

# The Weekly Observer.

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ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, JULY 21, 1835.

VOL. VIII. No. 3.

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TERMS—City Subscribers ... 15s. per annum;  
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ness and dispatch, on very moderate terms.  
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come free of postage, or they cannot be taken from  
the Post Office.

## Weekly Almanac.

JULY—1835.			
	SUN	MOON	FULL
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.
22 WEDNESDAY	4 36	7 24	1 41
23 THURSDAY	4 37	7 23	2 25
24 FRIDAY	4 38	7 22	3 10
25 SATURDAY	4 39	7 21	3 55
26 SUNDAY	4 40	7 20	4 40
27 MONDAY	4 41	7 19	5 25
28 TUESDAY	4 42	7 18	6 10

New Moon 25th day, 0h. 30m. evening.

## Bank of New-Bruswick.

NOTICE is hereby given that in future the Dis-  
count days of this Bank will be TUESDAYS and  
FRIDAYS in each week.  
Bills or Notes for Discount must be left at the  
Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately  
preceding the Discount days.  
Z. WHEELER, Cashier.  
St. John, 21st May, 1835.

## Commercial Bank of New-Bruswick.

APRIL 13th, 1835.  
PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the  
usual discount days will be Tuesday and Friday,  
in each week.  
Hours of business from 10 to 3 o'clock. Bills or  
Notes for Discount must be lodged, before 3 o'clock,  
on the days preceding the discount days.  
A. BALLOCH, Cashier.

## NEW-BRUSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11  
to 12 o'clock.  
JOHN M. WILMOT, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.  
Committee for July:  
JOHN BOVD, F. A. KINNEAR, A. S. PERKINS.  
All Communications, by Mail, must be post paid.

## The Garland.

ON THE PICTURE OF  
"A CHILD Tired of Play."  
BY N. P. TRIF.

Tired of play! Tired of play!  
What hast thou done this livelong day?  
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;  
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree;  
The doves are down to the sheltering eaves,  
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves,  
Twilight gathers, and day is done—  
How hast thou spent it—restless one!

Playing? But what hast thou done beside  
Telling thy mother art eridie?  
What promise of morn is left unbroken?  
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?  
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven?  
How with thy faults hast thou been content?  
What last thou learned by field and hill,  
By greenwood path, and by singing rill?

There will come an eve to a longer day,  
That will find thee tired—but not of play!  
And thou wilt lean, as thou leaneest now,  
With drooping limbs and an aching brow,  
And wish the shadows would faster creep,  
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.  
Well were it then if thou couldst know  
Were as free from sin and shame as now!  
Well for thee, if thy lip could glow  
A tale like this, of a day spent well.  
If thine open hand hath relieved distress—  
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness—  
If thou hast forgiven the wrong offence,  
And humbled thy heart with penitence—  
If Nature's voice has spoken to thee  
With her holy meanings eloquently—  
If every creature hath won thy love,  
From the creeping worm to the breeding dove,  
If never a sad, low-spoken word  
Hath plumed thy humble heart unheard—  
Then, when the night steals on as now,  
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,  
And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,  
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

## Variation of Man.

Man, although naturally formed to inhabit but one  
element, is yet enabled, by art, to traverse vast oceans;  
and, by the peculiarity of his constitution, to live in  
all climates which produce vegetation. In his natural  
state, he is among the least qualified of living beings  
for making rapid transitions from one part of the earth  
to another, and yet he has peopled the whole surface.  
A "fair haired" native of Europe migrates with his  
family, and settles among the woolly-haired and swarthy  
inhabitants of Africa. Do his descendants in the  
lapse of a century, born under a scorching sun, begin  
to assume any of the characteristics of the natives that  
surround them? do their lips gradually become thick,  
their nose flattened, and their complexion black? As-  
suredly not; the supposition is refuted by actual ex-  
perience to the contrary. Again, does an African diet,  
or a change of costume, create any change in their  
form, or their mental perception? are the national char-  
acteristics, in short, in any degree lost, so long as their  
race is preserved pure? Let the Spaniards, settled  
for more than two centuries among the copper-coloured  
Indians of Mexico and New Spain; the Dutch  
boers of Southern Africa; the descendants of the  
whites who first settled in the West Indies; above all,  
the Jews, now scattered "among every nation under  
heaven;" let these, we repeat, tacitly reply to these  
questions. Such living testimonies, known to all,  
should at once have dispelled the illusion which many  
writers, and some of them able ones, have indulged in;  
that temperature, food, clothing, and other secondary  
influences, were the chief causes of that extraordinary  
variation in the aspect of the human species which the  
different nations of the earth exhibit, and which, so  
long as each race is preserved pure, is unchanging and  
unchangeable. Upon such a subject the modest and  
ingenious mind may indulge conjecture; but when we  
attempt to penetrate the first cause of such things, we  
wander in regions from which human knowledge is  
excluded. He alone, that great First Cause, "by  
whom all things were made that are made," is alone  
master of this impenetrable secret. Let us now look  
to the animal world. Here we may see thousands of  
beings endowed with powers of locomotion which  
have been utterly denied to man. The swallow, dart-

ing like an arrow through the air, at the rate of sixty  
miles an hour, seems to mock the comparatively snail-  
like pace of our swiftest vessels; the curlew runs rap-  
idly on the ground, mounts on the breaking surge, or  
swiftly flies from one continent to another, thus tra-  
versing, with perfect ease, three elements; the earth,  
the air, and the sea. Thousands, in short, of little  
birds perform journeys every spring and autumn,  
any one of which, to us, would be the occupation of  
the year. Now, the theoretical conclusion we should  
make, on considering these facts, would be, that ani-  
mals, so peculiarly gifted with the powers of locomo-  
tion, would use it to wander in every clime, that they  
would spread their races in every region of the earth,  
where food could be procured, or where they could  
enjoy a fit temperature. These deductions, theoretic-  
ally, cannot be deemed otherwise than just. Yet they  
are diametrically opposed and contradicted by facts.  
The swallow of England might reach America,  
or China, in as short a space of time as it would  
travel to Africa, and in either country would find  
food, and warmth congenial to its nature; but it has  
been appointed to pursue a certain course; and from  
that course, whether to the right or to the left, it  
never deviates. This is only one out of a thousand  
instances, to mention the great harmonies of the ani-  
mal world, sink into insignificance; and can never,  
for a moment, be justly made to interpret the causes  
of animal distribution. Within the limits of the range  
of every animal there are, like islands in the ocean,  
spots which are not congenial to its nature; and here  
the secondary causes, just alluded to, come into play;  
but we should not more think of making these spots so  
many characteristics of geographic zoology, than we  
should say that the sun was not a luminous body, be-  
cause its entire surface is not equally bright.—Lard-  
ner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia. Synopsis on the Geogra-  
phy and Classification of Animals.

## THE DEATH-BED.

I had never yet seen the agonies of a death-bed,  
though the sight of human suffering was become fami-  
liar, and had ceased to excite those painful sensations  
which it had first created. I had sedulously avoided  
remaining to be a witness of the last struggles of  
morality. I went up stairs accompanied  
by the husband. On approaching the bed-side, I  
was shocked to perceive that his wife was dying, and  
that all human aid was fruitless. She was a young,  
and must have been a strikingly handsome woman;  
but her fine features now bore the impress of the de-  
stroyer. Her cheeks were sunk, her nostrils and lips  
quivered during respiration, a cold clammy sweat stood  
upon her forehead, and her countenance was pinched  
and wore that peculiar appearance, termed by us  
"facies hippocratica." I sat down; her pulse was  
feeble and intermittent. She was slightly delirious;  
but, when roused, answered faintly and rationally.  
I inquired how she was, and if she suffered pain?  
"No," she said, "no, none whatever; it is quite gone.  
I am better; and when I have slept, shall be well."  
This was said slowly, and at intervals, and with im-  
perfect articulation. Her sister, who was in the room,  
and in high spirits, as the pain had left her, little  
imagining it was a fatal symptom, told me that for  
several days she had been in great agony. I called  
the husband aside, and shortly, but distinctly, in-  
formed him, that a very brief period, and his wife would  
be no more. He was startled, but incredulous.  
"she was easier, she must be better;" the doctor  
had told him so. I shook my head, and desired him  
to go for her mother, who had just left the house, in  
the confident hope that her daughter was recover-  
ing. He obeyed me very reluctantly; and I again  
sat down at the bedside, waiting for his return, in  
order to summon the surgeon. The angel of death  
was, however, never to be again signified. A  
fitful and unmeaning smile played over her features;  
her hands wandered about as if in search of something;  
while the intervals between respiration became longer  
and longer; her chest heaved, and that peculiar gur-  
gling sound in the throat, known as the "death rattle,"  
apprehensive that the moment of dissolution would  
be at hand. Her sister, terrified at these portentous  
changes, looking at me for information. I could only  
say, that in a few minutes all would be over. She  
slept shrieking out of the room, and I was left alone  
with the dying woman. I sat gazing upon her, with  
a feeling of awe and dread, and had never before  
perceived. I almost expected to see the dark form  
of Azrael stoop over his victim, and the disembodied  
spirit wing its way from its earthly tabernacle. Be-  
yond the picturing of my disturbed imagination there  
was nothing frightful; no struggling as if immortality  
was fleeing itself from its shackles of dust; no dis-  
tortion of lip or limb, as if the separation was a painful  
one; on the contrary, she lay perfectly still, and the  
same bland, though unearthly, smile flitted over her  
face; and, though her lips moved, the motion re-  
sembled those seen on the lips of childhood in his happy  
dreams. Not a sound broke the still silence of the  
apartment, save the rush of the fragrant breeze through  
the open window, the slight rustle of the bed-clothes  
made by the movements of her hands, and the low and  
occasional gurgling in her throat. My presence seemed,  
to my covet and overawed mind, as something im-  
proper, so strongly was I impressed with the convic-  
tion that "a winged spirit was about to depart to its  
home." I gazed upon her with a species of fascination,  
without having power to withdraw my eyes a moment  
from her face, till at length, after a slight convulsive  
shudder, her eyelids were closed, and a deeper res-  
piration took place. I waited in vain for her return.  
Her lower jaw fell; her arms and body lost their life-  
like position,—she was dead. Buried in contemplation  
I remained motionless, till I was aroused by the hasty  
entrance of the husband, mother, and sister. Twenty  
minutes past, and they had fondly believed her con-  
valescent, and they now found her a corpse. I with-  
drew to the window, whilst a burst of passionate sor-  
row overpowered the mourners; they knelt round  
the bed, the heavy sob of the man mingling with the  
wilder grief of the females. I looked at the group;  
what a contrast between the living and the dead!  
She lay before them as if in profound and happy sleep,  
her features perceptibly changing and assuming their  
original beauty of expression, as the smile that had  
played over them was gradually waning, and as the  
muscles lost their irritability; whilst they weeping  
and sorrowing in all the attitudes of a first affliction,  
wringing their hands, and addressing her with vehe-  
ment words of endearment. After these occurrences  
it was my lot to see death in various shapes; from  
the calm preparation, the hope and confidence of un-  
shrinking innocence, to the frantic terror and fierce  
impetuosity of guilty materialism. By a beautiful  
and beneficent dispensation of Providence, it, how-  
ever, but rarely happened that parties were at all  
conscious of the immediate approach of dissolution;  
and I am not aware that in any instance, which came  
under my personal notice, any sign was exhibited that  
the moment of extinction was anticipated. \* If  
I might judge from what I have seen of death, its pang  
are not painful, and consequently, the sense of it is  
most in apprehension.—Experiences of a Surgeon, in  
the Monthly Magazine.

A GERMAN'S PICTURE OF JOHN BULL.—  
They are funny fellows, those Englishmen!  
I cannot bear them! In the first place, they  
are a tedious set of people; in the next, they  
are unsober and selfish; they are born en-  
emies to all good music; they go to church  
with gilt-edged prayer-books; and they des-  
pise us Germans because we eat our bread.—Henc-

## EXTRACTS FROM WASHINGTON IRVING'S TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES.

INDEPENDENCE OF SAVAGE LIFE.—As for the  
youthful Osage, we were all prepossessed in his favour;  
the young count especially, with the sympathies pro-  
per to his age and incident to his character, had taken  
quite a fancy to him—nothing would suit but he  
must have the young Osage as a companion and squire  
in his expedition into the wilderness. The youth  
was easily tempted; and with the prospect of a safe  
range over the buffalo prairies, and the promise of a  
new blanket, he turned his bride, left the swamp and  
the encampment of his friends behind him, and set off  
to follow the count in his wanderings in quest of the  
Osage hunters. Such is the glorious independence  
of man in a savage state. This youth, with his rifle,  
his blanket, and his horse, was ready, at a moment's  
warning, to rove the world; he carried all his worldly  
effects with him; and in the absence of artificial wants  
possessed the great secret of personal freedom. We  
of society are slaves not so much to others as to our-  
selves; our superstitions are the chains that bind us,  
impeding every movement of our bodies, and thwarting  
every impulse of our souls. \* \* \* In mounting  
our steeds, the young Osage attempted to throw a  
blanket upon his wild horse. The fine sensitive  
animal took fright, reared, and recoiled. The atti-  
tudes of the wild horse, and the almost naked savage,  
viewed in reference to the course of our march,  
I often pleased myself in the course of our march,  
with noticing the appearance of the young count and  
his newly-entitled follower, as they rode before me.  
Never was *preux chevalier* better suited with an es-  
quire. The count was well mounted, and, as I have  
before observed, was a bold and graceful rider. He  
was fond, too, of caracolling his horse, and dashing  
about in the buoyancy of youthful spirits. His dress  
was a gay and well-cut hunting-frock of deerkin, sit-  
ting well to the shape, dyed of a beautiful purple,  
and embroidered with silks of various colours;  
and if it had been the work of some Indian beauty to  
decorate a favourite chief. With this, he wore leath-  
ern pantaloons and moccasins, a folding-cap, and a  
double-barrelled gun, slung by a bandolier athwart  
his back; so that he was a picturesque figure, as he  
managed gracefully his spirited steed. The young  
Osage would ride close behind him, on his wild and  
beautifully mottled horse, which was decorated with  
crimson tufts of hair. He rode with his finely shaped  
head and breast naked, his blanket being girt round  
his waist. He carried his rifle in one hand, and man-  
aged his horse with the other, and seemed ready to  
dash off, at a moment's warning, with his youthful  
leader, on any meadow forage or scamper.

A SCENE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Our march this  
day was animating and delightful. We were in a  
region of adventure; breaking our way through a  
country hitherto untrodden by white men, except  
perchance by some solitary trapper. The weather  
was in its perfection—temperate, genial, and enliven-  
ing; a deep blue sky, with a few light feathery clouds;  
an atmosphere of perfect transparency; an air pure  
and invigorating, which we enjoyed as we rode out far  
and wide in the golden sunshine of an autumnal day;  
but all silent, lifeless,—without a human habitation,  
and apparently without a human inhabitant. It was  
as if a ban hung over this fair but fatal region. The  
very Indians dared not abide here, but made it a mere  
scene of perilous enterprise, to hunt for a few days,  
and then away.

THE HARBINGERS OF CIVILIZATION.—The  
bees of the forest, which we were encamped about, were  
in the height of their industry, as they were in the  
trunks of which wild bees had established their hives.  
It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees  
have overspread the far West within but a moderate  
number of years. The Indians consider them the  
harbingers of the white man; and I am told that  
of the red man; and say that in proportion as the bee  
advances the Indian and the buffalo retire. We are  
always accustomed to associate the hum of the bee-  
hive with the farm-house and the flower-garden, and  
to consider those industrious little animals as connect-  
ed with the busy life of men; and I am told that  
the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great  
distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds  
of civilization, steadfastly preceding it as it advanced  
from the Atlantic borders; and some of the ancient  
settlers of the west pretend to give the very year  
when the honey-bee first crossed the Mississippi.

HUNTERS' FARE AND FEASTING.—Before sunset  
we were summoned by little Tonish to a sumptuous  
repast. Blankets had been spread on the ground  
near to the fire, upon which we took our seats. A  
large dish, or bowl, made from the root of a maple  
tree, and which we had purchased at the Indian vil-  
lage, was placed on the ground before us, and into it  
were emptied the contents of one of the pump-kettles,  
consisting of a wild turkey hashed, together with  
bits of bacon and lumps of dough. Beside it was  
placed another bowl of similar ware, containing an  
ample supply of fritters. After we had discussed the  
hash, the ribs of a fat buck, which stood impaled on  
two wooden spits and broiling before the fire, were  
planted in the ground before us, with a triumphant  
air, by little Tonish. Having no dishes, we had to  
proceed in hunters' style, cutting off stripes and slices  
with our hunting-knives, and dipping them in salt  
and pepper. To do justice to Tonish's cookery, however,  
we ate with gusto, and I am told that he had  
tasted venison so delicious. With all this our be-  
verage was coffee, boiled in a camp-kettle, sweetened  
with brown sugar and drank out of tin cups; and  
such was the style of our banqueting throughout the  
expedition, whenever provisions were plenty, and as  
long as flour, and coffee, and sugar held out.

AN OSAGE WAR PARTY.—After travelling for  
two or three hours, as we were traversing a withered  
prairie, resembling a great brown heath, we beheld  
seven Osage warriors approaching at a distance.  
The sight of any human being in this lonely wilder-  
ness was interesting; it was like speaking a ship at  
sea. One of the Indians took the lead of his compan-  
ions, and advanced towards us with head erect, chest  
thrown forward, and a free and noble mien. He was  
a fine-looking fellow, dressed in scarlet frock and fringed  
leggings of deerkin; his head was decorated with  
a white tuft; and he stepped forward with something  
of a martial air, swaying his bow and arrows in one  
hand. We held some conversation with him, through  
our interpreter, Beattie, and found that he and his  
companions had been with the main part of their tribe  
hunting the buffalo, and had met with great success;  
and he informed us, that in the course of our jour-  
ney's march, we should reach the prairies on the banks  
of the Grand Canadian, and find plenty of game.  
Headed, that, as their hunt was over, and the hunters  
on their return homeward, he and his comrades had  
set out on a war party, to waylay and hover about  
some Pawnee camp, in hopes of carrying off scalps  
or horses. By this time his companions, who at first  
stood aloof, joined him. Three of them had indiffer-  
ent fowling-pieces, the rest were armed with bows  
and arrows. I could not but admire the finely shaped  
heads and busts of these savages, and their graceful  
attitudes and expressive gestures, as they stood con-  
versing with our interpreter, and surrounded by a  
cavalcade of rangers. We endeavoured to get one of  
them to join us, as we were desirous of seeing him  
hunt the buffalo with his bow and arrow. He seem-  
ed at first somewhat inclined to do so, but was dis-  
suaded by his companions. The worthy commissioner  
now remembered his mission as pacificator, and made

a speech exhorting them to abstain from all of-  
fensive acts against the Pawnees; informing them of  
the plan of their father, at Washington, to put an end  
to all war among his red children; and assuring them  
that he was sent to the frontier to establish a univer-  
sal peace. He told them, therefore, to return quietly  
to their homes, with the certainty that the Pawnees  
would no longer molest them, but would soon regard  
them as brothers. The Indians listened to the speech  
with their customary silence and decorum; after  
which, exchanging a few words among themselves,  
they bade us farewell, and pursued their way across  
the prairie. Fancying that I saw a lurking smile in  
the countenance of our interpreter, Beattie, I privately  
inquired what the Indians had said to each other after  
hearing the speech. The leader, he said, had observ-  
ed to his companions, that, as their great father in-  
tended so soon to put an end to all warfare, it behoved  
them to make the most of the little time that was  
left them—so they had departed with redoubled zeal  
to pursue their project of horse-stealing!

REMAINS OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE.—Early on the  
following morning, I walked to the site of the great  
Carthage—of that town that the sound of whose name  
mighty Rome herself had so often trembled.—Of Car-  
thage, the mistress of powerful and brave armies,  
of numerous fleets, and of the world's commerce, and to  
whom Africa, Spain, Sardinia, Corsica, Sicily, and  
Italy herself bowed in submission as to their sovereign,  
in short, "Carthage, dives opum, studiisque asperum  
a bellis." I was prepared to see but few vestiges of  
its former grandeur, it had so often suffered from the  
devastating effects of war, that I knew many could  
not exist; but my heart sank within me when, ascend-  
ing one of its hills, (from whose summit the eye em-  
braces a view of the whole surrounding country, to  
the edge of the sea,) I beheld nothing more than a  
few scattered and shapeless masses of masonry. Yes,  
—all vestiges of the splendour and magnificence of  
the mighty city had indeed passed away, and its very  
name is now unknown to the present inhabitants.  
Two wretched villages, Maallakah and Dover es  
shah, "the encampment on the shore," the Marabout  
of Sidi Abd-ul-Aziz, and the little fort of St. Louis,  
are the only inhabited spots within this part of the  
vast precincts of the ancient walls; and the scene that  
once was animated by the presence of nearly a million  
of active and warlike inhabitants, is now buried in the  
silence of the grave; no living soul appearing, if we  
occasionally except a soldier going or returning from  
the fort, or the motionless figure of an Arab, watching  
his flocks from the summit of the fragment of some  
former palace or temple; in short, solitude and silence  
hold undisputed sway over the whole scene—a scene  
which impresses on the mind a feeling of melancholy  
which I found it difficult to shake off.—Sir G. Tem-  
ple's Excursions in the Mediterranean.

Mrs. HEMANS.—An English critic, who knew her  
well, gives the following little sketch of her char-  
acter:—  
"In private life, Mrs. Hemans had attached to  
herself many sincere and steadfast friends. She was  
remarkable for shrinking from the vulgar honours of  
honour, with all the quiet delicacy of a gentlewoman;  
and at a time when she was courted by offers of friend-  
ship and service, and honours sent to her from every  
corner of Great Britain and America, to an extent  
which it is necessary to have seen to believe, she  
was never so happy as when she could draw her own  
small circle round her, and secure in the honest sym-  
pathy of its members, give full scope to the powers of  
conversation which were rarely exerted in general  
society, and their existence, therefore, hardly suspec-  
ted. It will surprise many to be told, that she might,  
at any moment have gained herself a brilliant reputation  
as a witty, for her use of illustration and language was  
as happy and quaint, as her fancy was quick and ex-  
cursive; but she was wisely for her own peace of  
mind, anxious rather to conceal, than to display her  
talents. It was this sensitiveness of mind which pre-  
vented her ever visiting London after her name had  
been celebrated: and, in fact, she was not seldom  
reproached by her zealous friends for under-valuing,  
and refusing to enjoy the honours which were  
deservedly awarded to her high talents, and for shutting  
herself up, as it were, in a corner, when she ought to  
have taken her place in the world of society as a lead-  
ing star. The few who knew her, will long remem-  
ber her eager child-like affection, and the sincere  
kindness with which, while she threw herself fully  
and frankly into their good offices, she adopted their  
interests as her own for the time being."

DR. JOHNSON FOND OF THE ACQUAINTANCE OF  
YOUNG PEOPLE.—Sir, I love the acquaintance of  
young people; because, in the first place, I don't like  
to think myself growing old. In the next place, young  
acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and  
then, sir, young men have more virtue than old men;  
they have more generous sentiments in every respect.  
I love the young dogs of this age, they have more  
wit and humour and knowledge of life than we had;  
but then the dogs are not so good scholars. Sir, in  
my early years I read very hard. It is a sad reflection,  
but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen  
as I do now. My judgment, to be sure, was not so  
good; but I had all the facts. I remember very well,  
when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me,  
"Young man, ply your book diligently; now, and ac-  
quire a stock of knowledge; for when years come  
upon you, you will find that poring upon books will  
be but an irksome task."—Boswell's Johnson.

THE BANANA TREE.—With respect to food,  
the banana tree is the most valuable tree that grows,  
and its produce is more conducive to the indolence of  
the natives of tropical climates than any other natural  
production. Its increase is so rapid that, in eight or  
nine years after the sucker has been planted, the fruit  
of fruit are formed, and may be gathered in seven  
weeks more. The tree is then cut down, and the  
chief sucker, which is about two-thirds of its size,  
bearing fruit in two or three months. The banana is  
known to give a greater return than any other fruit in  
the world, as a small spot of ground will yield thou-  
sands of pounds weight annually. The bunches of  
fruit average 35 lbs. each. They are gathered green  
for curries, or to be dressed in any other manner as a  
vegetable; and, when ripe, are in general use as a  
fruit, which, indeed, in some countries, forms a con-  
siderable part of the food of the natives.—Holman's  
Travels round the World.

A HINT TO ORATORS.—Both spoke; both  
were considered "rising men;" and Liouel's  
extreme youth made him a sort of lion among  
his friends. His speeches were bold, fluent,  
and brilliant; he sometimes indulged in a  
strain of bitter and successful irony, and often  
in personalities which just (and only just)  
avoided the bounds which, when passed, al-  
low even a "member of the Lower House,"  
(who is doomed to hear quietly much that he  
would fain resent) to be offended. This is a  
style loudly cheered in the house, but little  
liked out of it. People will approve of much  
in an hour of excitement which their cooler  
judgments afterwards condemn; and bitter-  
ness, while it is temporarily the most success-  
ful, is, in fact, the most impolitic of styles;  
for, by the force of eloquence by which a man crush-

es his enemies, and grinds them, as it were,  
to powder, also gives his friends an impres-  
sion of insecurity, of want of temper, of im-  
periousness, of all which makes a man un-  
popular with his own party, and makes that  
party dread his very talents, as giving him a  
chance of becoming their leader. The politi-  
cian whose power lies rather in stinging  
his opponents than in winning those of his  
own side, is generally in the long-run unsuccess-  
ful. Lionel carried this style even to ex-  
aggeration: his very attitude partook of it,—  
the folded arms, the haughty head, the flash-  
ing eye, added to the withering force of his  
sneer; and he stood aloof from and regard-  
less of his friends, as if it were for the indul-  
gence of his own hate, and not in the oppo-  
sition of his. During the whole of his career,  
though he made a hundred bitter and irrecon-  
cilable foes, he never conciliated a human  
being.—Mrs. Norton's The Wife.

Reward and Punishment in Schools.—A  
teacher can render almost anything a reward  
or a punishment to his pupil by his own  
manner of considering it. For instance, I  
once had an empty seat placed at my side in  
the school. I soon perceived a child that  
was mischievous and idle. I said, "Come  
here and sit by me, you are too naughty to  
sit among good children;—I cannot trust  
you at a distance from me until you are bet-  
ter." The child cried bitterly at what he  
deemed a punishment, and soon behaved  
well enough to resume his former seat. Not  
long after, I saw another whose diligence and  
attention gave me peculiar pleasure. I called  
him, with a smile, to sit on the same seat.  
"Come to me," said I; "I love to have you  
near me when you are so good." The smil-  
ing happiness of the child sufficiently testified  
his comprehension of the spirit of my ar-  
rangements.—Annals of Education.

A LADIES' MAN.—And thus it was with  
Sopsy. Among rational and talking beings,  
he was a cipher; among the active and high-  
spirited of his "set" at Melton, he was a  
good-humoured bore; among chaperons and  
mothers, he was a dangerous detrimental;  
and among their daughters and the gayer  
portion of London wives, he was (give me  
a name for the species, dear Venus!) the sort  
of man for whom all the women try, about  
whom they all quarrel and are jealous among  
themselves, and who, nevertheless, can do  
the unmarried ones no good, and will prob-  
ably do the reputation of the married ones a  
great deal of harm. They are as regular and  
distinct a race as if Noah had preserved a  
pair of human beings on purpose to continue it.  
They are all handsome, or nearly so;  
and are remarkable for the neatness of their  
chassure, and the care with which they trim  
their whiskers. They wear well-chosen and  
tasteful waistcoats, belong to Crockford's, and  
eat idle, invent improvements in cabs, and  
eat small portions of excellent dinners with  
goodness and satisfaction. They are mostly  
good-natured, and in some of them the heart  
is apparent and visible. To the latter division  
belonged Sopsy; he had a heart, and a kind  
one, though it beat under a velvet waistcoat;  
he was, without exception, the best-tempered  
man in the three kingdoms; though foolish  
he had never been in a scrape; though poor,  
he contrived not only to keep out of debt,  
but to make an allowance to his mother; and  
though a thorough man of the London world,  
he was a good deal shocked, puzzled, and  
distressed, when he found himself desperately  
and irremediably in love with the lovely wife  
of his best friend, Lionel Dupré, of Moreton  
Park.—Mrs. Norton's The Wife.

Corset Timber?—We met an old friend  
yesterday returning from New-York, where,  
as he informed us, he had just sold a quantity  
of Lumber, which he had rafted down. In  
reply to our question as to what kind of Tim-  
ber he had taken to market, he said it was  
"hard-spike, chisel-handle and corset-stuff!"  
We were startled at the idea of rafting Cor-  
set timber, in the log, to New-York; but a  
brief explanation set us right. You must re-  
collect, said our friend, that there are nearly  
or quite six millions of females, in the United  
States; and that they all, white, yellow and  
black, wear Corsets. Now when you reflect  
that it requires about as much Timber to put  
a Lady "in Stays," as it does to set up a  
Flour Barrel, can you wonder that Corset-  
Timber forms an important item in the Lum-  
berman's account?—Albany Journal.

FOOD OF THE HINDOOS.—Thousands of  
Hindoos never (to their knowledge) taste of  
any thing that has had animal life: and to  
eat an egg would be as repugnant to their  
feelings as to eat flesh, because it contains  
the germ of life. They live on herbs, roots,  
fruit, grain, milk, butter, and honey. They  
appear to be as strong and as healthy as those  
who live on flesh and they avoid the "sin"  
of taking life. They believe that all who  
take life for the purpose of food will assured-  
ly go to one of the seven hells. It has a dis-  
tressing effect on their minds to show them,  
through a microscope, the animalcules which  
exist in the water they drink; for they are  
convinced by this they must often destroy life.  
—Roberts's Oriental Illustrations of the Scriptures.

Common Sense.—The following letter ap-  
pears in the Londonderry Journal:—The  
title of Esquire having become so common,  
I wish to relinquish it. Jacks of all trades  
being now Esquires; in fact, the title is noth-  
ing more than a stable groom to a Lord;  
I therefore request you will give a corner, in  
your useful paper, to say, that, from this date,  
I will not take any letters out of the Post-  
office, but those directed thus:—Mr. Robert  
Cary, Tunalague, Carndonagh."

God's Providence