The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No. 1651.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1850.

VOL. XXII.—NO. 39.

The Observer.

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

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. J. WOODWARD.

St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary*

FALL GOODS!

Per "Snowdon," "Lisbon," &c.

MORRISON & CO.

Prince William-street.

MORRISON & CO. are now opening an extensive variety of Goods suitable for the

FALL TRADE,

which have been carefully selected in the best

English and Scotch Markets,

by a person thoroughly conversant with the styles suited to this market.

DRESS GOODS.

PLAIN ORLEANS, Lustres, and COBURGS, SHOT CHAMELEONS, COVENANTERS, *Striped Glacies, Poplin Lustres,* CASHMERES and DELAINES, &c. &c.

SHAWL DEPARTMENT.

Plaid, Wool, Printed Cashmere, Paisley, NORWICH, BEN NEVIS, MAUDE, GALA and CLOTH SHAWLS, LONG SHAWLS.

CLOAK MATERIALS.

Gala Plaids, all Wool PLAIDS, TWEEDS, Napoleons, BALMORALS, &c.

FANCY GOODS.

ENGLISH and FRENCH RIBBON, VELVETS, PLUSHES, TERRIES. Black and White LACES, Fringes, GIMPS, HOSIERY and GLOVES, *NECK TIES, SASH RIBBONS,* Black Gro de Naps, Tuft Satin.

FUR DEPARTMENT,

Muffs, Boas, Cardinals, Cuffs, Victorines, Riding Boas, &c., in every variety of Fur.

FURNISHING GOODS.

Witney, Bath and Point BLANKETS, Counterpanes, Quilts, Sheetings, Damasks, *MOREENS, FRINGES,* TABLE LINEN.

DOMESTIC GOODS.

White, Red, Blue and Yellow FLANNELS. SAXONYS, in white, coloured and check'd, TWILLED FLANNELS, *PRINTED COTTONS in great variety,* Grey, White, and Striped COTTONS, *COTTON WARPS.*

Gentlemen's Department.

Broad CLOTHS, Kersermeres, Rich Vestings, PILOT and BEAVERS in all colors, New Fancy Trowserings, *BRACES, Neck Ties, Scarfs,* GLOVES and HOSE, LAMBSWOOL VESTS, DRAWERS, &c.

with an endless variety of other seasonable Goods, all of which will be offered to the purchaser at the lowest market rates.

October 2.

VICTORIA HOUSE,

October 16th, 1849.

EXTENSIVE IMPORTATIONS OF

Fall and Winter Goods,

From LONDON, LEEDS, MANCHESTER and GLASGOW, per ships *Snowdon, Lisbon* and *Unicorn*, comprising—

BRITISH and French SATINS & SILKS, *in newest shades and patterns,* LADIES' DRESS GOODS, newest styles, in French Merinos, DeLaines, Cashmeres, Cobourgs, Orleans, and every kind of newest WOOLLEN and WORSTED Materials, Long and Square SHAWLS, in *Plaid Wool, Fine Cloth, Paisley, Maude, &c.* CLOAKINGS, in every new style, in Plain and Fancy Fine Cloth, Tweeds, Plaids, &c., with Trimmings to suit, and a few LONDON made FRENCH PATTERN CLOAKS. FURS of every description, in CAPES, BOAS VICTORINES, MUFFS, Gauntlets, &c. SILK VELVETS in Black and Fancy colors, TERRY Velvets in all colors, with RIBBONS to match, British and Fancy Bonnet and Cap RIBBONS, newest styles, VELVET SATIN and Silk NECK TIES. HOSIERY and GLOVES of every description, Thread and Wove Laces, Edgings and Footings, ILLUSION NETTS, white and colored, for Ladies Dresses, &c. Fancy and Plain BOBBINETTS, Black and colored LACE VEILS of every kind, Limerick LACE CAPES, French and British Embroideries, in COLLARS, Chemizetts, Habit Shirts, Sleeves, &c. Infants' Embroidered ROBES and CAPS. Ladies' French Cambric Pocket HDKFS., in Plain and Trimmed, with Limerick Lace, WHITE MUSLINS, in Jaconet, Checked, Striped, Book, Mull, Tarlatan, &c. &c. French and English Garment and FURNITURE PRINTS, Earlston and Power Loom Heavy GINGHAMS. Twilled and Plain Regatta Shirtings, Checks, &c. PILOT, BEAVER, and BROAD CLOTHS. VELVET, SATIN, and CACHMERE VESTINGS, FANCY TROWSERINGS, in Kerseymeres, Cassimeres, Tweeds, &c. Gent's Silk and Satin NECK TIES, in Squares, Scarfs, Opera Ties, STOCKS, &c. Gent's India Silk and French Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs. WHITE FLANNELS in Saxony, Welsh, Swanskin, &c. Red, Blue, and Yellow FLANNELS, BLANKETS, SERGES, &c. MOLESKINS, Cantoons, Drills, Tickings, &c. IRISH LINENS, Lawns, Diapers, Hollands, &c. Damask Table LINENS, Nankins, Towels, &c. OSNABURGS, CANVAS, &c., &c. White and Grey COTTONS, SHEETINGS, and WARPS. Tailors' Trimmings and Small Wares, &c., &c.

☞ *The above being personally selected in the best markets, will be sold at the LOWEST RATES, FOR CASH, and ONE PRICE ONLY.*

JAMES DOHERTY & CO.

No. 1, SOUTH WHARF!

HARDWARE, &c.

WALKER TISDALE & SON

Have received per *Unicorn, Charlotte* and *Olive,* a perfect assortment, which, with their stock on hand in the above line, will be sold at greatly *reduced prices for cash.*

6 SHEETS LEAD, 3 to 5 lbs.; 1 ton SHOT, assorted Nos.; Pots, Bakepans, Frypans, Griddles, Teakettles, Saucepans and Fish Kettles; Ox Chains, Horse Traces, Short link Chain; Cut and Wrought Board Nails, Horse and Ox Nails, Clout and other Nails; Cut and Wrought Tacks, Spikes and Sheathing Nails; Cart and Waggon Boxes, Patent Axles, Block Bushes and Rivets; Heel and Toe Sparrowbills, Heel PLATES. Tip NAILS; Smiths' BELLOWS, Vices, Anvils, Hammers and Sledges; *Naylor's* CAST STEEL; Blister, German and Sleigh Shoe Steel; *Vickers'* Mill, Cross-cut, Smiths' and other FILES and Rasps; *Hoole, Staniforth & Gray's* 5½, 6, 6½ feet Mill SAWS; *Welch & Griffith's* 5½ and 6 feet MILL SAWS; Do. do. 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, and 36 inch warranted Circular SAWS; *Rowland's* Philadelphia 5, 5½, 6, 6½ and 7 feet MILL SAWS; Also, Cross-cut, Hand, Tenon, Buck and other SAWS by the above makers; Shovels, Spades, Manure and Hay Forks; Cast Steel American SHOVELS; Axle Sash Pullies, Sash Cord and Fasteners, Door Springs, Bolts, &c. Carpenters' Bench and Moulding Planes; A superior assortment of Locks, Hinges, Latches, Mortice Locks, with Mineral, Glass, China, and Porcelain Knobs; Chest, Pad, Cupboard, Desk, Till, and other Locks in brass and iron. Hair CLOTH, plain and figured; Curled HAIR; Iron Wire, Copper and Brass WIRE; House Bells, Sleigh Bells, strung or otherwise; Brass Bells for cattle's horns; Gridirons; Italian Irons; Sad Irons, improved make; Iron WEIGHTS and SCALES; Fire Irons; AND IRONS and Fire dogs; COFFIN Furniture, &c. &c. BRASS GOODS in great variety; A good assortment of CUTLERY; HORSE and OX CARDS and Curry Combs; *Thomson's* AUGERS, Axes, Zinc; 5000 feet 9x7, 10x8, 12x10 Window GLASS, &c.

December 4.

LONDON GOODS.

Landing ex "*Catherine,*" from London:

100 CHESTS Fine CONGO TEA; 10 hhds. Crushed Loaf SUGAR; 100 kegs Brandram's WHITE LEAD; 5 casks *Day & Martin's* BLACKING; 3 carroteels Zante CURRANTS; 30 boxes Valencia RAISINS; 1 case CAYENNE PEPPER; 20 kegs *Colman's* MUSTARD, 1 case WINDSOR SOAP, 30 boxes SPERM CANDLES, 25 boxes BLUE STARCH, 2 casks Boiled LINSEED OIL, 1 chest INDIGO; 3 cases Salad OIL, 1 case *Robinson's* BARLEY and GROATS, 1 case MACCARONI, 1 case ISINGLASS, 3 cases Candied PEEL, 1 cask *Lozenby's PICKLES and SAUCES.*

For Sale by

Dec. 25. JARDINE & CO.

Oct. 6, 1849.

FALL GOODS.

Received per *Lisbon* from London, and *Snowden* from Liverpool, an extensive assortment of GOODS, comprising—

MUFFS, BOAS, CAPES, CARDINALS Victorines, Cuffs, Caps, &c. Black and Colored SILK VELVETS, Gro de Naps, SATINS and SATINETTS, Lambswool, Worsted, Cotton and Silk HOSIERY BLONDS, Netts, Laces and Edgings, GLOVES of every description, SILK, RIBBON VELVETS, all colors, Gimps, Fringes, Bindings and Braids, Handkerchiefs and Neck Ties; A variety of Woollen Square and Long SHAWLS, GALA PLAIDS and Fancy Cloakings, Fashionable DRESS MATERIAL, of various kinds, A large lot of BONNET RIBBONS, Umbrellas, Stocks, Braces and Shirt Collars, Witney, Bath, and Rose BLANKETS, Ladies' BOOTS and SHOES, Pilot and Beaver Cloth, Doeskins, BROAD CLOTHS, Cassimeres and Kerseys, Velvet and Satin VESTINGS; Grey, White and Striped SHIRTINGS, Printed Cottons and Furnitures, White, Red and Yellow FLANNELS, Green Baizes, Kerseys and SERGES, QUILTS, Counterpanes, and FRINGES, Blue and White COTTON WARPS, Linens, Lawns, Diapers and Towellings, OSNABURG, Canvas and Duck, Black, Brown and Check'd HOLLANDS, CARPETING and Floor Cloths.

With a variety of other Goods, the whole of which are offered at the very lowest market prices.

W. G. LAWTON.

NOTICE is hereby given, that JAMES KIRK, of the City of Saint John, Merchant, has this day executed to us an Assignment of all his Property, Real and Personal, in Trust for the benefit of his Creditors, and of such persons as have drawn, accepted, or endorsed any Bills of Exchange or Promissory Notes for his accommodation, or otherwise become liable for the payment of his debts. All such parties, therefore, who are resident in this Province, are required to execute the Deed of Assignment within Three Months after the first publication of this notice; and all such parties as are resident out of this Province, are required to execute the said Deed of Assignment within Four Months after such first publication, or they will be precluded by the terms of the said Deed from derriving any benefit therefrom.

The Deed is left for execution by Creditors, and others entitled to execute the same, at the Office of the New-Brunswick Marine Assurance Company, Commercial Bank Building. Dated the 13th December, 1849.—First published 18th December, 1849.

JOHN DUNCAN, JOHN WISHART, JOHN V. THURGAR, } *Trustees.*

TOBACCO.

Just landing per "*Mary Ann*" from New-York—

36 BOXES TOBACCO—8s., assorted brands;

Daily expected per Dolphin—

19 casks Bright SUGAR,

20 do prime MOLASSES.

FLEWWELLING & READING.

Nov. 6 No. 10, *King street.*

The Garland.

[FOR THE OBSERVER.]

The World where we Would Dwell.

Where is the happy world,
The world where we would dwell?
I have seen it in a vision,
And my vision I did tell.
I will not speak of greener fields,
Or of more glorious skies—
Our mother earth around us,
In her quiet beauty lies.

And on this earth I see it—
The world where we would dwell,
Her common sunshine, hills, and streams,
Fields, valleys, please me well,
You heavens need not open,
With a sudden dazzling glow,
But the heart of man must open,
And with kindness overflow.

Behold our new world shining!
And what behold we there?
We see the signs of labor,
We see the marks of care,
We see old age, and funerals
And some with sickness wan,
And yet it is a paradise,
For man is lov'd by man.

The conflicts, with the elements,
The old and endless strife,
The wrestling with the soil for bread,
With sea, and air for life,
Are there; but all that can be done
And borne, can ne'er be told,
When friendly souls, each other,
In love and faith enfold.

Come! let us hail the better time;
Let all help one another,
Let every man, or rich, or poor,
Call every man his brother,
Then the world shall be a home once more,
For hate and strife shall cease,
And as far as spreads the sunshine,
Shall spread the fruits of peace.

—FTZ.—

Miscellaneous.

A VILLAGE CURATE.

The condition of the reformed church in Hungary does not by any means deserve the epithet of "brilliant," even in our own days; but the present village pastors are most enviably situated in comparison to their brethern of fifty years ago. Still the life of the Rev. Esaias Tengelyi, though full of privations, was rich in enjoyment. He loved his cottage, its straw covered roof, and the brown rafters of its ceiling. Sometimes, indeed, he wished to have the windows of his room a little larger, and he went even so far as to take the resolution of administering, at his own expense, to this drawback to the comforts of his home. The huge stove, too, which served also the purpose of an oven, made his room preposterously small, and on baking days it threw out a greater quantity of heat than was consistent with comfort. The neighbouring curates, whenever they came to pay their respects to the Rev. Esaias, were violent in their strictures upon the parish of Bard, for neglecting to provide their pastor's study with decent flooring: nay, more, the good man was seriously reproved, and earnestly adjured to follow the example of his brethern in office, who had successfully petitioned the synod respecting the gross indecency of pastoral clay floors. But Tengelyi could not be moved to stir in behalf of his house; perhaps he liked it better as it was. Its windows were, indeed, small; but then he had often sat by them reading the Scriptures; and they had seen the roses on his wife's cheek. The stove was large, of course it was—but in winter it offered a convenient and warm seat; and the clay floor of his study was the same on which his father's feet had trod, when he was meditating his sermons, while the son made his first attempt to stand on a pair of trembling little legs. After all, there was nothing like the window, the stove, and the floor, for a countless number of sweet and tender emotions were connected with them. Esaias Tengelyi was happy; he felt that the largest window, the smallest stove, and the most splendid floor of old oak, could not add to his happiness.

But that happiness could be lessened. The pastor's wife died, and the heart that had harboured so much bliss was henceforth the home of bitter sorrow. Tregelyi gave no words to his anguish, nor did he strive to add to or lessen his grief. But his friends felt that time was as nothing to the sorrow of his heart, and that his hopes and wishes were not on this side of the grave. His little son, Jonas, was the only tie which bound the old pastor to the world. The boy was but four years of age when his mother died—what would become of him if he were a so bereft of his father? People have scarcely a heart for their own children; how, then, is an orphan to fare for love? And the boy was most beautiful, when he cast his deep blue eyes upwards to the father's sad face! His voice had the tones of that dear voice which taught him his first words; his yellow locks were smooth and orderly, as if fresh from his mother's hands. What was to become of the child on this wide earth, and with no kindred, but his parents in the grave? Tengelyi would not be comforted, but a sense of his duty kept him alive.

Thus did the first years pass away. When Jonas had completed his eighth year, his father commenced his education. The old pastor's plan was extremely simple. He made the child ask questions, and answered them in a manner which was at once explicit and adapted to the boy's capacities. He had no idea of making his son a phenomenon; on the contrary, he did all in his power to limit his mental activity to a narrow circle, to prevent his being confused by a variety of subjects. The classical languages, as far as Jonas could understand them, and the rudiments of natural and political history, were all that old Esaias taught his son; they were all he thought necessary for that son's future vocation.

The poor curate's library contained but few books, but among them was a great treasure: namely, a copy of Plutarch—a relic of college life, with a portrait of the hero to each biography. This illustrated copy of Plutarch was the only book of its kind in the vicarage, and indeed in the village of Bard. Jonas passed many hours in looking at the solemn faces of the classic heroes, nor was it long before he knew all their names and actions; and though the old pastor regretted that the book was not an illustrated Bible, by which means he might impress upon his boy's mind the history and the deeds of the heroes of our faith, still his heart grew big with joy when the child expatiated on the virtues of Aristides, or this little cherks glowing at the will power of the death of Leonidas and Socrates. And old Esaias blessed the pagan author who wrote the book, and the college chum who made him a present of it, and even the very printer who had produced it.

At times, when old Tengelyi was from home, Jonas would follow his fancies through the dark shades of the woods. He would set on the ruins of Bard Castle, looking at the forest clad mountains and the wide distant plain, and there he sat and pondered until the sun went down and the evening breeze woke him from his dreams.

Children, when isolated,—that is to say, when they are deprived of the society of other children,—are apt to become dreamers; and this was young Tengelyi's case. His dreams were of a dangerous kind, and his conversation was such that his hearers became convinced of fate having destined that boy to be either very great or very wretched.

Old Esaias did not indeed suffer from these apprehensions. His son's enthusiasm, his hatred of tyranny, his love of his kind, proved nothing to old Tengelyi, but that Jonas would turn out a first-rate village pastor. He never dreamt of this enthusiasm being applied to other purposes than those of the pulpit; and he did all in his power to develop the talents of so hopeful a preacher. He enlarged on the sufferings of the poor and the cruelty of the rich; on the equality of mankind before God, and the duties we owe to our fellow-men.

Old Esaias Tengelyi continued meanwhile in his life of tranquillity and contentment. His humble dwelling grew still more quiet when his son left it; and the grey-headed pastor walked lonely among the fruit trees of his garden, where he formerly used to watch the gambols of his child; but the serenity of his mind was still the same. His life passed away like the course of a gentle stream which mixes with the ocean. Esaias was aware that his days were numbered; but there was nothing appalling in the thought. He was at peace with God and the world, and, though he grieved to leave his son, his soul yearned for her that had left him. His last remaining wish was to expire in the arms of his son. His wish was granted. Jonas returned to Bard, and a fortnight after his return his father was laid in the grave. The poor of Bard wept with Jonas, for they too were the old man's children. A simple stone with an inscription of rude workmanship (for the hands of poor peasants wrought it) marks the last resting-place of Esaias Tengelyi.—*The Village Notary: a Romance of Hungarian Life.*

PICTURE OF AN IRISH VILLAGE.

It was a clear bright day in the second week of December, 18—, when the sound of martial music drew nearly every female inhabitant in the picturesque little town of ——, in the south of Ireland, to the windows of their houses in the main street; and many a fair and smiling face looked forth with cheeks rendered more rosy than usual by animation, and eyes sparkling with pleasure. The street, it being Saturday, a market day, was crowded by peasants, with their blue and grey frieze coats slung carelessly over their shoulders, a bright-coloured cotton or silk handkerchief passed once around their throats, with the ends floating, and their coarse felt hats, beneath which their broad and strongly-marked faces were seen excited into an expression half comic, half curious, as they eyed the portion of the regiment then marching into the town. The peasant women with their blue and red cloaks, some with the hoods drawn over their heads, while others, and chiefly those of the youthful part, wore simple white muslin caps, adorned with a gay-coloured ribbon, or a snowy dimity hood, from which their glowing cheeks and blue eyes peeped out to peculiar advantage, as half timid, half playful, like startled fawns, they drew near to the houses or behind the men placing these last as a sort of barrier between them and the soldiers. The stalls in the street, covered with rural merchandise, were partly drawn back to allow the regiment to pass; while here and there a frightened horse or cow rushed wildly among the throng, terrified at the sound of the loud drums and "ear-piercing fifes," and the sundry pigs on three legs, and fourth held up by the cord attached to it, and retained by the angry driver, pursued precisely the direction opposed to his wishes, he uttering curses not only loud but deep on its obstinacy. The hosts of the Great Globe and the New Inn stood on the steps of their respective doors, backed by a couple of waiters, anxious to win the officers to their houses. The Great Globe little answered to its high-sounding appellation. It was of small dimensions, built of red brick, of a very fiery hue; the door and window sashes were painted of a bright green, affording a striking contrast to its opposite neighbour—the New Inn. This last-named appeared to be the oldest house in the town, and not in the best possible state of repair. The host of the Great Globe was almost as rubicund in the face as his mansion, and, as if to render the resemblance still more striking, he wore green spectacles, to relieve an habitual inflammation of the eyes, was clothed in a bottle-green coat, a red waistcoat, and wore a flaxen wig. He of the New Inn was a tall lusty man, dressed in a faded brown coat, a drab waistcoat, and wore a black wig. Each of the hosts stood on the tiptoe of expectation, bowing low as the regiment marched on, followed by a numerous crowd of idle boys and girls, as well as by the fool, of which race every Irish town possesses at least one. The waiters of the rival houses partook of the peculiar characteristics of their employers both in their dress and appearance. Their manner, too, assimilated; for, while the master of the Great Globe expanded his lips into a broad smile of cordial welcome, closely imitated by the man and boy, styled waiters, standing behind him, he of the New Inn maintained a solemn gravity, only to be equalled by that of the two old men in sad-coloured suits, who, with soiled napkins in hand, bowed every time he did. And now the music of fifes and drums was changed for that of the full band, much to the delight of the hearers. The well-polished brazen instruments shone bright as gold in the sun; the negroes, with their clashing cymbals, white turbans, and gilt collars, attracted general admiration, mingled with some degree of alarm, among the women and children. The portly drum-major was pronounced by various groups to be the grandest gentleman of the whole; and as with head erect, protruded chest, and shoulders kept back, he strutted proudly on, occasionally throwing up his gilt-tipped staff in the air, and adroitly catching it again, shouts of approbation followed the feat. The colonel—an elderly, dignified-looking man—rode at the head of his regiment, gravely glancing from side to side at the strange scene through which he moved; his charger champing the bit of his bridle and keeping time to the music, much to the amazement of the spectators.—*Country Quarters, by the late Countess of Blessington.*

HAPPINESS, OUR BEING'S END AND AIM.

"I don't know that," said my father; "I have never yet found in life one man who made happiness his end and aim. One wants to gain a fortune, another to spend it—one to get a place, another to build a name; but they all know very well that it is not happiness they search for. No utilitarian was ever satisfied by self-interest, poor man, when he sat down to scribble his unpopular conclusions to prove self-interest universal. And as to that notable distinction—between self-interest vulgar and self interest enlightened—the more self-interest is enlightened, the less we are influenced by it. If you tell the young man who has written a fine book, or made a fine speech, that he will not be any happier for his attain to the fame of Milton, or the power of Pitt, and that, for the sake of his own happiness, he had much better cultivate a farm, live in the country, and postpone to the last the days of dyspepsia and gout, he will answer you fairly—'I am quite as sensible of that as you are. But I am not thinking whether or not I shall be happy. I have made up my mind to be, if I can, a great author or a prime minister.' So it is with all the active sons of the church. To push on is the law of nature. And you can no more say to men and nations than to children, "Sit still, and don't wear out your shoes!" "Then," said Trevanion, "if I tell you I am not happy, your only answer is, that I obey an inevitable law." "No! I don't say that it is an inevitable law that man should be happy; but it is an inevitable law that a man, in spite of himself, should live for something more than his own happiness. He cannot live in himself, or for himself, however egotistical he may try to be. Every desire he has links him with others. Man is not a machine—he is a part of one." "True, brother, he is a soldier, not an army," said Captain Roland. "Life is a drama, not a monologue," pursued my father. "Drama is derived from a Greek verb, signifying *to do.* Every actor in the drama has something to do, which helps on the progress of the whole; that is the object for which the author created him. Do your part, and let the great play go on." "Ah!" said Trevanion briskly, "but to *do* that part is the difficulty. Every actor helps to the catastrophe, and yet must do his part without knowing how all is to end. Shall he help the curtain to fall on a tragedy or a comedy? Come, I will tell you the one secret of my public life, that which explains all its failures (for in spite of my position I have failed) and its regrets—*I want conviction!*" "Exactly," said my father; "because to every question there are two sides, and you look at them both." "You have said it," answered Trevanion, smiling also. "For public life a man should be one-sided; he must act with a party, and a party insists that the shield is silver, when, if it will take the trouble to turn the corner, it will see that the reverse of the shield is gold. Woe to the man that makes that discovery alone, while the party is still swearing that the shield is silver, and that not once in his life, but every night." "You have said quite enough to convince me that you ought not to belong to a party, but not enough to convince me why you should not be happy," said my father. "Do you remember," said Sir Sedley Beaudesert, "an anecdote of the first Duke of Portland? He had a gallery in the great stable of his villa in Holland, where a concert was given once a week, to *cheer and amuse* his horses. I have no doubt the horses thrived all the better for it. What Trevanion wants is a concert once a week. With him it is always saddle and spur. Yet, after all, who would not envy him? If life be a drama, his name stands high in the play bill, and is printed in capitals on the walls."—*The Caxtons, by Sir E. L. Bulwer.*

(From the Toronto Colonist.)

CITY OF TORONTO.—The improvements in this city, during the past few years, have been great, and compare favourably with those of any other town or city, in similar circumstances, on this continent. Streets have been laid out, drained, macadamized, paved, and otherwise improved. Gas and Water Works have been erected, and the comforts of the inhabitants greatly increased thereby. In the erection of buildings, whether for private dwellings, places of business, public institutions, churches, or other purposes, more than ordinary attention has been paid to convenience, accommodation, and architectural beauty. And as regards regularity, the streets and public avenues are probably more pleasing and agreeable to the eye, than those of any other city in the Province, or perhaps on the continent. The main thoroughfare, King-street, has been uniformly admired by strangers, particularly from the old world. The system of thorough drainage that has been adopted by the Corporation, has tended greatly to the promotion of health; and from a small, swampy town, as York was in 1826, with only 4719 inhabitants, Toronto has risen to be a large and very healthy city, well drained and ventilated, possessing, in 1850, a population of 25,000 souls, and upwards. In 1834, the town of York was incorporated, under the name of the City of Toronto, and since then its progress has been remarkable. The city is favourably situated, being surrounded by a very fertile and well settled country, extending on either side along the banks of the Lake Ontario, and penetrating backwards to the shores of Lakes Simcoe and Huron. A more fertile tract of land, of equal extent, is not to be found on this Continent, and for steadiness in their industrial pursuits, the inhabitants are not surpassed, neither are they excelled in the possession of the material comforts of life. The continued and uninterrupted daily influx of farm produce to our market, during the year, is satisfactory evidence of the prosperity of the people. Another very favourable circumstance for Toronto, is the fine harbour which it possesses—the best on the north shore of Lake Ontario, always accessible, and sufficiently capacious to afford shelter for the whole fleet of the Lakes and the River St. Lawrence. This harbour has been formed by nature, and the Island by which the Bay is sheltered, from the main sea of Ontario, is probably the most remarkable formation along its shores. Millions of money expended in the attempt by the most eminent Engineers, would have failed to construct a harbour, equally convenient and commodious, as that with which Toronto is by nature so fortunately supplied. The city is well supported by the industry of the inhabitants of the surrounding country. The University and the superior schools established here, attract many to the place. The Courts of Law for the Upper Province, being centred here, contribute very considerably to the prosperity of the city; and should the Seat of Government be permanently fixed here, important advantages must inevitably flow from it. But, the prosperity of Toronto is not confined to these elements alone. Besides the imports of merchandize which are yearly drawn from other countries, for the use of the inhabitants, and the exports of produce which are yearly sent away from our port, amounting in value to many thousands of pounds—there are various establishments of manufactures growing up, even under disadvantageous circumstances, which contribute their share to the prosperity of the city and country generally, and which would do so much more largely, under such legislative encouragement as is extended to similar enterprises in those countries where they prosper most. That is a subject for the consideration of our legislators.

VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE.—Let me give you a specimen of this fact. Lord Chesterfield, who taught his son every on ward elegance, but forgot to teach him the cultivation of inward graces—who preferred the gentleman to the Christian, and courtesy of manner to purity of morals—made the experiment of his theory, and witnessed the result. He thus writes at the age of sixty-six:—"I have recently read 'Solomon' with a kind of sympathetic feeling. I have been as wicked and as vain, though not as wise, as he; but I am now old enough, and wise enough, to feel and attest the truth of his reflection—'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.'" Let me give you another instance, of which you have doubtless all heard. The celebrated Madame Malibran, the most accomplished vocalist and singer that perhaps ever appeared in our country—one day, as she returned from a splendid circle, where she was the object of universal and marked admiration, and where she seemed the very personification of all that can make one happy, she was congratulated by one who saw the admiration she had excited, and heard the applause with which she was received. She immediately burst into tears, and said, "I am but a poor opera singer, and I am no more." A singer, whose performances have recently made a very great impression on the public mind, and whose personal purity and worth are equal to her artistic talents, made the remark to a friend of mine, who told me of it—"It is not me that they admire, but my voice; and that cannot make me happy, though it gives them delight." Let me give you a yet more striking specimen in Goethe, one of the most accomplished geniuses that Europe ever produced. This celebrated German poet, orator, historian, made this observation at the close of his life—"They have called me the child of fortune; nor have I any reason to complain of the events of my life, yet it has been nothing but labour and sorrow; and in seventy-five years I have not had four weeks of true comfort."—*Dr. Cumming's Apocalyptic Sketches.*

WAILING OF THE JEWS OVER THEIR LOST TEMPLE.—The Mahometan Mosque of St. Omar occupies the site of the ancient Jewish Temple, and is surrounded by a lofty massive wall, which none but Mahometans are allowed to enter. The Jews have purchased the privilege of repairing on Friday afternoons to the exterior of a very ancient portion of this wall, there to bewail the fate of their Temple. I was present on one of those occasions, and a more impressive scene I have seldom witnessed. I found collected a large number of both sexes and of all ages and conditions. Most of them were seated on the pavement in the shadow of the wall, and were engaged either in reciting from the Book of the Law, or in repeating to themselves prayers and ejaculations. The sorrow of desolate hearts was depicted in every countenance. Soon they all joined in a dirge of indescribable mournfulness, after which they rose, and, leaning against the wall with their faces inwards, they read from the Law, repeatrd another dolorous chant, and then motionless and silent, all remained absorbed in their own prayers and meditations. The matron and the maid, the boy and the gray-headed man, the rich in sumptuous robes and the poor in filthy rage, all alike seemed oppressed with a sense of desertion and burdened with misery. I turned from the spot, and left them alone with their misery, struck as I had never been struck before by the history and fate of the chosen people of God.—*Scenes in the East.*

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.—The every-day companion, the fire-side friend!—*that* is the noblest imagination which can discover some new charm in the most familiar face!—some new music in the most familiar voice, some new virtue in the most closely studied and best known character! *All constancy is strength*; all inconstancy—hear it, ye scoffers, who pride yourself on what you fancy is a delicate epicureanism of taste, and a poetical love of variety and of change—*all inconstancy is weakness!* The clinging devotion, you are haughtily pleased to recognise in woman, even while you affect to despise it, does not always arise from blindness to your faults, grovelling passion for your persons, or the weak reliance of the parasite plant, that clings to the noble tree it adorns and destroys. No! you are often loved (little as you deem it) because you need so much the comfort, the *protection*, the watchful tenderness of woman's love!—Because, however gifted, lofty, and independent may seem the man she loves, woman knows and feels, that the world *will* forsake, its objects disappoint, man rival and betray, and that *he*, the mighty and the scornful, has nothing *real* to depend upon but woman's love, nothing *firm* to cling to but woman's constancy, nothing of certain shelter, but woman's bosom!—*Courtship and Wedlock.*

DESTRUCTION OF BISHOP'S ROCK LIGHTHOUSE, OFF SCILLY.—Amongst the disasters which occurred in the terrific gale, lately, was the total destruction of the Bishop's Rock Lighthouse, off Scilly, the erection of which was rapidly approaching completion. The rock is situated about eight or ten miles westward of the Land's End. As to the immediate cause which produced the disaster, of course no definite information can as yet be obtained. All that is known is, that on the Tuesday night the Lighthouse was standing. On the following morning, not a trace of its existence was visible upon the turbid mass of waters on whose surface it had before risen as a warning beacon.—The lighthouse was formed of cast iron columns, braced and stayed with wrought iron rods. The columns were sunk into the rock; and the surmise is, that in penetrating the rock for this purpose, some fissure of which the engineer might not have been aware, has been rendered a source of that insecurity, of which we now record the result; and that the rock, with the lighthouse upon it has been swept away by the fury of the waters.—*Liverpool Standard.*

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.—Men rejoice when the sun is risen, they rejoice also when it goes down, whilst they are unconscious of the decay of their own lives. Men rejoice on seeing the face of a new season, as at the arrival of one greatly desired. Nevertheless the revolution of seasons is the decay of human life. Fragments of driftwood meeting in the wide ocean, continue together a little space; thus parents, wives, children, relatives, friends, and riches, remain with us for a short time—then separate, and the separation is inevitable. No mortal can escape the common lot; he who mourns for his departed relatives has no power to cause them to return. One standing on the road would readily say to a number of persons passing by, I will follow ye. Why, then, should a person grieve when journeying the same road, which has been assuredly trodden by all his forefathers? Life resembles a cataract rushing down with irresistible impetuosity. Knowing the end of life is death, every right-minded man ought to pursue that which is connected with happiness, and ultimate bliss.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

ASPECT OF DEATH IN CHILDHOOD.—To me few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding amongst the cold terrors of death—crimeless, and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimest and purest image—no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow ever darken d that little face; death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel, or harsh, in its victory. The yearnings of love, indeed, cannot be stilled; for the prattle, and smiles, and all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence—for we are looking on death; but we do not fear for the little, lonely, voyager—for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of its all-wise Father; and of such, we know, is the kingdom of Heaven.—*Dublin University Mag.*

MAHOMET'S PREACHINGS.—His definition of charity embraced the wide circle of kindness. "Every good act," he would say, "is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow man to virtuous deeds is equal to almsgiving; your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your removing stones, and thorns, and other obstructions from the road is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow-man. When he dies, people will say, 'What property has he left behind him?' But the angels who examine him in the grave will ask, 'What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?'"—*Washington Irving's Life of Mahomet.*

CHARACTER.—Character will always operate. There may be little culture—slender abilities—no property—no position in society; still, if there be a character of sterling excellence, it will command influence. It will secure respect, and produce impression; besides, who knows in what it may result? Therefore, let *all* pay the utmost attention to character: nothing is more important.