The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No 1525.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1847.

VOL. XX.—NO. 24.

The Observer,

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

NEW GOODS.

Fall Importations!

ALBION HOUSE, King-Street.

THE Subscribers have received per *Lion* from Clyde, part of their Fall Importations,—consisting of

Gala Plaids, Britannia CLOAKINGS,
Maude and Plaid Wool Shawls and Scarfs,
Orleans, Coburgs, DeLaines, and Saxonies,
GINGHAMS, Mohairs and Cashmeres,
Blankets, Flannels, Quilts and Counterpanes,
Damasks, Moreens, and Printed Druggets,
Linens, Diapers, Huckabacks, Towels,
Osnaburgs, Canvasses, Ducks, and Dowlasses,
Brown, White and Checked HOLLANDS,
Regattas, Checks, Homespuns,
Buckskins, Doeskins, Cassimeres & Vestings.

Per "Mountaineer":—

Linen and Cotton BED TICKING,
Grey, White, Printed and Furniture Cottons,
Plain, Figured and Shaded Orleans & Coburgs.

To arrive per Howard, Wm. Carson, and Margaret Jane,—64 Packages, containing

Black and Colored SILK VELVETS,
Black and Brown Collar VELVETS,
Black and Colored Gro de Naps & Satin Turcs,
Dark BONNET RIBBONS (new styles),
Thread Valencines and Gimp Lace and Edgings,
Hosiery, Wool and Merino Vests and Drawers,
Ladies' Cashmere, Thibet and Kid GLOVES,
Fancy Hdkfs, Silk and Ribbon Neck Ties.
Printed and Check'd Cashmere and Satin SHAWLS,
FURS—in Cardinals, Muffs, Boas, Victorines, and Cuffs,—stone martin, fitch, squirrel, and mock sable;
FUR CAPS, Gauntlets, Gloves and Trimming
Gent's Scarfs, Stocks, Gloves, Handkerchie
Mufflers, Braces and Hose, in great variety
Pilot, Beaver and Fancy Winter COATINGS,-
with Trimmings to match,
Linen and Wool Stair Cloth, Sheetings,
Cotton Warps, Oil Cloth, Wool Rugs,

And a great variety of other Goods, which are offered, wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices for Cash.

Oct. 19. BEARD & VENNING.

Ladies' Rich FURS.

Received at the LIVERPOOL HOUSE, Prince William Street, an Invoice very Rich FURS, ex "William Carson," from London, consisting of

SETS STONE MARTIN, in very large Cardinal, Flat Boa, Muff and Gauntlet,
Sets French SABLE, large Cardinal, Boa, Muff and Gauntlet,
Sets FITCH, same,
Sets Siberian SQUIRREL, same,
Very large CARDINALS, in Siberian Squirrel, Fitch, Lustred Musk, and British Sable,
MUFFS and BOAS, in Stone Martin, French Sable, Fitch, Siberian Squirrel, Squirrel Lock, British lynx, British Ermine, British Sable,
VICTORINES, Misses and Ladies., in Siberian Squirrel, Squirrel lock, and British Sable,
Ladies' Gauntlets, Stone Martin, French Sable, Siberian Squirrel, and lustred Musk,
Ladies' Fur Trimming, in Squirrel lock, Fitch, British Sable, and British Ermine,
Ladies' Strung BOAS,
Gents. FUR TRIMMING, in Astrachan, Nutria, and British Sable.

☞ The above splendid assortment of FURS are offered very low, wholesale and retail.

Oct. 26. VAUGHANS & LOCKHART.

Ladies' LACES.

Received at the *Liverpool House*, Prince Wm. Street, ex "William Carson," from London:

A LARGE assortment German Thread LACE; Brussels Corded and Fancy and Silk Net; Paris and Queen's Quilling, Egyptian Plait, Valenciennes, and Thread Edgings and Insertions, British Cambray Falls and Veils, Bonnet and Cap Goffered and Blond Borders, Infants' Egyptian Caps, FEATHERS, Flowers, and Cap Fronts. VAUGHANS & LOCKHART.

October 26.—[Chron. Alb.]

NEW FALL GOODS.

JAMES SMELLIE

Has received per ships *Commodore*, from London, and *Mountaineer*, from Liverpool, part of his FALL STOCK, consisting of

BLACK and colored Orleans and Coburgs,
Figured ORLEANS and LUSTRES,
Black and colored French Merinoes,
Moreens and Damasks,
PRINTED COTTONS,
Grey and White Shirtings and Muslins,
White and colored STAYS,
RIBBONS, SILKS, and SATINS,
Black and colored SILK VELVETS,
FURS—in Boas, Capes, Cardinals, Victorines, and MUFFS,
Beaver BONNETS—Grey and Black, &c.

All of which will be sold at the very smallest possible profit.

Prince William Street, October 19, 1847.

Stoves and Hollow Ware.

Per *Lion*, from the Clyde—

FIFTY Canada STOVES, 20 to 30 inch; 10 tons of Pots, Ovens, Covers, Spiders, Fry Pans, Griddles, Fire Dogs, Cart and Pipe Boxes, &c.;
52 dozen "Thompson's" Screw AUGERS.

THOS. R. GORDON,
Corner of Dock Street and Market Square.

October 12, 1847.

THE SUBSCRIBER.

Has received ex *Syria*, from New York, and *Joseph Howe*, from Boston:

50 BRLS. Superfine Genesee FLOUR,
50 barrels best Brandywine CORN MEAL—Kiln dried,
40 barrels best NAVY BREAD,
20 M. best Havana CIGARS,
1 case India Silk Handkfs.—various patterns,
20 puncheons Strong RUM.

Also, ex *Charlotte*, from *Halifax*:

10 hhds. Bright Porto Rico SUGAR,
20 casks superior PORT WINE,
15 puncheons Fine Old Jamaica RUM.

Which he offers at market rates.

JOHN V. THURGAR.

North Wharf, 2d Nov. 1847.

Robb's Oatmeal!

JUST received from Dorchester—50 Bags new Oatmeal. For sale by

November 2. JARDINE & CO.

Vicker's best FILES.

JUST received per ship Howard, from Liverpool—2 casks "Vicker's" best Second Cut, Mill and other FILES. (Oct. 26) C. & W. H. ADAMS

Waterproof Blacking.

WHICH renders Boots and Shoes completely impervious to Water and Snow, and at the same time does not prevent the leather from receiving a good polish from any Blacking in ordinary use.

The Subscriber has just received another supply of the above named article, the virtues of which have been tested by hundreds of persons in various parts of the Province, and he strongly recommends its use to all persons who feel desirous of protecting their feet from the dampness during the approaching season.

☞ The price is only one shilling a pot. Orders from all parts of the Province attended to.

S. K. FOSTER,

Nov. 9.—3i. Corner of King and Germain streets.

LONDON HOUSE,

Market Square.

Winter Importations!

Per *Commodore*, *Mountaineer*, and *Lion*, from London, Liverpool, and the Clyde—

AN extensive Stock of SHAWLS, SCARFS, Hdkfs., CLOAKINGS, *Silks, Satins Satin Turcs*, Silk and Satin Handkerchiefs and Neck Ties, *Velvets, Ribbons, Gloves, Hose, Laces*, Cashmeres, Coburg and Orleans Cloths, Tartans, Camlets, Paramatta, Moreens, Aprons, Gent's Mufflers, Doeskins, Kerseys, Tweeds, *Pilot, Beaver, and Broad CLOTHS*, &c. A large quantity of PRINTS, Grey & White COTTONS, Ginghams, Furnitures, Linings, LINENS, Lawns, Diapers, Muslins, Moleskins, Ticks, SHEETINGS, Shirtings, *FLANNELS, BLANKETS*, Quilts, Counterpanes, Duck, Dowlas, Padding, Canvass, Cotton Warp, &c.

Also, a variety of FURS.

October 12. T. W. DANIEL.

LONDON GOODS.

Landing ex *Commodore*, from London:

100 CHESTS Fine Congo TEA,
5 Chests Old Hyson do.
7 Hhds, LOAF SUGAR,
5 Hhds. Crushed Loaf do.
20 Boxes Sperm CANDLES,
5 Casks BLACKING,
50 Kegs *Brandram's* WHITE LEAD,
10 Kegs Superfine MUSTARD,
3 Cases Windsor SOAP,
2 Casks *Lazenby's* PICKELS and SAUCES,
Cases Manilla CHEROOTS, Italian Juice, Tapioca, Nutmegs, Salad OIL, Isinglass, Maccaroni, Vermicelli, Patent Groats of Barley, &c. &c.

For sale by JARDINE & CO.

October 12, 1847.

C. & W. H. ADAMS,

Have just received per ships *Themis* and *Howard*, from Liverpool, part of their Fall Stock of Hardware, containing a good assortment of Shelf Goods—*Also*:

6 ROLLS SHEET LEAD,
187 Bags NAILS,
4 cases CAST STEEL,
11 bales Blistered do.
10 pair Blacksmith's BELLOWS,
2 casks Horse Traces,
2 crates COAL SCOOPS,
20 bundles Eye Handle SHOVELS,
96 do. SHEET IRON,
1 cask Curled HAIR,
2 casks PLANES,
1 cask Sheet ZINC; 2 cases GUNS,
3 casks Tea Kettles; 1 cask Borax.

October 26.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, BOYS', GIRLS CHILDREN'S and INFANTS'

PLAIN and PLAIN INDIA RUBBER SHOES.

S. K. FOSTER

HAS just received at his Shoe Stores, Corner of King and Germain streets—Twenty Cases of the above named Goods, comprising the greatest variety ever offered for sale in this City.

☞ Orders from the Country punctually attended to, as usual.

Oct. 12, 1847. S. K. FOSTER.

Chains, Anchors, & Iron.

Received by Ships Commerce and St. Clare, from Liverpool:—

7 WOOD Stock ANCHORS, from 5 to 12 cwt.;
10 Chain CABLES, from ⅝ inch to 1¼ inch
90 Tons Common and Refined Bar and Bolt IRON;
100 Bundles SHEET IRON;
10 Tons SPIKES.

ALEXANDER YEATS,
Dock Stre

September 7

Per Brig LION.

THE Subscriber has received by the above vessel from the Clyde—4 bales CANVAS, consisting of Brown, Bleached, and Tarpaulin, from No. 1 to 6. For sale low by

Oct. 12. JOHN WALKER.

For SALE, or LEASE.

A NUMBER of eligible BUILDING LOTS on the Subscriber's Property in rear of the City—a Plan of which may be seen at his Office, Custom House Buildings.

WM. WRIGHT.

St. John, Feb. 23, 1847.

Steel, Iron Shafts, and Bar Iron.

Now landing from on board the ships *Themis, Howard*, and *Thetis*, from Liverpool—

5 CASES Sanderson, Brothers & Co's best Cast STEEL.
2 cases, } Vickers' Steel, assorted—viz': high
33 bundles, } shoe Steel, German and best Cast Steel, and best cast Blister Steel.

Also—20 best Iron Shafts, and a lot of best refined BAR IRON, assorted. Will be sold low while landing, by

Nov. 2. JOHN V. THURGAR.

SUGARS, RUM, FLOUR, &c.

Now landing for the subscriber, at the North Market Wharf,—

30 HHDS. Bright SUGARS,
15 puns. fine flavored Old Jamaica RUM,
15 puncheons high proof RUM,
50 bags superior quality COFFEE.

Also—100 barrels first quality Superfine FLOUR,
50 barrels Fine Navy BREAD.

2d November. JOHN V. THURGAR.

SUGAR!

LANDING this day ex Schr. *Martha Brae*, from Halifax, at the North Market Wharf,—25 Hhds. Bright Barbadoes SUGAR, for sale by

Aug. 24. J. R. CRANE.

FLOUR and PORK.

Landing ex brigantine *George and Mary*, from Boston, on Consignment—

ONE hundred barrels Genesee S. F. FLOUR,
50 barrels heavy MESS PORK.

For sale by H. G. KINNEAR.

October 26.—3i.

"Hoole & Co's" Mill Saws.

THE subscribers have received per *Themis* from Liverpool—3 cases 'Hoole, Staniforth & Gray's' 5 1-2 feet GANG SAWS, &c.

Oct. 26 C. & W. H. ADAMS

The Garland.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

The human voice, how wonderful
And various its tones!
How powerful the breath that makes
Kings tremble on their thrones,
And stimulates the slave till he,
In spite of tyrants, dares be free.

Has it not urged the soldier on
To fields of strife and blood?
And often cheered to martyrdom
The wise, the great, the good,
While every word they spoke aloud
Lived unforgotten by the crowd?

E'en now, in Poland's suffering land,
A patriot is found,
Who feels his country's wrongs and rights,
And dares to give them sound;
He falls!—but can a potentate
His dying *words* exterminate!

No, never! though the lips that breathe
Those glowing words grow dumb,
Though kings may scorn that warning voice,
Will retribution come;
The Despot's victim's last faint word
Through endless ages shall be heard.

And tones of softer influence
The human voice possesses,
The music of kind sympathy
That soothes our worse distresses;
And when Death's clouds around us roll
Can whisper comfort to the soul.

And who but knows the raptured words
That clothe love's ardent thought;
Who hath forgotten those sweet tones
Of prayer his mother taught;
Or ceased to hear the accents broken
In which her blessing hath been spoken?

'Tis in the tones of human voice
The mightiest pow'r we find;
Then let us use it to promote
The good of human kind,
Too oft hath it been made to spread
Deceit and sorrow, sin and dread.

The keen reproach, the coward threat,
The proud disdainful taunt;
And more, the cruel, bitter jest,
Whose sting will ever haunt
Its victim's breast, and there create
The scorpion of undying hate.

A word pronounced unthinkingly
A tender heart hath riven;
An angry tone, a cold reply,
Is often unforgiven;
And one expression oft will turn
A kindness to a gift we spurn.

Then let us never lend this power
To swell th' amount of ill;
But in the cause of right and truth
Exert our voices still,
And all we utter, let it be
Imbued with Heaven-born Charity.

A CHILD'S LAUGH.

"I love it—I love it—the laugh of the child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;
Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush,
Like the thrill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush,
Floating up on the breeze like the tones of a bell,
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell,—
Oh! the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,
Is the merriest sound in the world for me!"

Miscellaneous

PUNCH'S LETTER WRITER.

From a Maiden Aunt to a Niece, on the Imprudence of Marriage.

My Dear Claribel,

I should ill acquit myself of the duties of an aunt—should show myself wickedly ungrateful for the goodness that has hitherto preserved me from the cares and frivolities of the marriage-state—were I to see you, my sister's child, ready to throw yourself into a bottomless pit, and never so much as scream to save you. It was only yesterday that Doctor Prunes acquainted me with your headstrong passion for an unworthy creature of a man. Although I had grouse for dinner—and you know how I love it!—I never ate so little; and, in the evening, revoked twice in only three rubbers.—What with the news of Doctor Prunes and the toothache, I have scarcely slept all night, and at breakfast, instead of buttered toast, absolutely gave chicken to the parrot. May you, even at the twelfth hour, prove worthy of all I suffer for you!

You are only three-and-twenty, and yet, with a forwardness that makes me blush for the true dignity of womanhood, you already think of marriage; I had hoped that my lessons of morality would have risen above the too common weakness that unites a woman to a creature, in every way inferior to herself, whatever the said creatures, in the fulness of their impudence, may trumpet to the contrary. I do not dispute that men may be necessary in the world; but, at the best, they are only necessary evils. It is thus that every really sensible woman should consider them. In the vulgar attribute of brutes—mere muscular strength—they are certainly our superiors; but how immeasurably beneath us are they in all that constitutes true greatness—in delicacy, liberality, tenderness, friendship, fortitude, and taciturnity? And, in their hypocrisy, they confess as much; for they call us angels—(though, I am proud to say, no man ever so insulted *my* understanding.)—yes, angels, that they may make us slaves. How any woman can read the marriage ceremony without having her eyes opened to the real intentions of the creatures, is to me most wonderful. Love, honour, and obey! My blood burns to think of it! To the ears of a sensible woman every syllable rattles like a dog-chain.

I did think that my own Claribel—taught by my precept and example—would as soon have put her finger into a rat-trap as a wedding-ring. I did believe that you would consider all the fine things that men utter as nothing more than the false notes of a bird-catcher; mere sounds to bring our free minds "from the heaven of high thoughts," as some poet says, and shut 'em up in cages. How woman can listen to a jargon of loves and doves, is melancholy to think of. A woman of really strong mind hates Cupids as she hates cockroaches.

Nevertheless, my dear, I can sympathize with human infirmity. Every body is not born to keep a heart of virgin ice that pressing cannot melt. Still, there is nothing like a diversion of thought to cure a hurt. It is wonderful how a wound heals, if we never think of it. Therefore, return his letters to the man who would ensnare you; and, forgetful of the cares and littleness of marriage, give up all your thoughts to astronomy. It is a charming study, and presents a more ennobling field for the human mind than the small limits of wedlock. How insignificant seems the wife, studious of the goings-out and comings-in of a mere husband, compared to the nobler woman who knows all about the Great and Little Bear! How petty the noblest house in the noblest square, to the House of Jupiter or Mars—how perplexing the cares of children to the lofty contemplation of the Via Lactea, (known, as Doctor Prunes says, to the lower orders as the Milky Way;)—how insulting to the true greatness of the female mind the smallness of the wedding-ring, when the ring of Saturn may be all her own, with no incumbrance of Saturn himself!

Or if, Claribel, you want enthusiasm for the stars, why is there not geology? Properly considered, can there be a more delightful employment for the female mind than to settle the ages of things that vulgar souls care nothing about? Who would not turn from the cries of a nursery, to the elevating sounds of felspar and quartz? What really great woman would study the mere heart of a mere man, when she might discover fossil shrimps and caterpillars in marble. No. Woman will never assert her true dignity till she can wisely choose between the two.

Then after some ten or fifteen years—for it is a study too rashly submitted to the young—botany may disclose its lovely mysteries. How delightful, what true freedom for the human soul, to be exempt from cares of husband and family, and to know everything about the operations of pollen! But I am incautiously anticipating a subject required for maturer years.

Break, then, the chains with which mere tyrant man would bind you, and—defying the slavery of conjugal life—live like Diana,—and your still affectionate aunt,

Lucretia Dragonmouth.

P. S. Is it true that the wife of Doctor Beetlebrow is really dead? I wouldn't utter one word against the departed; I should hope not, but—is she really dead?

The Niece's Answer.

My Dear Aunt,

How can I ever express my gratitude to you, how repay the care with which you seek to gather me to that sisterhood of which Lucretia Dragonmouth is the crowning rose?—Alas, madam! I feel my unworthiness! I should but bring a scandel on the community by the frivolity of my words and the earthliness of my desires. I have the greatest respect for Diana, but feel it impossible to become lady's-maid to her. Therefore, dear Aunt, you must even leave me to my headlong fate; and unbroken rest, heartier meals, and successful rubbers, be your continual reward.

It would ill become my inexperience to dispute the sentence you pass upon the other sex. Men are, doubtless, all you say of them: therefore, forewarned by your opinion, I shall endeavour to support the necessary evil that may fall to my lot with all the fortitude I may. As for the marriage ceremony, I have read it again and again, and—such is the hopeless perversity of my taste—think it the loveliest composition! To my ears, it murmurs the very music of Paradise.

I feel the full force of what you say about astronomy. No doubt, its study might relieve a wounded heart, but then as I feel no wound that is not most delicious, why should I go to the stars to get rid of it? Yes, madam, I can forgive your talking about the stars. *You* have never seen my Alfred's eyes! No doubt the Great and Little Bear have their attractions, but you never saw my Alfred's moustache!

Geology, too, may be fascinating. It may be musical to talk of felspar and quartz; to seek for fossil bees that made honey for the pre-Adamites; but you never heard my Alfred sing "*Love in thine eyes*," you never felt the pressure of his throbbing hand!

As for botany, I really feel its influence in a manner I never felt before; for I am just now called to choose my bridal wreath of orange flowers, and must, therefore, abruptly conclude—

Your affectionate niece,

Claribel Maydew.

P. S. It is not true that Mrs. Beetlebrow is dead: though once she was given over by her physicians. Ha, my dear aunt! how foolish it was of you thirty years ago to quarrel with the dear doctor, and only—as I've heard—for treading on the toes of a nasty little pug!

Disappointed Gallants.—A gallant young cavalry officer, stationed not a hundred miles from Clonmel, was returning to his quarters on escort duty, on a certain day, in the early part of last week. His party were proceeding quietly along the road, when the officer rode up to a remarkably fine, intelligent, well-dressed young woman, who was proceeding in the same direction as the military heroes. The officer engaged in conversation with the sprightly fair one, and he was so "taken" with her engaging manners and appearance, that he dismounted and walked by her side, until they reached the avenue gate leading to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Hefferman, parish priest of Clerihan.

"It is here my father lives," slyly said the lady; "and as it is just dinner hour, you will be welcome to join us," (she well knowing that the enamoured swain could not leave his troop.)

"It would be impossible for me to accept your kind invitation, as I am on duty," replied the gallant son of Mars.

"Well, sir," said she, "you will confer a high compliment on me by accepting my invitation to dine with us on to-morrow evening; and as my father, who is advanced in years, is very particular, don't be later than five o'clock."

"May I bring a friend with me?" inquired the officer.

"Your friend shall be as welcome as yourself," was the answer.

The parties separated; and the next evening, about five o'clock, two martial looking youths might be seen wending their way towards the hospitable residence of Father Hefferman, dressed in the most captivating style, their Hyperion curls and mustachios shining brightly, and scented odoriferously with Rowland's Maccassar.

They arrived at the door—the double tantarara is answered—the visitors walk into the parlour, and see before them, not the 'object of their fond wishes,' but Father Hefferman himself, with spectacles on nose, engaged reading a work on dogmatic theology.

"Well, gentlemen," said his reverence, "can I do anything for you?"

"We come to dinner," was the answer.

"To dinner! who invited you?" said the astonished priest: "I am done dinner this hour."

"Your daughter," was the reply.

"My daughter!" said Father Hefferman, "why, I'm only a poor priest, and I never had a daughter, nor never will."

An explanation took place—a full confession of the whole affair was made to his reverence—a description of the fair one was given, and, after an immoderate fit of laughter, the priest exclaimed,

"Peggy Quinn, Peggy Quinn, you'll never be done your tricks;" and then, looking at the chief actor, he said, "Go home, you fool, and learn sense."

The humbugged Lothario, with his no less chopfallen comrade, bade the poor priest a good evening, and wended their way home in no very agreeable or comfortable mood.—*Tipperary Constitution.*

Breakfast on the European Plan.—A lady up town advertises in a morning paper to "accommodate gentlemen with breakfast on the European plan." Our upish inhabitants are very partial to doing things in the European fashion, but we doubt whether they would relish a breakfast on any of the European plans now in vogue. To a gentleman at all particular of his breakfast, it would be of some moment to know what part of Europe the lady intends to imitate. In England they breakfast on toast and black tea; in Scotland nothing will serve for breakfast but oatmeal porridge; it is not safe to say what they breakfast on in Ireland just now, but we fear that many a family have to be content with the "chameleon's dish." In France we have often seen them breakfasting on a loaf of dry bread and a bottle of thin wine; in Spain a cup of chocolate and a bit of garlic suffices for the better orders, while the Germans make a meal upon sour bread and sour beer. Of the other parts of Europe we have no personal knowledge, but having breakfasted on many plans, we say, commend us after all, to the American plan. Basil Hall said it was worth crossing the Atlantic to eat an American breakfast, in which opinion we heartly concur, and would advise all ladies who wish to secure boarders not to think of giving breakfasts on any European plan whatever. But if they adopt the European plan, let them advertise the particular part of Europe which they mean to imitate.—There must be considerable difference between the breakfasts of Dublin and St. Petersburgh.—*New York Mirror.*

Sam Slick's Description of a Mackerel Fishery.—Well, when our friends the mackerel strike in towards the shore, and travel round the province to the northward, the whole coasting population is on the stir too. Perhaps there never was seen, under the blessed light of the sun, anything like the everlasting number of mackerel in one shoal on our sea-coast. Millions is too little a word for it; acres of them is too small a term to give a right notion; miles of them, perhaps, is more like the thing; and when they rise to the surface, it's a solid body of fish you sail through. It's a beautiful sight to see them come tumbling into a harbour, head over tail, and tail over head, jumping and thumping, sputtering and fluttering, lashing and thrashing, with a gurgling kind of sound, as much as to say, "Here we are, my hearties! How are you off for salt? Is your barrels all ready?—because we are. So bear a hand, and out with your nets, as we are off to the next harbour to-morrow, and don't wait for such lazy fellows as you be." Well, when they come in shoals that way, the fishermen come in swarms, too. Oh, it beats all natur—that's a fact! Did you ever stand on a beach, Miss, or on a pasture, that's on a river, or on a bay, and see a great flock of plover, containing hundreds, and hundreds of birds, come and light all at once in one spot, where a minute afore there warn't one? Well, that's the way with humans on the fishery-stations. Take Crow Harbour, now, or Fox Island, or any of them places, whenever the fish strike in, they are all crowded right up in a minute, chock full of people from all parts of these colonies and eastern states of America, in flats and boats, and decked vessels, and shallops and schooners, and punks, and sloops, and smacks, and every kind of small craft.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Essay on Woman.—A woman is a very nice and complicated machine. Her springs are infinitely delicate, and differ from those of a man, pretty nearly as the works of a repeating watch do from that of a town clock. Look at her body—how delicately formed. Examine her senses—exquisite and nice! Observe her understanding—how subtle and acute! But look into her heart, there is the watch-work. Composed of parts so minute of themselves, and so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen by a microscopic eye to be clearly comprehended. The perception of a woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuitive. I had almost said instinctive. By a glance of her eye, she shall draw a just and deep conclusion. Ask her how she formed it? She cannot answer the question, as the perception of a woman is surprisingly quick, so her soul and imagination are amaizingly susceptible. Few of them have culture enough to write, but when they do, how animated their descriptions. But if few women write, they all talk, and every man may judge of them in this point, from every circle in which he goes. Spirit in conversation depends entirely on fancy, and women all over the world talk better than men. Have they a character to portray, or a figure to describe? They give but three traits of one or the other, and the whole character is known, or the figures placed before your eyes. Why? From the susceptibilties of their imagination, their fancies receive lively impressions from those principal traits, and they paint those impressions with the vivacity with which they receive them. Get a woman of fancy warm in conversation, she will produce a hundred charming images, among which there shall not be one indelicate or coarse. Warm a man on the same subject, he shall possibly find stronger allusions, but they shall neither be so brilliant nor so chaste.

The Toll Gate of Life.—We are all on a journey. The world through which we are passing is in some respects like a turnpike—all along which Vice and Folly have erected toll gates for accommodation of those who choose to call as they go—and there are few of all the host of travellers who do not occasionally stop at some one or another of them—and consequently pay more or less to the toll gatherers. Pay more or less we say, because there is a very great variety as well in the amount as in the kind of toll exacted at these different stopping places. Pride and fashion take heavy tolls of the purse. Many a man has become a beggar by paying at these. The ordinary rates they charge are heavy and the road that way is none of the best. Pleasure offers a very smooth, delightful road in the outset. She tempts the traveller with many fair promises, and wins thousands, but she takes without mercy. Like an artful robber, she allures till she gets her victim in her power, and then strips him of health and money and turns him off a miserable object, into the very worst road of life. Intemperance play the parts of a sturdy villain. He's the very worst toll-gatherer on the road; for he not only gets from his customers their money and health, but he robs them of their very brains. The men you meet on the road, ragged, ruined in fame and fortune, are his visitors.

And so we might go on enumerating many others who gather toll of the unwary. Accidents some times happen it is true, along the road, but those who do not go through, at least tolerably well, you may be sure have been stopping by the way at some of these. The plain common sense men who travel straight forward get through the journey without much difficulty. This being the state of things, it becomes every one, in the outset, if he intends to make a comfortable journey, to take care what kind of company he gets in with.

Moral and Physical Courage.—Lieut. W—— was at the storming of Morne Fortunee, in the West Indies; his behaviour on that occasion excited general admiration. He was the first to ascend the breach, and plant the King's colour on the captured redoubt. His gallantry was recorded in the orderly book, and he was recommended for immediate promotion. Strange to say, the following morning he waited on his commanding officer, then Lieutenant-Colonel V—d—r, and requested leave of absence to return to Ireland, his native country, and to resign his commission in favour of a younger brother, who was desirous of entering the service. The colonel, surprised at this extraordinary request on the part of a young officer with such bright prospects before him, very naturally asked him what motive induced him to make so singular a proposal; when the young man frankly told him, that when the troops were moving forward for the attack, and the enemy's fire had opened upon them, he felt a strong—almost an unsurmountable—disposition to fall out, and he believed that nothing but the rapidity of the advance, and the shouts of the men prevented him from disgracing himself; but after a short time, he added, his brain was on fire, he knew not what he did, nor where he was, and he found himself on the summit of the breach with the colours in his hand, he knew not how; but he added, not without some hesitation, that he felt the profession of arms was not his vocation, and fearing that at some future period he might not have sufficient moral courage to overcome his fear, he was desirous to leave the service with honour, while it was still in his power.—*Dr. Milligan.*

The Huskisson Statue.—The visit of Sir Robert Peel to Liverpool was appropriately chosen for the elevation to its pedestal in front of the Custom-house, of a bronze statue of Huskisson.—The statue, which is of light bronze, was cast in Holland, from a statue executed in Rome, by Gibson, and is a present from Mrs. Huskisson to the town on which the deeply lamented deceased reflected so much lustre as its representative. It is eight feet four inches in height, and, although not of solid metal, weighs 18 cwt. From the smallness of its pedestal, the statue, at first sight, appears very unprotected. The position is dignified and imposing, and the drapery is arranged with grace and freedom. There is, we think, more than natural muscular development; but, probably, this will in a great measure wear off in the course of time. A plain substantial cast iron palisade from the foundary of Messrs. P. E. Weber and Co., was on Friday (the morning of elevation) fixed on the outer side of the raised freestone basement, and encloses an area of about twelve feet square. The pedestal is of granite, and bears in plain bronze letters the simple but sufficient inscription "William Huskisson." He holds a document, rolled up, in the right hand, which rests upon the thigh. The head considerably reclines, and the figure appears looking down upon the spectators.—*Liverpool Standard.*

What Knowledge can do.—Modern Europe, as we now regard it, cannot but keep its intellectual standing—cannot but continue to advance; still, whether this shall turn to her real advantage, and produce correspondent moral results, and so tend to the eternal welfare of mankind, is another question, for the solution of which the duties of the Church come under our especial consideration: for, though knowledge is power, it is power for evil as well as for good; and correct morals alone can render acquirements advantageous to ourselves or others, and prevent intelligence from becoming a curse rather than a blessing: for guiding mankind aright, the Church must not only keep pace with, but be in advancement of, the age. We must know the wants, the feelings, the temptations of those with whom we have to deal, and we must minister to them intelligently, or we shall be talking to the winds.—*Church of England Review.*

Christian *versus* Pagan Art.—The exclusively ecclesiastical character of early Christian art, is the grand feature which at once destroys all analogy between this art and the creations of Pagan antiquity. In Hellenic paganism, we behold the triumph of humanity. The human form in its most ideal beauty is the type of all things divine. Christianity starts at once with the peremptory condition of a renunciation of individual beauty and strength. Christianity counted sensual beauty as nothing; she regarded the mind alone. She permits the human form only as the incorporation of some hidden thought divine. In the one instance, the *form* was all in all; in the other, it is the *expression*. The heathen delighted in naked bodies, for every single part might convey the sensation of beauty. The face sufficed for Christian art, as solely expressive of divine beauty.—*Blackwood.*

Self Love.—Could we impartially analyze all the motives which prompt us to action, and the principles which control us, we might be startled to find how often self is the pole star and the compass. Whether men toil for wealth, or seek for honour, whether striving for power, or aspiring for fame, search for the mainspring and you will find that it is self love. Man is so constituted, physically, intellectually, and morally, that it must do so to a great extent, and it is only when carried to an extreme that it becomes an evil. But to love our neighbour as ourselves requires a highly developed moral character. And we are too much inclined to think that we cannot serve others without abridging our own enjoyments. We err in thinking that we should lessen our own happiness by serving self less, and our generation more. The ability to contribute our mite to relieve suffering humanity, or to elevate and purify our race, will be its own reward. 'Tis the spirit of love, not self love, but love for God, and love to man, which, by its power to purify the morals, and ennoble the intellect, can alone render existence sweet.

Thomas Jefferson Taylor, eldest daughter of General Taylor, is now the wife of Colonel Jefferson Davis, lately commander of the 1st regiment of Mississippi infantry. The oddity of the name Thomas Jefferson being given to a female, is thus explained by a friend. The old general in his younger days got married, and was so great an admirer of the illustrious Jefferson, that he immediately declared his intention to name his first child after him. "In the course of human events," he became the father of a beautiful daughter. True to his purpose, as "he never surrenders," he had her baptized Thomas Jefferson.

Life has always action, it is our own fault if it is ever dull; the youth has his enterprises, manhood its schemes; and even if infirmity creep upon age the mind still triumphs over the mortal clay, and in the quiet hermitage among books, and forming thoughts, keeps the great wheel within everlastingly in motion.

A Hint for Publicns.—The landlord at Dalmacar-dock, when a fray is brewing among his customers, puts a quantity of cayenne pepper in a bit of brown paper, makes the tongs red hot, lifts the packet with them, and holds it at the bottom of the door. The result seems almost magical. An inveterate sneezing commences, which is instantly succeeded by a rush to the door and a dissolution of the company.

Cotton *vs.* Batonets.—Lord Dalhousie, the newly appointed Governor-General, is reported to have said, that his business in India would be, "not to carry on war there, but to send home cotton;" a sentiment worthy the representative of a great commercial nation.

Order.—Whitfield's habits were singularly nice and cleanly, upon the principle that everything about a minister should be "*spotless*." He was known to say that he could *not die easy* if his gloves were out of place. He had the gentlemanly love of order, which required his table to be elegantly spread even if only a loaf, or his favourite dish, a *cow heel*, were to be set upon it.—*Fraser.*