The Weekly Observer.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1849.

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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.

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.*

Stoves! Stoves!! Stoves!!!

Just received per 'Widow,' from New York:

A LOT of fancy Air-Tight Parlor STOVES, for burning coal.—Also, a lot of Diamond Empire Cooking STOVES, Charcoal Furnaces, Water Urns, Hollow Ware, &c. &c.—For Sale low by JOHN S. WESTLOTORN,

Sept. 12. *King's Square*

New and Cheap
BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

JUST RECEIVED—A well selected Stock of PAPERS, in Foolscap, blue and yellow, Fine and Superfine POTS, large and small POSTS, ditto NOTE, with ENVELOPES to match; CAP and POST, Ruled; Blotting, Tissue, Cartridge, Music, Crayon Drawing, Wall, Wrapping, and other PAPERS.

BIBLES, Testaments; Prayer, School, and Miscellaneous BOOKS.

Steel Pens, Quills, Inks and Ink Powders, Slates and Pencils, Lead Pencils, Sealing Wax and Wafers, India Ink, Indian Rubber, Red Tape, &c.

LEDGERS, Journals, Day Books, Cash Books Pass, Memorandum, and other Blank Books.

COPY LINES and BOOKS, ruled and plain. Bills of Lading; ditto Exchange.

☞ *Book Binding carefully attended to.*

A. FRASER.

DOCK STREET, *Saint John,* 13th June, 1848.

BRASS'S HOTEL, WINDSOR, N. S.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the travelling public, that he has taken the premises known as BRASS'S HOTEL, in Windsor; and trusts that by strict attention to business, he may receive a share of the public patronage. His larder and hall will be well supplied with such as the season and place can afford—his bar with the best wines and liquors—and he will endeavour at all times to give travellers such satisfaction as may be required.

JAMES GILDRED,

Sept. 26.—3m *Windsor, N. S.*

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having this day assigned unto his Son, ROBERT NISBET, all his Stock of Furniture, Materials and Tools, &c. &c., the Cabinet Making and Upholstery Business heretofore conducted in the name of THOMAS NISBET & SON, will in future be carried on by the said ROBERT NISBET, on his own account, upon the same premises.

All the outstanding debts due to and owing by the late firm of THOMAS NISBET & SON, will be collected and settled by the Subscriber.

THOMAS NISBET.

Saint John, N. B. 1st Sept. 1848.

☞ NOTICE.

HAVING occasion to be absent from the City for a short period, I have, by Letter of Attorney, fully empowered Mr. GEORGE F. THOMPSON, of this City, Painter, to adjust claims, make payments, and transact my business during my absence; and any arrangements made with Mr. THOMPSON, on my account, will be equally effectual as if made with myself.

JOHN J. HOGAN.

November 27th, 1848.—[Cour.]

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the Firm of THOMAS BARLOW & COMPANY, is this day dissolved, by mutual consent. All Debts due to and by the late Firm, will be received and paid by THOMAS BARLOW, and all persons indebted to the late Firm, or having unsettled Accounts with them, will please call at their office at an early period and adjust the same.

THOS. BARLOW,
GEORGE FLEMING,
JOHN STEWART.

St. John, January 1st, 1848.

THE Subscribers tender their grateful acknowledgments for the patronage received by the late Firm, and beg to intimate to their friends and the public generally, that the Business will be continued in all its branches, at the PHŒNIX FOUNDRY, where they solicit a continuance of the patronage hitherto enjoyed.

☞ Any orders for *Castings, Machinery, Mill-Work, Engines, &c.*, will be promptly attended to.

THOS. BARLOW,
GEORGE FLEMING,

January 1st, 1848.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any demands against the Estate of JOHN ROSS, late of this City, (formerly of Grand Manan,) deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are required to make immediate payment to JOHN M. ROBINSON, Esq., Barrister at Law, who is hereby authorised to receive the same.

MARY PADDOCK, *Executrix.*

St. John, Oct. 31st, 1848.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of VALENTINE C. TROOP, late of this City, Grocer, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within six months from the date hereof;—and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to REBECCA TROOP,

Sole Executrix.

Saint John, June 24th, 1848.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of ROBERT RAY, late of this City, Sailmaker, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within Six Months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to GILBERT T. RAY, THOMAS LEAVITT, GEO. A. LOCKHART, } *Executors.*

St. John 11th February, 1848.

PALE SEAL OIL.

LANDING ex "Charles" from Halifax:—25 Casks PALE SEAL OIL,—for Sale by

October 24 JARDINE & CO

Boot and Shoe Store.

Just received at the *Brunswick* Shoe Store, per ship Peruvian, an assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, Girls, Boys' and Children's WARES, of the latest Fashion, *Patent Leather*, manufactured expressly for this climate.

LADIES' CLOTH BOOTS, Patent Leather golosh'd. lined with shammy,
Do. all cloth Boots, lined with shammy. very neat, scolloped button piece,
Do. cloth Boots, patent leather vamp'd, do. top pieced,
Do. prunella Boots, patent leather and cordovan Adelaide golosh'd,
Do, all prunella Boots, sizes from 1 to 9,
Do. Slippers, do. do. do. do.
Do. Kid Opera, black Satin Slippers, and Armazine Silk do.
Girls' Prunella BOOTS, thick soled,
Do. ankle strap Shoes, do.
Infants' golosh'd Boots; patent cap'd do.; leather do.
Women's tie Shoes, single and double sole,
A great variety of Women's cheap Web Slips.—All of which will be sold cheap for CASH.
A good assortment of Men's BOOTTEES, which will be sold very cheap.

FAULKE & HENNIGAR.

Corner Germain and Princess streets, Nov. 7.

FALL GOODS.

Just Received per Ship "Themis," from Liverpool.

THE Subscriber is just opening his Fall Stock of Winter Goods, consisting of West of England Broad, Beaver, and Pilot Cloths.—Also, a large quantity of Fancy Trowsers' Stuffs, and Vestings, which he offers at reduced prices, for Cash only.

J. H. has also on hand a large Stock of Winter Clothing, which he offers at the lowest Cash prices.

JAMES HOWARD,

October 10. *King Street.*

Paper Hangings, Looking Glasses, &c. &c. &c.

JUST RECEIVED ON CONSIGNMENT.

TWO Thousand Pieces handsome FRENCH PAPER HANGINGS;
500 yards Bordering for ditto;
30 Ceiling Centres and FIRE SCREENS;
100 Toilet and Dressing Glasses;
35 dozen assorted LOOKING GLASSES;
15 boxes assorted sizes Looking-glass Plates;
160 dozen MUSICAL FRUIT;
60 dozen Shaving Boxes; 20 sets Dish-covers;
13 sets Fire Irons; 15 assorted Fenders;
50 quires Grass Paper; 81 doz. Drawer Knobs:
24 pair Brass Candlesticks;
35 doz. Knives and Forks; 6 doz. ass'd Brushes
30 doz. Razor Strops. For sale by

JOHN KINNEAR,

October 3. Prince Wm. Street.

Fall and Winter Goods!

Received per "Themis," from Liverpool—

PLAIN and Figured ORLEANS, Satin Striped and Check'd ditto, Black and Coloured COBOURGS; Grey, White, and Printed Cotton Furnitures; Linens, Lawns, Hollands, Ticks, Moleskins, BLANKETS, FLANNELS, Serges, Rugs, Muslins, Silesias, and Rolled Jaconets, Gimps, Fringes, Tailors' Trimmings, Small Wares, Cotton Warp, &c. &c.

Per *Kent* from London—

SILKS, SATINS, Fancy Bonnet RIBBONS, Black and col'd Silk Velvets, Flowers, Hkfs., LACES, GLOVES, HOSIERY,
MUFFS, BOAS, CAPES, CUFFS, &c.
Broad Cloths, Buckskins, Doeskins, Kerseymeres,
PILOT and BEAVER CLOTHS.
FUR CAPS, Gent's Silk, Paris & Beaver HATS,
Which are offered low for Cash.

J. & H. FOTHERBY.

Market Square, Oct. 17, 1848.

28th October, 1848.

MORRISON & CO.

have received per *Columbus*, a further Supply of

New Fall & Winter Goods,

in addition to those ex Queen, Bethel and Kent.

PILOT, BEAVER and BROAD CLOTHS,
Cassimeres, Doeskins and Tweeds,
Gala and all-wool Plaid CLOAKINGS,
SHAWLS, Scarfs, and Handkerchiefs—in plaid woo, Maude, Cashmere, Cloth, &c. &c.
Coburgs, Orleans, Mohair and Silk Stripes, with a variety of other *New DRESS Materiel*,
Black and Colored Silk and Cotton VELVETS,
Linen, Lawn, Diaper, and Holland,
Towelling, Duck, Canvass and Osnaburg,
Cheneazettes, Habit-Shirts, and Collars,
HOSIERY, GLOVES, RIBBONS, LACES,
Men's Lambswool and Merino Pants and Vests,
An extensive assortment of Gent's SCARFS,
MUFFLERS, HKFS., in Silk, Satin, Thibet, Cashmere, and Plaid Wool,
Stocks, Operas, De Joinvilles, &c. &c.
A new and select Stock of FURS, in Boas, Muffs, Cuffs, Cardinals, and Victorines,
BLANKETS, FLANNELS, Baize and Serge,
Grey, White, and Printed COTTONS,
COTTON WARPS and BATTING;
With a general assortment of Tailors' and Milliners' TRIMMINGS, will be sold at very low prices—ONLY FOR CASH.

NEW GOODS.

Per *Queen* and *Themis* from Liverpool, and *Kent* from London—

BEAVER, Pilot, Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Kersey, Buckskin, Doeskin, and Tweeds,
Stocks, Braces, Lambswool Shirts and Pants;
A variety of new material for DRESSES,
GALA PLAIDS and CLOAKINGS,
Hosiery and Gloves of every description,
SHAWLS, SCARFS, and Handkerchiefs,
Gimps, Fringes, and Fancy TRIMMINGS;
APRONS, FLOWERS, Laces and Veils;
MUFFS, BOAS, and VICTORINES,
CRAPES, VELVETS, Persian and Satin,
Gro de Naps, Satinets, Oriental and Watered SILKS,
A large lot of BONNET RIBBONS,
Plain and Twil'd LININGS,
Printed COTTONS and Fancy GINGHAMS,
HOMESPUNS and REGATTA STRIPES,
FLANNELS, BAIZE and DRUGGETS,
LINENS, Lawn, Damask and Diaper,
Hollands, SHEETING, Duck and Osnaburg,
Buttons and Tailors' Trimmings;
Grey, White, and SHIRTING COTTONS;
Fur, Cloth, and Sealette CAPS;
MUSLINS, Collars, and Habit Shirts;
Ladies' and Children's BOOTS and SHOES;
Rose, Bath and Witney BLANKETS;
A large lot of FAMILY MOURNING.

The whole of which are offered at the lowest market prices.

Oct. 10. W. G. LAWTON.

Canada Top Coats!

JUST finished, and ready for inspection, a lot of very superior Canada TOP COATS, same quality as those sold by us last winter, and inquired so much after during the last month.

GARRETT & SKILLEN.

Pantechnetheca, Dec. 12.

BUTTER.

Ex schr. *Sackville Packet*, from Sackville:

20 FIRKINS choice Family CUMBERLAND BUTTER—For sale at Hammond's Buildings, 20, Dock street, by H. G. KINNEAR

November 21

The Garland.

SONG FOR WINTER.

(From the Ulster Gazette.)

Oh! dreary doth the wintry blast come o'er yon snow-capp'd hill;
Close shut the windows—bar the door—keep out the blighting chill;
And let the song resound the hall, and winter mirth begin;
The more of clouds there are without, the less of clouds within;
And let the festive board be spread, leave summer's languid face,
And join the dance with airy tread, with merry winter's pace;
Or throng around the blazing hearth, as done in olden time,
When hypocrites were scarcely known, and laughing was no crime.

I'll have no neighbours' deeds called o'er—no scandal is my guest;
But let us think, whate'er they've done, they did it for the best;
And let the merry loud round-game fill up that waut and dearth,
And all be youth and happiness, and innocence and mirth,
And let us know the really good—as light comes with the day,
By all that's cheering, gay, and glad, rejoicing in his way;
And, by examples pure and true, shine as in olden time,
When hypocrites were scarcely known, and laughing was no crime.

And let us ne'er, amidst our joy, forget the poor must share,
For God has placed them all around, to be within our care;
Not only to direct them straight along the path of life,
But feed and clothe and warm them too, amidst cold winter's strife;
For shall the man who reaps our corn, when summer's sun is high,
Be all neglected by us now, to see his earnings die?
Or shall we tell him *future* things—to hope for better *there*,
While hungry children round him cling, and drive to wild despair?

No! they shall share while bread remains, their children clad shall be,
And feel no dread the snow and light their cot of glee;
Oppression shall not enter there—that man no sorrow bear—
And all his benefactor's names shall sound at evening prayer.
Then let the festive board be spread, far, far and wide around,
And let those most in need of all amidst our feasts be found;
Or throng around the blazing hearth, as done in olden time,
When hypocrites were scarcely known, and laughing was no crime.

Miscellaneous.

A SCENE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

(From "The Town," by Leigh Hunt.)

One of the most popular aspects of St. James's Park is that of a military and music-playing and milk-drinking spot. The milk-sellings, and the bands of music, and the parades, are the same as they used to be in our boyish days; and, we were going to add, may they be immortal. But though it is good to make the best of war as long as war cannot be helped, and though music and gold lace, &c., are wonderful helps to that end, yet conscience will not allow us to blink all we know of every different sort respecting battlefields and days after the battle. We say, therefore, may war turn out to be as mortal, and speedily so, as railroads and growing good-sense can make it; though in the meantime, and the more for that hope, we may be allowed to indulge ourselves as we did when children, in admiring the pretty figures which it cuts in this place—the harmlessness of its glitter and the transports of its beholders. Will anybody who has beheld it when a boy ever forget how his heart leaped within him when, having heard the music before he saw the musicians, he issued hastily from Whitehall on to the parade, and beheld the serene and stately regiment assembled before the colonel, the band playing some noble march, and the officers stepping forwards to the measure with their saluting swords? Will he ever forget the mystical dignity of the band major, who made signs with his staff; the barbaric, and as it were, Othello-like height and lustre of the turbaned black who tossed the cymbals, the dapper juvenility of the drummers and fifers; and the astounding prematures of the little boy who played on the triangle? Is it in the nature of human self-respect to forget how this little boy, dressed in a "right earnest" suit of regimentals, and with his hair as veritably powdered and plastered as the best, fetched those amazing strides by the side of Othello, which absolutely "kept up" with his lofty shanks, and made the schoolboy think the higher of his own nature for the possibility? Furthermore, will he ever forget how some regiment of horse used to come over the park to Whitehall, in the midst of this parade, and pass the foot soldiers with a sound of clustering magnificence and dancing trumpets? Will he ever forget how the fort then divided itself into companies, and turning about and deploying before the colonel marched off in the opposite direction, carrying away the schoolboy himself and the crowd of spectators with it; and so, now with the brisk drums and fifes, and now with the deeper glories of the band, marched gallantly off for the court yard of the palace, where it again set up its music book, and enchanted the crowd with Haydn or Mozart? What a strange mixture, too, was the crowd itself—boys and grown men, gentlemen, vagabonds, maid servants—there they all went listening, idling, gazing on the ensign or the band-major, keeping pace with the march, and all of them more or less, particularly the maid servant, doting on the "sogers." We, for one, confess of having drunk deep of the attraction, or the infection, or the balmy reconcilement (whichever the reader pleases to call it.) Many a holiday morning have we hastened from our cloisters in the city to go and hear "the music in the park," delighted to make one in the motley crowd, and attending upon the last flourish of the hautboys and clarinets. There we first became acquainted with feelings which we afterwards put into verse (if the recollection be not thought an impertinence); and there, without knowing what it was called, or what it was that wrote it, we carried back with us to school the theme of a glorious composition, which afterwards became a favourite with opera-goers under the title of *Non più andrai*, the delightful march in *Figaro*. We suppose it is now, and has ever since been played there, to the martialisation of hundreds of little boys, and the puzzlement of philosophy. Everything in respect to military parade takes place, we believe, in the park, just as it used to do, or with little variation. The objects also, which you beheld, if you look at the parade and its edifices, are the same. The Admiralty, the Treasury, the back of the Minister's house in Downing-Street, and the back front of the solid and not inappropriate building, called the Horse Guards, look as they did fifty years ago; and there also continue to stand the slender Egyptian piece of cannon, and the dumpy Spanish mortar, trophies of the late war with France. The inscriptions, however, on those triumphant memorials contain no account of the sums we are still paying for having waged it.

"The soldiers" and the "milk from the cow" do not at all clash in the minds of boyhood. The juvenile imagination ignores what it pleases, especially as its knowledge is not very great. It no more connects the idea of village massacre with guns and trumpets, than it supposes the fine scarlet coat capable of being ragged and dirty. Virgil may say something about ruined fields, and people compelled to fly for their lives; but this is only part of a "lesson," and the calamities but so many nouns and verbs. The maid-servants, and indeed the fair sex in general, till they become wives and mothers, enjoy the like happy exemption from ugly associations of ideas; and the syllabub is taken under the trees, with a delightful eye to the milk on one side, and the military show on the other.

The late Mr. West, the painter, was so pleased with this pastoral group of cows and milk-drinkers in the park, that he went out of the line of his art to make a picture of it.

A CEMETERY WITHOUT A MONUMENT.—The noblest of cemeteries is the ocean. Its poetry is, and in human language ever will be, unwritten—its elements of sublimity are subjects of feeling, not description.. Its record, like the reflections mirrored on its waveless bosom, cannot be transferred to paper. Its vastness—its eternal heavings—its majestic music in a storm, and its perils, are things of which I had endeavored a thousand times to conceive. But until I was on its mighty bosom, looking out upon its moving mountain waves, feeling that eternity was distant from me only the thickness of a single plank, I had tried in vain to feel and know the glories and grandeur of the sea. I there first felt what John of Patmos meant when he said of heaven—"*There shall be no more sea.*" But there is one element of moral sublimity which impressed my mind, and which I should be pleased if I could transfer, in all its vividness, to the minds of your readers. The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and all its slumberers sleep without a monument.

All other grave-yards, in all lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor. But in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all. The same requiem by the minstrelsy of ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storms beat and the same sun shines. And there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonoured, will sleep on, until awaked by the same trump, the sea will give up its dead.

I thought of sailing over the slumbering but devoted Cookman, who, after his brief but brilliant career, perished in the President. Over the laughter-loving Power, who went down in the same ill-fated vessel, we may have passed. In that cemetery sleeps the accomplished and pious Fisher; but where he, and thousands of others of the noble spirits of earth lie, none but God knoweth. No marble rises to point where the lover of the good and wise can come and shed the tear of sympathy. Who can tell where lie the tens of thousands of Africa's sons who perished in the "middle passage?" Yet that cemetery hath ornaments of which no other can boast. On no other are the heavenly orbs reflected in such splendor. Over no other is heard such noble melody. In no other are so many inimitable traces of the power and glory of Jehovah. Never can I forget my days and nights as I passed over this noblest of *cemeteries without a single monument.*—*Christian Intelligencer.*

INCREASED SUPPLY OF THE PRECIOUS METALS.—"*A good Time Coming.*"—The continual production of the precious metals from the Ural Mountains and elsewhere, is likely to have somewhat important effects on the value of the precious metals throughout the world. We need not put two much faith in the El Dorado of California; but it is exceedingly likely that Australia may prove as productive in the precious metals as it is ascertained to be in other metallic treasures. Gold in itself is utterly worthless, unless it stimulate to the increased production of corn, cotton, wool, oil, tallow, beef, mutton, and whatever else is necessary for the natural and artificial desires of man. But in the present age of the world, with its crowded populations, and its commercial activity, an increased supply of the precious metals cannot but have the effect of stimulating production all over the world. What with railroads, and a deficient supply of food and raw materials, we had come to a sort of stand-still; we seemed to have sunk all our capital, and to have lost our profitable productive power. But a concurrence of circumstances is inspiring the commercial world with fresh faith in the future. A general conviction is pervading all men's minds, that we must have a good year next year; and, as this expectation is based on three substantial facts—increased command over supplies of food, increased command over stores of raw materials, and an increasing command over the purchasing power, that is, a gradual accession to the store of precious metals in the world—we may look forward with some hope towards our next year's prospects. Even a continental war, though it would be disastrous, could not prevent a great commercial and trading revival.—["Manchester Guardian."

THE VANITY OF RICHES.—Money; Mammon worship. Not to make mention of this, one of the most frequent and most fatal of the fudges of life, would be a sad omission. Whatever may be said by romancing historians to the contrary, this certainly is the age of gold. The present is emphatically a money-getting, money-worshipping generation. Like the Israelites of old, we make to ourselves golden calves, and then bow down to and worship them; blindly mistaking are mankind to be self-fudged. One man, for instance, immures himself for life in the counting-house, adding up column after column of figures and stores of wealth, until his very soul dies within him, and he becomes a mere money-making machine—poor in the midst of his riches; quitting work, it may be, at last, only to feel how unfit he is for the rational enjoyment of life; and so lingers along in fretful disquietude, sighing for the miserable spirit of bondage which has become to him a second nature. Another, after having spent the prime of life in the same vain pursuit in some unhealthy climes, returns, with diseased liver, worse still, a diseased mind, to his native land, just in time to die, leaving his hard-gotten wealth to some thankless strange relation. The *millionaire*, if he be a mere man of money, is as poor, as much to be pitied, as the merest beggar, who in our crowded streets exists from day to day on the chance alms of passers-by.—*The Philosophy of Fudge—Illuminated Magazine.*

MAN'S FOOD.—What do men really live upon? The answer will be various enough. The Guacho, who in the wide pampas of Buenos Ayres, managing his half wild horse with incredible dexterity, throws the lasso or bolas to catch the ostrich, the guanaco, or the wild bull, consumes daily from two to twelve pounds of meat, and regards it as a high feast day when in any hiciendа he gains a variety in the shape of a morsel of pumpkin. The word bread does not exist in his vocabulary. The Irishman, on the other hand, regales himself in careless mirth on his "potatoes and point," after a day of painful labour, he who cannot help making a joke even of the name he gives to his scanty meal. Meat is a strange idea to him, and he is happy indeed if four times a year he can add a herring to season the mealy tubers. The hunter of the prairies lays low the buffalo with sure bullet; and its juicy, fat-streaked hump, roasted between two hot stones, is to him the greatest of delicacies. Meanwhile, the industrious Chinese carries to market his carefully fattened rats, delicately arranged upon white sticks, certain to find a good customer among the epicures of Pekin; and in his hot smoky hut, fast buried beneath the snow and ice, the Greenlander consumes his fat, which he has just carved, rejoicing over the costly prize, from a stranded whale. Here the black slave sucks the sugar cane, and eats his banana; there the African merchant fills his wallet with sweet dates, his sole sustenance in the long desert journey; and there the Siamese crams himself with a quantity of rice, from which an European would shrink appalled. And, wheresoever over the whole inhabited earth we approach and demand hospitality, in almost every little spot a different kind of food is set before us, and the "daily bread" offered in another form.—[The Plant, a Biography, by Schleiden.

A SHIP AMONG ICEBERGS.—It is impossible to convey a correct idea of the beauty, the magnificence, of some of the scenes through which we passed. Thousands of the most grosteque, fanciful and beautiful icebergs, and icefields surrounded us on all sides, intersected by numerous serpentine canals, which glittered in the sun (for the weather was fine all the time we were in the straights) like threads of silver twining round ruined palaces of crystal. The masses assumed every variety of form and size, and many of them bore such a striking resemblance to cathedrals, churches, columns, arches, and spires that I could almost fancy we had been transported to one of the floating cities of fairyland. The rapid motion, too, of our ship, in what appeared a dead calm, added much to the magical effect of the scene. A light but steady breeze urged her along, with considerable velocity, through a maze of ponds and canals, which from the immense quantity of ice that surrounded them, were calm and unruffled as the surface of a mill-pond.—Not a sound disturbed the delightful stillness of nature, save the gentle rippling of the vessel's bow, as she sped on her way, or the occasional puffing of a lazy whale, awakened from a nap by our unceremonious intrusion on his domains. Now and then, however, my reveries were disagreeably interrupted by the ship coming into sudden contact with large lumps of ice. This happened occasionally when we arrived at the termination of one of those natural canals through which we passed, and found it necessary to force our way into the next. The concussions were sometimes very severe, and even made the ship's bell ring; but we heeded this little, as the vessel was provided with huge blocks of timber on her bows, called ice-pieces, and was besides built expressly for sailing in the northern seas. It only became annoying at meal-times, when a spoonful of soup would sometimes make a little private excursion of its own, over the shoulder of the owner instead of into his mouth. As we proceeded, the ice became more closely packed; and at last compelled us to bore through it. The ship, however, was never altogether detained, though much retarded. I recollect, while thus surrounded, filling a bucket with water from a pool of ice, to see whether it was fresh or not, as I had been rather sceptical upon this point. It was excellent, and might almost compete with the water from the famous spring of Crawley.—*Ballantyne's Hudson's Bay.*

IMAGINATION.—When we first enter on the theatre of the world, and begin to notice the objects that surround us, young imagination heightens every scene, and the warm heart expands to all around it. The happy benevolence of our feelings prompts us to believe that everybody is good, and excites our wonder why everybody is not happy. We are fired with indignation at the recital of an act of injustice, and at the unfeeling vices of which we are told. At a tale of distress our tears flow a full tribute to pity. At a deed of virtue, our heart unfolds, our soul aspires; we bless the action, and feel ourselves the doer. As we advance in life, imagination is compelled to relinquish a part of her sweet delirium; we are led reluctantly to truth through the paths of experience; and the objects of our fond attention are viewed with a severer eye. Here an altered scene appears—frowns, where late were smiles; deep shades, where late was sunshine; mean passions, or disgusting apathy, stain the features of the principal figures. We turn indignant from a prospect so miserable, and court again the sweet illusions of our early days; but ah! they are fled for ever! Constrained, therefore, to behold objects in their more genuine forms, their deformity is by degrees less painful to us. The fine touch of moral susceptibility by frequent irritation becomes callous; and too frequently we mingle with the world, till we are added to the number of its votaries.—*Mrs Radcliffe.*

THE NEW SHAH OF PERSIA.—We have already announced the death at Teheran, of Mahommed Shah, the sovereign of Persia, and the proclamation, on the 13th of September, at Tabriz, of the heir apparent, holding there the government of Azerbidgan, as successor to his father's throne, under the title of Nessered-Deen-Shah. The youthful monarch took his departure for Teheran, on the morning of the 18th, accompanied by Mr. Abbott, the British Consul at Teheran, and M. Gousell, attached to the Russian mission thereat, under an armed escort of no less than 10,000 cavalry, 7000 infantry, and 24 pieces of artillery, whose services were secured by a loan of £10,000, raised chiefly through the influence of Mr. Stevens, her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Tabriz, in the brief space of forty-eight hours, among the Greek and Armenian merchants, the people of which latter sect, by special firman of the New Sovereign, have been placed under Mr. Stevens' immediate consular protection, a compliment of no small importance, when it is considered that they number nearly 80,000 souls. Accounts have been received of his Majesty's timely arrival in Teheran, at a moment when Hadji Mirza Agass, the late King's Prime Minister, was busily engaged in forming a party to place a junior brother upon the throne, to the detriment of the heir apparent, who on his accession very prudently appointed to the premiership Mirza Taki, late Persian commissioner at the conferences of Erzeroom regarding the frontier question between Persia and Turkey. This unusually quiet accession of a new Sovereign to the throne of Persia is, at a time when the political horizon of India is unexpectedly clouded, a matter of no small moment to the British Crown, whose influence at the court of Persia will, we trust be maintained.

THE RETURN FROM INDIA.—There is something strange in a company of returning Indians. Englishmen all, yet mostly ignorant of England, and asking many child-like questions about their country. We had one bitterly cold night on the voyage, which elicited many inquiries as to whether it was not always as cold in England; whereas the day we landed at Southampton happening to be one of the most oppressive of the season, they remarked with astonishment that England was as hot as India. All the wonders of the railway were new to them; and during the interval of delay at the custom-house they went *en masse* to see a train start for London. At Malta a moss-rose was received on board, and handed round as a souvenir and an earnest of home. "I have not seen a moss-rose for twenty years," said one; "I not for thirty," exclaimed another. But what was it that recalled most vividly to their minds the recollection of their native land? Was it the hawthorn hedge and the daisy covered meadow, the oak wood and the spire among the trees? No. As the children of Israel in the wilderness remembered the flesh-pots of Egypt rather than the green palm-trees and the flowing Nile, so here it was the *bread and butter.* Many a time as they had spread the half-melted ghee over their bread, they had thought of the sweet fresh butter of childhood.—["Fergnson's Eastern Trave's."

MUNIFICENT BEQUEST.—In addition to the bequest of £10,000 by Lady Murray to the Middlesex Hospital, a retired physician in Dublin has bequeathed one-third of all his property, which is expected to realize £60,000, to the cancer ward of that institution.

IMPERIAL FAMILY OF CHINA.—It has been found necessary to make alterations in the succession of the Princes of the Blood, who from generation to generation will descend gradually in rank, till they finally become mixed with the people. The posterity of the imperial clan is so numerous, and has branched off in such an extraordinary manner, that many of the noble scions who claim their descent from the imperial house, are no better off than menials, receiving but a small stipend. A great grandson of Kang-he is a servant, and many other individuals have scarcely the wages of coolies. If their numbers are not reduced by the above sliding scale, they will finally be so great as to absorb the whole revenue of the Imperial house. The young men belonging to this privileged class are moreover very proud, and frequently give rise to quarrels by their aggressive and insolent behaviour, thus occasioning much sorrow to their imperial kinsman. Hence they have been kept under very great constraint, and often punished with undue severity.—*China Mail.*

GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION OF AUSTRALIA.—Glance at a chart of the world, and see how very conveniently situated Australia is for trade and commerce. With a sea-coast of nearly 8000 miles, all indented at regular intervals with a vast number of safe, large, and commodious harbours, partly in the torrid zone and partly in the temperate zone, Australia is in the very centre of the busy world. In Java, the Mauritius, and the Philippine Islands, our sugar is manufactured; China produces our tea and silk; in India our rice is raised; in Ceylon our coffee. And these islands and countries in return will find it their interest to open a market for the sale of our surplus productions. We are no great distance, only about a month's sail, from the western coast of America.—["Rev. D. Mackenzie's Guide."

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S ESTIMATE OF THE GOSPEL.—The Gospel possesses a secret energy, an unutterable efficacy, a warmth which acts on the understanding, and charms the heart. In meditating upon it, one feels as when surveying the heavens. The gospel is not a book; it is a living intelligence, which has an action, a power, that seizes and bears away all opposition. Here it lies on this table—the book of books. (Here the Emperor reverentially touched it.) I am not weary of reading it, and it always gives me the same delight.—["From General Bertrand's Memoirs of Napoleon at St. Helena, cited in the Semeur." Paris 1844. P. 158.

CHLORIDE OF LIME.—We would impress upon the public the paramount necessity for a more general use of chloride of lime in all sick rooms. It not only acts as a safeguard in contageous disorders, but entirely destroys the unhealthiness of the atmosphere, which is more or less attendant upon invalid apartments. It is well known that cholera, typhus fever, &c., are always more severe and fatal when the atmosphere is impure, and many disorders are made contagious by a want of attention to this important fact. A medical man says, that he has seen the most virulent diseases, which threatened to spread through whole districts, checked in their bud by the free use of this most simple agent. About a pound of the powdered chloride should be put into two gallons of water, to stand in the sick room, and a small quantity of the solution occasionally sprinkled about. Drains, cesspools, &c., the nucleus of most diseases, might, by having chloride thrown into them, be rendered perfectly harmless.

THE MAN WITH MANY WIVES.—At the New Court, London, on Friday, Henry Brammell, surgeon, pleaded guilty to marrying Eliza Tinley, his first wife being alive. The second wife, who was in court, and in such a dreadful state of mental and bodily suffering that she was compelled to be brought in a chair, said that the prisoner lived with her three months after his marriage, and had nearly ever since been at sea. She had seen him when at home, and he had sent her money when away.—Since their marriage he had sold her furniture, plate, linen, and all she possessed. Two other indictments—one for marrying Emma Georgina Rose, at Calcutta, on the 13th of October, 1847, and another for marrying Hannah Amelia Bland, in September last, at Liverpool, he pleaded guilty to. The Recorder then said, upon the first indictment he should sentence him to seven years' transportation, and, commenting upon the second indictment, added, that it was not under ordinary circumstances that the Court was called upon to pass sentence upon a second indictment. He should avail himself of the discretion the act allowed, and sentence the prisoner to seven years' transportation upon the second indictment; the second sentence to commence at the termination of the first.—*London paper.*

The infant and the man of eighty are strikingly alike; both are forgetful, indiscreet, and what is styled childish; the more man advances in years the more their affinity is apparent. The commencement and the end of animal existence touch, or nearly run into each other. The extinction of the vital spark at length approaches—hoary, venerable age then drops into the grave, as little terrified, and with as little perception of death, as infancy drops into the world unconscious of its existence.

SHERBROOKE PAIL FACTORY.—Among the manufactories recently introduced into Sherbrooke, is that of a very extensive establishment for making pails, buckets, &c. The works cover upwards of an acre of land. Pine plank, 4 inches in thickness, are delivered from the saw-mill on a rail road, and conveyed to an adjoining building to a bolting saw, which cuts them into blocks 10 inches in length.—The blocks are then conveyed to the stave machine, where one man and two boys saw from ten to twelve thousand staves per day. The staves are then taken to the drying kiln, a building, 30 by 40 feet. When dried they are conveyed to another building, 40 by 80. Here they are set up, turned smooth outside and in, bottomed, hooped, and bailed. One man makes the bottoms, inserts them, and hoops and bails about 200 per day. The pails are then taken to the finishing loft, painted and packed for market.

It is intended to manufacture 100,000 pails per annum. This will require 500,000 feet of pine lumber, about 18 tons of hoop iron and four tons of wire for bails, and give employment to 25 hands; taking the plank as delivered from the saw-mill. The success of the undertaking must depend upon sales in the English market, to which it is intended to ship the pails.—The factory is now engaged in making sap buckets, samples of which may be seen in most of the stores in the town-ships. It is said they meet a ready sale.—*Quebec Gazette.*

MOST PRAISEWORTHY.—The will of James Taylor, late of Newport, Kentucky, has, we understand, been set aside, agreeably to the wish of the heirs and legatees, and an equitable division of the immense property left by the General, has been made in a way satisfactory to all parties.

There is one act of the survivors of the family of General Taylor, in council, that deserves especial notice, as most noble and generous. The heirs determined, without a dissenting voice, to make free the slaves belonging to the estate, about forty in number, with provision for the support of the aged and the young children! All praise is due for this just and proper act of emancipation; and it will meet its reward here and hereafter. The example itself will exert a salutary influence in the State of Kentucky.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*