The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No. 1142.

ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1840.

Vol. XII. No. 42.

PUBLISHED ON TUESDAYS, BY
DONALD A. CAMERON.
Office in Prince William-street, near the Market square, over the Marine Assurance Office.
TERMS—15s. per annum, exclusive of postage, half in advance.

Weekly Almanack.

April—1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
15 Wednesday - -	5 15	6 45	4 30	10 41
16 Thursday - -	5 14	6 46	Rises.	11 12
17 Friday - -	5 12	6 47	8 7	11 44
18 Saturday - -	5 10	6 48	9 14	Morn.
19 Sunday - -	5 8	6 49	10 18	0 19
20 Monday - -	5 7	6 50	11 16	0 54
21 Tuesday - -	5 6	6 51	Morn.	1 32

Full Moon 16th, 3h. 13m. evening.

SPRUCE LUMBER.

THE subscriber offers for sale a quantity of SPRUCE LUMBER, consisting of 2-inch Plank, 1½ inch Flooring, inch Boards, and Refuse Deals. Apply at the Counting House of E. Barlow & Sons, or to the subscriber.

WILLIAM G. CODY,
February 3 *Loch Lomond.*

MOFFAT'S
Vegetable Life Medicines.

THESE Medicines are indebted for their name to their manifest and sensible action in purifying the springs and channels of life, and enduing them with renewed tone and vigor. In many hundred certified cases which have been made public, and in almost every species of disease to which the human frame is liable, the happy effects of MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS have been gratefully and publicly acknowledged by the persons benefitted, and who were previously unacquainted with the beautifully philosophical principles upon which they are compounded, and upon which they consequently act.

The LIFE MEDICINES recommend themselves in diseases of every form and description. Their first operation is too loosen from the coats of the stomach and bowels, the various impurities and crudities constantly settling around them, and to remove the hardened fæces which collect in the convolutions of the small intestines. Other medicines only partially cleanse these and leave such collected masses behind as to produce habitual costiveness, with all its train of evils, or sudden diarrhœa, with its imminent dangers. This fact is well known to all regular anatomists, who examine the human bowels after death; and hence the prejudice of these well-informed men against quack medicines—or medicines prepared and heralded to the public by ignorant persons. The second effect of the Life Medicines is to cleanse the kidneys and the bladder, and by this means the liver and the lungs, the healthful action of which entirely depends upon the regularity of the urinary organs.—The blood, which takes its red color from the agency of the liver and the lungs before it passes into the heart being thus purified by them, and nourished by food coming from a clean stomach, courses freely through the veins, renews every part of the system, and triumphantly mounts the banner of health in the blooming cheek.

Moffat's Vegetable Life Medicines have been thoroughly tested, and pronounced a sovereign remedy for Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Palpitation of the Heart, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn and Headache, Restlessness, Ill-temper, Anxiety, Langour and Melancholy, Costiveness, Diarrhœa, Cholera, Fevers of all kinds, Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsies of all kinds, Gravel, Worms, Asthma and Consumption, Scurvy, Ulcers, Inveterate Sores, Scorbutic Eruptions and Bad Complexions, Eruptive complaints, Sallow, Cloudy, and other disagreeable Complexions, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, common Colds and Influenza, and various other complaints which afflict the human frame. In Fever and Ague, particularly, the Life Medicines have been most eminently successful; so much so that in the Fever and Ague districts, Physicians almost universally prescribe them.

All that Mr. Moffat requires of his patients is to be particular in taking the Life Medicines strictly according to the directions. It is not by a newspaper notice, or by any thing that he himself may say in their favor, that he hopes to gain credit. It is alone by the results of a fair trial.

Moffat's Medical Manual, designed as a domestic guide to health — This little pamphlet, edited by W. B. Moffat, 375 Broadway, New-York, has been published for the purpose of explaining more fully Mr. Moffat's theory of diseases, and will be found highly interesting to persons seeking health. It treats upon prevalent diseases, and the causes thereof. Price, 25 cents—for sale by Mr. Moffat's agents generally.

These valuable Medicines are for sale at the *Circulating Library*, in this city, and also at Messrs. Peters & Tilley's, No. 4, King street.

☞ Agents for the Life Pills and Bitters—At Norton Bridge, Mr. John Elliott; Fredericton, Mr. James F. Gale; W. Y. Theal, Esq. Shediac; J. A. Reeve, Esq. Sussex Vale; Mrs. Smith, Jemseg, (Grand Lake); Mr. James Crowley, Digby, (N. S.); Hopewell, Peter McClelan, Esq.; Amherst Allan Chipman; Thos. Prince, Esq Petticodiac; Mr. Thos. Turner, Saint Andrews; Mr. I. C. Black, Sackville; Samuel Fairweather, Springfield, K. C.: Benjamin Milliken, Esq. St. George, Mr. Baird, Druggist, Woodstock; P. Bonnett, Esq. Annapolis; T. H. Black, Esq. St. Martins; Mr. Hallett, Hampton Ferry; Mr. Thos. Spratt, Miramichi; Mr. Gilbert Bent, Bridgetown, N. S.; Mr. C. P. Jones, Weymouth, N. S.; G. F. Dittmars, Clements, N. S.

A. R. TRURO,
General Agent for New-Brunswick

The Garland.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

Where does the Spirit of Beauty dwell?
Oh, said one, if you seek to know,
You must gaze around, above, below,
For earth and heaven and ocean tell,
Where the Spirit of beauty loves to dwell.
But see, she comes with the early spring,
And winnows the air with her fragrant wing,
Clothing each meadow and hill and tree
In the bloom of rich embroidery.
Ask her now ere she pass away
Where on the earth she delights to stay,
And the Spirit will pause, while earth and sky
Ring with the tones of her glad reply—

"Seek for me in the blue hare bell,
In the pearly depths of the ocean shell,
In the vesper flush of the dying day,
In the first faint glow of the morning ray;
I sleep on the breast of the crimson rose
And hide in the stately lily's snows;
I am found where the chrystal dew-drops shine,
No gem so bright in a diamond mine;
I bloom in the flower that decks the grave,
And ride on the crest of the dark green wave;
I'm up and away o'er earth and o'er sea,
Till there is not a spot from my presence free.

"I am seen in the stars, in the leaf enshrined,
And heard in the sigh of the whispering wind;
On the ripling breast of the winding stream;
In the mellow glow of the moon's mild beam:
I fan the air with the bird's lightwing,
And lurk in the grass of the fairy ring;
My tints in the rainbow arch are set,
And I breathe in the fragrant violet;
Look where you may, you will find me there,
For the Spirit of Beauty is every where.

[Foreign Journal.

Miscellaneous.

From the London Sporting Magazine for March, 1840.

Sporting Sketches from New-Brunswick.

BY M. H. PERLEY, ESQUIRE.

No. 2.—*The Forest Fairies of the Milicetes.*

The bright rays of the morning sun, darting across the lake, and shining directly into "The Camp of the Owls," awoke us from our dreamy repose: in a few minutes our party were astir, and all was again activity and bustle. While the night-mist was rolling off the lake, and rising to the hill-tops, thence to form, in the latter part of the day, those white and fleecy clouds, called the "woolpacks," which are so truly beautiful in the bright blue skies of North America, we took a plunge in the clear waters, and braced ourselves for the day's fatigue, by a most refreshing bath. A luxurious breakfast followed, comprising "all the delicacies of the season," furnished by the preceding day's sport, which each member of our party endeavoured to enjoy in the way most suited to his taste. Seated by the margin of the lake, lolling on the green sward, or leaning against a tree, admiring the quiet beauty of the scene, and breathing the balmy morning air, we discussed our meal, with not a whit less zest because our breakfast service was *not* furnished by Rundell and Bridge, or Storr and Mortimer, but had been prepared on the instant, in great variety of convenient shapes, from the ever-useful birch-bark.

Breakfast over, the camp was broken up; our various equipments were placed in the canoes, and paddling down the lake, we passed through a short but rapid stream, and then opened a large and beautiful sheet of water, as yet nameless and unexplored. The fishing was so excellent in the rapids that a halt was resolved upon, and a most picturesque and convenient spot, under some spreading beeches, being selected by the Indians for our "*wee-pe-maw*," or "resting-place," they proceeded to build a camp with more than ordinary care, as we intended to make the station our head-quarters for some days. Those not accustomed to a forest life, would be surprised to observe with what facility a habitation is erected, and how very soon a spot, which had previously reposed for ages in a pefect state of nature, unmolested by a human being, becomes invested with the attributes of civilized life; not the least of which, is that strong and almost instinctive attraction which draws our thoughts and persons toward home and its comforts.

The afternoon was spent in fishing the rapids; and rarely have I seen better sport. Few of the trout were less than a pound weight, very many of them weighing upwards of two pounds, while the largest did not exceed three pounds and a half. Just at the tail of the rapid, where the swift stream was checked in its foaming career by the deep, still water of the lake, the trout were lying in great numbers and they rose fast and boldly. We commenced fishing with three flies each; but, as we were continually hooking a brace, and sometimes three at once, and so losing them all, the number was reduced to one only, and that one a large and gaudy lake-fly of Martin Kelly's, which did great execution.

Beside the red charr, we took a number of the long white trout, a gay and sportive fish, possessing great strength for their size, shaped not unlike the pike, and possessing a large mouth, armed with numerous strong sharp teeth. In rising at the fly, they almost always throw themselves entirely out of the water, in a very peculiar manner, and, when hooked, instantly turn down stream, and run off the line with great velocity. When the run is spent, they spring perpendicularly into the air three or four times in succession, and then, if not kept in good play, shoot up the stream again to repeat the same game, until they become exhausted, or break the line. No fish of their size can afford finer sport than these white trout; but they require a steady hand, a quick eye, and sound tackle; for they are very apt to snap the casting-line, particularly if checked in the leaps, or during the first run. They answer closely, the description given by Sir Humphrey Davy, in his "Salmonia," of the *Salmo lucho*, and there is every reason to believe that they belong to that class, if they are not the very *lucho* itself. They are a very predatory fish, of great length in proportion to their thickness, having a dark green back, and silvery belly, with black spots only on the sides. The head is long, and somewhat sharp; the lower jaw is much hooked upwards, and closes over the upper one. One of these *Salmo*, twenty-two inches in length, very clean and bright, weighed but two pounds, yet he gave good sport, and required nearly as much line to kill him as would be required for a grilse of six or seven pounds weight. These fish are most generally taken in swift water, and prefer a large and gaudy fly; they do not always rise readily, but never fail to run at a minnow, or the scarlet fins of the charr, when properly spun across the current. The tyro in fly-fishing need wish no better practice than these white trout will afford, before he aspires to attack the mighty salmon in all his strength and glory.

Ere the shades of evening fell, we were perfectly satiated with the sport, and having settled ourselves comfortably around the camp fire, began gossiping with the Indians, and taking lessons in the Milicete language. While pursuing our studies, the Indian names of the lakes and rivers of New Brunswick came in question, and, harsh and unpronounceable as many of them seem, we found that their significations were, in many instances, highly poetical; and, in all cases, conveyed a correct general idea of the character of the river or lake. The noble river St. John, is called, by the aborigines, "Looshtork," literally, "the river which I love;" the "Magaguadavic," signifies "the river of hills;" the "Digdeguash," is "the rolling river;" the "Restiguche," is "the foaming river;" the "Nepisiguit," is "the difficult river;" the "Miramichi," signifies "the happy retreat;" while the "Richibucto," denotes "the river of the burnt country."

A small stream which dashes down the mountain side, forming a succession of pools and cascades, is called the "Ammonoosook," or "the river which leaps from rock to rock." One of our dusky companions described to us a large lake, lying embosomed amid some richly wooded mountains, the bright waters of which were so perfectly sheltered as seldom to be disturbed, save by a slight ripple, no angry wave daring to agitate its unruffled surface. He pictured, in glowing terms, a scene of exquisite beauty; and became quite poetical while descanting on the varied hues of the woods which clothed the mountain sides, and the brilliancy and bright sparkling of the waters, which, he said, seemed to rejoice in their quiet and happy situation. This lake is honoured with a long and difficult name, which signifies "the smile of the Great Spirit," a designation more appropriate, or more in accordance with the perfect Indian paradise described to us, could scarcely have been selected.

Some long stories finally lulled us to sleep, which was only broken at early dawn on the following day. Snatching a hasty meal, we equipped ourselves in light marching order, for the purpose of visiting a mountain, a few miles distant from our camp, and ascending to its top, which seemed to be formed of a naked cap of granite, with very precipitous sides. We each carried a gun, and one of our party slung a short rifle over his shoulder, in case we should meet with deer. One of the Indians took the lead, and travelling in single file, as is always the custom in the woods, the other brought up the rear. We took the most direct line through the forest, and used great diligence, yet it was high noon ere we had gained two-thirds of the ascent to the mountain top. The leading Indian repeatedly cautioned us to be on the alert, it being highly probable that we should see some carriboo, as this was a favourite place of resort with them; our friend, therefore, unslung his rifle, and it lay in the hollow of his arm, ready for instant use. Just before reaching the naked top, we had to pass across a deep but narrow ravine, in the bottom of which flourished a luxuriant growth of furs, nourished by the soil and *debris* washed from above. In pushing through this thicket, a large covey of partridges was disturbed, and we commenced firing at them briskly. The rifleman looked on quietly, but was suddenly roused by a rush from the summit—a lofty carriboo came sweeping down, intending to pass the gorge about fifty yards from us. Three leaps more would place him in safety; two were accomplished, but the third he was not destined to complete. The sharp crack of the rifle was followed by the instant fall of the deer, which came heavily to earth, and, when we gathered round, he was quite dead. After sufficiently admiring our prize, and rejoicing at our good fortune, we left the Indians to do the needful, and clambered to the summit of the rock. We found it nearly a square *plateau*, of considerable size; on three sides, the mountain went down almost perpendicularly, to a very considerable depth (in one place, fully three hundred feet;) and the fourth side, by which we ascended, was the only route by which the top could be reached. The *plateau* was covered with white moss, profusely intermingled with the small rock cranberry, upon which the deer had been browsing, and from the numerous hoof prints in the moss, we were satisfied he had not been alone. The others had probably gone earlier, or stolen off more quietly, and so escaped; yet they must, of necessity, have passed down the mountain at no great distance from us, while we were toiling up the steep ascent.

From this elevated spot we enjoyed an extensive panoramic view of a wide tract of densely wooded country, hitherto untouched by the woodman's axe, and bearing no trace of yet having become the residence of the white man. All lay in the perfect stillness of the undisturbed forest, although, perhaps, destined, at no distant day, to become the home and abiding-place of hundreds of industrious and stalwart farmers, assisted by their active and thrifty dames, and troops of hardy, rosy-cheeked boys and girls. While our eyes roamed over hill, river, lake, plain, valley, and mountain-pass, we fancied ourselves viewing the same scene a hundred years hence, and believed that, in one charming nook we beheld a thriving village, and heard the sound of the bell from the parish church, whose modest spire did not escape our notice. On a brawling stream, hard by, we saw the mill, and we certainly thought its wheel moved round, and that we heard its clack. Flocks and herds covered the rich pastures, and carriages were on the highways; the fields seemed highly cultivated, and the cottages were neatly white-washed, while a sufficiency of trees had been preserved, to give beauty and variety to the landscape. All this and more was visible to our mind's eye, and we were rejoicing over the beauty of the scene, when a shout from the Indians announced their readiness to depart, awaking us from our day-dream to the sober realities of life, and at once brushing off the whole of the snug farm-houses, with the gardens, fields, pastures, shady-lanes, and broad highways with which fancy had covered the magnificent country beneath and around us.

The deer had been dressed, quartered, and neatly packed up in the skin, ready to be carried to the camp. We were suffering intensely from thirst, and striking a well-beaten deer path, which we were told would lead with certainty to the nearest water, followed it down the sloping side of the mountain at a rattling pace, and soon found ourselves beside a clear, cold spring, which gushed from beneath a huge over-hanging rock. Here we rested and refreshed, and thence following the bed of a mountain torrent, now nearly dry, reached our camp before sunset, killing more partridges, some woodcock, and a variety of small game by the way.

Evening found us again by the margin of the lake, listening to the rush of the stream, and watching the last rays of the setting sun, gilding the tops of the distant hills, producing that bright and gorgeous display of colours in the western sky, so common to North American sunsets, which, though often seen, never fail to excite undiminished admiration. The splendid and ever-varying tints sunk gradually into the long, delightful twilight of New-Brunswick, and the shades of night settled slowly down, rendering objects less and less distinct; the distant shores of the lake faded from the view, and water, earth, and sky, became blended together, and, at length, covered with the impenetrable veil of darkness.

The Indians were reclining by the water side, and I had thrown myself beside them to take another lesson in their language, while gazing upon the scene. The moon had just risen in unclouded splendour, and her first rays were shooting across the lake in a long line of silvery light, when our attention was attracted by numerous voices and sounds, as of revelry and laughter, proceeding from the opposite shore, about a quarter of a mile distant. I eagerly inquired who it could be talking so loud and earnestly, and, seemingly, with so much glee, in that wild and unfrequented spot, but received no reply. The Indians listened with undivided attention, remaining motionless and silent, while their countenances wore an expression of surprise and deep awe. The sounds continued about ten minutes, when they suddenly ceased, and all was still again. After a short space, the Indians rose slowly, and retired to the camp, whither I soon followed, my curiosity excited to the uttermost, feeling assured, from their strange and unusual manner, and the broken exclamations which fell from them, that we had met with an incident of no ordinary occurrence, and of more than usual interest.

After a time, and with great but cautious pressing, I drew from them, by degrees, a traditionary belief of the Milicete tribe, seldom mentioned, except by their own camp fires, and in the presence of their own people. They said it had always been believed among them, that near every large lake in New Brunswick dwelt a certain number of "good Indians," who sported on the shore, fished in its waters, and hunted the neighbouring forest, never roaming far from its banks, and generally building their lodges in some shady hollow, near a bubbling stream, whose verdant banks would bear abundant marks of their merry gambols and happy life. These "good Indians," they said, were but seldom seen by the Milicetes, although, frequently, in hunting, the lovely spots where they had dwelt were met with; and readily recognised by the rings amid the feathery brakes and clustering wild flowers, in which they seemed to delight. Sometimes, though rarely, their voices were heard in the distance; but it had ever been an invariable custom to avoid molesting them, or prying into their affairs: the Indians who had done so, were always unfortunate in hunting afterwards, and generally met with some serious accident. It was considered very wrong to intringe upon their hunting grounds, and no Milicete hunter, who regarded his own welfare, or the customs of his forefathers, would do so; but if he accidentally came in their neighbourhood, would seek to please and propitiate them, by leaving presents suspended near their favourite haunts.

Several wild and beautiful legends, of meetings with this favoured race, were related to us, when the weary and unsuccessful hunter had been invited to their lodges, partaken of their hospitality, and been allowed to join in their sports and dances. Of dancing by moonlight they were said to be excessively fond, and it was their favourite pastime. The men were described as being of small stature, slightly made, exceedingly active, and very quick in their movements. The squaws were represented as being delicately formed, possessing the most perfect symmetry and surpassing beauty, while they were also gifted with the most winning ways.

The witchery of their dark eyes, sunny smiles, light step, and graceful easy movements, as they threaded the pathless forest, or floated in the mazes of the dance, were pronounced irresistible; and no visitor had escaped their seductive wiles, or the magical influence of their sweet and musical voices. Few hunters who had visited the "good Indians," in their happy homes, had desired to return to the wigwams of the Milicetes, becoming perfectly enchanted with their pleasing customs, joyous manners, never-ending gaiety, and consummate skill in hunting and fishing. No hint would be given the loiterer that it was time to depart; but if the stay were prolonged beyond a reasonable time, the captivated guest found himself, some fine morning, on awaking from a long, deep sleep, and shaking the night dew from his garments, lying alone under a spreading tree, no trace of his fascinating entertainers, or their snug lodges, remaining. The full cup of enjoyment had been suddenly dashed from his lips; and departing on his unwilling return homeward, he would muse on the happy hours he had spent, with an ardent desire to be again with the "good Indians," and once more under the spells of the syrens who had held him in thrall, causing forgetfulness of his obligations as a hunter, and the obedience due to the sachems of his tribe.

The following day, at the earnest request of our Indians, we broke up our camp, and removed to another part of the lake, several miles distant, to avoid disturbing the "good Indians," in whose vicinity we had unwittingly placed ourselves. While the Indians were preparing for departure, we slipped quietly across the lake in our canoes, to the point from whence the sounds of mirth and revelry had proceeded, and made diligent search for traces of our neighbours. We were not fortunate enough to discover any, neither could we find any indication that the spot had ever been visited by the white or the red man. We had not heard the sound of the axe, neither had we seen the smoke of a camp fire, which we assuredly should have done, had any brother sportsmen, or Indian hunters, been resting near us,—and we left, fully convinced of the existence of the "good Indians," congratulating ourselves on having heard their voices in mirthful mood, and on the commencement of our acquaintance with "The Forest Fairies of the Milicetes."

St. John, New Brunswick.

From Blackwood's Magazine, for March.

JERUSALEM.

Vast as is the period, and singular as are the changes of European history since the Christian era, Judea still continues to be the most interesting portion of the world. Among other purposes, it may be for the purpose of fixing the general eye upon this extraordinary land, that it has been periodically visited by a more striking succession of great public calamities than perhaps any other region. With less to attract an invader than any other conspicuous land of the East, it has been constantly exposed to invasion. Its ruin, by the Romans in the first century, did not prevent its being assailed by almost every barbarian, who, in turn, assumed the precarious sovereignty of the neighbouring Asia. After ages of obscure misery, a new terror came in the Saracen invasion, which, under Amrou, on the conquest of Damascus, rolled on Palestine. A siege of four months, which we may well conceive to have abounded in horrors, gave Jerusalem into the hands of the Kaliph Omar. On the death of Omar, who died by the usual fate of Eastern princes—the dagger—the country was left to the still heavier misgovernment of the Moslem viceroys—a race of men essentially barbarian, and commuting for their crimes by their zeal in proselytism. The people, of course, were doubly tormented.

A new scourge fell upon them in the invasion of the Crusaders, at the beginning of the twelfth century, followed by a long succession of bitter hostilities and public weakness. After almost a century of this wretchedness, another invasion from the Desert put Jerusalem into the hands of its old oppressor, the Saracen; and in 1187, the famous Saladin, expelling the last of the Christian sovereigns, took possession of Palestine. After another century of tumult and severe suffering, occasioned by the disputes of the Saracen princes, it was visited by a still more formidable evil in the shape of the Turks, then wholly uncivilized—a nation in all the rudeness and violence of mountaineer life, and spreading blood and fire through Western Asia. From this date (1317) it remained under the dominion of the Ottoman, until its conquest, a few years ago, by that most extraordinary of all Mussulmans, the Pacha of Egypt—a dreary period of 500 years, under the most desolating government of the world. It is equally impossible to read the Scriptural references to the future condition of Palestine, without discovering a crowd of the plainest and most powerful indications that it shall yet exhibit a totally different aspect from that of its present state. Enthusiasm, or even the natural interest which we feel in this memorable nation, may color the future to us too brightly; but unless language of the most solemn kind, uttered on the most solemn occasions, and by men divinely commissioned for its utterance, is wholly unmeaning, we must yet look to some powerful, unquestionable, and splendid display of Providence in favour of the people of Israel.

The remarkable determination of European politics toward Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, within these few years; the not less unexpected change of manners and customs, which seemed to defy all change; and the new life infused into the stagnant governments of Asia, even by their being flung into the whirl of European interests, look not unlike signs of the times. It may be no dream, to imagine in these phenomena the proofs of some memorable change in the interior of things—some preparatives for that great providential restoration, of which Jerusalem will yet be the scene, if not the center; and the Israelite himself, the especial agent of those high transactions, which shall make Christianity the religion of all lands, restore the dismantled beauty of all earth, and make man what he was created to be—only 'a little lower than the angels.'

The statistics of the Jewish population are among the most singular circumstances of this most singular of all people. Under all their calamities and dispersions, they seem to have remained at nearly the same amount as in the days of David and Soloman, never much more in prosperity, never much less after ages of suffering. Nothing like this has occurred in the history of any other race; Europe in general having doubled its population within the last hundred years, and England nearly tripled hers within the last half century; the proportion of America being still more rapid, and the world crowding in a constantly increasing ratio. Yet the Jews seem to stand still in this vast and general movement. The population of Judea in its most palmy days, probably did not exceed, if it reached, four millions. The numbers who entered Palestine from the wilderness were evidently not much more than three; and their census, according to the German statists, who were generally considered to be exact, is now nearly the same as that of the people under Moses—about three millions. They are thus distributed:—

In Europe, 1,916,000, of which about 658,000 are in Poland and Russia, and 453,000 are in Austria.

In Asia, 738,000, of which 300,000 are in Asiatic Turkey.

In Africa, 504,000, of which 300,000 are in Morocco.

In America, North and South, 57,000.

If we add to these about 15,000 Samaritans, the calculation in round numbers will be about 3,180,000.

This was the report in 1825—the numbers probably remain the same. This extraordinary fixedness in the midst of almost universal increase, is doubtless not without a reason—if we are even to look for it among the mysterious operations which have preserved Israel a separate race through eighteen hundred years. May we not naturally conceive, that a people thus preserved without advance or retrocession; dispersed, yet combined; broken, yet firm; without a country, yet dwellers in all; every where insulted, yet every where influential; without a nation, yet united as no nation ever was before or since—has not been appointed to offer this extraordinary contradiction to the common laws of society, and even the common progress of nature, without a cause, and that cause one of final benevolence, universal good, and divine grandeur?

Clerical Bon Mot.—A reverend Doctor was lately travelling from London to —— in the mail coach; it so fell out that he and a lady were the only persons occupying the interior of the vehicle. He therefore essayed to draw the lady out in the way of conversation, but to no effect; so he resigned himself to the embrace of Morpheus, which example the lady shortly thereafter followed. Subsequently the mail coach halted at the lady's residence, footmen were in attendance to hand her ladyship from the carriage, which attendance the lady was in the act of receiving, when the Reverend Doctor facetiously remarked, 'Why, Madam, we must not part without shaking hands, as 'tis probably the last time we may sleep together;' which the lady, highly amused, assented to by a cordial pressure of the hand.

New York Marriage Fete of the Queen.

The charitable celebration of the marriage of Queen Victoria, was really a handsome and interesting affair. The number of widows and orphans present—English, Irish and Scotch, corresponded with the statement of this paper on Wednesday. Many of the orphan children came from the Asylum, and were attended by their excellent benefactress, Mrs Bethune. The tables spread occupied nearly the entire area of Mr. Niblo's Saloon, and the seats entirely around the walls were filled with invited spectators of the fete. The galleries, likewise, were entirely filled, mostly with a bright and beautiful circle of ladies.

The saloon itself was tastefully decorated with flags and streamers—the latter radiating from the centre above. In front of the orchestra, which was occupied by a full band, stood the bust of the Queen, crowned with a garland of flowers. Above the gallery, at the lower end of the saloon, was the large national portrait of Washington, painted by Trumbull. In the centre of the saloon, upon a large table, stood the most magnificent wedding cake that has ever been seen or tasted. Its diameter was about six feet. Its thickness about twelve inches. Its weight one thousand and thirty pounds avoirdupois. Upon this cake, as its pedestal, stood the statue of her Majesty. The arrangements were all under the direction of Mr. Buchanan, her Majesty's consul for this port, aided by an efficient committee of perhaps twenty members, with steward's maces.

By a quarter to one o'clock all the dishes were placed on the Tables, the band playing "The Roast Beef of England;" at the conclusion of which the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, in a solemn and most impressive manner, implored the Divine blessing on the feast and on the occasion of it, to the following effect:

"Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we acknowledge thee as the bountiful giver of every good and perfect gift, and we adore that gracious Providence which has ever governed and preserved the land of our fathers, and this our beloved home, and made the great bulwarks of civil and religious liberty throughout the world. We humbly pray thee that no doubts of their mutual good faith, and no difficulties, may ever interpose between them, but that their friendship may be cemented in an ever strengthening union. Upon this festive occasion we would implore thy choicest blessings upon the youthful sovereign of the British Empire and her Princely consort. Grant that she and their posterity may continue to reign over a free, united, and prosperous people, to the remotest ages. Thou art the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God, we therefore pray thee that as thou hast this day spoken comfort to their souls, and given them gladly to enjoy this thy bounty, thou wilt vouchsafe to carry them home in peace, and teach them to prepare for that blessed home which is everlasting. Do thou be pleased to continue thy fatherly care to these children who are bereft of earthly parents, and grant that they may always incline to thy will, and walk in thy way. Bless, we beseech thee, these gifts of thy good providence, and grant that in these and all thy other blessings we may know how to use and not abuse them. All which, we ask in the name of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, to whom with the Father and the Holy Spirit be all glory and dominion, world without end. Amen."

The dinner was both substantial and bountiful. The ox roasted for the occasion—the contribution of Mr. Buchanan himself—was well roasted, and the flesh proved to be most tender and well-flavoured. It was partaken with keen relish by the objects of charity for whom it was provided, and tasted by many of the visiters. But roasted beef was not the only fare. Other dishes, boiled and roasted, in great abundance, were served—the whole moistened with ale, and a glass of generous port.

The dinner having been ended, the Rev. Dr. Bayard returned thanks. *Non Nobis Domine* was then sung by a choir of professional vocalists, led by Mr. C. E. Horn. "The Queen," being the toast of the day, was then given and drunk with three times three—after which "*God Save the Queen*," was most effectively sung, with additions, imparting to this favourite national anthem, in its concluding stanzas, the character of an *epithalamium*.

The wedding cake was then cut, and served, in the first instance to the widows and orphans—after which pieces were distributed among the guests in attendance, above and below. If all were not served, it was because of the crowd, and not for the want of enough. Its size was such that the cutting was like the quarrying of a rock. Salver after salver, loaded with pieces, was borne away, and yet the cake, like the widow's barrel of meal, seemed hardly to decrease. This mammoth cake, richly encrusted with sugar, and beautifully ornamented, was baked by Mr. Shaddle.—Its flavor was as good as though made by the celebrated Mrs. Poppleton, of other days.

The exercises were closed by a number of addresses from different gentlemen assigned to that duty.—Mr. Joseph Fowler addressed the widows, Mr. Chas. Edwards the orphan girls, and Mr. Buchanan the boys. Dr. Hogan also spoke generally to the audience. These addresses were all marked by the best spirit of comfort to the widow, and sound advice to the orphans. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Edwards, pointing to the portrait of Washington, made a beautiful apostrophe to the memory of that great man, whom he ranked among the greatest and best that ever lived. He was enforcing upon the girls, and the ladies among the visiters, the importance of the position and character of woman—quoting the remark of Washington, that for all that was valuable in his character, he was indebted to HIS MOTHER.

Mr. Buchanan's text was the "big cake," and he used it most happily, as a memento, the recollection of which was to be cherished. He wrought the boys to sundry wholesome resolutions, as to their future conduct—such as vows of truth, and to eschew all evil practices—especially the blasphemous practice of profane swearing, the evils of strong drink, and the loathsomeness and vulgarity of the use of tobacco. Whenever the boys should be tempted to trangress in any of these particulars, they were charged to remember the big cake, and their promises when they saw it.

It had been given out that Mr. Grattan, author of High-Ways and Bye-ways, a son of the celebrated Irish orator, now her Majesty's consul at Boston, was to speak, and great curiosity was manifested to hear him. By some mistake, however, he did not receive the invitation, although happening to be on a brief visit to this city. He was, however, sent for, and yielded to the solicitations to make a few remarks.

On rising, he said he saw neither president nor chairman to address, and therefore he would take leave to say "Ladies and gentlemen." He assured them that he was taken altogether by surprise, for he had not anticipated being present at the festival, much less that he should be called upon to bear a part in it. He could not even call himself a representative of their fellow subjects in New England, for he was not deputed. He stood, therefore, much in the condition of the representative of old Sarum, consecrated in Parliamentary history—a representative of himself.

After a few pleasant observations to his own countrymen and countrywomen, he addressed himself to the American portion of his audience. "Ladies," said he, "I see many bright and beautiful faces around me, and to your sweet sympathies I appeal for an approval of this occasion. You must love Queen Victoria because she loves the United States. I can indeed assure you that the Queen is a very decided friend of America. She has herself taken up her residence in the *United* state, and she has moreover just settled the *boundary* question in the most amicable manner possible—the boundary between girl hood and woman hood. He could not exactly say that she had become a naturalized citizen of the state of New York, or the state of Massachusetts, but she has certainly become a naturalized citizen of the great state of matrimony, and no doubt was living very happily in it." Mr. G. continued his remarks in a vein of pleasantry, and yet appropriate to the occasion, for a few minutes, and sat down as the other speakers had done, amid the applause of the audience.

The children sang "Home, Sweet Home," in chorus, and the assembly was dismissed. It was a happy day to the recipients of the supplies provided for the occasion, and also to the benevolent gentlemen who provided and arranged the feast. Indeed, Mr. Buchanan, with glowing eyes, at the close of his speech, declared that it was the happiest day of his life. Every thing was conducted with the most perfect order, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasures of the day.

The committee of arrangements afterward dined together with great glee and good feeling.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Hides and Leather.—There are, in Great Britain and Ireland, six or seven million head of cattle. But these do not afford a supply of leather sufficiently large for the numerous uses to which it serves. We import hides from Lithunia, and other provinces of Russia, where the cattle run wild in the forests; and in Paraguay the vast herds which range the boundless plains, are pursued and skinned, while the rest of the animal is of so little value, that the carcase is left to rot upon the ground. The troubled state of those South American States has kept up the price of leather, by preventing the trade in skins. The largest tanneries in the world are at Bermondsey, on the outskirts of London. The value of articles made of leather is fifteen millions per annum, and shoes take more than one half of that amount. Leather is not an article we export, for other nations can supply themselves more cheaply than we can. Gloves are made at Worcester, Yeovil, Ludlow, and Woodstock.

Cause and Effect.—The editor of the Philadelphia Observer remarks on his late tour in New England:—

The Effects of the temperance reformation, in many of the villages and townships of New England, are most gratifying. In places well known to us twenty years ago, where dilapidated houses with broken windows, bad fences and neglected fields, seemed to reveal the idleness and vicious habits of the occupants and to announce their penury and ruin, the eye of the traveller is now delighted with a picture of prosperity. New and substantial dwellings neatly painted white, with Venetian blinds, looking like the abode of temperance and her train of virtues, well cultivated fields, laden with a luxuriant promise of an ample reward to the labourer, good fences and improved roads, are evidences, in many a country neighbourhood of New England, of the great and good results of temperance principles. The change effected, in this respect, during the last ten years, is most delightful; and other proofs of it, witnessed in the churches of the living God, are still more cheering. The triumphs of redeeming mercy, witnessed among those who were once fair candidates for the drunkard's grave, proclaim to the churches and the world, that entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks, has, under God, been instrumental in effecting infinitely more for the immortal interests of men, than it is possible for them to realize in the prosperity of the present life.

Rural Charms.—Every man ought to have his house painted, the door yard fence kept in good repair, a number of beautiful trees set around it, briers, stones, and every slovenly appearance banished from it, a few pleasant walks laid around his dwelling, the lanes leading from his house to distant fields shaded with ornamental and useful trees, and the general air of neatness and comfort universally preserved. However small his farm, he can have all these. However poor, he may have something like this. A little diligent contrivance and improvement of leisure hours will give him all these.

The moral effects of these things on his wife and children will be delightful. They will contribute to make a contented and happy home. The child may be taught to love the young tree whose roots he has watered, and which is growing up by his side. The family will be pleased with their home, and the love of home, and its pleasant localities will have a healing influence to the soul.

The library within, and the neatness and taste which surrounds, will be successful rivals to the tavern, and to wild and ruinous companions. Who knows but that these few suggestions may make some farm houses which we have seen look a little more comfortable and attractive. If they should—if they make one little tree grow, we shall be well paid for writing them.

Education.—Lord Abinger, in a charge to the grand jury, at the Leicester assizes, made the following remarks:

"The doctrine which was lately promulgated was, to give the poor education and you destroy crime. This had not turned out to be the case with the calendar before the court, for he found that the most of the desperate robberies and burglaries were committed by persons who could read and write well. Now although he would never discourage educating the lower class of society, he would still affirm that education, if not founded on religious and moral principles, instead of becoming a blessing to the poor, would in the end turn out a curse. To give a sound education to the poor, moral and religious education must accompany it. They must be well made to know, not only the moral duties he has to perform, but also the religious ones. Education, without religious instruction, would not control the strong passions of the human race; and he had only again to repeat that the various calendars throughout the circuit had plainly convinced him that it would be far better to leave the poorer classes of the community in ignorance than to give them an education which had not for its ground-work our revealed and blessed religion."

How to Shake off Trouble.—Set about doing good to somebody.—Put on your hat, and go and visit the sick and the poor; inquire into their wants, and minister to them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.