The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No. 1182.

ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1841.

Vol. XIII. No. 30.

PUBLISHED ON TUESDAYS, BY
DONALD A. CAMERON.
Office in Prince William-street, near the Market square, opposite Sands' Brick Building.
Terms—15s. per annum, exclusive of postage, half in advance.

Weekly Almanack.

January—1841.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
20 Wednesday	7 13	4 47	6 15	10 58
21 Thursday	7 13	4 47	6 53	11 32
22 Friday	7 12	4 48	Sets.	Morn.
23 Saturday	7 11	4 49	5 54	0 6
24 Sunday	7 10	4 50	6 58	0 38
25 Monday	7 9	4 51	8 4	1 14
26 Tuesday	7 8	4 52	9 9	1 41

New Moon 22d, 11h. 58m. morn.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
Thomas Leavitt, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be left at the Bank before three o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK
Lewis Burns, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Mondays and Thursdays.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
SAINT JOHN BRANCH.
Alfred Smithers, Esquire, Manager.
Discount Days .. .. *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before three o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 1 o'clock.
JOHN BOYD, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.
Committee for January.
R. F HAZEN, JOHN HAMMOND, JOHN KINNEAR.
☞ All Communications by Mail, must be post paid.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 3 o'clock.
James Kirk, Esquire, President.
☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing

ADVERTISEMENT.

From the New-York Albion.

BRANCH OF THE ALBION AT LIVERPOOL.

The improvements in Steam Navigation, and the greatly increased number of Steam vessels running between the British Empire and this Continent, cannot fail to enlarge exceedingly the relations between those countries, and to render intelligence interesting upon an increased number of subjects. Taking all this into consideration, and being anxiously desirous to contribute to the utmost towards the information of our readers, on these matters, we have made arrangements at very considerable expense, which we trust will answer the end effectually.

This Journal being published *weekly*, it must necessarily happen, occasionally, that we should be late in publishing the Foreign Intelligence brought by the Steam Vessels between our regular days of publication. To obviate this, we have fixed a Branch of his establishment at *Liverpool*, at which place a paper will be printed, *on each day of sailing* of the Steam Packets from that port, and at the *latest possible moment*, for forwarding by the Steam Packets from other ports; containing the very latest intelligence on all subjects that can be of interest to either the American or the British reader on this side of the Atlantic. In particular we would say that the contents will consist of all that regards the money market and monetary matters, the state of American and principal European Stocks and Securities, exchanges and monetary facilities; the Cotton, Tobacco, and other markets for American produce; the manufacturing and other trades of Great Britain; Parliamentary and political proceedings; latest London Gazettes; Foreign transactions and events, public affairs; remarkable circumstances, &c. &c.; thus making the paper a compendium of all that is valuable and interesting as *news*, ready to be forwarded in every direction at the earliest moment after it is landed upon these shores.

We shall always avail ourselves of Mr. Cunard's Steamers, and the Papers for the Lower Provinces will be landed at Halifax and Boston by those steamers, except we have more immediate means of communication. The Colonial Shipping Intelligence and Colonial markets will receive minute attention.

We trust our readers will perceive the importance of this arrangement, which is made entirely with a view to their accommodation. To render it such at the least possible expense, the paper will be furnished to *Albion Subscribers* at the low rate of two dollars per annum, and to *non-subscribers* to this Journal at four dollars per annum, payable in advance. The plan will be in operation early in the ensuing year.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to this work will have the goodness to notify such intention without delay, so that the necessary orders may be given, to commence with the beginning of the series.

If, in places where small bills do not circulate, it be inconvenient to remit two dollars, orders for the paper from our *present* subscribers will be respected without such remittance. Non-subscribers to the Albion who may wish to order the new paper separately or in conjunction with the Albion, may remit *two dollars* on account.

We cannot avoid again anticipating the approbation of our subscribers for this novel effort to put before them the latest and most authentic intelligence from the old world at the earliest possible moment after its arrival in this country. The low price at which we charge the new paper is a sufficient indication that gain is not so much our object as gratification to our readers. For the annual sum of *eight dollars*, the *Albion* and its *Plates*, together with an *English paper* by every steamer, may be obtained, which in this era of cheap publications must be duly appreciated.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of Hartford, Connecticut.
Incorporated 1825.
Capital 150,000 Dollars,
With liberty to increase to Half a Million of Dollars

THE whole of the first named sum, $150,000, is invested in securities, and on the shortest notice could be cashed and applied to the payment of losses.

The subscriber having been appointed Agent for the above Company, will issue Policies for Insurance on Dwelling Houses, Stores, Household Furniture, Merchandize, &c. &c, against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

at as low rates as any similar institution; and will give personal attention to the survey of premises, &c. in the city, on which Insurance is desired.

Application in writing (post paid) from other parts of the Province, describing the property to be insured, will receive prompt attention—The correctness of which description shall on all occasions be binding on the part of the applicant.

W. H. SCOVIL.

St. John, N. B. 3d Sept. 1840.

Marine Insurance.

AN Association of Merchants having been formed for the purpose of Insuring *Vessels, Cargoes,* and *Freights*, have appointed a Committee of the following Gentlemen for the purpose of fixing premiums, arranging and settling losses, &c., viz:—John Duncan, A. S. Perkins, John Hammond, and John Walker, Esquires. Application to be made to

I. & J. G. WOODWARD, *Brokers.*

☞ Office, Peters' Wharf, St. John, 21st April, 1840.

EMIGRANT AGENCY OFFICE,
Fredericton, September 26, 1840.

NOTICE is hereby given, That the Office of the Assistant Emigrant Agent will be kept in the lower part of the Phœnix House, immediately opposite the Army Hospital; and that the hours will be the same as at other public offices—from 10 till 3 o'clock; where Immigrants and others can transact business connected with that Department, and advice and assistance will be afforded to persons wishing to obtain land for settlement, or who may desire employment in this Province.

Persons having Landed Property to dispose of can have a description of the same entered in a Book to be kept for that purpose; and applications for servants or labourers that may be received at this Office, will be registered in a similar manner.

EDMUND WARD,
Assistant Emigrant Agent

☞ Letters forwarded to be post paid.

The Garland.

PRAYERS AT SEA.

Prayer may be sweet, in cottage homes,
Where sire and child devoutly kneel,
While through the open casement nigh
The vernal blossoms fragrant steal.

Prayer may be sweet, in stately halls,
Where heart with kindred heart is blent,
And upward to the Eternal Throne
The hymn of praise melodious sent.

But he, who fain would know how warm
The soul's appeal to God may be,
From friends and native land should turn,
A wanderer on the faithless sea—

Should hear its deep, imploring tone
Rise heavenward o'er the foaming surge,
When billows toss the fragile bark,
And fearful blasts the conflict urge.

Nought, nought around but waves and skies,
No refuge where the foot may flee,
How will he cast, oh, Rock Divine!
The anchor of his hope in Thee.

London, Eng. L. H. Sigourney.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HOME IN THE SKIES.

When up to endless skies we gaze,
Where stars pursue their mighty ways,
We think we see from earth's low clod,
The wide and shining home of God.

But could we rise to moon or sun,
Or path where planets duly run,
Still heaven would spread above us far,
The earth remote would seem a star.

'Tis vain to dream those tracts of space,
With all their worlds, approach his face:
One glory fills each wheeling ball—
One love has shaped and moved them all.

This earth, with all its dust and tears,
Is his no less than yonder spheres;
And rain drops weak, and grains of sand,
Are stamped by his immediate hand.

The rock, the wave, the little flower,
Are fed by streams of living power
That spring from one Almighty will,
Whate'er his thoughts conceive, fulfil.

And is this all that man can claim?
Is this our longing's final aim?
To be, like all things round—no more
Than pebbles cast on Time's gray shore?

Can man, no more than beasts aspire
To know his being's awful sire?
And born and lost on nature's breast,
No blessing seek but there to rest?

Not this our doom, thou God benign;
Whose rays on us unclouded shine:
Thy breath sustains yon fiery dome,
But man is most thy favoured home.

We view those halls of painted air,
And own thy presence makes them fair;
But dearer still to thee, O Lord!
Is he whose thoughts to thine accord.

Miscellaneous.

From the New-Yorker.

FEMALE SOVEREIGNS.

Under this title Mrs. Jamieson has given her sex two volumes, which every woman ought to read. The most interesting facts are culled with judgment and given with fidelity. Still, even at this late day, we must raise our feeble voice against Mrs. J.'s deduction, *that females* (because of their sex) *have been unfortunate sovereigns.* This is not historic truth. History is a collection of facts; we must take them as they stand. When we moralize on the effects certain causes *might* have produced, we have strayed from history, and, it is possible, are none the nearer to philosophy. It is true of the sex, that "we are made to adorn the world, rather than to command it;" but it is no less true that we should look at historical facts in their just bearing, or it is useless to study them at all. Mrs. Jamieson's theory can be best examined by a candid review of the reigns she has given in support of her position. We will take them up in her own order:

Semiramis can hardly be termed an established historical identity. She is a dim, gigantic shadow, dressed in fabled colors. Her era was before the birth of profane history. All that tradition reveals of her, is that in Asia—where woman, to the remotest times, has been a mere possession, a slave—a Queen, great in design and magnificent in execution, held under her sway a vast empire: that she was obeyed by millions in her life, and, after death, received from posterity divine honors. Queenlike indeed must have been the intellect that won and kept such power; and most beneficent her rule, since the recollection has been so grateful to succeeding ages. Her memory was revered through the East; and vague and uncertain as are the traces of the stupendous works attributed to her, she has left, at the distance of thirty-five centuries, the imprint of a splendid and *useful* character. Useful—for tradition ascribes to her that "she made roads, and led rivers, and fertilized barren realms, where, before her reign, the wild beast only had trod." She wished to play the conqueror too, like the lords of creation, but was less happy than in her system of internal improvements.

About two centuries after, lived Nicotris, another Assyrian Queen, who resembled her in the splendor and extent of her public works. It is possible that both these names were impersonations of dynasties, and that the works of a race of kings have concentrated their lustre on a single name. But the general belief sustains the individual existence of these illustrious Queens of Assyria.

Cleopatra—the last Cleopatra—brings us to the Christian era, when the world, plunged in the deepest abyss of crime, was awaiting the light of a purer day. But the Redeemer had not yet appeared when the Egyptian queen lived and died, the type and victim of her age. Egypt, a fragment of the usurped empire of Alexander, was the portion of spoils allotted to Ptolemy Lagus. Planted in a kingdom won by force and sustained by crime, the history of the dynasty of the Ptolemies is a series of such monstrous atrocities, that human nature sickens at the recital. Cleopatra, last of the infamous line, came to the throne on a joint possession with her brother. Unable to cope with the artful and treacherous ministers of the young Ptolemy, who wished to remove her from the sovereignty, she fled to Syria. She was then scarcely sixteen; yet, with wonderful perseverance and address, she formed a strong party, levied an army, and returned to Egypt to decide by arms the contest with her brother. They were laid down at the command of Cæsar, who constituted himself umpire in the dispute. On that all-powerful umpire let the shame rest, if the decision was unjust. Cleopatra gave herself to infamy, but Cæsar betrayed the honor of the Roman name, in allowing partiality, not good faith, to decide on the welfare of a nation. The weakness and vices of the young queen are beyond extenuation; but we must not forget that she was educated a votary of the dark Isis, and cannot be fairly judged by those who have been formed in a purer faith. Our business at present is with the political effects of her career. As sovereign, she ruled Egypt, for twelve years after the decision of Cæsar, with ability and success. She was respected at home and abroad; and under her liberal and pacific policy, her realm was more rich, prosperous and happy, than it has been at any time in the nineteen centuries that have since rolled away. It was not the mismanagement of Cleopatra that swept Egypt from the list of kingdoms. It was the restless, insatiable tide of Roman ambition. A second time she delayed the catastrophe by conciliating Pompey, at the expense of another stain of infamy. A third time she was implicated in the civil dissensions that convulsed Rome. It was impossible to avoid it, for she was a Roman vassal. Antony, in the tone of a dictator, commanded her to appear before him in Cilicia. She obeyed, and the rough but magnificent warrior felt the power of charms that had subdued a Cæsar and a Pompey; he knelt, a suppliant lover, where he had intended to command as master. Thenceforward bound to the faction of Marc Antony, Cleopatra brought to his aid the rich resources of her kingdom, and faithfully adhered to his fortunes until the fatal battle, or rather flight of Actium. Even that was dictated by cowardice rather than treachery, and at any rate the same results were inevitable. Antony was no match, in war or policy, for the victorious Cæsar. If he had evaded an Actium, he would have found a Pharsalia; and Egypt, compelled at first to the alliance, was included, by the enchainment of circumstances, in his fall. In considering the primary causes, it must be remembered that it was not the *queen* Cleopatra who first bent her country to a foreign yoke; that was the act of the *king* her father. After the diadem of the Ptolemies had come in collision with the Roman Eagle, the destiny of the weaker was fixed. Like all who felt the blighting shadow of that influence, he must live a vassal, or die a victim.

In brilliant contrast with the frail and temporizing daughter of the royal house of Egypt, stands the fearless and high-souled Zenobia, the self-made queen of that 'Palmyra in the wilderness' whose ruins at this day fill the traveller with awe and admiration. Zenobia—a widow, though young—married Odenathus, a chief of some warlike tribes who roved in the vicinity of Palmyra, and shared, companion and equal, all the perils and adventures of her desert lord. Together they won and ruled their sand-girded kingdom of Palmyra—together revenged the cruel fate of the captive emperor Valerian, and startled the tyrant shah of Persia with their Arab warcry at the gates of his palace. The Roman Senate gave Odenathus the title of Augustus, and General of the East; but, ever ungrateful, when death removed him from their path, they sought to wrest from his widow the throne she helped to raise, or, with mock clemency, affected to regard as a favored vassal one who so short a space before had been an invulnerable ally. The undaunted queen asserted her independence, and, in a pitched battle, defeated their General Heraclianus. This success she followed up by the conquest of Egypt, then a Roman Province, which, with all the territory included in Asiatic Turkey at the present day, she added to her dominions. This immense empire she governed with admirable wisdom and firmness. Commerce and Arts flourished in security. Asia Minor was never more prosperous; the bleeding wounds of oppressed Egypt began to heal; and Palmyra—stately Palmyra—now ruined and desolate, was, under her energetic and elevated policy, made 'more a wonder than Rome.' But Rome had not forgiven her defeat; and what could withstand the overwhelming anger of the Mistress of the World? The fierce and able Aurelian brought the whole force of the empire against her. She was defeated at Antioch and Emesa, and finally besieged in her own capital of Palmyra. Terms were offered in favor of herself personally, but not to her people; they were destined to become the serfs of Rome. Zenobia, still undismayed, refused until, after various vicissitudes, she was made a prisoner. With her fell irrevocably the kingdom of Palmyra. The captive queen was led to Rome, to grace the triumph of Aurelian. There she died, but in what way is much disputed. Her reign was attended by great benefits to the world, and, her fall was a deep and lasting evil. The destruction of the kingdom she established made a chasm in commerce that was long felt. It was a secure thoroughfare, and a commodious mart for the traffic between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, then the great commercial centre and heart of Trade; for her path did not then, as now, lie upon the sea. Maritime commerce was scarcely thought of. They had not learned the economy of going round a whole continent to escape crossing an isthmus; besides, they knew not the way. In the fall of Palmyra, a great market of exchange was overthrown, and the most direct route so beset with difficulties, that centuries passed before the rich commodities of the East were so securely open to the enterprise of the West as in the reign of Zenobia.

This glance at the characters of the most celebrated queens of the East can do but faint justice to a subject which would require volumes to discuss fully; but it is sufficient, so far as it goes, to refute the political injustice of the assertion, that female reigns have been generally productive of evil. History disproves it. The *termination* of Cleopatra's reign was unfortunate—of Zenobia's signally unjust; but the *reigns* themselves would have done honor to any king whomever swayed the same realms.

From the St. Louis Bulletin.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

The Happy Man.—In walking down Second street on Friday afternoon, on my way to the arsenal, I found a crack in my boot; and, recollecting the old adage, that "a stitch in time saves nine," I popped into the first cobbler's shop I met to get it mended. Unlooked for pleasures are generally most relished, and I had no expectation of meeting with a *philosophical* cobbler. Pulling off my boot, I looked at the man. What an expansive forehead! What an intelligent countenance! What an expressive eye! There is truth in physiognomy, exclaimed I to myself; that fellow's brains are not made of green peas!

As he was fixing the boot, I then thought of a man born with capacities for intellectual pleasure and improvement—lofty, lordly man!—wasting his whole existence pent up in a small room knocking away with his hammer, and bending from morning till night over a lapstone and a piece of leather. I took another look at the man; and while the glorious sun was rolling on in his golden course, and all nature smiling in her most gorgeous and splendid scenery, wooing the gaze, and filling the gazer with sublime feelings, here, said I to myself, sits a man perpetually straining his eyes to poke a hog's bristle though a little hole.—What an employment for a man capable, if properly instructed, of measuring the distance from this to Mercury! It is impossible he can be happy; he is out of his sphere. Just as he had got the thread through the third hole I spoke to him frankly, and said: "Your room is very small; are you happy here?" He answered with some energy, "Happy? yes: as happy as the day is long." "But are you happy in your employment, confined all day in this small room?" "Yes, certainly; the fact is, the half of the world don't know the way to be happy. I was for a while myself humbugged about happiness; but, sitting on my stool and reflecting seriously one day, I got the secret. I thought to be happy you must be rich and great, have an inconveniently large house, more furniture by far than necessary, a table groaning with every thing; but I soon found out that was all stuff. I am happier here with my *last* and *hammer* than thousands with their fine houses and splendid equipages; and have a great deal of enjoyment in looking out of my little cabin and laughing at the follies of the world.—They don't see me, and it does them no harm; and between you and me, the world are busy pursuing mere shadows. One wants to be rich, another to get into office—never satisfied; but here am I, *mending old shoes*, contented with my lot and situation, and happier by far than a King. Indeed I am thankful that Heaven in its wrath never made me a king, for it's a poor business."

By this time my boot was ready, and wishing to prolong the conversation with a man who displayed so much real practical philosophy, I said, "Have you no distressing cares to vex you, no anxieties, no sleepless nights, no bills to meet; no pangs for yesterday, no fears for to-morrow?" He stared at me a moment, and said, "No, *none*. The only cares which I have are *comforts*; I have a wife, the best in the world, and two children, and that is enough of comfort for any one man to enjoy. As to bills, I have none to meet, and never buy on credit, and never buy what I no not really want. As for the fears of to-morrow, I have no fear, but trust in a kind and ever-watchful Providence, believing that 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' and resignation to Providence to be the truest philosopy."—What a noble fellow, said I, to mend a crack in a boot! Himself a piece of noble workmanship! I felt inwardly the truth of the saying, "contentment is a kingdom;" and after I left my philosophic cobbler, I thought much about him, and am satisfied that his philosophy was sound, and that mankind in general have yet to learn the secret to be happy. His situation in life is obscure, but—

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

New Iron Sailing Vessel.—There is now in Victoria Dock a new iron vessel, apparently of about sixty or seventy tons burden, built by Mr. John Laird, Birkenhead, and intended as a droger on the coast of Demarara. The necessity, on that peculiar shore, of a vessel of light draft of water, has, as a matter of course, placed a restriction upon the builder; but he has nevertheless produced a craft that has all the appearence of a clipper—having a fine bow, a clean run, and a handsome stern, forming aloft a segment of a circle. There is an ingenious contrivance to give her additional steerage power. The rudder, by lowering a plate of iron on one side of it by means of a chain, may be elongated perpendicularly in deep water, or reduced, by being hauled up to the level of the keel. The vessel is called the "Cayman"—the Spanish appellation, we believe, of the alligator, that monster of the shallows. Her upper works are of timber. She has great beams for her size—is handsomely rigged as a schooner, and will, we hear, carry thirty-five hogsheads of sugar upon only four and a half feet of water. This handsome little vessel will be sailed out to her place of destination, and, it is supposed will accomplish her long, and, at this season of the year, somewhat perilous voyage, in about thirty days. As she draws so little water and is flat-bottomed, the writer of this paragraph suggests that she should be provided with what must (at the expense of an Irishism) be called *win* "*lee boards*"—a contrivance which in vessels having little hold of the water, is found to be of great advantage by our neighbours, the Duch, when beating to windward. As the cost would be but trifling, the experiment would be worth trying. The Cayman is nearly ready for sea. She is fitted up in every respect, in a very superior manner.—*Liverpool paper.*

Earthquake in Ireland.—A correspondent informs us that a smart shock of an earthquake was felt at Portstewart last Tuesday morning, between the hours of three and four o'clock. It was perceived by a number of families; the beds and windows vibrated for at least twenty seconds, and a sound, as of heavy waggons passing over the ground, was heard. Many who were startled from their slumbers, jumped out of bed, astonished by the phenomenon, and apprehensive for their safety. Some thought the shaking of their houses might have been occasioned by the setting in of a storm——others, that it arose from the firing of guns at sea; but, on looking out of the windows, the sea was calm and every thing around wore an air of tranquility. The shock was followed, in about twenty minutes, by a most vivid flash of sheet lightning, and, at the same instant, a terrific crash of thunder shook every house in the town. The influence of the earthquake was likewise felt at Coleraine, and different parts of the coast, extending from Magilligan to the Giant's Causeway. We learn from the Scotch journals that a part of the country was recently visited by a similar phenomenon, which has been of a pretty frequent occurrence of late.—*Derry Sentinel.*

Origin of Silk for Dress.—It was long before silk was in general use, even for patrician garments. It has been supposed, that the famous Median vest, invented by Semiramis, was silken, which might account for its great fame in the west. Be this as it may, it was so very graceful that the Medes adopted it after they had conqured Asia; and the Persians followed their example. In the time of the Romans the price of silk was weight for weight with gold, and the first person who brought silk into Europe were the Greeks of Alexander's Army. Under Tiberus it was forbidden to be worn by men; and it is said, that the Emperor Aurelian even refused the earnest request of his Empress for a silken dress, on the plea of its extravagant cost.—*The Art of Needlework, by the Countess of Wilton.*

Fashion in Egypt.—The dress of the Egyptian ladies of rank was rich and somewhat gay; in its general appearance not very dissimilar from the gay chintzes of the present day, but of more values as the material was usually linen; and though sometimes stamped in patterns, and sometimes interwoven with gold threads, was much more usually worked with the needle. The richest and most elegant of these were of course selected to adorn the person of the queen; and when in the holy book the psalmist in describing the dress of a bride, supposed to have been Pharoah's daughter, and that she shall be brought to the king 'in raiment of needlework,' he says, as proof of the gorgeousness of her attire, 'her clothing is of wrought gold.' This is supposed to mean a garment richly embroidered with the needle in figures in gold thread, after the manner of Egyptian stitchery.—*Countess of Wilton.*

Placidness of faded Infancy.—I have never seen death but once, and that was an infant. It was years ago. The look was calm and placid, and the face was fair and firm. It was as if a waxen image had been laid out in the coffin, and strewed with innocent flowers. It was not like death, but more like an image of life! No breath moved the lips, no pulse stirred, no sight or sound would enter those eyes or ears more. While I looked at it, I saw no pain was there; it seemed to smile at the short pang of life which was over; but I could not bear the coffin-lid to be closed—it seemed to stifle me; and still as the nettleswave in a corner of the churchyard over its little grave, the welcome grave helps to refresh me, and ease the tightness of my breast.—*Hazlitt.*

NEW ZEALAND.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM DR. EVANS, DATED "*Port Nicholson, 9th July,* 1840.

"Imagine the basin of the river Lea overgrown with colossal timber, and the hills on each side elevated from 500 to 15,000 feet, all covered with the same evergreen forest, and you have the most perfect idea of our Val d'Arno. To describe to you the beauty of the forest, would be to write what you would consider an exercise of the imagination. This is the depth of winter—the sun shines in a cloudless sky; which, however, is not always the case. My door opens upon the harbour; which is the fac-simile of the most beautiful lake in Cumberland, with mountains beyond to the distance of forty miles, all distinctly visible in the sharpest outlines, and all covered with this rich velvet mantle of foliage, as thick and as green as in the height of summer. I say it is not so every day; for our winter really consists in our liability, during two or three months, to tremendous gales from the south-east or the north-west, accompanied with rain. These blow for forty-eight hours at the changes of the moon; then chop round, suddenly, and clear up in sunny days of the most balmy freshness, equal to any thing in the *same* months in England. We have had many frosty nights—perhaps eight or ten, but no snow; the olives, camelias, and other delicate plants, which we brought in cases from England, are all growing in the open air without any shelter. The soil is of the rankest fertility up to the tops of the hills. The practical men are delighted with the prospects of agriculture: and there is only one complaint—the dilatoriness of the surveys; a complaint which I have no doubt will reach you through a hundred channels, and which is well founded.

"One thing you will be surprised at: although we are all squatting, avoiding the expenditure of every sixpence, labour is so scarce that we are ruined in wages. I am sure that the place must be abandoned by three-fourths of the capitalists if we have not speedily four or five thousand people sent out. I speak advisedly, and upon calculation. What we want chiefly, is sawyers, carpenters, tile-makers, wheelwrights, and boat-builders; but the three former, especially. Pray advise some capitalist to send out materials for roofing (nothing would pay so well) and iron pipes for chimnies. Articles of prime necessity of all kinds are here at a premium varying from 200 to 250 per cent. Prices are quite distressing to persons, like myself, without employment, and who will not keep either a grog-shop or a store.

"This harbour is wonderfully situated as a naval and commercial station. There is a great deal more of colonization—no, not colonization, but of maritime settlement—in New Zealand, than we had imagined; and this place will become the depot for six hundred miles of coast on the North Island, and the whole of the South Island. Schooners, luggers, whale-boats, and small craft of all descriptions, are every day creeping into the harbour, from various parts of the coast for hundreds of miles; and then they all go away laden with sugar, flour, tobacco, spirits, blankets, &c. The natives are spending the money they have hoarded for years. Nothing goes down with them like 'money-gold.' Mr. Smith has taken great pains to calculate, and he concludes that the natives are in possession of at least £150,000 in money. The natives here have bought horses at from 60*l.* to 90*l.* each. They sell you 300 pigs and 20 tons of potatoes in a lot. They have built all the cottages we live in, with well-constructed *hipped* roofs, thatched with flax, perfectly weather-tight. We all prefer them to the trumpery wooden houses made in England. They supply us with pigs, potatoes, and fish, cut wood for us, fetch water, and do a hundred things without which we should have suffered numberless privations. Nevertheless, they have but little changed their personal habits. They are quite as dirty as the poorest class in London, though far beyond them in real civility and refinement. As I flatter myself that I now speak the language, I associate with the native chiefs daily, and find endless amusement in doing so. They indulge in a quiet humour that is highly diverting, at the expense of ignorant bullying Cocknies, who are physically and morally their inferiors."—*London Colonial Gazette.*

(From the New-York Herald.)

THE DESTINY OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE.

By the last steamer from Europe, we have received letters and papers, developing the result of the celebrated mission to the East, undertaken by Sir Moses Montefiore, a distinguished Hebrew of England, together with an account of his interview with the Sultan of Turkey, and the proclamation of that Sovereign in favor of the Hebrews, throughout the whole extent of his empire. We give them as a curious history of certain events in the present age.

It was in the fourth century before the birth of Christ that the first Proclamation in favor of the Jews was issued from Susan, by Cyrus, the King of Persia, directing the children of the captivity to return to Judah, and to rebuild the House of the Lord at Jerusalem. From that period up to the present, we do not believe that a more important event has taken place affecting the destiny of the ancient people of God. Sultan Abdel Medjid has issued his proclamation, not for building up a house with hands to the glory of the God of Israel—but to construct a house of faith and justice—to establish a habitation of human rights—a building that cannot be broken down by the prejudices of the unbeliever or the Gentile.

It would seem that the predictions of the sublimest of all the ancient prophets, Isaiah, were at length coming to pass.

It is estimated that the numbers of the Jewish people throughout the world amount to 3,000,000, of which one half are in Asia. In the present state of the world, both Christian and Mahometan, all the scattered portions can communicate with each other, and act as one people to whom the literature and religion of their ancestors have been committed for safe keeping till the end of all things. The Firman of the Turkish Sultan, covering the land of their birth, and coupled with the possession of Acre by the English, and the recent termination of the war in Syria, would seem to indicate that the Hebrews are to play an important game in the future history of the world.

With these remarks the following may be read by Christians, as the fulfilment, in part, of the wonderful predictions of Isaiah and the prophets.

Sir Moses Montefiore says:—"The firman may be looked upon as the great charter of the liberties of our brethren in the East, for by it they are secured in their lives, property and persons. Henceforth no man can do them wrong, without being responsible to the law."

The following is a translation of the Firman granted by his Imperial Majesty the Sultan Abd Dul Medjid to the Israelites in his empire, at the request of Sir Moses Montefiore, F.R.S., and delivered to him at Constantinople, by his Excellency Reschid Pacha, Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Ottoman Porte, 11th Hesvan 5,601, 13th Ramaran, 1,256—corresponding to the 7th November, 1840:—

A Firman addressed to the Chief Judge at Constantinople, at the head of which his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, has written, with his own hand, the following words:—

"Let that be executed which is prescribed in the Firman."

An ancient prejudice prevailed against the Jews. The ignorant believed that the Jews were accustomed to sacrifice a human being, to make use of his blood at their feast of the Passover.

In consequence of this opinon, the Jews of Damascus and Rhodes (who are the subjects of our empire) have been persecuted by other nations. The calumnies which have been uttered against the Jews, and the vexations to which they have been subjected, have at last reached our Imperial Throne.

But a short time has elapsed since some Jews, dwelling in the Isle of Rhodes, have been brought from thence to Constantinople, where they have been tried and judged according to the new regulations, and their innocence of the accusations made against them fully proved. That, therefore, which justice and equity required, has been done in their behalf.

Besides which the religious books of the Hebrews have been examined by learned men, well versed in their theological literature, the result of which examination is, that it is found that the Jews are strongly prohibited not only from using human blood, but even that of animals. It therefore follows, that the charges made against them and their religion, are nothing but pure calumnies.

For this reason, and for the love we bear to our subjects, we cannot permit the Jewish nation, (whose innocence of the crime alleged against them is evident) to be vexed and tormented upon accusations which have not the least foundation in truth, but that in conformity to the Hatti Sherif, which has been proclaimed at Gulhan, the Jewish nation shall possess the same advantages, and enjoy the same priviliges, as are granted to the numerous other nations who submit to our authority.

The Jewish nation shall be protected and defended.

To accomplish this object, we have given the most positive orders, that the Jewish nation, dwelling in all parts of our empire, shall be perfectly protected, as well as all other subjects of the Sublime Porte, and that no person shall molest them in any manner whatever—except for a just cause—neither in the free exercise of their religion, nor in that which concerns their safety and tranquility. In consequence, the present Firman, which is ornamented at the head with our "Hoomaioon," (sign manual), and emanated from our Imperial Chancellerie, has been delivered to the Israelitish nation.

Thus you, the above mentioned judge, when you know the contents of this Firman, will endeavour to act with great care in the manner therein prescribed. And in order that nothing may be done in opposition to this Firman at any time hereafter, you will register it in the Archieves of the Tribunal; you wil afterwards deliver it to the Israelitish nation, and you will take great care to execute our orders, and this our sovereign will.

Given at Constantinople, the 12th Ramaran, 1,256, (6th November. 1840.)

[From the Smyrna Oriental Observer, Nov. 9]

Interview with the Sultan.

On the evening of the 28th October, Sir Moses Montefiore was admitted to an audience of the Sultan, in order to present an address expressive of gratitude, for the justice His Majesty had shown the Jews in the affair at Rhodes. Sir Moses was accompanied by George Samuel, Esq. David Williams Wire, Esq. of the city of London, and Dr. L. Loewe, attended by Mr. Pisani, first dragoman of the British Embassy. They were preceded by torches, and escorted to the palace by several cavasses on horseback, and a military guard of honor. On reaching the Palace, they were received by His Excellency Reschid Pacha, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and His Excellency Riza Pacha, Governor of the Imperial establishment. Coffee and pipes were served, and after a short pause, the visitors were conducted to the Hall of State. Sir Moses having been presented to the Sultan, who was seated on a Divan, read the following address:

May it please your Imperial Majesty.

In the name of my brethren who have deputed me, I come to lay at the foot of your Imperial Throne the grateful homage of their respect.

England, my country, and other enlightened nations of the earth, heard the cries of the suffering and persecuted Jews at Damascus and at Rhodes, and they hastened to offer to the sufferers their sympathy and affection; but the Lord God, who ruleth over all, prevented the necessity at Rhodes, and inspired your Imperial Majesty with wisdom, justice and the love of truth. Under your righteous direction, the oppressor was laid low, the designs of the wicked made known, and the innocent delivered. I therefore crave permission to offer to your Imperial Majesty the profound gratitude of the hearts of our people, and to utter our prayers that the Merciful God may bless your Imperial Majesty with length of days, with wisdom, and honor, and riches, and so direct all your actions that your name may be inscribed in golden characters for ever, and the memory of your deeds smell as sweet as a garden of roses.

In ancient times the Lord God brought our people out of Egypt, and for ages they dwelt in the land of Palestine; to them were committed the lively oracles of God, and though now dispersed amongst the nations of the earth, they are numbered with the most peaceful and loyal subjects, and by industry they have augmented the riches and prosperity of the countries in which they live.

They look with love and veneration upon that land where their fore-fathers dwelt; they pray that all who live therein may enjoy the shadow of your sublime protection, and in peace be permitted to worship the God of their Fathers. Their prayers ascend to Him, whose wisdom is absolute, whose decrees are