The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No 1564.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1848.

VOL. XXI.—NO. 13.

The Observer,

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

At a Court of Common Council holden at the City Hall of the City of Saint John, on Friday the 25th day of August, Anno Domini 1848:

Read and re-enacted the following Ordinance:

AN Ordinance to regulate Public Exhibitions within the City of Saint John.

By order of the Common Council.

J. WILLIAM BOYD,
Common Clerk.

AT a Common Council, 11th August, 1848—*Resolved*, That all BALLAST to be discharged on the South side of the *Breakwater*, shall be deposited to the Eastward of the prolongation of the Western line of Charlotte Street,—and further Ordered, that the Common Clerk transmit a copy of this Resolution to the Harbour Master.

And all parties concerned are hereby notified and required to govern themselves accordingly.

THOMAS REED,
Harbour Master.

To all whom it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Commissioners appointed under and by virtue of an Act passed in the 9th year of Her Majesty's Reign, intituled "An Act to authorise the widening of Saint John street, and the continuation thereof to Duke-street, in the City of St. John," have deposited and filed in the Office of the Common Clerk of the said City, a true copy of the Report to the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the said City, under the said Act, together with the Plan or Survey by them adopted in furtherance of the said Act, for the Inspection of all whom it may concern.

JOHN DUNCAN,
WM. O. SMITH,
J. H. GRAY,
GEO. A. LOCKHART,
Commissioners for widening and enlarging Saint John street, and a continuation thereof.

June 24, 1848.

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.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the Firm of THOMAS BARLOW & COMPANY, is this day dissolved, by mutual consent. All Debts due to and by the late Firm, will be received and paid by Thomas Barlow, and all persons indebted to the late Firm, or having unsettled Accounts with them, will please call at their office at an early period and adjust the same.

THOS. BARLOW,
GEORGE FLEMING,
JOHN STEWART.

St. John, January 1st, 1848.

THE Subscribers tender their grateful acknowledgments for the patronage received by the late Firm, and beg to intimate to their friends and the public generally, that the Business will be continued in all its branches, at the PHŒNIX FOUNDRY, where they solicit a continuance of the patronage hitherto enjoyed.

☞ Any orders for *Castings, Machinery, Mill-Work, Engines, &c.*, will be promptly attended to.

THOS. BARLOW,
GEORGE FLEMING,

January 1st, 1848.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of JARVIS & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Creditors are requested to present their demands to E. L. Jarvis, who is authorized to collect all debts due to the said Firm.

EDWARD L. JARVIS,
G. MURRAY JARVIS.

11th July, 1848.—[Chron. 8in.]

Copartnership Notice.

C. D. EVERETT

RETURNS his sincere thanks for the liberal patronage which has been extended to him since his commencement in business, and would now inform his friends and the public that he has taken into Copartnership with him his Son, Chas. A. Everett, under the Frm of C. D. EVERETT & SON, who will continue business in the old stand, and respectfully call attention to the

Spring and Summer Style

of Moleskin, Silk, and Velvet HATS, which they are now manufacturing, and which have been acknowledged to be the easiest fit and most beautiful pattern that has been manufactured for many years.

☞ HATS of all shapes and Prices on hand, or manufactured to order at a great reduction on former prices.

C. D. EVERETT,
CHAS. A. EVERETT,
City Hat Store, East side of the Market Square.

April 20.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Valentine C. Troop, late of this City, Grocer, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within six months from the date hereof;—and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to REBECCA TROOP,
Sole Executrix.

Saint John, June 24th, 1848.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of ROBERT RAY, late of this City, Sailmaker, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within Six Months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to GILBERT T. RAY, THOMAS LEAVITT, GEO. A. LOCKHART, } *Executors.*

St. John, 11th February, 1848.

SCOTCH GOODS.

Landing ex ship "Rosanna," from Glasgow:

20 BARRELS "Ayrshire" OATMEAL,
25 barrels Pot and Pearl BARLEY,
10 Barrels Split PEASE,
1 Hhd. Washing SODA,
1 Do. Carbonate of Soda,
1 Bale TWINE,
4 Bales Wrapping PAPER.—For sale by

May 9. JARDINE & CO.

Normal Seminary.

MR. McPHERON,

(Late Assistant in the St. John Grammar School,)

REPECTFULLY announces to the inhabitants of St. John and its vicinity, that he has taken Rooms on the South side of Princess Street, five doors from Germain street, and nearly opposite Lancaster's Hotel, where he will, for the present, open a Normal Seminary for Day and Evening Classes, on Monday the 17th instant.

The course of Education will embrace the following branches, viz:—Reading, Writing, Arithmetic and Book-keeping; Geography, Use of the Globes, Draughting, Tracing and Embellishing Maps; Mensuration of Superfices, Solids and Conic Sections; Algebra; Plane and Solid Geometry; Plane and Spherical Trigonometry; Navigation, Land-surveying, with the Principles of Civil Engineering; English, Latin and Spanish Grammar.

Terms (for Day Classes) varying from 17s. 6d. to 27s. 6d. per quarter; for Evening Classes, made known on application at the School. Hours of attendance for Day Classes from 9 A.M. till 1 P.M., and from 2 P.M. till 4; for Evening Classes, from half-past 6 till half-past 9. Applications to be made at the School.

Mr. McPherson would intimate that he has engaged a Building of large dimensions now in course of erection on the South side of *King's Square*, whither he intends to remove his School after the lapse of a few weeks, when the house will be completed.

Being intimately acquainted with the Normal system of Education, Mr. McPherson will adopt that method of Teaching in his School; and he feels assured that, by an approved plan of imparting instruction, and by zealous assiduity and good government in his establishment, he will give general satisfaction to parents and guardians who may favour him with their patronage. The School will be furnished with Maps, Globes, Nautical and Practical Surveying Instruments.

☞ To Young Men who may wish to obtain a thorough knowledge of Land-surveying in Theory and Practice, a favourable opportunity is offered, as leisure hours, during the course of instruction, will be spent in the Country, in order to make learners practically acquainted with the several instruments used in Surveying; for keeping a Field Book and making calculations in the various measurements connected with that important branch of Science.—Persons intended for a Mercantile or Maritime life will receive an education fully suited to their respective callings.

July 11, 1848.

Steamer ST. JOHN.

THIS fine Steamer is now plying between St. John and Fredericton. Her days and hours of starting are as follows:—

From Indian Town, Tuesday at 10 o'clock.
Ditto, Thursday at 10 o'clock.
Ditto, Saturday at 12 o'clock.
From Fredericton, Monday at 9 o'clock.
Ditto, Wednesday at 9 o'clock.
Ditto, Friday at 9 o'clock.

The ST. JOHN is very comfortably fitted for Passengers, and is well adapted for Freight, as all Dry Goods, &c. will be placed under cover.

Freight going by this Steamer will be received at the Warehouse at Indian Town, at all times, free of expense.

For further particulars, enquire of Captain Akerley on board, or

ISRAEL MERRITT, Agent.

May 2. *Indian Town.*

I. C. TIN.

75 BOXES now on hand, for sale at the store of JOHN KINNEAR,

August 15. *Prince William Street*

GROUND PEPPER.—Per 'Charlotte' from Halifax:—25 Boxes best Ground PEPPER, in bulk and in pounds and ½ pound Papers, Mott & Sons Manufactory.—For Sale at Hammond's Buildings, 20 Dock Street, by

August 8. H. G. KINNEAR.

FANCY GOODS.

Per Jenny Lind. Received at the "Liverpool House," from London:

WHITE, Black and Brown Gimpure, Chantilly, Paris and Fancy Net, Thread, Valenciennes, American Lace and Muslin Edgings and Insertions; British Chantilly and Brussells Falls and Veils; Black Silk Briganti Lace Shawls; Lace Capes; Paris and Cambray Quilling and Edged Goffered Blonds; Muslin Collars; Habit Shirts; Chenizettes; Brussels and Cambray Rouche; shaded Purse Silk; Artificial Flowers, Gents. and Ladies' Cambric Handkerchiefs, &c. at usual low prices

VAUGHANS & LOCKHART.

May 2, 1848.

LONDON HOUSE,

MARKET SQUARE.

MAY 16th.

IN addition to the Shipments already received per "Jenny Lind," "Delta," and "Zenobia," the Subscriber has now received per "Wanderer," a Stock of Moulin de Laines, plain and figured COBURGS and ORLEANS, Printed and plain MUSLINS, Ginghams, PRINTS, Furnitures, Grey and White COTTONS, Fancy Drills and Gambroons, VESTINGS, Cashmarett, Russell Cord, Mohair Facings, Moreens, Tweeds, Moleskins, Aprons, Linings, Towellings, Cotton Warp, &c. &c.

Also—1 Tierce Superior SALMON TWINE, and Fishing Thread.

T. W. DANIEL.

CHEAP BOOKS.

HISTORY OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM, containing a collection of experiments, &c., also, a dissertation on the proofs of Mesmerism.

Spurzheim on Education, founded on the nature of man; The Loves of Paris;
Wallace, the Hero of Scotland;
Yankee Stories, by Judge Haliburton;
The Journal of a Vicar;
Martin the Foundling, by Eugene Sue.

A large collection of cheap Novels, which are all offered for sale at very reduced prices.

V. H. NELSON,

July 4. *Victoria Book Store.*

BLACKING.

Ex brigantine *Hantsport* from Philadelphia—

4 BARRELS and 13 boxes, containing 530 dozen Mason's large and small tins of PASTE BLACKING, for sale at lowest wholesale and retail prices, at Hammond's Brick Buildings, 20, Dock-street, by

July 18. H. G. KINNEAR.

Brandy, Geneva, Whisky, &c.

Now landing ex ship Rosanna, *Gibson, master, from Glasgow:*—

12 HHDS. Old Cognac BRANDY,
10 Hhds. pale Hollands GENEVA,
2 Puns. Old Malt WHISKY.

—ALSO—

4 Cases Linen THREADS—Black, White-Brown, &c., assorted numbers.

JOHN V. THURGAR,

9th May 1848. North Market Wharf

TEA.

Ex ship *David* from Liverpool:

26 CHESTS East India Company fine Congo TEA, of very great strength and flavour.—For Sale at Hammond's Brick Buildings, 20, Dock-street, by H. G. KINNEAR.

18th July, 1848.

The Garland.

"ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE."

The moon-beam on the billowy deep,
The blue wave rippling on the strand,
The ocean in its peaceful sleep,
The shell that murmurs on the sand,
The cloud that dims the bending sky,
The bow that on its bosom glows,
The sun that lights the vault on high,
The star at midnight's calm repose;
These praise the power that arch'd the sky,
And rob'd the earth in beauty's dye.

The melody of nature's choir,
The deep-toned anthems of the sea,
The wind that tunes a viewless lyre,
The zephyr on its pinions free,
The thunder with the thrilling notes
That peal upon the mountain air,
The lay that through the foliage floats,
Or sinks in dying cadence there;
These all to thee their voices raise
A fervent voice of gushing praise.

The day-star, herald of the dawn,
As the dark shadows flit away,
The tint upon the cheek of morn,
The dew-drop gleaming on the spray,
From wild birds in their wanderings,
From streamlets leaping to the sea,
From all earth's fair and lovely things,
Doth living praise ascend to thee.
These with their silent tongues proclaim
The varied wonders of thy name.

Father, thy hand hath formed the flower,
And flung it on the verdant lea,
Thou bad'st it ope at summer's hour,
Its hues of beauty speak of thee!
Thy works all praise thee; shall not man
Alike attune the grateful hymn?
Shall he not join the lofty strain,
Echoed from harps of seraphim?
We tune to thee our humble lays,
Thy mercy, goodness, love, we praise.

Miscellaneous.

THE GREAT SALE AT STOWE.

(From the London Times.)

This magnificent seat of the Duke of Buckingham is being dismantled of all its beauties.—During the past week the British public has been admitted to a spectacle of a painfully interesting and gravely historical import. One of the most splendid abodes of our almost regal aristocracy has thrown open its portals to an endless succession of visitors, who from morning to night have flowed in an uninterrupted stream from room to room and floor to floor—not to enjoy the hospitality of the lord, or to congratulate him on his countless treasures of art, but to see an ancient family ruined, their palace marked for destruction, and its contents scattered to the four winds of Heaven. The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos is at this moment an absolutely ruined and destitute man. The last crash of the mighty ruin is that which now sounds. Stowe is no more. The auctioneer has began his work.

Under the lofty arch which crowns the long avenue from Buckingham, and opens the first view of the magnificent Palladian facade, has lately passed a daily cavalcade of barouches, flys, stage-coaches, "busses," and every gradation of "trap," which constituted a dreary antithesis to the *cortege* which so lately brought Royalty to Stowe. Even stalls were there. From the branch of a noble beech hung a huge parrot scales, on which venison was weighed. An advertisement posted on the front door particularised the very moderate prices at which a buck, a half, or a quarter might be obtained. In the distance were fallen trees, timber waggons, and extemporee sawpits. The enormous edifice was a human hive. Every window showed the crowd within passing to and fro. But once admitted—once standing under the Pantheon-like vault of the central saloon, and glancing right and left at the endless vistas of gorgeous apartments—then one indeed realized the sacrilege that was going on.

The house was well set out for the distinguished visitors. Neither Louis XVIII., nor the Duke of Orleans, nor Queen Victoria, nor any of the great ones of the earth, whose visits are recorded with pillars, and with trees planted with their own hands, saw Stowe so nobly arrayed as the British public have seen it this week. The bride was dressed for the altar, the victim for the sacrifice. King Mob had it all of the best—the richest damask furniture and the newest state hangings. In the state dining-room were set out 60,000 oz. of gold and silver plate. On a table 20 yards long and on a dozen side-boards stood forests of vases, candelabra, epergnes, groups, goblets, tankards, and every other form and variety of plate, from the elaborate designs of Italian artists to the simple elegance of the old English school, and the pretentious richness of the last generation. Among fifty other pieces of historic value, the gifts of the royal personages and distinguished men, stood a vase, formed from snuff-boxes presented by the cities and corporations in Ireland in 1779; the mace of the old corporation of Buckingham, purchased by the Buckingham Conservatives and presented to the Duke as an everlasting possession; and the Chandos Testimonials, for which the gentry and yeomanry of the county lately subscribed, we believe, £1500.

In all the other rooms it was the same. On what treasures of art will the sun set this day never to rise again on a similar array within those walls! The quantity is beyond conception. It is a mighty wreck of ages that has been accumulated in this place—swollen indeed, and somewhat overwhelmed, by recent additions, but still full of historical, national, and poetical associations. The galleries of family portraits and collections of family memorials seem to connect all the great men and all the great achievements of modern Europe with the names of Chandos, Temple, Cobham, Nugent, and Grenville. Here, too, is the victor's portion in the spoil of celebrated sieges, the memento of historical friendships, and the favourite gem of royalty or beauty. In the Manuscript room is the most extensive and valuable collection of Irish documents anywhere to be found. For the pictures, marbles, bronzes, antiques, articles of *vertu*, curiosities, china, glass, and wines, we leave them to the auctioneer and his catalogue of 5000 items.

And everything is to be sold. The fatal ticket is everwhere seen. The portrait of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the first founder of the family, by Holbein, is now lot 51 in the 21st day's sale. That every other ancestor should go to the hammer, whether by Van Dyk, or Lely, or Kneller, or Gainsborough, or Reynolds, follows of course. But there is one item of which no preparation can remove the shock. The Chandos family is descended from Frances Brandon, eldest daughter of the above Charles Brandon, by Mary, daughter of Henry VII., and Queen Dowager of France. Some time since certain savages or dilettanti at Bury exhumed that Mary Brandon from her grave and took from her head a lock of silken hair, which thus constitutes a visible link between the present Duke of Buckingham and the throne of these realms, to which he has a reversionary claim. The lock of silken hair, in its glass case, is now to be sold to the highest bidder. What can we say more to show the extent of the devastation? After this it is idle to mention that the Temple of Friendship is rifled of its illustrious tenants, and they are all to be sold. We repeat that everything goes. In two months' time there will not remain in that vast house one pewter spoon, one cracked cup, or spoutless tea-pot, to give a last vestige of hospitality to the last vestige of the ducal interest in Buckinghamshire.

The *Morning Post* states the general circumstances that have led to the sale:—"The bona fide debts of the duke are variously estimated, but I believe about one million and a half sterling is within the mark, and may be considered approximating to the true amount. The creditors for this enormous sum are, as I understand, with scarcely an exception, amply secured on mortgages, which extending over every acre of land on the family estate, (with the single exception of the Chandos property,) amounting to about £17,000 per annum, as well as on the mansion of Stowe itself." The *Post* represents the Marquis of Chandos, a young man of five-and-twenty, as urging his father to the most ample sacrifice of the entailed property, the most direct courses, and the most manly openness. During the past week Stowe was thronged with visitors of every degree, from the ducal carriage-rider to the suburban butcher in his taxed cart. On Monday rough measures were required to exclude several persons who had got in without authority. The articles sold on the first days have been principally china ware and objects of vertu. For the terms of the advertisment, it appears that the sale is expected to last, at least, till after the 25th of September. The *Spectator* says;—"Our contemporaries do not deal with the cause to which the disaster is popularly assigned, an inordinate greed after land, inherited by the present duke from his father, a desire to grasp at every purchaseable acre, in order to acquire for the ducal demesnes a princely extext of territory. According to report, it is not through munificence, but through a species of covetous grasping, that the princely dignity of Stowe is handed over to the bailiff, and its 'rural felicity' ends in the squalidest of town miseries, a sale by auction."

ANALYSIS OF DRESS.

What a monstrous contrast of extremes has been exhibited, from the tight pantaloon, such as we see it in some old pictures, to the great breeches worn in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth! In the "Pedigree of the English gallant," an account is given of a man whom the judges accused of wearing breeches contrary to law. His defence of himself is curious. "He drawed out of his sloops the contents," viz., a pair of sheets, two table-cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glass, and a comb, with night-caps, and other things, saying, "Your worships may understand, that because I have no safer a store-house, these pockets do serve me for a room to lay up my goods in, and though it be a straight prison, yet it is big enough for them, for I have many things of value yet within it." He was discharged, as he should have been, with his merchandise, and allowed to trade freely on his own bottom. Hudibras carried some such a cupboard. Small must have been the population when these inexpressibles, great inexpressibles, gallanted with the ladies' large hoop farthingales. A few pairs must have occupied no small space. A courtship in those days must have resembled a siege, where the principal defence lay in the outworks, and the difficulty of approach was not a little enhanced by the encumbrances of the advancing party. Who was the first coxcomb? Was dress, in its origin, a modest or immodest appendage to the person; or rather when did it first cease to be merely a protection or concealment? Is love of ornament a natural virtue, or a superinduced vice? These are curious speculations. There is an old play I have somewhere read of, which represents our first parents in Paradise perfectly nude, and so were they exhibited, and in public, without shame. The subsequent acts introduced them dressed; and the last act, I believe, in the fashion of the day in which the play was acted. As all plays were then serious, was this representation a satire on coxcombry, and intended to exhibit the progress of personal degradation? What does a man propose to himself when he goes to the tailor's? Is it to be clothed or adorned? Is it to hide a defect, that he may not appear worse than he is, or that he may appear better than he is? To attract observation or escape it? Is the pride in dress, or in undress? Ingenious in self-deceit was the reply of the man reproved for the badness of his dress, "Oh! every body knows me here;" and his reply when seen in the same suit far from his home, "Oh! nobody knows me here." This was a true amateur; he loved slovenliness for its own sake. Few believe themselves so ill-made, as that the "dogs will bark at them." Even Richard III., who owned to his deformity, gets a little in love with himself, and thinks of adorning his person. "I do mistake my person all this while." He determines to act the exquisite.

"I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body,
Since I have crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost."

Or does the satirical and successful Richard merely laugh at your fop wooers, and, proud of his own superiority, contemn them, by imagining their dress on his own person? One would really think, from the figures one sees, that there are people who dress purposely to spite the tailors, as there are those who are paid to be walking placards of recommendation. The butcher who ran after the fat man, and stopped him, crying, "Be so good, sir, as to say you buy your meat of me," was not more aware of the benefit of such a personal recommendation, than is our fashionable tailor. A well-made man, if he is in tolerable fashion, may be supplied with clothes, as I am credibly informed, for nothing but the merely notifying the makers. They are the decoy-ducks, excepting that, though they have fine feathers, they have no bills. I am told that a fashionable tailor would be quite shy of an ill-made and vulgar-looking customer; and generally charges his dislike in his bill, that he may lose him. I knew a portrait painter, that professed to decline painting ugly people, upon that principle, and consequently his success was quite astonishing; every one he did paint was in better humour with himself, and was proud of his certificate of beauty when he named the artist. Were you and I, Eusebius, to presume to enter the saloon of a fashionable cutter, and order suits, they would be purposely so ill-made, that no one should suspect from whence they came. And we should ever wear them with a hitch of discomfort in some part or other. So that, were we to try our best at foppery, we could not now succeed. I have tried it upon various occasions, and convinced myself that I was not born to it, and certainly neither of us has acquired a second nature that any tailor would recognise. A tailor's man, like the poet, must be born with nature's fit, or nothing else will fit him,—"nascitur non fit."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Modern Inventions.—The strongest witness that the present age has its superiority over the past, is the number and quality of its inventions.—The classic Greeks, surrounded by muse-haunted groves and statues of inimitable beauty, had not the simple convenience of a cooking stove; and the luxurious Roman, lounging on the silks of Persia, amid marble baths and orange-scented villas, was forced to burn a floating wick in an open censer of oil, to light, and defile with smoke, his splendid palaces. The spirit-lamp, the safety-lamp, the rotary stove, kitchen range, and ten thousand appliances which go to make up our labour-saving machine system, and in which there is more usefulness and luxury than in all the purple of Tyre, or gold of Ophir, the haughty old-world conquerors knew nothing about. Their great art was war, and their inventive faculties studied its successful prosecution. The ancients seemed to have contemned as base, the labour of relieving the common wants of life, and surrounding all with a portion of the plenty and ease monopolized by a few. We regard nothing as useful or beautiful that cannot be diffused to all. Our luxuries are divided between cabins and palaces, and the mind of our age has descended to study the minute wants of the masses in its inventive struggles. And by this it has destroyed the distinction of classes so odious in the past. Our invention has not practised at the command of a few that could shut it up for themselves. It has thrown itself out to all, furnishing the steps by which many a pennyless man has toiled up past the man born to millions. We may not have chisselled the marble equal to Phidias, nor touched the canvas as delicately as Apelles, but we have moulded the marble and granite into far more usefui shapes for the time being, and turned our paint brushes to protect and beautify our cottages, of which the ancients never thought. The art may not be so sublimely developed with us, but it is far more practically and well. The mystery of Etruscan vases we unriddle in our commonest potteries, and there is scarce a farmer in the nation who has not more of the means for domestic comfort about him than the old Greek philosopher or the Roman senator enjoyed. It is hardly possible to keep pace with the march of the inventive mind. By artificial processes nature is mocked, and we are presented with fac similes of almost everything in creation. Just now, we notice that an American has invented a process, by which g'ass is made to perfectly resemble, and answer all the purposes of marble, and that, too, at 50 per cent less than the cost of the real marble—Centre tables, Mosaic floors, grave slabs, monuments, and even statuary as per mould, are the fruits of his process. The quarries of Carrara will yield up no more delicately veined blocks. The sand that lies in the hill side, the open fields, or out on the beach yonder, touched by the inventive genius of our age, become marble. How wonderful is art—and more so invention, which builds the iron horse for the steam spirit, and cross-bars the earth with wires, that it may drive the lightnings of heaven on its errands.—*American paper.*

Wills.—The Rev. Dr. Raffles, in preaching the funeral sermon of the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds, on Sunday week, said,—"In connection with the important subject of preparation for death (for we have all to die, and the sooner we distinctly understand that it requires to do so honourably and safely, the better,) allow me to mention, first—a wise and equitable arrangement of your temporal affairs. Have you made your will? There is an admirable tract with this title: I wish it were better known and more generally read. He who has property that will survive him, and a family possessing indisputable claims on his remembrance, ought not to give sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids till he has made such a testamentary disposition of his estate as shall be to the honour of his Christian character, and save his family from contention, litigation, and strife, in the event of his removal. This is assuredly one part of the duty included in the command 'Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.' Oh, how much misery and mischief have ensued, what fearful sums of money have been squandered in suits of law and equity, what scandal has been brought upon the Christian name, by the neglect of this duty, or the performance of it in an unjust and partial manner. A man may be unjust in his death as well as in his life. He may be unjust in not doing this as well as in doing it improperly. A man may make a disposition of his estate under the influence of anger, of caprice, of partiality, of revenge, which every principle of uprightness and integrity would condemn. Under the influence of malignant passions and malevolent feelings, that last act of his life may savor of revenge; or, the victim of a ruinous procrastination, he may die, and leave all in disarrangement and confusion. Do not accuse me, then, of obtruding unseasonably a topic irrelevant to the solemn purpose for which we are now assembled. It belongs to that practical godliness—that evangelical morality—that pure and undefiled religion, in the exemplification of which it behoves a Christian man not only to live but also to die.—Happy indeed shall I be, if all whom it may concern should lay the suggestion seriously to heart,—and many a future widow, and many an orphan child, may have cause to acknowledge, with gratitude, the admonition thus seasonably given."

Harvest time in Egypt.—They have been gathering in the golden grain just now—it is a meet season to remember Egypt, and to stand again in thought beside the brink of its dark river of plenty—to recall the mantle of green and gold which the earth bore upon its kindly bosom as I stood first by the deep rolling flow of the Nile at Atfeh. On swept the mystical river, which the sun setting will purple with its deep ruddy glow, until the miracle of Moses may seem to be wrought again, the waters to be changed into blood. On it swept that river of life, rich, fat, sensuous, and earthy, which the kiss of its waters kindles in the lap of the twin deserts that border on their flowing. On either side of the deep dark stream lay waving crops of the richest green, a verdure in which, as one has well said, the eye, weary of eastern glare, bathes with indescribable delight. The masts and yards of a whole fleet of boats lay dark as ebony against the glowing sky, and there was wealth and fatness also, loads of cotton and grain sinking the barks to the water's edge; and as if in very wantonness of profusion, great mounds of wheat lay heaped up on the quays of the Mahmoudieh canal, which at this point branches off to the city of Alexander. Brown as pismires, with whom they seemed to vie in busy industry, the swarthy children of Egypt, Copts mingled with an Arab race, swarmed upon the boats and along the banks of the canal: one might have thought the days of Joseph were come again, and that the seven years of plenty were storing up their riches against the leanness of the threatened famine. The whole scene might seem to be laid in a dream land—and not the less so because of the presence of that strange hissing smoking craft which lies amongst the quaint fantastic boats of the Egyptians. She, too, is a mystery, and no unfit feature in a mystic vision—a type of the domination of those Anglo-Saxon men whose far-distant northern hunger the corn which lies here heaped up in Egypt is gathered to feed—the clanking of her engines seem to me a fit sound to hear upon the banks of the almost fabled Nile. *Oxford and Cambridge Review.*

How to learn the value of a Dollar.—Reader, says the Democratic Expositor, if you would learn the value of a dollar, go and labor two days in the burning sun, as a hod carrier. This is an excellent idea, and if many of our young gentlemen had to earn all their dollars in that way, how much less dissipation, and folly, and crime, would we witness every day. So of our fashionable young ladies. If they, like the poor widow-author of the song of the shirt, had to earn their dollars by making shirts at sixteen cents a piece, how much less foolish finery would we see about them, and how much more truthful notions would they have of the duties of life, and their obligations to the rest of the world.

Money.—Wherever you go you will find a money worshipper just as you would a Jew in every land. If you listen to the conversation of people as they pass along the street, ten to one they are speaking about money. If you take a trip in a steamer and overhear the passengers talking upon deck, you are almost sure to find that the subject is money. They cannot even admire a rural scene as they pass it, without calculating its value in money. A cockney cannot look at a field of corn, or a piece of marsh land, or an old quarry in a rock, but he must tell you how much money he could make out of that *per annum*, if he had the management; as most likely he concludes by saying what a fool the present proprietor is to make so little of it. To make money is the great end and object of every man's life; and with money, and money chiefly or only, is every thing to be done; money to build prisons; money to build schools; money to build churches; money to build washhouses; money to get rid of nuisances, such as church yards in cities, and vaults in churches, which are vested rights that cannot be violated without money equivalent. You must have money to buy justice. The lawyers won't give it to you for nothing. If you have no money you must be content with injustice. You must have money to preach the gospel; money to convert the heathen; money to save the souls of men, women, and children, and without it they must all go to perdition, for, if there are no churches, we must have all become heathens, and what then? Money is all in all, as King Solomon wisely said, though it might be in his cup:—'A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry, but money answers all things.' You may even get men to mourn for money, like the undertakers, or wailing women in the East, who will howl and yell when your friends die if you only pay them for it.

The Moral of Popular Tumults.—I grieve when I hear men referring to the next legislature, as if some stronger laws were all that we need for our security. Let us have these laws; but unless accompanied by wise, patient, generous efforts for the reformation and advancement of the ignorant and exposed classes of the community, they will avail little. Our mobs, though they have spoken in confused and discordant yells, have uttered one truth plainly; and this truth is, that there exists among us—what ought to exist in no Christian country—a mass of gross ignorance and vice. They teach one plain lesson to the religious, virtuous, philanthropic, educated, refined, and opulent; and that is, that these have a great deal to do, the work of enlightening and lifting up a large portion of their fellow-creatures and their neigbours; that they have no right to spend their lives in accumulating wealth or in selfish indulgences, but that they are to labour—to expend time, thought, wealth, as their circumstances may permit—for the intellectual, moral, spiritual life of a multitude around them, buried in darkness, prejudice, sensuality, excess, and crime. This is the greatest lesson to be learned from mobs. If we heed not this—if we look for safety to penal laws rather than to the performance of personal duty, the disinterested labours of Christian love, and the faithful use of the best means of purifying and elevating society—we shall have none to blame but ourselves if society become the prey of violence and insurrection.—*Channing.*

Importance of Flannel next the Skin.—It would be easy to adduce strong evidence in behalf of the value and importance of wearing flannel next the skin. "Sir John Pringle," says Dr. Hodgkin, "who accompanied our army into the North at the time of the rebellion, relates that the health of the soldiers was greatly promoted by their wearing flannel waistcoats, which they had been supplied on their march by some of the Society of Friends;" and Sir George Bellingal, in his lectures on military surgery, adduces the testimony of Sir James Macgrigor to the statement that, in the Peninsula, the best clothed regiments were generally the most healthy; adding that, when in India, he witnessed a remarkable proof of the usefulness of flannel, in checking the progress of the most aggravated form of dysentery, in the second battalion of the Royals. Captain Murray told Dr. Combe that "he was so strongly impressed from former experience with a sense of the efficacy of the protection afforded by the constant use of flannel next the skin, that when, on his arrival in England, in December, 1823, after two years' service amid the icebergs on the coast of Labrador, the ship was ordered to sail immediately for the West Indies, he ordered the purser to draw extra flannel shirts and pairs of drawers for each man, and instituted a regular daily inspection to see that they were worn. These precautions were followed by the happiest results. He proceeded to his station with a crew of 150 men; visited almost every island in the West Indies, and many of the ports in the Gulph of Mexico, and, notwithstanding the sudden transition from extreme climates, returned to England without the loss of a single man, or having any sick on board on his arrival. It would be going too far to ascribe this excellent state of health solely to the use of flannel; but there can be little doubt that the latter was an important element in Capt. Murray's success.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

Working Men's Essays upon the Sabbath.—We lately recorded the gratifying fact, that no less than 950 working-men had competed for the prizes offered by a Christian gentlemen engaged in promoting a movement in favour of a better observance of the Lord's Day, and who was desirous of eliciting the opinions of labouring men themselves upon the subject in a manner best adapted to silence such parties as those who have just compelled Mr. Hindley to withdraw his bill, enlist the active sympathies of every class of the community in securing the poor man in the full enjoyment of rights founded upon the revealed will of his Maker, and absolutely essential to the moral and physical well-being of the human race. Amongst the essays received was one which the adjudicators were constrained to lay aside, as being the work of a female. At the same time the essay was of such a nature that the adjudicators determined not to suffer it to be lost to the world. It was, therefore, proposed to the writer (a farm servant) to allow of its publication; and she was requested, at the same time, to write a sketch of her life to prefix to the essay. In both these proposals she acquiesced, and the volume is about to be published under the title of "The Pearl of Days." Let it be remembered that this production of the pen of a female servant, but of a girl trained from infancy to reverence the Sabbath, is but one of 950, written all by labourers, in the same spirit, if not all with equal genius. We are gratified to be able to say that the whole subject has been brought under her Majesty's notice by the zealous activity of Lord Ashley, and that the Queen has invited "The Pearl of Days," with a selection from the 950 essays, to be dedicated to herself. This is to act the part of a British Queen.

Bulwer's New Work.—Several of the sentences incidentally penned in the composition of "Harold" are worthy of separate remembrance—as the crystallization not of mere flies in amber, but of gems of thought. Take the following—

"Prudence, patience, labour, valour; these are the stars that rule the careers of mortals."

"No man should grieve for what he can help—still less for what he cannot help."

"The grateful have the power to bless."

"The illiterate are ever children," &c.