The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818. Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No. 1129. ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1840. Vol. XII. No. 29.

PUBLISHED ON TUESDAYS, BY
DONALD A. CAMERON.
Office in Prince William-street, near the Market square, over the Marine Assurance Office.
Terms—15s. per annum, exclusive of postage, half in advance.

Weekly Almanack.

Jan.—1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
15 Wednesday	7 33	4 46	4 26	8 44
16 Thursday	7 33	4 47	5 41	9 46
17 Friday	7 32	4 48	6 44	10 38
18 Saturday	7 32	4 49	Rises.	11 23
19 Sunday	7 31	4 50	5 40	Morn.
20 Monday	7 31	4 52	6 58	0 2
21 Tuesday	7 30	4 53	8 11	0 38

Full Moon 18th, 7h. 51m. evening.

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.
Henry Gilbert, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Mondays and Thursdays.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
SAINT JOHN BRANCH.
R. H. Liston, Esquire, Manager.
Discount Days .. .. *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before three o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 3 o'clock.
James Kirk, Esquire, President.
☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing

The Garland.

THE DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.

BY MRS. ABDY.

My father, thou hast not the tale denied—
They say that, ere noon to-morrow,
Thou wilt bring back a radiant and smiling bride
To our lonely house of sorrow.
I should wish thee joy of thy coming bliss,
But tears are my words suppressing;
I think on my mother's dying kiss,
And my mother's parting blessing.

Yet, to-morrow I hope to hide my care,
I will still my bosom's beating,
And strive to give to thy chosen fair
A kind and courteous greeting.
She will heed me not in the joyous pride
Of her pomp, and friends, and beauty;
Ah! little need has a new made bride
Of a daughter's quiet duty.

Thou gavest her costly gems, they say,
When thy heart first fondly sought her:
Dear father, one nuptial gift, I pray,
Bestow on thy weeping daughter.
My eye, even now, on the treasure falls,
I covet and ask no other,
It has hung for years on our ancient walls—
'Tis the portrait of my mother!

To-morrow, when all is in festal guise,
And the guests our rooms are filling,
The calm meek gaze of those hazel eyes
Might thy soul with grief be thrilling,
And a gloom on thy marriage banquet cast,
Sad thoughts of their owner giving,
For a fleeting twelve month scarce has past,
Since she mingled with the living.

If thy bride should weary or offend,
That portrait might waken feelings
Of the love of thy fond departed friend,
And its sweet and kind revealings;
Of her mind's commanding force, unchecked
By feeble or selfish weakness,
Of her speech, where dazzling intellect
Was softened by Christian meekness.

Then, father, grant that at once to-night,
Ere the bridal crowd's intrusion,
I remove this portrait from thy sight
To my chamber's still seclusion:
It will nerve me to-morrow's dawn to bear,
It will beam on me protection,
When I ask of Heaven, in my faltering prayer,
To hallow thy new connexion.

Thou wilt waken, father, in pride and glee,
To renew the ties once broken,
But nought upon earth remains to me
Save this sad and silent token.
The husband's tears may be few and brief,
He may woo and win another,
But the daughter clings in unchanging grief
To the image of her mother!

WINTER.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"I deem thee not unlovely—though thou com'st
With a stern visage. To the tuneless bird—
The tender flow'ret—the rejoicing stream,
Thy discipline is harsh. But unto man
Methinks thou hast a kindlier ministry—
The lengthened eve is full of fire-side joys,
And deathless linking of warm heart to heart;
So that the hoarse stream passes by unheard.
Earth rob'd in white, a peaceful Sabbath holds,
And keepeth silence at her Maker's feet,
She ceaseth from the harrowing of the plough,
And from the harvest shouting.

"Man should rest
Thus from his fevered passions—and exhale
The unbreathed carbon of his festering thought,
And drink in holy health. As the tossed bark
Doth seek the shelter of some quiet bay
To trim its shattered cordage and repair
Its riven sails—so should the toil-worn mind
Refit for time's rough voyage. Man, perchance,
Soured by the world's sharp commerce, or impair'd
By the wild wanderings of his summer way,
Turns like a truant scholar toward his home,
And yields his nature to sweet influences
That purify and save.

The ruddy boy
Comes with his shouting school-mates from their sport
On the smooth frozen lake, as the first star
Hangs pure and cold, its silver crescent forth;
And throwing off his skates, with boisterous glee
Hastes to his mother's side. Her tender hand
Doth shake the snow-flakes from his glossy curls,
And draws him nearer, and, with gentle voice,
Asks of his lessons—while her lifted heart
Solicits silently the Sire of Heaven
To bless the lad.

"The timid infant learns
Better to love its father—longer sits
Upon his knee, and with velvet lip
Prints on his brow such language as the tongue
Hath never spoken.

"Come thou to life's feast,
With dove-eyed meekness and bland charity—
And thou shalt find even winter's rugged blast
The minstrel-teacher of the well-tuned soul;
And when the last drop of its cup is drained,
Arising with a song of praise, go up
To the eternal banquet."

Miscellaneous.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The last number of the London and Westminster Review contains an excellent article on Cromwell, from which we have taken the following sketch:

Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntington, on the 25th of April, 1599. He was descended by his mother's side from the Lord Steward of Scotland, founder of the Stewart family, and Cromwell, the commoner, was three generations nearer their common ancestor than Charles, the king. Charles the First and Cromwell's mother were eighth cousins. Cromwell, by the father's side, was connected by descent with Thomas Cromwell, prime minister to Henry VIII. and afterwards Earl of Essex. From him Sir Richard Williams, Cromwell's great grandfather, took the name of Cromwell.—This Sir Richard was a gallant jouster at Durham house, where now stands the Adelphi, and having distinguished himself there one day, King Henry VIII. said to him, "Formerly thou wast my Dick, but now thou shalt be my diamond," and bade him clap a ring on the demi-lion of his crest. Cromwell's grandfather too, was knighted by Elizabeth, and was known in his neighborhood among the poor as the Golden Knight. Cromwell's father was a brewer, and Cromwell is said to have given Prince Charles a bloody nose, when on a visit to his grandfather. He played the part of Tactus in Brewer's Lingua, at Huntington school. In this piece he takes up a crown and thus soliloquizes:

Was ever man so fortunate as I?
How gallantly it fits me.
I'm transformed
Unto the sacred temper of a king;
How princely do I speak! how sharp I threaten!

In 1616, at the age of 17, he was transferred to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and here he was something of a Rowsteerer. He, however, did not study himself out of business habits. "You have gathered up," said Milton, "the literary dust at Cambridge without deepening the tracts of learning." His father dying, he became a member of Lincoln's Inn. On the 22d of August, 1620, he married Eliza, daughter of Sir J. Bouchier, a relative of the Hampdens. It was a joke against her that she gave a poet who celebrated her beauty an old hoarded half-crown. He now seems to have determined to become a man in earnest, and resolutely paid back £30 he had formerly won at play.

Cromwell entered Parliament as member for Huntington in his 29th year, March, 1628. Hampden was his cousin, and introduced him to the great men of his party. Cromwell is said to have worn at this time a threadbare and torn coat and a greasy hat; he had a compressed mouth, large nose, deep piercing eyes and shaggy eyebrows; his face was rough, warted, gnarled and stern.

He retired to his farm at St. Ives, and opposed successfully the Bedford Level, by which means he acquired the title of 'Lord of the Fens.' His popularity increased, and Hampden said of him, that he was a "man to sit well to a mark." He now came in for Cambridge; there was a strong opposition, headed by Cleaveland, the poet. One single vote carried the day. "That single vote," said Cleaveland, "has ruined both Church and State." It was the long Parliament.

And now the civil war begun. Stafford had suffered.—Cromwell was first in the field, or one of the first; he sent down to his old neighbors £100 worth of sabres—many with the initials 'O. C.' are still seen in the neighborhood. Baxter says, "That Cromwell liked religious men, and out of very love for them turned them into a cavalry regiment." In a fight near Grantham he routed double his numbers. At Gainsborough he filed through a gate in the face of a concentrated fire, charged up hill, broke through the Royalists, though three to one, and scattered them into a bog. "I would," cried King Charles, "that some one would do me the good fortune to bring Cromwell to me dead or alive."

It is a certain fact that Manchester and Essex, his superiors in command, had no wish to succeed in the cause they championed, and Cromwell's efforts were often marred by their secret antagonism. His troops also were better treated by the Parliament when they were unsuccessful; the Parliament indeed dreaded their success and concealed their dread from all but the penetrating eye of reflection.

There is a general impression that Cromwell was a vulgar man. True it is he was not polished in manners, but his mind was the reverse of his outward show. He was fond of poetry, painting and music, and preserved the Cartoons of Raphael when the long Parliament had doomed the royal pictures to the flames. It is said that he "loved an innocent joke," and that his jokes were often practical, sometimes damaging the ladies' dresses with sweetmeats thrown among them. Manners were not then what manners are now.—Chesterfield had not appeared with his imported French polish. Queen Elizabeth boxed her maids of honor, and sometimes her ministers. Essex clapped his hand on his sword when served with the royal *scuce*. It is said of Cleopatra that she gave her steward a merciless cuffing when contradicted by him before Augustus.

It is remarkable that Cromwell had no fear of the pen.—He said, "The government that cannot stand paper shot deserves to fall." Napoleon, on the contrary, when all Europe trembled at his sword, lived in daily fear of the piercing point of Madame de Stael's pen.

A British Consul was thrown into the Inquisition for saying something against the Catholic religion. Cromwell demanded his release; the King said, "I cannot interfere with the Inquisition." "Then replied Cromwell, "I will make war on the Inquisition," and the Consul was liberated in a trice. He prevented the extirpation of the Vaudois, and supported the Protestants of Nismes, who venerate the name of Cromwell. Mazarin complained to Madame Turenne, "I am between two fires: if I advise the King to punish the Reformed Church, Cromwell threatens to join the Spaniards; if I favour them, the Court of Rome account me a heretic."

Most part of the night before his death he was talking to himself. "Truly," said he, "God is good; he will not leave me. I would I could live to be further serviceable to God and his people, but my work is done." They offered him some drink; he was desired to take it and endeavor to sleep. He answered, "It is not my design to drink or sleep, but to make *what haste I can to be gone*."

At his death occurred a most violent storm; chimnies were throwu down, trees uprooted, houses unroofed, and he died on the 3d of September, a day on which he had been twice victorious—a day which he considered the most lucky of his life. The Puritans mourned and said, "It is the Lord—a great man has fallen in Israel."—*New World*.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT, OR THE LAW OF ARREST.

BY SIR E. L. BULWER.

Once upon a time there lived at Hamburgh a certain merchant by the name of Meyer; he was a good little man; charitable to the poor, hospitable to his friends, and so rich that he was extremely respected, in spite of his good nature. Among that part of his property which was vested in other people's hands, and called "debts," was the sum of five hundred pounds, owed to him by the captain of an English vessel. This debt had been so long contracted, that the worthy Meyer began to wish for a new investment of his capital. He accordingly resolved to take a trip to Portsmouth, in which town Captain Jones was then residing, and take that liberty which in my opinion should, in a free country, ever be permitted, viz: the liberty of applying for his money.

Our worthy merchant one bright morning found himself at Portsmouth; he was a stranger to that town, but not altogether unacquainted with the English language. He lost no time in calling on Captain Jones.

"And vat," said he to a man whom he asked to conduct him to the Captain's house, "vat ish dat fine veshel yondare?"

"She is the Royal Sally," replied the man, "bound for Calcutta, sails to-morrow; but here's Captain Jones's house, sir, he'll tell you about it.'

The merchant bowed and knocked at the door of a red brick house; door green, brass knocker. Capt. Gregory Jones was a tall man; he wore a blue jacket without skirts; he had high cheek bones, small eyes, and his whole appearance was eloquent of what is generally the bluff honesty of a seaman.

Capt. Gregory Jones seemed somewhat disconcerted at seeing his friend; he begged for a little time. The merchant looked grave; three years had already elapsed—the Captain demurred—the merchant pressed—the Captain blustered—and the merchant, growing angry, began to threaten. All of a sudden, Capt. Jones's manner changed; he seemed to recollect himself, begged pardon, said he could easily procure the money, desired the merchant to go back to his inn, and promised to call on him in the course of the day. Mynheer Meyer went home, and ordered an excellent dinner. Time passed, his friend came not. Meyer grew impatient. He had just put on his hat and was walking out, when the waiter threw open the door, and announced two gentlemen.

"Ah, dere comes de monish," thought Mynheer Meyer. The gentlemen approached; the taller one whipped out what seemed to Meyer a receipt. "Ah, ver vell, I vill sign, ver vell."

"Signing, sir, is useless; you will be kind enough to accompany us. This is a warrant for debt, sir; my house is extremely comfortable; gentlemen of the first fashion go there; quite moderate too; only a guinea a day; find your own wine."

"I do—no—understand, sare," said the merchant, smiling amicably; "I am very well off here—thank you—"

"Come, come," said the other gentleman, speaking for the first time," no parlavoo, monseer, you are our prisoner. This is a warrant for £10,000, due to Captain Gregory Jones."

"The merchant stared, the merchant frowned; but so it was. Captain Geregory Jones arrested Mynheer Meyer for £10,000; for, as every one knows, any man may arrest us who has conscience enough to swear that we owe him money. Where was Mynheer Meyer in a strange town to get bail? Mynheer Meyer went to prison.

"Dat be a strange vey of paying a man his monish!" said Mynheer Meyer.

In order to wile away time, our merchant, who was wonderfully social, scraped acquaintance with some of his fellow prisoners. "Vat be you in prison for?" said he to a stout, respectable looking man, who seemed in a violent passion; "for vat crime?"

"I, sir! crime!" quoth the prisoner; "sir, I was going to Liverpool to vote at the election, when a friend of the opposite candidate had me arrested for two thousand pounds. Before I get bail the election will be over!"

"Vat's that you tell me? arrest you to prevent you giving an honest vote? Is dat justice?"

"Justice! No,' said our friend, it's the law of arrest."

"And vat you be in prison for?" said the merchant, pityingly, to a thin, cadaverous looking object, who ever and anon applied a handkerchief to eyes that were worn with weeping.

"An attorney offered a friend of mine to discount a bill, if he could obtain a few names to endorse it.—The bill became due; the next day the attorney arrested all whose names were on the bill—there were eight of us; the law allows him two guineas for each; there are sixteen guineas, sir, for the lawyer—but I, sir, alas! my family will starve before I shall be released. Sir, there are a set of men called discounting Attornies, who live upon the profits of entrapping and arresting us poor folks."

"Mine Got! but is dat justice?"

"Alas, no sir—it's the Law of Arrest,"

"But," said the merchant turning round to a lawyer, whom the devil had deserted, and who was now with the victims of his profession, "dey tell me in England a man way be called innoshent till he be proved guilty; but here am I, who because von carrion of a shailor, who owish me five hundred pounts, taken an oath dat I owe him ten thousants—here am I on dat scoundrel's single oath clapped up in prishion. Is this a man's being innoshent till he is proved guilty, sare?"

"Sir," said the lawyer primly, "you are thinking of criminal cases; but if a man be unfortunate enough to get into debt, that's quite a different thing—we are harder to poverty than we are to crime."

"But mine Got, is dat justice?"

"Justice! pooh! it's the law of arrest," said the lawyer turning on his heel.

Our merchant was liberated, as no one appeared to prove the debt. He flew to a magistrate—told him his case—he implored justice against Capt. Jones.

"Capt. Gregory Jones, you mean?"

"Ay mine goot sare—yesh!"

"He set sail for Calcutta yesterday. He must evidently have sworn this debt against you for the purpose of getting rid of your claim, and silencing your mouth till you could catch him no longer. He's a clever fellow—Gregory Jones!"

"De tuyfel! but sare, is dere no remedy for a poor merchant?"

"Remedy! oh yes, indictment for perjury."

"But vat use is dat? You say he is gone ten thousant miles off—Calcutta."

"That's certainly against your indictment."

"And cannot I get my monish?"

"Not as I see,"

"And I have been arrested instead of him?"

"You have."

"Sare, I have only one word to say—is dat justice?"

"That I can't say, Mynheer Meyer, but it is certainly the Law of Arrest," answered the magistrate, and he bowed the merchant out of the room.

THE CHARM OF WOMAN.

BY SARAH STICKNEY.

"There's many defects in her character, but beauty and gentle manners in the great estimate of woman, go far towards supplying their want of energy, and even their want of heart.

"It is as a wife, that defects appear and grow upon the disappointed husband, like the frightful figures exhibited by a magic lantern, increasing in hideousness as they increase in magnitude and distinctness. It is when the doting lover begins to suspect that the silent calm he had hitherto mistaken for maiden shyness, is in reality the silence of the soul—the calm of imperturbable stagnation; when he discovers that he has devoted his first and best affections to a beautiful but marble statue; when he returns to his home, which ought to be "an ever sunny place," and finds nothing but the yawning vacancy of a cold and cheerless void; when he pours his fresh warm feelings, that burst in unstudied language from his burning lips, upon the stony surface of an insensible heart—and that heart a woman's!—it is then that he shrinks back repelled and blasted, as if the blooming charms he once adored, were exchanged for deformity and horror.

"Oh! it is by the secret fountain of never changing love—the well of inexhaustible refreshment in the desert—the rose that blooms forever beneath the sunshine of one beloved eye—the voice that rises in a continued strain of melody above all the discord of the world—the bird of beauty, whose faithful wing is never folded save in its own sheltered nest—the pure unsullied stream, offering sweetness and balm to every bosom it meets, but reserving the full tide of its gladness for one:—it is by such mystical symbols as these that we would describe the natural, the distinctive, the holy charm of woman:—not by her perfect form, her ruby lips, her sparking eyes, or her silken tresses, whether they fall in raven masses over a marble brow, or glitter in the sunbeams like threads of waving gold."

A Daughter's Love.—Dear father, how I love to gaze upon thee.—Time hath slightly bleached thy locks, but still thou art the same. Thy kind benignant eye—thy lovely smile, thy noble mien and bearing still bespeak thy perfect manhood. Oh, how am I enwrapped in thy pure honor—a stain upon thee would wither all the joys that now so gaily play round my young and blithesome heart. 'Tis true I've left thy home to be another's through the joys and perils of a fleeting life. But I have not lost my love for thee. When thou didst step within my door, did I not clasp thy neck within my heart's embrace, and kiss thee then as warmly as when around thy knees I used to play at thy own hearth at home.—My soul still boasts upon my loved and living father.

See here, these little buds, fresh from life's great fountain. How they do wind their tender cords of love about our hearts—The vine and its branches. They, like me, do claim thee too. Indeed, I do recall what I have said before—for I do love *thee more* than when I quitted home—because of these dear pledges. They are *young grafts* upon the parent stock, and must live or die beneath its shade. In time you'll see how they will copy thee, and in your warm heart you'll find for them a place just beside the spot, if not the very spot, were thou wert wont to keep *my own young love*.

Picture of a Madrid Beauty.—The Madrid beauty is rather under than above the middle size, with a faultless shape, seen to advantage through the elastic folds of her basquina. Her foot is, however, her chief care; for, not content with its natural smallness and beauty, she binds it with narrow bandages of linen, so as to reduce it to smaller dimensions, and give it a finer form. Though her complexion be pale, it is never defiled by rouge. Her teeth are pearly, lips red, eyes full, black, and glowing; her step is short and quick, yet graceful; and the restless play of her hands and arms, as she adjusts her mantilla or flutters her fan, is but a just index to the impatient ardor of her temperament. As she moves forward, she looks with an undisturbed yet pensive eye upon the men that surround her; but, if you have the good fortune to be an acquaintance, her face kindles into smiles, she beams benignantly upon you, and returns your salute with an inviting shake of the fan, in token of recognition. Then, if you have a soul you may lay it at once at her feet, and are ready at once to become her slave.

Effect of Habit on the Infant Mind.—"I trust every thing to habit; habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes every thing easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from the wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful and hard; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth—or carefully respecting the property of others—of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as little think of lying, or cheating, or stealing, as of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe."—*Brougham*.

Character of Nelson by King William IV. (From Fisher's Illustrated Life of the Naval Hero.)—"I was then a midshipman on board the Barfleur, lying in the narrows off Staten Island, and had the watch on deck, when Captain Nelson of the Albermarle, came in his barge alongside, who appeared to be the merest boy of a captain I ever beheld; and his dress was worthy of attention. He had on a full-laced uniform; his lank unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail of an extraordinary length; the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice; for I had never seen any thing like it before, nor could I imagine who he was, nor what he came about. My doubts were, however, removed, when Lord Hood introduced me to him. There was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation; and an enthusiasm when speaking on professional subjects, that showed he was no common being. Nelson, after this, went with us to the West Indies, and served under Lord Hood's flag during his indefatigable cruise off Cape François. Throughout the whole American war, the height of Nelson's ambition was to command a line-of-battle ship; as for prize money, it never entered his thoughts:—he had always in view the character of his maternal uncle. I found him warmly attached to my father, and singularly humane; he had the honor of the King's service, and the independence of the British Navy particularly at heart; and his mind glowed with this idea as much when he was simply Captain of the Albermarle, and had obtained none of the honors of his country, as when he was afterwards decorated with so much well-earned distinction."

Young Ladies for Sale.—In one of the Calcutta newspapers the following advertisement appeared: "Be it known, that six fair pretty young ladies, with two sweet and engaging young children, *lately imported from Europe*, having the roses of health blooming on their cheeks, and joy sparkling in their eyes, possessing amiable manners, and highly accomplished, are to be *raffled* for, next door to the British Gallery. Scheme, twelve tickets at twelve rupees each."

Grattan's Early Peculiarities.—When we resided in Windsor Forest, he would spend whole moonlight nights rambling and losing himself in the thickest plantations. He would sometimes pause and address a tree in soliloquy, thus preparing himself early for that assembly which he was destined in later life to adorn.—One morning he amused us at breakfast with an adventure of the night before, in the forest. In one of those midnight rambles he stopped at a gibbet, and commenced apostrophizing the chains in his usual animated strain, when he suddenly felt a tap on his shoulder, and turning about, was accosted by an unknown person—"How the devil did you get down?" To which the rambler calmly replied—"Sir, I suppose you have an interest in that question?"—*Life and Times of Henry Grattan*.

The Last Bustle Story.—We have heard the custom of wearing *bustles* ridiculed in our day; but we do not remember when we have been more amused than by the following *story*, told by the Western Humorist, published at Cincinnati.

Mr. A——— K———, and his blooming bride, who had just arrived from "foreign parts," took up their abode in one of our fashionable hotels, and spent the first day or two amid the numerous bandboxes, hat cases, trunks, and other apparatus consequent upon travelling. Mrs. K———, desirous of seeing the town, begged her husband one morning, to escort her on a stroll of discovery; and accordingly they issued forth, determined to "astonish the natives" by the splendor of their accoutrements—in which, as will shortly appear, they were quite successful.

Having satisfied their optics that the "village" was "wonderfully civilized for a savage country," they found their way to a pleasant promenade on the environs, whither the *haut ton* of our city were wont to resort; but, as ill luck ordained it—

"Low'ring clouds o'ercast the town,"

and the rain soon pattered down in abundance. No place of shelter being near, and Mrs. K—— intent on preserving her silks undamaged, cast her eye around, and seeing only a few ladies and gentlemen behind, immediately gathered up her outside garment and threw it over her bonnet—it being a common resource 'at home.' Scarcely had she walked a dozen steps beside her liege lord, when ill-suppressed titters assailed her ears; and knowing full well that her undress was white as the driven snow, she attributed their mirth to *mauvaise honte*, and pluming her head aloft, stepped forward with the air of a Gulbeyaz. The individuals behind, for reasons best known to themselves, could no longer contain their laughter, and in defiance of etiquette, burst out into a roar.

"Heavens, dear Alic!" whispered the lady, is it at *me* the monsters are laughing?"

"I don't know, my dear—walk on a little," was the reply.

"O, no, let us go slowly, and allow them to pass."

In vain they slackened their pace, the distance between them and their followers remained the same—and the mirth of those behind knew no bounds.

"Do step on, my dear," said Mr. K——, not a little annoyed—when, O ye kings of miracles! what a sight greeted his eyes! In flaming letters he read on the cover of his portmanteau (which the lady had strung round her hips in the hurry of starting, in the absence of a better *bustle!*) "A—— K——, of ——!"

It is unnecessary to add, that they kept their room during the remainder of their sojourn.

The Emperor of Morocco's Ambassador, in the reign of Charles the Second, visiting, among other places, Westminister Abbey, asked his interpreter, "What was the profession of the gentlemen who were walking up and down in it?" The interpreter replied "The Law." The Ambassador seemed to be alarmed at the reply; and, shaking his head at the multitude of professors, said, "That in his master's dominions, although more extensive than Great Britain, there were but two of that profession allowed; one of whom the Emperor had been obliged lately to hang, in order to preserve peace and good humor among his people—and the other he always kept securely chained up, to prevent his doing mischief."

Cramping Effects of office.—It in general spoils men, makes them keep one sort of company, and deprives them of the benefit of hearing both sides. They seperate themselves from the people; they begin by finding fault with their manners; they then attack their rights.—*Life and Times of Henry Grattan*.

THE NEW WORLD,

A WEEKLY MAMMOTH NEWSPAPER,

Devoted to Domestic and Foreign Intelligence, Literature and the Arts.

UNDER the comprehensive title of 'THE NEW WORLD,' will be published, every Saturday, in the city of New York, the largest, cheapest, and most elegant Newspaper in the world. It will gather from the treasures of Literature, Art, Science, and general intelligence, all their richest stores. It will present a regular and faithful register of all the current news of the day,—maintaining a strict neutrality upon political and sectional topics. The great aim of the editors will be to furnish to subscribers the earliest and most important intelligence—and for the attainment of this desirable object, the publication will be delayed until the news by the principal mails is received.

Care will be taken to preserve our columns free from objectionable matter, so that the sheet may be fearlessly admitted into families without offering offence to good taste or good morals. In making selections, we may boldly say, that we possess advantages unequalled by any other Journal in the United States. The best and most recent newspapers, magazines, and books from London, will be diligently searched, and all that is attractive in their contents promptly presented to our readers.

The paper is wholly undefiled by the noisome metropolitan police reports, which render some of our city journals so objectionable.

The 'New World,' will be under the editorial direction of Park Benjamin and Rufus W. Griswold, the originators and late conductors of the 'Brother Jonathan' newspaper. Their aim will be, to render the 'New World' an improvement upon that successful journal as much in the spirit, variety and value of its contents, as it is unquestionably in size and in the elegance of its typography. Ample assistance has been secured, and measures have been taken to render our correspondence from all parts of the country as interesting as practicable. It is with much gratification that the subscribers can add that the orders, which they have received during the first week of the existence of the 'New World,' have been so numerous as to establish it upon a sure basis.—Since New York has been rendered the head quarters of transatlantic intelligence by steam communication with Europe, it is confidently believed that a weekly journal of a comprehensive and elevated character, undefiled by impurities and immoralities, which disgrace many of our papers, cannot fail to meet with a circulation co-extensive with the Union.

Price of the 'New World,' $3 per annum, payable in advance. Two copies will be sent for $5 to any part of the city or country.

All Letters relating to the editorial department of the 'New World,' to be addressed to Benjamin & Griswold; those intended for the publisher, to

J. WINCHESTER.
No. 23, Ann-street, New York.

SAILS AND RIGGING.

JUST received and for sale by the subscribers, a Suit of SAILS and Gang of RIGGING for a schooner of 120 Tons.
Nov. 26. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

THE EMPIRE STATE,

A Weekly Newspaper of the Mammoth Size, published in the City of New York.

THE Publishers of THE EMPIRE STATE, having completed their arrangements for the Enlarged Series of that paper, will issue on Saturday, January 11th, the first number of the largest Newspaper ever published in New York. Having procured new materials wherewith to execute the printing in a style of elegance unsurpassed by any other newspaper—and having also secured such aid in the several departments, local and general, literary and political, of the paper, as to ensure its worth as a valuable family newspaper, the publishers offer it with entire confidence to the patronage of an enlightened public, and a full reliance upon their taste and discrimination for support.

We have chosen the title of "The Empire State," as expressive not only of our attachments to the interests of New York, but of the Union; for, whatever interests New York, in a great degree, interests the Union—whether in prosperity or in adversity. And, as the Empire City is the great centre of business and commerce of the country—the point also where Intelligence from the European World is first received, and from which it radiates throughout the Union;—so is New York, in many respects, if not in all, the most eligible spot for the establishment of a valuable National Newspaper, as the medium through which shall be diffused to the United States and Territories of the Republic, the earliest Intelligence, general and political, from every part of the world.

The mammoth size of our paper enabling us to present weekly an amount of matter contained in no other paper—we shall labor to present such a variety, original and selected, as will suit the tastes of all classes. The Politician, the Moralist, the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Merchant, the Professional Man, the Student and the Antiquary, the lover of humor, and such as would unfold a "Map of the Busy World,"—each and all may find amusement and instruction in the ample pages of The Empire State.

Some prominent features will be given to the paper, not found in any other. The utmost pains will be taken to present, at the earliest date, all important intelligence from every State in the Union—to collect and preserve Statistics and Important Facts, civil, political, and miscellaneous—to give full accounts of the proceedings of Congress, and of the Legislatures of the States—the best Speeches of distinguished American Orators and Statesmen—Memoirs of Eminent Men—Original Tales, Essays, and Poetry—Collections in the History and Antiquities of the Country—Improvements in Agriculture, and the Arts—Gems from the Current Literature of the Day—Notices of all New Works worthy of commendation—and Occurrences at Home and Abroad, commercial, monetary, or of whatever nature that can be of interest to the mass of readers throughout the country.

More, perhaps, we need not say—but submit our labors to the candid judgment of the public.

TERMS OF THE EMPIRE STATE,
ENLARGED SERIES.

☞ The paper will be published on a Mammoth folio sheet, on paper of superior quality, and beautiful type.

☞ The price will be $3 per annum—in all cases in advance. Two copies will be sent for $5. No paper sent until the money is received; and no subscriptions received for a less term than six months.

Letters should be addressed to
J. GREGG WILSON & CO.,
Publishers of the Empire State,
162 Nassau-street, N. Y.

CHEAP NEWSPAPER.

THE WEEKLY DISPATCH, an elegantly printed quarto of eight pages, containing all the current news of the week, and a large amount of selected and original miscellany, is published every Saturday at the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets, New York, mailed to country subscribers at 2 dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Any person procuring five subscribers, and remitting ten dollars, in a note of a solvent bank, shall receive a sixth copy gratis. Address H. HASTINGS WELD, Dispatch Office, New York City.

Valuable Family Newspaper.

THE Publisher of the New-York Baptist Advocate respectfully informs the Christian public, that he has made arrangements for publishing, every week in the above paper, (to commence with the first number in January, 1840,) **ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE**, consisting of Views of the most remarkable places and objects mentioned in the Old and New Testaments; also, Views of the principal Missionary Establishments throughout the world—engraved by the first artists in the United States, after original sketches taken on the spot, by Laborde, Forbin, Morier, Le Bruyn, Stephens, Buckingham, Ker Porter, McFarlane, and others. These Engravings will cost from $20 to $50 each, and will always be accompanied with suitable articles illustrative of the same, prepared by the most able and competent authors. The Advocate is published every Saturday, at No. 122 Nassau-street, New-York city. Terms $2 50 per annum, in advance. Persons acting as Agents, and Post masters, are allowed fifty cents commission for every subscriber they obtain, and from whom we receive a year's subscription—they remitting two dollars for each subscriber, with the name and post office address.

The paper is established on a permanent basis—being sustained by an association with a Capital Stock of $10,000.

All letters must come free of postage, or they will not be taken from the office. Remittances may be made at our risk, through the Postmasters, who are authorized to enclose and remit payments for periodicals, free of expense.

ROBERT SEARS, Publisher.

PHŒNIX
Book and Stationery Warehouse.
Prince William Street, Saint John, Dec. 24, 1839.

London Annuals, and Choice Literature.

FORGET-ME-NOT, Friendship's Offering, Drawing Room Scrap Book, Juvenile ditto, Oriental Annual, Picturesque Annuals, Finden's Tableaux, Book of the Boudoir, Gems of Beauty, Book of ditto, Belle of the Season, Keepsake, Flowers of Loveliness, Bijou, and Shakspeare Gallery; Finden's Female Aristocracy; Young Ladies', Young Gents., Girls', Boys', and Child's Own Books; Michael Armstrong, Pickwick abroad, Nic. Nickleby, Jack Shepherd, Bevan's 30 years in India; Chatterton's Ireland; Montgomery's Poetical Works; Rutton's Mathematical Dictionary; M'Culloch's Commercial ditto, with Supplement; Goldsmith's and Guy's Geography; Book-keeping, Euclid; Pinnock's England, Greece, and Rome, &c. &c.

Classical School Books.—A number of splendid Plates, Prints and Engravings.

Also, a variety of Fancy articles, Perfumes, Soaps, Gents. Dressing Cases, Writing Desks, Ladies' Work Boxes, Baskets, Leather Hat Boxes, Portmanteaus, Slippers, &c. &c.

And a varied selection of the latest Quadrilles, Waltzes, Gallops, Marches, Overtures, Songs, and Pieces and Airs from Operas, arranged for the Piano with and without Flute and Violin accompaniments; a few Glees, Sacred Pieces, and Oratorios.

December 27th.

LYKS, FLUIDS, &c.

Japan, Office, Red, Blue, Copying, Fluid and Fancy coloured Writing INKS; Printing Ink.

Patent, Perryan, and common Steel Pens; and a further supply of MUSIC, from the compositions of Rosini, Truzzi, Mercadante, Weber, Auber, Bellini, Marliana, Herze, Pacini, Donizetti, Herold, Mozart, Calcott, &c. &c. Also, Solos and Duetts, for the Pianoforte; Flute and Violin Music; Arts and Methods of Singing, Playing and Tuning; Instructions for various Instruments, &c. &c.