SAINT JOHN OBSERVER.

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THE OBSERVER,

Published on TUESDAYS, by D. A. CAMERON, at his Office, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Flewelling & Reading.—TERMS: 12s. 6d., per annum.

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*

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Partnership hitherto carried on by the Subscribers, under the Firm of SMELLIE & ABERCROMBY, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. The Subscriber, James Smellie, is authorised to uplift and discharge all debts due to and by the Company.

JAMES SMELLIE,
R. W. ABERCROMBY.

St. John, N. B., April 30, 1853.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late XENOPHON COUGLE, Esquire, of Sussex Vale, King's County, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, within Three Calendar Months from this date; and all Persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

MARY COUGLE, *Administratrix.*

Sussex Vale, May 28, 1853.

MARKET SQUARE,
MAY 3, 1853.

J. & H. FOTHERBY

HAVE received per ships *Liberia* and *St. John*, and steamer *Admiral*, an extensive assortment of GOODS, suitable for the season, consisting of

Paisley, Cachmere and Barege Long and Square SHAWLS;
An elegant assortment of DRESS MATERIALS, in Bagadere, Embroidered and Fancy BOBES, Printed and Embr'dered MUSLINS, CACHMERES, Delaines, Lustres, &c.
A large assortment of BONNETS, in all the new styles, with a very beautiful assortment of *RIBBONS. PARASOLS*, &c.
Muslin COLLARS, Habits, Under Sleeves;
Printed COTTONS, Grey and White do. Cotton Flannels, Satinetts, Ticks, Braces, Dinems, Drills, Cotton Warps, &c., which are offered at the very lowest prices, wholesale and retail.

☞ The remainder of Stock daily expected.

April 16, 1853.

Just arrived, per English Steamer.

120 DOZENS French KID GLOVES, comprising light and dark fancy colours—also, Black and White.

Also, per Liberia, *from Liverpool*—
3 bales WHITE COTTONS,
6 " CARPETING,
1 " RUGS; 1 bale BLANKETS,
4 cases DRESS GOODS,
1 case DAMASKS and FRINGES,
3 cases PRINTED COTTONS,
1 case FURNITURE PRINTS,
1 case WOOLLEN CLOTHS,
2 cases BONNETS; 1 case REGATTAS,
4 bales sundry SMALL WARES.

Per ship Saint John,
From GLASGOW:

A Large Assortment of CARPETS, with RUGS to match;
Long and Square SHAWLS;
Fancy Printed MUSLINS and DELAINES;
Earleston GINGHAMS;
LINENS, Damask and Huckabacs;
Gingham and Cotton Handkerchiefs
Cotton Reels, Linen Threads;
Plain and Figured MUSLINS;
Boys' HATS and Cloth CAPS.

Also, per Steamer—
A Variety of PARISIAN MANTLES.

April 26. W. G. LAWTON.

First Spring Importations.

J. & J. HEGAN

Have received per Packet Ship "MIDDLETON,"
CARPETINGS & HEARTH RUGS,
PRINTED DRUGGETS,
Moreens and Damasks,
SHEETINGS,
White and Striped SHIRTINGS,
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.
Prince William Street, 8th March, 1853.

NEW GOODS.

JAMES BURRELL,

Corner of King & Germain-streets,

Has received per *St. John, Bellcarrigg, Miramichi,* and *Eastern City*, from Glasgow, Liverpool, London, and United States, a general assortment of Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS,

COMPRISING

LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS, in Cachmeres, Teba ROBES, Vemeras, DeLaines, Lustres, Circassian Cloths, Black and Coloured SATINS and Gros de Naps;
Printed Muslin *DRESSES*;
Paisley, Satin and Cachmere Long and Square SHAWLS;
BROAD CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Satinetts, Russel Cords, Moleskins, VESTINGS;
Grey and White COTTONS, Fancy and Twilled *SHIRTINGS*;
Tickings, Duck, Linens, Lawns, Hollands, Diapers, TOWELLINGS;
Printed COTTONS, Cotton Warps; Harness, Filled Bordered Book Muslin;
Red and white FLANNELS, Muslins, Bonnet and Cap RIBBONS;
PARASOLS, Sewed Muslin Habit Shirts, Chemizettes and Collars;
Laces, Edgings and Insertions, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, Black Silk Lace;
GLOVES and HOSIERY in great variety, Fancy Neck Ties, and Bracelets;
Hair Nets and Plaits, Boys' Belts, Gents' Silk and Cotton Neck and Pocket Handkerchiefs;
SHIRTS, Shirt Fronts and Collars, Umbrellas, Whalebone Combs, Brushes.
Braces, Stays, Braids, Silk Trimmings, Dress Buttons, Puff Combs, Toilette Covers, Counterpanes, Small Wares, &c. &c.

☞ The Subscriber offers the above well selected Stock of GOODS to his numerous friends and the public generally, (and which on inspection will be found well worthy their attention) at the lowest prices for Cash.

JAMES BURRELL,
May 27. Corner of King and Germain Streets

APRIL, 1853.

SPRING BONNETS.

Received per steamer 'Canada,'

FIVE HUNDRED BONNETS, comprising the latest fashion.

W. G. LAWTON.

JAMES HARDY,
KING STREET HOUSE,

WOULD call the attention of Customers, to his NEW STOCK, received by *Imperial, Speed,* and *Miramichi*, comprising all the new MATERIALS and *New Designs for the Season.*

A great variety of SHAWLS, in Cashmere, Cashmere de Cos, Barege, Tissue, Paisley, and German;
DRESS MATERIALS, in Muslin, Barege, Cashmere, Delaine, Bayadere and Swiss Robes, and Moire Antiques;
SILKS, SATINS, and PERSIANS; a large assortment of *BONNETS* and *RIBBONS*;
PRINTS, White and Grey COTTONS, WARPS, *GLOVES* and *HOSIERY*;
Habit Shirts, Chemizettes, Collars, etc. The usual assortment in Trimmings and Small Wares.

All of which will be disposed off at the lowest possible rates.

☞ Attention of WHOLESALE dealers particularly directed to the above.

St. John, May 31, 1853.

London White Lead, Wine, &c.

Received ex Ship *Miramichi*, Wyles, master, from London,

5 TONS best London White LEAD;
28 boxes Belmont and Patent Sperm CANDLES, 25 lbs. each;
3 quarter casks Gold and Pale SHERRY, (very superior.)—Landing, for sale by

May 17. CUDLIP & SNIDER.

The Road to Health.

Holloway's PILLS.

CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND BAD DIGESTION.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. R. W. Kirkus, Chemist, Prescot Street, Liverpool, dated 6th June, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—Your Pills and Ointment have stood the highest on our sale list of Proprietary Medicines for some years. A customer, to whom I can refer for any enquiries, desires me to let you know the particulars of her case. She had been troubled for years with a disordered liver, and bad digestion. On the last occasion, however, the violence of the attack was so alarming, and the inflamation set in so severely, that doubts were entertained of her not being able to bear up under it; fortunately she was induced to try your Pills, and she informs me that after the first, and each succeeding dose, she had great relief. She continued to take them, and although she used only three Boxes, she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I could have sent you many more cases, but the above, from the *severity of the attack*, and the *speedy* cure, I think, speaks much in favor of your astonishing Pills. (Signed) R. W. KIRKUS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF RHEUMATIC FEVER, IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Copy of a Letter inserted in the Hobart-Town Courier, of the 1st March, 1851. *by Major J. Walch.*

Margaret M'Connigan, nineteen years of age, residing a New Town, had been suffering from a violent rheumatic fever for upwards of two months, which had entirely deprived her of the use of her limbs: during this period she was under the care of the most eminent medical men in Hobart Town, and by them her case was considered hopeless. A friend prevailed upon her to try Holloway's celebrated Pills, which she consented to do, and in an incredible short space of time they effected perfect cure.

CURE OF A PAIN AND TIGHTNESS IN THE CHEST AND STOMACH OF A PERSON 84 YEARS OF AGE.

From Messrs. Thew & Son, Proprietors of the Lynn Advertiser, who can vouch for the following statement.—August 2nd, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—I desire to bear testimony to the good effects of Holloway's Pills. For some years I suffered severely from a pain and tightness in the stomach which was also accompanied by a shortness of breath, that prevented me from walking about. I am 84 years of age, and notwithstanding my advanced state of life, these Pills have so relieved me, that I am desirous that others should be made acquainted with their virtues. I am now rendered, by their means, comparatively active, and can take exercise without inconvenience or pain, which I could not do before.

(Signed) HENRY COE.
North Street, Lynn, Norfolk.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF THE GRAVEL, AND A MOST DANGEROUS FEVER COMPLAINT.

Copy of a Letter addressed to J. K. Heyden, Esq., Sydney, New South Wales dated Feb. 25th, 1851.

SIR,—A Mr. Thomas Clark, a Settler at Lake George, was for a considerable time seriously afflicted with a Complaint of the Liver, together with the Gravel. His medical attendants, after trying all their skill, candidly told him that his case was hopeless, and any further efforts useless In this situation, and when expecting every day would terminate his existence, a friend recommended him to try Holloway's Pills, and as a forlorn hope he did so, the first gave him considerable releif, he therefore persevered in taking them according to the directions, and is now restored to health. He will feel great pleasure in confirming this statement, or even make an affidavit to the same effect, should it be required.

(Signed) WILLIAM JONES, Proprietor of the Goulburn Herald, New South Wales

WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, IN CASES OF DROPSY.

Persons suffering from Dropsy, either about the turn of life, or at other times, should immediately have recourse to these Pills, as hundreds of persons are annually cured, by their use, of this direful complaint in its different stages, when all other means had failed.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints.

Ague, Asthma, Bilious Complaints, Blotches on the Skin, Bowel Complaints, Colics, Constipation of the Bowels, Consumption, Debility, Dropsy, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Female Irregularities, Fevers of all kinds, Fits, Gout, Head-ache, Indigestion, Inflammation, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Lumbago, Piles, Rheumatism, Retention of Urine, Scrofula or King's Evil, Sore Throats, Stone and Gravel, Secondary Symptoms, Tic Douloureux, Tumours, Ulcers, Venereal Affections, Worms of all kinds, Weakness from whatever cause, &c. &c.

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and by S. L. TILLEY, *Provincial Agent*, No. 15, King Street, St. John, N. B.; A. Coy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Petitcodiac; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James G. White, Belleisle.—In Pots and Boxes, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 7s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients are affixed to each Box.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients are affixed to each box.

Eligible BUILDING LOT on Queen's Square.

SUCH portion of a Building LOT on Sidney street, fronting on Queen's Square, as may be agreed upon, will be disposed of, subject to a small annual ground rent, with the usual covenants of renewal. This is one of the pleasantest and most healthy situations for the erection of a genteel residence in the city. The Lot has a front of 85 feet on Queen's Square, and 80 feet on St. Andrew's street, from which Street a right of way will be reserved along the rear of lot. No expense need be incurred for excavation. A preference will be given to a party who will erect a brick or stone building.—Apply to R. FOULIS, on the premises. June 21st.

Willard's Butter Machines,

JUST RECEIVED—

25 WILLARD'S BUTTER MACHINES; they are highly recommended to Farmers and keepers of Dairies.—For sale by B. TILTON.

Literature, &c.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

AIR—*Old Folks at Home.*

Dark fall the shades of evening dreary,
Sad, sad am I;
Slow drag the cheerless hours aweary,
Coldly the storm sweeps by;
Hopeless and fearful of to-morrow,
Weeping sad tears,
I'm watching in my home of sorrow,
Grieving o'er vanished years.
Oh, my home of joy and gladness,
Thou art lost to me!
Now darkened with distress and sadness,
Weeping, I mourn for thee!

Once happy was our sunny dwelling,
William was true;
Now anguish in my heart is swelling,
Deep as the joy I knew.
He yeilded to the fell temptation,
Fiends led him on;
'Till, reeling from his lofty station,
Manhood and truth are gone.
Oh, my home of joy and gladness,
Thou art lost to me!
Now, darkened with distress and sadness.
Weeping, I mourn for thee!

Once happy were my children's voices,
Unhushed by fear;
Gone now the music that rejoices,
Famine and grief are here!
Once tender were the words of greeting,
When my William came;
Now fearfully my heart is beating,
Scared at the once loved name.

Oh, my home of joy and gladness,
Thou art lost to me!
Now darkened by distress and sadness,
Weeping I mourn for thee!

One hope within my heart is glowing,
One rising star;
One strain as of a bugle blowing,
Tells of a glorious war.
First came its blessed note of gladness,
Floating from *Maine!*
Trembling I turn from thoughts of sadness--
Home may be bright again!

Oh, the hope new-born and glorious,
May its promises be
Crowned by the blessed law victorious!
Giving the old home to me!

[*Cleveland Commercial.*

THE PROBATION.

[CONCLUDED.]

About a twelvemonth after Eleanor's marriage with Sir Henry Willoughby, and consequently in the second year of the onerous probation imposed upon Francis Herbert, two important events occurred in connection with the Merivale family. An uncle, with whom Clara had ever been the pet and darling, died, and bequeathed her the large sum of thirty thousand pounds and upwards, thus rendering her, in addition to her other attractions, one of the very best matches—in a money sense—the county of Somerset could boast. Just after this, Agnes Merivale had the good fortune, whilst on a visit to her sister, Lady Willoughby, in London, to attract and fix the admiration of Mr. Irving, a young, well-charactered, and wealthy M. P. for one of the Midland boroughs. The wedding, it was arranged, should take place a week or so previous to the end of the season, then about two months distant. Amongst the friends whom Mr. Irving introduced to the Willoughbys was a Captain Salford, of the —— Guards—a fashionable gentleman, of handsome exterior, insinuating manners, and, it was whispered by his particular friends, of utterly ruined fortunes. The charms, personal and pecuniary, of Clara Merivale made a profound impression upon this gallant individual's susceptible heart; and she was instantly assailed by all the specious arts,—the refined homage,—the unobtrusive, but eager deference which practised men of the world can so easily stimulate, and which, alas! tell so potently upon the vanity of the wariest-minded maiden. It was not, however, long before Captain Salford discovered that, flattered and pleased as Clara Merivale might be with his attentions, a serious overture, should he venture to hazard one, would be instantly and unhesitatingly rejected. What the secret obstacle was that unexpectedly barred his progress he was not long in discovering—thanks probably to Lady Willoughby, who appears to have entertained a much higher opinion of him than he at all deserved. And eagerly did his plotting brain revolve scheme after scheme for sundering the strong, if not almost impalpable link which bound the separated lovers to each other. One mode of action seemed to promise an almost certain success. Captain Salford had met Francis Herbert frequently abroad, and thoroughly as he conceived, appreciated the proud and sensitive young man's character. He was also especially intimate with some of the Paris set with whom Herbert chiefly associated. He could be induced to believe that Clara Merivale thought of him with indifference—or still better, that she was on the high road to matrimony with another, Captain Salford had little doubt that he would at once silently resign his pretentions to the favor of the fickle beauty—the more certainly and promptly that she was now a wealthy heiress—and leave the field free to less scrupulous aspirants,—in which eventuality Captain Salford's excellent opinion of himself suggested that success would be certain. Thus reasoning, the astute man of the world persisted in his attentions to the frank, unsuspecting girl, at the same time taking care that the excellent terms on which he stood with her should reach Herbert's ear, in as exaggerated a form as possible, through several and apparently trustworthy sources. This scheme his Paris friends soon intimated was working successfully, and he crowned it with a master-stroke.

At the time previously settled upon, the marriage of Agnes Merivale with Mr. Irving was celebrated with all proper *eclat*, and the wedded pair left town for the bridegroom's residence in Norfolk. On the same day the Merivales and Willoughbys departed for Somersetshire, accompanied by Captain Salford and several others, invited to pass a few weeks at "The Grange." Imagine the astonishment of all these, with the exception of the contriver of the mischief,—and he indeed appeared the most surprised and indignant of all—for the lady's sake, of course,—upon finding, on the arrival of the newspapers, the announcement of *two* weddings in their Fashionable Intelligence columns—one that of Agnes, second daughter of Archibald Merivale, Esquire, of Oak Hall, Somersetshire, to Charles Irving, Esq., M. P.; the other that of Clara, *youngest* daughter of Archibald Merivale, Esq., to Captain Salford, of His Majesty's —— Guards! This blunder, it was concluded, had been caused by the reports of the likelihood of such an occurrence which had frequently appeared amongst the *on dits* of the Sunday papers, confirmed apparently by Captain Salford having accompanied the wedding party to church. Captain Salford volunteered to write a contradiction of the paragraph, and the matter was thought no more of. Indeed, there is no doubt that, with the exception of Clara herself, there was no one present that would not have hailed, with more or less satisfaction, the event thus, prematurely at all events, announced; even Mr. Merivale's boasted keenness and sagacity having failed to detect the heartless worldling beneath the polished exterior and plausible bearing of the aristocratic guardsman.

The lying paragraph effected its author's purpose, and that right speedily. The visit of Captain Salford had extended to about a fortnight, when he received some papers and letters from Paris which appeared to a good deal excite him. Almost immediately afterwards he informed Lady Willoughby that he was under the necessity of leaving for London that very afternoon. Polite regrets were of course expressed; and it was afterwards remembered, to his advantage, that his manner, the tone of his voice, when taking leave of Clara, were marked by a deep, respectful, almost compassionate tenderness, and Lady Willoughby positively averred that the practised actor's eyes were suffused with irrepressible emotion as he turned to leave her sister's presence. The next post explained, as they believed, the cause of the gallant captain's unusual agitation. It brought a number of *Galignani's* Paris newspaper, directed in his handwriting, in which they found the following marked paragraph:—"Married, on Tuesday last, at the chapel of the British embassy, the Hon. Cardine Wishart to Francis Herbert, Esq., of Swan House, near Bath, Somersetshire. Immediately after the conclusion of the ceremony the happy pair left Paris for Italy."

Something more than four months after this, Captain Salford dined with three or four of his intimates at the *Rocher Cancale*, Paris. The party were in exuberant spirits, and the exhilarating wine which followed the excellent dinner so loosened their tongues and raised their voices that a gentleman enveloped in a large cloak, though sitting at some distance, with his back towards them, and apparently intent upon the newspapers, had no difficulty in following and thoroughly comprehending their conversation, notwithstanding that no names were mentioned.

"Poor fellow!" one of them remarked, in a tone of ironical compassion, "he was hardly in his right senses, I think, when he married."

"*Voila du nouveau, par exemple*," shouted another, with a burst of merriment. "I should like to know who ever did marry in his right senses, except, indeed, that, like our gallant captain here, he was about to wed something like fifty thousand pounds as well as a charming girl. By-the-by, Salford, is the day fixed for your union with the beautiful Clara?"

"Not the day, exactly:—but let us talk of something else!"

"The fair maiden still demurs, does she?" persisted the questioner: "I had heard so. And, by the way, Ingolsby, who met our rashly married friend a day or two ago,—you are aware, I suppose, that he returned last week from Italy,—says it is plain the wound still bleeds, decorously as he strives to conceal it beneath his wedding robe."

"Bah!" exclaimed Salford; "time has a balm for all such griefs!"

"No doubt; only he is sometimes *over tardy* with his specifics."

"That which tickled me most," said another of the party, "was that delicious trick of Salford's in getting his pretended marriage inserted in the newspapers. I happened to call on the supposedly jilted swain, the very morning the paper reached him, and never saw I, before or since, a man in such a frenzy! and I really thought it would be necessary to pack him off to a *Maison de Sante*. Fortunately he recovered and married, out of hand to show his spirit—a less pleasant catastrophe, in my opinion."

"I wish you'd change the subject," said Salford, peevishly. "It bores one to death. Everything is fair in love and war; and if the poor devil was tricked out of —— Ha!"

No wonder the glass fell from the speaker's hand, and that he leaped to his feet as if a bombshell had exploded beside him;—confronted as he suddenly was by the white face and burning eyes of Francis Herbert!

"Captain Salford," said a voice as cold and hard as if it had issued from a statue, "allow me to return the favors which it seems you have bestowed upon me in the only way at present within my power." As the last words left the speaker's lips, he lifted a glass of wine and hurled it fiercely in Salford's face! "No uproar, gentlemen, pray," continued Herbert,—"no blustering endeavor, captain,—unless you are a coward as well as a liar and villain,—to attract the notice of the waiters, or of a passing gendarme. This matter can have but one termination, and it is well it should be a quiet one. Monsieur le Capitaine Gregoire," he continued, stepping up to a French officer at the other end of the room," a word with you, if you please."

Five minutes afterwards Captain Salford and Francis Herbert, accompanied by their respective seconds, were being rapidly driven towards the Bois de Boulogne. Pistols had been procured at the Rocher. "There would hardly be light enough," gruffly remarked le Capitaine Gregoire, "but for the heavy fall of snow. As it is, we shall manage, I dare say." He then placed his man; Captain Salford's second did the same; and no effort at accommodation being attempted, the signal was quickly sped,—the simultaneous crack of the two pistols rang through the air,—followed by a scream of mortal agony, and Captain Salford was seen to fall heavily, with his face upon the snow.

"It is finished with your antagonist," said le Capitaine Gregoire, approaching Herbert, who was apparently unhurt, though his eyes gleamed wildly. "And you?"

"Is—is—he—dead?" surged through the white, quivering lips of Francis Herbert.

"As Alexander," replied Gregoire. "Why is your hand there?" he added quickly: "You too are hurt."

"To death!" groaned Herbert, as he fell into his second's outstretched arms. "O God, forgive me."

On the precise day two years that Francis Herbert was exiled from Oak Hall a parcel was delivered there by a servant in deep mourning. Mr. Merivale, to whom it was directed, opened it with trembling hands, and found that it contained a ring, which he at once recognised to have belonged to his daughter Clara; and a paper on which was written, in a feeble but well-remembered hand—"When you receive this, my probation will be accomplished. This is your work and mine. I forgive you as I trust to be forgiven. The ring is Clara's,—she, too, will be my last thoughts. Farewell. F. H."

Francis Herbert was buried at Pere La Chaise, and on each anniversary of his death an English lady—upon whose sad, mild features, the angel-beauty of her youth still sheds a sun-set radiance—is seen to kneel and weep upon his grave. That lady is Clara Merivale.

THE REVOLUTION IN CHINA.

[From the London Times.]

The Chinese Revolution is in all respects the greatest revolution the world has yet seen. In mere magnitude it comprises a population equal to that of all Europe and all America put together. It unites the chief features of all the great changes that stand out in the history of the world. As a destruction of temples and idols, and a total change in religion, it recals to us the early ages of the Christian church, and those later times when the northern nations embraced Christianity in masses. As the extermination of a people, it compares with the great conflicts of races, the irruptions, fusions, expulsions, and returns that occupy the earliest pages of authentic history, and resume their prominence on the decline and fall of Rome. As a total change of system, and an opening of China to foreigners, it so far does in a day the usually slow work of modern civilization. This mighty change has come so fast on us that we have not yet realised its consequences. So great is the distance of China, and so small the sympathy between it and the rest of the world, that the Emperor of China ranks in figure of speech with his alleged brother the moon, as a being who knows nothing, and of whom nothing is known in this our own sphere, and with whom we have no imaginable concern. In a moment that wall is thrown down, that gulf is filled up, and that veil is rent asunder. China has hitherto been the very type of all that is unchangeable, formal, and slavish; all of a sudden it not only yields, but absolutely falls to pieces at a foreign impulse. But the most marvellous feature of this revolution remains. The means are utterly insignificant. The chief agent appears to be a person who has received some instruction from a missionary, and whose conduct or apparent motive were such that the missionary refused to baptise him. In fact, he seemed to be a mere charlatan. On comparing his success with the failure of another pretender nearer home, it certainly occurs to us that Mr. Provis has mistaken his sphere, and that if he had made a dash for the throne of China he might have succeeded. The huge balloon has collapsed at the prick of a needle. There is an old saying that everything has a handle, if we only knew where to find it. For ages it has been the complaint of the civilised world that China had no handle. We could not get at it, or into it, or do anything with it. The result shows that there was a way, nevertheless, for somebody has found it. He has pronounced "Open, Sesame," and the everlasting hinges begin to creak, the huge gates begin to turn, the deep recesses of ancient empire are opened to light, we enter, and China becomes part of the world. Why, in a couple of years we shall all be going to China. The last mail left Hong Kong on the 10th of July, and arrived here on the 27th of Aug., doing it in 48 days; and there is every prospect of the time being much shortened. People are tired of Europe, now that it is rail-roaded, hand-booked, and "opened up," as the phrase is, to its very back-bone: Moscow has been burnt; Petersburg is a city of arsenals and palaces; Constantinople, we have been lately told, is a city of wooden boxes; Athens is a bad Herne Bay; Germany has been so often scoured out by its thirty years' wars and its seven years' wars that its cities have nothing to show; Berlin is a poor imitation of Paris; Munich is in pieces, fresh painted, and not yet put together; Paris everybody has seen over and over again; and these are the best—the rest are nowhere. But there is something new in China—something genuine and undiscovered. It is undoubtedly great, ancient, curious, and original. So in a couple of years we shall all be running to the Chinese Consulate in Leadenhall-street or Bucklesbury to get our Foreign-office passport *vised* by a gentleman with small eyes, high cheek bones, and yellow skin, but without a tail, and dressed like everybody else in the City. Those who don't wish to be the pioneers of the grand stream of British tourists may wait another twelve-month, and Mr. Murray will have by that time a *Hand-book of China*, or perhaps Northern China with Japan, and Southern China with the Indian Archipelago. A column of indomitable John Bulls, with their carpet bags, and in that unmistakeable costume which denotes the nation all over the world, will force its way up all the rivers, over all the mountains, and along all the canals, till the great wall of China is surmounted by English ladies'-maids add English parasols. What splendid hotels we shall have at Pekin, and what incessant jokes at the exploded peculiarities of Celestial cookery! In a few years every lad of twenty will have "done" China, and will have his budget of stories of Chinese couriers, commissionaires, cabs, and custom-houses. What letters shall we have complaining of hotel charges and impositions on travellers, for John Chinaman is a bit of a rogue, and so like the majority of Christians that it is wonderful why he is not one of them! In ten years time we shall know much more of China than we know now of Russia, or shall know within fifty years. Then what a country for railways, canals, gas companies, water companies, and all sorts of investments! The Chinese pay most admirably. The effort of discharging the opium ransom has contributed to the present revolution by the exhaustion of the treasury. The people have always been ready to adopt whatever improvements the jealousy of their Tartar rulers permitted them to import; and it appears, on the authority of Jesuit and other writers 200 years ago, that aversion to change is not an original element of the Chinese character. We shall have steamers without end on the great rivers before long, with Chinese engineers and with Chinese engines.

The amount of internal travelling in China is such that we are assured by those who have managed to penetrate into the interior that there are continuous streams of travellers on horse, on foot, and on litters, from Canton to the great wall, some 1,500 miles; in many parts so crowded as to impede one another, and even in the mountain passes so numerous as to leave no traveller out of sight of others before and behind. Among these are long lines of merchandise. What a case for of railway traffic! Our children may see China as much a network of railway as England itself. This is not mere speculation on the possible consequences of change, for it is evident that the successful insurgents are as disposed to invoke the aid of progress and civilization, as defensive auxiliaries against the tyrannical bigotry of the Mantchoos, as the latter were always disposed to rely on the fixedness of their institutions. It is felt that the most effectual way to seal the exclusion of the Tartars, and prevent them ever getting head again in China, is to revolutionise the country as much as possible, and as far as is consistent with a strict moral code. That our new relations with China will be without trouble we do not imagine, for the religion of the conquerors is one which we cannot claim as identical with our own; but, at all events, a very injurious and unnatural state of things is removed; the Chinese population is no longer imprisoned within its walls and shores, and we shall now no longer be stopped at the threshold of the empire.

The Autumn and its Lessons.

All that is earthly must fade. This is an annual lesson, taught by the falling leaf, the withering frost, the silence which pervades the air, and the wreck and decay of vegetation as each recurring Autumn assumes her reign. Another Autumn is upon us now. The tassels of the corn are dead, and the husks of the standing ears have lost their green. The scythe is shearing the hay-fields of their last burden. Small yellow leaves, that have exhausted their vitality before the advent of the frost, are dropping, one by one, from the trees. Flower stalks that but a few short weeks since stood green and glowing, bearing proudly up their wealth of floral beauty, now stand stark and dead. The first faint intimations of approaching dissolution rests upon all vegetation, yet, amid these scenes the fruits of autumn are spread upon every side. Apples bend from the bough, nuts wait on the trees for the loosening fingers of the frost, wains go creaking home laden with homely roots, the granaries are already filled, and soon, housed and garnered, the product of the year will await the grateful use of man and animal.

All that is earthly must fade. "We all do fade as the leaf." Man has his Spring, his Summer, his Autumn, and his Winter. Some leaves wait not for the frost, and fall early, but we who grow crisp and dry with age, and we who grow golden and glorious in the frosts of time, must all alike fo low them to the earth. There are worm-eaten fruits and blasted corn-ears in the fields of humanity, as in the fields of vegetation. The good ones only can find a place in the storehouse of the great husbandman. The lesson of the autumn bears upon and illustrates the whole subject of the close of human life. The year is but a hollow farce without fruit as the grand result. A human life, in its Autumn in which is seen no fruit, betrays a perversion so foul that it might make an angel weep, and as the angels look down upon the world, may they find graces which blush like apples among the leaves, characters well filled out and clean from all impurity, true wisdom filling all the store houses, and the seeds of an immortal life perfected, and ready to be unfolded in

"Those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens."

—*Springfield Republican.*

Which is the Weaker Sex?

Females are called the weaker sex, but why? If they are not strong, who is? When men must wrap themselves in thick garments, and incase the whole in a stout overcoat to shut out the cold, women in thin silk dresses, with neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say they are perfectly comfortable! When men wear water-proof boots over woollen hose, and incase the whole in India-rubber to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk hose and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold! When men cover their heads with furs, and then complain of the severity of the weather, women half cover their heads with straw bonnets, and ride twenty miles in an open sleigh, facing a cold northwester, and pretend not to suffer at all. They can sit, too, by men who smell of rum and tobacco smoke, enough to poison a whole house, and not appear more annoyed than though they were a bundle of roses. Year after year they can bear abuses of all sorts from drunken husbands, as though their strength was made of iron. And then is not woman's mental strength greater than the man's? Can she not endure suffering that would bow the stoutest man to the earth? Call not woman the weaker vessel; for had she not been greater than man, the race would long since have been extinct. Here is a state of endurance which man could not bear.—*English paper.*

The English Bible.

When we reflect that the English Bible has been regarded as a model of correct expression by the ablest critics: that it has been more read than any other English book; that the nature of its subjects and the character of the people have given it, more than any other book, a hold upon the imagiations and the feelings—we do not wonder at the extent to which its language has become the basis both of prose and verse, and even to common conversation. The Bible is not subject to the fluctuations of taste. Shakspeare may become unfashionable, as Milton is now, except in theory. But the Bible will always be read and read by the multitude, who are the great corrupters of language. Its words will always be those most upon the *popular* lip. No [illegible], it will remain "a well of English pure and undefiled," but there is a certainty that its purest [illegible] will be resorted to by all the hundreds of millions who shall be born within the reach of British and American influence till the end of time.—*Princeton Review*, 1836.

Last Moment of John Knox.

On Monday the 24th of November, 1572, he got up in the morning, and partially dressed himself; but, feeling weak, he lay down again. They asked him if he was in pain? "It is no painful pain," he answered, "but such a one as, I trust, shall put an end to the battle." His wife sat by him with the bible open upon her knees. He desired her to read the fifteenth chapter of the first of Corinthians. He thought he was dying as she finished it. "Is not that a beautiful chapter?" he said; and then added, "Now, for the last time, I commend my spirit, soul and body, into thy hands, O Lord." But the crisis passed off for a moment. Towards evening, he lay still for several hours, and at ten o'clock "they went to their ordinary prayer, which was the longer, because they thought he was sleeping." When it was over, the physician asked him if he had heard anything? "Ay," he said, "I wad to God that ye and all men heard as I have heard, and I praise God for that heavenly sound." "Suddenly thereafter he gave a long sigh and sob, and cried out 'Now it is come!' Then Richard Bannatyne, sitting down before him, said, 'Now, sir, the time that ye have long called for, to wit, an end of your battle, is come; and seeing all natural power now fails, remember the comfortable promise which oft time ye have shown to us, of our Saviour, Christ; and that we may understand and know that ye hear us, make us some sign, and so he lifted up his hand; and incontinent, thereafter, rendered up the spirit, and sleepit away without any pain." In such sacred stillness, the strong spirit which had so long battled with the storm, passed away to God."—*Westminster Review.*

Mr. Bruce, in his classic and historical portraits, thus speaks of the dangers of becoming too fat among the Spartans of old:

"The ancient Spartans paid as much attention to the rearing of men as the cattle breeders in modern England do to the breeding of cattle. They took charge of the firmness and looseness of men's flesh, and regulated the degree of fatness to which it was lawful, in a free state, for any citizen to extend his body. Those who dared to grow too fat or too soft for military exercise and the service of Sparta, were soundly whipped. In one particular instance, that of Nauclis, the son of Polybus, the offender was brought before the Ephori, and a meeting of the whole people of Sparta, at which his unlawful fatness was publicly exposed, and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass, and give up his culpable mode of living, which was declared to be more worthy of an Ionian than of a son of Lacedemon."

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.—The *Corriere Mercantile*, of Genoa, quotes a letter of the 15th, mentioning the discovery at Pompeii of three human skeletons, evidently forming one family, together with that of a dog. The postures in which they were found, lead to the presumption that they were engaged in flight at the time of the eruption, but were overtaken by the lava, the dog refusing to leave his master. They had bags of gold and silver coin with them; one of the skeletons displaying rings and ornaments, was that of a young girl, probably the daughter of the fugitives.

A well dressed "gentleman" went a few days ago to a fashionable restaurant in Paris, and took an excellent breakfast. As he was sipping his coffee, the waiter, who it seems had some reason to suspect him, and had kept a watch on him, saw him slip a silver spoon and fork into his pocket. He hastened to tell his master. The latter, to avoid exposure, resolved to enter the things on his bill; and, as he thought the thief deserved mulcting, he charged 45f. for them. The gentleman examined the bill, but though surprised at the entry, displayed no emotion. He produced his purse and paid the whole of the bill, remarking "Forty-five francs form a rather high charge for a silver spoon and fork!"

Some 1,000 acres of land have recently been purchased in Iowa, on which a colony of monks have settled. Among their peculiar habits may be mentioned that they never mingle with the world; and when they put on a new suit of clothes, that suit is kept on, waking or sleeping, till it falls off or becomes unfit for wear.

The Silby estate, belonging to the Hon. Mrs. Petre of England, has been sold to Lord Londesborough for £270,000. Mrs. Petre, whose property was left by her husband entirely at her own disposal, has taken the veil in a nunnery in France, which will of course receive the whole of her fortune.