# The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No. 1881.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1853.

VOL. XXV.—NO. 53.



**The Weekly Observer.**

Published on TUESDAY, by DONALD A. CAMERON at his Office, corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Flewwelling & Reading.—TERMS: 15s. per annum, half in advance.



## MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

MARKET SQUARE,
MAY 3, 1853.

## J. & H. FOTHERBY

HAVE received per ships *Liberia* and *St. John*, and steamer *Admiral*, an extensive assortment of GOODS, suitable for the season, consisting of
Paisley, Cachmere and Barege Long and Square SHAWLS;
An elegant assortment of DRESS MATERIALS, in Bagadere, Embroidered and Fancy BOBES, Printed and Embr'dered MUSLINS, CACHMERES, Delaines, Lustres, &c.
A large assortment of BONNETS, in all the new styles, with a very beautiful assortment of *RIBBONS, PARASOLS*, &c.
Muslin COLLARS, Habits, Under Sleeves;
Printed COTTONS, Grey and White do. Cotton Flannels, Satinetts, Ticks, Braces, Dinems, Drills, Cotton Warps, &c., which are offered at the very lowest prices, wholesale and retail.
☞ The remainder of Stock daily expected.

NEW GOODS,
Per Steame "Cambria."

## MORRISON & CO.,

HAVE now ready for inspection, suited for the season, the LARGEST, MOST VARIED and MOST MAGNIFICENT STOCK of
SILKS, SATINS AND RIBBONS
Ever exhibited in this Province.
MORRISON & CO.,
April 5. PRINCE WM. STREET.

## First Spring Importations.

## I & J HEGAN

have received per Packet Ship "MIDDLETON,"
CARPETINGS & HEARTH RUGS,
PRINTED, DRUGGETS,
Moreens and Damasks.
SHEETINGS,
White and Stiped SHIRTINGS
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.
*Prince William Street, 8th March, 1853.*

## GILCHRIST & INCHES

ARE NOW OPENING AT THE
GOLDEN FLEECE,
Prince William Street,
PART OF THEIR
Spring and Summer Stock,
Received per Packet Ship *Liberia.*
*St. John, April 19, 1853.*

## LONDON HOUSE,
Market Square, April 9, 1853.

*Per Steamer "Niagara."*

A FEW cases of SCOTCH GOODS containing Paisley, Cashmere, and French Barege
LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS.
Persian and Silk Striped LAINES;
Brocade and Embroidered ROBES;
French Printed CAMBRICS;
Fancy Printed ORLEANS;
HABITS, Chemizettes, Collars, Sleeves, &c. &c.
T. W. DANIEL.

APRIL 9, 1853.

## NEW GOODS.

Per Steamer "*Niagara*," from Liverpool:—
A FURTHER supply of BONNETS;
Bonnet RIBBONS;
Plain and Figured Rich SILKS;
SATINETTS, SATINS, SARSNETTS;
Rich black SILK LACES;
Cambric HANDKERCHIEFS;
COLLARS and HABIT SHIRTS;
GLOVES and HOSIERY;
SILK TRIMMINGS, BRAIDS, BUTTONS, TASSELS, &c. &c. &c.
W. G. LAWTON.

## VICTORIA HOUSE,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
AND
## BRITISH HOUSE,
KING STREET.

**Saint John, 8th March, 1853.**

## First Spring Importations!

PER SHIP "MIDDLETON."
**5,000 Straw Bonnets!**
Newest Spring Shapes!!
J. DOHERTY & CO.

N. B.—*Further Supply per Steamer* "Cambria," *at Boston, together with RIBBONS, SHAWLS, PRINTS, and Fancy* DRESS GOODS, *to arrive per "Admiral" next trip.* J. D. & CO.

**Porto Rico Sugar and Molasses.**
In Store—lately received—
111 BRLS. very bright Porto Rico SUGAR;
25 hhds. fine Porto Rico MOLASSES;
20 hhds. good Cuba Sugar—in Bond or duty paid.
May 10. JAS. MACFARLANE.

LONDON MADE IMPERVIOUS REVERSABLE COATS!!!—A large Stock of the above Goods now ready for inspection at the Howard House, King-street.
May 31. MYLES & HOWARD.

**WINDOW GLASS.**
1000 BOXES, part of which have arrived, both double and single thick, very necessary sizes, from 9x12 to 30x40—a superior article—the double thick of which is nearly equal to plate glass, at less than quarter the price.
JOHN KINNEAR,
June 14. *Prince Wm-street.*

**Liverpool and Saint John Line of PACKET SHIPS.**

*Sailing from Liverpool on the 1st of every Month, with occasional intermediate ships.*

| Ships. | Capt's. | Tonnage. | To Sail. |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Middleton*, | H. Nichols, | 996, | 1st June. |
| *Liberia*, | R. Card, | 875, | 1st July. |
| *John Barbour*, | R. D. Robertson, | 987, | 1st Aug. |
| *Imperial*, | D. Bannerman, | 1279, | 16th Aug. |
| *Eudocia*, | S. Vaughan, | 1015, | 1st Sept. |
| *Middleton*, | H. Nichols, | 996, | 1st Oct. |
| *Liberia*, | R. Card, | 885, | 1st Nov. |
| *Joseph Tarrett*, | R. G. Moran, | 967, | New Ship. |
| *John Bannerman*, | ——— | 1000, | ditto. |

These Ships are built he best materials, sail remarkably fast, are classed A 1 at Lloyds, and coppered, and will be dispatched punctually on the days appointed.
They are commanded by men of the greatest experience and nautical skill, and no expense or exertion will be spared to make this line efficient in every respect for the safe and speedy conveyance of Goods and Passengers.
The accommodations for passengers are superior, either in the Cabin, Poop or Steerage.
Orders for Shipment of Goods by this Line are respectfully solicited.
For Freight or Passage, apply in Liverpool to Messrs. FERNIE, BROTHERS & Co., 4 India Buildings, or here, to
April 12. J. & R. REED.

FURTHER SUPPLY OF
**Cheap and Handsome Room Paper.**

THE Subscriber has received an additional Supply of *TWENTY-FIVE CASES* New, Handsome, and Cheap PAPER HANGINGS, which are acknowledged to be by all who have examined the variety, *the Best and Cheapest in the City.* [April 26.—1m.] S. K. FOSTER.

1 EIGHT DAY CHRONOMETER; 1 SEXTANT; 1 BAROMETER;—second-hand, good as new—For sale by
June 7. GEO. THOMAS.

## SHIP STORES.

30 BRLS. American Prime PORK;
20 ditto Nova-Scotia ditto;
30 ditto No. 1 BEEF.
June 7. GEORGE THOMAS.

**Dissolution of Co-Partnership.**

THE Partnership hitherto carried on by the Subscribers, under the Firm of SMELLIE & ABERCROMBY, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. The Subscriber, James Smellie, is authorised to uplift and discharge all debts due to and by the Company.
JAMES SMELLIE,
R. W. ABERCROMBY.
St. John, N. B., April 30, 1853.

## Paris Fashions.

MESSRS. LOCKHART & CO. have pleasure to announce to their patrons, that part of their
NEW SPRING STOCK
has arrived per Steamer "*NIAGARA*," direct from PARIS, personally selected by Mr. Lockhart.
Gents' Parisian Satin Velvet HATS;
" best French KID GLOVES;
" " " STOCKS;
" " " Muslin, Satin, and Silk OPERA TIES;
" " " Silk Pocket & Neck Hdkfs;
" " " SHIRTS and COLLARS;
" " " BRACES;
Ladies' French, Leghorn and Straw BONNETS;
" " Moral Antique PARASOLS;
" " Bonnet and plain RIBBONS;
" " Colored KID GLOVES;
" " Dress Silks and Taffetas;
Children's HATS—with a variety of other articles of Parisian manufacture—
*THIS DAY OPEN, and ready for Inspection and Sale.*
LOCKHART & CO.,
April 9.—8i. No. 17, King-street.

**COFFEE! COFFEE!**
Per Schooner "LINNET," from Boston—
66 BAGS Java, Laguira and St. Domingo COFFEE—in Bond or Duty paid.
April 16. JAMES MACFARLANE.

**BRANDY.**
Ex Ship *Liberia*, from Liverpool, on consignment,
14 HHDS. 32 qr. casks } Fine old BRANDY.
For sale low from the ship, by
April 26. CUDLIP & SNIDER.

**Spring Fashions, 1853!!!**
JUST received T. OLIVE & SON'S SPRING FASHIONS for 1853. Subscribers will receive the same by calling at
MYLES & HOWARD,
March 22, 1853. AGENT

*From London, now Landing:*
600 BOXES WINDOW GLASS; 5 hhds. Crushed SUGAR;
2½ tons Brandram's White Lead;
15 hhds. Linseed OIL,
2 hhds. miniature bottles of INK,
1 barrel Nutmegs, 1 barrel Cream of Tartar,
5 casks Saltpetre.
ALSO—*Daily Expected:*
One Thousand boxes more of Window GLASS, including all sizes, from 6x8 to 46x50.
JOHN KINNEAR,
May 21. Prince Wm. Street.

## SUGAR.

LANDING from Brig *Lucy Ann*—40 hhds. very bright Porto Rico SUGAR.—For sale low by
May 21. FLEWWELLING & READING.

*SUGAR & MOLASSES.*
Landing ex *Victor* and *Pilgrim*, from Ponce, Porto Rico
206 HHDS. Bright SUGAR; 241 hhds. Muscovado Molasses,
16 Tierces do. do.
All of very choice quality.—*For* sale by
May 24. JARDINE & CO.

**Barley, Oatmeal, Paper, &c.**
LANDING ex *Canmore*, from Glasgow:—Pot and Pearl BARLEY, Split PEAS, SODA, OATMEAL, Wrapping PAPER, &c.—For sale by [June 14.] JARDINE & CO.

**PERFUMERY.**
THE Subscriber has just received a fresh supply of Lubin's celebrated PERFUMES, consisting in part of "Jockey Club," "Boquet de Caroline," "Eau de Adelaide," "Patchouly," &c. &c., all of which are *warranted genuine.*—Also, a small assortment of PERFUME and CONFECTIONARY BOXES, suitable for Christmas Presents.
THOMAS M. REED,
Head of North Wharf


# Literature, &c.

## THE IVY IN THE DUNGEON.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The ivy in the dungeon grew,
Unfed by rain, uncheered by dew;
Its pallid leaflets only drank
Cave moistures foul and odors dank.

But through the dungeon grating high
There fell a sunbeam from the sky;
It slept upon the grateful floor
In silent gladness evermore.

The ivy felt a tremor shoot
Through all its fibres to the root,
It felt the light, it saw the ray,
It strove to blossom into day.

It grew, it crept, it pushed, it clomb—
Long had the darkness been its home;
But well it knew, though veiled in night,
The goodness and the joy of light.

Its clinging roots grew deep and strong,
Its stem expanded firm and long,
And in the currents of the air
Its tender branches flourished fair.

It reached the beam—it thrilled, it curled,
It blessed the warmth that cheers the world;
It rose towards the dungeon bars,
It looked upon the sun and stars.

It felt the life of bursting spring,
It heard the happy skylark sing;
It caught the breath of morns and eves,
And wooed the swallow to its leaves.

By rains and dews and sunshine fed,
Over the outer walls it spread;
And in the day-beam waving free,
It grew into a steadfast tree.

Upon that solitary place
Its verdure threw adorning grace;
The mating birds become its guests,
And sang its praises from their nests.

Would'st know the moral of the rhyme?
Behold the heavenly light! and climb;
To every dungeon comes a ray
Of God's interminable day.

## The Last Moments of "L. E. L."

A degree of mystery has hung around the death of this lamented poetess. In the year 1838, as our readers are aware, Miss Landon was married to Captain Maclean, the Governor of Cape Coast Castle. She had scarcely been two months in Africa, when she was found dead in her room, with a bottle of prussic acid at her side. This mysterious and tragic circumstance is fully explained in the following extract from a work in an English periodical, written by Captain Cruickshank upon his residence in Southern Africa:

"Few passages in the personal history of modern literature have been more discussed than the various circumstances connected with the sudden death of this popular favorite, and, as the published information on the subject before the public is neither ample in amount nor unimpeachable in character, we will assist ourselves of such new lights as Mr. Cruickshank may afford us.—His means of knowledge were, in any case, first rate.—He speaks of himself "as one who had the happiness of seeing a good deal of this accomplished lady upon the coast, who enjoyed and keenly felt the fascinations of her society, who only ten hours before her death had sat and listened with a rapt attention to her brilliant sallies of wit and feeling, who was present at the investigations consequent upon her sudden death, whose eyes were the last to rest upon those rigid features so recently beaming with all the animating glow of a fine intelligence, and who, with a sorrowful heart saw her consigned to her narrow resting place. * * I will endeavor to place in its true light a short account of her too brief sojourn in Africa. When Mrs. Maclean arrived at Cape Coast, there was no European lady then at the settlement, and her husband was in very bad health. Mr. Cruickshank was also ill. An invitation to visit the governor and his wife found him in bed, and it was some days before he could venture out to the Castle. "I sent in my name by the servant, and immediately after, Mrs. Maclean came to the hall and welcomed me. I was hurried away to his bed-room, Mrs. Maclean saying, as she tripped through the long gallery, "you are a privileged person, Mr. Cruickshank, for I can assure you, it is not every one that is admitted here." I took a seat by the side of his bed, upon which Mrs. Maclean sat down, arranging the clothes about her husband in the most affectionate manner, and receiving ample compensation for her attentions by a very sweet and expressive smile of thankfulness. We thus sat and chatted together for some hours, Mrs. Maclean laughingly recounting her experience of roughing it in Africa, and commenting, with the greatest good-humour and delight, upon what struck her as the oddities in such a state of society. She pointed to a temporary bed, which had been made for her on the floor, and said Mr. Maclean's sufferings had been so great for some nights, that the little sleep which she had got had been taken there. I declined to occupy an apartment in the Castle, but promised to call daily, during my stay at Cape Coast, to pass a few hours with them." We pass over the daily record of social intercourse. Mr. Cruickshank was about to return to England for his health; Mrs. Maclean was employed in writing sketches of Scott's heroines, for the "Book of Beauty," and as she sometimes found it difficult to fix her thoughts on a particular subject, "she seemed to have some alarm that the climate was affecting her." Mr. Cruickshank writes:—"As the day drew near for my departure, she occupied herself more and more in writing to her friends in England. It had been arranged that the vessel should sail on the forenoon of the 16th of October, and I agreed to dine and spend the evening of the 15th with the governor and his lady. It was in every respect a night to be remembered. * * * * At eleven o'clock I rose to leave. It was a fine clear night, and she strolled into the gallery, where we walked for half an hour. Mr. Maclean joined us for a few minutes, but not liking the night air, in his weak state, he returned to the parlor. She was much struck with the beauty of the heavens in those latitudes at night, and said it was when looking at the moon and the stars that her thoughts oftenest reverted to home. She pleased herself with thinking that the eyes of some beloved friend might be turned in the same direction, and that she had thus established a medium of communication for all that her heart wished to express. "But you must not," she said, "think me a foolish, moon-struck lady. I sometimes think of these things oftener than I should, and your departure for England has called up a world of delightful associations. You will tell M. F., however, that I am not tired yet. He told me I should return by the vessel that brought me out; but I know he would be mistaken." We joined the governor in the parlor. I bade them good night, promising to call in the morning to bid them adieu. I never saw her in life again." At breakfast, next day, Mr. Cruickshank was alarmed by a summons—"You are wanted at the Castle, *Mr.* Maclean is dead," said the messenger.—Hurrying to the Castle, he found that it was not Mr. but *Mrs.* Maclean—whom he had left the previous night so well—who was no more. "Never," he says, "shall I forget the horror-stricken expression of Mr. Maclean's countenance." "We entered the room where all that was mortal of poor 'L. E. L.' was stretched upon the bed. Dr. Cobbold rose up from a close examination of her face, and told us all was over; she was beyond recovery. My heart would not believe it. It seemed impossible that she, from whom I had parted not many hours ago, so full of life and energy, could be so suddenly struck down. I seized her hand, and gazed upon her face. The expression was calm and meaningless. Her eyes were open, fixed, and protruding." An inquest was immediately held. "All that could be elicited, upon the strictest investigation, was simply this:—It appeared that she had risen, and left her husband's bed-room about seven o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to her own dressing-room, which was up a short flight of stairs, and entered by a separate door from that leading to the bed-room. Before proceeding to dress, she had occupied herself an hour and a half in writing letters. She then called her servant, Mrs. Bailey, and sent her to a store-room to fetch some pomatum. Mrs. Bailey was absent only a few minutes. When she returned, she found difficulty in opening the door, on account of a weight which appeared to be pressing against it. This she discovered to be the body of her mistress. She pushed it aside, and found that she was senseless. She immediately called Mr. Maclean. Dr. Cobbold was sent for; but from the first moment of the discovery of the body on the floor, there had not appeared any symptoms of life. Mrs. Bailey further asserted that she found a small phial in the hand of the deceased, which she removed and placed upon the toilet-table. Mrs. Maclean had appeared well when she sent her to fetch the pomatum. She had observed in her no appearance of unhappiness. Mr. Maclean stated that his wife had left him about seven o'clock in the morning and that he had never seen her again in life. When he was called to her dressing room, he found her dead upon the floor. After some time he observed a small phial upon the toilet-table, and asked Mrs. Bailey where it had come from. She told him that she found it in Mrs. Maclean's hand. This phial had contained Scheele's preparation of prussic acid. His wife had been in the habit of using it for severe fits or spasms, to which she was subject.—She had made use of it once on the passage from England, to his knowledge. He was greatly averse to her having such a dangerous medicine, and wished to throw it overboard. She entreated him not to do so, as she must die without it. There had been no quarrel nor unkindness between him and his wife.

Dr. Cobbold, who had been requested to make a *post-mortem* examination, did not consider it at all necessary to do so, as he felt persuaded she had died by prussic acid. He was led to this conclusion from the appearance of the eyes of the deceased; and he believed he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person. My own evidence proved that I had parted from Mr. and Mrs. Maclean at a very late hour on the evening before, and that they appeared then upon the happiest terms with each other. There was found upon her writing-desk a letter not yet folded, which she had written that morning, the ink of which was scarcely dry at the time of the discovery of her death. This letter was read at the inquest. It was for Mrs. Fagan, upon whom she had wished me to call. It was written in a cheerful spirit, and gave no indication of unhappiness. In the postcript—the last words she ever wrote—she recommended me to the kind attentions of her friend. With the evidence before them, it was impossible for the jury to entertain for one instant the idea that the unfortunate lady had wilfully destroyed herself. On the other hand, considering the evidence respecting the phial, her habit of making use of this dangerous medicine, and the decided opinion of the doctor, that her death was caused by it, it seemed equally clear that they must attribute her death to this cause. Their verdict therefore was, that "she died from an overdose of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid taken inadvertently." Mr. Cruickshank concurred in this verdict at the time, but since his arrival in England, he has found reason "to doubt of its correctness." He now entertains the opinion, that death was caused by "some sudden affection of the heart." We refrain from any comment on either facts or opinions, and will content ourselves with adding a picture of the last scene of all from an eye-witness:—"In those warm latitudes interment follows death with a haste which often cruelly shocks the feelings. Mrs. Maclean was buried the same evening, within the precincts of the castle. Mr. Topp read the funeral service, and the whole of the residents assisted at the solemn ceremony. The grave was lined with walls of brick and mortar, with an arch over the coffin. Soon after the conclusion of the service, one of those heavy showers, only known in tropical climates, suddenly came on. All departed for their houses, I remained to see the arch completed. The bricklayers were obliged to get a covering to protect them and their work from the air. Night had come on before the paving-stones were all put down over the grave, and the workmen finished their business by torch-light.—How sadly yet does that night of gloom return to my remembrance! How sad were then my thoughts, as wrapped up in my cloak I stood beside the grave of "L. E. L.," under that pitiless torrent of rain! I fancied what would be the thoughts of thousands in England, if they could see and know the meaning of that flickering light, of those busy workmen! I thought of yesterday, when, at the same time, I was taking my seat beside her at dinner, and now, oh, how very—very sad the change!"

## To those about to Marry.—Things to be Thought about.

"Give my consent, sir! Why you must be mad to ask such a thing! Pray, sir, what is the amount of your annual income?"—"One hundred a year, Sir, at present."—"Precisely so. One hundred a year! Now, sir, would you like to see my last quarter's bill?"—"I really don't see, my good sir, begging your pardon, what it can have to do with the question."—"Don't you, indeed, young gentleman? Then I beg to tell you it has *everything* to do with the question. If you were to marry my daughter, which you *won't*, you know you would have to provide her with beef and mutton. Yes, sir, with beef and mutton. No doubt you think she could live on air and love, but you're quite mistaken. She has a capital appetite of her own, and I don't know a girl who makes a larger hole in a leg of mutton at one sitting than herself."—"But really, my dear Mr. Nobbs—"—"Now don't interrupt me, young gentleman. Of course its very disgusting to hear of a young lady eating beef and mutton, and running up the items of a butcher's bill, isn't it? But it's a matter of fact, sir; and fact is what you have to live by and not romantic nonsense. Now I tell you that my last quarter's butcher's bill—*its paid*, mind you—was £22 3s. 8d. That's at the rate of £88 odd per annum. Now I'll allow you and my daughter to consume only one-third of that, and then you are with nearly £30 to pay for your butcher's meat alone. Rather a large slice out of the £100, I think."—"I never expected that my present income would suffice for us, sir, but I thought—"—"Oh, yes, I understand you. You thought that my daughter had a rich father, but she *hasn't*. You thought that he'd allow you both enough to live on, but he *won't*. What next, sir,"—"I hope in time to increase my own income, sir."—"Very likely. Your employer gives you £100 a-year now; if you behave yourself properly, which I don't doubt, he will perhaps give you £120 a year or two hence; and if still you live steadily by the time you are gray, it's not improbable you may have £200 a-year for your income. Haven't I stated the case fairly?"—"Not quite, sir, I think. You make no allowance for my exertions and endeavours to get some more profitable employment than I now have: but since you seem determined to weigh your daughter's happiness against mere money—"—"Now pray don't talk nonsense, my good young gentleman. Whether you are going to give me a speech out of a novel or a poem I don't know, but I *do* know that novels and poetry are all rubbish. Find me out a fair substitute for money and I'll weigh my daughter's happiness against *that*; and if you should possess this unknown substitute, my daughter is at your service. But so long as people want bread, meat, houses, clothes, tea and sugar, to say nothing of luxuries, and so long as money alone can purchase these necessary items, I shall consider money the grand essential of life, and that

"The rest is all but leather or prunello."

You see I *have* read poetry in spite of my prosy views of love and matrimony. And now, my good sir, I wish you good day; and I strongly advise you to stick to your desk and forget that there is such a person as Miss Julia Nobbs." And so saying, Mr. Jacob Nobbs bowed out Mr. Valentine Sapley Figg.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

## Newspaper By-Laws.

A contemporary lays down the following pithy code of newspaper by-laws:—They are the best we have seen drawn up. 1. Be brief. This is the age of telegraph and stenography. 2. Be pointed. Don't write all round a subject without hitting it. 3. State facts, but don't stop to moralize. It's a drowsy subject. Let the reader do his own dreaming. 4. Eschew prefaces. Plunge at once into your subject, like a swimmer into cold water. 5. If you have written a sentence that you think particularly fine, draw your pen through it. A pet child is the worst in the family. 6. Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then record it in the shortest possible terms. We want thoughts in their quintessence. 7. When your article is completed, write out nine-tenths of the adjectives. The English is a stong language, but wont bear much "reducing." 8. Avoid all high-flown language. The plainest Anglo-Saxon words are the best. Never use stilts when legs will do as well. 9. Make your sentences short. Every period is a mile-stone, at which the reader may halt and rest himself. 10. Write legibly. Don't let your manuscript look like the tracks of a spider half drowned in ink. We shant mistake any one for a genius, though he write as crabidly as Napoleon.

FANNY KNOWS IT ALL!—"*Baby carts on narrow side walks are awful bores, especially to a hurried business man.*"

*Are* they? Suppose you, and a certain pair of blue eyes, that you would give half your patrimony to win, were *joint proprietors of that baby.* I should not dare to stand very near you, and call it a nuisance! It is all very well for bachelors to turn up their *single blessed* noses at these little dimpled Cupids; but just wait till their time comes! See 'em the minute their name is written "Papa," pull up their dickies, and strut off down the street, as if the Commonwealth owed them a pension!—When they enter the office, see their old married partner (to whom babes have long since ceased to be a novelty) laugh in his sleeve at the new fledged dignity with which *that* baby's advent is announced! How perfectly astonished they feel that they should have been so infatuated as not to perceive that a man is a perfect cipher till he is at the head of a family! How frequently one may see them now, looking in at the shop windows, with *intense interest*, at little hats, coral beads and bells, and baby jumpers. How they love to come to dinner, and press that little velvet cheek to their *business faces!* Was there ever any music *half* so sweet to their ears as its *first-lisped "Papa?"* Oh, how closely and imperceptibly, one by one, that little plant winds its tendrils around the parent stem! How anxiously they hang over its cradle when the cheek flushes and the lip is fever-parched; and how wide, and deep, and long a shadow in their happy homes, its *little grave* would cast!

My dear sir, depend upon it *one's own babe is never a nuisance!*" Love heralds its birth!

FANNY FERN.

## The Charms of Life.

There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden,—but, oh! how many that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty,—with objects which gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills that we cannot escape,—the approach of disease and death, of misfortune, the sundering of earthly ties, and the canker worm of grief,—but a vast majority of the evils that beset us might be avoided. The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligaments of society, is one that never strikes but to destroy. There is but one bright page upon the record of its progress, nothing to shield it from the heartiest execration of the human race. It should not exist,—it ought not. Do away with all this,—let wars come to an end, and kindness mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier would we be were we to labor much more earnestly to promote each other's good. God has blessed us with a home that is not dark. There is sunshine everywhere,—in the sky, upon the earth,—there would be in most hearts, if we would look around us. The storms die away, and a bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinged curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, even when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a Being so bountiful; and we can live happier than we do.

## New Hampshire Girls.

A western man travelling through the Granite State, pays the following compliment to its fair daughters:

"The ladies differ from those of any other State. There is constantly attending them what we would call at first sight a lofty pride, or haughty, overbearing demeanor. They seem to be imitating their own loved White Hills in the grandeur and splendor of their carriage, cold and lofty. At first, a stranger to their manner shrinks from making their acquaintance; but once 'pass the Rubicon,' and you find yourself initiated into the company of the most accomplished ladies of the land, modest and unassuming in their nature to such a degree that you can hardly believe that they are the same you met in the streets a few moments before. The ladies, too, are particularly fond of their native State; indeed I think there are but two States in the whole Union they would be content to live in, and those are the State of New Hampshire and the State of *matrimony.*"

TOBACCO AND BRANDY.—The New York Times calls attention to the astonishing fact revealed by the Treasury tables just issued, that we smoke up in Spanish segars our whole export of wheat, and guzzle down in French cogniac, our entire export of Indian Corn. For the rest of our breadstuffs, the flour sent abroad suffices for something like two-thirds of the interest on foreign debts, leaving the rice of South Carolina, and the deferred faith of the repudiating States to settle the remainder.

KISSING.—A young lady of Wakefield, England, rejoicing in the name of Lucy Serle, was recently brought before a magistrate, charged with an assault—though not of an *aggravated* nature. Miss Lucy, in open daylight, and in the open street, attempted to kiss a surly innkeeper of Wakefield.—Her lawyer, in justification of the offence, quoted Burns's couplet of,

"If a body meet a body coming through the rye,
If a body kiss a body, need a body cry?"

and the Justice admitted the plea, and discharged the case amidst the laughter of the spectators.

SILK.—The quantity of silk annually consumed by women and balloons is so great that it is really astonishing how worms and mulberry trees keep up the supply. According to the Paris Revue there are in France no less than 130,000 looms for silk, of which the product amounts to three hundred millions per annum. The fabrics of Lyons yield about or nearly two-thirds of that sum—a moiety of the whole is exported—three-fifths of the exports are from Lyons; the United States consume the greater part. Competition is formidable abroad, especially in Great Britain and Germany; but it was acknowledged at the Great Exhibition, that Lyons retained pre-eminence in designs and tissues. The 70,000 looms of Lyons employ 170,000 individuals; one half of these are dispersed over a radius of from twenty to twenty-five leagues, the others are in the bosom of the city. There are 300 manufacturing firms, embracing from 450 to 500 names. The average earning of the operative is 30 cents per day.—*Scientific American.*

## Temperature in the Crystal Palace.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing from New York, says:—

"But you will be surprised to know that the test place in New York is, perhaps, the new tal Palace. Sheltered from any stray s by the large Reservoir which frowns exposed on all sides to the direct ray its extensive surface of iron and attract and concentrate within it, the atmosphere contains. This is expected but very troublesome. been placed along the top and glass walls, but still the air almost stifling. When night air within is condensed upon water runs down in copious been found necessary, even to build fires in some parts order to dry the moisture. I scientific men are ruined by ance or carelessness in rega phenomenon of nature. How now manage to cool their P question. The prospect is that t loons and the drinking saloons which line the sixth Avenue, facin will invite the perspiring curiosity puffs his way out of the hot glass-hous profitable results as the Crystal speculator selves."

SCOTCH COLLEGE IN SPAIN.—A vessel sa from Greenock recently for Santander, with eight teen lads on their way to the Scotch college, which has existed since the times of our Reformation, in the ancient but now decayed city of Valladolid, in the interior of Spain.—The young men, one of whom belongs to Greenock, and the others to Glasgow, Edinburgh, &c., are under the charge of a priest. The Superior and Professors in this college are all Scotchmen, and the lads are intended to be trained as priests of the Church of Rome.

CREDIT.—Is your credit good? Keep it so. Never say to a creditor, 'I will pay you to morrow,' and then put him off a day or two longer, perhaps a week. We know of many men who might have been the 'lord of his neighbor's purse,' who cannot obtain a dollar's worth on credit. The reason is, he never does as he agrees. His most solemn obligations are broken; and when a man's credit is gone, he is ruined. It is next to impossible for him to secure what he has unwisely and wickedly lost. A young man starting in life should not on no account whatever lose his credit. It is his hope. Prompt payment has made a thousand fortunes, remember this and act accordingly.

## Authority of the Bible.

The mother of a family was married to an infidel, who made a jest of religion in the presence of his own children, yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. She was one day asked how she had preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own. This was her answer:—"Because to the authority of a father I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years, my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This Holy Book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit any fault, did they perform any good action, I opened the Bible, answered, reproved, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you."

## Terrible Death on the Maine Railroad.

Mr. Winthrop Richardson, a retired tailor, and a man very well known in this city, met with a shocking death, on Saturday evening, near his residence in Stoneham. His daughter, Mrs. Henry B. Wood, with her child, had been paying him a visit during the afternoon, and at a quarter before six o'clock, took her leave of him at the house—which is but a few paces from the depot—with a view of returning to Boston in the six o'clock accommodation train. Mr. Richardson started from the house a few minutes after, for the purpose, as is supposed, of seeing Mrs. Wood safely in the cars. As he approached the track, the Manchester express train hove in sight, and he saw it. He looked at it, as if to measure the distance, and then attempted to run across the rails. He made several jumps, and succeeded in leaping upon the platform; but in so doing lost his equilibrium, fell backwards, and was struck by the locomotive.—His body was mangled into pound particles. His head was crushed into atoms—the warm brain was found upon the platform, the liver adhered to one of the brakes, the still throbbing heart was found upon a rail, and pieces of dissevered limbs were strewn along the track for some distance.—Not a limb escaped unbroken, and never was mangling more complete. The engine was smeared over with blood, and particles of flesh adhered to it. Mrs. Wood was a spectator of the destruction of her father, and two or three other persons were standing near the station house at the time.

It is impossible to account for the imprudence of the attempt to cross the track at the time, and Mr. Richardson could not have been ignorant of the fact that it was the express train—which never stops at Stoneham—that was approaching him. Coroner Norcross held an inquest on Saturday night, and the verdict of the jury was "accidental death." The Corporation was properly exonerated from all blame in the matter.—*Boston Courier.*

Some genius has announced it as his belief that there will be such facilities for travelling, "bimby," that you can go anywhere for nothing and come back again at the same rate