my grief, breaking through all the restraints that had confined it so long as I was exposed to the inspection of my fellow-creatures, discharged itself in vehement exclamations of indignant passion. "Fool! idiot that I was to trust them! Nothing on earth shall ever induce me to look upon them again. Oh, Maria, I should have thought it happiness to have died for you; and you to desert me—to fall away from me, to, at the moment when a single smile of yours might have indemnified me for all the wrongs of fortune, all the treacheries of friendship! As to Fraser, men are all alike—selfish by nature, habit, education, and he is the wisest man who becomes entirely acquainted with suspicion. He is the happiest, who scorning their hollow demonstrations of attachment, constrains every sympathy of his nature within the close imprisonment of a cold unparticipating selfishness; but I'll be revenged. Fallen as I am—sunk—impoverished, despised as Lionel Lutterell may be, the perfidious shall yet be taught to know, that he will not be spared with impunity, or trampled on without retri-

al. At these words, some violence of gesture, accompanying the vehemence of my sentiment, interfered with the repose of Neptune, who was quietly veering at the bottom of the boat. The dog vented his impatience in a quick angry growl. At that moment my irritation amounted almost to madness.—"Right! right!" I exclaimed, "my very dog turns against me. He withdraws the mercenary attachment which my food had purchased, now that the stores which had

supplied it have become exhausted." I impatiently by my dog the frailties of man, and hastened, in the wild suggestion of the instant, to take a severe and summary vengeance on his ingratitude. I drew forth a pistol from my breast, and ordered him to take the water. I determined to shoot him as he was swimming, and then leave him there to die. Neptune hesitated to obey me. He was scarcely aroused, perhaps did not comprehend my command. My impetuous would brook no delay, I was in no humor to be thwarted. Standing up in the boat, I proceeded, with a sudden effort of strength to cast the dog into the river. My purpose failed—my balance was lost—and, in a moment of time, I found myself engaged in a desperate struggle for existence with the dark, deep waters of the Thames. I cannot swim—Death—death in all its terrors—instantaneous, inevitable death, was the idea that pressed upon my mind, and occupied all its faculties. But poor Neptune required no solicitation. He no sooner witnessed the danger of his master, than he sprang forward to my rescue, and sustaining my head above the water, swam stoutly away with me for the boat.

When once resented there, as I looked upon my preserver shaking the water from his coat as if he were angry, I saw a note came penetrated with the bitterest feeling of misery had happened, my conscience being of remorse and shame. Self-judged, self-corrected, self-condemned, I sat like a guilty wretch in the presence of that noble animal, who, having saved my life at the very moment I was meditating his destruction, seemed of too generous a nature to imagine that the act he had performed exceeded the ordinary limits of his service, or required special gratitude from his master. I humbled in my own opinion, my indignation against Maria and John Fraser, for their cruel desertion in my distress, was exchanged for a mingled sentiment of tenderness and forgiveness. Having rowed to the landing-place, I hastened to take possession of the first huckery-coach, and, calling Neptune into it, drove off to my lodgings in Couduit street.

On arriving at my apartments, the first object that presented itself to my eye was a note from my Maria. All the blood in my veins seemed to rush towards my heart, and there to stand trembling at the seat of life and motion. Who could divine the nature of the intelligence which that note contained? I held the paper some minutes in my hand before I could obtain sufficient command over myself to open it. The writing conveyed to me the sentence of my future destiny. Its purport was pregnant of the misery or happiness of my after life. At length, with a sudden, desperate effort of resolution, I burst the seal asunder and read:

"Dearest Lionel!—I did not write yesterday, because my aunt had most unexpectedly determined to return to town to-day. We left Brighton very early this morning, and are established at Thomas' Hotel. Come to us directly; or if this wicked thief of Mr. Drayton's, (which, by-the-by, will compel us to the smaller, a quieter, and therefore a happier home than we otherwise should have had), compels you to be busy among many people, and occupies all your time this morning, pray come to dinner at seven—or if not to dinner, at least you must contrive to be with us in Berkeley Square some time this evening. My aunt desires her best love, and believe me, dearest Lionel, your affectionate MARRIA."

And she was really true! This was by far the kindest note I had ever received. Maria was constant, and my wicked suspicions only in fault. Oh, heavenly! how much was I to blame! How severely did my folly deserve punishment!

In five minutes after the first reading of Maria's note, I was descending the staircase, and prepared to obey her summons. A carriage stopped suddenly before the house—the driver stepped loudly and violently beaten with a hurried hand to the street door flew open; and John Fraser, in his dinner dress of last evening, pale with watching and fatigue, and travel, and excitement, burst like an apparition upon my sight. He rushed towards me, seized my hand, and shaking it with the energy of an almost convulsive joy, exclaimed, "Well, Lionel, I was in time; I thought I should be; deuced good horses for many a year, decided with such wisdom and impartiality, that to this day, the decisions of the Court of the Aereopagus are regarded as models of judicial purity. We ascended this celebrated hill, and stood on the precise spot where St. Paul, pointing to the temples which rose from every section of the city, and towered proudly on the acropolis, made his celebrated speech, 'Ye men of Athens, I see that in all things ye are too superstitious.' The ruins of the very temple to which he pointed were before my eyes." [Stephen's Incidents of Travel.]

Poverty has in large cities very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendor, and often in extravagance. It is the case of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for tomorrow.

Pillars for the New York Exchange.—These immense columns, eighteen in number, are now nearly completed at the quay in Quincy. They are the largest ever yet obtained; each weighing about thirty-three tons. They are fluted and finished in the most perfect manner. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the carved capitals. The work is equal to chiselled marble. The first of the columns was to be moved yesterday, from the quay, to Long wharf, at Quincy Point—a distance of three or four miles. The carriage which has been built for the purpose is truly a solid affair. It weighs between eight and nine tons, and cost fifteen hundred dollars. Seventy oxen were to be employed in drawing the load.—Cost of the pillars four thousand dollars each—estimated expense of the Exchange, one million and a half.—[Boston Merc. Journal.]

"I can't for the life of me, understand, Lionel, what you are driving at."
"You will presently," I replied; and in the course of half an hour seated on the sofa, with Maria on one side of me, with John Fraser on the other, and with Neptune lying at my feet, I related the painful tale of my late follies and sufferings, and heard myself affectionately pitied and forgiven; and concluded, in the possession of unmingled happiness, the series of my day's reverses.

MURAT CALLED TO HIS DEATH.—Whilst poor Murat was thus engaging the attention of his attendants with these important reminiscences, so incontrovertibly true, the door of the chamber slowly opened—Giovanni Della Cass entered, and, with downcast eyes, announced that the sentence of death was passed, and would be executed in half an hour. Joachim beheld the speaker with perfect calmness; not the slightest change was visible in his countenance—not for an instant did he lose his presence of mind. He met the hideous features of this far more terrible of deaths with as much indifference as if he had faced it when it was disguised under the trappings and the pomp of war. Taking in his hand the corsica seal on which was gravely his wife's image, he gazed on it and kissed it, and then again dwelt on the miniature features of his four children, on which he dropped a tear. Dealing the cornelian he then held in his hand might, after death, be taken from his grasp and given to his wife, and the miniature to be buried with him, he walked erect into the room of death, in which were drawn up, in double file, twelve soldiers. The muskets had not yet been loaded, and upon this thrilling operation, King Joachim stood looking as though he were upon parade. The proposal made to him of being blind-folded he mildly rejected, with a smile; then placing his right hand which grasped the effigies of his family, upon his breast, he exclaimed, in a clear, strong voice—"Spare the face—aim at my heart!" Twelve muskets answered to the words and sent twelve balls into the breast which never harbored any other feelings than those of generosity, benevolence and virtue. The engraved corsica and the pictures were taken from his strong death grasp. His mutilated remains, together with the portraits of his family, were buried in the very church which had been erected by his munificence.

Such was the deplorable and atrocious end of the illustrious warrior, whom death respected in more than two hundred battles. He was in the forty-eighth year of his age, and the eighth year of his reign over Naples.—Macroni.

PLAINS OF TROY.—The poetical idea of the plains of Troy, the arena of Homer's battles, is frequently disturbed in passing the flat, sandy, and marshy ground, by seeing its present inhabitants—the buffalo, with all their head immersed in the swamps, and the heron feeding in the shallow streams, and the frogs, whose voices certainly vary more than that of any other animal, sounding at different times like crying children, barking dogs, pigeons, and crows; and when in great numbers, producing a harmony almost as agreeable as the singing of birds. On the banks or sandy places the helpless tortoise is crawling sleepily along, and as we pass timidly draws its head. They are so numerous that I often turn my horse out of the way to avoid them, although doubtless their hard shell would sufficiently protect them from injury. The dead oxen lying about lose their outer shell, and become perfectly white, of a lily bone, with the horny scales scattered around.—Fellows' Excursion in Asia Minor.

ST. PAUL AT ATHENS.—The house occupied by the American missionary as a school, stands on the agora, or market place, where St. Paul "disputed daily with the Athenians." A few columns still remain; and near them is an inscription mentioning the price of oil. Winding round the foot of the acropolis, within the ancient and outside the modern wall, we came to the Areopagus or Hill of Mars, where in the early days of Athens the judges sat in the open air, and, for many ages, decided with such wisdom and impartiality, that to this day, the decisions of the Court of the Aereopagus are regarded as models of judicial purity. We ascended this celebrated hill, and stood on the precise spot where St. Paul, pointing to the temples which rose from every section of the city, and towered proudly on the acropolis, made his celebrated speech, "Ye men of Athens, I see that in all things ye are too superstitious." The ruins of the very temple to which he pointed were before my eyes.—[Stephen's Incidents of Travel.]

THE RAT AT BOSTON.—About ninety years ago Boston was infested with rats to such a degree, that the General Court deemed it necessary, for the protection of the inhabitants and their property, to pass an act, allowing a bounty to every person who should kill a rat, provided the ears were brought to the selectmen of the town. On the 1st of September, 1742, the selectmen gave a certificate to the Province Treasurer, that there had been paid out of the town's stock, in sundry persons, L18 16s for four thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight rats, killed in this town since the 5th day of the preceding April. From the 31st August, 1742, to January 1st, 1743, there were nine thousand two hundred and eighty rats killed in this town—amount paid as bounty for the same L154 13s. 4d. In the same year it was voted by the town to pay Mr. Lovell L10 10d for his trouble in receiving and paying for rats ears.—Boston Weekly Magazine.

Lawyers find their fees in the faults of our nature: just as wood-peckers get their worms out of the rotting parts of trees.

Disturbances in the Island of Harris.—The following particulars are copied from the Inverness Courier of Wednesday last:—"A circumstance of very rare occurrence in the remote and peaceful islands of the Hebrides, has just taken place—a popular commotion among the people; and both the civil and military powers have been called in to quell the disturbances. The Earl of Dunmore, proprietor of the Island of Harris, contemplating some extensive improvements in the culture and management of the land, had given notice to a number of the cottagers, about 60 families, to remove from their huts and little patches of ground. The Earl, it is said, offered the people the sum of L11 each, and made arrangements for their emigration. To these terms they consented, but when the parties went to complete the arrangement, the islanders refused to comply, and showed a determined resistance. The officers were played to carry the execution into effect were deposed, and it was found impossible to proceed without additional assistance. It was feared also that violent measures might be resorted to, and blood shed in the struggle. Application having been made, a detachment of the 78th Regiment was sent from Glasgow in one of the steamers to Oban, where they arrived on Friday, and immediately re-embarked for Fortee. At the latter place they were to meet a party from this place, consisting of Mr. Fraser Tyler, sheriff of the county, Mr. A. Fraser, sheriff substitute of the Fort William district, Mr. Mackay, procurator fiscal, and Mr. John Macbean, an active criminal officer of Inverness. The whole were then to sail for Harris in the Atlantic revenue cutter, in which the sheriff and his friends proceeded on Thursday last, from this place to Fortee. We can only express our hope that the differences may be satisfactorily and amicably adjusted. Nothing can be more miserable than the condition of these poor islanders living in the most wretched huts, destitute of employment, and for ever on the brink of famine. Emigration to Australia or America would be the greatest boon that could be conferred on them. This is a point on which all well wishers of the Highlanders are agreed; and we sincerely trust that arrangements may be made for this purpose, of such a nature as to overcome, by moral force, the repugnance natural to our poor countrymen at quitting the land of their fathers. The population of the island of Harris, according to the census of 1834, is 2,900.

Private Soiree.—The annual soiree of the Messrs. Chambers, to the numerous persons in their printing employment, was given in the large room of their printing office, High Street, on Thursday evening. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. Chambers, who was ably supported by Mr. Simpson, advocate, Councillor M'Laren, and other gentlemen. There were upwards of one hundred and fifty persons present, including the wives and daughters of the workmen; and we have certainly never witnessed a more harmonious and agreeable entertainment. Admirable speeches were delivered by the gentlemen we have named, and to these we may add that of Mr. Forsyth, an operative engaged in the establishment; while the graver proceedings of the evening were agreeably intercepted with music. One fact mentioned by Mr. W. Chambers connected with their Journal, is worthy of notice, as illustrating the growing demand of the public for this species of literature. It appears that upwards of seventy thousand copies of that work are printed weekly, and that its circulation is higher at the present moment than at any former period.—The object of these social meetings, as explained by Mr. Chambers, is the highly laudable one of cultivating a friendly intercourse with their workmen—an example which it would be well for other extensive employers to imitate.—Mr. Robert Chambers acted as croupier.—Edinburgh paper.

COLONIZATION OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—The third annual report of the Colonization Commissioners for South Australia has just been printed by order of the House of Commons, and presents a mass of useful information not only for those who contest an interest in the welfare of that thriving colony. The number of individuals who left this country for Australia, in 1838, is stated at 3,154, of whom about 2,700, colonists included, appear to have been of the labouring classes, and about 450 of a superior class. In addition to these, about 600 German Protestants have sought a refuge in South Australia from religious persecution, and about the same number are supposed to have arrived from the adjoining Australian colonies. The entire population of South Australia, at the close of 1838, is supposed to have consisted of upwards of 7,000 inhabitants, a population which must be considered supping, when we reflect that the colony had not yet completed the third year of its existence.

The Rat Act.—About ninety years ago Boston was infested with rats to such a degree, that the General Court deemed it necessary, for the protection of the inhabitants and their property, to pass an act, allowing a bounty to every person who should kill a rat, provided the ears were brought to the selectmen of the town. On the 1st of September, 1742, the selectmen gave a certificate to the Province Treasurer, that there had been paid out of the town's stock, in sundry persons, L18 16s for four thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight rats, killed in this town since the 5th day of the preceding April. From the 31st August, 1742, to January 1st, 1743, there were nine thousand two hundred and eighty rats killed in this town—amount paid as bounty for the same L154 13s. 4d. In the same year it was voted by the town to pay Mr. Lovell L10 10d for his trouble in receiving and paying for rats ears.—Boston Weekly Magazine.

Lawyers find their fees in the faults of our nature: just as wood-peckers get their worms out of the rotting parts of trees.