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The Observer.

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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.*

NOTICE.

ALL Persons indebted to JAMES AGNEW, late of the City of Saint John, deceased, Watchmaker, are hereby required to make immediate payment to the undersigned: and those who have demands against his Estate, are requested to leave a statement of the same with her, within Three Months from date, in order to their adjustment. ELIZA AGNEW,

St. John, Dec. 24th, 1850 *Administratrix.*

☞NOTICE

ALL Persons having any demands against the Estate of The Honorable HUGH JOHNSTON, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested; and all those indebted to the same Estate, are required to make immediate payment to John M. Robinson, one of the undersigned.

HARRIET M. JOHNSTON, *Executrix.*
HUGH B. JOHNSTON, } *Executors.*
JOHN M. ROBINSON, }

St. John, May 7, 1850.

Grocery Goods.

Just Landing, per "Edward."

111 Packages Grocery Goods,

—COMPRISING—

INDIGO, Split PEAS, Pearl BARLEY, English CHEESE.
PICKLES and SAUCES, Black PEPPER, Writing and Wrapping PAPER,
Poland STARCH, *Hall's* Patent STARCH, Fancy SOAP, Coleman's MUSTARD, INK, *NUTMEGS, CURRANTS, and FIGS,* CANDIED PEEL, SUGAR CANDY, CREAM TARTAR, White Wine Vinegar, GINGER—ground and whole, PIPES—assorted, SCOTCH OATMEAL, &c. &c.

For Sale by JAMES MACFARLANE.

Oct. 8.

JUST RECEIVED,

Ex Brig 'Victor,' from New-York—

20 BARRELS New York City Mess PORK.

Ex Shcrs. 'Cuba,' and 'Eliza Jane,' from Boston:

10 Bales BATTING: 5 bags FILBERTS,
5 Sacks Jordan ALMONDS,
20 Bags Porto Cabello COFFEE.
50 Boxes RAISINS: 25 half do Raisins,
25 Quarter do. do: 25 boxes Layer do.
10 Kegs GRAPES,
10 Half-barrels SALERATUS,
10 Casks Cooking RAISINS,
2 Boxes Castile SOAP,
3 do. LEMONS:
1 Barrel CANARY SEED,
1 do. HEMP SEED,
1 Box Patent Yeast POWDERS,
½ Barrel Ground CASSIA,
12 Mats CASSIA,
20 dozen Corn BROOMS.
3 Agricultural FURNACES,
3 Eagle PLOUGHS: 1 Road SCRAPER, Patent FLAILS, &c., &c.

Nov. 19, 1850. JARDINE & CO.

19th October, 1850.

Received per recent arrivals from Liverpool and Glasgow—

8 ROLLS SHEET LEAD, 2 casks SHOT, 100 bags SPIKES—4 to 9 inch,
3 cases Hoole, Stainforth & Co's Mill SAWS, &c.
Pots, Bake Ovens, Spiders. Griddles, Boilers, &c.
Cart Boxes and Waggon Boxes: Barrow Wheels,
2 cases Thomsons's SCREW AUGERS,
1 case CAST STEEL, for Axes,
1 cask London GLUE, 29 bags Horse NAILS,
1 cask TRACES; Ploughshare Moulds,
LEAD PIPE; 1 cask SAD IRONS,
2 crates Japanned COAL SCOOPS,
121 bundles SHEET IRON,

A VARIETY OF SHELF GOODS;—

Files, Cutlery, Nails—and a good assortment of HARDWARE expected daily.

C. & W. H. ADAMS.

FLEWWELLING & READING,

Prince William Street,

—(Corner of Church Street)—

Are now receiving from London, per ship 'Lisbon,

112 CHESTS Fine Congo TEA;
5 do. Orange Pekoe do;
25 Hhds. GENEVA;
16 Do. Martell's BRANDY;
5 Qr. Casks Old Brown SHERRY;
30 Kegs Coleman's MUSTARD;
6 Cases do. best STARCH;
2 Casks Mixed PICKLES;
20 Bags Black PEPPER;
10 Do. PIMENTO.

October 1, 1850.

SUGAR, &c.

The Subscriber has just received, and now in course of landing:—

25 CHESTS Souchong TEAS, of superior quality, suitable for family use;
50 chests London Fine CONGOU;
10 hhds. Bright quality SUGAR.

JOHN V. THURGAR,

Nov. 5. North Market Wharf.

Oil, Nails, and Tin,

By the Ship "Avon," from Liverpool—

11 PIPES Raw Linseed OIL.
25 boxes DC Charcoal Tin Plates,
25 do IX do. do.
25 do IXX do. do.
60 casks rose-head Wrought NAILS—4d, 6d, 8d, 10d, 12d, and 14d;
10 casks 6d. and 8d. clasp-head Nails:
40 casks 8d. and 9d. HORSE NAILS;

For Sale by JOHN KINNEAR.

August 27th, 1850.

Ships' Provisions in Bond.

Ex 'Cuba' from Boston—

40 BRLS. Boston Inspection Prime PORK;
40 do do Prime MESS BEEF.

—ALSO—

1 Hhd. Sugar Cured HAMS;
20 Barrels Boston CRACKERS; 10 do Soda ditto: 3 do Sugar do; 2 do Butter do; 5 do Extra Family Pilot BREAD, all newly Baked and best in Market.

GEO. THOMAS,

Nov. 12. South Market Wharf.

Miscellaneous.

A VISION.

I call upon thee in the night,
When none alive are near;
I dream about thee with delight,—
And then thou dost appear,
Fair as the day star o'er the hill,
When skies are blue, and all is still.

Thou stand'st before me silently,
The spectre of the past;
The trembling azure of thine eye,
Without a cloud o'ercast;
Calm as the pure and silent deep,
When winds are hush'd and waves asleep.

Thou gazest on me!—but thy look
Of angel tenderness,
So piercest, that I less can brook
Than if it spoke distress,
Or came in anguish here to me
To tell of evil boding thee!

Around thee robes of snowy white,
With virgin taste are thrown;
And, at thy breast, a lily bright,
In beauty scarcely blown:—
Calmly thou gazest—like the moon
Upon the leafy woods of June.

The auburn hair is braided soft,
Above thy snowy brow;
Why dost thou gaze on me so oft?
I cannot follow now!
It would be crime, a double death
To follow thy forbidden path.

But let me press that hand again,
I oft have pressed in love,
When sauntering thro' the grassy plain,
Or summer's evening grove;
Or pausing, as we marked afar,
The twinkling of the evening star.

It is a dream, and thou art gone;
The midnight breezes sigh;
And—downcast—sorrowful—alone—
With sinking heart, I lie.
To muse on days, when thou to me
Wert more than all on earth can be!

Oh! lonely is the lot of him,
Whose path is on the earth,
And when his thoughts are dark and dim,
Hears only vacant mirth;
A swallow left, when all his kind
Have crossed the seas, and winged the wind.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

A LEGEND OF ONIAUGARA.

By the Author of "Ellen Clayton, or The Nomades of the West."

[CONTINUED.]

Ronla foresaw this, and as the conduct of the enterprise now devolved solely upon himself, he issued his instructions at once, drew off the men by a well known path that wound in the rear of the Seneca village, and halting them within a few paces of the palisades, went forward alone to reconnoitre.

The log-cabins were buried in repose; no one appeared to be abroad in the darkness, and the rain which now began to descend. Ronla glided through the gateway, which was open and unguarded, and made the circuit of the habitations without detecting any sign of watchfulness, or meeting with the slightest opposition. He surveyed the interior of each lodge through the chinks between the logs. The Senecas were lying grouped around their fires, smoking and chatting at their ease. There was one dwelling still unvisited—the Erie sighed as he crept towards it. It was that of the chief, which stood near the centre of the village There was a light burning within, and through a window appeared two figures; one was Tou-wis-kwan, the other the French emissary, Francois Lamoyne.

"What," said Ronla to himself, as he recognised the face of his rival, "here still? Then be it so. And yet I would have saved thee: I, Ronla the Erie—even for Lo-o-lote's sake. Too late, guy trifler; your summers are counted now."

He was about to turn away, when their conversation arrested his attention and he stopped to listen.

"My father is good," said the Frenchman, in reply to some observation of his host. "but the time slides away so quickly in his lodge that one can keep no reckoning of it. The chestnuts are already ripe, and yet the messenger of the great king is not half through his errand with the Agonnonseonne. Two more suns from now, and La moyne will be on the path back to the council-fire of the Onondagas. Is his father content?"

"He must be so my son," was the reply. "What the master says is the law. But he will remember that the door of the Senecas is wide open to him and his people. They can go and come when they choose. The friendship of the great White Father, which he brought to us, has made a broad road between the Senecas and them. Ugh! what does my son see?"

This abrupt query was caused by the movement of the Frenchman, who, happening to cast his eye towards the open window, caught a glimpse of Ronla's face ere the latter had time to draw back.

"By the blessed Virgin! I thought I saw a pair of eyes glaring in from yonder wicket."

And with a sudden impulse he rushed to the door, followed by Tou-wis-kwan. They searched in vain about the premises, however, for no intruder was forthcoming; and as it was easy enough, in the darkness, for any such to slip away unobserved, they soon desisted and returned again to the lodge-fire.

"It is strange," remarked Lamoyne, musingly. "What if that sulky churl, Ronla, or any of his crew, should be skulking about the village? Does my father think them inclined to mischief? He is a wise *agnandre*, what does he think about it?"

"That the snarling dogs would not dare show their noses in the castle of the Senecas when the door is shut," was the stern reply. "Tou-wis-kwan knows them. They talk loud, like squaws in a passion; but words don't make warriors. Besides, not even a squirrel could get through the cedar pickets unseen, when the gate is barred and guarded."

The speaker little dreamt that both duties were neglected.

"Then who could it have been? I saw a face as sure as I see my father's before me."

"Some curious boy from the lodges, that is plain," rejoined the chief.

"Children are like night-beetles, if they see a light they are sure to be drawn to it. When they learn to finger Erie scalps they will sicken of such diversions."

A laugh followed, and Ronla drew off a second time from the aperture, and, after relieving himself by a deep respiration, glided round to a small wing which he knew contained the sleeping-room of Lo-o-lote. A small door led into it from without, and as soon as he had satisfied himself that everything was quiet, he raised the latch and stole softly in.

The small dormitory was enveloped in darkness, so that he could distinguish nothing at first; but the moon broke with a sudden radiance from the clouds, and streamed through an opening above in a flood of light which illuminated the silent chamber. The Indian maid lay upon her bed of furs, and, as she showed signs of revival, hastily rejoined his companions, from whom selecting one in his confidence he sent him to guard the secret retreat of the maiden.

Ronla arrived at the scene of action in time to witness the next stroke of the inexorable destiny which pursued them, with a succession of mischances, throughout this fatal expedition. A division of picked warriors being separated from the rest, were surrounded and cut down to a man; while those whom he himself led to the rescue were compelled to retreat, after making the most heroic efforts and losing half their number in the attempt. In fact, the Senecas were now rallying in overwhelming force, having recovered from their first alarm; for as soon as the light of the burning lodges told them how few, comparatively, their assailants were, they strove with a sense of shame to retrieve their loss, and to punish the Eries for their temerity.

They were the first, and with the exception of the Mohawks, the most renowned of the allied nations. Like the bold warriors of the Bear, they were the scourge of the northern forests, and their name was a byword of terror. Throwing away their shields and grasping their heavy maces, they advanced in a close phalanx along the main avenue of the village, sweeping all before them, while others skirmished with the enemy and hunted them from the adjoining lanes. The Eries fell back, unable to resist the fierce torrent, though, gathering up, they stood it like a rock for a time, then it broke over them in a tempest, and they retreated gradually from the village, contesting each inch of ground with the obstinacy of men who fought less for life than for revenge.

More than once during the struggle Ronla and his rival met face to face among the combatants, yet, although he narrowly escaped death from the quick rapier thrusts of the Frenchman, one of which pierced his arm, the Erie would not raise his mace against him, but turned away to seek another opponent.

The dawn was glimmering faintly over the eastern forest as the Eries betook them to their canoes, hotly pursued by the Senecas, and embarked under a shower of arrows from the adjoining trees, which dropped many of them like leaves in the tide that bore them swiftly away. The Eries now had a terrible ordeal to pass through,—terrible, indeed! for there were two enemies to contend against—man and the waters.

In consequence of the accident to the guide they had overshot the proper landing place on their approach, as we have said, and it was now found that with the full stroke of every paddle they could but make slow way against the current; and as this was practicable only near the shore, it brought them within the close range of the missiles which rained fast and thick from the grove.

It was a wild spectacle to see the Indians bending forward in the canoes, their eyes in one direction glaring ahead, and their arms and heads moving in quick succession with their strokes, while every now and then a paddle would cease to ply, and a warrior sink listlessly in his seat, or plunge head-foremost into the river, struck by the shaft of a Seneca. Then a yell of triumph would rise from the shore, and find an echo in a [illegible] along the border of the woods.

In this way the retreating band ascended until they were some distance above the upper extremity of Iris Island, when a new danger menaced them. With a savage outcry several canoes, till then concealed, sallied out from a cove in which was the true landing place, and threw themselves across their course.

A conflict of the most deadly character now ensued. The canoes grappled together and fought, rocking and swerving to and fro on the tide, for their inmates, reckless of everything but their hatred of one another, used their knives and hatchets with a frenzied eagerness to kill, and being at close quarters, and where there was no retreating, every blow told. Some of the canoes upset in the struggle, dragging their opponents down with them into the deep; some fighting side by side, dropped their crews one by one, whooping, writhing, dead, until they drifted into the rapids and disappeared. The Eries never flinched, and never ceased to give battle while they could wield a weapon; but the Senecas were treble their number, they barred the river, with a line of canoes through which it was impossible for them to break, and harrassed by others they receded slowly, linked each to an enemy, until, at length, the last of the proud war brigade swooped on the verge of the breakers, and was carried over the precipice of Oniaugara.

A single canoe, with two men remaining out of its crew, penetrated the bristling array, and made for the further shore across the broad channel of the river, above the Horse-shoe Fall; but the Senecas knew well that no mortal power could stem that resistless tide, so they abstained from pursuit, and they beheld it drawn gradually and obliquely into the great rapids which precede the final plunge, and then, with many an exulting shout over the worsted Eries, they returned to their homes.

There is a group of small islands near the southern shore of Iris Island, about midway between its lower and upper ends, and upon one of these insulated scraps of earth, a canoe, plunging bottom upwards in the swell, was thrown by the eddies after descending a ledge of rapids. Scarcely had its gunwale grated against the rugged side when an Indian, who clung to one of its ends, grasped the rocks with a convulsive clutch, raised himself out of the whirling stream, and dragged the canoe after him half on the firm ground, securing its beak over a projecting portion of the crag.

It was Ronla, one of the two who had attempted to cross the main channel after the destruction of their companions. He was wounded and exhausted with his exertions: his head reeled; his ears were ringing still with that last war-cry of his enemies, when the canoe was swallowed up by the waves. Feebly and half-instinctively he crawled up the steep side of the island, and threw himself on its bed of moss in a swoon.

It was some hours before he recovered his strength: when he did, however, he righted his canoe, seized one of the spare paddles secured within, and pushed off into the stream in the direction of Iris Island. It was a hazardous experiment, but life was nothing to him then, and he succeeded in reaching the shore. He crossed the island cautiously, but it was peopled only with the dead; he saw them where they lay in their osier bound graves among the oaks as he passed silently on.

He was now opposite the village of the Senecas. He could see the smouldering ledges, the women and children gliding to and fro about the blackened heaps or standing shrowed in dark robes mourning over the ruin of their homes. There were the foaming rapids, the smooth sheet above, and the very tree where the chief had perished; but the din of battle had long since subsided. No paddle broke the surface of the treacherous wave, and no sound mingled with the thunder of the mighty cataract which rolled up on its wings of cloud from the gulf at the foot of the island, and was the silence of that haunted neighbourhood. But for the smoking ruins and the fallen trees, Ronla could have believed himself the victim of a hideous dream, and that he stood not there the only survivor of the gallant band he had accompanied down the river of the Senecas.

In a little time the Indian's faculties became confused: his body was racked by fever, and his mind by dreadful agony. He wandered all that day and the ensuing night over the lonely island, a prey to his distracted imaginings. Perched upon the dizzy verge of the fall in the track of the driving spray, he leaned over to catch the voices of his brethren; for he thought he heard them in the vortex below, and he shouted the gathering cry of his nation, and waited long and eagerly for a reply. But the clamour of the waters alone reverberated among the cliffs, shaking them like the throes of a volcano, and he knashed his teeth and frowned. As he gazed at the misty curtain that stretched its twisting folds across the river in a vast curve, he brooded over the water serpents that lurked in the cavern behind, to feed upon the animals which were sucked into the dreadful caldron, and hurled crushed upon the ledges. In his delerium he beheld the surge dancing in plumes of light on the crests of the rapids, and the lunar bow spanning the mist cloud in an arch phantom-like and wan: and he believed that he was translated to the hunting-grounds of the spirits, and he called them by name, the forefathers of his nation, and talked to them like a familiar. At length, towards morning, a soft composure stole over him, and he slept.

It was midday when he awoke, and the sun was shining on the waters and the leaves. Everything was glad,—everything but the heart of Ronla; there was no day there. His recollection was now restored and, stiff as he was from his wounds, he returned to the canoe, floated it round the head of the island, traversed the dangerous channel to the main, and threaded once more the groves on the outskirts of the village.

He sought the grotto whither he had carried Lo-o-lote on the night of the assault. He found it disfigured by marks of violence, the moss trampled, and the rocks spotted with blood; while across the entrance, stern and inflexible in death, lay his friend the guard, by the thrust of a rapier which was cast broken beside him. The Erie had fallen at his post like a true soldier, faithful to the last, and scorning to relinquish his trust without the consent of his leader. He was the latest victim, and his death-wound had been given by the hand of Francois Lamoyne. Ronla made no lament over his comrade, but he gathered the cold remains in his arms and dropped them into the torrent.

"He sleeps with his brothers," he thought: "the plumed eagles of Okswego are at roost in the nest of the thunder. It is good."

Then ascending a tree on an eminence overlooking the village, and lying concealed in its branches he continued to watch the environs, hour after hour.

Again the western sky began to redden with the hues of evening. The declining rays tipped the spray clouds and foliage with a golden radiance, and shadows gathered in the glades. Again the village maids filled their water vessels at the spring, but not, as formerly, with lively jests and snatches of song. Neither did they loiter to dress their tresses then, for they came and went quickly and in silence, flitting like a string of spectres through the forest. Death had been busy in their lodges, and the visits of the Life-destroyer ever made a profound impression on the Indian heart, whose affections outlive the grave.

But one again remained to brood alone over her sorrows in that solitary place. Her face was haggard and pinched with suffering; her eyes sunken and wild; her [illegible] negligent, and disfigured with marks of fire. "Did this be Lo-o-lote, the beauty of Oniaugara? A voice [illegible] her and looking up she beheld Ronla.

"Peace, sister!" said he.

The words were almost whispered, yet they went to the girl's soul. Like ice by the warmth of spring, the shakles of her grief were riven asunder by the kind address, and she threw herself sobbing on his breast.

[Remainder next week.]

The Farmer.—As a producer of the necessaries of life, he may be looked upon as a steward, commissioned to unlock and throw open the gates of nature's storehouses, that man and beast may eat and be satisfied—the medium, so to speak, through which a beneficent creator deigns to hand his blessing down. His business is an important one in every respect, the pursuit of it too is at once ennobling and delightful, to live and move, as he necessarily must, amid the beauties, the wonders and the bounties of nature, constrains him one would think to look up more frequently than others, with feelings of awe and gratitude, to Him who crowneth the year with gladness, and blesses *his* humble labors with success; and does the farmer really occupy this dignified position? The answer is, if he does not he might and ought to do so, at all events he will have to give an account of his stewardship. How comes it then that any farmer can remain indifferent, while the broad acres are lying around him uncultivated and consequently unfruitful? I mean of course comparatively so. How is it that he persists in clinging with such limpet-like tenacity to the keel of his favorite old vessel, *Prejudice*, when the light of nature, the light of reason, and the implied injunctions of Omnipotence, are united in their influence to dissipate these shadows from his mind. Be assured, this *Prejudice* is a sorry old ship, and I trust the overwhelming breakers of truth and reason will soon drive her ashore a perfect wreck—for often have I sighed for the good cause of agriculture, when from her masthead I've seen unfurled and jauntily floating on the breeze, a banner with this inscription, *'We'll farm like our fathers before us.'*

The Poetry of Agriculture.—The principles of agriculture are exceedingly simple. That they might be made so, God himself was the first great planter. He wrote its laws, visibly, in the brightest, loveliest, and most intelligible characters, everywhere, upon the broad bosom of the liberal earth; in greenest leaves, in delicate fruits, in beguiling and delicate flowers! But he does not content himself with this alone. He bestows the heritage along with the example. He prepares the garden and the home, before he creates the being who is to possess them. He fills them with all those objects of sense and sentiment which are to supply his moral and physical necessities. Birds sing in the boughs above him, odours blossom in the air, and fruits and flowers cover the earth with a glory to which that of Solomon, in all his magnificence, was vain and valueless. To His hand we owe these fair groves, these tall ranks of majestic trees, these deep forests, these broad plains covered with verdure, and these mighty arteries of flood and river, which wind them along, beautifying them with the loveliest inequalities, and irrigating them with seasonable fertilization. Thus did the Almighty planter dedicate the great plantation to the uses of that various and wondrous family which was to follow. His home prepared—supplied with all resources, adorned with every variety of fruit and flower, and checkered with abundance, man is conducted within its pleasant limits, and ordained its cultivator under the very eye and sanction of Heaven. The angels of Heaven descend upon its hills. God himself appears within its valleys at noonday—its groves are instinct with life and purity, and the blessed stars rise at night above the celestial mountains to keep watch over its consecrated interests. Its gorgeous forests, its broad savannahs, its levels of flood and prairie are surrendered into the hands of the wondrously favoured, the new-created heir of Heaven! The bird and the beast are made his tributaries, and taught to obey him. The fowl summons him at morning to his labours, and the evening chant of the night-bird warns him to repose. The ox submits his neck to the yoke; the horse moves at his bidding in the plough: and the toils of all are rendered sacred successful by the gentle showers and the sunshine which descend from heaven, to pen the grain in its season, and to make earth pleasant with its fruits.

The London Porter Breweries.—Twice the quantity of porter already brewed in London in a year would be something like equivalent to the estuary of the Mersey opposite the Pierhead at spring tide. When one of Meux's vats burst, it swept away a whole street—houses, inhabitants, and all, like an overflowing of the Scheldt; and that was in 1814, when vats were mere pipkins to what they are now. At Whitbread's, which ranks but third in the trade, there is one of such prodigious dimensions, that its twenty-five hoops weigh from one to three tons each, and its contents are 20,000 barrels, being some twenty times the capacity of the Tun at Heidelberg. Barclay's brewery is already half the size of Paxton's Plate-glass Palace, and covers upwards of ten acres; so if the produce of porter be regulated by superficial extent of premises, and that there is to be double produce next year, the building ought to be fully equal to the Aladdin-like structure in Hyde-Park. The firm brew about half-a-million of barrels a year at present, being at the rate of some ten gallons per head, per mouth, for every man, woman, and child in London, saying nothing of what the six other great houses turn out.

The Scotch and American Yankees.—What Lord Stanley insinuated, and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh said of our countrymen beyond the Tweed, was repeated in other words at Manchester on the 30th ult., by the Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, U. S. The inhabitants of New England, said he, are what are called in America, 'Yankees.' You dont know here what a Yankee is. All Americans are not Yankees, no more than all the subjects of Queen Victoria are Scotchmen. Yankees, in fact, are the Scotch of America.

Scotch are the Yankees of Great Britain. (Laughter.) I was saying this to a lady in Edinburgh the other day, and I told her that for all that, you would find Yankees every where but in Scotland, and Scotchmen everywhere but in New England. And what is the reason? Because they are both Yorkshire, (roars of laughter)—or, as we say at home, they have both "got their eye teeth cut." (A laugh)—*Glasgow Mail.*

What is Man?—Of the human frame, bones included, only about one fourth is solid matter, chiefly carbon and nitrogen, the rest is water. If a man, weighing 10 stone, were squeezed flat under a hydraulic press, 7½ stone of water would run out, and 2½ stone of dry residue would remain. A man is, therefore, chemically speaking, 43 lbs. of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five pailfulls of water.—*Quarterly.*

True Prayer.—A little deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate, 'What is prayer?' The little girl took her pencil, and wrote in reply, *'Prayer is the wish of the heart.'* And so it is. All fine words and beautiful verses said to God do not make real prayers without the wish of the heart.—*Child's Companion.*

Clergyman's Life.—To a person who regretted to the celebrated Dr. Johnson that he had not been a clergyman, because he considered the life of a clergyman an easy and comfortable one, the doctor made this memorable reply:—

"The life of a conscientious clergyman is not easy. I have always considered a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain. No, sir, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life; nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life."

Death of the Duke of Newcastle.—We have to record the death of His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, which took place at his residence at Clumber-park, Nottinghamshire, on the afternoon of Sunday, the 12th instant, after a long and painful illness.—Henry Pelham Fiennes-Pelham Clinton, Duke of Newcastle, was the son of the third duke by the fifth daughter of the second Earl of Harrington. He was born on the 30th January, 1785, and succeeded to the family honours as the fourth duke on the death of his father in 1795. At an early age he was sent to Eton, where he remained for seven years. After having attained the distinctions of that celebrated school, it was thought advisable that the young Duke should travel, and he accordingly accompanied a portion of his family to the Continent, where, in consequence of the troubles which prevailed at that day, he, with his relatives, was detained a prisoner for some years. In 1807, shortly after his return to England, His Grace married Georgiana Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Edward Miller Mundy, of Shipley, in the county of Derby, by whom he had a numerous family.

Downing-street begins to exhibit signs of the return of the Parliamentary season. Lord John Russell has summoned his supporters for the first day of the Session, has given his first Cabinet Dinner, and held the first Cabinet Council for the manufacture of the Legislative Prologue.

Letters from the Australian Colonies describe the existence of a strong and combined movement against the extension, or even the continuance, of the convict system. A great League was being formed for the purpose of agitating the question throughout Australia. The arrival of the Nile with convicts on board, had caused great excitement at Hobart Town; the more especially as it was stated that seven other vessels were laid on for the Colony.—The Colonists highly resent this "breach of faith" on the part of Earl Grey.