

The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818. Under the title of "The Star." Whole No. 732.

ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1832.

Vol. IV. No. 45.

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER,

Published by DONALD A. CAMERON, at the Market-Square, St. John, N. B.

Office—In Mr. HATFIELD'S brick building, west side of the Market-Square, St. John, N. B.
City Subscribers ... 15s. per annum;
Country do. (by mail) ... 17s. 6d. ditto;
Country do. (not by mail) ... 15s. ditto;
(Half to be paid in advance.)

Printing, in its various branches, executed with neatness and dispatch, on very moderate terms.

Weekly Almanack.

MAY—1832.	SUN	MOON	FULL
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.
16 WEDNESDAY	4 38	7 22	9 18
17 THURSDAY	4 37	7 23	10 12
18 FRIDAY	4 36	7 24	11 0
19 SATURDAY	4 34	7 26	11 45
20 SUNDAY	4 33	7 27	12 40
21 MONDAY	4 32	7 28	1 35
22 TUESDAY	4 31	7 29	2 30

Last Quarter 22d, 4h. 56m. evening.

THE GARLAND.

(FROM "THE EAST GIFT," BY L. E. L.)

The plaintive murmur of the midnight wind
Like mournful music is upon the air.
So sad, so sweet, that the eyes fill with tears,
Without a cause—ah, no! the heart is heaped
So full with perished pleasures, vain regrets,
That nature cannot sound one grieving note.
Upon its latest lyre, but still it finds
Mute echo in the sorrowing human heart.
Now the wind wails among the yellow leaves,
About to fall, o'er the faded flowers,
O'er all summer's lovely memories,
About to die, the year has yet in store
A few dim hours, but still it finds
Sunshine-green leaves glad flowers, and all are gone,
And it has only left the worn-out soil,
The leafless bough, and the over-crowded sky.
And shall humanity not sympathize
With desolation which is like its own?
So do our early dreams fade unfulfilled,
So does our hope turn into memory.
The one so glad, the other such despair,
(For who can find a comfort in the past?)
Ere our feelings harden or decay,
Ere our hearts are filled with selfishness too late,
Or bearing that deep wound of sorrow we die.

Where are the bright spirits of our youth?
Where are the dancing spirits that but kept time
To our own inward gladness—where the light
That flashed the cheek into one joyous rose—
That lit the lips and filled the eyes with smiles?
Gone! gone as utterly as singing birds,
And opening flowers, and honey-laden bees,
And shining leaves, are from your forest gone.
I know this from myself—the words I speak
Were written first with tears on mine own heart;
And yet, ah! it was a lovely time!
The dreaming, the thronging, the betrayed;
The feverishness of hope, the airy
As every disappointment taught a truth—
For still is knowledge bought by wretchedness—
Who could find energy to bear again?
Yet clear bright stars that from the face of heaven
Shine out in tranquil glory, how oft
Have you seen witness to my passionate tears!
Although beloved, and beautiful, and young,
Yet happiness was not with my unrest;
For I had pleasure, not content—each wish
Seemed granted, and yet my weakness;
No hope fulfilled its promise, and no dream
Was ever worth its waking littleness.
Then there was love—that crowding into one
All vanity, all sorrow, all remorse,
Till we loathe life—glad, beautiful, hoping life—
And would be fain to lay our heads down,
Although we might but lay it in the grave—
All natural rest lost in hope of peace.
God of those stars, to which I once appealed
In a vain phantasm of sympathy,
How wretched I have been in my few years!
How have I wept throughout the sleepless night,
Then sank in heavy slumber, misty till
Lamenting its visions! Morning's cold gray light
Waked me reluctant; for though sleep had been
Anguish, yet I could say it was sleep.
And then day came, with all those vanities
With which our nature mocks its wretchedness,
The tedious pleasure and the dull pursuit—
I tort to fly ourselves, and made in vain.
I soon I learnt the secret of our life,
That "vanity of vanities" is writ
In the hollow air of human things;
And then I sank into despondency,
And lived from habit, not from hope; and fear
Stood between me and death, and only tar,
I was a castaway, for, like the fool,
Within my soul I said—"There is no God!"
But then a night, and in a glorious vision,
Was speaking on the earth—thus said the Lord:
"Now come to me, ye that are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest," and lo! I came,
Sorrowing, and the broken covenant heart,
Lo! thou didst not despair. Now let me weep
Thee, and my living Saviour's precious blood
Will wash away my sin, let me pray
In thankfulness that time is given for prayer,
In hope that, offered in my Saviour's name,
I may find favour in the sight of God.
Where is my former weariness of life?
Where is my former terror of the grave?
Out of my penitence there has grown hope—
I trust, and raise my suppliant eyes to heaven;
And when my soul depends, I meekly say,
"I know that my Redeemer liveth!"

THE SQUARES OF LONDON.—The few squares that existed in London antecedent to 1770, were rather sheep-walks, paddocks, and kitchen gardens, than squares in the modern sense of the word. A large round with a rule would raise, which was intersected by long brick pillars at intervals of every half-dozen yards, and as for Hanover-square, it had very much the air of a very good square, where the pillars were to be seen as in a circle, and the square was then, for the first time, capped with a statue in the modern uniform of the Guards, mounted on a chariot à la quaipe, richly gilt and burnished; and the Lion-square, elegantly so called from the sign of an antique house at the corner, presented the anomalous appearance of two ill-constructed wheel-houses at each end, with an ugly naked chelick in the centre, which by-the-by was understood to be the site of Oliver Cromwell's punishment. St. James's Park abounded in apple trees, which Peppe's men were to have cut down, but which Charles II. and his Queen were walking within six rods of him. In 1744, there were 429 houses and 21 strow yards on the whole of the great property called White-chapel-Mead—comprising New Broad-street, Cornhill-street, Brook-street, Wood-street, Silver-street, George-street, Ratley-street, South Molton-street, Paradise-street, and Lancaster-court. In the days of Queen Bess there were gardens on each side of the Strand; and the Haymarket had a hedge on one side, and a ragged thicket of underwood on the other.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A STORM OF MID.—The following account of a natural phenomenon is from the *Compendium*, a paper published in Buenos Ayres, dated the 15th March. On Saturday last, between one and two o'clock, a dense black cloud was observed approaching from the westward. The heat and apparent terror of street passengers at the time, indicated to us the nature of the coming storm, and we turned to behold an object most terrifically sublime. The cloud at first resembled black smoke rolling onwards with indescribable rapidity, driving before it flocks of afflicted birds screaming in terror at seeming approaching destruction. In a moment it was over our heads—the sun was hid from us—we were in darkness—utter darkness. We stood before an open window, but for the space of nearly a minute, could not perceive that it was one. Then was heard a loud hissing—the dark veil which enveloped us had been rent, a puff of falling air, mingled with water. On the appearance of light, surrounding objects presented themselves in a different colour. The fronts of houses which, but a moment before, appeared to our view white as snow, now wore a dingy robe. But it would be idle to attempt to give an accurate description of this "dark cloud." We can only say that its appearance was awful indeed, and would, perhaps, in any other country, cause dire alarm.

MISCELLANEA.

PATRIARCHAL CLERGY.

(From the Edinburgh Review, at a time when Mr. Jeffrey and Mr. Ross Lord Brougham were alive.)
It is no ordinary national benefit to have a number of well educated men dispersed over every part of the kingdom, whose special business it is to keep up and diffuse the knowledge of those exalted truths which relate to the duties of man, and to his ultimate destiny; and who besides have a sort of general commission to promote the good of those among whom they are settled, in every possible manner; to relieve sickness and poverty, to comfort affliction, to counsel ignorance, to compose quarrels, to soften all violent and uncharitable feelings, and to improve and discountenance vice. This, we say, is the theory of the business of a parochial clergy. That the practice should always come up to it, would be folly to assert, or ex-

pect; but such is the innate excellence of Christianity, that even now, amidst all the imperfections of the existing establishment, its salutary effects are clearly felt; and in those numerous parishes, in different parts of England, in which there is no gentleman resident, the benefits of securing the residence of a well-educated man, with no other trade but that of doing good to the minds and bodies of his neighbours, are almost incalculable.

In retired parishes, the family of a clergyman is often a little centre of civilization, from which gleams of refinement, of manners, of neatness, of taste, as well as of science and general literature, are diffused through districts into which they would otherwise never penetrate. And he is observed, that neither in the very parts of the country which nothing but an endowed parochial clergy could regularly and permanently influence. In large towns indeed, and in wealthy and populous districts, the unpaid zeal of individuals might often supply the place of a minister appointed and maintained by public authority. But in parishes, where there are no inhabitants but farmers and one or two small shopkeepers, besides the population of day-labourers, it would most commonly be impossible to find an individual qualified or qualified to undertake such important duties. Such districts would, at the best, receive only occasional visits from some itinerant instructor, who certainly could ill compare all those various benefits, temporal and spiritual, which might be derived from a resident minister of equal zeal and capacity.

These are the objects for which we desire to see a religious establishment; and which we would steadily keep in view, as our best guide, while reforming the actual institutions of the Church of England.

BRID'S EGGS.—An egg is one of the most surprising productions in the world. Suppose an egg were put into the hands of a person who never had known or heard of such a thing, and the question were put to him to what purpose could it be applied? He would, of course, ascertain what were its contents; and what would he find them to be? A glairy, colorless liquid, surrounding another liquid of an orange or yellow color. You might let him make thousands of conjectures; but could it ever enter his mind that such a substance would produce a sparrow, a thrush, a swan, or an eagle? But give him a hint, and let him know that it will bring forth a dove. After this advice, in a knowledge of the thing, put him in possession of another egg. He may see, of course, that its color and size are different from the one that produced the dove; but the contents are exactly similar, so far, at least, as human perception can ascertain; and what would then be his conjecture? Could his imagination ever conjure up, even in the brightest moments of inspired genius, the idea of a peacock? Yet the peacock, in all its glory of dazzling colors, is the product of a little glairy fluid contained in a capsule of chalk, and in a wise different, so far as we can see, from the egg of a dove. Look at a single feather of the peacock, consider that its shining metallic bars, its superlatively beautiful eye, and all the wonders it exhibits of iridescence, rich, and changeable hues, according to the angle in which it lies to the light; and that its form, its flexibility, its strength, lightness, and all its wonders, had their origin in a little muddle; and if a single feather is so wonderful a production, what are we to think of the entire bird? Those who are acquainted with the animal economy, may have little idea of the mysterious operations which constantly go on in a being possessed of life. The circulation of the blood, the process of respiration, digestion, excretion, absorption, nutrition; the contraction of the muscles to perform motion; the distribution of the nerves for conveying sensation; the organs of intelligence, the brain, and all its inscrutable connection with the senses, and perception; these, and many other things in the animal economy, are so wonderful, that, could they be attended, they must excite astonishment in the coldest bosoms; and yet all these are the produce of an egg!

THE SQUARES OF LONDON.—The few squares that existed in London antecedent to 1770, were rather sheep-walks, paddocks, and kitchen gardens, than squares in the modern sense of the word. A large round with a rule would raise, which was intersected by long brick pillars at intervals of every half-dozen yards, and as for Hanover-square, it had very much the air of a very good square, where the pillars were to be seen as in a circle, and the square was then, for the first time, capped with a statue in the modern uniform of the Guards, mounted on a chariot à la quaipe, richly gilt and burnished; and the Lion-square, elegantly so called from the sign of an antique house at the corner, presented the anomalous appearance of two ill-constructed wheel-houses at each end, with an ugly naked chelick in the centre, which by-the-by was understood to be the site of Oliver Cromwell's punishment. St. James's Park abounded in apple trees, which Peppe's men were to have cut down, but which Charles II. and his Queen were walking within six rods of him. In 1744, there were 429 houses and 21 strow yards on the whole of the great property called White-chapel-Mead—comprising New Broad-street, Cornhill-street, Brook-street, Wood-street, Silver-street, George-street, Ratley-street, South Molton-street, Paradise-street, and Lancaster-court. In the days of Queen Bess there were gardens on each side of the Strand; and the Haymarket had a hedge on one side, and a ragged thicket of underwood on the other.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A STORM OF MID.—The following account of a natural phenomenon is from the *Compendium*, a paper published in Buenos Ayres, dated the 15th March. On Saturday last, between one and two o'clock, a dense black cloud was observed approaching from the westward. The heat and apparent terror of street passengers at the time, indicated to us the nature of the coming storm, and we turned to behold an object most terrifically sublime. The cloud at first resembled black smoke rolling onwards with indescribable rapidity, driving before it flocks of afflicted birds screaming in terror at seeming approaching destruction. In a moment it was over our heads—the sun was hid from us—we were in darkness—utter darkness. We stood before an open window, but for the space of nearly a minute, could not perceive that it was one. Then was heard a loud hissing—the dark veil which enveloped us had been rent, a puff of falling air, mingled with water. On the appearance of light, surrounding objects presented themselves in a different colour. The fronts of houses which, but a moment before, appeared to our view white as snow, now wore a dingy robe. But it would be idle to attempt to give an accurate description of this "dark cloud." We can only say that its appearance was awful indeed, and would, perhaps, in any other country, cause dire alarm.

MISCELLANEA.
PATRIARCHAL CLERGY.
(From the Edinburgh Review, at a time when Mr. Jeffrey and Mr. Ross Lord Brougham were alive.)
It is no ordinary national benefit to have a number of well educated men dispersed over every part of the kingdom, whose special business it is to keep up and diffuse the knowledge of those exalted truths which relate to the duties of man, and to his ultimate destiny; and who besides have a sort of general commission to promote the good of those among whom they are settled, in every possible manner; to relieve sickness and poverty, to comfort affliction, to counsel ignorance, to compose quarrels, to soften all violent and uncharitable feelings, and to improve and discountenance vice. This, we say, is the theory of the business of a parochial clergy. That the practice should always come up to it, would be folly to assert, or ex-

pect; but such is the innate excellence of Christianity, that even now, amidst all the imperfections of the existing establishment, its salutary effects are clearly felt; and in those numerous parishes, in different parts of England, in which there is no gentleman resident, the benefits of securing the residence of a well-educated man, with no other trade but that of doing good to the minds and bodies of his neighbours, are almost incalculable.

cept; but such is the innate excellence of Christianity, that even now, amidst all the imperfections of the existing establishment, its salutary effects are clearly felt; and in those numerous parishes, in different parts of England, in which there is no gentleman resident, the benefits of securing the residence of a well-educated man, with no other trade but that of doing good to the minds and bodies of his neighbours, are almost incalculable.

In retired parishes, the family of a clergyman is often a little centre of civilization, from which gleams of refinement, of manners, of neatness, of taste, as well as of science and general literature, are diffused through districts into which they would otherwise never penetrate. And he is observed, that neither in the very parts of the country which nothing but an endowed parochial clergy could regularly and permanently influence. In large towns indeed, and in wealthy and populous districts, the unpaid zeal of individuals might often supply the place of a minister appointed and maintained by public authority. But in parishes, where there are no inhabitants but farmers and one or two small shopkeepers, besides the population of day-labourers, it would most commonly be impossible to find an individual qualified or qualified to undertake such important duties. Such districts would, at the best, receive only occasional visits from some itinerant instructor, who certainly could ill compare all those various benefits, temporal and spiritual, which might be derived from a resident minister of equal zeal and capacity.

These are the objects for which we desire to see a religious establishment; and which we would steadily keep in view, as our best guide, while reforming the actual institutions of the Church of England.

BRID'S EGGS.—An egg is one of the most surprising productions in the world. Suppose an egg were put into the hands of a person who never had known or heard of such a thing, and the question were put to him to what purpose could it be applied? He would, of course, ascertain what were its contents; and what would he find them to be? A glairy, colorless liquid, surrounding another liquid of an orange or yellow color. You might let him make thousands of conjectures; but could it ever enter his mind that such a substance would produce a sparrow, a thrush, a swan, or an eagle? But give him a hint, and let him know that it will bring forth a dove. After this advice, in a knowledge of the thing, put him in possession of another egg. He may see, of course, that its color and size are different from the one that produced the dove; but the contents are exactly similar, so far, at least, as human perception can ascertain; and what would then be his conjecture? Could his imagination ever conjure up, even in the brightest moments of inspired genius, the idea of a peacock? Yet the peacock, in all its glory of dazzling colors, is the product of a little glairy fluid contained in a capsule of chalk, and in a wise different, so far as we can see, from the egg of a dove. Look at a single feather of the peacock, consider that its shining metallic bars, its superlatively beautiful eye, and all the wonders it exhibits of iridescence, rich, and changeable hues, according to the angle in which it lies to the light; and that its form, its flexibility, its strength, lightness, and all its wonders, had their origin in a little muddle; and if a single feather is so wonderful a production, what are we to think of the entire bird? Those who are acquainted with the animal economy, may have little idea of the mysterious operations which constantly go on in a being possessed of life. The circulation of the blood, the process of respiration, digestion, excretion, absorption, nutrition; the contraction of the muscles to perform motion; the distribution of the nerves for conveying sensation; the organs of intelligence, the brain, and all its inscrutable connection with the senses, and perception; these, and many other things in the animal economy, are so wonderful, that, could they be attended, they must excite astonishment in the coldest bosoms; and yet all these are the produce of an egg!

THE SQUARES OF LONDON.—The few squares that existed in London antecedent to 1770, were rather sheep-walks, paddocks, and kitchen gardens, than squares in the modern sense of the word. A large round with a rule would raise, which was intersected by long brick pillars at intervals of every half-dozen yards, and as for Hanover-square, it had very much the air of a very good square, where the pillars were to be seen as in a circle, and the square was then, for the first time, capped with a statue in the modern uniform of the Guards, mounted on a chariot à la quaipe, richly gilt and burnished; and the Lion-square, elegantly so called from the sign of an antique house at the corner, presented the anomalous appearance of two ill-constructed wheel-houses at each end, with an ugly naked chelick in the centre, which by-the-by was understood to be the site of Oliver Cromwell's punishment. St. James's Park abounded in apple trees, which Peppe's men were to have cut down, but which Charles II. and his Queen were walking within six rods of him. In 1744, there were 429 houses and 21 strow yards on the whole of the great property called White-chapel-Mead—comprising New Broad-street, Cornhill-street, Brook-street, Wood-street, Silver-street, George-street, Ratley-street, South Molton-street, Paradise-street, and Lancaster-court. In the days of Queen Bess there were gardens on each side of the Strand; and the Haymarket had a hedge on one side, and a ragged thicket of underwood on the other.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A STORM OF MID.—The following account of a natural phenomenon is from the *Compendium*, a paper published in Buenos Ayres, dated the 15th March. On Saturday last, between one and two o'clock, a dense black cloud was observed approaching from the westward. The heat and apparent terror of street passengers at the time, indicated to us the nature of the coming storm, and we turned to behold an object most terrifically sublime. The cloud at first resembled black smoke rolling onwards with indescribable rapidity, driving before it flocks of afflicted birds screaming in terror at seeming approaching destruction. In a moment it was over our heads—the sun was hid from us—we were in darkness—utter darkness. We stood before an open window, but for the space of nearly a minute, could not perceive that it was one. Then was heard a loud hissing—the dark veil which enveloped us had been rent, a puff of falling air, mingled with water. On the appearance of light, surrounding objects presented themselves in a different colour. The fronts of houses which, but a moment before, appeared to our view white as snow, now wore a dingy robe. But it would be idle to attempt to give an accurate description of this "dark cloud." We can only say that its appearance was awful indeed, and would, perhaps, in any other country, cause dire alarm.

MISCELLANEA.
PATRIARCHAL CLERGY.
(From the Edinburgh Review, at a time when Mr. Jeffrey and Mr. Ross Lord Brougham were alive.)
It is no ordinary national benefit to have a number of well educated men dispersed over every part of the kingdom, whose special business it is to keep up and diffuse the knowledge of those exalted truths which relate to the duties of man, and to his ultimate destiny; and who besides have a sort of general commission to promote the good of those among whom they are settled, in every possible manner; to relieve sickness and poverty, to comfort affliction, to counsel ignorance, to compose quarrels, to soften all violent and uncharitable feelings, and to improve and discountenance vice. This, we say, is the theory of the business of a parochial clergy. That the practice should always come up to it, would be folly to assert, or ex-

pect; but such is the innate excellence of Christianity, that even now, amidst all the imperfections of the existing establishment, its salutary effects are clearly felt; and in those numerous parishes, in different parts of England, in which there is no gentleman resident, the benefits of securing the residence of a well-educated man, with no other trade but that of doing good to the minds and bodies of his neighbours, are almost incalculable.

cept; but such is the innate excellence of Christianity, that even now, amidst all the imperfections of the existing establishment, its salutary effects are clearly felt; and in those numerous parishes, in different parts of England, in which there is no gentleman resident, the benefits of securing the residence of a well-educated man, with no other trade but that of doing good to the minds and bodies of his neighbours, are almost incalculable.

In retired parishes, the family of a clergyman is often a little centre of civilization, from which gleams of refinement, of manners, of neatness, of taste, as well as of science and general literature, are diffused through districts into which they would otherwise never penetrate. And he is observed, that neither in the very parts of the country which nothing but an endowed parochial clergy could regularly and permanently influence. In large towns indeed, and in wealthy and populous districts, the unpaid zeal of individuals might often supply the place of a minister appointed and maintained by public authority. But in parishes, where there are no inhabitants but farmers and one or two small shopkeepers, besides the population of day-labourers, it would most commonly be impossible to find an individual qualified or qualified to undertake such important duties. Such districts would, at the best, receive only occasional visits from some itinerant instructor, who certainly could ill compare all those various benefits, temporal and spiritual, which might be derived from a resident minister of equal zeal and capacity.

These are the objects for which we desire to see a religious establishment; and which we would steadily keep in view, as our best guide, while reforming the actual institutions of the Church of England.

BRID'S EGGS.—An egg is one of the most surprising productions in the world. Suppose an egg were put into the hands of a person who never had known or heard of such a thing, and the question were put to him to what purpose could it be applied? He would, of course, ascertain what were its contents; and what would he find them to be? A glairy, colorless liquid, surrounding another liquid of an orange or yellow color. You might let him make thousands of conjectures; but could it ever enter his mind that such a substance would produce a sparrow, a thrush, a swan, or an eagle? But give him a hint, and let him know that it will bring forth a dove. After this advice, in a knowledge of the thing, put him in possession of another egg. He may see, of course, that its color and size are different from the one that produced the dove; but the contents are exactly similar, so far, at least, as human perception can ascertain; and what would then be his conjecture? Could his imagination ever conjure up, even in the brightest moments of inspired genius, the idea of a peacock? Yet the peacock, in all its glory of dazzling colors, is the product of a little glairy fluid contained in a capsule of chalk, and in a wise different, so far as we can see, from the egg of a dove. Look at a single feather of the peacock, consider that its shining metallic bars, its superlatively beautiful eye, and all the wonders it exhibits of iridescence, rich, and changeable hues, according to the angle in which it lies to the light; and that its form, its flexibility, its strength, lightness, and all its wonders, had their origin in a little muddle; and if a single feather is so wonderful a production, what are we to think of the entire bird? Those who are acquainted with the animal economy, may have little idea of the mysterious operations which constantly go on in a being possessed of life. The circulation of the blood, the process of respiration, digestion, excretion, absorption, nutrition; the contraction of the muscles to perform motion; the distribution of the nerves for conveying sensation; the organs of intelligence, the brain, and all its inscrutable connection with the senses, and perception; these, and many other things in the animal economy, are so wonderful, that, could they be attended, they must excite astonishment in the coldest bosoms; and yet all these are the produce of an egg!

THE SQUARES OF LONDON.—The few squares that existed in London antecedent to 1770, were rather sheep-walks, paddocks, and kitchen gardens, than squares in the modern sense of the word. A large round with a rule would raise, which was intersected by long brick pillars at intervals of every half-dozen yards, and as for Hanover-square, it had very much the air of a very good square, where the pillars were to be seen as in a circle, and the square was then, for the first time, capped with a statue in the modern uniform of the Guards, mounted on a chariot à la quaipe, richly gilt and burnished; and the Lion-square, elegantly so called from the sign of an antique house at the corner, presented the anomalous appearance of two ill-constructed wheel-houses at each end, with an ugly naked chelick in the centre, which by-the-by was understood to be the site of Oliver Cromwell's punishment. St. James's Park abounded in apple trees, which Peppe's men were to have cut down, but which Charles II. and his Queen were walking within six rods of him. In 1744, there were 429 houses and 21 strow yards on the whole of the great property called White-chapel-Mead—comprising New Broad-street, Cornhill-street, Brook-street, Wood-street, Silver-street, George-street, Ratley-street, South Molton-street, Paradise-street, and Lancaster-court. In the days of Queen Bess there were gardens on each side of the Strand; and the Haymarket had a hedge on one side, and a ragged thicket of underwood on the other.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A STORM OF MID.—The following account of a natural phenomenon is from the *Compendium*, a paper published in Buenos Ayres, dated the 15th March. On Saturday last, between one and two o'clock, a dense black cloud was observed approaching from the westward. The heat and apparent terror of street passengers at the time, indicated to us the nature of the coming storm, and we turned to behold an object most terrifically sublime. The cloud at first resembled black smoke rolling onwards with indescribable rapidity, driving before it flocks of afflicted birds screaming in terror at seeming approaching destruction. In a moment it was over our heads—the sun was hid from us—we were in darkness—utter darkness. We stood before an open window, but for the space of nearly a minute, could not perceive that it was one. Then was heard a loud hissing—the dark veil which enveloped us had been rent, a puff of falling air, mingled with water. On the appearance of light, surrounding objects presented themselves in a different colour. The fronts of houses which, but a moment before, appeared to our view white as snow, now wore a dingy robe. But it would be idle to attempt to give an accurate description of this "dark cloud." We can only say that its appearance was awful indeed, and would, perhaps, in any other country, cause dire alarm.

MISCELLANEA.
PATRIARCHAL CLERGY.
(From the Edinburgh Review, at a time when Mr. Jeffrey and Mr. Ross Lord Brougham were alive.)
It is no ordinary national benefit to have a number of well educated men dispersed over every part of the kingdom, whose special business it is to keep up and diffuse the knowledge of those exalted truths which relate to the duties of man, and to his ultimate destiny; and who besides have a sort of general commission to promote the good of those among whom they are settled, in every possible manner; to relieve sickness and poverty, to comfort affliction, to counsel ignorance, to compose quarrels, to soften all violent and uncharitable feelings, and to improve and discountenance vice. This, we say, is the theory of the business of a parochial clergy. That the practice should always come up to it, would be folly to assert, or ex-

pect; but such is the innate excellence of Christianity, that even now, amidst all the imperfections of the existing establishment, its salutary effects are clearly felt; and in those numerous parishes, in different parts of England, in which there is no gentleman resident, the benefits of securing the residence of a well-educated man, with no other trade but that of doing good to the minds and bodies of his neighbours, are almost incalculable.

cept; but such is the innate excellence of Christianity, that even now, amidst all the imperfections of the existing establishment, its salutary effects are clearly felt; and in those numerous parishes, in different parts of England, in which there is no gentleman resident, the benefits of securing the residence of a well-educated man, with no other trade but that of doing good to the minds and bodies of his neighbours, are almost incalculable.

In retired parishes, the family of a clergyman is often a little centre of civilization, from which gleams of refinement, of manners, of neatness, of taste, as well as of science and general literature, are diffused through districts into which they would otherwise never penetrate. And he is observed, that neither in the very parts of the country which nothing but an endowed parochial clergy could regularly and permanently influence. In large towns indeed, and in wealthy and populous districts, the unpaid zeal of individuals might often supply the place of a minister appointed and maintained by public authority. But in parishes, where there are no inhabitants but farmers and one or two small shopkeepers, besides the population of day-labourers, it would most commonly be impossible to find an individual qualified or qualified to undertake such important duties. Such districts would, at the best, receive only occasional visits from some itinerant instructor, who certainly could ill compare all those various benefits, temporal and spiritual, which might be derived from a resident minister of equal zeal and capacity.

These are the objects for which we desire to see a religious establishment; and which we would steadily keep in view, as our best guide, while reforming the actual institutions of the Church of England.

BRID'S EGGS.—An egg is one of the most surprising productions in the world. Suppose an egg were put into the hands of a person who never had known or heard of such a thing, and the question were put to him to what purpose could it be applied? He would, of course, ascertain what were its contents; and what would he find them to be? A glairy, colorless liquid, surrounding another liquid of an orange or yellow color. You might let him make thousands of conjectures; but could it ever enter his mind that such a substance would produce a sparrow, a thrush, a swan, or an eagle? But give him a hint, and let him know that it will bring forth a dove. After this advice, in a knowledge of the thing, put him in possession of another egg. He may see, of course, that its color and size are different from the one that produced the dove; but the contents are exactly similar, so far, at least, as human perception can ascertain; and what would then be his conjecture? Could his imagination ever conjure up, even in the brightest moments of inspired genius, the idea of a peacock? Yet the peacock, in all its glory of dazzling colors, is the product of a little glairy fluid contained in a capsule of chalk, and in a wise different, so far as we can see, from the egg of a dove. Look at a single feather of the peacock, consider that its shining metallic bars, its superlatively beautiful eye, and all the wonders it exhibits of iridescence, rich, and changeable hues, according to the angle in which it lies to the light; and that its form, its flexibility, its strength, lightness, and all its wonders, had their origin in a little muddle; and if a single feather is so wonderful a production, what are we to think of the entire bird? Those who are acquainted with the animal economy, may have little idea of the mysterious operations which constantly go on in a being possessed of life. The circulation of the blood, the process of respiration, digestion, excretion, absorption, nutrition; the contraction of the muscles to perform motion; the distribution of the nerves for conveying sensation; the organs of intelligence, the brain, and all its inscrutable connection with the senses, and perception; these, and many other things in the animal economy, are so wonderful, that, could they be attended, they must excite astonishment in the coldest bosoms; and yet all these are the produce of an egg!

THE SQUARES OF LONDON.—The few squares that existed in London antecedent to 1770, were rather sheep-walks, paddocks, and kitchen gardens, than squares in the modern sense of the word. A large round with a rule would raise, which was intersected by long brick pillars at intervals of every half-dozen yards, and as for Hanover-square, it had very much the air of a very good square, where the pillars were to be seen as in a circle, and the square was then, for the first time, capped with a statue in the modern uniform of the Guards, mounted on a chariot à la quaipe, richly gilt and burnished; and the Lion-square, elegantly so called from the sign of an antique house at the corner, presented the anomalous appearance of two ill-constructed wheel-houses at each end, with an ugly naked chelick in the centre, which by-the-by was understood to be the site of Oliver Cromwell's punishment. St. James's Park abounded in apple trees, which Peppe's men were to have cut down, but which Charles II. and his Queen were walking within six rods of him. In 1744, there were 429 houses and 21 strow yards on the whole of the great property called White-chapel-Mead—comprising New Broad-street, Cornhill-street, Brook-street, Wood-street, Silver-street, George-street, Ratley-street, South Molton-street, Paradise-street, and Lancaster-court. In the days of Queen Bess there were gardens on each side of the Strand; and the Haymarket had a hedge on one side, and a ragged thicket of underwood on the other.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A STORM OF MID.—The following account of a natural phenomenon is from the *Compendium*, a paper published in Buenos Ayres, dated the 15th March. On Saturday last, between one and two o'clock, a dense black cloud was observed approaching from the westward. The heat and apparent terror of street passengers at the time, indicated to us the nature of the coming storm, and we turned to behold an object most terrifically sublime. The cloud at first resembled black smoke rolling onwards with indescribable rapidity, driving before it flocks of afflicted birds screaming in terror at seeming approaching destruction. In a moment it was over our heads—the sun was hid from us—we were in darkness—utter darkness. We stood before an open window, but for the space of nearly a minute, could not perceive that it was one. Then was heard a loud hissing—the dark veil which enveloped us had been rent, a puff of falling air, mingled with water. On the appearance of light, surrounding objects presented themselves in a different colour. The fronts of houses which, but a moment before, appeared to our view white as snow, now wore a dingy robe. But it would be idle to attempt to give an accurate description of this "dark cloud." We can only say that its appearance was awful indeed, and would, perhaps, in any other country, cause dire alarm.

MISCELLANEA.
PATRIARCHAL CLERGY.
(From the Edinburgh Review, at a time when Mr. Jeffrey and Mr. Ross Lord Brougham were alive.)
It is no ordinary national benefit to have a number of well educated men dispersed over every part of the kingdom, whose special business it is to keep up and diffuse the knowledge of those exalted truths which relate to the duties of man, and to his ultimate destiny; and who besides have a sort of general commission to promote the good of those among whom they are settled, in every possible manner; to relieve sickness and poverty, to comfort affliction, to counsel ignorance, to compose quarrels, to soften all violent and uncharitable feelings, and to improve and discountenance vice. This, we say, is the theory of the business of a parochial clergy. That the practice should always come up to it, would be folly to assert, or ex-

pect; but such is the innate excellence of Christianity, that even now, amidst all the imperfections of the existing establishment, its salutary effects are clearly felt; and in those numerous parishes, in different parts of England, in which there is no gentleman resident, the benefits of securing the residence of a well-educated man, with no other trade but that of doing good to the minds and bodies of his neighbours, are almost incalculable.

cept; but such is the innate excellence of Christianity, that even now, amidst all the imperfections of the existing establishment, its salutary effects are clearly felt; and in those numerous parishes, in different parts of England, in which there is no gentleman resident, the benefits of securing the residence of a well-educated man, with no other trade but that of doing good to the minds and bodies of his neighbours, are almost incalculable.

In retired parishes, the family of a clergyman is often a little centre of civilization, from which gleams of refinement, of manners, of neatness, of taste, as well as of science and general literature, are diffused through districts into which they would otherwise never penetrate. And he is observed, that neither in the very parts of the country which nothing but an endowed parochial clergy could regularly and permanently influence. In large towns indeed, and in wealthy and populous districts, the unpaid zeal of individuals might often supply the place of a minister appointed and maintained by public authority. But in parishes, where there are no inhabitants but farmers and one or two small shopkeepers, besides the population of day-labourers, it would most commonly be impossible to find an individual qualified or qualified to undertake such important duties. Such districts would, at the best, receive only occasional visits from some itinerant instructor, who certainly could ill compare all those various benefits, temporal and spiritual, which might be derived from a resident minister of equal zeal and capacity.