SAINT JOHN OBSERVER.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B.: TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1854.

New Series.----Vol. 2. No. 15.

THE OBSERVER.

Published on TUESDAY 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.

☞ This Paper is filed, and may be seen free of charge, at HOLLOWAY'S PILL AND OINTMENT ESTABLISHMENT 244 Strand, LONDON where Advertisements and Subscriptions will be received for this Periodical.

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*

Spring and Summer Fashions, 1854.

C. D. EVERETT & SON

HAVE been busily engaged for the last month in making up and are now prepared to furnish the public with HATS and CAPS, of all qualities and prices, of the Spring and Summer styles for 1854. We believe that the Spring style of Hats will be much admired. We have on hand, just made up, a very large and excellent assortment of Summer CAPS.

Our prices are, as usual, low. Notwithstanding the large advance in prices of Goods generally throughout the community, *we have not advanced one penny* on any article of our manufacture.

The remainder of our Winter Stock of BUFFALO ROBES, FUR CAPS, &c., will be disposed of at *extraordinay low prices.*

12, North Side King Street.
C. D. EVERETT & SON.

March 3.

Russian Wrapper.

THE Subscribers are appointed to receive orders for the above Wrapper, to be delivered early in the Fall.

The *Russian Wrapper* is strongly recommended to parties travelling, as being the most comfortable and by far supersedes anything that ever has been invented for heat and comfort.

Gents are requested to call and examine this *Wrapper*, as it is now exhibited at the shop of

MYLES & HOWARD,
April 25. *King Street*

Canada Superfine Flour.

Landing this day:—

200 BRLS. ex Conquest, from Portland;
100 do. Nautilus, „ New York;
50 do. Sarah, „ do.;
150 bb's. Brandywine Corn Meal—in store.

For sale at market rates by

THOMAS HANFORD,
June 20. Nelson-street

Prime Muscovado Molasses.

100 PUNS. { 18 tierces, 23 barrels } Muscovado Molasses.

Landing at North Wharf—for sale low by

July 25. FLEWWELLING & READING.

DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!

SELLING OFF—SELLING OFF

AS the season is now considerably advanced, the Subscriber will SELL the remainder of his *SUMMER STOCK OF DRY GOODS* at *very low prices.* JAMES BURRELL,

July 4. Corner of King and Germain sts.

TO LET,

For a Term of Years—

THE COTTAGE occupied by the Subscriber, with the Grounds attached, in the Parish of Simonds, about two miles from King's Square. Possession may be had this Fall or in the Spring. Inquire at the office of BENJAMIN SMITH.

5th sept. 1854.

FLOUR, CORN MEAL, &c.

Landing from New York:

400 BRLS. Superfine Canada FLOUR
200 brls. CORN MEAL;
50 brls. *Extra Genessee FLOUR;*
10 tierces new Rice; 21 boxes choice Tobacco;
7 cases CHEESE; 15 barrels dried APPLES;
26 dozen Corn Brooms; 12 setts MEASURES.

For sale by

May 30, 1854. JARDINE & CO.

From New York and Boston:

100 BRLS. Canada S'fine FLOUR;
10 tierces superior head RICE;
1½ Tons do. Jamaica COFFEE;
6 Casks extra Lard OIL;
20 brls. BEANS & PEAS; 6 boxes CHEESE;
5 do. Thomas' Sweet TOBACCO;
10 brls. Dried APPLES;
WICKING, SAGO;
Yeast Powders, ORANGES and LEMONS,
Show GLASSES, PHIALS, &c.

June 27 JAS. MACFARLANE.

FASHIONS!—H. CLAY'S Report and late FASHIONS for the Fall and Winter of 1854 and 5—for Sale by MYLES & HOWARD.

August 29. *Agents for N. B.*

Ex "isbon," from London:---

2 CASKS Brandram's No. 1 White LEAD
1 do. do. RED & Yellow PAINTS
4 do. Crosse & Blackwell's PICKELS, ass'd
20 Bags Black PEPPER;
10 Cases Coleman's No. 1 STARCH;
35 Kegs Coleman's F & SF MUSTARD;
¼ Case NUTMEGS; 1 Sack CLOVES;
2 Cases CASSIA.

May 23. FLEWELLING & READING.

Glass and Glassware.

Now landing from brig *Ledbitter*—

70 BOXES Diamond and Fluted Window GLASS;
5 boxes Ruby, Green, Blue, Yellow, and Lemon colored GLASS;
400 boxes 8x10 to 10x18 Window GLASS;
100 cases large sizes, 18x24 to 20x40;
60 Glass Milk Pans, 16 to 24 inches diameter;
6 Cumber Glasses, 20 inches;
2 Glass Rolling Pins, 18 inches;
84 Glass preserve Jars, 3 to 6 inch;
48 Glass preserve Jars, with lids;
20 Bee and other Glasses, for Gardens;
15 dozen assorted sizes Glass Spice Jars;
100 dozen Cut Wine Glasses;
100 dozen Castor Oil Bottles.—For sale by

JOHN KINNEAR,
July 11. Prince William Street.

Pork. Beef and Lard.

PER *Owen Varra* from New York—10 Barrels Mess and Prime PORK; 10 do. Chicago repacked Mess BEFF; 30 kegs and half-brls. Leaf LARD. [Aug. 26.] JAS. MACFARLANE.

PORK, BUTTER, &c. &c.

BY AUCTION.

At 11 o'clock on WEDNESDAY, at Sales-room:

50 FIRKINS of BUTTER;
10 bbls. Mess PORK; 5 do. RICE;
10 hf. boxes TOBACCO; 50 HAMS;
5 Tierces Dried APPLES;
5 Bbls. BEANS. THOS. HANFORD,

Sept. 19. *Auctioneer.*

VICTORIA HOUSE,

Prince William treet.

SAINT JOHN, MAY 23, 1854.

EXTENSIVE IMPORTATION
OF
Spring and Summer Goods!

Per Steamships *Asia, Andes, Canada, Arabia* and per ships *John Barbour, Dundonald Lisbon, Barbara.*

—COMPRISING—

SILKS,
SHAWLS,
FANCY DRESSES,
MANTLES,
MILLINERY,
STRAW BONNETS,
RIBBONS,
FLOWERS,
PARASOLS,
LACES,
HABIT SHIRTS, &c.
POCKET HDKFS,
NECK TIES,
HOSIERY,
GLOVES.
BROAD CLOTHS,
TROWSERINGS,
VESTINGS,
FLANNELS,
SHIRTING STRIPES, &c.
TICKENS,
LINENS, DIAPERS, &c.
PRINTED CAMBRICS,
GREY & WHITE COTTONS,
&c. &c. &c.

Family Mourning.

All of which having been carefully selected by our JAMES DOHERTY in the best European markets, will be found on inspection to comprise the LARGEST, CHEAPEST, and MOST VARIED assortment ever before offered for sale at the VICTORIA HOUSE, and will be sold at

Extremely Low Prices,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

JAMES DOHERTY & CO.

SILENT SORROW.---CERTAIN HELP!

Numerous Extraordinary, Anatomical, Explanatory Coloured, Engravings. In Six Languages. Fifty-third Edition. Price 2s. 6d. in a sealed envelope through all Booksellers, or sent post free from the Author for 42 Postage Stamps.

THE MEDICAL ADVISER on the physical decay of the system produced by delusive excesses, infection, the effects of climate, &c.; with remarks on the treatment practised by the Author with such unvarying success, since his settlement in this country. Rules for self-treatment &c.

By WALTER DE ROOS, M. D., 35 Ely Place, Holborn Hill, London, where he may be consulted on these matters daily from 11 till 4. Sundays excepted.

Sold also by Gilbert, 49 Paternoster-row, London; Watt, 11, Elm Row, Edinburgh; Powell, 15, Westmorland-street, Dublin; and through all others.

Dr. DE ROOS from long practical experience in the most celebrated institutions of this country and the continent, has had, perhaps, unusual opportunities of observing the peculiarities relating to the physiology, pathology, and general treatment of the disorders referred to in the above work, and having devoted his studies almost exclusively to this class of diseases, he is enabled confidently to undertake their removal in as short a time as is consistent with safety.

PERSONS IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD, may be successfully treated by forwarding a correct detail of their case, with a remittance for Medicines, &c., which will be returned with the utmost despatch, and secure from observation.

The Concentrated GUTTÆ VITÆ, or Vegetable Life Drops,

are recommended to all those who have injured themselves by early excesses, and brought on Spermatorrhœa, Nervousness, Weakness, Languor, Low Spirits, Aversion to Society, Study or Business, Timidity, Trembling and shaking of the Hands and Limbs, Indigestion, Flatulency, Shortness of Breath, Cough, Asthma, Consumptive Habit, Dimness of Sight, Dizziness, Pains in the Head &c.

Their almost marvellous power in removing Contamination, Secondary Symptoms, Eruptions, Sore Throat, Pains in the Bones and Joints, Scurvy, Scrofula, and all other impurities, must be felt to be believed. 4s. 6d., 11s., and 33s. per bottle. The £5 Packages, by which £1 12s. are saved; and the £10 packages, by which a still greater saving is effected, will be sent from the Establishment only, on receipt of the amount per draft on a London house, or otherwise.

PAINS in the BACK, GRAVEL, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, Indigestion, Bile, Flatulency, Headache, Nervousness, Debility, Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, Stricture, &c.

THE COMPOUND RENAL PILLS, as their name Renal (or the Kidneys) indicates, are a most safe and efficacious remedy for the above dangerous complaints, Discharges of any kind, and Diseases of the Urinary Organs generally, which if neglected, frequently result in stone in the bladder and a lingering painful death. They agree with the most delicate stomach, strengthen the digestive organs, increase the appetite, improve the general health, and will effect a cure when other medicines have utterly failed. Price 4s. 6d., 11s., & 33s. per Box, through all Medicine Vendors.

GUARD AGAINST the recommendation of spurious or other articles by unprincipled Vendors, who thereby obtain a larger profit. To protect the PUBLIC against FRAUD, Her Majesty's Hon. Commissioners have directed the words "WALTER DE ROOS, LONDON," *to be printed in white letters on the Stamp affixed to the above, to imitate which is felony.*

Sold by Von Lentzgy, Leil Bazaar, Calcutta; Ashton, Richardson, & Co., Mount Road, Madras; Hulse & Nephew, Agra; Teacher & Co., Poonah and Kurachee; Esperance & Co., Bombay; Smith & Co., Scinde; Dodsworth & Co., Colombo & Kandy; and obtainable through all Medicine Vendors, of whom also may be had "THE MEDICAL ADVISER;" or should difficulty arise in procuring any of the above, enclose the amount by draft, or otherwise, to 35, Ely Place, Holborn Hill, London, and they will be sent securely packed per return. July 18.

S. K. FOSTER'S

Home Manufactures,

For Spring and Summer Trade.

GENTLEMEN'S best Walking BOOTS, English Leather:—
Boys' Calf and Kip Boots;
Youths' Calf, Kip and Grain Boots;
Gentlemen's patent Wellington Dress Boots;
Gentlemen's Elastic Side Walking Boots;
Gentlemen's patent Calf Elastic side Dress Boots;
Boys' and Youths' Patent Elastic Side Boots;
Boys' and Youths' Calf, Kip, Patent and Grain BOOTTEES;
Gentlemen's Calf, Patent, Kip & Grain Boottees;
Misses' and Children's Patent and Fancy Boots and SHOES;
Women's and Girl's strong BUSKINS;
Women's cheap House SLIPPERS.

☞ *Wholesale and Retail,*

St. John, April 4. S. K. FOSTER.

HEAVY PLATE GLASS.—36 PANES measuring from 22 to 36 inches wide by 36 to 44 inches long—a beautiful article. For sale by

Oct. 3. JOHN KINNEAR.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Per the Packet Ships Liberia and Middleton, from Liverpool.

D. PATERSON

HAS much pleasure in announcing to his customers and the public, that he has received by the above ships, a large and varied assortment of Ladies', Gents,' Misses' and Children's BOOTS and SHOES, of almost every description, among which are to be found—

Ladies' Prunella, Cashmere, Satin and Leather Boots; Ladies' patent Kid, Morocco and Leather Slippers; Ladies' patent Kid and Morocco, Jenny Linds, and Village ties; Ladies' Berlin, Carpet, and Web Slippers, &c., &c.

Misses' Prunella and Cashmere BOOTS; Misses' Patent and Leather Slippers, and Back Straps; Misses' Bronze and Patent Jenny Linds, stout and light, &c., &c.

As the above have been made expressly to his order, by one of the best manufacturers of Boots and Shoes in Staffordshire, England, he feels assured they will give satisfaction.

Also—By late arrivals from the United States, a large supply of American BOOTS and SHOES, which, together with work of his *own manufacture* comprises the largest Stock he has ever yet offered for sale. "Foster's Corner," King-st.

PERRY'S HUNGARIAN BALM.

For Restoring, Preserving, & Beautifying the Hair.

THIS elegant preparation is an effectual remedy for Baldness, or falling off of the hair. It prevents and completely eradicates Scurf and Dandruff, strengthens the Roots of the hair; causes it to grow luxuriantly; gives it a rich, dark, soft and glossy appearance, and prevents its turning gray. The Hungarian Balm is a purely vegetable compound, scientifically and chemically combined, and is warranted to contain none of those deleterious ingredients which prove so injurious to the hair. It acts directly upon the skin, cleansing and purifying it from all unhealthy secretions, thereby removing and preventing the accumulation of scurf, dandruff and other impurities, which so frequently cause decay, and loss of the hair.

The Hungarian Balm is especially adapted to ladies' use; and those who have tried the various oleaginous mixtures, with no benefit, will at once, discover the agreeable and beneficial effects produced by this pure and delicate preparation. Instead of matting and tangling the hair, (which is more or less pulled out in the process of combing,) it leaves it free and clean; promotes a natural moisture, and imparts a beautiful dark and glossy appearance. Try it once and you will be convinced of its superiority over all other compounds for the hair.

Much more might be said in favor of this inestimable Compound, but it is deemed unnecessary, as the proprietor feels confident that ONE TRIAL will convince the most incredulous of its rare and manifold virtues. Therefore,

If you have lost your hair and wish to restore it,
If you are losing your hair and wish to preserve it,
If you are troubled with Dandruff and wish to remove it,
If you have any Humour of the Scalp and wish to cure it,
If you are troubled with Nervous Headache wish to cure it,
If you have Hair Eaters at the roots of the hair and wish to destroy them,
If you have Harsh, Dry and Wiry Hair, and wish it to become Soft, Pliable, and Beautiful as Silk;
and if you wish to preserve Rich, Graceful, and Luxuriant Tresses to the latest period of life,

Use Perry's Hungarian Balm.

PRICE—25 and 50 cents per bottle, in large bottles.

D. TAYLOR, JR., Boston, General Agent for the Provinces, to whom orders must be directed.

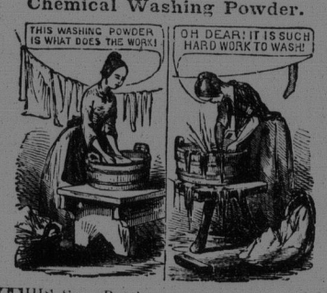
For sale in St. John, by G. F. EVERETT & Co., G. C. GARRISON, S. L. TILLEY, FELLOWS & Co. and druggists generally.

WASHING

Made pleasant and easy by the use of

BOSTON

Chemical Washing Powder.



THIS Soap Powder, prepared by a practical Chemist, is superior for washing clothes, cleaning paint work, removing grease from woollens and takes the place of other soaps for cleansing purposes. One package with five minutes labor makes two gallons of pure soft soap. Thousands of families have adopted its use and give it the preference over all other saponaceous compounds.

Manufactured by BECK & Co., No. 120 Washington-street, Boston.

Retailed by Grocers and Druggists generally.

Sold in St. John, by FELLOWS & Co., G. F. EVERETT & Co., and G. C. GARRISON.

Daguerreotype Rooms.

PRICE REDUCED.

ONE DOLLAR ONLY!

THE Subscribers having just received per Steamers *Admiral* and *Eastern City* a new and splendid stock of Daguerreotype Frames, Cases, Lockets, Rings, &c., which are now ready for inspection at their Rooms, three doors North of Custom House.

Persons desirous of having a Likeness, may rest assured they can by calling at the Rooms mentioned, receive superior likenesses and better satisfaction for their money than at any other establishment in this Province.

Prices of Likenesses with the Case, from One Dollar upwards, according to quality of Case or Frame. GRANT & FLOOD.

N. B.—Also, just received, a good supply of plain and fancy Portemonais, Card Cases, and Fans. G. & F.

Nuts, Crushed Sugar, &c.

Landing from Boston, per *Mary Goddard*,

30 SACKS FILBERTS;
10 sacks CAYENNAS;
10 brls. Crushed SUGAR; 2 tons Redwood.

August 22. FLEWWELLING & READING.

Sugar Cured Hams.

JUST landed from Boston—2 hhds. superior HAMS. [Aug. 22.] JARDINE & CO.

Literature, &c.

HOME.

BY C. JUDGE.

HOME—thrilling sound—a joy imparts
Unspeakable unto the hearts
Of those who roam;
Emotions, O! how blest they feel,
When o'er their longing spirits steal
Sweet thoughts of home!

The warrior, on the open heath,
Hath spread his wearied limbs beneath
Heaven's azure dome—
And there forgets the coming strife,
Fame, honor, conquest, glory, life,
In thoughts of home.

The mariner's bosom swells with pride,
To see his stately ship divide
The sparkling foam;
And though he loves to range the deep,
His sweetest thoughts, awake, asleep,
Are those of home.

The exile, though in marbled halls
The echo of his footstep falls,
Or gilded dome;
Though fortune smile, and friendship bless,
And kings the banish'd one caress—
He sighs for home.

The traveller, too, in lands renown'd
For sacred spot or classic ground—
In ancient Rome—
In temple, mosque, cathedral pile—
By Ganges side, or by the Nile—
Still thinks of home.

Love'd object of my fond desires,
'Tis absence from thee that inspires
This simple poem;
The dearest word that tongue can frame
Or lip can utter, is thy name,
Beloved Home.

A Mother's Love.

"Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it lie,
Hast thou measured the height of Heaven above?
Then, may'st thou mete out a mother's love."

DEEP is the fountain of a mother's love. Its purity is like the purity of the "sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets." The teardrop speaks not half its tenderness. There is language in a mother's smile, but it betrays not all her nature. I have sometimes thought, while gazing upon her countenance, its dignity slightly changed by the indigent accents of her young child, as it repeated in obedience some endearing word, that the sanctuary of a mother's heart is fraught with untold virtues. So fondly, so devotedly she listens to its accents, it would seem she catches from them a spirit that strengthens the bonds of her affection. I have seen the mother in almost every condition of life—but her love seems everywhere the same.

I have heard her bid, from her bed of straw, her darling child come and receive the impress of her lips; and as her feeble voice mingled in the air, there was loveliness in them, like the loveliness of an angel's melody. I have seen the mother at her fireside deal out her last morsel to her little ones so pleasantly, that her own cravings seemed appeased by the pleasure she enjoyed. But who [illegible] mother can feel as she feels? We may gaze upon her as she sings her lullaby to her infant, and in her eye read the index to her heart's affections—we may study the demure cast of her countenance, and mark the tenderness with which she presses her darling to her bosom, but we cannot feel the many influences that operate upon her nature. Did you ever mark the care with which she watches the cradle where sleeps her infant? How quick she catches the low sound of coming footsteps! with what fearful earnestness she gazes at her little charge as the sound intrudes! Does it move? Does it slumbers break? How sweet the voice that quiets it!

Surely, it seems as if the blood of but *one* heart sustains the existence of both mother and child. Did you ever behold the mother, as she watched the receding light of her young babe's life—as the Death angel met its icy finger, touched its little heart-string? It is a scene for the pencil. What words can portray the tenderness that lingers upon her countenance? When the last spark has gone out, what emotions agitate her? When hope has expired, what unspeakable grief overwhelms her! I remember to have seen a lovely boy borne to his mother with an eye closed forever. He had strayed silently away at noon day, and ere night-fall Death had clasped him in i embrace.

The lifeless tenement of that dear boy, as it burst upon the mother's sight, conveyed an arrow to her heart—gone, gone, could it be? the bright, the beautiful day-star of her life so suddenly veiled in the night of Death! She laid her hand upon his breast, but there was no answering heart-beat. She placed her soft fingers upon his brow, but it was cold. She uttered aloud his name—she listened—but the echoing of that name elicited no responding voice.

Then came the whispering that her child was dead. She kissed his bloodless lips in wildest agony, and her tears mingled with the clammy moisture on his brow. The silence that followed that scene was like the silence of the tomb; it seemed too holy to disturb. There was a charm in it—it was a charm hallowed by the unrestrained gushes of a mother's love. Did you ever awaken, while on a bed of sickness, and find a mother's hand pressed closely on your forehead? It is pleasant thus to break from a dream, even when affliction is on you. You know at least that you have *one* friend, and *that* friend is a true one. You know, that if you never again go forth into the world, one there will be, who will strew with sweetest flowers your pathway to the grave, and over its green sod pour forth the tears of a mother's holiest love.

A mother's love is unceasing. Her children, as they advance in years, go out one by one, into the world—to toil and struggle for fame or fortune.—Though rivers may separate them from her, they cannot separate the bonds of her affection. Time and distance but increases her anxieties. She knows not the strength of her attachment till the dread hour of parting comes, till the word "farewell" is spoken; then burst forth the sealed fountains of her love—then she feels the influences of her love—she feels the full weight of the many treasures of affection she has unconsciously imbibed.

Who can look coldly upon a mother? Who, after the unspeakable tenderness and care with which she has fostered him through infancy, guided him through childhood, and deliberated with him through the perplexities of opening manhood, can speak irreverently of a mother? Her claims to his affections are founded on nature, and of adamant must be the heart that can deny or resist them.

Over the grave of a friend, of a brother, of a sister, let the primrose blossom, for it is emblematical of youth; but over that of a mother, let the tall grass wave unmolested; for there is something in the simple covering which nature spreads upon the grave, that well becomes the abiding place of decaying age.—*Waverley Magazine.*

A NEW ARTICLE FOR BEDS.—The leaves of the beech tree, collected in Autumn, in dry weather it is said, form an admirable article for beds. The smell is grateful and wholesome; they do not harbor vermin; are very elastic; and may be replenished annually, without cost.

Pride of Descent.

Dr. Young, in one of his satires, if we remember says:—

"They who on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce a debtor, instead of a discharger."

But it is nevertheless pleasant to refer to whatever may have occurred in the history of one's ancestors, which is worth remembering. It is customary to be very facetious on American pride of family; as if we Yankees could not boast of whatever may be boastworthy, as well as others. To hear some of the would-be witty talk, one would imagine that this is the only country in which, to borrow words of Saxe, the Vermont punster:

"Your family thread you can't ascend
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the other end,
By some plebeian vocation."

Recent speech and publications in England exhibit the same yearnings on genealogical trees.—The fact is, that while we are trying to grow aristocratic, republicanism in feeling is getting to be all the fashion in Europe, and those who would form upon foreign models must change the style of their pretensions, and labor to show that, like Jonah Bounderly, of Coketon, in Dickens' last book, they never had any ancestry at all.

As specimens of the Bounderly spirit in England, take the following:—Mr. Macready, in a recent speech before a literary institution, narrated an anecdote of Lord Tenterden. His Lordship was visiting Canterbury. Near the western part of the Cathedral stood a stall or shed, then unoccupied. Lord Tenterden was accompanied by his son, whose attention he called to this shed.—"Charles," said his Lordship, "you see this little shop; I have brought you here on purpose to show it to you. In that shop your grandfather used to shave for a penny. That is the proudest reflection of my life. While you live, never forget that, my dear Charles." This was intended as a lesson, no doubt, that whatever real value a man possesses, he makes for himself.

Some persons curious in heraldry, has been examining the pedigrees of the House of Peers, and finds that, with the exception of a few families whose ancestors came over with the robber clan of William the Conqueror, the founders of the British Peerage were principally men of the middle ranks of life; lawers, merchants, and respectable tradesmen. Mercers, wool staplers, goldsmiths and jewellers, cotton spinners, pin makers, barbers, portrait painters, bankers, surgeons, merchant tailors, attorneys, saddle makers, and men of many other honest, but plebeian vocations, figure among the founders of the noble families of Great Britain. The writer above referred to, has instanced these facts as a rebuke to people who "speak of the House of Lords as a body of men almost wholly unconnected with the commercial and professional interests of the kingdom." The last century—and particularly the last half of it—is rich in examples of men who were not "born great," but "achieved greatness," while not a few have had it "thrust upon them" by some accident or caprice of fortune.

In truth the peer of a new creation has the first right to be proud of his honor, (if he *deserves* it)—his son's claim is less—and that of the next generation is less still; and so on in a ratio inverse to the common computation. Lord Tenterden might be very proud that his father was a barber—his son little less, and the next generation less still; while the fourth or fifth, we doubt, will forget the fact entirely. If it is an honor to be architect of one's own fortune, the nearer in descent you are to architect, the greater the honor. We cannot understand how succeeding generations pile accretions of respectability upon a title, except when a man in each distinguishes himself in arts or arms, and deserves well of his country on his own account. Those who wear honored names must first, however, live up to the honor of their names and pay the family debt, which Dr. Young speaks of, before they can do anything on their own account. If they *don't do* that, they are ignoble—title to the contrary, and blood notwithstanding.

What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards!

[*North American.*

Work if you would be Happy.

It is the most absurd of all mistakes to suppose that happiness consists in having nothing to do.—Yet we fear the error prevails almost universally in America. In no other way, indeed, can we account for the eagerness with which men seek those avenues of business, that have the reputation of leading rapidly to fortune. Nearly every body, in the country, is "making haste to get rich." To attain wealth, and attain it speedily, is the undisguised ambition of nearly all. For this they sacrifice health, for this they neglect their own culture, and for this they abandon their children entirely to teachers who are often inefficient. For this also the slower, yet more certain methods of amassing riches pursued by their fathers, are deserted, and other visionary speculations substituted in their place, or a legitimate business extended beyond prudent limits. The community is strewn with castaways, so to speak; the stranded wrecks produced by this eager haste after wealth. The highways of society are waste with the bones of those who have perished in the ineffectual race after sudden riches, and who, after straining every nerve, have sunk helplessly at last by the way-side, there to perish neglected and deserted by the hurrying crowd.

Few men, even if they succeed in obtaining fortune by a bold stroke, either retain or enjoy it.—The wealth that has been easily acquired, is often dissipated as rapidly. Weak human nature is barely proof against the temptation of riches. It has been well said, by one of the profoundest observers of his race who ever lived, that prosperity is more difficult to bear than adversity. But prosperity slowly acquired, accustoms a person gradually to his change of condition, and the balance of mind is not, therefore, liable to be so readily upset as in rapid elevations. A sudden rise to wealth dazzles the subject, like one emerging into the sunlight from a mine. Or it makes him dizzy, like one unexpectedly placed on an eminence.—Even Napoleon the Great, though the greatest intellect, perhaps, that has lived for the last thousand years, lost the equipoise of his mind at last, in consequence of his vast success. Had he been less universally triumphant in his earlier years, his later years might have been spent at Fontainbleau instead of St. Helena, for he would have escaped that excessive confidence, which amounting finally toward temerity, precipitated him into ruin.

But it is even more difficult to enjoy riches suddenly acquired than it is to retain them. There seems to be something vicious, *per se* in the rapid acquisition of wealth, so that it actually unfits the possessor for the calm enjoyments of life. For all true happiness is quiet. Excitement is not real felicity, as the revulsion which follows it, and is inevitable, in the very nature of things, sufficiently establishes. Men who have made fortunes quickly, can rarely, however, settle down to what they call a life of tameness; they must have something "to stir them up," they say; and require it, in fact, as much as a confirmed drunkard does his glass. No; sudden wealth is not to be desired; for it is a snare often to the best. Labor, at least moderate labor, is as needful for the happiness of man, as exercise is for his health. The overworked operative in an English mine, does not more surely violate the laws of Nature, through compulsion, than the rich man, who does not work at all, violates them of his own accord. Extremes on either side lead to misery. The golden mean is the only sure part. Those, therefore, who have it in their power, and who desire real happiness in life, should follow that safer road, avoiding the quicksands of sudden wealth on one side as carefully as they would the precipice of poverty on the other.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A LOVE OF A SHAWL.—In the Crystal Palace, New York, there is on exhibition an Indian Cashmere Shawl, made in Thibet, by the patient industry of one of the most celebrated artists of India, Hadji Mehemmed Hassam, for a prince of the royal blood, which is invoiced for duty at the Custom House, at $2700.—Shawls of this class, says the New York Tribune, are never made in manufactories, but in private families, generally in the houses of the nobility, for their own use, and are only procurable by special favor, as some favorite piece of needle-work, made under similar circumstances, would be in this country. A part of the work in the corners tells its history in Turkish characters—that is, the name of the prince for whom it was designed, and when and where made. Its size is over one and half by three yards within the border. This jewel of Persia is owned by V. Chiagy, the Turkish Commissioner to the World's Fair. The Tribune suggests that it be put up at auction, and guarantees the first bid will be a thousand dollars. If $250 are paid for a ticket to the opera, it is fair to estimate that in a community like New York, half price at least, will be bid for "a love of a shawl."—*Boston Transcript.*

REWARD FOR A GOOD DEED.—Mr. Silas Horton and wife, residing near Oswego, who recently exerted themselves so nobly, in warning the train on the New York and Erie Road, of the danger before it—which was that a large tree had fallen directly across the track—and thereby avoided the horrors of a collission, have been handsomely rewarded by the Railroad Company. The President has forwarded them each a life pass, a medal from the Company, and a silk dress for Mrs. Horton, accompanying the presents with a letter expressing the gratitude of the Company for their noble and humane conduct.

A short time since, as a London train arrived at the Warrington (Eng.) station, a "lady," quite intoxicated, called out for a glass of water. On its being furnished her by a porter, he was offered a sovereign to pay for it. This he refused, and had the water flung in his face, accompanied by an oath. The porter, observing the carriage floor covered with sovereigns, called the station-master; but their being no time to wait, the poor drunken creature was locked in, and orders given to the guard to see her at the next station. A handkerchief full of sovereigns was observed on one of the seats. From inquiries subsequently made, it was ascertained that she had just returned from the "gold-diggings" of Australia.

A young widow, says the Courrier du Nord, (France,) has just married a man frightfully disfigured. He fell in love with her four years back, and one evening, after some words between them, he went home and attempted to blow out his brains. The ball lacerated his face in a dreadful manner, but did not kill him, and in the course of time he recovered from the wound. The young woman afterwards became a widow, and wrote to the man that she wished to see him. He came, but she could not recognise him, so greatly was he changed. She passed some months in becoming familiarised with his dreadful ugliness, and has now married him.

"No woman ought to be permitted to enter upon the duties of connubiality without being able to make a shirt, mend a coat, patch a pair of pantaloons, bake a loaf of bread, roast a sirloin, broil a steak, make a pudding, and manufacture frocks for little responsibilities."

Note by the Editor.—She can practise the patching business upon the garments of some of the young brothers; if there are none, borrow a pair of pants of a neighbor.—[Godey's Lady's Book.

OATMEAL PUDDING.—Put two pints of milk to a pint of oatmeal, and let it soak all night. In the morning add two well-beaten eggs, and half a spoonful of salt. Pour the mixture into a greased basin, or pudding-mould; tie it securely in a floured cloth, and boil an hour and a half. This pudding is very nice eaten with a bit of cold butter and salt; or a little melted butter, or hot dripping. Should any be left cold, it will be found very nice toasted or fried, and rubbed over with a morsel of butter.—*Godey's Book.*

"I sell peppermints on Sunday," remarked a good old lady who kept a candy shop, "because they carries 'em to church and eats 'em, and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you want pickled limes you must come week days. They're secular commodities."

Sunday, the 20th of July, was observed all over India as a day of humiliation and prayer for the success of the British arms, and by natives as well as Europeans.

An extensive landed proprietor on the banks of the Shannon offers a wager of £500 that he has the handsomest wife, the handsomest nine children, and the handsomest estate in Ireland.

The woman who neglects her husband's shirt front is not the wife of his bosom.

COLLISION AT SEA!

LOSS OF THE AMERICAN STEAMER "ARCTIC," AND AN UNKNOWN STEAMER!

Tremendous sacrifice of Human Life.!!

The following report of the fearful catastrophe which has befallen the "Arctic," appeared first in an Extra of the Newfoundland Ledger, as furnished by Mr. Baulam, second officer. This awful calamity will pierce many hearts with unutterable anguish:—

"On Wednesday the 27th Sept., at noon, Cape Race bearing N. W. by W. 65 miles distant, while running in a very thick fog, were struck on the starboard bow, about 60 feet abaft the cutwater, by an iron steamer, which made three large holes in the ship, two below the water, one of which was about 5½ feet in length and 1 or 1½ in depth, leaving the whole cutwater and stem of the iron steamer clean through the Arctic's side. So dense was the fog that the vessel could not be seen a minute before the collision. The wheel was put hard to starboard, the engine stopped instantly, and backed at full speed until clear of the other steamer, which occupied a couple of minutes. The French steamer seemed to be sinking bow first. Capt. Luce immediately gave orders to clear away the quarter boats, which was done, and Mr. Gourley, the chief officer, left the ship in charge of the starboard boat, and on lowering the port boat, the Capt. exclaimed, 'hoist up that boat again, Mr. Baulam,' and beckoned me to go to him; upon doing so, he ordered me to go over the bow to ascertain, if possible, what damage had been done. I then found the holes above mentioned. Upon informing him of the fact, he gave orders to get sails on to try to get them round the bow, to endeavour to stop the leak, which was promptly done, but to no advantage whatever, so much of the bow and iron broken off from the other steamer projecting, that the sails could not be brought close to the vessel's side. The carpenter was then lowered down, and pillows and mattrasses passed down to him, to try if possible to force them in, but the leak was found to be so far below the water-line that they could not be got in, and every exertion to stop the leak proved unavailing. Capt. Luce then ordered the ship's head to be kept for