The Weekly Observer.

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☞ The Observer Office is removed to the new Fire Proof Brick Building, owned by John Johnston, Esq., North West corner of the Market Square and Dock street, near the store of Mr. Sharp, Chemist and Apothecary, and adjoining the "*Victoria House.*"

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
THOMAS LEAVITT, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays.*
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
BILLS or NOTES for Discount, must be left at the Bank before three o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW BRUNSWICK
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MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 1 to 3 o'clock.
JAMES KIRK, Esquire, President.
☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

LANDING
Ex brig Addington from St. Thomas:
145 HHDS. of very Bright SUGARS.
Ex schr. Fair Trader from Philadelphia,
150 Kegs Manufactured TOBACCO, 18's.
Ex British Queen, Westmorland, and other arrivals,
40 chests E. I. Co's. Congo TEA,
7 chests Madras INDIGO,
150 boxes Liverpool SOAP,
215 coils "Jackson's" CORDAGE,
200 bundles OAKUM; casks LOAF SUGAR,
20 boxes STARCH; 10 bales Cotton Warp,
20 casks Boiled OIL; 20 tierces RICE.
—ALSO—
116 Bales and Cases British MERCHANDIZE—comprising a valuable assortment of Goods suitable for the present season, for sale at lowest market rates.
JOHN KERR & CO.
1st June, 1841.—(News, Courier.)

LONDON PAINTS.
Received per the *Sophia* from London:
258 KEGS best ground WHITE LEAD,
172 do. second ditto ditto,
48 ditto Black PAINT,
51 ditto Red ditto,
47 ditto Yellow ditto,
For sale by J. & H. KINNEAR.
25th May.—(News, Her. 31)

Ex Woodstock from Liverpool:
50 SMITH'S ANVILS and VICES,
5 casks Horse Nails,
A quantity of HAWSE PIPE, Windlass Gear, &c.
90 Fathoms 9-inch HAWSER.
For sale very low by
1st June. JOHN KERR & CO.

Tea, Blacking, &c.
Landing ex Sophia and Westmorland from London
50 CHESTS fine Pekoe-flavoured CONGOU,
50 Chests E. I. Co's. SOUCHONG,
20 Chests E. I. Co's. fine BOHEA,
50 bags real Java COFFEE,
20 casks Day & Martin's BLACKING,
20 boxes sperm CANDLES.
Ex Wasp from New-York:
100 bls. first quality Genessee FLOUR.
For sale by JARDINE & CO.
25th May, 1841.

DRIED PEACHES,
Goshen Cheese, and Crackers.
Per *North America*, and schr. *Banner*, from Boston;
40 KEGS Wine, Sugar, and Soda Crackers,
1 Cask DRIED PEACHES;
1 Cask TIMOTHY SEED;
Casks rich *Goshen* CHEESE,—*similar to last importation.* IN STORE:
150 Reams WRAPPING PAPER.—*all sizes,*
40 Boxes Liverpool Hard SOAP,
10 Cases London STARCH,
10 Brls. OATMEAL. 30 doz. fancy Brooms.
For sale at the King-street Tea Store, No. 12, (*late Alexander's.*) JOHN SEARS.
☞ MOCHA and other COFFEES—*fresh ground.*
May 18, 1841.—4w.

Cloth Manufactory.
THE subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public that he has imported MACHINERY for the manufacturing of WOOLLEN CLOTH, and all those persons wishing to patronise him can send their WOOL and have it manufactured to order, on the most reasonable terms.
He has also in operation a Machine for *Carding Rolls*, and hopes by strict attention to merit a share of public patronage.
SEYMOUR PICKETT.
Kingston, (King's County,) May 17.—4i

☞NOTICE.
JAMES SIMONDS has commenced Business in this City, as a *General Commission MEAL CHANT*, and is now prepared to receive Consignments at his Store in Messrs. Adam & Davidson's Fire Proof Brick Building, Nelson street.
St. John, 27th April, 1841.

NOTICE.
THE subscriber having taken those premises over Messrs. Knowles & Thorne (South Market Wharf,) tenders his services to his friends and the public as an AUCTIONEER and Commission Merchant. THOMAS HANFORD.
April 27, 1841.

GROCERIES.
Per "Sister Ann," from Glasgow—
BOXES pale yellow and white Soap, do. best quality Starch, do. Confectionary, casks Thumb Blue, bags common and pearl Barley, bales Wrapping Paper, casks Split Peas, &c.
Per *British Queen* from London—Drums best Turkey Figs, do. Valtamia Raisins, boxes Mould Candles.
Per brig *Westmorland* from London—Sperm and Mould Candles.—For sale by
June 1. JAMES MALCOLM.

REMOVAL.
Gilchrist & Inches
HAVE removed their Business to Mr. Melick's new Brick Building, North side of the Market Square. May 4th.

LONDON HOUSE.
SPRING IMPORTATIONS
Per ships "Canton" and "Emerald."
ORLEANS Cloths, Saxonys, Summer Cloths, Cantoons, Moleskins, Muslins, White, Grey, and Printed COTTONS, Ginghams, Handkerchiefs, Linings, Quilts and Counterpanes, LINENS, Lawns, and Hollands, Regattas, Shirting Stripes, and Homespuns, Cotton WARP, &c. &c.
LONDON GOODS,
Per Rebecca.
A large assortment of Mousseline de Laines, Orleans Cloths, Saxonies, Summer Cloths, Bombazins, Crapes, SHAWLS and Handkerchiefs, Gros de Naples, Satins, Persians, Nets, Quillings, Laces, Ribbons, Gloves and Hosiery, Silk Handkfs., Broad Cloths, Buckskins and Kerseymeres, Scarfs, Parasols & Umbrellas, &c. &c. &c.
THOMAS DANIEL.
Market Square, St. John, May 25, 1841.

MAY 18, 1841.
New Spring Goods.
Just received, per "Pekin," from London:
41 CASES HATS, containing an assortment of every quality from the lowest to the very best;
17 Cases of BOOTS and SHOES, assorted;
30 do. of FANCY GOODS, comprising Silks, Satins, Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Netts, Laces, Blonds, Parasols, Silk and Cotton UMBRELLAS, Saxonies, Orleans, Mousseline de Laines, Fancy Dresses, Challies, Crape, Thibet, and Indiana Handkerchiefs and Shawls;
Gent.'s STOCKS in great variety;
Rich Satin VESTINGS; Braces;
India Handkerchiefs; Muslin Trimmings;
BRUSSELS CARPETING, with RUGS to match;
A lot of FLOOR CLOTH for Halls, in 4/4, 5/4, 4.4, 5.4, 6.4;
—ALSO—
Per Emerald from Liverpool:
A large stock of CARPETS, in Kidderminster, Yorkshire, Venetian, Scotch and Brussels, with handsome Rugs to match;
A variety of patterns of Stair Carpeting;
Fancy Printed Druggetts, in great variety;
Printed Cottons and Furnitures;
Grey and White Shirtings;
Checked Homespun Ginghams;
Regattas and Twilled Shirtings;
Figured and plain Orleans Cloths;
Plain and printed Saxonies;
Plain and printed Mousseline de Laines;
Plaid Camlets, Lastings and Shalloons;
Moleskins and Trowser Stuffs;
Canvas, Osnaburgs, LINENS and Diapers;
Red, Yellow and White FLANNELS;
Baize, Padding and Ticks;
A large lot of printed Patteens for Children;
Jacconet, Book, Mull and checked Muslins;
Handkerchiefs of all kinds;
Fancy Buttons and Trimmings;
VESTINGS, STOCKS, Braces, &c. &c.
Which, together with a large stock of Goods on hand, will be found worthy the attention of purchasers.
W. G. LAWTON.

NEW GOODS.
J. & H. FOTHERBY
Have received per ship Canton, from Liverpool, part of their Spring Importation, consisting of
GREY, White, and Printed Cottons,
Furnitures, Regattas, and Printed Jeans,
Black and colored Orleans, and Summer Cloths,
Irish Linens, Lawns, Diapers, and Table Cloths,
Towellery, Brown Hollands, Silesias, and colored Jacconets,
Muslins, Moleskins, Ticks, Cantoons, Drills,
Osnaburgs, Canvass, Homespuns, Checks,
Stripes, Black and colored cotton Velvets,
Plain and checked Druggets, Plaid Shawls,
A large assortment of Tailors' Trimmings, &c.
☞ London Goods hourly expected per Rebecca and British Queen.
North side Market Square,
One door West London House.
18th May, 1841.

JOHN RHODES
HAS removed from the South Market Wharf to the Brick Building lately erected by Mr. Melick, Market Square, and offers for sale the following GOODS, received per ship "Emerald" from Liverpool:—
Cases of extra superfine Wool-dyed blue and black CLOTHS,
Cases of extra superfine Invisible Greens, various shades,
Do. do. do. Wool black CASSIMERES,
Do. superfine blue and colored CASSIMERES,
Do. do. Albert Ribs, Abbotsford Checks, and New Western Stripes, Plaids, &c.
Do. do. Olives, Browns, Invisible Greens, and Blue CLOTHS,
Do. do. Buckskin Stripes and PLAIDS, various colors,
Do. do. Dalmatin DOE-SKINS,
Bales of TWEEDS, assorted patterns,
Do. MERINOS and SAXONYS,
Do. Saxony White FLANNELS,
Do. Red and Grey PADDINGS.
—ALSO—
Bales of Prints, White and Grey Cottons, Plain and Printed Moleskins, Ticks, Cotton Warp, Summer Slops, Threads, Blue Cloth Jackets, Sewing Silk and Twist, with sundry other Goods, making a complete assortment of staple articles. *Terms liberal.* 11th May, 1841.

For sale, ex Calcutta from Hull.
22 HHDS. LINSEED OIL, *high boiled;*
2 do. do. do. *raw;*
50 barrels COAL TAR.
Ex Woodstock from Liverpool—
70 tons assorted IRON; 90 hhds. BRANDY;
7 tons OAKUM; 300 boxes SOAP,
200 bolts Gourock Bleached CANVAS,
CORDAGE, assorted; CHAIN CABLES and ANCHORS, assorted; SHEATHING PAPER, SPIKES, &c. &c.
May 29. JAMES KIRK.

CIGARS! CIGARS!!
150,000 Spanish Cigars, of various qualities and brands—for sale at No. 12, King-street, (late *Alexander's*)—wholesale and retail.
ALSO,—High-priced smoking and chewing TOBACCOS. JOHN SEARS.
May 18,—4w.

☞ NOTICE.
THE Subscribers have this day entered into Professional Co-Partnership.
HENRY COOK,
THOMAS S. WETMORE.
Germain street, 1st May, 1841.—6i

The Garland.

OH! THE FLOWERY MONTH OF JUNE.

From Gilfillan's Third Edition of Poems and Songs, lately published.

Oh! the flowery month of June again I hail as summer's queen;
The hills and valleys sing in joy, and all the woods are green;
The streamlets flow in gladsome song, the birds are all in tune,
And nature smiles in summer pride, in the flowery month of June!

There's music in the laughing sky, and balm upon the air;
The earth is stamped with loveliness, and all around is fair;
There's glory on the mountain top, and gladness on the plain;
The flowers wake from their wintry bed, and blush in bloom again!

Oh! the flowery month of June! my heart is bounding wild and free,
As with a fond and longing look I gaze once more on thee!
With all thy thousand spangling gems—a bright and blessed boon—
That come to cheer and welcome in the flowery month of June!

The lark hath sought an upward home, far in the dewy air;
While lowly by the rose's cheek, the blackbird's singing there;
Or, in its leafy bowers unseen, the thrush bursts forth in song—
A low and pleasing melody the woody dells among!

Oh! the flowery month of June; ah! me, where are the fond ones fled?
No spring comes for the parted friends, nor summer to the dead!
I miss them at the calm of eve, or sunny hour of noon;
Nor morning songs awake the dead in the flowery month of June!

Miscellaneous.

THE BISHOP AND HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

In a city in the south of France, which we will not name at present, there lived a few years ago, a kind, amiable old man, severe to himself, indulgent to others, so good and charitable that every body loved him. His house was a model of propriety and hospitality. It was managed by an old housekeeper, Madame Pichard. In a bachelor's establishment the supreme authority is always exercised by a lady. Madame Pichard was the very model of housekeepers, and every thing went on admirably under her administration. Her only source of trouble was her husband, a drunken quarrelsome old man, who, at the time of our story, was carried off by dropsy, produced by his excesses. A few days after his death the bishop went up to his housekeeper's apartment to pay her a visit of condolence.

"Well my dear Madam," began his lordship, "I have called to endeavour to console you in your afflictions. You must not grieve too deeply. We are all mortal, you know, and sooner or later we must come to the end of our earthly pilgrimage. Your husband's life is now ended; it would have been better if he had not spent so much of it in drinking, but still the mercy of heaven has no bounds."

'Your lordship is very good, but to say the truth, I was not thinking of my husband at all. I will not deceive you.'

'Really,' answered the bishop.

'Your lordship knows that my husband was a drunkard, that he used to beat me, and sell my clothes to buy liquor with; for my part I am only sorry that he lived so long.'

This was a kind of funeral oration, for which the bishop was hardly prepared, and it was with no little astonishment that he replied—

'That is not a very christian frame of mind, I'm afraid: did you not love your husband.'

'Your lordship would not ask me that question, if you knew how I came to be married.'

'You must tell me all about it,' said the bishop, with the curiosity of age.

'And your lordship does not know anything about my Augustus,' continued the housekeeper in a melancholy tone.

'Your Augustus, Madame Pichard? Pray explain.'

'I was born at Boulogne, if it please your lordship. At fifteen they called me the village beauty, and I suppose when eighteen, I was not much uglier; but excuse me, sir,' said the old lady, drawing back her chair, 'I am going to tell you a love story, and I shall only tire you.'

'Go on,' repeated the dignitary, 'we are both of us old now, and can talk about such nonsense without danger.'

'There lived in the village a young man, tall, finely formed, with blue eyes and curling light hair; I think I can see him now, all we girls used to pull caps for him; he was what our parents called a wild young man: his name was Augustus, and we all used to call him 'handsome Gussey.' He soon singled me out, and when my father went to Paris, and my mother was out of the way, he was always at my side. When one gets to be an old woman, and has a great grown up girl to take care of, one rails at lovers, but still that was the happiest time of my life—I remember it as if it were yesterday. I was proud of my Gussy, who was our village beau, and he soon quitted all the other girls to pay his court to me. All this sounds very strange to your lordship, no doubt. My father and mother would never have agreed to my marrying so wild a young fellow as he was, they forbade him the house, but we used to meet often in secret. He would prowl around all day only to get a single look of me, and then, oh how happy and proud I was. One day my father had gone to the city with a load, and I slipped out to try to see Augustus for a moment—we had not seen each other for a fortnight. I met him in the high road. If your lordship knew what a delight it is to meet one's lover, when one is just eighteen, and has been parted from him for a fortnight, you'd comprehend how one feels, I forgot father, mother, every thing. We stood under a tree by the road side, looking into each other's eyes, we were so happy we did not even speak. A cart came along, it was my father's: he saw us, sprung out, and began to beat me for having met Augustus against his orders. I am certain that if he had attacked Augustus himself, he would not have resisted, but the poor fellow could not bear to see me suffer—he attacked my father, and they fought desperately. My father caught up a stone, and split open Augustus's head; he on the other hand, dealt the old man such a blow that he fell senseless.

'Oh run, run, Augustus,' said I, 'if the police should catch you, you are lost.' He obeyed me and fled, and I have never seen him since. My father soon came to, and gave me a dreadful beating. He determined to marry me off, and easily found a man who was willing to take me without any affection, with a good dower. When I was tired of being beaten every morning and evening, I became Madame Pichard. I never loved my husband: he knew that my father used to beat me, and he followed his example. We wandered over the whole of France, in great want and misery for the most part, till your lordship's kindness gave us support. That is my story.'

'And what became of handsome Gussy?'

'He thought he had killed my father, and left the village. He was a lad of courage, no doubt he enlisted; perhaps he is now a colonel, general, or count, who knows, unless he was killed in battle. But I cannot believe that he is dead, I have been looking for him these forty years, I expect every moment to hear him knock at the door, and see him come in with his graceful figure, his mild blue eyes, and waving locks.'

'So then you suppose, my good lady, that your Gussy is just the same now as he was then?'

'So I fancy, please your lordship.'

'Why, that is folly: your Augustus has grown old like other men, by this time his face must be wrinkled, his head bald, and his figure bent double. If you were to see him now, you would not know him.'

'Oh, that's impossible! I can't believe that he's so changed, but at any rate I should know him among a thousand. Put him in the middle of an army, and I'll lay my life I'd recognise him at the very first.'

'You are mistaken, madam, you dwell in fancy on the youth of twenty, not on the old man of sixty five—and Augustus himself, if he were to see you, would not know you. To prove this to you—you have both of you lived six months in my house, without either's ever suspecting that the other was—'

'What does your lordship mean? asked the old woman anxiously.

'To undeceive you, Margaret—I am your Augustus.'

Madame Pichard sprang from her chair, and held up both hands. She could not believe him.

"Oh dear! is your lordship 'handsome Gussy?'

"Certainly."

"The handsomest young fellow in the village!"

"Yes, Margaret, forty-five years ago."

"Was it you that I used to meet down in our garden?"

"Alas! yes, Margaret."

"Was it you, your lordship—I mean Augustus—I mean your Lordship—that my father hit with a stone?"

The dignitary took off his skull cap, and showed a distinct scar on his shaven crown.

"I can tell you all in a very few words. When I thought I had killed your father, I fled across the frontier. I took refuge in a convent, the good fathers gave me an education. I wanted to go back to France to claim your hand, when I heard of your marriage. I determined to take orders. I abandoned the idle pursuits of my youth; and devoted myself to study and prayer. I returned to France—I preached some thirty years, when I was nominated to the see I now occupy. You must stay with me, Margaret: we are both of us so old and so changed now, that there is no danger in the remembrance of the past. You see now that your fancy was fed by a mere illusion, the object of your first love was before your eyes, yet you did not know him, nor he you. Nothing is lasting in this world, my child; all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Madame Pichard continued to be the very model of a careful housekeeper. The servants stood in awe of her, and believed that she was crazy, for they often heard her mutter to herself, when she thought she was alone,

"Oh, dear! his lordship's my handsome Gussy—oh dear! oh dear!"

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—The following details are as strange as they are true. In the neighbourhood of Gloucester, a young lady, of highly respectable connections, has experienced a series of reverses in the cause of the heart's best affection seldom equalled. A gentleman, of some station in society, became by accident acquainted with the maiden to whom we allude, and, their affection becoming reciprocal, the day was fixed for their union, which was to have taken place in the city of Gloucester. Agreeably with this arrangement, and as the match was a desirable one, her parent parted with a lucrative business in the country, on which she and her mother lived in respectability and comfort, and went to Glaocester, intending to settle. The day for the celebration of the wedding arrived; but alas! the bridegroom came not; his parents had peremptorily forbidden the match, and he was already, by their contrivance, on the seas, bound for Jamaica. A letter reached the poor girl, bnt to confirm her fears; his parents' consent had been withheld, and he had suddenly left the seaport town in the West of England, where he resided, not a faithless, but an unhappy lover. Time passed, and industry on the part of the hapless girl but ill supplied the loss of the comparative independence herself and family had left when they came to Gloucester, with the views and indulging the hopes to which we have alluded, and, though blighted in heart, she cheerfully succeeded in helping to support her decrepid mother and aunt in comfort. Time, the gentle softener of affliction, had many a long day cast its dimning shadow over the great event of her life, and nothing more had been heard of her absent lover, till a week or two ago, when, to her astonishment and delight, she received a letter from him, breathing the devotedness of constant attachment, and vows of unaltered affection, not the less welcome, though wafted across the seas. Another and another followed, begging forgiveness for the former apparent neglect—and still another, the last accompanied by the consent of the parents of the absent one. The poor girl's hopes were at the highest point of anxiety, when she received a still more welcome epistle, assuring her that her lover had landed at Falmouth, and was hastening to perform his neglected promise. The day was looked forward to with delight; it came—and with it the dark tidings of the grave—her lover had been suddenly seized with illness the night before his departure for the city of Gloucester;—he was a corpse before the morning! As a melancholy satisfaction to the poor, disappointed girl, the mother of the intended bridegroom visited her immediately, when his mother confessed that her son had been a voluntary exile, and would remain so, had not his parents, whom he loved and respected, given their consent to his union: after frequent communications his parents assented, and he instantly quitted Jamaica to claim the hand of his first love: hastening to meet her, death ruthlessly arrested his progress before he had been many hours on his native shore. As a proof of the sincerity of his attachment, the lover, in the hour of dissolution, bequeathed to his bride elect £2,000.—*English paper.*

EQUALITY OF HAPPINESS.—Nor is it to be imagined that the happiness of the individuals who are subjected to despotic government, is necessarily sacrificed during the effort of nature to throw off the load which oppresses it. The same improvidence and disregard of the future, which is the immediate cause of the growth of a rudundant population, afford sources of employment to the individual unknown in civilized life, and soften the stroke of suffering which can hardly be conceived in more prosperous states. It is by supposing the subjects of such governments actuated with our feelings, desires and habits, that their condition appears so unhappy, We forget that nature has accomodated the human mind to all the circumstances in which mankind can be placed, under the varied physicial and political circumstances of the species, and that instincts and gratification to us unknown, compensate to them for the wants of those enjoyments which to us appear indispensable. The country of Europe, where distress appears in its most aggravated form, is Ireland; and Persia is the dynasty of the East where desolation and misrule have longest prevailed; yet every person who has visited the former country has observed the uniform cheerfulness and joyous habits of the peasantry; a very competent observer has expressed a doubt, whether the people of Persia do not enjoy life as much as in the more civilized and laborious states of Europe; and the able author, who has demonstrated that it is in the purity of domestic life, and simplicity of manners in the East, that the real antidote to the whole political evils to which they have so long been subjected, is to be found, has confidently asserted the opinion, that the average amount of human happiness and virtue is not less in the East than in the West. The French peasantry danced and sung in the midst of the political evils which led to the revolution: and even under the horrors of the West India slavery the evening assemblies of the negroes present a specimen of temporary felicity rarely witnessed amidst the freedom of their oppressors. The freedom from anxiety, the sweetness of momentary gratification, the relaxations from labour which result from the prevalence of habits of improvidence, frequently compensate to the individual for the dear bought comforts of prosperous life; while suffering lessens half of its bitterness by never being foreseen, and misfortune half of its asperity by being speedily forgot. 'In peace of mind and ease of body,' says Mr. Smith, 'all ranks of men are nearly upon a level; and the beggar who suns himself by the highway, possesses the security that kings are fighting for.'—*Alison's Principles of Population.*

WOMAN'S LOVE.—*By Mrs. E. S. Smith.*

Love, in the heart of woman, is a paradox, a strange compound of contrarieties—a bright and beautiful hope, overshadowed by anxiety and fear—a sweet and thrilling delight, troubled by the keenest sorrow. It is a plant that springs up and attains perfection instantaneously, yet are its roots so deeply embedded in the soil which nurtures it, that no blast of adversity can disfigure its foliage; no storm of passion can mar its enduring beauty. It is a flower of the brightest hues and sweetest fragrance which bursts into full and perfect loveliness at the very instant of budding! Its brilliant coloring never fades—its grateful perfume never passes away, and while the life blood s warm within the heart that cherishes it, that flower is never known to change. Its earthly companions, Hope and Happiness, may pass away forever—life may grow dark with despair—Poverty, Pain, and Sorrow, may come and shed their blighting influence around it, still it remains unchanged. The cold breath of indifference and neglect may be the only airs that fan it, still it does not wither. The rude foot of insult and oppression may seek to destroy it, by trampling it to the earth, but it will rise again in its purity, and the wrongs it suffers be forgotten, in the remembrance of earlier years, and the soft and serene loveliness of its spring time will again return in its freshness and bloom. It is a beautiful mystery. Who can comprehend it?—*Ladies' Companion.*

LONGEVITY.—There is at present alive, in the island of Harris, a man who was born in 1730, and has attained, or rather turned, the 110th year of his age. From his youth upwards he has cherished all the feelings that constitute the true Celtic character, and was deemed trustworthy enough to become one of the attendants of Mr. M'Leod, tacksman of Bernera, during his sojourn in a place that bloodhounds could not reach, subsequent to the disastrous battle of Culloden. The spot chosen was Umba Ulludal; and while thus secreted, he fared better than Baron Brawardine, by clansmen and friends, who supplied him with venison, mutton, fish, and other necessaries, obtained by hunting, dexterity, or otherwise, and served according to the rude fashion of the times. The name of the individual, who has seen generation after generation committed to the grave, is John Martin; his faculties of sight, speech, and hearing are unimpared, and he is still so hal in bodily health that, in good weather, he thinks nothing of travelling to the top of the highest hill in Harris.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

SMALLEST SEA STEAMER IN THE WORLD—Malta, March 20.—The Peninsular and Oriental Company's iron steam-packet Lotus, (John Moody, Commander,) is worthy of particular notice. She is only 34 tons burden, and 24 horse power. She draws only two feet of water. She was built by Messrs. Ditchburn and Mare, London; the engines are by John Penn and Son, Greenwich. The engines and boilers of the Lotus are of very superior construction, having oscillating cylinders, well known and valued for the exceeding small space which they occupy, as well as their lightness, simplicity, and elegance. Indeed, the whole construction of this steamer is a miracle of art and mechanical skill. The Lotus is, perhaps, the smallest steamer in the world which has made so long a voyage at sea. She encountered the dreadful Bay of Biscay, and got safe across; from Gibralter she was towed by the Oriental to Malta; she leaves here shortly for Candia; thence she will proceed to Alexandria and the Nile, the place of her destination. On Tuesday noon, the Lotus cruised in the Great Harbour and about its mouth, attracting the attention and commanding the admiration of everybody. She made eight knots an hour; she went as smooth through the water as a duck, or rather an arrow shot through the water. Outside the harbour the Lotus was saluted by the "monsters of the deep," a shoal of porpoises, who frolicked and gamboled about her prow, reminding one of Venus sailing in her shelly car across the briny wave, with all the finny tribes in gay and silvery attendance.

ROCKET PRACTICE IN CHINA.—Among the many causes for edification and astonishment which the "Emperor of the Sun and Moon," with his strange people, will have had, as the consequences of collision with our forces, will be the circumstance of the superiority of our fireworks. It is a fact, we believe, that the Chinese are the real inventors of the rocket as an artificial firework, and even as an instrument of war; its capability, however, for this second object, in their hands, being confined—so trifling is its projectile force—to a simple means of annoyance, instead of destruction, for confusing the ranks of cavalry. It is to the late Sir William Congreve, after many years of practical experiment, that this weapon owes its present character for destructiveness and precision of flight. To him belonged the merit of manufacturing rockets of almost unlimited weights; of bringing up the range, for instance, of the 32 pounder to 3000 yards, and of gradually increasing the power of even 12 pounder to the penetration, at 1200 yards distance, of a solid bank of earth to the depth of 20 feet. We must add, also, as the inventions of the late Sir W. Congreve, the substitution of strong iron for paper cases, and the fixing of the stick by a screw in the axis of the rocket, instead of by binding on the side, so as to give it the straightness of the arrow. Great, we repeat, must have been the consternation of the Celestial nation at such a visitation of their native and familiar plaything, with its appalling roar, and, to them, new and gigantic dimensions and powers of destruction.

The English Laborer under the Corn System.—The Government might with equal propriety and humanity, lay an embargo on all the pumps and springs of the country, to keep us healthful whilst dying with thurst, as to dam up the natural supplies of corn to make us robust, whilst pining and starving with hunger.—Bread, like water, is the *sine qua non* of existence, and as a *vital* necessary of life, should be made free of access. It is rather more than ten years since the alarming riots occured in the agricultural districts. The condition of the labourer at that period might be considered comfortable compared to what it is now. The change in the poor laws has had, no doubt, a tendency to aggravate his sufferings because they ought to have been based on the repeal of the corn laws. The principle of the new poor law is sound, in practically teaching the labourer to be provided, and trust in his own resources; but the corn laws mock him, by placing the means for his so doing beyond his reach. Where is the patroism of our British philanthropists, in letting their benevolence flow so exclusively into foreign countries, whilst the cries of the hungry and oppressed, which assail us at the very thresheld of our own door, pass by almost unheeded. To use the shrewd language of Byron, 'If their skins were black instead of white, their sufferings would not remain long unredressed.'—*Wiltshire Independent*

The girls are so scarce in Iowa, and have so many offers, that nobody less than a colonel is looked at by them. Captainscan't 'shine' in those diggings at all. Get Commissions, emigrants.