

# The Weekly Gleaner.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

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## THE GARLAND.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO SISTERS.  
[The following tender verses are by Colonel ALEXANDER, of Calcutta.]

One stalk two little tendrils bore,  
Around one stem they twined;  
The infant shoots the ruder west-tore,  
And spread them to the wind.  
Call'd from the wreck their sad remains,  
Within one grave repose;  
Alithe exempt from present pains,  
And safe from future woes.  
Earth has its due: to heav'n above  
Their gentle spirits rise,  
And angels chink with songs of love,  
Their welcome to the skies.

## I CANNOT CALL THEE FAIR, MY CHILD.

BY J. HAYNES BAILEY, Esq.  
I cannot call thee fair, my child,  
I cannot call thee fair,  
Unless a perfect form and face  
Be joined to gifts more rare:  
If to thy features blameless thought  
The boasted charm impart,  
I'll own that thou art beautiful,  
And press thee to my heart.  
I cannot call thee eloquent,  
Nor listen with delight  
Like some, who deem that ruby lips  
Are ever in the right;  
But if from truth's integrity  
Thy accents ne'er depart,  
I'll own that thou art eloquent,  
And press thee to my heart.  
I cannot call thee fortunate,  
E'en though I see thee count  
Thy worldly treasure o'er and o'er,  
And boast of the amount;  
But if the friendless of thy store  
May claim an ample part,  
I'll own that thou art fortunate,  
And press thee to my heart.

## THE MISCELLANIST.

ULTRA OPINIONS ON EMIGRATION.—There are persons by whom emigration is held in such extreme horror, that they view even the voluntary emigration of individuals with dislike and alarm; and there are others, again, who believe that the only panacea for all the troubles and difficulties of the country is to stimulate the too languid tendency to emigration by parliamentary bounties. There are two classes of reasoners, and both are right. They may, however, by possibility, both be wrong, and we therefore think it our duty to devote a few words to the subject. The first class are contradicted by the uniform testimony of history, and the plain and obvious conclusions of reason. The true declension of a nation is the decline of the vigour of its people. It indisposes and unfits for enterprises which require boldness and energy. A languishing population clings to the soil which birth has entitled, and habit qualified, it to occupy. But a nation is sound at heart in proportion to the number of its people who would roam rather than endure the suffering, encounter the danger, or forego the advantages, which emigration always seems to promise. There is no instance of a flourishing colony having sprung from a nation which had fallen into decay.—The dying oak does not give forth the acorns which germinate, but it is encircled by the ivy which clings. The policy of the second class is, we think, extremely doubtful. The legislature ought not, it is at least certain, to adopt a permanent system of policy with reference to the exigencies or the sufferings of a particular season. It ought to be satisfied that the population of Great Britain is, or threatens to become, too numerous for the means of profitable employment, before it consents to encourage emigration: it ought to know that the people whom it might induce to abandon their native country, would probably by doing so better their condition, and it ought to take abundant care that the emigration it facilitates shall be no other than a voluntary emigration, a condition we imagine incompatible with the grant of parochial authorities of the power of sending their pauper population to the colonies. In an empire like that of Great Britain, it can scarcely be necessary or prudent for the government directly to interfere to adjust the balance of population between the mother country and the colonies. Let all the inducement to emigration be presented which the good government of the colonies, and the judicious appropriation of their unoccupied land, can afford. Let positive checks of every kind to the transit of capital and numbers be at once removed. It may then be reasonably expected, that with our present facilities of communication, the redundant capital and population of the mother country will find in the colonies a safe, easy, and profitable outlet, without any special interposition of the legislature.—*London Morning Post.*

DEPTFORD DOCK-YARD.—The establishment of this ancient and celebrated naval arsenal is nearly broken up, and the change it has made in Deptford is very apparent from the number of unemployed hands and empty houses. Most of the artificers and petty officers have been discharged or superannuated, with the exception of about one hundred and fifty, who have been drafted into the dock yards of Plymouth, Chatham, Pembroke, and others. The boatswain of the yard is the only officer who still holds his station, which he vacates as soon as the Worcester, a frigate of thirty guns, now under the operation of coppering, shall be launched.—This, it is expected, will take place in about a month. The extensive range of buildings forming the left side of the yard are now occupied by a strong body of Marines, several hundreds in number. Deptford is, however, to be the rendezvous for the Royal yachts, and will still be used as a repairing and store-yard for the Navy; and we believe it is intended to permit merchant vessels to repair here. This dock was one of the earliest in England, and is the scene of many remarkable events. It was founded by Henry VIII. at the commencement of his reign, who erected a storehouse for the Royal Navy. In 1516, Sir Thomas Spert, commander of the great ship Henry Grace Dieu,

here founded the patriotic and benevolent Trinity Society. Queen Elizabeth, in 1591, visited Drake at Deptford, after his return from his voyage round the world, and conferred on him the honour of Knighthood. In 1688, Peter the Great of Russia, worked in the dock yard as a ship-wright. It consists of two wet docks—one, two acres in extent, the other one and a half; with all the requisite outbuildings and storehouses for a great naval arsenal. Vessels of minor class, as small frigates, sloops of war, and bomb-ships, have been constructed here, though many stately vessels have issued from its slips, amongst which are the Windsor Castle and Neptune, of ninety guns each; the Bombay, 70; and the Queen Charlotte, 110. The alterations and removals which we have stated have already caused a material depression in trade along the banks of the river, and it is also conjectured will materially affect the several parishes where the discharged ship-wrights and labourers resided.

MR. HUME.—Were there any public character whom above every other we would present to the administration of his country for political consistency, disinterested candour, and uncompromising honour, we could not hesitate to name Joseph Hume. When ministers are wrong, he does not spare them—when they are right, he never withholds from their conduct his meed of praise. The *John Bull* has no doubt with its characteristic sincerity, attempted to misquote and misrepresent him, and we do not doubt that those of our readers who have never had the pleasure of hearing his *in propria persona* may have conceived rather an humble opinion of his abilities, from the gross misrepresentations which a scurrilous political hack of the press may have made with regard to him; but it is only necessary to go to the House of Commons in order to be corrected in an error so unfounded. His speeches are manly, correct, and in general chaste. They are always to the purpose, and always striking. He is uniformly listened to with attention, and ministers always manifest their conviction of his power as an antagonist. He is to be seen in his proper light when a question of finance is before the House. He is surrounded with enormous quantities of documents of all kinds; and when the Chancellor of Exchequer proceeds in his different statements and brings before the House the various items of expenditure and income, which he runs over with incredible celerity, Mr. Hume in a single moment detects the slightest misstatement, and starts up, armed by stubborn facts, to contradict and overturn it. No one who sees him upon such occasions can ever doubt of his being an able man, and a most effective speaker. He has devoted his life to the unrequited service of the country; he labours day and night, with the assistance of five clerks entirely supported from his own private purse, in the financial affairs of the nation; and he is by far the most useful unpaid member of the House of Commons.—*Edinburgh Week. Chron.*

ROME, MARCH 17.—The day before yesterday the Pope held a Secret Consistory in the Vatican. His Holiness nominated nineteen Bishops for all parts of the world. On the same day he raised to the dignity of Cardinal, 1st, Thomas Weld, born at London, 23d January, 1773, Bishop of Amyolea, in *patibus*; 2d, Mr. Raphael Mazie, a native of Rome; 3d, M. de Simone, of Benetum. His Holiness announced that he kept in *pelle* the names of eight Cardinals who would soon be created.

The following is the speech of the Pope on the creation of the new Cardinals:—

"Venerable brothers.—We doubt not that we shall this day do something that will give you great pleasure, by elevating to your rank distinguished men, who, on account of their virtues, and the services they have rendered to the church and to the Holy See, have appeared to us worthy to receive the rank of Cardinal.—First of all we name the venerable Thomas Weld, Bishop of Amyolea, the coadjutor of the Bishop of Kingston, in Upper Canada. Of noble descent, and allied to the first families of England, he possessed a father, who, with other excellent qualities, was distinguished for piety, liberality, and who received and supported spiritual fathers whom the calamities of the times had driven from their country (religious viros calamitate temporum e patriis vicibus expulsos, i. e. the Jesuits,) and gave them a spacious house, in which a great number of distinguished youths of Catholic families in England are educated in religion and morality; and instructed in the most excellent manner in science and literature. But the charitable piety of his excellent father did not stop here. He built a new convent for the monks of La Trappe, who came from France to England, and a house for the Salesian nuns, in which two of his daughters took the veil. (M. Weld, who has a third daughter, married, if we are not mistaken, to M. Clifford.) He besides amply provided several churches with the means of celebrating divine service. In imitating this unbounded liberality of his father, whose memory will be immortal, the venerable Thomas, Bishop of Amyolea, spared no expense in promoting the increase, the interest, and the dignity of the Catholic religion, which was next his heart, and in relieving the indigent. For this and other merits, we resolve with greater pleasure on elevating him to your rank, that we may give new occasion to rejoice to all the Catholics of England, who are happy in the milder laws lately passed respecting them, an event for which we return thanks to our Lord Jesus Christ, the author of all good."

Many of the Russian females, even of a good class, are more fond of ornament than of personal cleanliness, and it is no uncommon thing to see a hand loaded with rings, which perhaps might be fair, if not begrimed with dirt.

[Extract from the Log-book of an Emigrant proceeding to the Swan River, dated Cape of Good Hope, Dec. 10, 1829.]

October 14th, in nine degrees, fell in with a shoal of sharks, which played round the vessel, to the annoyance of the sailors, who are rather superstitious, and consider such visitors as ominous of evil, and which indeed proved too true. At mid day all the gentlemen were busily employed (it being a dead calm) in baiting hooks to catch sharks, and one of them soon took the bait. Lamentable result! A general shout of victory was given, and the line was let run stern. The fish was full 18 feet in length, and it foundering to disentangle itself, caused so much sport, that several passengers, eager and headstrong, crowded into the Captain's boat, which hung suspended by the quarter davits over the stern of the ship. Suddenly they all got to the head of the boat to see the shark hauled under the stern of the vessel, struggling with the line. In a moment the quarter davit on the starboard side of the vessel broke off, and let one end of the boat down, precipitating every soul in it into the sea among the sharks. Here was a scene of horror and confusion! The Captain was in the midships when it happened. I was busily employed at my text, under the tuition of the boatswain, but like the rest, when the shark was caught, left my occupation to witness the sport, but Providence guided me to a point of safety. I got over the ship's side and placed myself in the mizen chains. The boatswain slung himself by a rope, and lowered himself to the surface of the water, with the harpoon in his hand, ready to strike the fish at the very instant the accident happened. Young Williams followed me, but not satisfied with the view, he hastily climbed up the side of the poop cabin, and was the last that jumped into the unlucky boat, and made up the number of twelve persons struggling in the sea among these fish of prey. Our Captain was almost beside himself when he jumped up on the poop. There was no time for thought—all hands commenced throwing out ropes, loose spars, oars, and every buoyant article we could lay hands on for them to cling to. Fortunately it was a dead calm, or every soul must have perished; our vessel only drifted by the little current of the sea. I saved one lad by throwing over a knife-board which the cabin boy had been using; my man Hibberd threw over an Indian mat. Master Shaw, a young gentleman, about 13, got upon it, and was three miles astern of us before we could reach him with the boat, which was instantly manned and launched. I saved Mr. Earl's footman, who could swim, but was so exhausted from fear of the sharks, that he was sinking, when I dragged the line the shark was attached to across his face, and he had the presence of mind to put the cord between his teeth, when I hauled within reach of a rope with a loop, which he contrived to get one of his legs through, and thus clung, three or four of us hauled him safe up. Mr. Peter Swadwell was also most actively employed; he has been in the East India Company's service and is a brother of the Vice Chancellor of England, a pleasant companion of mine—in short after half an hour's exertion all were saved but two. I lament to say that Williams was one of the unfortunate. I saw him sink to rise no more. He had hold of an oar but lost his balance; he slipped, and actually hung his arms around the captured shark (which was now pulled up to the surface of the water) to save himself, but when he found out that he had hold of it he was so horror struck he called me by name, "Oh, my God! my God! witness my end!" and down he sank to rise no more. Also a fine healthy country boy, whom my friend Lukin had taken as an apprentice, with another brother from the parish of Dover; the surviving brother suffered much more than I can describe. These two lives were lost to answer the confirmation of the sailors' omen, that sharks always prognosticate signs of death or some evils to the ship; thus it proved. This indeed was a tragic day. The fish, line and all drifted away, and we all returned thanks to God for allowing us to save the other ten.—*Litchfield Mercury.*

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.—By the Standing Orders of the House, two hundred years ago, every Member not in his place, at the hour appointed for the commencement of business, was fined one shilling; and every Member absenting himself for the entire day, was fined five shillings. At this statement Honourable Members of the present day laugh. "Despite not the day of small things," said the proverb; and although the Honourable House now laughs at shilling fines upon its honourable inattention, probably the aggregate payment of three thousand pounds per month (which the above fines would amount to) would make it laugh on the other side of its honourable mouth. But taking the attendance in Parliament this month as a fair average specimen of Parliamentary attendance in general, a fourth month's Session would produce £12,480; and reckoning seven Sessions in each Parliament, the sum total of these "paltry shilling fines" would be £87,350!—This would be a very pretty dab of money, and if the Honourable House did not know what to do with it, perhaps Mr. Hume would be kind enough to hint to them that it would nicely cover the cost of printing the votes of the Honourable House, and more that it be applied thereto accordingly.—*Morning Herald.*

A meeting of the friends to the London Society for the improvement and encouragement of Female Servants, was held at the London Tavern on the 23d, when a report was read, from which it appeared that since the Society was formed, and which was instituted in 1813, to promote the moral and religious improvement of domestic servants, by rewards in money and books for trustworthy and correct conduct in their situations, £5,377, had been distributed in rewards, besides 40,000 Tracts, 1,300 Bibles, &c. The receipts last year were £785 12s 6d, and the balance in hand was now 761 4s.

COUNT OF KING'S BENCH.—Westminster, April 21.

A HUSBAND'S LIABILITY.—Rowland v. Gargrave.—This action was brought by a jeweller in Coventry-street, against the defendant, a solicitor, in Leicester-place, and the object was to recover £168., being the balance of a bill for £229, for plate, trinkets, and jewellery goods; all of which, with the exception of a musical or-molu clock, had been ordered by the defendant's wife, as it was alleged, without his authority. Evidence was produced that the plaintiff had offered to trust Mrs. Gargrave with a diamond ring, valued at twelve guineas, and which formed one of the items of the bill. A variety of plate was also charged; and a nephew of the defendant's, and his man servant, stated that no new plate had been brought into the house. Until this transaction, it appeared that the defendant had allowed his wife £10 a fortnight for housekeeping, and £10 a quarter for dress, besides presents. Lord Tenterden observed, that a tradesman was not justified in trusting a wife on the credit of her husband, unless for such articles as he might reasonably believe the wife had the authority of her husband to order. If it were otherwise, any man might be ruined by his wife; and his lordship said, that he was one of those who thought that the facility with which credit was given by tradesmen in the metropolis to the young, and to indiscreet of all ages, was one of the greatest evils prevalent in it. He then recapitulated the evidence, and left the case to the jury.—Verdict for the plaintiff for the whole amount of the demand.—*Allas.*

From the New-York "Irish Shield," for May.

## ORIGINAL PATCHWORK.

"We will make a brief of it in our note-book."—*S. A. S.*  
BONNOROUS BOOKS.—The celebrated author of *Amos*, *Meredith*, (*Herbert*, *Voltaire*) used to tell his friends that he learned more from *barrow* books than from his own, "because," added he, "I committed their contents with greater care to the memory."

INSPIRATION.—The famous Bossuet asserted that he could always, when necessity required it, kindle the flame of inspiration at the lamp of a favourite author. It was, we are told by his biographer, the custom of the eloquent author of the *Universal History*, before he began to compose a sermon, to read a chapter in *Ishai*, and another in *Rodriguez's* *Tract* on *Christian Perfection*, and the former never failed to fire the latent energies of his genius, nor the latter to call forth the noblest emotions of the heart.

The Italian painter, Domenichino, who excelled in correctness of style, and in the speaking expression of the passions and affections of the mind, could never prevail upon to handle his pencil until he found his mind warmed by the glowing enthusiasm of inspiration.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.—A beautiful woman can do more than exert powerful influence over the masculine heart; by her charms she can disarm philosophy, and lead away its votaries into the mazy labyrinths of passion. To win the affections of a gifted and graceful female, is the highest summit of man's ambition; but while he devotes himself so intently to the pursuit of fading and inconstant beauty, which may only shine like a falling star, for a moment on his attentions, and leave behind a trace of its feeble brilliancy, why should he forget a Mother's affection, which neither change of fortune nor length of absence can estrange from him? Her solicitude, either in prosperity or adversity, always accompanies us, like a good genius; our ills are softened in her heart—it is embalm'd in her sympathies, and it returns absolutely in her feelings. There no rival can supplant the child; from thence the stream of maternal attachment cannot be diverted by time or circumstance. "Heaven," says an eloquent writer, "has impregnated the mother's face something beyond this world—something which claims kinship with the skies. The angelic smile, the tender look, the winking watchful eye which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe. These are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can touch; which, as they fade to exist, with the most eloquent tongue, can vainly would enlunge. The heart of man can alone paint the picture. Maternity! ecstatic sound, so twined round our hearts that they must cease to throb ere we forget it! 'tis our first love; 'tis part of our religion; Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are, first, uplifted to it,—we cling to it in manhood; we almost worship it in old age."

AMOUR.—The innumerable instances which we might adduce to prove that a mother's love for her child is the strongest and the most ardent of the nobler passions which predominate in the human breast, we will detail in our own language, a well known anecdote of the Princess Matilda of England, who was accused of consubstantial infidelity by her husband, the King of Denmark.

CAROLINA MATILDA, QUEEN OF DENMARK.—It is known to the readers of history that this princess, who was sister to the late King of England, and consort of Christian VII., was accused of having an amorous intrigue with Count Stenensee, the prime minister of her husband. As the historians are not agreed in pronouncing her guilty of the charge of conjugal infidelity preferred by her enemies against her, we shall not interfere with the conflicting opinions that have been published on her conduct; but briefly observe, that her supposed paramour suffered death, and that she was herself imprisoned some months in the fortified castle of Cronenberg. During her confinement there, she inhabited the governor's apartment, and had permission to walk along the ramparts of the towers. Her mind was greatly afflicted, as she knew that nothing but the urgent interposition of her brother could avert her impending fate, as her enemies, among whom was the Queen Dowager, were strong, influential, and actuated with the most inveterate malice against her. At length, the English minister, by his strenuous and spirited intercession, succeeded in obtaining an order for her liberation. After procuring it, he waited on the queen, to announce to her that she was free: she received the welcome and unexpected news with such transports of joy, that she embraced him; and bursting into a flood of tears, she called him her friend and deliverer.

While engaged in the conference, the minister informed her that a British ship was in readiness to bear her away from a country in which she experienced such afflictions, privations, and distracting misfortunes. But however anxious she was to depart, one circumstance damped the flame of her joy with the tears of grief. A few months before her imprisonment she had been delivered of a princess, whom she loved with the most maternal affection, because suckled by herself. In nursing and tending this child, she experienced in the solitude of her confinement a solace and a delight that divested misery of its thorns, and lightened the burden of captivity. To separate from the dear object of her affection was greater misery to her feelings than if she were suffering under the torture of the rack. The infant was at that period afflicted with the measles, so that the mother resolved not to withdraw her care and attention from it for any consideration; she felt that her bosom would experience more rapture in tending her darling child, and keeping her fond vigil over it, than in participating in the pleasures of a court.—But just as she had formed this resolution, the royal physicians came with an order to remove the child to the palace; on their showing it to her, she became almost frantic with grief and agony of feeling; nothing could be more affecting than her pathetic manner of bidding adieu to her little darling: it was a scene of heart-breaking anguish which language cannot describe.

At length having to yield to imperative authority, and after bestowing repeated caresses on her beloved offspring, she was borne away to the vessel in a state of mental distraction.  
On coming on board, the officers endeavoured to prevail upon her to go down into the cabin, but in vain; she insisted on staying upon deck, where she could feast her eyes with a view of the palace that contained her little fondling; she continued to gaze upon the towers of the palace with a sadly-pleasing pleasure, until darkness enveloped them in its dusky veil, and prevented her any longer from sojourn her soul in all the luxury of woe. The vessel having made but little way during the night, at day-break she observed, with thrilling sensations of melancholy delight, that the palace was still visible; on which she again fixed her eyes, with a fond tenacity of gaze that nothing could divert, while the faintest glimpse of the city of Copenhagen was discernible. Shortly after this heart-rending perishing, the princess Matilda died of a broken heart, in Zell, in Germany.

## EXTRACT FROM MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON.

It was, probably, during one of the vacancies of 1800, that the boyish love for his young cousin, Miss Parker, to which he attributes the glory of having first inspired him with poetry, took possession of his fancy. "My first dash into poetry," he says, "was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker (daughter and granddaughter of the two Admirals Parker), one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings.—I have long forgotten the verses, but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes—her long eyelashes—her complexion—Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve—the rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sister Augusta (by some thought still more beautiful) died of the same malady; and it was, indeed, in attending to her that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her own death. My sister told me that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret coloured, through the paleness of mortality, to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister, who (residing with her grandmother, Lady Holderness, and seeing but little of me, for family reasons) knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness, being at Harrow and in the country, till she was gone. Some years after I made an attempt at an elegy, a very dull one. I do not recollect, scarcely any thing equal to the transparent beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow—all beauty and peace. My passion had its usual effects upon me—I could not sleep—I could not eat—I could not rest—and, although I had reason to know that she loved me, it was the texture of my life to think of the time which must elapse before we could meet again—being usually about twelve hours of separation! But I was a fool then, and am not much wiser now."

THE POSTMAN.—With what anxiety do we not listen to the hurried knock of the postman! How multifarious are the feelings which he can call forth! Hope and fear, love and rage, pleasure and despair, all attend his steps; not is it possible for any other single individual to influence the feelings of an equal number of persons; for all ranks, and sexes, and all ages, yield to his magical sound. The rosy school-boy listens with breathless anxiety, and flies to tear open the welcome letter, which tells him the day, that shall release him from the restraints of school, and fold him in the arms of a loving and beloved mother. To this happy age it is seldom that the postman is not a welcome visitor; but it is not with childhood only that he deposits his freight of happiness: often does he confer competence and long sought for enjoyment on the anxious father of a dependent family; light up the features of an affectionate sister with delight, while she reads of the increasing fame of a brother, perhaps the companion of her infancy; or excite those heavenly sympathies in the maternal heart, that endearing tenderness which transcends all other affections, which none but mothers know, none but mothers feel. Happy would it be if his unravelling knock was always the harbinger of such hallowed feelings; but, callous as the iron he strikes, he too frequently brings desolation where all before was cheerfulness; he tells of friends that are faithless, lovers that are false, creditors that are inexorable, children that are parentless, & parents that are childless.—*Bijou.*

FASHION.—The Editor of the New-York Equivour, who seems to possess a good deal of taste in many matters, particularly in those which relate to dress, thus speaks of a recent change in the apparel of the ladies of that city:

"The fashion of the present dress at the present era, is uncommonly chaste and simple. A few years ago—say, even one year ago—fiances were elevated on fiances—flowers stood on the top of flowers—ribbons and bands—all—all contributed to make a female look like one of those creatures whose plumage is eternally in a hurricane state. Now all is changed. Not a flourish is to be seen; the skirt of the habillment is simple, chaste and elegant; the bust is equally free from crowded ornament; and the *Dunstable* is without a flower or spear of grass. We like all this amazingly. Walking dresses should be uncommonly plain. The vulgar taste of dressing for the Promenade, the Park, the Battery, the Gardens, or shopping in Broadway, with as much finery and splendour as if it were for a birthday ball is happily disappearing."

EPITAPH.—Next to the famous epitaph on the tomb of Leonidas at Thermopylae, that to be seen over the grave of Pash-ma-ta-ha, the Indian Chief who died at Washington a few years ago, is to our taste, the most deliciously simple, characteristic and expressive. That of Leonidas, "Stop stranger! You tread on the ashes of a Hero!" was the fruit of a Philosopher's study; poor Pash-ma-ta-ha's is simply the last words he ever spoke—"When I am gone, fire the big guns over me." Had learning and genius been invoked to the task, we question if they could have acquitted themselves so happily.—*New York Gazette.*

Handwritten signature: Mrs. J. B. ...