The Weekly Observer.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1850.

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 24.

The Observer.

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

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.

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

☞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.

PIANO and ORGAN.

MR. F. W. CLEAR, Teacher of the Piano Forte, Organ, and SINGING, would notify his friends and the Public, that he has REMOVED from his former residence to the house of Mr. John Armstrong, Charlotte-street, four doors north of King's Square.

Mr. C.'s terms for instruction are 30s. per quarter; and he pledges himself to give satisfaction, or no charge will be made. January 1st.

Farmers's Company.

For Insurance against Loss or Damage by Fire and Lightning.

"Nearly six years in successful operation."

The Largest Mutual Insurance Company in the World!

GUARANTEE CAPITAL over ONE MILLION of Dollars—Charter renewed for Thirty Years.

Monthly Report of business transacted by the Washington County Mutual Insurance Company of Granville, New York, from 3d to 31st August inclusive,—

Whole number of Policies issued	3102
Do. of Applications received,	3264
Do. of do. rejected,	162

This Company has Agents throughout the United States, the Canadas and the Lower Provinces. In the Province of New Brunswick, (through the St. John agency,) the facilities afforded, and the moderate rates charged by this Company, have led to a large business, which it is designed to increase by the extension of Agencies throughout the several Counties.

Parties applying for resident or travelling Agencies will meet with good encouragement.

The standing of this Company is undoubted, as can be shown by its annual financial statements, audited by Commissioners appointed by the State of New York.

All applications for Agencies or Insurance, must be made, post paid, to CHAS. L. STREET.

Sept. 24.—3i. *General Insurance Agent.*

Ladies' Boots and Shoes,

Manufactured in England for the Brunswick Shoe Store, Germain-Street.

WE have received by *Harriott*, a part of our Stock of *Ladies' Fashionable Prunella Boots, &c.*, manufactured expressly for Ladies and Misses of New Brunswick, and are of the same workmanship as those of last year, which gave such substantial evidence, that BOOTS and SHOES can be made, *which will not Rip.*—Only try one pair and the fact will be demonstrated.

Country Ladies will please give a call at Hennigar's corner, nearly opposite old Trinity Church.

May 21, 1850. FAULKE & HENNIGAR.

GAS FITTINGS.

C. & W. H. ADAMS

Have just received and now opened a good assortment of low priced Bronzed and Relieved GAS FITTINGS, for Dwelling Houses and Shops, viz:

TWO and Three-light LAMPS: Harp HALL LAMPS, to slide, plain and ornamental;
One, two and three-joint BRACKETS;
Union jet GAS BURNERS, every size;
One light PENDANTS, stationary and sliding.

Pressed Nails, Carpets, &c.

From Liverpool—for Sale.

40 KEGS 7d. 8d. 10d. and 14d. Pressed NAILS;
2 Bales Fine and Superfine CARPETS;
57 Slabs SPELTER.

—ALSO—

By the Venture, from Boston:

25 assorted sizes Cook STOVES;
8 dozen assorted CHAIRS;

And from New York—

1600 Pieces PAPER HANGINGS.

JOHN KINNEAR,
August 27, 1850. Prince Wm.-street.

Wallsend and Liverpool Coals.

500 CHALDRONS, on hand, in yard,—warranted as good and as ROUND as any that comes to the port.—For Sale at 27s. 6d. per chaldron.

Also—100 Chaldrons of Joggins COALS, at 22s. 6d. JOHN KINNEAR.

10th September, 1850.

FLOUR, &c.

Landing ex "Juverna," from New York—

100 BRLS. Superfine FLOUR,
15 kegs No. 1 TOBACCO,
10 tierces RICE.

A large assortment of CHURNS, CHEESE PRESSES, PLOUGHS, Grindstone Rollers, and AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.—For Sale by (Sept. 3.] JARDINE & CO.

London Groceries, &c.

Now landing ex ship "Lisbon," from London—

100 CHESTS Congo TEA;
10 Hhds. Crushed LOAF SUGAR;
3 Casks Day & Martin's BLACKING;
20 Boxes BLUE STARCH; 10 kegs MUSTARD;
1 Case CANDIED PEEL; 2 cases SALAD OIL;
1 Case Old Brown WINDSOR SOAP;
4 Barrel E. I. GINGER; 10 cases ground GINGER
1 Case NUTMEGS; 2 caroteels CURRANTS;
30 Bags Black PEPPER;
20 boxes Valentia RAISINS; 1 Chest INDIGO;
1 Case MACCARONI;
1 case MACE and ISINGLASS; 1 cask Pearl SAGO

Ex Charles from Halifax:

50 Hhds. Bright Porto Rico SUGAR;
4 Cases Preserved GINGER.

For sale by JARDINE & CO.

St. John, Oct. 1, 1850.

Pale Geneva, Tobacco Pipes.

Now landing for the Subscriber:

20 HHDS. Pale Hollands GENEVA,
80 boxes Tobacco Pipes, well assorted for this market—in boxes of each 5 and 10 gross.

For sale low by JOHN V. THURGAR,
Nov. 5. North Market Wharf.

VICTORIA HOUSE,

Prince William Street,

November 2, 1850.

JAMES DOHERTY & CO.

British and French Importers,

Have just received per Ships 'Lisbon,' 'Harriott,' 'Edward,' and 'Olive,'

Extensive Importations of

FALL & WINTER GOODS,

—COMPRISING—

BRITISH and French SILKS and SATINS, best quality, newest Colourings and Patterns, in Figures, Glacie, Shot, Watered, &c. &c.
UNION SILK BRILLIANTS,
FRENCH MERINOS, in newest styles and best quality,
Embroidered DRESSES, in French Merinos,
French COBURGS, PARAMATTAS, and Crapes,

LADIES' FANCY DRESS GOODS,

Newest and best designs, in New Chenie, President, Demidoff, Nepaulese, and Hungarian Cloths,
DELAINES, ALPACAS, COBURG, and ORLEANS Cloths.

SHAWLS,

Long and Square, of every new style, in Foreign, Paisley, Plaid, Wool, and Cloth, &c. &c.

CLOAKINGS,

Of the most Fashionable kind, in Esquimaux, Nepaulese, and Ladies' Cloths, Tweeds, and Plaids, with newest Trimmings to suit,
PARIS and LONDON made CLOAKS, newest designs, in the 'Juliet,' 'Stella,' 'Nepaulese,' 'New Registered,' and 'Victoria.'

FURS,

Of every description, in Queens' new BOAS, Long and Flat Boas, Victorines, Muffs, Gauntlets, and Cuffs, in Royal Ermine, Chinchilla, Miniver, Stone Martin, and French Martin, Sable, Fitch, Squirrel, British Ermine, Musk, Lynx, Mexican and British Sable;
TRIMMING FURS, &c.;
SILK VELVETS, in Black and Fancy Colours;
TERRY VELVETS, and PLUSHES, in Black, and Colours, with Ribbons and Feathers to match;
Bonnet and Cap RIBBONS, in French and British;
Velvet and Satin NECK TIES;
GLOVES and HOSIERY of every description;
LACES, in thread, wove thread, Egyptian, Honiton, &c.
Illusion and Brussels NETTS, white and coloured for Ladies' Dresses &c.;
Plain and Fancy BOBBINETTS, Blonds, Quillings, &c.
Black and coloured LACE VEILS, of every kind;
French and British EMBROIDERIES, in Collars, Chemizettes, Habit Shirts, Sleeves, &c.;
Infants' Embroidered ROBES and CAPS;
Ladies' Embroidered EVENING DRESSES;
Ladies' French Cambric Pocket HANDKERCHIEFS, in Plain and Embroidered;
White and Coloured STAYS;
White MUSLINS, in Jaconet, Checked, Striped, Book, Mull, Tarlatan, &c. &c.;
Fancy Window MUSLINS, in white and coloured;
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, Napkins, Towels, &c.;
OSNABURGS, CANVAS, &c. &c.;
Superior makes in White SHIRTING COTTONS;
Grey COTTONS, SHEETINGS and WARPS;
Tailors' Trimmings, 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.

N.B.—Further Supply of FALL and WINTER GOODS daily expected, per "*Sarah Milledge.*" J. D. & CO.

Fall Importations.

Per ships Lisbon from London, and Thetis from Liverpool—

A LARGE and varid assortment of DRESS GOODS, consisting of newest Styles and Materials; also, SILKS, SATINS, Persian, French and English CAP and BONNET RIBBONS, Silk VELVETS, Cotton do. in all shades,
Ladies' and Gent's Fancy NECK TIES, China and British;
Silk HANDKER'FS, LACES, NETS, Blonde QUILLINGS, &c.
FURS, in Muffs, Boas, Victorines, Cuffs, &c.
Ladies' and Gent's French KID GLOVES;
Fancy Cachmere CLOTH, LAMBS WOOL, Buckskin do.
Children's Vermont & fancy Lambs Wool Hoods;
HOSIERY, HABERDASHERY, &c.
Broad Cloths, Doeskins, Cassimeres, Pilots, Beavers, and Vestings;
FUR and CLOTH CAPS;
Gent's HATS, &c.
MANCHESTER GOODS, &c.
7 8, 9-8, 5-4 printed Cottons and Regattas;
Grey and White SHIRTINGS, Sheetings and SWANSDOWNS;
Plain and Fancy Embossed LININGS;
MUSLINS, Linens, Lawns, Diapers, TOWELLINGS, black and colored Cotton Velvets, Moleskins, Ticks, Drills, printed Druggets, OIL CLOTHS.
Fringes, Worsted and Algerines, Braids;
Mixed Cloaking, do. Worsted and Yarns;
SMALL WARES, &c.

☞ *Scotch Goods hourly expected.*

J. & H. FOTHERBY.

Market Square, Oct. 7.

FALL IMPORTATIONS OF

Hats, Caps, and Furs,

AT THE

Hat, Cap, and Fur tore of G. & E. SEARS,

Barlow's Corner, foot of King Street, (up Stairs,)

—CONSISTING OF—

LADIES' MUFFS, BOAS, VICTORINES, CUFFS and GAUNTLETS, of various FURS.
Gent's French SILK HATS; Beaver ditto
Youth's and Children's Silk and Beaver HATS
a large assortment of FELT HATS—various colours; Latest patterns of CLOTH CAPS; Silk and Lawn Glazed ditto; Infant's FUR CAPS; Leather Hat Cases; Peaks and Straps; Gent's and Youth's Fur and Seal CAPS; Plush and Scalette ditto; BUFFALO ROBES, &c., &c.—For Sale at the *lowest prices—Wholesale and Retail.*

☞ Cash, and the highest prices paid for FURS.

Oct. 8, 1850.—1mp.

Miscellaneous.

Meditations for the Season.

How can we laugh and smile and seem so gay,
When day by day our loved ones pass away,
When year by year as round the hearth we close
Some face that last beamed on us there we lose?
The generation of our fathers fled,
We know our steps down the same path are led,
Yet place our feet upon the grave's dark brink
And think not of our danger till we sink!
I gazed upon an autumn tinted tree,
And paused to think upon this mystery;
The yellow leaves were falling to the ground,
The hollow blast was whirling them around,
The sighing branches whispered to the air,
And all seemed barren that was late so fair,
While thus I gazed my soul sweet comfort knew,
And living lessons from the dead tree drew,
Soon shall this tree, I cried, be green and bright,
Soon shall the sky above be blue and light,
Soon shall soft zephyrs with the branches play,
Soon shall again be heard the bird's sweet lay.
Death do your worst! put forth your wind and storm,
Hide from our eyes the dearly cherished form,
Sweep o'er our souls affliction's icy blast;
A summer bright and long shall dawn at last,
Restored to beauty, not again to fade,
Not in the grave another winter laid.
As "goodly Cedars" in God's courts we'll stand,
Fanned by the breezes of that heavenly land,
The "Sun of Righteousness" His healing beams
Shall on our heads pour down in living streams,
And never more shall it be weeping said
That one among us numbers with the dead.

THE RAILWAY.

The silent glen, the sunless stream,
To wandering boyhood dear,
And treasured still in many a dream,
They are no longer here;
A huge red mound of earth is thrown
Across the glen so wild and lone,
The stream so cold and clear;
And lightning speed, and thundering sound,
Pass hourly o'er the unsightly mound.

Not this alone—for many a mile
Along that iron way,
No verdant banks or hedgerows smile
In summer's glory gay;
Through chasms that yawn as though the earth
Were rent in some strange mountain-birth,
Whose depths excludes the day,
We're borne away at headlong pace,
To win from time the wearying race!

The wayside inn, with home like air,
No longer tempts a guest
To taste its unpretending fare,
Or seek its welcome rest.
The prancing team—the merry horn—
The cool, fresh road, at early morn—
The coachman's ready jest;
All, all to distant dream-land gone,—
While hissing trains are hurrying on.

Yet greet we them with thankful hearts,
And eyes that own no tear,—
'Tis nothing now, the space which parts
The distant from the dear;
The wing that to her cherished nest
Bears home the bird's exulting breast
Has found its rival here,
With speed like hers we too can haste,
The bliss of meeting hearts, to taste.

[From Arthur's Home Gazette.]

THE PICKED UP DINNER.

BY MRS. JOHN SMITH.

It was 'washing day;' that day of all days in the week most to be dreaded by house-keepers.—We had a poor breakfast, of course. Cook had to help with the washing, and, as washing was the important thing for the day, everything else was doomed to suffer. The wash kettle was to her of greater moment than the tea-kettle or coffee pot; and the boiling of wash-water first in consideration, compared with broiling the steak.

The breakfast bell rung nearly half an hour later than usual. As I entered the dining room, I saw that nearly everything was in disorder, and that the table was little over half set. Scarcely had I taken my seat, ere the bell was in my hand.

'There's no sugar on the table. Kitty.' These were my words, as the girl entered in obedience to my summons.

'Oh, I forgot!' she ejaculated, and hurriedly supplied the deficiency.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling, went my bell, ere she had reached the kitchen.

'There's no knife and fork for the steak,' said I, as Kitty re-appeared.

The knife and fork were furnished, but not with a very amiable grace.

'What's the matter with this coffee?' asked Mr. Smith, after sipping a spoonful or two. 'It's got a queer taste.'

'I'm sure I don't know.'

It was plain that I was going to have another trying day, and I began to feel a little worried.—My reply was not, therefore, made in a very composed voice.

'It's no use; I can't drink that; I wish you would just taste it. I do believe Kitty has dropped a piece of soap into the coffee-pot.'

By this time I had turned out a cup of fluid for myself, and proceeded to try its quality. It certainly had a queer taste; but, as to the substance to which it was indebted for its peculiar flavor, I was in total ignorance. My husband insisted that it was soap. I thought differently; and made no argument on the subject

The steak was found, on trial, burned so badly that it was not fit to be eaten And my husband had to make his meal of bread and butter and cold water. As for myself, this spoiling of our breakfast for no good reason, completely destroyed both my appetite and my temper.

'You'd better get your dinner at an eating house, Mr. Smith,' said I, as he arose from the table. 'It's washing day, and we shall have nothing comfortable.'

'Things will be more comfortable for you than for me,' was kindly replied by my husband.

'We shall only have a picked up dinner,' said I.

'I like a good picked up dinner,' answered Mr. Smith. 'There is something so out of the ordinary routine of ribs, loins and sirloins—something so comfortable and independent about it. No, you cannot eat your picked up dinner alone.'

'Drop the word *good* from your description, and the picked up dinner will be altogether another affair,' said I. 'No, don't you come home to day if you please, for everything promises to be most uncomfortable. Get yourself a good dinner at an eating house, and leave me to go through the day as well as I can.'

'And are you really in earnest?' said my husband, seriously.

'I certainly am,' was my reply. 'Entirely in earnest. So just oblige me by not coming home to dinner.'

Mr. Smith promised; and there was so much off my mind. I could not let him come home without seeing that he had a good dinner. But almost any thing would do for me and the children.

In some things, I am compelled to say, that my husband is a little uncertain. His memory is not always to be depended on. Deeply absorbed in business as he was at that time, he frequently let things of minor importance pass from his thoughts altogether.

So it happened on the present occasion. He forgot that it was washing day, and that he had promised to dine down town. Punctually at half-past one, he left his place of business, as usual, and took his way homeward. As he walked along, he met an old friend who lived in a neighboring town, and was on a visit to the city.

'Why, Mr. Jones! How glad I am to see you! When did you arrive?' And my husband grasped the hand of his friend eagerly.

'Came in last evening,' replied Jones. 'How well you look, Smith! How is your family?'

'Well—very well. When do you leave?'

'By this afternoon's line.'

'So soon? You make no stay at all?'

'I came on business, and must get back again with as little delay as possible.'

'Then you must go and dine with me. I won't take no for an answer. Want to have a long talk with you about old times.'

'Thank you, Mr. Smith,' replied Jones. 'But as I do not happen to know your good lady, I hardly feel free to accept the invitation.'

'Don't hesitate for that. She'll be delighted to see you. Always glad to meet any of my old friends. So come along.—I've a dozen things to say to you.'

'I'm really afraid of intruding on your wife,' said Mr. Jones, still holding back from the invitation.

'Nonsense!' answered my husband. 'My friends are hers. She will be delighted to see you. I've talked of you to her a hundred times.'

At this Mr. Jones yielded.

'I can't promise you anything extra,' said Mr. Smith, as they walked along. 'Nothing more than a good, plain family dinner, and a warm welcome.'

'All I could ask or desire,' returned Mr. Jones.

It was a few minutes to two o'clock. The bell had rung for dinner, and I was just rising to go to the dining room, when I heard the street door open and the sound of my husband's voice in the passage. There was a man in company with him for I distinctly heard the tread of a pair of feet. What could this mean? I remained seated, listening with attention.

My husband entered the parlor with his companion, talking in a cheerful animated strain, and I heard him pull the blinds and throw open the shutters. Presently he came tripping lightly up the stairs to my sitting room.

'I've brought a friend home to dinner, Jane,' said he, as coolly and as confidently as if it were not washing day; and as if he had not told me on going out, that he would dine at an eating house.

This was a little too much for my patience and forbearance.

'Are you beside yourself, Mr. Smith?' I replied, my face instantly becoming flushed, and my eyes glancing out upon him the sudden indignation I felt at such treatment.

'Why, Jane! Jane! This is not kind in you,' said my husband, with regret and displeasure in his voice. 'It's rather hard if a man can't ask an old friend home to dine with him once in five years, without asking the special permission of his wife.'

'Mr. Smith, are you aware that this is washing day?'

There was an instant change in my husband's countenance. He seemed bewildered for a few moments.

'And, moreover,' I continued, 'are you not aware that I was to have a picked up dinner at home, and that you were to dine at an eating house!'

'I declare!' Mr. Smith struck his hands together, and turned around at once upon his heel. 'I entirely forgot about that.'

'What's to be done?' said I, almost crying with vexation. 'I've nothing for dinner but some fried ham and eggs.'

'The best we can do is the best,' returned Mr Smith. 'You can give Mr. Jones a hearty welcome, and that will compensate for any defects in the dinner. I forewarned him that we should not entertain him very sumptuously.'

'You'd better tell him the whole truth at once,' said I, in answer to this; 'and then take him to an eating house.'

But my good husband would hear nothing of this. He had invited his old friend to dine with him, and dine he must, if it was only on a piece of dry bread.

'Pick up something. Do the best you can,' he returned. 'We can wait for half an hour.'

'I've nothing in the house, I tell you,' was my answer, made in no very pleasant tones; for I felt very much irritated and outraged by my husband's thoughtless conduct.

'There, there, Jane. Don't get excited about the matter,' said he, soothingly. But his words were not like oil to the troubled waters of my spirit.

'I am excited,' was my response. 'How can I help being? It is too much. You should have had more consideration.'

But talking was of no use. Mr. Jones was in the parlor, and had come to take a family dinner with us. So nothing was left but to put a good face on matters, or, at least, to try and do so.

'Dinner's on the table now,' said I. 'All is there that we can have to day; so just invite your friend to the dining room, where you will find me.'

So saying, I took a little fellow by the hand, who always eats with us, and led him away, feeling, as my lady readers will very naturally suppose, in not the most amiable humor in the world. I had just got the child, who was pretty hungry, seated in the high chair, when my husband and his guest made their appearance, and I was introduced.

Sorry am I to chronicle the fact—but truth compels me to make a faithful record—that my reception of the stranger was by no means gracious. I tried to smile, but a smile was such a mockery of my feelings, that facial muscle refused to play the hypocrite. The man was not welcome, and it was impossible for me to conceal this.

'A plain family dinner, you see,' said Mr. Smith, as we took our places at the meagre board. 'We are plain people. Shall I help you to some ham and eggs?'

He tried to smile pleasantly, and to appear very much at his ease. But the attempt was far from successful.

'I want some!' Don't give him all,' screamed out the hungry child at my side, stretching out his hand towards the poorly supplied dish, from which my husband was about supplying our guest.

My face, which was red enough before, now became like scarlet. A moment longer I remained at the table, and then rising up quickly, took the impatient child in my arms, and carried him screaming from the room. I did not return to grace the table with my unattractive presence. Of what passed particularly, between my husband and his friend, Mr. Jones, who had left his luxurious dinner at the hotel to enjoy a 'plain family dinner' with his old acquaintance, I never ventured to make enquiry. They did not remain very long at the table, nor very long in the house after finishing their frugal meal.

I have heard since, that Mr. Jones has expressed commiseration for my husband as the married partner of a real termagant. I don't much wonder at his indifferent opinion; for I rather think I must have shown in my face something of the indignant fire that was in me.

Mr. Smith, who was too much in the habit of inviting people home to take a 'family dinner' with him on the spur of the moment, has never committed that error since. His mortification was too severe to be easily forgotten.

To make an appearance beyond your fortune, either in dress, equipage, or entertainment, is a certificate of a much greater weakness in your character than to keep within it

THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

Not the least wonderful part of the Exhibition which is to be opened next year will be the edifice within which the specimens of the industry of all nations are to be collected. Its magnitude, the celerity with which it is to be constructed, and the materials of which it is to be composed, all combine to insure for it a large share of that attention which the Exhibition is likely to attract and to render its progress a matter of great public interest. A building designed to cover 752,832 superficial feet, and to have an exhibiting surface of about 21 acres, to be roofed in and handed over to the commissioners within more than three months from its commencement, to be constructed almost entirely of glass and iron, the most fragile and the strongest of working materials, to combine the lightness of a conservatory with the stability of our most permanent structures—such a building will naturally excite much curiosity as to the mode in which the works connected with it are conducted, and the advances which are made towards its completion. Enchanted palaces that grow up in a night are confined to fairy land, and in this material world of ours the labors of the bricklayer and the carpenter are notoriously never ending. It took 300 years to build St. Peter's at Rome, and 30 to complete our own St. Paul's. The new Palace of Westminster has already been 15 years in hand, and is still unfinished. We run up houses, it is true, quickly enough in this country, but if there be a touch of magic in the time occupied, there is none in the appearance of so much stucco and brickwork as our streets exhibit. Something very different from this is promised for the great edifice in Hyde-park. Not only is it to rise with extraordinary rapidity, but in every other respect is to be suggestive of *Arabian Nights'* remembrances. In its favor the window law is to be ignored, and 900,000 superficial feet of glass, weighing upwards of 400 tons, are to be used in its construction. Not a stone nor a brick will be employed throughout the spacious structure which is to rest upon 3,300 cast iron columns, and to be strengthened and kept together by 2,224 girders of the same material. The plan of it which has been published represents an edifice in every respect qualified to become the repository of specimens of the world's industry; the basement and two upper tiers diminishing in area as they ascend, and thus securing a graceful variety of outline, while the monotonous effect of a *facade* 1,848 feet long is broken by a spacious transept. This transept, 408 feet long and 72 feet wide, will be arched, and will rise to the height of 108 feet, inclosing within it, as in a glass case, a row of trees, which respect for the park timber has induced the commissioners to spare. The roof of the entire building, resting on the cast iron girders, will be what is technically called "ridge and valley," and will look like an undulating sea, the whole being covered with canvass to exclude the rays of the summer sun and prevent any inconvenience arising from excessive heat. This will be the case in every part of the structure except the transept, where the presence of trees render light necessary, and where, therefore, the arched glass roof will remain uncovered. When closed in and completed, the view presented by the interior will, it is anticipated, be wonderfully graceful and splendid. The central avenue, 1,844 feet long, 72 feet broad, and 66 feet high, with rows of pillars shooting off from it on either side, and so arranged that the eye can traverse freely to every part of the building, must have a very grand appearance. Care has been taken to have the columns upon which the whole fabric rests distributed with such regularity that no confusion or forest-like effect can be produced by them. It will be the same in all the avenues as in the central one, although there, from its proportions and the entire absence of galleries or upper flooring to break the perspective, the view presented will be most imposing.

Besides the immense space thus devoted to the general purposes of the Exhibition, there will be on the north side of the building a room set apart for the reception of machinery. The dimensions of this apartment are on a scale proportionate to the important branch of inventive industry to which it is to be dedicated. It will be 946 feet long, 48 feet broad, and 24 feet high. Another feature of the building will be the Refreshment Courts, which, in accordance with the aristocratic spirit of the country, are to be divided into three classes. Those whose means and tastes incline them to patronize the first will discuss the delicacies of the season under the branches of the trees which occupy the north end of the transept; those whose habits of life are less ambitious, or whose palates are less discriminating, must move westward; while for the crowd of humble visiters the requisite accommodation will be provided on the northeast side of the building.

To enter into further details with reference to the interior plan would needlessly complicate this description, and would be inappropriate at present. It may, however, be right to mention that while from north to south, and across the breadth of the structure the flooring will be perfectly level, from west to east it will be slightly inclined, like the stage of a theatre, though not of course to the same extent. This, it is believed, will add much to the effect of the interior, by enabling visiters at the lower end to see almost at a glance over the whole edifice. Though from north to south the flooring will be quite horizontal, the land slopes a little, and this enables the architect to give the building on that side the appearance of a raised foundation, which will be faced with green sod. The advantage of this to the external beauty of the principal *facade* it is almost unnecessary to point out. A light iron railing will inclose the building at a distance of eight feet from its exterior, and beyond that there will be a footpath. The grand entrance will be nearly opposite the Prince's gateway, and will have seven pairs of doors. Ample arrangements have been made, however, for the entry and exit of visiters at other points. The exterior surfaces of the first or ground tier will not be of glass, but of wood, for the purpose of greater security, and also to afford a wall space for such articles as require to be hung up in order to be seen to advantage. To enumerate in detail all that this great undertaking embraces would be an endless and perhaps rather a tedious task, but some conception of the work to be performed may be gathered from this—that the calculations of Messrs. Fox, Henderson & Co., the contractors, estimate among other requisites, 31 miles of gutters, 202 miles of sash bars, and 8 miles of table for exhibiting.

The contractors still speak with perfect confidence of their ability to construct and roof in the whole before New Year's day.—*London paper.*

DEATH FROM OLD AGE.

Rarely is there seen a case of death from pure old age. In those who live longest, some disease is usually developed which lays the axe to the root of the tree; but occasionally the body wears itself out, and, without a malady or a pain, sinks by a slow and unperceived decay. All the aged approximate to the condition, and show the nature of the process. The organs have less life, the functions less vigour, the sight grows dim, the hearing dull, the touch obtuse, the limbs lose their suppleness, the motions lose their freedom, and, without local disorder, or general disturbance, it is everywhere plain that vitality is receding. The old are often indolent from natural disposition; they are slow in their movements by a physical necessity. With the strength enfeebled, the bones brittle, the ligaments rigid, the muscles weak, feats of activity are no longer possible. The limbs which bent in youth would break in age. Bentley used to say he was like his battered trunk, which held together if left to itself, and would fall to pieces with the jolts and rough usage of better days.

Lord Chesterfield, in his decrepitude, was unable to support the motion of a carriage; and when about to take an airing, said, in relation to the foot's pace at which he crept along, "I am now going to the rehearsal of my funeral." The expression was one of many which showed that his mind had not participated in the decay of his body; but, even with men less remarkable, it is common for the intellect to remain unbroken amidst surrounding infirmity. The memory alone seldom escapes. Events long gone by retain their hold; passing incidents excite a feeble interest, and are instantly forgotten.

The brain, like a mould that has set, keeps the impressions, and can take no new ones. Living rather in the past than the present, the aged naturally love to reproduce it, and grow more narrative than is always entertaining to younger years: yet without the smallest sense of weariness, they can sit for hours silent and unemployed; for feebleness renders repose delightful, and they need no other allurement in existence than to feel that they exist. Past recollections themselves are sometimes erased. Fontenelle outlived the knowledge of his writings, but the Winter which destroyed his memory, allowed his wit to flourish with the freshness of Spring. He could mark and estimate his growing infirmities and make them the subject of jibing. "I am about," he remarked, "to decamp, and have sent the heavy baggage on before." When Brydone's family read him his admirable travels in Sicily, he was quite unconscious that his own eyes had beheld the scenes, and his own lively pen had described them; but he comprehended what he heard, thought it amusing, and wondered if it was true.

Next the body relapses into helplessness, the mind into vacancy; and this is the second childhood of man—an expression upon which some physiologists have built fanciful analogies, as if infancy and age, like the rising and setting sun, were the same unaltered object in opposite parts of the horizon. But there is little more resemblance than in the vegetable world between immaturity and rottenness. Sir Walter Scott, when growing infirmities made him speak of himself, playfully, as coming round to the starting point of the circle, said he wished he could cut a new set of teeth. The remark touched the distinction between the morning and the evening of life. Infancy and age are both toothless; but the teeth of the former are coming, the teeth of the latter are gone—the one is awakening to a world upon which the other is closing its eyes. The two portraits are in perfect contrast. Here activity, there torpor—here curiosity, there listlessness—here the prattle of dawning intelligence, there the babbling of expiring dotage.

Decrepitude, which has sunk into imbecility, must be endeared by past recollections to be loved; but to despise it is an insult to human nature, and to pity it, on its own account, wasted sympathy.—Paley rightly asserted that happiness was with dozing old age in its easy chair, as well as with youth in the pride and exuberance of life; as, if its feelings are less buoyant, they are more placid. To die piecemeal, carries with it a frightful sound, until we learn by observation, that of all destroyers time is the gentlest. The organs degenerate without pain, and dwindling together, a perfect harmony is kept in the system. Digestion languishes, the blood diminishes, the heart beats slower, and by imperceptible gradations they reach at last their lowest term. Drowsiness increases with the decline of the powers: life passes into sleep, sleep into death. DeMoivre, the master of calculation at eighty, spent twenty hours of the twenty-four in slumber, and he fell asleep and woke no more. This was a natural death, unaccompanied by disease; and though this is uncommon, yet disease itself lays a softer hand upon the aged than the young, as a tottering ruin is easier overthrown than a tower in its strength.

THE ISLAND OF ANTICOSTI.—This Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on account of its extent, geographical position, and importance to mariners, is of considerable interest. It is now comprehended in the County of Saguenay, having been re-annexed to the Province of Lower Canada by an Act of the Imperial Parliament passed in 1825. It previously formed a part of Labrador. The Island was conceded in March, 1680, to the Sieur Jolliet, and is now, we understand, the property of the owners of the Seigniory of Mingan or Terra Firma, on the main-land opposite to it, on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Its length is about 125 miles, and its extreme breadth about 30 miles, containing about a million and a half square acres.—Although it has neither bay nor harbour sufficient to protect ships, having only many small creeks, suitable for fishing craft, it is not altogether unprovided with the means of succouring persons who may be shipwrecked on its shore or in its neighborhood. The surface of the Island is generally low, and the soil and timber of very inferior quality. On the north of the Island the shore is occasionally more elevated, and three remarkable high lands or mountains break the monotonous appearance of this large extent of flat land, one is opposite Little Jupiter river, another in the rear of South West Point, and the third called Table Mountain, is near the Western extremity of the Island. The rivers are of no importance. On account of its geographical position, this Island is of great interest to navigators who sail up the St. Lawrence from the Atlantic: therefore the bearings of its extreme points have been frequently determined, and are of course well known to all competent shipmasters. The Island is furnished with two light houses, one at the East Point, and one at the South West Point.

A CUP OF TEA IN THE "OLDEN TIME."

In the Home Journal we find some reminiscences of the Knickerbockers, from the pen of Laurie Todd, from which the following is extracted:

"Conversing the other day, with an aged Dutch matron on the subject of tea, she related, with much good humor, the following tea-story, which she learned from her grand-mother. "In the time of the French war," said she, "my great grandfather, who lived at Oyster Bay, being on a trading voyage to New York, brought back, as part return cargo, one pound of tea, a present to his *vrow*. In a few days thereafter, verbal notes of invitation, (no 'Yankee Card-presses' in those days,) were issued to all the maids and matrons of the district to assemble round the festive board. Here sat a score of cooks; not one of them had tasted tea, or seen the weed till the present moment. How is it to be cooked? No one could tell. The majority concluded it was dried spinach, or corn-salad, or fatticus, and therefore it must be eaten like greens, with ham or salt beef. Forthwith the *muckle-pot*, with five gallons of water, swung from the trammel hook, suspended over a blazing fire of hickory sticks; a well-smoked ham of about twenty-five pounds, was placed in the pot, and having boiled two hours over a slow fire, the pound of tea was emptied into the pot. Ham, water and tea having boiled another half hour, it was pronounced by the matrons DONE—and done it was, to the utmost.—The strong and stringent nature of the tea had eaten every particle of fat from the ham, leaving only lean meat and bare bones. By this time the old farmers had arrived; the ham was placed upon the table, and the tea-leaves, being carefully strained, were eaten as greens, or a substitute for spinach. All agreed, however, that but for its coming from Amsterdam, cabbage or sour-krout would make much better sauce. The loss of the fat, was laid at the door of the 'd—l in the pot.'"

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper, but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.