The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No. 1386. SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1845. VOL. XVII.—NO. 36.

THE OBSERVER,

Published on Tuesday, by Donald A. Cameron, at his Office in Water Street, South West corner of the Market Square.—Terms: 15s. per annum, half in advance.

☞ The postage on all Letters (except those containing money, or from Agents,) must be pre-paid, or they will not be attended to.

ATLANTIC

Mutual Insurance Company of Boston.

Marine Agency at Saint John.

THE Subscriber is authorised by the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company of Boston, to take Risks on Vessels, Cargoes, and Freights, to an extent not exceeding Ten Thousand Dollars on any one risk.

August 13. A. W. WHIPPLE.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Subscribers having entered into Partnership, their Business will in future be conducted under the Firm of ALLISON & SPURR.

EDWARD ALLISON,
J. DeWOLFE SPURR.

St. John, Dec. 23, 1844.

NOTICE.

THE term of the Subscribers' Co-Partnership having expired, the same is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All those having claims against the Firm of ADAM & DAVIDSON will please render the same for adjustment, and all persons indebted to the same are requested to make immediate payment to WILLIAM DAVIDSON, who is authorised to settle the transactions of the late Firm.

JAMES ADAM,
WM. DAVIDSON.

St. John, Dec. 28, 1844.

N. B. The Subscriber will transact Business on his own account at the Brick Store in Nelson Street, formerly occupied by A. & D.

December 31. JAMES ADAM.

NOTICE.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the Firm of E. L. Jarvis & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Parties indebted to the said Firm are requested to make immediate payment to either of the subscribers, or to G. R. Jarvis, Esq., their Attorney, at whose Office the Books and Accounts are left for adjustment.

R. M. JARVIS,
EDWARD L. JARVIS.

St. John, June 27, 1844.

ESTATE OF DR. HENRY COOK.

ALL Persons having Legal demands against the Estate of HENRY COOK, late of the City of Saint John, Surgeon, &c., deceased, are required to send in their claims, duly attested, within Three Months from the date hereof: and all persons indebted to said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment.

JAMES VERNON,
GIDEON VERNON,
A. BALLOCH, } *Administrators.*

St. John, April 30, 1841.

GORDON'S
Hardware store.

MARKET SQUARE, St. John, N. B.

CHEAP—For Cash only.

50 Bags Spikes, assd. 4 to 10 inch,
25 do. Boat Nails, 1¼ to 3½ inch,
100 do. wrought Nails, Clasp and Rosehead, 4 qr. to 40d.,
20 do. Composition Spikes & Sheathing Nails,
1 cask ditto Clinch Rings,
1 do. Ox and Horse Nails,
1 do. Horse Traces and Ox Chains,
15 doz. Shovels and Spades,
20 do. Long handled Iron *Spades*;
3 do. Socket Shovels,
1 roll Sheet LEAD, 3 to 5 lb.,
1 cask SHOT, assorted,
6 rolls of Lead PIPE, ¾ to 1 inch,
1 case Sheet Copper, 1 case Sheet ZINC,
26 slabs Block do. 6 cwt Block TIN,
20 boxes Sheet do.
63 casks Trakettles & *Saucepans*,
2 Tons Pipe and Waggon Boxes,
1 cask Harness Mounting,
1 Thousand *POTS*, Ovens, Spiders, Griddles and *STEAK PANS*,
1 bale Cotton Chalk LINES,
2 cases Scotch Augers 1-2 to 2 1-2 inch,
1 cask Rat and Pox *TRAPS*,
10 doz Fly *PANS*,
1 crate Coal *Scuops*, Hand & Dust Pans,
10 cwt. Cast *Steel* square flat and octagon,
10 do. Blister do common and best,
12 do. Spring do. best,
Brass *Shackles & Screws* for Carriage *Springs*,
1 cask Hair and Seating, 1 do. BORAX,
1 do. *School Slates & PENCILS*,
Smith's ANVILS, VICES, and BELLOWS,
2 Tons Block Bushes and Rivets,
1-2 do. Iron Wire, 1 cask Plate Hinges,
22 bales Riddles and Sieves,
1 Ton Plough Plating and Moulds,
2 cases Guns and Pistols,
25 Mill Saws, for single & Gang Gates & Circulars, 3 casks Files all kinds,
3 casks containing Knives and Forks, Pen and Jack Knives, Shoe, Butcher, & Bread Knives, *Rodger's* Razors and Knives, German Silver Forks, Carvers, Steel, Patent Putty and Oyster Knives &c.
2 casks containing Solar, shop & Table Lamps, Nursery Lamps, Cambridge and Desk do.
1 cask Lamp Shades, Chimnies, & Reflectors and Hall Lamps,
1 cask Britannia Metal Tea & Coffee POTS, Candlesticks, Lamps, Urns, Snuffers, Trays, &c. Bronze URNS, Hot Water Jugs, Block TIN, Tea and Coffee Pots, &c.
1 do. Plated Candlesticks, Snuffers and Trays, Coasters, Castors, Cake Baskets, &c.
1 do. Ladies' Work Boxes, Desks, Tea Caddies, Toys, &c.
1 do. Brushes, White Wash, shoe, scrub, deck, hair, cloth, dusting, black lead, &c.
30 do. containing an excellent assortment of Carpenter's and Shoemaker's TOOLS and Findings, "Carpenter's Patent" Rim and Mortice LOCKS, Scotch do. Common and "Sanderson's Patent" STOCK LOCKS night Latches, Brass and Japanned Norfolk LATCHES, Chest-Pad, Press, and TILL LOCKS, Common and best patent BUTT HINGES, Chest, Table, T, Backflap H, Peur H, and Strap HINGES, Cut and Wrought BRADS and TACKS, Find and Iron RIVETS, Coffee Mills, Brass and Bronze Fenders, Fire and Hand IRONS, Rakes, Hoes, Trowels, Axes, Hammers, Coffin Mounting and Cords, Weighing Machines, STEELYARDS, WEIGHTS, Brass, IRON, and Japanned Candlesticks and LAMPS, Glass Lanthorns and LAMPS, and a variety of other small wares.
1 Case TEA TRAYS, Waiters, Bread and Knife Trays, etc. 1 Cask SCREWS,
1 Bale SHOE THREAD,
2 000 Lbs. Gun POWDER, 20 kegs F. do.

—*Constantly on hand*—

All sizes of CUT NAILS, Flooring BRADS Flooring do. and Sheathing NAILS, of the Subscriber's own manufacture, and which will be found much superior to any article of the kind imported. THOMAS R. GORDON.

Jan. 6. *Market Square*

NEW BOOKS.

JUST received at the Victoria Bookstore, King-street, per *Mary Caroline*, from England:—A choice assortment of Standard Works in the various departments of Literature and Science;—Chambers' cheap and popular Publications —The Edinburgh Journal, complete, in 12 vols.; Information for the People, complete, in 2 splendid royal 8 vols. new series; Chambers' Educational Course, comprising thirty treatises on the most advanced views of Education; The People's Edition of Standard Books, about sixty different Works, original and selected, exceedingly cheap!—Works originally published at *one guinea*, now sold for *one Shilling!* A large assortment of Miscellaneous Books, for popular reading; School Books, of every description; Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer Books; Blank Books and Stationery; Steel Pens and Office Ink; Wax, Wafers, and Drawing Pencils. V. H. NELSON.

January 28, 1845.

Liverpool and New-Brunswick
EMIGRATION AGENCY.

THE Subscriber has been authorised to Contract for Passages at a reduction of TEN SHILLINGS, sterling, each, on the rates formerly charged, until further orders.

JAMES ROBERTSON,
Nelson Street, Oct. 15. *Agent*

PURGE! PURGE! PURGE!

WHATEVER MAY BE YOUR COMPLAINT,
CLARK'S Vegetable Universal
LIFE PILLS

Will be found an effectual remedy.

To be had only at *Coffee House Corner*, Market Square, St. John, N. B.

Try them: they will recommend themselves.

IT is now an absolute and known fact, that every disease, whether it be in the head or feet, in the brain or meanest member, whether it be an outward ulcer or inward abscess, are all, though arising from many causes, reducible to the one grand effect, namely, impurity of blood. In many cases where the dreadful ravages of Ulceration had laid bare ligament and bone, and where to all appearance no human means could save life, have patients by the use of these Pills, been restored to good health, the devouring disease having been completely eradicated. In consequence of the pleasantness of their operation, they are universally used where they are known, and are fast superseding every other preparation of professed similar import. The most opposite diseases are cured by the one simple act of continually evacuating the bowels with them, until the disease gives way; therefore, whatever may be said of the theory, the utility of the practice is now beyond all doubt.

PURGE!—PURGE!—PURGE!

February 4, 1845.—3m.

THE GARLAND.

I SEE THEE STILL.

BY C. SPRAGUE.

I see thee still:
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest with the morning light—
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee as of old—
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear;
In every scene to memory dear,
I see thee still.

I see thee still!—
In every hallowed token round:
This little ring thy finger bound,
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided—
These flowers, all withered now, like thee,
Sweet sister, thou did'st cull for me:
This book was thine, here thou did'st read—
This picture, ah! yes, here, indeed,
I see thee still!

I see thee still:
Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
Here was thy favorite fire-side seat;
This was thy chamber—here, each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay:
Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie—
Here, on this pillow, thou did'st die:
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold—
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,
I see thee still.

I see thee still:
Thou art not in the grave confined—
Death cannot change the immortal mind:
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust—
Thee! O, my sister! 'tis not thee,
Beneath the coffin's lid I see—
Thou to a fairer land art gone:
There, let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still.

REGRETS.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

'Tis past! yes, her own lips have spoken
The sentence that tells us to part:
The vow that they pledged she has broken,
And with it another fond heart;
Yet, though she whom I trusted so freely,
Has stabbed love's holiest tie;
The visions I cherished so dearly,
Will live in this heart till I die!

Had I loved her less fondly—less truly;
Or given her cause to regret,
Had I been of her notice unworthy,
We had parted, perhaps, as we met;
But her own guilty conscience will tell her,
My vows could no evil impart;
Every look, every word that I gave her,
Sprung warm from its seat in the heart!

Oh! who shall call woman's love lasting,
Since thus she can cancel her vows?
The pangs of the heart she is blasting,
In her can no pity arouse!
Ten shun, ere too late, her soft glances,
Avoid, while you may, the false fire;
And, believe me, if HER love's thy riches,
Thou hadst better, far better, be poor!

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHAT IS PROVIDENCE.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

Take, for example, a young girl, bred delicately, in town, shut up in a nursery in her childhood—in a boarding-school through her youth, never accustomed either to air or exercise, two things that the *law of God* makes essential to health. She marries; her strength is inadequate to the demands upon it. Her beauty fades early. She languishes through hard offices in giving birth to her children, suckling and watching over them, and dies early. "What a strange providence, that a mother should be taken, in the midst of life, from her children!" Was it Providence—No! Providence had assigned her threescore years and ten; a term long enough to rear her children, and to see her children's children; but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and of course she lost it.

A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz rises on every side of "What a striking Providence!"—This man has been in the habit of studying half the night, of passing his days in his office and the courts, of eating luxurious dinners, and drinking various wines. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends. Did Providence cut him off? The evil rarely ends here. The diseases of the father are often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children.

It has been customary in some of our cities, for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid winter. A healthy blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of Heaven's laws, pays the penalty! a checked circulation, cold, fever, and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaim her friends. Was it Providence, or her own folly?

A beautiful young bride goes, night after night, to parties made in honour of her marriage. She has a slight sore throat, perhaps, and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare; for who ever saw a bride in an evening dress? She is consequently seized with an inflammation of the lungs, and the grave receives her before her bridal days are over. "What a Providence!" exclaims the world. "Cut off in the midst of happiness and hope!" Alas! did she not cut the thread of life herself?

A girl in the country, exposed to our changeful climate, gets a new bonnet, instead of getting a flannel garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit down tranquilly with the idea, that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her? or should she charge it on her vanity, and avoid the folly in future? Look, my young friend, at the masses of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating or drinking, or in study, or in business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight lacing &c., and all is quietly imputed to Providence! Is there no impiety as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut life short, and of the long list of maladies that make life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "goodly temple," would gradually decay, and men die as if falling asleep.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.—*Mr. Caudle has lent Five Pounds to a Friend.*—"You ought to be very rich, Mr. Caudle. I wonder who'd lend you five pounds? But so it is: a wife may work and may slave! Ha, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds! As if people picked up money in the street! But you always were a fool, Mr. Caudle. I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have pretty well bought it. But it's no matter how I go—not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife—and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr. Caudle? Nothing.—Oh, no! you can have fine feelings for everybody but those belonging to you. I wish people knew you, as I do—that's all. You like to be called liberal, and your poor family pays for it. All the girl's want bonnets, and when they're to get 'em I can't tell. Half five pounds would have bought 'em; but now they must go without. Of course, they belong to you; and anybody but your own flesh and blood, Mr. Caudle. The man called for the water rate to-day; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes, who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them. Perhaps you don't know that Jack, this morning, knocked his shuttle-cock through his bed-room window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but after you lent that five pounds I was sure we couldn't afford it. Oh, no! the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He's got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn't at all wonder if that broken window settled him—for I'm sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might though, and do a good many more things, if people didn't throw away their five pounds. Next Tuesday the fire insurance is due. I should like to know how it's to be paid. Why, it can't be paid at all. Th' five pounds would have just have done it—and now, insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night; but what's that to you? so people can call you liberal Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children may be burnt alive in their beds—for the insurance must stop. And after we've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds? I don't think we might go to Margate this summer.—There's poor little Caroline, I'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature! she must stop at home—all of us must stop at home—she'll go into a consumption, there's no doubt of that; yes—sweet little angel!—I've made up my mind to lose her then. Do you hear that shutter, how it's banging to and fro? Yes; I know what it wants as well as you—it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to-day. But now it's out of the question: now it must hang of nights, since you've thrown away five pounds. Well, things are come to a pretty pass! This is the first night I ever made my supper off roast beef without pickles. But who is to afford pickles, when folks are always lending five pounds? Do you hear the mice running about the room? I hear them. If they were only to drag you out of bed, it would be no matter. Set a trap for them!—Yes, it's easy enough to say set a trap for 'em; but how are people to afford the cheese, when every day they lose five pounds? Hark! I'm sure there's a noise down stairs. It wouldn't at all surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it *may* be the cat; but thieves are pretty sure to come in some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when fools won't take care of their five pounds. Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth taken out. Now, it can't be done. Three teeth that quite disfigures the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise she'd have been a wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall die, and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds. And now, see, Mr. Caudle, what a misery you've brought upon your wretched family! I can't have a satin gown—the girls can't have new bonnets—the water-rate must stand over—Jack must get his death through a broken window—our fire insurance can't be paid, so we shall all fall victims to the devouring element—we can't go to Margate, and Caroline will go to an early grave—that shutter will go banging for ever—the mice never let us have a wink of sleep—thieves be always breaking in the house—and our dear Mary Anne be for ever left an unprotected maid—and all, all, Mr. Caudle, because you will go on lending your five pounds!"—*Punch.*

Amongst the curiosities at the Hull Zoological gardens, is said to be a pigmy deer, from Batavia, so small that its legs are not thicker than a quill and it can stand on the palm of one's hand.

THE BISHOP OF JERUSALEM.—The Bishop, in his third annual letter, dated October last, says—"The fact of our having nearly completed the third year of our residence in a country of peculiar trial and danger, in the face of all kinds of difficulties, is in itself a cause of thankfulness. But we have to speak of more than this. It has been our privilege to perceive a gradual increase of our establishment quite sufficient to lead us to thank God and take courage.' Whilst we are still strangely kept in suspense as to the building of our church, &c., notwithstanding the many promises we have had during the past year that permission was on the point of being granted, we have, in the good providence of God, had our church accommodations enlarged since I last addressed you so that we have at present a commodious place of worship, though even this has, on some occasions, proved inadequate, particularly when the number of strangers has been large. Our regular congregation has also been on the increase; so much so, that our former church could not have held them. This has arisen partly from the mission having been increased by the arrival of additional labourers, and partly from converts, 13 of whom have been added to the church by baptism during the last year, and some are now under instruction, who, of course, regularly attend the services. We have, in consequence, opened an additional full service on Sunday evenings, established a lecture on every Wednesday, besides the daily morning (Hebrew) and evening (English) service. Since our arrival in the Holy City, I find 37 baptisms recorded in our register, and 26 of those baptized have been confirmed. Nine individuals have been ordained deacons, and five priests, who are gone forth as heralds of mercy, to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, four of whom are of the house of Israel. At the last ordination, which was held on Sunday, September 1, three candidates were ordained for the different missionary stations of Hebron, Beyrout, and Bagdad. On that deeply-interesting occasion we had no less than 57 communicants. We now generally number from 40 to 50 at the regular celebration of the Lord's Supper, on the first Lord's day in every month."

[From the Albany Argus.]

TESTIMONY OF SIX PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES IN FAVOR OF TEMPERANCE.

ALBANY, Feb. 1, 1845.

Mr. Editor—Being in Virginia during the life of President Madison, and while the friends of Temperance, under an apprehension that distilled liquor was the chief cause of intemperance, were exerting themselves to induce the public to abandon the use of such liquor as a beverage, the undersigned called on that distinguished statesman and procured his signature to the subjoined declaration. Immediately thereafter the signatures of President Jackson and President Adams were obtained. In commemoration of this event a silver medal was struck in England, and transmitted to each of the gentlemen. Recently the names of President Van Buren, President Tyler and President Polk have been added to the same declaration. So that (with the exception of President Harrison, who was prevented by death from expressing his well known sentiments) all the Presidents of the United States who have lived since the temperance reformation commenced, have now given their testimony against the use of Distilled liquors as a beverage, the only liquors generally believed at the time the first signatures were obtained to be productive of inebriety.

EDWARD C. DELEVAN.

DECLARATION.

Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony that ardent spirits as a drink is not only needless but hurtful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue and happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction that should the citizens of the United States, and especially the young men, discontinue entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of their country and the world.

JAMES MADISON,
ANDREW JACKSON,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,
M. VAN BUREN,
JOHN TYLER,
JAMES K. POLK.

Sam Slick's Opinion on the Impropriety of Waltzing.—The music began again, and one of them tall hairy-lipped fellers got up with a purty little gal that didn't look more than eighteen years old; and he put his wife to gloves on a little tighter, and then I'll be darned if he didn't begin to hug her right there afore all on us. He then put one arm round her little waist just above the hump on her back, and he took one of her hands in his'n, and then she looked up into his eyes and he looked down into hern as long as two pussy-cats, and then they began to make chesses on the carpet till you couldn't have told which was which. I never felt my blood bile so in all my life; it rily didn't seem decent; and if she had been a relation of mine, I'll be darned to damnation if I wouldn't have knocked that pesky varmint into a cocked hat in less than no time. I'd a made him glad to sneak off up hair and all, grease as it must have tasted, to have got out of my way. Oh, but I was wrathy with the cool for a minit; and then says I to myself, "I don't know as the chap's so much to blame after all, it's the gal's own fault; if she likes to be hugged and whirled round so afore the folks, the feller must be an addled fool not to like it as much as she does; but, thinks I, if the gal means to get married, her bread will be all dough agin arter this, for no decent honest man would want to marry a gal arter he'd seen her tousled about afore fifty people, by such a shote as that chap is."—*Sam Slick in England.*

How Money goes for Fashion.—The following evidence of the expensive tastes of the New Yorkers appears in a New Haven paper:—in the bookstores of this city an unprecedented number of splendid annuals are to be found, some of them as high as $30. This for a mere fancy book, is no mean sum. I saw fans to-day in a fancy shop valued at $8, but Bonfanti has them as high as $20 or $150. They are beautifully ornamented with precious stones, and oblong mirrors, of the size of a dollar, and sometimes in addition, a minute gold pencil case or ivory tablets on the side of the handle. Muffs are sold as high as $150 in Maiden Lane, pocket handkerchiefs hang in Broadway windows at $50 or $75; a flute of tortoise shell for $120, while Black, Tomkins & Ball, successors to Marquand & Co., Jewellers, on Broadway, the day before New Year's, retailed behind their counter fancy goods in their line to the amount of five thousand! So we go on.—This evening, near the same store, are seen seated two wretched looking women, with emaciated infants in their arms begging for bread."

ARE SNIPES GAME?—Lord Mountcashel lately prosecuted two officers of the 34 Dragoon Guards, stationed at Clogher Barracks, for shooting snipe on his grounds without leave, contrary to the 7th and 8th Victoria, cap. 9, sec. 69; but it was suggested that "snipe was not game, and therefore that the penalties were not incurred. Mr. Brewster and the Solicitor-General have since given their opinion, confirming this view of the case. "Snipe," they say, "is not game."

Genuine religion never produces an austere temper.

The Mind in Advanced Life.—Among other arguments for the cultivation of the intellect, there is one to be drawn from the perpetual progress of the mind towards perfection, without the possibility of ever arriving at it. The infant body springs into boyhood, hardens into manhood, dwindles down to the decay of age, and returns to the dust from which it was formed. The mind runs a similar career in its onward progress, but not in its retrogression. Though the inroads of disease or the feebleness of senility may fetter its powers and obscure their brightness, yet the fact that intellect is frequently retained in its pristine vigour by the advanced in life, is an argument that the mind does not necessarily retrograde in old age. In one morning of advanced life, Johnson amused himself by committing to memory 800 lines of Virgil. At the age of 73, when staggering under an immediate attack of paralysis—sufficiently severe to render him speechless—he composed a Latin prayer, in order to test the loss or retention of his mental faculties. Nor is this a solitary instance. One of the most beautiful sonnets in the English language was composed by Mason, on the attainment of his 72d birth-day. Locke at 72, and Newton at 84, retained their faculties in unabated vigour. The feeble frame of the Earl of Chatham, at 70, sank under the effort to express the convictions of his mighty mind, after a speech so singularly eloquent, bold, ardent, and animated, as to rival, if not vie, the most brilliant outpourings of his youth or early manhood.—*Rev. Sir J. P. Wood.*

MEMORIALS TO WALLACE AND BRUCE.—We have received several communications on this topic, all highly approving of the main object in view, but pointing out what the writers think improvements in the mode of carrying it into effect. The idea of a fountain and statues in the North Loch seems to be generally disliked, as wanting in grandeur and effect; nor is a tower on Arthur's Seat, as suggested in our last paper, in much better favour, first, "because such an erection would transform the lion into a unicorn;" and second, from the expense of carrying the materials to the top of the hill. Our correspondent suggests that a colossal statue, without a tower, should be erected on Arthur Seat, while a corresponding statue of Bruce should be placed on the summit of a tower on Castle Rock. Another proposes the erection of a building after the model of the temple of Theseus at Athens—"the most beautiful, with the exception of the Parthenon only, of all the monuments of Attic taste." With respect to the suggestion of a penny subscription, one correspondent sees no reason for limiting the subscription to so low a sum if any individual desired to give a higher: while another for the purpose of giving some idea of what may be done by a penny subscription, mentions that in 1833 he and another person raised £50 in two months in aid of Burns' Monument with just 30 papers in the same number of shops; and he has no doubt that if proper steps were taken, several hundred pounds would be collected in Edinburgh and Leith in this way for a memorial to Wallace and Bruce. We mention these various suggestions that they may be duly considered by those who take an interest in the subject.—*Scotsman.*

Shield of England.—This national trophy is the work of the Messrs. M'Carthy, of Knightsbridge, and cannot but add to their high reputation. It represents those various events which, through a course of ages, have brought us to the pre-eminent position we now hold above all other nations of the world. Tradition and history have been searched to acquire the most authentic information, in order to portray the prominent feature of national interest which characterized each successive reign. The Shield is of a circular form, and nearly eighteen feet in circumference. Lying horizontally, the centre or boss, rises perpendicularly a foot and a half above the level of the margin. The boss (which is a group of St. George and the Dragon, encircled at the base by the Star and Order of the Garter) is surrounded by three succeeding circles, arranged so as to form forty divisions or compartments of corresponding character, representing in high relief the leading event of each successive reign. The reigns are divided by architectural niches, in which are ensconced the most remarkable personages of the time, the architecture illustrative of the style of the day. The margin describes the sea.

Effects of Trafalgar on Pitt.—On the receipt of the news of the memorable battle of Trafalgar (some day in November, 1805,) I happened to dine with Pitt, and it was naturally the engrossing subject of our conversation. I shall never forget the eloquent manner in which he described his conflicting feelings, which roused in the night to treat Collingwood's despatches. Pitt observed that he had been called up at various hours in his eventful life by the arrival of news of various hues, but that, whether good or bad, he could always lay his head on his pillow and sink into a sound sleep on it. On this occasion, however, the great event announced brought with it so much to weep over, as well as to rejoice at, that he could not calm his thoughts, but got up, though it was three in the morning.—*Lord Eldon's Table-Book, 1805.*

Secret of the Earl of Chesterfield's Influence in Ireland.—Chesterfield, regarded as a fop in England, was a daring, steady, and subtle governor of the unruly spirits of Ireland in one of the most hazardous periods. That the throne of the Brunswicks did not see an Irish revolt at the moment when it saw a Scottish invasion was the sovereign Chesterfield. But he ruled not by his wisdom, but by his wit. He broke down factions by *bon mots*; he extinguished conspiracy by passing compliments; he administered the sternest law with the most polished smile; and crushed rebellion by quotations from La Fontaine and *eulenbourgs* from Scarron. But with these fortunate pleasantries he combined public and solid services. He threw a large portion of the crown lands in the neighbourhood of the capital into a park for the recreation of the citizens, and thus gave one of the earliest and most munificent examples of regard for the health and enjoyment of the people. A more enduring monument of his statesmanship could not have been offered to the gratitude of the country.—*Blackwood.*

Millionaires.—In a pamphlet issued from the New York Sun office is given the following list of *Millionaires* in that city:—

John Jacob Astor, $20,000,000; Stephen Van Rensselaer 10,000,000; Stephen Whitney 10,000,000; Wm. B Astor 5,500,000; Peter G. Stuyvesant 4,000,000; James Lenox 3,000,000; Henry Brevoort, Jr. 1,000,000; Isaac Bronson 1,000,000; Wm. G. Crosby 1,000,000; Wm. P. Gurney 1,000,000; John Haggerty 1,500,000; Peter Harmony 1,500,000; Jonathan Hunt 1,000,000; Peter Lorillard, Jr. 1,000,000; Governor Morris 1,500,000; Anson G. Phelps 1,000,000; Jonathan Thorne 1,000,000; Cornelius Vanderbilt 1,200,000; Mrs. Jacob Lorillard 1,000,000! Mrs. Frances Pearsall 1,000,000! Twenty individuals possessing over *seventy five millions of dollars!*

The First Sail on Lake Erie.—The first sailing vessel that ever navigated Lake Erie, was built by La Salle, then the French Governor of Fontenac, in 1676, at the mouth of the Tonnewante Creek. As we never see any mention of the name of La Salle, who raised the first sail on that great Lake, the commerce of which is now almost as great as that of the Atlantic was at that time, between Europe and the British and French colonies, we often wonder whether this historical fact is appreciated. —*Harris Telegraph.*

Declension from Affluence.—Amongst the many instances of persons who have passed the early part of their lives in affluence, and been reduced in their old age to avail themselves of parochial relief, the following may be quoted:—two years ago there were five paupers receiving relief in the Lichfield Union, who had during their lives served the office of high sheriff of the county of Lichfield. One of them was possessed of considerable freehold property, and the other three had the best business, in their respective callings, in the whole city. One of them was ruined by law; another by his own and his family's extravagance; the third never could "get forward;" the fourth was a drunkard; and the fifth was indolent and drunken. Three of them are now living, their respective ages being eighty-four, seventy-four, and seventy.

The late Colonel Battersby, who died at his residence, Listoke, county Louth, last week, served with the 8th Regiment in the campaign of Egypt, afterwards in the West Indies, till the expulsion of the French from Martinique. On the breaking out of the last American war, he was appointed to the command of the Glengarry (Canadian) Fencibles, and distinguished himself in the force under Sir George Provost; and on the conclusion of peace he was presented by the Legislature and House of Representatives of Upper Canada with their marked thanks, and with a sword of great value, for his conduct and services during the war. Upon his return to England the late Duke of York placed him in command of the 64th Regiment, then at Gibralter—but from which ill-health obliged him to retire.

The superintendent registrar of Tavistock states that in the month of July last, Mary Rogers, aged 105 years, was buried at Tavistock, in Devonshire. She was borne to her grave by eight old men, all of the same place, aged respectively, eighty-four, eighty-two, eighty, eighty, seventy-seven, seventy-six, seventy-five and sixty-seven years. The united ages of the nine persons amounted to 726 years, averaging nearly eighty-one years to each. Before this funeral had left the churchyard, the corpse of an old man, also of Tavistock, aged eighty-seven years, was brought in, borne also by persons of great age. Indeed, three old persons of Tavistock were buried in that month, whose ages, united, amounted to 281 years, as may be tested by the registrars.

Great Indian Railway.—Of the many gigantic schemes of our day, not the least gigantic is certainly that of the great Indian railway company, of which a prospectus lies before us. The chief line would run from Bombay to the line of the Godavery, and terminate on the eastern coast near Coringa. In connection with this, three transverse ones are proposed; one from Poona to Beejapoor, another to Aurungabad, a third from Hyderabad to Nagpoor, crossing the main line. These would become the channels of the great trade running from the interior to the coast. The proposed lines are 1,300 miles in length, and would require a capital of £5,000,000 sterling.

It is needless to point out the immense political and military results which must flow from the completion of this and similar projects in India, the task of holding large countries by a small force being facilitated incalculably by the rapidity of railroad communications.—*London Morning Chronicle.*

AGES OF THE EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.—The pope is, since the death of Bernadotte, King of Sweden, the Nestor of European sovereigns, being now 79 years 4 months. Out of 32 monarchs these only are above 70, viz.:—The pope, the King of Hanover (73 years 7 months), and the King of the French (71 years 3 months). Of the others, ten are between 60 and 70; fourteen from 50 to 60, among whom is the Emperor of Austria; thirteen, from 40 to 50, including the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia; three from 30 to 40, seven from 20 to 30, comprising the Queens of England and Portugal, &c.; and two only from 10 to 20, the Emperor of Brazil (19 years 1 month), and Queen of Spain (14 years 3 months). Two changes of reigns have occurred in 1844 by the deaths of Bernadotte, King of Sweden, and Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Gotha.

THE SMALL POX.—At the annual meeting of the Vaccine Institution in London, Dr. Epps stated that there had been a frightful increase of smallpox, which they attributed to the inefficiency of the Vaccination Act, as, through the ignorance of many practitioners, vaccine matter was used which was not pure, thus rendering the patient, by its being inoperative, liable to the attack of the small-pox. A letter had been received from Mr. Labat, secretary of the Indian Cow Pox Institution, who assigns a similar cause for the spread of small-pox in Ireland, and who states that the Poor-law Commissioners have done all in their power to promote vaccination. A letter from a medical gentleman in India stated that the small-pox was greatly on the increase there. Dr. Epps said they had not applied to the cow for the vaccine matter since the formation of the institution. A medical gentleman who was present endeavoured to account for the vaccine matter having lost its virtue by the profession generally carrying it in their pockets, which caused its decomposition.

LITERARY.—Sir Lytton Bulwer having relinquished novel writing, for the present, at least, is engaged in finishing his work on 'Athens: its Rise and Fall.' Two forthcoming volumes will complete the work; and are stated to be principally devoted to the manners and customs of the Athenians, and their literature. Mr. Grote, late M.P. for London, is also just on the eve of completing his 'History of Greece;' a work on which he has been employed very many years, and which his exhaustive erudition will, doubtless, render valuable.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle is said to be busy with his 'Life of Cromwell.' He has also made a collection of Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, to be published, in all probability, before the Life. They are likely to form about two volumes, 8vo.

Mr. Dickens's new work, the 'Chimes,' published only on the 17th December, has already reached a sixth edition.

Dr. Arnott is preparing a sixth edition of his valuable 'Elements of Physics;' and the long-promised treatise on Astronomy, which is to conclude the second volume, will then be printed. It is, perhaps, the only work of the kind that has attained a high character, and kept it.

John M. Kemble, one of the first of our Anglo-Saxon scholars, and a man otherwise highly gifted, is preparing a work called 'Origines Anglicæ,' which is purposed to embrace every thing connected with the institutions and social life of our Saxon ancestors.

Mr. Weir has been for some time occupied on a new 'Life of Milton,' the publication of which may shortly be anticipated. It is expected to throw new light on several points hitherto unsatisfactorily explained.

Mercy to Animals.—My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries; not from want of courage, where just occasions presented, or called it forth. I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter; nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts; he was of a peaceful, placid nature—no jarring element in it; all was mixed up so kindly within him. My uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate on a fly: Go—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him most cruelly all dinner-time, and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand; I'll not hurt a hair of thy head. Go says he lifting up the sash, and opening his hand, as he spoke, to let it escape. Go, poor wretch, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world, surely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me.—*Sterne.*