

# The Weekly Observer.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

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## THE GARLAND.

[FOR THE OBSERVER.]

Mr. Editor.—Please insert the following in answer to the Response of "F." which appeared in the Observer of yesterday.

TO "F."

I said not that the soul should rest  
Beneath the mould'ring clay;  
But to the mansions of the blest  
The grave must lead the way.  
The "bleeding bosom" there shall rest  
Till nature meets her doom;  
But the pure spirit quits that breast  
In never fading bloom.  
When death the earthy fetters breaks,  
She swiftly springs above;  
And there her sweet strain awakes  
To sing a Saviour's Love.  
St. John, 17th March.

## THE ABSENT SHIP.

From *ACQUAINTANCE'S* "FORGET-ME-NOT."  
Fair ship! I saw thee bounding o'er the deep,  
Thy white wings glancing in the morning ray,  
And many a sparkling eye in vain did weep  
For the bold hearts that steer'd thee on thy way.  
Long days of grief have linger'd in thy train:  
Return! return! and charm away their tears.  
I listen'd till the music and the song  
Died on the waters as the sweet wind sang;  
I watched her slowly heave, till it grew  
A fading shadow on the distant blue.  
Loss and still loss—the waters are alone!  
Queen of the ocean! whither art thou gone?  
The wintry stern hath sigh'd itself to sleep,  
Yet still thou lingerest on the faithless deep:  
Have salmer seas and skies of deeper blue,  
Charm'd there to bid thee land home adieu?  
Long has your dark-eyed maiden wept in vain:  
Return! return! and bid her smile again.  
Long may'st thou weep, but never shalt thou see  
Thy fair-haired partner return to thee.  
Clasp thy young beauty in a long embrace,  
And read his pardon in thy happy face!  
Thy gentle prayers, fair mourner, could not save,  
Thy sailor sleeps within the stormy wave.

## THE MISCELLANIST.

COBBETT'S ADVICE TO A HUSBAND.  
I am told that, in France, it is rare to meet with a husband who does not spend every evening of his life in what is called a *café*; that is to say, a place for no other purpose than that of gossiping, drinking and gaming. And it is with great sorrow that I acknowledge that many English husbands indulge too much in a similar habit. Drinking clubs, smoking clubs, singing clubs, clubs of odd-fellows, whist clubs, setting clubs; these are inexhaustible, and are censurable, they are at once foolish and wicked, even in single men; or what must they be, then, in husbands; and how are they to answer, not only to their wives, but to their children, for this profligate abandonment of their houses; this breach of their solemn vow made to the form, this evil example to the latter?

Innumerable are the miseries that spring from this cause. The expense is, in the first place, very considerable. I much question whether, amongst tradesmen, a shilling a night pays the average score; and that, too, for that which is really worth nothing at all, and cannot even be possibly, be attended with any one single advantage, however small. Fifteen pounds a year thus thrown away, would amount, in the course of a tradesman's life, to a decent fortune for a child. Then there is the injury to health from these night adventures; there are quarrels; there is the vicious habit of loose and filthy talk; there are the slanders and the backbitings; there are the admiration of contemptible wit, and there the scoffings of all that is sober and serious.

And does the husband who thus abandons his wife and children imagine that she will not in some degree at least, follow his example? If he do, he is very much deceived. If she imitate him even in drinking, he has no great reason to complain; and then the cost may be two shillings the night instead of one, equal in amount to the cost of all the bread wanted in the family, while the Baker's Bill is, perhaps, unpaid. Here are the slanders, too, going on at home; for, while the husbands are assembled, it would be hard if the wives were not to do the same; and the very least that is to be expected is, that the tea-pot should keep pace with the porter-pot or grog-glass. Hence crowds of female acquaintances and intruders, and all the consequent and inevitable squabbles which form no small part of the torment of the life of man.

If you have servants, they know to a moment the time of your absence; and they regulate their proceedings accordingly. "Like master, like man," is an old and true proverb, and it is natural, if not just, that it should be thus: for it would be unjust if the careless and neglected set were served as faithfully as the vigilant, attentive and sober man.—Late hours, cards and dice, are amongst the consequences of the master's absence; and why not, seeing that he is setting the example? Fire, candles, profligate visitants, expenses, losses, children ruined in habits and morals, and, in short, a train of evils hardly to be enumerated, arise from the most vicious habit of the master spending his leisure time from home. But beyond all the rest is the ill-treatment of the wife. When left to ourselves we all seek the company that we like best; the company in which we take the most delight; and therefore every husband, be his state what it may, who spends his leisure time, or who, at least, is in the habit of doing it, in company with other than his wife and family, tells her and them, as plainly as deeds as he could possibly do by words, that he takes more delight in other company than in theirs. Children repay this with disregard for their father; but to a wife of any sensibility, it is either a danger to the heart or an incitement to revenge, and revenge, too, of a species which a young woman will seldom be long in want of the means to gratify.

The way to avoid the sad consequences of which I have been speaking is to begin well;

many a man has become a sottish husband, and brought a family to ruin, without being sottishly inclined, and without liking the gossip of the ale or coffee-house. It is by slow degrees that the mischief is done. He is first inveigled, and, in time, he really likes the thing, and when arrived at that point, he is incurable. Let him resolve, from the very first, never to spend an hour from home, unless business, or, at least, some necessary and rational purpose demand it. Where ought he to be, but with the person whom he himself hath chosen to be his partner for life, and the mother of his children? What other company ought he to deem so good and so fitting as this? With whom else can he so pleasantly spend his hours of leisure and relaxation? Besides, if he quit her to seek company more agreeable, is not she set at large by that act of his? What justice is there in confining her at home without any company at all, while he rambles forth in search of company more gay than he finds at home?

Let the young married man try the thing; let him resolve not to be seduced from his home; let him never go, in one single instance, unnecessarily from his own fire-side. Habit is a powerful thing; and if he begin right, the pleasure that he will derive from it will induce him to continue right. This is not being "tied to the apron-strings," which means quite another matter, as I shall show by and by. It is being at the husband's place, whether he have children or not. And is there any want of matter for conversation between man and wife? Why not talk of the daily occurrences to her, as well as to any body else; and especially to a company of tippling and noisy men? If you excuse yourselves by saying that you go to read the newspaper, I answer, by the newspaper, if you must read it: the cost is not half of what you spend per day at the pot-house; and then you have it your own, and may read it at your leisure, and your wife can read it as well as yourself, if read it you must. And, in short, what must that man be made of, who does not prefer sitting by his own fire-side with his wife and children, reading to them, or hearing them read, to hearing the gabble and balderdash of a club or pot-house company!

[The *Edinburgh Review*, No. 98, contains an Essay on the genius of Martin the painter, which is a beautiful specimen of eloquence. The following description of one of his finest and best-known pictures is one of the finest passages.]—*Liverpool Times*.

MARTIN'S BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.—"We must illustrate our meaning by referring to one of Mr. Martin's works; and shall select that which, like a sudden sunshine, burst upon the unsuspecting public—his *Feast of Belshazzar*. The story here told is of a supernatural visitation—of an immediate act of the hand of God working visibly to the human eye. A wicked and arrogant king sits with his thousand lords, his wives and his concubines, at the feast, and impietously profanes the vessels which had been consecrated to the worship of the One God: but the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone, they praise and worship. The measure of his guilt is full; and the punishment must follow. But, in the face, of all has the crime been perpetrated, and before the eyes of all must his doom be announced. In the height of their sacrilegious banquet, a hand—an armless hand—writes upon the wall the irrevocable words; and, having written them, disappears. Then is the king's countenance changed, and his thoughts trouble him, so that the joints of his loins are unloosed, and his knees smite one against another. The astrologers and the soothsayers strive in vain to read the unknown characters; but the prophet of God appears, and interprets them to the king. This interpretation is almost immediately verified; for, 'in that night is Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain.' This is the subject of the picture,—a theme grand, awful, and difficult. It is not a subject for a *fine colourist* merely, or an *expert draughtsman*, but for a poet who can embody his conceptions in form and colour.

What, then, is the great sentiment impressed by such a subject? and what is it, consequently, that the painter has to accomplish? To answer this, we again ask,—what must have been the prevailing sentiment of the spectators in the actual scene? Various emotions might, at moments, mingle in various bosoms: the king might moan his downfall,—the queen might lament her son,—the thousand lords might tremble for their power and their riches; but these, and every other possible feeling, must be in subjection to the overwhelming awe arising from a belief in the immediate presence of an offended and threatening God. This, then, is the great sentiment; and this it is which the painter must attempt to infuse into his picture: every thing in it must have relation to this; all must be solemn, sublime, mysterious, and awful. He has to represent a scene in which the Deity himself, not all invisibly working, is an immediate agent: but how is this to be effected? The fingers of a man's hand, writing upon the wall, were, to the actual spectators, sufficient to attest the supernatural presence; but, as so many preceding painters have shown, in a picture, the motionless hand is merely ridiculous. It looks too often like the fragment of a statue, or like an inflated glove, or like any thing rather than the living, but not human, hand, whose possessor, though viewless, was felt to be present. It was in the *actual motion* of this bodiless hand, leaving behind it the unknown characters, that the token of a supernatural agency was acknowledged. The motionless hand merely, or the written letters merely, would have been thought the trick of an impudent impostor; but the armless hand moving before their eyes, was indeed a terrible and unearthly spectacle. But the pictured hand cannot move; and the painter has therefore apparently nothing left but an unhappy choice between the dead unmoving fingers and the characters ready-writ-

ten out,—an alternative which seems to promise little success, as is shown in the labours of other artists. We do not mean to say that *The Feast of Belshazzar* has not been admirably painted by others, but that, before the present work, there has not been—as far as our knowledge extends—any thing that could pretend to be even the faintest shadowing forth of the supernatural denunciation from *God against the King of Babylon*. Mr. Martin was the first to perceive, that it was not in the bodiless hand merely, or in the unknown letters, that the mystery and the terror consisted,—but in the *sense of a present supernatural power*. To awaken this sentiment was, then, his first great object; and he perceived that, though he could not give to the hand a supernatural motion, he might yet impart to the already written letters a character of mystery and terror, which would equally excite the sense of a supernatural presence. This he has triumphantly accomplished, by giving them vastness of size, and a splendour as though the hand that had traced them had guided the lightning over the wall, and left its yet burning fires imprinted there. Having accomplished this,—having raised emotion of a character so awful and sublime,—it was necessary that the accompaniments of the scene should likewise sustain a character of grandeur and awful magnificence. Letters written as with the lightning, would have been ill matched with a mean and familiar-looking chamber,—with common-place decorations, or such objects as are every day beheld around us. To the spectators of the *actual event*, the effect might have been of equal force in a temple or in a closet; but not so to the spectators of the picture. By the former, nothing would have been seen but the bodiless hand, and the letters; but, by the latter, every thing will be deliberately examined; and every thing should therefore be made to sustain the mind, as much as possible, at its highest tone. The ruling sentiment of the present subject is a *sublime and supernatural awe*, and every part of the picture should, therefore, receive its character from that sentiment. Vastness and strength of architecture powerfully excite a sense of awe and grandeur: such an emotion, though differing in kind and in degree, is therefore in harmony with that ruling sentiment; and Mr. Martin has accordingly presented us with a hall of dimensions and gorgeous strength unparalleled. But when to the grand and gigantic we superadd some powerful moral association,—when we give to it the hoariness of antiquity,—when we deepen its solemnity by the obscurity of night,—when, by concealing its limits, we lead the imagination to draw out the vast almost into the infinite,—then, indeed, do we awake to a sense of awe and sublimity, beneath which the mind seems overpowered. How nobly has not the artist provided for this feeling by that tremendous tower, which, buried in clouds, and darkly visible under the flaring of the distant lightning, looks grimly over the roofless palace-hall, as if its impious builders had indeed made its top to reach unto the Heaven! Every thing, in a word, combines to excite and sustain that emotion of sublime and supernatural awe, which is the ruling sentiment, the very soul of the subject."

WINTER STORMS IN THE HEBRIDES.—After a continued gale of westerly wind, the Asiatic rolls in its enormous billows upon the western coasts, dashing them with inconceivable fury upon the headlands, and scouring the sounds and creeks, which, from the number of shoals and sunken rocks in them, often exhibit the magnificent spectacle of terrific ranges extending for miles. Let any one who wishes to have some conception of the sublime, station himself upon a headland of the west coast of Harris, during the violence of a winter tempest, and he will obtain it. The blast howls among the grim and desolate rocks around him. Black clouds are seen advancing from the west in fearful masses, pouring forth torrents of rain and hail. A sudden flash illuminates the gloom, and is followed by the deafening roar of the thunder, which gradually becomes fainter, until the roar of the waves upon the shore prevails over it.—Meantime, far as the eye can reach, the ocean billows and heaves, presenting one wide expanded field of foam, the spray from the summits of the billows sweeping along its surface like drifted snow. No sign of life is to be seen, save when the gull, labouring hard to bear itself up against the blast, hovers over head, or shoots against the gloom like a meteor. Long ranges of giant waves rush in succession towards the shore. The thunder of the shock echoes among the crevices and caves; the spray mounts along the face of the cliffs to an astonishing height; the rocks shake to their summits; and the baffled wave rolls back to meet its advancing successor. If one at this season ventures by some slippery path to peep into the haunts of the cormorant and rock-pigeon, he finds them sitting huddled together in melancholy silence. For whole days and nights they are doomed sometimes to feel the knowings of hunger, unable to make way against the storm; and often during the winter they can only make a short daily excursion in quest of a precarious morsel of food. In the meantime the natives are seated around their blazing peat fires, amusing themselves with the tales and songs of other years, and enjoying the domestic harmony which no people can enjoy with less interruption than the Hebrides Celts.—*Journal of Nat. and Geog. Science*.

FATAL RESULT OF FRIGHTENING A CHILD.—We have often remarked on the impropriety of exciting the fears of children, for the purpose of more easily managing them. But, never since we appeared before the public, have we heard of any thing so truly horrible as the following.—The subject being too delicate to allow of the mentioning of names, we shall avoid such an exposure, but, at the same time, we pledge ourselves for the correctness of the narrative. Some time ago, a lady in a certain town

in Yorkshire went out to a neighbour's house, to take tea, along with her husband, and left her little family to the care of her servants. In the course of the evening, she felt very uneasy, and being impressed with an idea that all was not right at home, she left her friend's house early. On arriving at home, she found that her servants, in the exercise of high life below stairs, had collected a social party. This she passed over, without observation, and proceeding up stairs to the nursery, she was surprised by a terrific figure at the bottom of the bed of the youngest child, which was but three years of age. The fact was, that the nurse, finding the child not very ready to go to rest, and being loath to be disturbed in her evening's enjoyments by its crying, had dressed up and placed the figure alluded to at the bottom of the infant's bed, with a view of frightening it to sleep. The contrary effect, however, had been produced—the child had been horror-struck, and appeared to its mother with its eyes fixed, in an idiotic stare, upon the image. Astonished and distressed, she rung the bell, and then proceeded to take up the infant—but lo! it was a lifeless corpse; the fright occasioned by the nurse's folly, had been too much for the poor little innocent. In the extreme of fear, the pulse had ceased to beat—the vital spark had fled, and the mother was left to mourn in unutterable anguish, the credulity which induced her to trust to such a servant, and the perfidy of the unprincipled nurse in whom she had confided. To add more is quite needless; and to describe the subsequent sorrows of the parents is impossible. It is a melancholy story, but it is not more strange than true; and we give it with no other view than to place parents upon their guard, with respect to those to whom they may entrust the care of their innocent and helpless offspring.—*York Herald*.

The *Sydney Gazette* of the 21st July, contains the following very interesting account from Tristan d'Acunha, communicated by the Commander of the *Pyramus*:—Glas, who is now the head man in their little community, was originally sent to Tristan d'Acunha about 14 years ago, with a company of artillery, in which he was corporal, under Capt. Grouse, who was ordered to take possession of the island during Napoleon's residence at St. Helena; and when, on the ex-Emperor's death, the party was withdrawn, Glas was permitted, in compliance with his own request, to remain behind, and to take charge of the cattle and stores. Being a man of great energy and perseverance, he has made surprising improvements. When the *Pyramus* touched there, in January last, the population consisted of seven men, six women, and fourteen children, of whom eight or nine were the offspring of Glas. They had 300 Acres capable of cultivation, the finest pasturage and most excellent water. Their stock consisted of 70 head of horned cattle, of the best breed, and some superior milkers; 120 sheep, the wool of which had sold at the Cape for 2s. 6d. a pound; pigs in abundance; and thousands of wild geese roaming on the hills. They had fields of wheat and barley growing in luxuriance, and a crop of potatoes, which, though several ships had been supplied with their produce, it was estimated at 12 tons for each man's share. The most remarkable proof of their industry is, that they have fenced in their cultivated land with a wall of solid stone three miles in circumference, on which Glas was employed nearly ten years. He has also built himself a very comfortable house. When the *Pyramus* approached the island she fired a gun, and was immediately visited by a fine white boat with four men, commanded by Glas, who had brought with him a keg of milk, butter, potatoes, and sundry other acceptable supplies. The potatoes, we are assured, were equal to any in the world. The island has lately been visited by His Majesty's ship *Jessara*, Captain Lyons; by the *Resource*, and by a brig, which had been supplied with poultry, water, &c. Glas requested that the circumstances might be induced to touch for provisions; and he stated that he should at all times be prepared to supply them with beef, mutton, poultry, fish, potatoes, vegetables, milk, butter, water, &c. He is a kind open-hearted man, and is proud to show civility to strangers; and the gentlemen who have visited his dominions speak of him and the island in the warmest terms of commendation.

THE VOYAGE OF LUTHER.—At this instant the swarthy Indian is braving the fury of the ravenous tiger, or nimble leopard, to win from its fierce possession a dappled hamper-cloth for my Lord Mayor of London. The patient driver is exploring the dim, inconstant depths of the ocean to wring from the maw of the phlegmatic and contemplative oyster, pale glistering pearls, to skimmer in the light of Almack's. The ducky Arab urges his headlong steed after the affrighted ostrich, to snatch the feathers that shall wave at St. James's; or the mountain-headed Papuan is tumbling the whole of paradise from his perfumed nest, under the invisible influence of Mrs. Alderman Frizzle; though the scoundrel would eat her, if he could only lay hands on her, with as little remorse as if she were a turtle. The wastes of Siberia cannot shelter the noble; the whole cannot flounder through the icebergs of the Arctic Ocean; there is no rest for the stately elephant in the forests of India; and the unwilling lobster must emerge from the sea-caves of Norway; and all, because a bulbous, broad-brimmed, zodiac-waisted, son of Mammon, who may be setting at this identical moment in the next box to me, for aught I know to the contrary, will not, as the Scottish song says, "let them be."—*Monthly Magazine*.

SLEIGHING IN ENGLAND!—*Leamington Spa*, Dec. 26.—The frosty state of the weather has again put a stop to hunting, and our numerous sporting characters have been thrown upon their resources to devise a substitute for the pleasures of the chase, and introduce some variation in their out-door amusements. They have at length hit upon an expedient curious as it is novel in this country, and our streets, covered as they are with snow and ice, have in consequence during the week, more resembled the capital of the Northern Autocrat, than a fashionable watering place of the British empire. A *Russian Droschky* or rather *Sledge*, drawn by two of Copp's fine spirited horses, started, for the first time, on Wednesday last, from Mash's Carriage Depot at Warwick, and was driven to Leamington in a very able and dexterous manner by Captain Hibbert, of the Royal Dragoons. The distance was accomplished in a very short time, the vehicle occasionally going at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. The Sledge stopped at Viscount Eastnor's, in Charlottestreet, and after setting down his Lordship at his own residence, it was driven through various parts of the town, and several Ladies were taken up during its progress, who appeared highly delighted with their very novel excursion. In the evening Colonel Wilde, Captain Hibbert, and Messrs. H. S. Cardwell, Gregory, and Leversage, met at the Royal Hotel stables, and

the necessary preparations being completed, they again mounted the Sledge, and drove through the town, the slippery state of the road being favorable to the velocity of the vehicle, which moved with extraordinary rapidity. The lighted torches carried by some of the party, the ringing of the bells in front of the carriage, the gay trappings of the horses, and the passengers all attired *a la Russe*, and smoking their cigars—presented a *coup d'oeil* of a most novel and singular description. The carriage part, which is about six feet in length by four wide, is lined with crimson cloth, with cushions *en suite*. The traces are reins formed of rope, are covered with scarlet cloth and red morocco leather; the bridles are executed in a similar way; the breast collars (a species of horse furniture now very rare) seen, composed of leather, present a uniform appearance; and over each horse is thrown a handsome scarlet pad cloth, faced with yellow, with tassels at each end, and a large gilt ferris ornamented with plumes, composed of red and white feathers. On Thursday and Friday the same party of gentlemen drove through the town and neighbourhood; and a number of Ladies were, in succession, gratified with an airing in the Sledge—an amusement which is now becoming very fashionable among the *haut-ton* here.—*Leamington Courier*.

THE CRICKET.—The house-crickit (*Acheta domestica*) is well known for its habit of picking out the mortar of ovens and kitchen fire-places, where it not only enjoys the warmth, but can procure abundance of food. It is usually supposed that it feeds on bread. M. Latreille says, it only eats insects, and it certainly thrives well in houses infested by the cockroach; but we have also known it eat and destroy lamb's-wool, stockings, and other woollen stuffs, hung near a fire to dry. It is evidently not fond of hard labour, but prefers those places where the mortar is already loosened, or at least is new, soft, and easily scooped out; and in this way it will dig covert ways from room to room. In summer, crickets often make excursions from the house to the neighbouring fields, and dwell in the crevices of rubbish, or the cracks made in the ground by dry weather, where they chirp as merrily as in the smuggest chimney-corner. Whether they ever dig retreats in such circumstances, we have not ascertained; though it is not improbable they may do so for the purpose of making nests. M. Bory St. Vincent tells us, that the Spaniards are so fond of crickets, that they keep them in cages like singing birds.

The field-crickit, another of this family, burrows in the ground, in which it lodges all day, and comes out chiefly about sunset to pipe its evening song. It is so very shy and cautious, however, that it is by no means easy to discover either the insect or its burrow. The children in France amuse themselves with hunting after the field-crickit; they put into its hole an ant, fastened by a long hair, and as they draw it out, the crickit does not fail to pursue it, and issue from its retreat. Pliny informs us it might be captured in a much more expeditious and easy manner.—If, for instance, a small and slender piece of stick were to be thrust into the burrow, the insect, he says, would immediately get upon it for the purpose of demanding the occasion of the intrusion; whence arose the proverb, *stultior grillo* ("more foolish than a crickit"), applied to one who, upon light grounds, provokes his enemy, and falls into the snare which might be laid to entrap him.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge*.

RUM IN 1727.—An act was passed by the Legislature of Connecticut in the year 1727, "to prevent distilling of molasses into rum." The preamble to the act was thus:—"Whereas sundry persons in this government, attempting to distil and draw off spirits from molasses, to the great damage of His Majesty's subjects; for that by said practice, molasses is made scarce and dear, and the spirits drawn off therefrom, is usually very unwholesome and of little value; which to prevent, be it enacted," &c. The penalty is three shillings per gallon, "for every gallon of rum or spirits that shall be drawn off as aforesaid." Whatever may be said of some other opinions of our forefathers, they judged pretty correctly of the character and value of New-England rum.—*Connecticut Observer*.

CORRESPONDENCE, &c. OF DR. DODDRIDGE.—A work has been published by some unworthy collateral descendant of Dr. Doddridge, which is an insult to his memory. That venerated man kept a diary and copies of his letters; some of which, written in his younger years, were abundantly foolish; what was best worth extracting had been long ago given to the world; good taste and right feeling had kept back the remainder; but the short-hand manuscripts not being destroyed, cupidity or some worse motive has thrust the garbage upon the public market. We write thus much to warn our readers against purchasing this refuse. It must be distressing to every well-constituted mind, setting religion aside, to see the revered memory of the author of the invaluable "Rise and Progress of Religion," identified with a single line unworthy of his character.—*London Christian Observer*.

IMMERSION IN A CHURCH.—The ceremony of baptism by immersion was performed last week at the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, upon a Miss Prosser who had left the Dissenting worship to join the establishment. She declared herself not satisfied with the usual ceremony of sprinkling, and the Bishop of London granting his permission, a tub was placed near the baptismal font in the church, and the lady was there gratified in her wish by the Rev. Dr. Richards. The only instance of baptism by immersion having taken place in one of our churches before, occurred at Leicester, and with the consent of the Bishop of the Diocese.

THE JEWS.—It is calculated that there exist between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 of this people, descended in a direct line from, and maintaining the same laws with, their forefathers, who, above 3,000 years ago, retreated from Egypt under the guidance of their inspired lawgiver.—*Milman's History of the Jews*.