JOHN OBSERVER.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.: TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1853. New Series.----Vol. I. No. 8.

THE OBSERVER,

Published on TUESDAYS, by D. A. CAMERON, at his Office, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Flewelling & Reading.—TERMS: 12s. 6d., per annum.

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*

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Partnership hitherto carried on by the Subscribers, under the Firm of SMELLIE & ABERCROMBY, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. The Subscriber, James Smellie, is authorised to uplift and discharge all debts due to and by the Company.

JAMES SMELLIE,
R. W. ABERCROMBY.

St. John, N. B., April 30, 1853.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late XENOPHON COUGLE, Esquire, of Sussex Vale, King's County, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, within Three Calendar Months from this date; and all Persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

MARY COUGLE, *Administratrix.*

Sussex Vale, May 28, 1853.

MARKET SQUARE,
MAY 3, 1853.

J. & H. FOTHERBY

HAVE received per ships *Liberia* and *St. John*, and steamer *Admiral*, an extensive assortment of GOODS, suitable for the season, consisting of

Paisley, Cachmere and Barege Long and Square SHAWLS;
An elegant assortment of DRESS MATERIALS, in Bagadere, Embroidered and Fancy ROBES, Printed and Embr'dered MUSLINS, CACHMERES, Delaines, Lustres, &c.
A large assortment of BONNETS, in all the new styles, with a very beautiful assortment of *RIBBONS, PARASOLS*, &c.
Muslin COLLARS, Habits, Under Sleeves;
Printed COTTONS, Grey and White do. Cotton Flannels, Satinetts, Ticks, Braces, Dinems, Drills, Cotton Warps, &c., which are offered at the very lowest prices, wholesale and retail.

☞ The remainder of Stock daily expected.

First Spring Importations.

J. & J. HEGAN

Have received per Packet Ship "MIDDLETON,"
CARPETINGS & HEARTH RUGS,
PRINTED DRUGGETS,
Moreens and Damasks,
SHEETINGS,
White and Striped SHIRTINGS,
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.

Prince William Street, 8th March, 1853.

NEW GOODS.

JAMES BURRELL,

Corner of King & Germain-streets,

Has received per *St. John, Bellcarrigg, Miramichi*, and *Eastern City*, from Glasgow, Liverpool, London, and United States, a general assortment of Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS,
COMPRISING

LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS, in Cachmeres, Teba ROBES, Vemeras, DeLaines, Lustres, Circassian Cloths, Black and Coloured SATINS and Gros de Naps;
Printed Muslin *DRESSES*;
Paisley, Satin and Cachmere Long and Square SHAWLS;
BROAD CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Satinetts, Russel Cords, Moleskins, VESTINGS;
Grey and White COTTONS, Fancy and Twilled *SHIRTINGS*;
Tickings, Duck, Linens, Lawns, Hollands, Diapers, Towellings;
Printed COTTONS, Cotton Warps; Harness, Filled Bordered Book Muslin;
Red and white FLANNELS, Muslins, Bonnet and Cap RIBBONS;
PARASOLS, Sewed Muslin Habit Shirts, Chemizettes and Collars;
Laces, Edgings and Insertions, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, Black Silk Lace;
GLOVES and HOSIERY in great variety, Fancy Neck Ties, and Bracelets;
Hair Nets and Plaits, Boys' Belts, Gents' Silk and Cotton Neck and Pocket Handkerchiefs;
SHIRTS, Shirt Fronts and Collars, Umbrellas, Whalebone Combs, Brushes.
Braces, Stays, Braids, Silk Trimmings, Dress Buttons, Puff Combs, Toilette Covers, Counterpanes, Small Wares, &c. &c.

☞ The Subscriber offers the above well selected Stock of GOODS to his numerous friends and the public generally, (and which on inspection will be found well worthy their attention) at the lowest prices for Cash.

JAMES BURRELL,
May 27. Corner of King and Germain Streets

Willard's Butter Machines,

JUST RECEIVED—

25 WILLARD'S BUTTER MACHINES; they are highly recommended to Farmers and keepers of Dairies.—For sale by B. TILTON.

June 7.—News.

LONDON HOUSE,

Market Square, June 28, 1853.

RECEIVED per *Lisbon, Canmore*, &c.—Printed CASHMERES; Brocaded Silks; Barege ROBES; Crape and Norwich Checks, for Children's Dresses; Parasols, Gloves, Hosiery. Fishing Threads, Osnaburghs, GINGHAMS, Linens, *TWEEDS* and Docskins.

☞ *Wholesale Purchasers* are informed that the remainder of the stock of *BONNETS* are being sold at a liberal discount off former prices.

June 25. T. W. DANIEL.

BRANDY.

To arrive ex brig *James Reddin*, from Glasgow,

200 CASES fine old BRANDY.
—In Store—

10 hhds. Brandy, Martell's;
10 hhds. 25 qr. casks ditto, different brands;
30 hhds. GENEVA, Anchor brand;
6 hhds. 4 qr. casks superior SHERRY Wine;
10 cases, 2 doz. each, *CHAMPAGNE*, (English importations);
20 hhds. SUGAR;
25 brls. New York Mess PORK;
10 casks Paris White;
2 tons London White Lead;
25 brls. Roman Cement (English).

For sale by CUDLIP & SNIDER.

June 28.

Poetry.

A PIC-NIC.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

The lake is calm. A crowd of sunny faces
And plumed heads, and shoulders round and white,
Are mirrored in the waters. There are traces
Of merriment in those sweet eyes of light.
Lie empty hampers round; in shady places
The hungry throw themselves with ruthless might
On lobsters, salads; while Champagne, to cheer 'em,
Cools in the brook that murmurs sweetly near 'em.

Green leagues of park and forest lie around;
Wave stately antlers in the glimmering distance;
Up from the dusky arches comes a sound
That tells the story of old Pan's existence.
And now in song the summer wind is drowned;
Now comes a call that conquers all resistance—
A dance upon the turf! up, up, instanter!
Away with quarried pie and stained decanter.

Small hands are linked, and dance divinest tresses,
And agile feet fly down the pleasant glade in
A merry measure; through the deep recesses
How gaily trip they, youth and laughing maiden.
The shaken turf is swept by silken dresses,
The woodland breeze with many a jest is laden,
And lips are curled, and haughty heads are tossed, too,
As none could picture them but Ariosto.

A SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

[FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE FOR AUG]

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting—
"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."—
"'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing—"
"'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing."

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
"'Tis the little birds chirping the holly bush under,"
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
"And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun'?"—
There's a form at her casement, the form of her true love—
And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love;
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
Slowly, and slowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover.

Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings;
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

Literature, &c.

[From Gleason's Pictorial.]

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

"Ah, Jacob, now you see how all your hopes are gone. Here we are, worn out with age—all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be the inmates of the poor-house. Where, now, is all the bread you have cast upon the waters?"

The old, white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was, indeed, bent down with years, and age sat tremblingly upon him. Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and while fortune had smiled upon him he had ever been among the first to lend a listening ear and a helping hand to the call of distress. But now misfortune was his. Of his four boys not one was left. Sickness and failing strength found him with but little, and they left him penniless. An oppressive embargo upon the shipping business had been the first weight upon his head, and other misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were all alone, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken."

"Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling finger towards heaven.

Ah, Jacob, I know God is our friend; but we should have friends here. Look back and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not yet returned to you."

"Hush, Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from the cold depths of utter want; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I may have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have had my full reward in knowing that I have done my duty to my fellows. O, of all the kind deeds I have done to my suffering fellows, I would not for gold have one of them blotted from my memory. Ah, my fond wife, 'tis the memory of the good done in life that makes old age happy. Even now, I can hear again the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I see their smiles."

"Yes, Jacob," returned the wife, in a lower tone, "I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; but, alas! there is a *present* upon which we must look—there is a *reality* upon which we must dwell. *We must beg for food or starve!*"

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

"*Beg!*" he replied, with a quick shudder. "No, Susan—we are—"

He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

"We are what, Jacob?"

"We are going to the poor-house!"

"O, God! I thought so!" fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands. "I have thought so, and I have tried to school myself to the thought; but my poor heart will not bear it!"

"Do not give up, Susan," softly urged the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain on earth, and let us not wear out our last days in useless repinings. Come, come."

"But when—when—shall we go?"

"Now—to-day."

"Then God have mercy on us!"

"He will," murmured Jacob.

That old couple sat for a while in silence. When they were aroused from their painful thoughts it was by the stopping of a wagon in front of the door. A man entered the room where they sat. he was the keeper of the poor-house.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," he said, "the selectmen have managed to crowd you into the poor-house. The wagon is at the door, and you can get ready as soon as possible."

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him that went like an ice-bolt to his heart, and with a deep groan he sank back in his seat.

'Come—be in a hurry," impatiently urged the keeper.

At that moment a heavy carryall drove up to the door.

"Is this the house of Jacob Manfred?"

This question was asked by a man who entered from the carryall. He was a kind looking man, about fory years of age.

"That is my name," said Jacob.

"Then they told me truly," uttered the new comer. "Are you from the alms-house?" he continued, turning towards the keeper.

"Yes."

"And are you after these people?"

"Yes."

"Then you may return. Jacob Manfred goes to no poor-house while I live."

The keeper gazed inquisitively into the features of the man who addressed him, and then left the house.

"Don't you remember me?" exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old man by the hand.

"I cannot call you to my memory now."

"Do you remember Lucius Williams?"

"Williams?" repeated Jacob, starting up from his chair, and gazing earnestly into the face of the man before him.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams. That little boy whom, thirty years ago, you saved from the house of correction; that poor boy whom you kindly took from the bonds of the law, and placed on board one of your own vessels."

"And are you—"

"Yes—yes. I am the man you made. You found me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and bad example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet waters of moral life and happiness. I have profited by the lessons you gave me in early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness lighted up in my bosom has grown brighter and brighter ever since. With an affluence for life I have settled down to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, with such of good work as my hands may find to do. I heard of your losses and your bereavements. I know that the children of your own flesh are all gone, but I am a child of your kindness, and now you shall be still my parent. Come, I have a home and a heart, and your presence will make them both warmer, brighter and happier. Come, my more than father—and you, my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and I will not see your old age doomed to darkness."

Jacob Manfred tottered forward and sank upon the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again he sought his wife.

"Susan," he said, in a choking, trembling tone, "my bread has come back to me!"

"Forgive me, Jacob."

"No, no, Susan. It is not I who must forgive, —God holds us in his hand."

"Ah," murmured the wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, "I will never doubt Him again!"

The Pestilence in New-Orleans.

The New Orleans Delta, of the 11th inst., thus speaks of the ravages of the Yellow Fever:—

Still onward stalks the dreadful pestilence through our afflicted city. Every minute seems to give strength and vigor. Increased victims appear to sharpen rather than glut its savage appetite. It leaps over all barriers, and spurns all opposition. Beginning with the poor, the ignorant and desolate, it has acquired strength enough to defy all the appliances of wealth, of comfort, of science and of art. It can no longer be taunted with undue virulence towards the "lower classes." It has established by most gloomy proof its title to the epithet of a general leveller. The rich, the lovely, the gifted, the virtuous, the strong, as well as the votaries of vice and destitution, the poor and the virtuous, the ignorant and imprudent—all alike fall before the remorseless sickle of this great destroyer, and are gathered into one common harvest of death.

There are few, if any, parallels in history to the present visitation. But a week or two ago, we were involved in unpleasant controversies with medical gentlemen as to whether the disease, which was taking off several hundreds of our citizens weekly was an epidemic. It was charged that we were exciting a panic in announcing and declaring the fact. Two weeks have scarcely passed and the epidemic has become a pestilence, one of the most destructive, malignant, and distressing which ever fell upon a people. Considering the number of persons liable to the epidemic, (the unacclimated,) there is nothing in history to equal the present mortality. Deducting our native population and those who have had the fever and become acclimated, we should regard it as a large figure to fix the unacclimated at 30,000 at the breaking out of the fever. Of that number at least three thousand have already been buried, and every day adds two hundred more to the ghastly record.

Should it continue in the same ratio, this frightful number will be swelled to 5,000 by the first of September, which is usually the date when the epidemic begins its ravages in our city. For the week ending on the 7th August, its victims were 1,000. That for the week now passing will be as large, and thus, unless some sudden and unlooked for change occurs, the month of August will be held ever-memorable in our annals for the largest proportionate mortality which has ever occurred in the history of pestilence. It is true that, in previous years of this city, there have been days which have exhibited a larger mortality in one day, but on no other occasion has the aggregate weekly mortality been as large, nor the progress of disease so steady, regular, and unbroken. What is the worst aspect for these facts is, that the season for the prevalence of the epidemic has barely commenced.

In 1847, the deaths in the beginning of August did not average ten a day. We have, therefore, at least three months for the pestilence to run. There is no hope that it will terminate its career, unless with the exhaustion of material. At the present rate, this event would appear not to be distant. At least fifteen thousand of the unacclimated have already had the disease, and are either convalescents or tenants of the tomb.—We have heard of a great number who have recovered. Many of the physicians declare that they have lost none of their patients. Indeed, it would appear that the thousands who have already died could not have had the advantage of medical attendance, as the physicians all declare that they have lost no cases! It is wonderful how successful they are, considering the vast amount of mortality!

If our estimate of the number who have been attacked be correct, there would remain not more than fifteen thousand of unacclimated persons, which, at the present ratio, would barely afford material to last out the month of August. But these are all speculations and calculations. They may, fortunately, prove to be exaggerated. God grant that it may be so. Our city has been scourged enough already.

YELLOW FEVER.—For the week ending the 14th inst., its victims numbered 1,369; and we have to state that for the week now passing, it is thought the number will be as large; and thus, unless some sudden and unlooked for change occurs, the month of August will be held ever memorable in the annals of that city for the largest proportionate mortality which has ever occurred in the history of pestilences. It will equal the violence of the Black Plague of the Fourteenth Century, and that of the plague of London, in 1666. The latter has been regarded as the severest pestilence of modern times; and yet, out of a population of five hundred thousand, it only slew sixty thousand in one year, whereas the present epidemic is destroying at the rate of four thousand per month, out of a total population of not over eighty thousand, and of a population liable to the disease, of not over 30,000!—*New Orleans paper.*

A Good Parson.

One of the most zealous and active of the Howards is the Rev. James C. Whitall, who is known to many of our readers as the sailor-preacher. Having served for a long time before the mast, he has for some years past devoted his talents and energies to the enlightenment and improvement of the minds and hearts of those with whom he has been so long identified. Besides preaching, the worthy pastor employs himself actively in deeds of practical benevolence and charity. During a pestilence like this, his services are invaluable. We heard of an incident, which occurred a few days ago, illustrative of his character, which combines a certain off-handed bluntness with the most lively sensibility to human distress, and the most active philanthropy in aiding the afflicted,

Passing along the levee, a few days ago, Mr. Whitall observed a poor Irish laborer, lying on his wheelbarrow, apparently quite sick. Hundreds had passed the poor fellow without observing, much less turning aside to render any assistance to the sick man, but the quick eye of the Bethel Pastor discovered the signs of the pestilence in the flushed and darkened face of the man, and stopped to feel his pulse, he next proceeded, without asking the assistance of any one, to roll the wheelbarrow to his (the Pastor's) residence, where the man was immediately supplied with the necessary remedies, and in a few days recovered. Such deeds as this are worth a thousond elegant charity sermons, preached by dainty clergymen, who fly our city when an epidemic visits it.—*N. Orleans Delta.*

The Death of Cardinal Wolsey.

[From the fifth volume of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.]

"On Monday morning, tormented by gloomy forebodings, Wolsey asked what was the time of day. 'Past eight o'clock,' replied Cavendish. 'That cannot be,' said the Cardinal; 'eight o'clock! . . . No! for by eight o'clock you shall lose your master.' At six o'clock on Tuesday, Kingston having come to inquire about his health, Wolsey said to him, 'I shall not live long.' 'Be of good cheer,' rejoined the Governor of the Tower. 'Alas! Master Kingston!' exclaimed the Cardinal, 'if I had served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs!' and then he added, with downcast head, 'This is my just reward!" What a judgment upon his own life!

"On the very threshhold of eternity, (for he had but a few moments to live,) the Cardinal summoned up all his hatred against the Reformation, and made a last effort. The persecution was too slow to please him. 'Master Kingston' he said, 'attend to my last request; tell the King that I conjure him in God's name, to destroy this new pernicious sect of Lutherans;' and then, with astonishing presence of mind in this, his last hour, Wolsey described the misfortunes which the Hussites had, in his opinion, brought upon Bohemia; and then coming to England, he recalled the times of Wickliffe and Sir John Oldcastle. He grew animated; his dying eyes yet shot forth fiery glances. He trembled, lest Henry VIII., unfaithful to the Pope, should hold out his hands to the Reformers. 'Master Kingston,' said he, in conclusion, 'the King should know that if he tolerates heresy, God will take away his power, and we shall then have mischief upon mischief—barrenness, scarcity, and disorder to the utter destruction of this realm.'

"Wolsey was exausted by the effort. After a momentary silence, he resumed, with a dying voice, 'Master Kingston, farewell! My time draweth on fast. Forget not what I have said and charged you withal; for when I am dead, ye shall, peradventure, understand my words better!' It was with difficulty he uttered these words; his tongue began to falter, his eyes became fixed, his sight failed him. He breathed his last at the same minute the clock struck eight; and the attendants standing round his bed looked at each other in affright. It was the 29th of November, 1530.

"Thus died the man once so much feared. Power had been his idol; to obtain it in the State, he had sacrificed the liberties of England; and to win it, or to preserve it in the Church, he had fought against the Reformation. If he encouraged the nobility in the luxuries and pleasures of life, it was only to render them more subtile and more servile. If he supported learning, it was only that he might have a clergy fitted to keep the laity in their leading-strings. Ambitious, intriguing, and impure of life, he had been as zealous for the sacerdotal prerogative as the austere Becket; and by a singular contrast, a shirt of hair was found on the body of this voluptuous man. The aim of his life had been to raise the Papal power higher than it had ever been before, at the very moment when the Reformation was attempting to bring it down, and to take his seat on the pontifical throne with more than the authority of a Hildebrand. Wolsey, as Pope, would have been the man of his age; and in the political world, he would have done for the Roman primacy what the celebrated Loyola did for it soon after by his fanaticism. Obliged to renounce this idea, worthy only of the middle ages, he had desired at least to save the Popedom in his own country; but here again he failed. The pilot who had stood in England at the helm of the Romish Church was thrown overboard, and the ship, left to itself, was about to founder, and yet, even in death, he did not lose his courage; the last throbs of his heart had called for victims; the last words from his failing lips, the last message to his master, his last testament had been persecution. This testament was to be only too faithfully executed."

Romance in Real Life.

The London Times, of a late date, contains the following romance:—

"Some years since a young Belgian lady, fresh from her convent education, appeared in society, captivated a young fellow countryman with well oiled hair and patent leather boots, and, after an acquaintance of a few weeks, married him. The happy pair sojourhed, as is often the custom abroad, with the father and mother of the lady. The wife was a gay young lady, and her husband was quite as gay a young lord. At every ball and party in the capital they were present, and, as the married ladies are especially selected by the continental gentlemen for what they call "adoration," the young wife, although she got no more of it than she liked, was honored with considerable more than pleased her husband. The latter remonstrated—the lady rebelled—and "my wife's mother," *ut solent matronæ*, supported her daughter. The husband settled the matter by putting on his hat and retiring to his parental mansion. The marital feud was now intense; the conjugal couple were only of the same mind touching one single subject, application to the tribunals for a divorce. This was done; but the Belgian law will allow of no such annulling of marriage contract until the angry parties have renewed their demand for a divorce once every year for three years. Our young couple nourished their wrath during this triennial period of probation, thrice made their demand, and were duly summoned last year to hear consent given, that they, who had been one should henceforth and forever remain two.—From different sides of the court, the married pair witnessed the untying of the knot, and when they were free, they passed out through the common portal into the public street. Approximation fired friendship, and the gentleman again offered his hand to the lady in token that there was no longer malice between them. Friendship had no sooner lit his torch than he illumed the slumbering cinders on the chilled altar of love, and the young couple walked together to their first married home, whence the husband has never since permanently withdrawn.

Advice of an Old Lady.

Now, John, listen to me, for I am older than you, or I could'nt be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John, before you have contrived to happen at the house where she lives at least four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning. You should take notice whether her complexion is the same in the morning as in the evening, or whether the wash and towel have robbed her of her evening bloom. You should take care to surprise her, so that you may see her in her morning dress, and observe how her hair looks when she is not expecting you. If possible, you should be where you can hear the morning conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured and snappish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend on it. But if you find her up and dressed neatly in the morning, with the same countenance, the same smiles, the same neatly-combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answers to her mother and particularly if she is lending a hand to get the breakfast ready in good season, she is a prize, John, and the sooner you secure her to yourself the better.

INTERESTING FROM THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY.—Sir George Simpson, who has just returned from his annual tour to the Northwest, has favored us with the following particulars:—

"RedRiver settlement is healthy and prosperous; churches, schools, and temperance societies are in active and successful operation among the inhabitants of that remote region. The Honorable Hudson's Bay Company have discontinued the allowance of liquor to their servants, and substituted a liberal supply of tea and coffee, with which change all are well satisfied, not excepting the Indians. Peace has been established among the various Indian tribes, some of whom were previously at war. The Bishop of Rupert's Land (Church of England) was upon his annual tour of inspection. The Roman Catholic Bishop, Provancher, died in June, whilst Sir George was there; he was a gentleman of estimable character, and a zealous and successful promoter of peace, sobriety and morality. The Rev. J. Black, Presbyterian Minister, had left the settlement, but there was a general wish on the part of the inhabitants and the officers of the Hudson Bay Company that he should be prevailed upon to return."—*Montreal paper.*

A Drunkard under Chloroform.

After a minute or two, a shuffling of feet is heard, the folding doors are thrown open, and a strong, surly-looking, bull-headed "navvy," whose leg had been smashed by a railroad accident, is borne in, and gently placed on the table. His face is damp and pale; he casts an anxious, eager look around; then with a shudder he closes his eyes, and lies down on his back. The chloroform apparatus is now applied to his mouth, and a dead silence marks the general expectancy. The man's face flushes—he struggles, and some muffled exclamations are heard. In a minute or two more the gentleman who has charge of the chloroform examines his eyes, touches the eyeball—the lid winks not, the operator steps forward, and in a trice the limb is transfixed with the long bistoury. Some intelligence now animates the patient's face which bears a look of drunken jollity. "Ha! ha! ha! Capital!" he shouts, evidently in imagination with his boon companions, "jolly good song, and jolly well sung! I always know'd Jem was a good un to chant? I sing! dash my wig if I ain't as husky as a broken winded 'os. Well, if I must, I must, so here goes." By this time the bone has been bared, and the operater sawe, while the patient shouts,

"'Tis my delight 'o a moonlight night—"

whose that treading on my toe? None o' your tricks, Jem? Hold your jaw, will you? Who can sing when you are making such a blessed row? Toll-de-rol-loll. Come gi'e us a drop, will ye? What! drunk it all? Ye greedy beggers! I'll fight the best man among you for half a farden!" and straightway he endeavours to hit out, narrowly missing the spectacles of a gentleman in a white cravat, who steps hastily back and exclaims, "Hold him fast!" The leg being now separated is placed under the table, and the arteries are tied, with some little difficulty, on account of the unsteadiness of the patient, who, besides his pugnacity in general, has a quarrel with an imaginary bull-dog, which he finds it necessary to kick out of the room. He, however, recovers his good humour whilst the dressings are being applied, and is borne out of the theatre shouting, singing, and anathematising in a most stentorian voice; when in bed however, he falls asleep, and in twenty minutes awakes very subdued, in utter ignorance that any operation had been performed, and with only a dim recollection of being into the theatre, breathing something, and feeling "very queer," as he expresses it.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

Rather Inquisitve.

We heard a friend relate the accompanying incident the other day with not a little zest, and to the amusement of a good many bystanders.

Jumping into an old-fashioned stage-coach last month, in company with nine others, to jostle over ten miles of unfinished road between Pittsburg and Philadelphia, I was very much amused with the following characteristic dialogue between a regular question-asking "down-easter" and a high-heeled southerner. We were scarcely seated before our Yankee began:

"Travelling East, I expect?"

"Yes, sir.

"Goin' to Philadelphia, I reckon?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, ah! to New York, may be?"

"Yes, sir."

"Calc'latin to buy goods, I presume?"

"No, sir."

"Never *been* there before I, would'nt wonder?"

"No, sir, never."

"New York is a wonderful place."

"Such is my impression, sir."

"Got letters, I expect?"

"Yes, sir; I am provided with letters of introduction."

"Wouldn't mind showin' you round myself a spell, if you wanted."

"I thank you, sir; but I shall not require your assistance."

This last remark of the polite but reserved stranger was a poser; and the "inquisitor" fell back a moment to take breath and change his tactics. The half-suppressed smile upon the faces of the other passengers soon aroused the Yankee to still farther exertions, and he began again:

"Stranger, perhaps you are not aware how almighty hard it is for a Yankee to control his curiosity. You'll please excuse me, but I really would like to know your name, and residence, and the business you follow. I expect you ain't ashamed of either of 'em; so now won't you just oblige me?"

This last appeal brought out the southern friend, who, rising up to the extremest height allowed by the coach, and throwing back his shoulders, replied:

"My name is General Andrew Washington. I reside in the State of Mississippi. I am a gentleman of leisure, and I am glad to be able to say of extensive means. I have heard much of New York, and am now on my way to see it; and if I like it as well as I am led to suspect, I intend to —*buy it!*"

Then was heard a shout of stentorian laughter throughout the stage coach; and this was the last of that conversation.

Wit and Humour.

LANCASTER WITCHES.—"How strange it is, Sophy, that you couldn't recollect me! Maybe it's witchery, for that has a prodigious effect upon the memory. Do you believe in witches?" said I, leaning on my elbow in the grass, and looking up in her pretty face. "How can I believe, who never saw one? Did you?" "Just come from a county in England," said I, "that's chockful of 'em." "Do tell me," said she, "what sort of looking people they are. Little, cross, spiteful, crooked old women, ain't they?" "The most splendid galls," sais I, "mortal man ever beheld—half-angel, half-women, with a touch of cherubim—musical tongues, telegraph eyes, and cheeks made of red and white roses. They'd bewitch old Scratch himself, if he was only to look on 'em. They call 'em Lancashire witches." "Did they ever bewitch you?" she said, laughin'. "We,ll they would, that's a fact; only I had been bewitched afore."—*Sam Slick.*

A RELIABLE TIMEKEEPER.—"Paddy, honey, will ye buy my watch now?" "And its about selling your watch ye are, Mike?" "Troth it is darlin'!" "What's the price?" "Ten shillings, and a mutchkin of the creature." "Is the watch a decent one?" "Sure and I've had it twenty years, and it never once desaved me!" "Well, here's your tin; now tell me does it go well?" Bedad an' it goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster, or Leinster, not barring Dublin!" "Bad look to ye, Mike, you have taken me in! Didn't you say it never desaved you?" "An' I did—nor did it—for I *never depended on it.*"

A dealer in ready-made linen, in New York, advertises his shirts and chemizettes under the mellifluous appellation of 'Male and Female envelopes.'

Foster, the author of the life of Goldsmith, speaking of an ill natured man, said that his memory was nothing but a row of hooks to hang up grudges on.

'Ah!' said old Mrs. Doosenbury, 'larning is a great thing; I've often felt the need of it. Why! would you believe it, I am now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year, and them is spring, fall and autumn. I larnt the names of them when I was a leetle bit of a gal!' Mrs. Doosenbury knows enough to be an alderman!

"Mother, mother, here's Freddy teazing the baby." "Make him cry again, Freddy, and then mother will give him some sugar, and I'll take it away from him, then he'll squall, and mother will give him some more, and you can take that, and we'll both have some."

Nothing is easier, nor more delightful to most women, than to pay away money. To see the energy that pervades all their movements, the light that dances in their eyes when bound on a shopping excursion, one would think that the mere act of passing the filthy lucre from hand to hand has something exhilirating and restorative in it.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—A child upon whom it would seem the examples made amongst the animal productions had not been lost, upon being taken to visit an aunt, recently confined with twins, raised the heartless inquiry of "Which does dear aunty mean to *keep?*"

One of the latest fashions for gentlemen, is the "barber pole" pattern for trousers; the stripes ascend spirally round the leg, giving the wearer the appearance of a double-barrelled corkscrew.

HOW TO BECOME A FAVOURITE.—If you wish to make yourself a favourite with your neighbour, buy a dog and tie him up in the garden at night. He wont sleep any all night for thinking of you.

A MODERN BELLE.—"Love in a cottage, indeed?" said Lauretta one day to one of her admirers, a sentimental swain. "I do not fancy the picture. A cottage always reminds me of pigs, and poultry, and dirty children, and sluttish women, and coats out at elbows, and broken windows patched with paper, or stopped with old hats—things that I hold in utter abomination. Give *me* an elegant sufficiency—a handsome house in town, splendidly furnished, in the most fashionable style—a dashing equipage—a well-filled casket of jewels—a magnificent wardrobe—a circle of gay and fashionable acquaintances—a wealthy and indulgent husband—and then, perhaps—I might think of love."

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT is about to have measured the degrees of the meridian from the North Cape, 72½ degrees north latitude, to the mouth of the Danube, in 45½ degress of the same latitude; that is, on a line which traverses Europe in its whole length, and forms a fourteenth part of the entire circumference of the earth. This measurement will exceed by three degrees the largest before executed, that which the English carried from the Himalays to the southern port of British India.

An "Old Fisherman" informs the New York Post that when fishing in the middle of the day, he has placed *wet* sea-weed in the crown of his old straw hat, and found it nearly equal to a bath, and a sure guard against a stroke of the sun; and when sea-weed could not be caught by the boat side, his handkerchief dipped in the water answered nearly as well.

The population of the Danubian Principalities is 4,000,000 or 4,500,000 inhabitants, and the soil could support three times that population.

The Steamship *Arabia* arrived at New York on Tuesday morning, with one week's later despatch from St. Petersburg, and London dates to 12th inst.

RUSSIA.—The Czar has accepted the ultimatum, and orders were given for the immediate withdrawal of the troops from the Turkish principalities.

The funds have materially improved, but the markets continue dull.

A revolution is threatened in Turkey, in consequence of the refusal of the Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia to obey the summons of the Sultan to appear at Constantinople. The old Turkish party is clamorous for war.

The Circassians have again defeated the Russians.

China overland Mail telegraphed. Trade in India dull. Imperialists preparing to re-take Amoy.

Ship Arab, with Bombay mail, foundered at sea, and 179 lives lost.

MARKETS.—Beef active with steady prices and no imports; Canadian Butter in demand.—Breadstuffs remain at former prices. Wheat dull; Corn and Flour unchanged. Tallow 1s. decline.