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Discount Days . . . Tuesdays and Fridays.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills of Exchange, must be left at the Bank before three o'clock on the days immediately preceding the cash day.

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The Garland.

THE MISSIONARY.

Upon Tabitha's shore,
With aspect sad, a Missionary stood;
And as he gazed on scenes of woe and grief,
He wept, in pity, for that lowly bed.

For, oh! 'twas sad to mark
Unhallowed rites and murder-stained abodes,
And man, debased by superstition dark,
Invoking aid from vile and bloody gods.

Those hills were fair to see,
And there the broad-fruited tree might bud and bloom;
But these rich plains, by fond idolatry,
Were heaped with carnage, and were filled with gloom.

Again, upon that strand,
After long years of toil had passed away,
I saw the faithful Missionary stand,
With looks of joy, upon the Sabbath day.

Oh, what a blissful scene!
Those who were wont the woe-ey'd lord to raise,
Within a leaf-rod Christian faith were seen,
And now were heard to sing Jehovah's praise!

Those who, besmeared with blood,
Were wont to kneel at cruel Ono's shrine,
In prayerful attitude now mildly stood,
Or drank in love the sacramental wine!

Mid mockery and pain
The Missionary taught within that Isle,
And long his labours fruitful seemed and vain;
At last he reaped the harvest of his toil.

Then far more blest was he
Than victor when he led his conquering palms of peace,
When that fair isle of the Western Sea
Lay brightening 'neath the Sun of Righteousness!

The warrior's wrath my fields,
And earthy pomp and grandeur pass away;
But that bright crown, which shines upon the head
Of him who saveth souls, shall ne'er decay!

A WIDOW'S WAIL.

"Oh, thou art lovely yet, my boy,
E'en in thy winding sheet;
I cannot leave thy lonely bed,
An' features calm and sweet!
I have no hope but for the day,
When thou shalt meet again,
Since thou art gone, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alone!"

I hoped thy sire's loved form to see,
To trace his looks in thine;
An' saw with joy thy sparkling eye
With kindling vigour shine;
I thought, when thou art dead, I might
W' thy m' yours remain;
But thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alone!"

Now closed an' set thy sparkling eye,
Thy kind word heart is still,
An' thy dear spirit far away
Beyond the reach of ill!
Al! I'm woe'd I'm woe'd, my clay
Resuminate again;
But thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alone!"

The flower now fading on the lea
Shall flourish rise to view—
The leaf just falling from the tree
Thy soul will soon renew;
But long may I weep o'er thy grave
Ere thou reviv'st again;
For thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alone!"

Miscellaneous.

From the London Literary Museum.

MARRIED LIFE.

A TALE OF LOVE AND HAPPINESS, DEDICATED TO THE WHOLE BACHELOR TRIBE.

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
As are the concealed comforts of man,
Lock'd up in woman's love, I scent the air
Of blessing, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth—
The violet bed's not sweeter."

I have often had occasion to remark
the fortune with which women sustain the most
overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those
disasters which break down the spirit of man,
and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call
forth all the energies of the softer sex, and
give such intrepidity and elevation to their
character, that at times it approaches to sublimity.
Nothing can be more touching than to behold
a soft and tender female, who had been
all her life weakness and dependence, and alive
to every trivial roughness, while trading the
prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in
mental force, to be the comforter of her husband
under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking
firmness the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the firm which has long twined its
graceful foliage about the oak, and been
lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy
plant is rified by the thunderbolt, cling
around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind

up its shattered boughs, so it is beautifully
ordered by Providence that woman, who is
the mere dependant and ornament of man in
his happier hours, should be his stay and so-
lace when smitten with sudden calamity,
winding herself into the rugged recesses of his
nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head
and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend who
had around him a blooming family, knit to-
gether in the strongest affection. "I can wish
you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm,
"than to have a wife and children." "If you
are prosperous, they are there to share your
prosperity; if otherwise, they are there to
comfort you. And indeed I have observed
that a married man falling into misfortune,
is more apt to retrieve his situation in the
world than a single one, partly because he is
more stimulated to exertion by the necessities
of the helpless and beloved beings who
depend upon him for subsistence, but chiefly
because his spirits are soothed and relieved
by domestic endearments, and his self-respect
kept alive by finding that though all
around is darkness and humiliation, yet there
is still a little world of love at home, of which
he is the monarch; whereas a single man is
apt to run to waste and self-neglect, to fancy
himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart
to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion for
want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little
domestic story, of which I was once a wit-
ness. My intimate friend Leslie had married
a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had
been brought up in the midst of fashionable
life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that
of my friend was ample; and he delighted
in the anticipation of indulging her in every
elegant pursuit, and administering to those
delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind
of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said
he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters
produced an harmonious combination. He
was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast
—she was all life and gladness. I have of-
ten noticed the mute rapture with which he
would gaze upon her in company, of which
her sprightly powers and her delight, and in
the midst of applause, here ye would still her
turn to him, as if there alone she sought
rest and acceptance. When leaning on his arm,
her head on his breast, and her eyes on his
heraldic form contrasted finely with his tall
manly person. The fond, confiding air with
which she looked up to him seemed to call
forth a flush of triumphant pride and cher-
ishing tenderness, as if he donated on his
lovely burthen for its very helplessness.

Never did a couple set forward on the flow-
ery path of early and well-suited marriage
with a fairer prospect of felicity.
It was the wish of my friend, however,
to have embarked his fortune in large specu-
lations, and he had not been married many
months, when, by a succession of sudden dis-
asters, it was swept from him, and he found
himself reduced almost to penury. For a
time he kept his situation to himself, and
went about with a lugubrious countenance
and a breaking heart. His life was but a pro-
tracted agony, and what rendered it more
insupportable was the necessity of keeping up
a smile in the presence of his wife, for he
could not bring himself to overwhelm her
with the news. She saw however, with the
quick eye of affection, that all was not well
with him. She marked his altered looks
and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived
by his sickly and veiled attempts at cheer-
fulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers
and tender blandishments to win him back
to happiness; but she only drove the arrow
deeper into his soul. The more she saw
cause to love her, the more torturing was the
thought that he was soon to make her
wretched. A little, thought he, and the smile
will vanish from that cheek—the song will
die away from those lips—the lustre of
those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and
the happy heart which now beats lightly in
that bosom will be weighed down like mine,
by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day and re-
lated his whole situation in the tone of the
deepest despair. When I had heard him
through I enquired, "Does your wife know
all this?" At the question he burst into an
agony of tears. "For God's sake," cried
he, "if you have any pity on me, don't men-
tion my wife; it is the thought of her that
drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I. "She must
know it sooner or later. You cannot keep
it long from her, and the intelligence may
break upon her in a more startling manner
than if imparted by yourself; for the accents
of those we love soften the harshest tidings.
Besides you are depriving yourself of the
comforts of her sympathy, and not merely that,
but also endangering the only bond
that can keep hearts together—an uncer-
eased community of thought and feeling. She
will soon perceive that something is secretly
preying upon her mind, and true love will
not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and
outraged, when even the sorrows of those it
loves are concealed from it."

"O, my friend, but to think what a blow
I am to give to all her future prospects—how
I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by
telling her that her husband is a beggar—
that she is to forego all the elegancies of life
—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with
me into indigence and obscurity. To tell
her that I have dragged her down from the
sphere in which she might have continued to
move in constant brightness—the light of
every eye—the admiration of every heart.
How can she bear poverty? She has been
brought up in all the refinement of opulence.
How can she bear neglect? She has been the
idol of society. O, it will break her
heart—it will break her heart!"

I saw grief was eloquent, and I let it have
its flow, for sorrow relieves itself by words.
When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had
relaxed into moody silence, I resumed the
subject gently, and urged him to break his
situation at once to his wife. He shook his
head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her?"

It is necessary she should know it, that you
may take the steps necessary to the altera-
tion of living—nay, observing a pang to
pass across his countenance, "don't let that
afflict you. I am sure you have never placed
your happiness on outward show—you have
yet friends, who will not think the worse of
you for being less splendidly lodged; and
surely it does not require a palace to be hap-
pily married."

"I could be happy with her," cried he,
convulsively, "in a hovel! I could go down
with her into poverty and the dust—I could
—I could—God bless her! God bless her!"
cried he, bursting into a transport of grief
and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, step-
ping up and grasping him warmly by the
hand, "believe me, she can be the same
with you. Aye, more; it will be a source
of pride and triumph to her, it will call forth
all the latent energies and fervent sym-
pathies of her nature, for she will rejoice to
prove that she loves you for herself. There
is in every true woman's heart a spark of
noblest fire, which lies dormant in the
broad daylight of prosperity, but which kind-
les up and flames and blazes in the dark
hour of adversity. No man knows what the
wife of his bosom is; no man knows what a
ministering angel she is until he has gone
with her through the fiery trials of this
world."

There was something in the earnestness of my lan-
guage, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie.
I knew the sufferer I had to deal with; and glowing
with the impression I had made, I finished by per-
suading him to go home and unbuckle his sad heart
to his wife. I must confess, notwithstanding all that
I said, I felt a little solicited for the result. I was
convinced on the fortitude of one whose wife's life
had been a rank of pleasure—her gay spirit's vig-
ilant the dark downward path of low bodily
suffering and affliction, every hour in the day. It is
the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled.
Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by
so many galling mortifications to which other Leslie
is a stranger. In short, I could not most Leslie
the prospect without trepidation. He had made
the disclosure.

"And how did she hear it?"
"Like an angel. It seemed rather to be a relief
to her mind, for she threw her arms around me
and asked if this was all that had befallen me. I
was unhappy, but poor girl," she could not
realize the change we must undergo. She has no
idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read
of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. It is not
as yet no privation—the sufferer's loss of accustomed
conveniences nor elegancies. When we come pre-
tently to experience its stolid effects, its pearly
sweat, its petty humiliations, then will be the trial."
"But what if she should hear of it?"
"Like an angel. It seemed rather to be a relief
to her mind, for she threw her arms around me
and asked if this was all that had befallen me. I
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tently to experience its stolid effects, its pearly
sweat, its petty humiliations, then will be the trial."

There is something indescribably lovely
in a devotedly pious young lady;
something that reminds the soul at once
of those bright angelic spirits which sur-
round the throne of God. That calm
serenity and composure; those eyes
which beam with looks of holy tenderness
and compassion for immortal souls;
when the men of the world too well know
their true interest to disregard those things.
And the remark which another
voice of the world made, speaking of the
daughters of pleasure, "Ah, those
girls will do well enough for amusement,
but give me a pious wife," is full of truth;
and conveys a sentiment which should,
as it is so less exalted than true, be en-
gaven, as with the point of a diamond,
upon every female heart. If there is any
difference with regard to who hold the
destinies of the earth, in its most empha-
tic senses, should be guided with "wis-
dom from on high," ardent piety gives
an accomplishment to the most faultless
form, which can be furnished from no
other source.

It makes a kinder and more affectionate
sister, a more devoted and sincere
friend; and is every thing for a wife.
And while the brilliant emanation of the
coquette may dazzle the beholder for a
moment, piety alone can bear the trou-
bles and disappointments of "real life."

Advancement of the Ancients in Com-
fort.—I have alluded to the wheel tracks
which are deeply cut in the stone pave-
ment (at Pompeii)—but these are not
the only marks of actual use which
strike the eye every where. The stepping
stones at the doors, for example, are
most worn down by the feet, and the
sides of wells are deeply cut with the
bucket ropes. It is very remarkable,
that even the narrowest streets of Pom-
peii are furnished with commodious raised
pavements for passengers—*colonnades*,
as they are called in French. And this
reminds me of an odd jumble of circum-
stances. The French have the word
for the thing, but not the thing itself;
while we in England have the thing but
not the word, which obliges us to use
the compound expression foot-pavement.
What is perhaps still more curious, the
Italians, in process of time, instead of im-
proving, have gone backwards in this
matter; for Pompeii, which must be up-
wards of two thousand years old, is far
better off for *colonnades* than any modern
town in Italy. It may be mentioned
also, that at the crossings in the streets of
Pompeii, a line of stepping-stones, six or
eight inches high, is always placed; a
contrivance for the accommodation of
foot passengers which I never saw in any
other part of the world.—*Capt Basil*
Hall's Patchwork.

FOLLOW THE PLOUGH.—Good land emits a plea-
sant and refreshing smell when it is dug up, and often
affords relief to travellers. It is said to be highly be-
neficial for a consumptive man to follow the plough—
that is, walk behind the ploughman, as he carries
up the furrow.

you, and running down the lane, and looking out for
you. I have set out a table under a beautiful tree
behind the cottage, and I've been gathering some of
the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are
fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—
and every thing is so sweet and still here—Oh, and
she, putting her arm within his, and looking up
brightly in his face, "O, we shall be so happy!"
Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his
bosom—he folded his arms round her; he kissed her
again and again; he could not speak, but the tears
gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me
that though the world has since gone prosperously
with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one;
yet never has he experienced a moment of such un-
utterable felicity.

PIETY IN A WIFE.—"If I am wild my-
self, I intend having a pious wife. That's
the very first qualification." So spake a
wild and thoughtless thought talented and
amiable young man. A few of us having
met by chance with a friend on New
year's eve, agreed to amuse ourselves for
a short time (doubtless we might have
been better employed) with the "Book
of Fate," as it is called.—Various char-
acters, dispositions, qualities, &c., being
written down and numbered, each person
chooses a number, when the quality at-
tached to it is read out to him. The
number which this young man had chosen
for the quality of his partner, was
piety, which called forth the remark above
stated. It struck me as something very
strange; and as an opinion not generally
known; and this induced me to mention
his remark in the presence of another
young gentleman, equally regardless of
personal religion. He replied that he
was not aware that it was avowed open-
ly, but he believed it to be generally en-
tertained by all honorable young men.

And is this the case? and do young
ladies know it? Are they aware that
when they are exerting all their ingenuity
in preparing to shine as the most brilliant
stars at the fashionable ball or masquerade,
that their lowly minded friends,
who perhaps, at that moment is with a
broken heart, before the mercy seat
pleading for the salvation of some poor
helpless sinner—that she who has received
the "blessing of those who were
ready to perish," holds a more exalted
seat in the affections even of those who
are utterly regardless of religion as it re-
spect themselves!

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in a devotedly pious young lady;
something that reminds the soul at once
of those bright angelic spirits which sur-
round the throne of God. That calm
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strike the eye every where. The stepping
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up the furrow.

PAIXHAN'S GUNS.—The ingenuity of man
has been cruelly taxed for several years past,
in improving and inventing engines of de-
struction. We wish it was directed to a wor-
thier object—one which would improve the
character of civilized man—and not tend to
degrade him to a level with the savage, or
the brute. We find in a late number of the
New York Journal of Commerce, the follow-
ing passage, descriptive of those terrible in-
struments of war, invented by Mr. Paixhan,
called Paixhan's Guns:

It is found that, without increasing the
weight of the guns, or the difficulty of man-
aging them, hollow projectiles, of heavy cal-
ibre, can be fired with terrible effect, and
bomb cannon of tremendous size may be used
on ship-board, so as to throw a large bomb
horizontally, with as sure aim as the solid
shot from an ordinary cannon. Large bombs,
even of the calibre of one hundred and fifty
or two hundred pounds, are fired on ship-
board, or from stationary batteries, with the
force and precision of a cannon ball. No
structures, either of stone or wood, can resist
such artillery. The terrible efficiency of
this arm (the Paixhan cannon), was witness-
ed at Vera Cruz, St. Jean D'Acce, and at San
Juan de Ulloa. Mr. Paixhan, in his work
on "new maritime artillery," says, in regard
to the destructive effects of these bombs
on vessels—When thrown horizontally,
they will crush, strike to pieces, and tear
open, the side of the vessel, with a terrible
shock. If they remain in the side, their ex-
plosion, acting like a mine, will open large
breaches, the irregular fractures of which, ex-
tending below the water line, will make a
passage, through which the water will rush
in, as though a dyke were suddenly broken.
If a bomb should enter a mast, it will over-
turn it, together with its yards, top and rig-
ging. Should the bomb pass entirely through
the ship's side, then it will produce its effects
between decks, in the midst of the combat-
ants, the artillery and munitions; and they
will scatter round showers of iron, and in-
supportable volumes of smoke and flame;
they will completely destroy a fabric of
wood much more easily than one of stone;
they will rip up the deck, set every thing on
fire, and cause dreadful ravages every where.

As if this was not enough, each bomb con-
tains a German composition, of the attractive
name of *Dampfkugel*, used to poison the
galleries of mines, and, as an able reviewer
of this subject tells us, is truly a pestilential
congregation of vapors, rendering a ship
uninhabitable.

It is enough to damp the ardor of the loftiest
chivalry to contemplate this last "novel-
lized arm;" and nothing can be better cal-
culated to bring war into disrepute. In truth,
however, all improvements in the art of war,
lessen its destructiveness and frequency."

Sir Moses Montefiore's Mission.—Mon-
day was the day appointed for a public
thanksgiving, to be offered up at the syn-
agogue of the Spanish and Portuguese
Jews, for the success which has attended
the mission of Sir Moses Montefiore in
aid of the persecuted Jews of Damascus.
The service commenced at three o'clock.
Sir Moses Montefiore occupied a distin-
guished place in the synagogue, and dur-
ing an interval of the ceremony gave up
offerings at the ark, to the several Jewish
charitable institutions, amounting to
£100. Several other offerings were
made to a considerable amount, to be dis-
tributed among the Jewish poor in gen-
eral. In the course of the service a ser-
mon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. De
Sola, in which he laid great stress on the
gratitude due from the entire Jewish na-
tion to Sir Moses Montefiore, for the vic-
tory which he had achieved in rescuing
their suffering brethren from the hands
of their persecutors—a victory the more
meritorious, inasmuch as it was unstained
by the blood of their fellow-creatures,
and attended with no other tears than
those of joy and gratitude. No prayers
were put up for the Queen and Royal family,
and for all those sovereigns and nations
who had come forward in support of the
Jewish cause. Baron Rothschild, Mr.
De Castro, and several other eminent
Jews, attended. The Hon. W. Cooper
and Capt. Trotter were also present. At
half-past six the service terminated.—
London Times.

IRON BUILDINGS.—The London Me-
chanic's Magazine states that a great
proportion of the large manufactories er-
ected in England, within the last ten
years, are all iron except the walls, and
within ten years past, several cottages and
country villas have been put up near
London, which are exclusively east iron;
walls, doors, steps, roof, chimneys, sash,
&c.

In England, where wood is dear and iron
cheap, the first cost of such build-
ings is less than those of timber. In du-
rability and in beauty, they are of course
unequaled. When once furnished, such
buildings require no repairs; and the
most finely carved ornaments cost little
more than plain castings.

In Pennsylvania some movements to-
wards introducing iron buildings have
been made. The front of the Miners'
Bank, at Pottsville, including steps and
ornamental work, is cast iron, and is de-
scribed as extremely neat. This front
erected about ten years ago is now said
to be as fresh as ever. In some of the
public and private buildings of Philadel-
phia, iron facings have been substituted
for marble with good success.—*Newbury-
port Herald.*

The Statue of Mr. Wilberforce.—The
statues of the late benevolent and pious
William Wilberforce, which was exhibit-
ed to the public in the collection of statues
and busts at the exhibition of the
Royal Academy last summer, has been
placed in Westminster Abbey, and now
forms one of the ornaments of that ven-
erable cathedral. The statue is by Mr.
S. Joseph, an artist of very considerable
talent; it represents the venerable phil-
anthropist seated in an easy chair; one
hand holds a book, which is, probably,
the Bible; the other the left hand, is
placed on the breast of the figure,
which is inhabited in a sort of morning
gown, and by clothing the figure in
which the angular outline of modern
costume is avoided, and yet the identity
of the original is preserved. The legs of
the figure are crossed, and on the feet
are slippers. The whole attitude is in-
dicative of repose and reflection. The
head and feature preserve a strong like-
ness of the original. The countenance
is peculiarly characteristic, and altogether
the likeness is exceedingly good, and
will increase the reputation of the artist.
The statue is placed in the north aisle,
near the transept, and next to the old
monument of Lord de Courcy, and very
near to Chantry's monument of Sir
Stanford Raffles, which is also a seated
statue. The juxtaposition of those two
statues will enable the spectator to form
a good notion of their relative merit.

LIVERPOOL SAILORS' HOME.—An adjourn-
ed meeting of ship-owners, merchants, and
others interested in the welfare of British
seamen, took place at the Underwriters'
Committee-room, for the purpose of estab-
lishing a "Sailors' Home" in Liverpool.
Sir John Salisbury in the chair. The chair-
man expressed his gratification at seeing so
many influential merchants of the town pre-
sent. It was universally allowed that if a
sailors' home were established, it could not
fail having a very important effect upon his
general condition in life, by elevating him
from the degraded condition in which he was
too often found. Mr. Tyer moved the first
resolution. The poor sailor had to contend
with a great deal of fraud and vice, and
he believed that the proposed institution would
be the best means of removing, at least a
part of the evils. The resolution was to the
effect—That a Sailors' Home be erected,
which should have for its object the provid-
ing of sailors with a comfortable and well regu-
lated home, where they might be lodged and
provided for at a reasonable charge; medical
advice furnished; encouragement given to
deposit their wages at interest, and opportu-
nities afforded of avoiding vice and extortion,
of which they were now too often the victims,
and the means afforded of improving their moral
condition by providing religious instruction
according to the Church of England. A long
discussion followed. The word "erected"
in the resolution was altered to "es-
tablished," and another resolution to the
following effect was proposed and unani-
mously carried. "That a committee be ap-
pointed to prepare resolutions for public
meeting, and to take other measures to se-
cure the establishment of a Sailors' Home in
Liverpool.

STURGEON'S DRESS.—The labors of the far-
mer are nearly all such as require a free use
of the limbs, especially the arms; cast off
then, those useless, inconvenient bands on
the shoulders—those braces; let the lower
garments be made short, so as to button
close above the hips; lengthen the vest—
a coat to meet them—the expense of the lat-
ter being nearly or quite saved in the former,
and when you go forth to labor, lay aside the
outer garment, and nothing restrains the
free use of the arms, save the loose shirt.
In mowing, raking, or pitching hay; in crad-
ling, binding or landing grain to the
barn; in shovelling, chopping, threshing,
fencing, draining, ploughing—in short, in
almost any labor the farmer has to perform,
such an arrangement of his dress would aid
him much—how much, he cannot know until
he has tried it. I have long proved it by
experiment, and although out of fashion,
shall still continue it.

Again—it is thought because the farmer
shovels manure, holds the plough, drives the
team, and does a hundred other things, that
therefore he must of course, be constantly
dirty, not fit to be seen; but it is not so;
a shovel is made to handle the manure with,
and following the plough, or driving the
team, may be done without getting dirty, if
one is suitably dressed. Every farmer should
have a frock—a sort of over-all, to put on
outside his vest or coat, as the weather may
require, coming just below the knees, and but-
toning in front, with a belt around the waist,
two pockets, in which to rest his hands when
not immediately engaged—a great luxury—
to be made of cotton for summer, and wool-
len in winter. Such a frock is put on or off
without trouble; there is no putting over the
head, and it catches all the flying dust that
comes from rubbing against the team and
elsewhere, and leaves the clothes at the end
of the week as clean almost as they were on
the Monday morning. It saves much in a
cleanly man's feelings; more in the wear and
tear of garments, and most of all the indoor
labor and patience of the women, who of
course, deserve, and that righteously, to be
consulted in such matters.—*Yankee Farmer.*

WORKING CLASSES IN ENGLAND.—The popula-
tion of Manchester is 260,000. A paper there says,
that in Manchester and Salford, there are 18,295
persons living in cellars. An examination of 3000
families at Bury, gave these results: In 1773 houses,
they sleep from 3 to 4 in a bed; in 207, 4 to 5; in
76, 5 to 6.

There's not a gale agrees worse than a proud mind
and a beggar's purse.