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AGENTS.

St. Andrews,	Mrs. S. Connick,	
St. Stephen,	Mr. W. Campbell,	Waweig
	J. M Allister Esq.	Salt Wat'r
St. David,	Trist. Moore Esq.	Milltown
	Jas. Brown Esq.	mis Mills
	Mrs Chalmers,	ar Rd.
St. Patrick,	Mr. David Turner,	4 Bay
St. George,	Mr W. Brant,	Lower
Mcnsfield,	Joshua Knight Esq	Knights C'k
Grand Manan,	Wilford Fisher Esq	Wds. Co.
St. John,	D. M'Millan Esq.	
Richibucto,	W. J. Layton Esq.	
Miramichi,	Jas. Cale Esq	
Bathurst,	Joseph Reid Esq.	
Fredericton	Mr. F. Beverley	

Lord Brougham and Newspaper Writing.—Some phrenologists contend, that the casts which have been taken of the heads of celebrated lawyers show a lamentable deficiency in the organ of conscientiousness; and are of opinion, that Lord Brougham, aware of this fact, has, from that consideration alone, refused to allow a cast of his head to be taken, although he has openly, in the patronage of Mr. Simpson and others who are attempting to introduce a system of public education on phrenological principles, shown that he is a partisan of the doctrine. I do not know whether it be true, that the nature of the education and pursuits of the lawyers has a tendency to check the development of the organ called conscientiousness, or that the head of Lord Brougham is, in this respect, deficient in the external sign; neither do I know whether, in this general conduct as a man, there may be any ground for supposing that he is deficient in conscientiousness; but I am quite sure, that, if there be any truth in phrenology, he must have the organ of caution (the phrenologists have another word for it that is less flattering) strongly developed. Whilst he was Lord Chancellor, he was in the almost daily habit of communicating articles to a daily paper, but with a degree of caution which few men would have imagined. Not a line of his writing came before the compositors, or even the editor. His communications were made by letter to his brother, by whom they were read to the editor, who wrote as Mr. Brougham read; and, in this way, the leading articles appeared, without its being possible to prove that they came from Lord Brougham's pen. On one occasion, when an article against the Whig Ministry had appeared in the Times, it was sent to Lord Brougham, who was sitting at Westminster in the Court of Chancery. The paper was folded in such a way that the article might meet the eye readily and was handed up to the Chancellor. Sir Edward Sudgen was pleading. The Chancellor laid the paper before him, took his pen, and, whilst the public and the bar imagined that he was taking notes of Sir Edward's speech, with whom, from time to time he held a conversation on the points of his case, the answer was written. Less than a quarter of an hour sufficed for an article of about forty lines full of spirit. When it was done, he made some excuse for quitting the bench for a few minutes, and went into his own room, when it was given to the editor to transcribe; for, although Lord Brougham could write, and write well for newspapers, no man was to be permitted to possess a proof that the articles came from him. I have heard of other instances of his caution in his relations with the newspaper-press; but, as they were not like those which I have given within my personal knowledge, I shall not repeat them here.—*A Newspaper Editor's Remincences, in Fraser's Magazine.*

Extraordinary change of Fortune.—Mr. John Mobbs, who died at Llington about the year 1789, by his will bequeathed a large & valuable estate then known as the Wenlock Farm, to executors, upon trust for the benefit of his two sons, then of the ages of three or four years, who were to have "prover schoolmasters, to be qualified to become ornaments of society, and to be brought up to the Church of England" The executors, in violation as the trust reposed in them, at a proper age apprentined the boys to shoemakers in the neighborhood of Shoreditch, and they have up to the present time undergone many vicissitudes, totally ignorant of the splendid patrimony to which they were entitled. The property, which during the present century has been considerably improved, comprises about 200 acres of land, now nearly all built upon, and several old established first-rate public-houses in Hoxton Old Town and its vicinity, among which are the Old Ivy House, the Rosemary Branch, the Queen's Head, the Cock and Greyhound, the King of Prussia, the Britannia, the Bacchus, the Plough, the Green Man, the College House, the Whitmore's Head, the Robin Hood, and the Noah's Ark. The will of Mr. Mobbs, after having been secreted by the different parties in whose hands it has been until within the last few weeks, having come into the possession of his sons, has just been proved by them in Doctor's Commons. The property must at the present time be worth upwards of £300,000.

Frederick Reynolds, the author of several comedies, observed to Jack Bannister, when the latter was manager of Drury Lane Theatre, when one of the plays written by him (Reynolds) was acting that he supposed that the house being so very thin was because of the war. "No," said Bannister, "'tis in consequence of the *piece*."

Hindu Belief.—The Hindu hell is a place of punishment replete with the most terrific accompaniments. In painting its frightful features, all the fertility of eastern imagination has been exhausted.—The Scriptures of Christianity are content with conveying to the human mind some conception of the misery and wretchedness that await unrepented guilt, by calling forth the figures of darkness unutterable; the tortures of a fire that is never quenched; the gnawings of a worm that never dies; weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. The Brahminical books effect to describe the place of future punishment with the minutest exactness; portioning the species of punishment that there awaits the wicked, and the period to which they will be subjected to its pennalties, proportioned of course, to the magnitude of their crimes on earth. The universally-received doctune of ultimate absorption of every thing into the Deity, precludes the belief of the eternity of hell torments; and according to the orthodox creed, the most wicked and unholy are at lenth so purified and made perfect, as to be fit for this, the last and happiest state of being—the annihilation of individuality, and the utter and final extinction of all delusion; in one word, the destruction of the world of man, which is delusion, and nothing else! Millions, of years, however, are allotted in the regions of Palata for offences of the hgiher grade, thousands circumscribe the penalties due to minor offences. But during all this term of trial and probation, the criminal is permitted again to return in another form to the world of delusion, that may be prepared by the better discharge, or otherwise of the duties of his new state, to approach nearer and nearer to its final destiny, or to merit a still longer, and more fearful purgation in Patala. Such is the Hell of the Hindu; it follows, that the true Heaven of the Brahminical faith is absorption into the Deity.—*From Dr. Byce's Skeiches of Native Education in India.*

Poetry

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

I would not stay for ever here,
In this sad world of care and pain;
I would not have life linger on,
Or give my thoughts to earth again.
I long to close my tearful eyes,
Recline my weary, aching head
Upon the couch where all is peace,
And rest among the early dead.

I would not have my humble name
In costly marble sculptured deep;
No darkening yew should spread its gloom,
Nor o'er my head the willow weep:
But insect hum, and voice of bird
Should float upon the sunny air:
The happy will not turn away
While cheerful sights and sounds are there.

Long have those bright, mysterious stars
Their silent watch o'er sorrow kept;
The pale, soft moon looked calmly down,
As if she saw no eyes that wept:
There tracing still her radiant path,
Far out upon the spotless blue,
Why may not love, thus steady burn?
Why cannot friends be always true?

A weight is on my closing lids,
The dews are gathering round my brow,
And, with the shade of vanished years,
Fond memory holds communion now;
I wove with many a darkening thread
The texture of my life appears:
How vain were all its sweetest hopes,
How more than bitter were its tears.

I strive to imitate his love,
Who every cruel wrong forgave;
And o'er my tried and suffering soul
Peace, like a river, rolls its wave.
O, surely, is that better land,
No vulture shall the dove molest,
Or worm devour the rose's heart:
Take me, my Father, to its rest.

FASHION.

The fashion of this world is folly,
Is nothing but an empty show;
All tends to grief, and melancholy,
To want, to misery and woe.

Those who trust to earthly treasure,
Are trusting to a glittering toy;
That for a moment gives false pleasure,
But will at last, their peace destroy.

O were we like the flowers that grow
Lovely, yet neither toil nor spin;
To live as humble, meek and low,
As spotless, and as free from sin.

Man gives himself unceasing trouble,
In searching after happiness,
But like a vapour, or a bubble,
It all turns out mere emptiness.

Colonial Strenth of Great Britain.—In North America she has a territory of 435,000 square miles, and a population of 1,500,000.

In S. America, a territory of 165,000 square miles and a population of 120,000.

In the West Indies, 15,000 square miles and a population of 1,000,000.

In Africa, 250,000 square miles, with a population of 350,000.

In Austral Asia, 500,000 square miles with a population of 120,000

In Ceylon, 24,644 square miles, with a population of 1,000,000.

In Gibraltar and the islands of the Mediterranean, 15,000 square miles with a population of 400,000. Total, 1,750,000 square miles, and a population of 4,490,000 British subjects. Beside this,

The British territories in and beyond Hindoostan contain 1,096,210 square miles, and a population of 145,612,517. These last are all under the management, and influenced by the government of the East Indian Company, and the Board of Control in Cannon Row.

Yet all these territories are not not so large as the single territory of the United States? What immense moral responsibilities rest on Great Britain and our own country!—*Boston Recorder.*

The following query is put to the editor of the N Y Commercial Advertiser, to which he makes the annexed reply.

"A gentleman was born on the first day of January, 1800; was he born in the eighteenth or nineteenth century?—And is he older than the current year, or not? I know this is an old question, but I cannot lay my hands on any thing relative to it, so pleaae to give your ukase, and oblige Yours, &c."

Reply—"He was born on the first day of the last of the eighteenth century. Of course he was on the first day of the present year thirty-eight years complete. On the second day of January of the present year, he was in the thirty ninth year, and so was the century itself. He is now of the same age as the current year—that is, the current year is the 39th of the century, and 39th of his age."

An Answer.—The Dutchess of Kingston was remarkable for having a high sense of her own dignity. Being one day detained, in her carriage by the unloading of a cart of coals in a very narrow street, she leaned with both arms upon the door, and said to the man, 'How dare you, sirrah, stop a woman of quality in the street?' Woman of quality!' said the man. 'Yes. tellow,' rejoined her grace; 'don't you see my arms upon my carriage?' 'Yes, said he,' 'I do; and a pair of very coarse arms they are, too!'

'What did Mr. Good die of? asked a simple neighbour. 'Of a complication of disorders,' replied his friend. 'How do you describe a complication, my good sir?' 'He died,' rejoined the other, 'of two physicians, an apothecary, and a surgeon.'

A country farmer told a friend of his who had come from town for a few days shooting, that he once had so excellent a gun, that it went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged. 'How the deuce is that,' said his friend, 'why,' replied the farmer, 'because the thief carried it off, and what was worse, before I had time to charge him with it.'

The greatest punishment which could be devised for the wicked, in this world, would be, for them to live in a community of their own, and prey upon each other, the torments of the other world would be light, in comparison to what they would undergo from efforts, in this state, to circumvent, injure and deceive each other. Virtue, at present, distracts them from each other, because she is their prey

Mirthfulness is an art, and he who wishes to overcome bad spirits, may do so by cultivating it.—Were there more mirthfulness there would be less insanity.—'Laugh and grow fat,' is an old adage.

An advertiser in a Providence R. I. paper in describing a country seat, which he offers for sale, says:—'Amongst other delights of scenery the canal meanders through its banks, in lofty and Majestic grandeur.

Quarrels.—Two things well considered would prevent many quarrels; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and, secondly, examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

Friendship.—A gentleman, under very pressing circumstances, applied a few days since to another, for the loan of his name, as security for a small sum. The latter excused himself on the ground that he had taken an oath never to become bail, nor lend money.—'Then sir,' replied the former, 'crown your oath with another—never more profess friendship.'

Examine both sides,' as the lady said to a gentleman who was praising the figure of a colored female walking in front of him.

An editor apologizes for the lack of editorial matter by saying that he carried several good and interesting articles to a wedding in his hat, and the girls coaxed them all out of him to wrap up bride's cake in! That's the last excuse we have heard.

'If you and I should suspend specie payments,' said Bass to a phrenologist, 'what should we be like? Give it up? A pair of suspenders.

Richness of dress contributes nothing to a man of sense, but rather makes his sense inquired into. The more the body is set off, the mind appears the less.

At a recent election in Kentucky, one of the party wishing to be particularly patriotic in his cups, gave a toast, intended for the motto of the motto of the State—'United we stand, provided we fall.'

'Let the toast be—dear woman,'—as the hungry husband said to his wife, who was in a hurry to clear off the breakfast table.

How to Raise the River "Mister, I want to get about half a hogshead of yeast," said a boatman, the other day, as he walked up to one of our principal brewers.

'What on earth do you intend to do with so much?' asked the brewer, in surprize

'Why,' replied the boatman 'I've heard the women say your 'yeast was first rate at making things raise so I want to pour some into the Ohio river, and see if it won't make that *rise.*—*Cin Buckeye.*

Sheridan, having threatened his son Tom to cut him off with a shilling, received this retort—Where will you get it?

Aim High.—a high standard—an elevated aim—this is the safeguard of character, and the mainspring of excellence. This makes the skilful mechanic, the enterprising merchant, the useful citizen, the learned jurist, the eloquent orator, the wise statesman.—*Dr. Hawes.*

The Newburryport Herald says this—it is good: 'A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.'

It has been said, by some one, and if not said, it shall be said now that no woman is incapable of inspiring love, fixing affection and making a man happy. We are far less influenced by outward loveliness than we imagine.

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