The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No 1537.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1848.

VOL. XX.—NO. 36.

The Observer,

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

NEW

Fall and Winter Goods.

J. & H. FOTHERBY

Have received per "Lion" from Glasgow, and "Mountaineer" from Liverpool, part of their Winter Stock, consisting of—

PILOT, Beaver and Broad CLOTHS, Buckskins, Doeskins and Tweeds, ORLEANS, Coburgs and CASHMERES, Satin, Strip'd and Check'd Orleans & Cashmeres, Grey, White and Printed COTTONS, Red, White and Blue Flannels and Serges, Blankets, Rugs, Quilts and Counterpanes, LINENS, Lawns, Hollands and Diapers, Jaconet, Book, Mull and Swiss MUSLINS, Gala and all-wool Plaid and Fancy Cloakings, Plaid, Maude, Cashmere and other fancy Shawls, HANDKERCHIEFS in great variety, Fancy Cashmere, Mohair and other DRESSES, LACES, EDGINGS, NETS. Striped Shirtings, Apron Checks and Homespuns, OSNABURGS, Canvass and Padding, HEARTH RUGS and CARPETS, Cloth, Fur and Scotch CAPS, COTTON WARPS, &c. &c.

Also per *William Carson* and *Commodore* from London, and *Howard* from Liverpool:

CAPES, MUFFS, BOAS and CUFFS,—in Squirrel, Sable, Stone Martin, Fitch, &c. Gro de Naps, Satins, and Satinetts, VELVETS, Bonnet Silks and Flowers, Lambs' wool and Thibet Hosiery and Gloves, Fancy Dresses and Cloakings in great variety, GIMPS. Fringes and Trimmings, Tailors' Trimmings, &c. &c.

Which are offered at the lowest prices, wholesale and retail, for *Cash* only.

October 26.

Wholesale & Retail Warehouse

—Prince William Street,—

J. & J. HEGAN,

Have received from London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, a general assortment of FALL and WINTER GOODS—consisting of

FLANNELS, Blankets, Counterpanes, &c. Pilot and Beaver Cloths, Cassimeres, Buckskins, Doeskins, Fancy Trowserings, Rich VESTINGS, &c. Gala Plaid, and all Wool CLOAKINGS, Maude & Plaid Wool Shawls, H'dkfs, Scarfs, &c. Orleans, Coburgs, Delaines, and Cashmeres, Ottomans, Cambrian Stripes, and Lama Cloths, Black & col'd Velvets, Silks, Sattinets, & Satins, Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Laces & small Wares, Scotch Homespuns, Shirting Stripes, Muslins, Linen and Cotton Tickings, Linen Sheeting, &c. Osnaburg, Canvass, Duck, Hollands, Linens, Lawns, Diaper, Huckaback, &c. Lambswool and Merino Shirts and Drawers, Gent's H'dkfs. Stocks, Scarfs, & MUFFLERS in great variety, Cotton Warp, Worsted & Woollen Yarn, Knitting and Sewing Cotton, Linen Thread, Victoria and Damask MOREENS, with Fringes and Trimmings to match, Red and Green Baize, Printed Druggets, Hearth Rugs, Patent Tapestry, Brussels and other Carpetings, Travelling Bags, Carpet Thrums, &c. &c. &c.—Which, with a variety of other Goods, will be sold either Wholesale or Retail at the lowest Market prices.

Saint John, N. B. 26th October, 1847.

MORRISON & CO.

Are receiving ex *Lion*, from Glasgow, part of their

New Fall and Winter Goods,

—CONSISTING OF—

SHAWLS in great variety; Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, CLOAKINGS in Gala and Plaid Wool, &c. Tweeds, Plaidings, Regattas, Osnaburg, Canvass, Muslins, Linen, Lawns, Diaper, and Hollands, Scotch Bonnets; Glengarry and Cloth Caps, With a large assortment of Reels, Linen Thread, Braces, &c. &c. will be sold at the lowest prices for Cash. Oct. 5, 1847.

Writing Papers, Playing Cards and STEEL PENS.

SEVEN Hundred Reams Writing and Wrapping PAPERS, assorted—Ruled and Plain—from 3s. per Ream upwards; 200 dozen superfine English Playing CARDS; 500 gross STEEL PENS, assorted, from 1s. 3d. per gross upwards; 10,000 QUILLS; SCHOOL BOOKS, Blank Account Books; Family and Pocket BIBLES; Testaments; Prayer, Psalm, and Hymn Books—together with a general assortment of STATIONERY and Miscellaneous Books, all of which will be sold at very low prices for CASH ONLY.

V. H. NELSON,

Dec. 7. *Victoria Book Store, King-st.*

NOTICE.

THE Co-Partnership of the undersigned, under the Firm of JOHN KERR & CO., is this day dissolved, by mutual consent. All Persons having claims against the said Firm, will please present the same to the undersigned, John Kerr, for payment; and all parties indebted to the said Firm, will please arrange the same with either of the undersigned.

JOHN KERR, EDMUND KAYE.

St. John, N. B., 16th November, 1847.

The Business formerly conducted by JOHN KERR & CO., will be continued by the undersigned.

St. John, 16th Nov. 1847. JOHN KRER.

IRON, Sleigh Shoe Steel, &c.

C. & W. H. ADAMS have just received per Ship *British American*—

50 tons Bolt IRON;
2 cases Sled and Sleigh Shoe STEEL;
13 bundles Spring Steel;
2 packages VICES;
2 casks best Sheffield TOOLS;
2 cases *Hoole & Co.'s* Gang SAWS, and Files, Pit Saws, Hand Saws, &c. Dec. 21.

RECEIVED

Per ship Themis, from Liverpool,—

WITNEY, Bath, Rose, Merino, and Point BLANKETS, Black, Blue, Rifle, and Drab Beaver and Pilot CLOTHS. Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, and Kerseys, Cloth and FUR CAPS, &c.

JAMES SMELLIE.

Prince Wm. Street, Nov. 2, 1847.

SOAP.—Ex ship *Progress* from Liverpool—350 Boxes Steele's best hard SOAP,—landing on Reed's Wharf, and for sale by

H. G. KINNEAR.

The Earland.

CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITERS.

BY E. L. BULWER.

Once on a time, when sunny May
Was kissing up the April showers,
I saw fair Childhood hard at play
Before a bank of blushing flowers.
Happy—he knew not whence or how;
And smiling—who could choose but love him?
For not more glad than Childhood's brow,
Was the gay heavens that laughed above him.

Old Time came hobbling in his wrath,
And that green valley's calm invaded;
The brooks grew dry beneath his path,
The birds were mute, the lilies faded;
A Grecian tomb stood full in sight,
And that old Time began to batter,
But Childhood watched his paper-kite,
Nor heeded he, one whit, the matter.

With curling lip, and eye askance,
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute;
But Childhood's archly simple glance,
Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon to the air
Again spread forth his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
Self-tortured in his own dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
Pale, cypress-crowned, night's woful daughter,
And proffered him a fearful cup,
Full to the brim of bitter water;
Says Childhood: "Madam, what's your name?"
And when the beldame muttered "Sorrow"—
Then cried: "Don't interrupt my game;
I prithee, call again to-morrow."

The muse of Pindus thither came.
And wooed him with the softest numbers,
That ever scattered wealth and fame
Upon a youthful poet's slumbers;
Though sweet the lyre and sweet the lay,
To Childhood it was all a riddle;
"Good gracious!" cried he, "send away
That noisy woman with a fiddle!"

Then Wisdom stole his hat and ball,
And taugh him, with most sage endeavor,
Why bubbles rise, and acorns fall,
And why no toy may last for ever;
She talked of all the wondrous laws,
Which nature's open book discloses;
But Childhood, when she made a pause,
Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on! sleep on! Pale manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure;
Of glory's toils, ambitious scheme,
Of cherished love or hoarded treasure,
But to the couch where Childhood lies,
A pure, unmingled trance is given,
Lit up by rays from seraph's eyes,
And glimpses of remembered heaven!

Miscellaneous.

DESPATCH FROM MAJOR DOWNING.

[From the National Intelligencer.]

[PRIVATE.]

To James K. Polk, *President of the United States of America, Mexico, &c.*

City of Mexico (annexed) [illegible]

Dear now you are getting along there to home, and I spose you are full as anxious to know how we are going it out here. I got your message to Congress, and their first three days' doings, and that's the last I've heard. When I found the Whigs had fairly carried the House, I see in a moment there was a bad time ahead for us. Says I, look out for squalls; the old ship will have a rough time of it this winter. I had a good mind to come right home to help stan' by the helm, for I knew you would need me. But then I see at once that wouldn't do, for our officers have got into a dreadful snarl here, and I shouldn't dare to leave till things are settled, for fear the annexin would all go back again, and we should lose our two years' work. So, as I can't come, all I can do is to give my notions about things a little by way of advice.

I see how 'twill be; the House will be quarrelling with you all winter; they'll be asking you all the hard questions they can think of, and all the time prying into your secrets about the war and annexin. And I don't believe the Senate will be a copper better. 'Tis true there ain't so many Whigs there, but there's them there that is full as bad. You never can do anything with Mr. Calhoun; you know he always splits everything in two, even to a hair; and the most he'll ever do for us about this annexin business will be to split off a little piece of Mexico. If he finds out we are annexin the whole of it he'll fight agin'us till all is blue. Then there's Col. Benton I don't think is a whit better than Mr. Calhoun. You know what a fuss he made when we took in Texas, because we sot out to take in a little strip of Mexico with it; only a little reasonable strip, too, jest on our side of the river, so as to make square work of it. Col. Benton's ebenezer was right up about it; he said it didn't belong to us, and it didn't belong to Texas, and we had no right to it, and shouldn't touch it.

Now, if he made such a fuss about that little strip on our side of the river, he'll be likely to raise Ned and turn up Jack if he finds out we have a notion of annexin the whole of Mexico. And he's a terrible enemy to have, I can tell you; I don't believe there's another man in the country that can look down opposition equal to him. Now, with such men as these in the Senate, besides all the thunder of Webster, and all the persuadin of Crittenden, how are you going to get along? I think there's no way for us to get along safe but to keep such men in the dark. Keep coaxing the money out of 'em to conquer a peace, but never let 'em mistrust that we intend to conquer the whole. We must look one way all the time and row 'tother. I think you'll have a hard time of it, for Congress will keep diving into you all the time with this question and that question, and pryin' into all the secrets about the war, and want to know what orders you give to us here in Mexico, and what the armies are going to do, and where all the money goes to, and a thousand things that they've no business with. Now, when they keep coming to you with these ugly questions, I think the only safe way will be for you to shet your mouth right up, and keep a stiff upper lip, and not say a word. And do pray be careful what you tell to good old Mr. Richie, for you know he never *could* keep his mouth shet.—There's some dogs, you know, that always bark at the wrong time, and frighten away the game. You never can train 'em to keep still when they ought to. You remember, more than two years ago, before the war begun, when you was laying out the work privately and carefully, and getting your ships round to the Pacific, and giving the officers their orders to stand ready and wait till the train was touched on this side, and the moment they heard the first sound of the war to snap up California and annex it, and hold on to it, so that if we found the people wouldn't let the war go on, we would come to a settlement, and each side hold what they had got—you remember how Mr. Richie got so full of the matter that he liked to blowed the whole business up by letting on about the conquest of Mexico. A little more such carelessness at that time would a been likely to upset our whole kittle of fish—we might a lost California, and Santa Fe, and likely enough even that little strip on our side of the river jining Texas. And, as for the whole of Mexico, our jig would have been up at once; we might a whistled for it till doomsday, but 'twouldn't come.

I think you did right to make believe in your message that you had no idea of conquering the whole of Mexico. I don't believe it would be safe to take that ground till the work is all done. The people of our country are too skittish yet about conquering other countries; they haint got used to it. And for this reason you will have to be very firm with Congress, and not let em cross-question you too close, and get you into a bother. Call upon them boldly for large armies and all the millions of money the mints can make, and all that Mr. Walker can borrow, and tell em you are digging into the vital parts of Mexico to get that five millions she owes us.

If they ask you if Mr. Tyler didn't offer to give up that five millions to Mexico to pay her for our taking Texas without her leave, jest shet your mouth up.

If they ask you if we hadn't ought to give up that five millions to Mexico for that strip on our side of the river that you sent Gen. Taylor to take without her leave, jest shet your mouth up.

If they ask you if Mr. Trist didn't offer to give up that five millions to Mexico and pay her twenty millions more if she wouldn't try to get back California and New Mexico, that you had taken from her without leave, jest shet your mouth up.

If they ask you what upon earth you can want now of a hundred thousand soldiers in Mexico, and a hundred millions of dollars a year for spending money, jest open your lips carefully a little ways, and tell em you are digging into the vital parts of Mexico to get that five millions she owes us.

Then shet your mouth right up again, and keep it shet, and I guess you'll be safe. Don't be afraid of em; they can't pry your mouth open if they should try; and I guess that answer will pacify em till we get the work all done and Mexico all annexed. Then you can step up to em boldly and tell em you have made the greatest bargain that any body ever made on this airth; you have got the whole of Mexico, people and all, for five million of dollars, which is only about fifty cents a head for the people, and the lands and the gold and the mines thrown in for nothing.

I'm persuaded it will make the greatest man of you that ever lived yet; greater than Washington or Jackson, or anybody else. The world will then say, "What great things was Washington? He only defended his country and built up a Republic; but there was Colonel Polk he conquered a country and annexed a Republic." I'm so sure it will come to this that I wish you could stop their setting up that great Washington Monument there in the city of Washington, for that monument ought to be raised to you yet, and the money should be saved for that purpose. I don't know how you can stop the work goin on unless you can make it out that it comes under the head of internal improvements, and then you might stop it constitutionally. At any rate, it's worth trying for. Never mind the prating of them scare-crow folks, who make such a fuss and say it will be the destruction of the United States if you annex Mexico. What if it should? You would still stand above Washington and be remembered longer. Our history books tell us that the name of the man who built the first great temple to Diana at Ephesus is lost and forgotten—nobody knows who he was; but the name of the man who sot fire to it and burnt it down is found in all the histories of the day. So in this grand enterprise down, don't be afraid but what your name will live on the page of history full as long as Washington's.

But I've writ so much already, that I haven't room to say but a word or two about matters here. We keep pushing the business here; we've got pretty well through the vital parts of the country, and the army has now commenced spreading out and turning squatters. But we haven't near enough to spread all over the country yet without leaving them too scattering. I hope you will hurry on the thirty thousand more men that you promised, as fast as possible; that would make us near a hundred thousand strong; enough to spread out squatters into all parts of the country, and the annexin business would be pretty much over. That is, the annexin of Mexico; and I take it you'll give us a holiday and let us rest a few months before we hitch on the next country down south. And, besides, we shall need that holiday to see about electing you President another term; for you'll have to be elected in the common way once more, before you will be strong enough to stand President all the time without any election. I see things is going on very well for your election this time. The more candidates there is on both sides, the better it will be for you; and it appears now as though there was agoing to be lots of 'em.

I remain your faithful friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

A SCENE IN A SCOTCH COURT OF JUSTICE IN 1757.

The Dean of Faculty at that time was Mr. Lockhart, afterwards Lord Covington, a man of learning, but of a demeanour harsh and overbearing. It had ever been considered the duty of the chief of the body of advocates, freely elected to preside over them, to be particularly kind and protecting to beginners; but Lockhart treated all who came in contact with him in a manner equally offensive, although he had been engaged in a personal altercation with a gentleman out of court, who had threatened to inflict personal chastisement upon him; and there were some circumstances in his domestic life supposed to render his reputation vulnerable. At last four junior advocates, of whom Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Chancellor Loughborough, was one, entered into a mutual engagement that he among them who first had the opportunity should resent the arrogance of the Dean, and publicly insult him. It was by mere accident that the opportunity occurred to Wedderburn, who certainly made a good use of it. In the very end of July or beginning of August 1757 (the exact day I have not been able to ascertain), Wedderburn was opposed in the Inner House as counsel to Lockhart, and was called by him a "presumptuous boy," experiencing from him even more than his wonted rudeness and superciliousness. When the presumptuous boy came to reply, he delivered such a furious personal invective as never was before or since heard at the Scottish bar. A lively impression still remains of its character; but newspaper reporting was then unknown in Edinburgh, and oral tradition has preserved only one sentence of that which probably was the meditated part of the harangue:—"The learned Dean has confined himself on this occasion to vituperation; I do not say that he is capable of reasoning, but if tears would have answered his purpose, I am sure tears would not have been wanting." Lockhart here started up and threatened him with vengeance. Wedderburn,—"I care little, my Lords, for what may be said or done by a man who has been disgraced in his person and dishonoured in his bed." Lord President Craigie being afterwards asked why he had not sooner interfered, answered, "Because Wedderburn made all the flesh creep on my bones." But at last his Lordship declared in a firm tone, that "this was language unbecoming an advocate and unbecoming a gentleman." Wedderburn, now in a state of such excitement as to have lost all sense of decorum and propriety, exclaimed that "his Lordship had said as a judge what he could not justify as a gentleman." The President appealed to his brethren as to what was fit to be done, who unanimously resolved that Mr. Wedderburn should retract his words and make an humble apology, on pain of deprivation. All of a sudden Wedderburn seemed to have subdued his passion, and put on an air of deliberate coolness; when, instead of the expected retractation and apology, he stripped off his gown, and holding it in his hands before the Judges, he said, "My Lords, I neither retract nor apologise, but I will save you the trouble of depriv ation; there is my gown, and I will never wear it more; *virtute me involvo*." He then coolly laid his gown upon the bar, made a low bow to the Judges, and before they had recovered from their amazement, he left the court, which he never again entered. That very night he set off to London. I know not whether he had any apprehension of the steps which the Judges might have taken to vindicate their dignity, or whether he was ashamed to meet his friends of the Parliament House, but he had formed a resolution, which he faithfully kept, to abandon his native country, and never more to revisit it.—["Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors."

War!—Who that has witnessed it in its loathsome and revolting details, would not, if a single spark of humanity has survived the ordeal, deprecate all that may, by possibility, lead to it? What more frightful scourge can light upon our race? See how, upon its first appearance, myriads of households are invaded by dark forebodings, heart-wasting anxieties, hovering and spirit-killing fears! Where is he that can compute the sum of daily duties left unfulfilled, the amount of daily enjoyments spilt upon the ground, in consequence of the flurry and the apprehension excited by the unleashing of the dogs of war? In how many bosoms, at the first shrill cry of their hated voices, does tender-hearted charity faint away, and leave an open door for the entrance of malignant and cruel passions! What a strain does the fierce excitement of the public mind bring to bear upon those gentler sympathies which Christianity has nourished! How many rules of inward morality give way beneath the pressure—and to what a vast extent is injury inflicted upon the whole existing breadth of spiritual sense and feeling! Follow an army in its march. Mark the recklessness of soul which spreads from man to man throughout the ranks! And as the fear of death is gradually surmounted by pride and passion, see, too, how usually the fear of crime succumbs with it! Onward sweeps the walking pestilence, ruthlessly devastating the fields of patient industry, scattering the seeds of demoralization in countless families along its course; trampling down weakness without pity, and leaving behind it a broad wake of physical and moral ruin. And, then, the battle! Who shall describe its hideous features? Involved in a cloud of dust and smoke, thousands of men are plying the engines of death. Maddened with the fever of the hour, and choked with thirst, they deal out and receive momentary destruction. Hot blood bounds through their veins, and makes them deaf alike to the moans of suffering and the promptings of compassion. The dying are beneath their feet—the dead are before their eyes—neither are regarded. To and fro rock the living billows of ruin, leaving the soil, wherever they meet, deluged with blood, and covered with the broken and battered wrecks of poor humanity. The fortune of the day is decided—the smoke and dust clear away—and the setting sun, perhaps, or the rising moon, looks upon a spectacle of carnage which not the stoutest-hearted can contemplate without sickening horror and dismay. Such is war!—*Nonconformist.*

During the recent jail delivery for Yorkshire five young men were convicted of a highway robbery. They received excellent characters from several witnesses, and on the night of the robbery it appeared that they, as also the prosecutor, were in a state of intoxication. The jury found them both guilty, but recommended them to mercy on account of their previous good character, and because they, as well as the prosecutor, were all drunk at the time. His Lordship, addressing the prisoners, said, "The jury, on account of your previous good characters, and because all the parties were drunk at the time, have recommended you to mercy. I must say that the first ground is an exceedingly good one; but I think if the jury had considered the mischief and crime that results in this county, as well as in every other part of England, from the use of liquor in excess, they would hardly have considered that it is any extenuation of your offence. True, you would not, perhaps, have committed this offence if you had not been in liquor; but if a man will commit crime when drunk, he should take care not to get drunk. I venture to say that in much more than half of the offences which have been brought before this assize liquor has had something to do. Liquor has either been the temptation beforehand to robbery, to get something to purchase it, or it is the provocation under the influence of liquor that causes them to quarrel, and perhaps commit murder; or it is liquor upon which the fruits that have been obtained by robbery are generally spent; and it seems to me that, but for the cases where offences are brought on by the excessive use of intoxicating liquors, the courts of justice might be nearly shut up. I am sure that a great deal more than the half of criminal courts is taken up in consequence of offences which have something to do with liquor. The first recommendation of the jury I shall take into consideration, but the second I cannot. The laws of this country do not allow drunkenness to be either a justification or extenuation of any offence. The old law said that if a man kill another when drunk he should be hung when sober. It must not be for a moment heard that intoxication is to be anything like an excuse for crime."

Newspapers.—Most people think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper the easiest part of the business. How great an error! It is by all means the most difficult. To look over and over hundreds of exchange papers every week, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is, not what shall, but what shall not be selected, is no easy task. If every person who reads a newspaper could have edited it, we should hear fewer complaints. Not unfrequently is it the case that an editor looks over all his exchange papers for something interesting, and can absolutely find nothing. Every paper is drier than a contribution box; and yet something must be had—his paper must come out with something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least care about what he selects, the writing that he does is the easiest part of his labour. A paper, when completed, should be one that the editor should be willing to read aloud to his wife, his mother, his sister, or his daughter; and if he do that—if he gets out such a paper, he will find his labour a more difficult one. Every subscriber thinks the paper is printed for his special benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him, it must be stopped—it is good for nothing. Some people look over the deaths and marriages, and actually complain of the editor if but few people in his vicinity have been so fortunate as to get married the previous week, or so unfortunate as to die! An editor should have such things in his paper, whether they occur or not. Just as many subscribers as an editor may have, so many different tastes has he to consult. One wants stories and poetry; another abhors all this. The politician wants nothing but politics. One must have something smart; another something sound. One likes anecdotes, fun, and frolics, and the next door neighbour wonders that a man of sense will put such stuff in a paper. We only wish that every man, woman, and child, who reads a paper, were compelled but for one single month to edit it. They would then find that it is not quite so easy a matter as they suppose.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Glass in Dairies.—The attention of dairists has of late been pretty much called to the advantages of glass as a nonconductor of electricity, in the preservation of milk in glass pans. It was only a short time since that we were shown a glass bottle full of milk that has been preserved in India and China, and when drawn after 18 month's preservation, was not only found to be perfectly sweet, but to contain, in a solid and cohesive state, a small quantity of excellent butter; while the milk preserved in a tin case, during the same voyage, had gone to acid. It now appears that glass milk pans produce almost equally remarkable results; and from an analysis we have seen of the cream which was thrown up on some of Harris's Compressed Register, it appears that the difference is in favour of the glass as compared with the wooden, or wedgware pan, by at least 10 per cent. The pans manufactured at the Islington Glass-works, Birmingham, are of compressed, and those by the Messrs. Cookson, Newcastle-on-Tyne, of blown glass; but, according to the analysis of the agricultural chemist, Dr. Piercy, the compressed glass throws up most cream.—["Scottish Farmer."

Sketch of an Irish Landlord (by one of themselves).—At a dinner given to Mr. Howe, one of the agents of the Dufferin estates, Lord Dufferin said:—"An Irish landlord is unlike any other landlord under the sun. (Laughter.) He is in a peculiar atmosphere of his own. (Renewed laughter.) The daily conditions of his life and the occasional conditions of his death are totally dissimilar from those of other men. He is a complete genius of himself—an erratic body in the social system. (A laugh.) He may be described as an individual who does not get rent; as a well-dressed gentleman who may be shot with impunity, the legitimate cockshay of the immediate neighbourhood; a superficial index, by which to mark the geographical direction of the undercurrent of assassination; a cause of bewilderment to coroners, and of vague verdicts to distracted juries; a subject for newspaper paragraphs, and a startling text for leading articles." (Loud laughter.)

The following anecdote was related by a lady to her daughter on her complaining of the heartless vanity and fickleness of mankind:—"The Empress of Germany asked a French officer if the Princess Royal of France was, as the world reported her, the most beautiful woman in Europe. 'I thought so yesterday,' replied the polite Frenchman. The officer, at the time of this speech, was in the presence of the Empress for the first time."

Further Particulars of the Loss of H. M. Steam Frigate Avenger.

The following is an official return of the names of all the officers who were on board the Avenger when she left Malta:—

Captain Charles George Elers Napier (1841), [step-son of Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief at Lisbon.]

Lieut. Hugh Kinsman (1841), [son of the late Major Kinsman, R. M., and who was the son-in-law of Rear-Admiral Pasco.]

Lieut. Frederick Marryat (1845), [son of Captain Marryat, C. B., one of the most promising young officers in the service, from his gallantry, one daring instance of which occurred a short time since in the Tagus. He was a lieutenant of the Sphynx, steam sloop, when she ran ashore on the Isle of Wight last year, and gained great credit for his presence of mind and indefatigable exertions after she stranded, and during the operations in saving the stores and getting off the ship. It was a common thing for this gallant young officer to swim through the surf to the shore, or to any vessel, for what he wanted.]

Lieut. Francis Rooke (1846), saved.

Master.—William Archer (1835).

Surgeon.—James Hutchinson Steele (1842), late of the Resistance, troop-ship, drowned in the boat in the surf.

Paymaster and Purser.—Valentine A. Haile (1842), formerly of the Scourge, steam-sloop.

Second Master.—William Betts (1842), drowned by the upsetting of the boat in the surf.

Assistant Surgeon, acting.—Bernard Delany.

Midshipmen.—J. Hormond and Charles Bere.

Master's Assistant.—Thomas Otty.

Master's Assistant.—Sydney Ayling, drowned by the upsetting of the boat in the surf.

Clerks.—H. J. S. Walker and W. A. Speed.

Naval Cadets.—J. B. Heywood and W. J. S. M. Molyneaux.

Engineers.—William Hirst, first class; William Kerslake, assistant, first class; Alfred Miles, ditto; Richard Kennedy, assistant, second class; Henry Henty, third class; William Barber, supernumerary assistant, second class; John Gilmour, supernumerary assistant, second class.

Gunner.—John Larcom, saved with Lieut. Rooke.

Boatswain.—William Mill.

Carpenter.—Thomas Wiley, second class.

Royal Marines.—Lieut. Henry S. Baynes, of the Artillery Corps.

The total number of lives lost was 253.

Respecting the scene of the melancholy wreck of H. M. Steamer *Avenger*, in the Mediterranean, the Naval Military Gazette has the following:—

"The uninhabited island of Galita is a rugged mass of granite rising to a height of 1500 feet above the sea, and is about twenty-one miles distant from the nearest point of the Tunisian coast. There is tolerable anchorage in its great S. E. cove; and water, wild goats, and rabbits, are obtainable. There are several islets around, all of which are high and steep, with deep water in the channels. W. S. W. from Galita, and about twelve miles and a quarter distant, lie two dangerous rocks, or rather the two heads of a large subaqueous mountain. These were examined by Captain Smyth, and as they lie opposite the islets on the coast of Barbary, called the Fratelli, he designates these the Sorelle, in order to draw the attention of mariners to their existence. They lie about a mile apart, the least water on the eastern one being three feet and a quarter, and on the other, which is exactly on the same line of bearing from Galita, there are from three to five fathoms. Between the two is a channel of thirty fathoms, and at a little distance around not less than one hundred. In some winds these may be perceived five or six miles off, by the breakers; but in fine weather it is difficult to see them, even when pretty close. The rest of the channel between Galita and the Barbary shore is everywhere clear from danger; but it is remarkable that within the island the current sets to the westward, and without it to the eastward, unless in gales of continuance."

Montreal, February, 15.

Dreadful Accident.—Considerable excitement was occasioned, on Friday last, by the intelligence that the Upper Canada stage, with the mail for this city, had been lost in the ice, near Point St. Claire; and, that the driver had perished, and a passenger been rescued in an almost lifeless state. The night of Thursday was intensely cold, at the same time dark; a drifting snow had fallen, which had obscured the track, and, it is supposed, that as the stage was on its way from Point St. Claire to Lachine, the horses had got off the track, and gradually edged to the unfrozen portion of Lake St. Louis. The driver, named Mudge, bore, as we are informed, the character of a steady sober man; there were but two passengers, Mr. Ogden, of Quebec, and Mr. Russell, of Ancaster. When the leaders plunged into the water, Mr. Ogden and Mr. Russell both leaped from the stage; the first named gentleman made good his footing, on the main ice, but Mr. Russell's cloak unfortunately got entangled, and before he could extricate himself, he found himself in deep water. He clung to the stage, but as the night was dark and misty, he could see nothing of his companions. The horses swam with the stage about two miles, until it grounded on a shoal, near the Isle Dorval, where the horses perished. Owing to the intense cold, Mr. Russell's clothes were immediately frozen to the stage, otherwise he must have been swept off, as the wind at the time, was blowing strongly. Soon after the plunge, Mr. Russell called out to the driver Mudge, who answered that he was on a sheet of ice, and drifting down, but the night was so dark that they could not see each other. Mr. Russell afterwards heard him shouting at intervals, some distance ahead of himself, and there is every probability that the unfortunate man was hurried down the Lachine Rapids. Mr. Russell lay on the stage, where it grounded, exposed to the dreadful inclemency of the weather, for eight hours, from half-past one in the morning, to half-past nine, at which hour he was rescued. When Mr. Ogden escaped, he made his way to the nearest house for assistance for his companions. He procured men and ropes, and returned to the scene of accident, but could discover no trace of the stage; hearing voices, as he thought, in the direction of the Isle Dorval, he made the best of his way to Lachine, and aroused the inmates of Laflamme's hotel.

A number of men and canoes were immediately put in requisition, accompanied by Mr. Gunn of Lachine, and the party proceeded in a direction in which they thought they heard some one shouting; but owing to the dense fog, they wandered up and down for five hours, and finally, did not discover Mr. Russell until within thirty feet of the spot, where he lay frozen to the stage. When found, his situation was distressing in the extreme; from the continuous beating of the surf over him as he lay, he had from the intense cold, become completely encased in ice, to such an extent, that it was found necessary to clear it from him with axes, before he could be detached from the stage. He was immediately removed to the nearest house, Mr. Delorier's, about three miles above Lachine; he was perfectly sensible when found, but in a most exhausted state; both hands and the left knee were frozen.—Dr. Valois was immediately called in, and every available means of relief for the sufferer were promptly resorted to. Dr. Wolfred Nelson was also sent for from Montreal. Mr. Russell still lies at Delorier's in a most precarious state; and we fear there are but faint hopes of his recovery. The body of Mudge has not been found. The mail bags were recovered; but up to Saturday, the cold was so intense, that the stage had not been removed from the spot where it grounded.—*Montreal Gazette.*

LOST IN THE WOODS.

The *Liberty Press* says:—"A correspondent sends us a painful account of the death, by freezing, of a Mrs. Himes, of Leyden, Lewis county. Mr. and Mrs. H. went on Sunday, on foot, through being new and the wood-paths indistinct, she became bewildered, and wandered about until, overcome with fatigue and cold, she sunk down and died." Our correspondent says:—"On Friday the men who were in search, accidentally crossed her track, which they rapidly traced until they found her a corpse. It seems that the poor woman continued to travel about, never making, during all this instance of suffering, but one bed. This bed she had made with much care, having laid off her bonnet, and folding her shawl, placed it under her head. This bed, made with so much care, she, no doubt, designed as her death couch—and such it was. It is supposed that she was conscious that she was failing, as along the last part of her wearisome journey, she had employed herself in tearing her cravat in pieces, and occasionally suspending the fragments on the bushes, as she passed along, in order, no doubt, that her body might be found. Her body was found but a short distance from where she made her final bed. It is presumed that she had walked until her limbs were either frozen or quite benumbed; and that trying to get over a log, or root, she had fallen, and finding herself unable to rise, had deliberately adjusted her clothing, and had lain down to die. It is probable that she was considerably frozen before she finally sank under her sufferings, as several pounds of ice were frozen to her clothing in such a manner as to render it certain that it must have accumulated while she was travelling. Of course, any opinion as to when the poor sufferer died, must be mere conjecture. Considering the weather, she probably could not have survived the sufferings of Tuesday night. She had travelled a good many miles, and crossed several dreadful swamps. She had a pair of new shoes one of which had become entirely useless, having no outsole, and the in-sole being turned back, and a hole being worn through a thick woollen stocking, leaving a portion of the foot bare.—*N. Y. Paper.*

Horrible Death.—Dr. Isaac Hamberlin, a worthy man and old citizen of this county, came to his death, a few days since, in a most shocking manner. One day last week, Dr. H., with two other gentlemen, left Satartia for a bear hunt, and proceeded to Lake George, where it forms a junction with the Sunflower River. A short time after they landed from their boat, the dogs entered the cane and immediately struck a trail, and Dr. H. followed them but a short distance, when he came up with them and a very large bear in the thick cane.

Dr. H. fired at him, the ball entering his head at the upper part of the nose, without doing much injury, other than to infuriate him, and he turned and made at Dr. H. The doctor endeavoured to get out of the animal's way, but the cane being very thick, he could run but slowly, and had proceeded but a short distance when the bear overtook him, seized him by the thigh, and jerked him to the ground, and completely stripped Dr. H.'s leg of flesh and muscles. By this time the dogs again seized the bear and got him off.

Dr. H. then began to rise, but could not, being so badly torn. He then got out his hunting knife; the bear left the dogs and attacked Dr. H. the second time, and tore him very much. This time the Dr. succeeded in cutting one or two gashes in the throat of the bear but not deep enough to do him any material injury. The dogs again diverted the attention of the bear, from his victim, and he left Dr. H. and engaged with the dogs; but, in a few moments the bear came at him the third time, when the Dr. made a stroke at him, but the bear seized the knife by the blade, wrenched it from Dr. H. and threw it some distance from him, and seized his victim arm and mashed it into jelly. By this time the cries of Dr. Hamberlin brought one of his companions to his rescue, and he, seeing the awful situation of his friend, fired and struck the bear in the neck, which caused the beast to leave his victim and take to flight; but another of the company coming up, in an opposite direction, encountered the bear and shot him.

Dr. Hamberlin had his wounds tied up, and was then carried to the boat, to be conveyed immediately to Satartia, but he expressed his unwillingness to return without having his formidable antagonist with him. His desire was gratified, and he and the bear were taken to Satartia, where eminent medical aid was brought to his assistance, but he died on the fourth day after, suffering during the time the most excruciating pain. The bear was very large, though poor, weighing 340 pounds with his entrails out.—*Yazoo Whig.*