The Weekly Observer.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1849.

VOL. XXI.—NO. 34.

The Observer,

Published on TUESDAY, by DONALD A. CAMERON, at his Office, corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Jardine & Co.—TERMS: 15s. per annum, half in advance.

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.*

New and Cheap

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

JUST RECEIVED—A well selected Stock of PAPERS, in Foolscap, blue and yellow, Fine and Superfine POTS, large and small POSTS, ditto NOTE, with ENVELOPES to match; CAP and POST, Ruled; Blotting, Tissue, Cartridge, Music, Crayon Drawing, Wall, Wrapping, and other PAPERS.

BIBLES, Testaments; Prayer, School, and Miscellaneous BOOKS.

Steel Pens, Quills, Inks and Ink Powders, Slates and Pencils, Lead Pencils, Sealing Wax and Wafers, India Ink, Indian Rubber, Red Tape, &c.

LEDGERS, Journals, Day Books, Cash Books Pass, Memorandum, and other Blank Books.

COPY LINES and BOOKS, ruled and plain.

Bills of Lading; ditto Exchange.

☞ *Book-Binding carefully attended to.*

A. FRASER.

DOCK STREET, *Saint John,* 13th June, 1848.

BRASS'S HOTEL, WINDSOR, N. S.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the travelling public, that he has taken the premises known as BRASS'S HOTEL, in Windsor; and trusts that by strict attention to business, he may receive a share of the public patronage. His larder and hall will be well supplied with such as the season and place can afford—his bar with the best wines and liquors—and he will endeavour at all times to give travellers such satisfaction as may be required.

JAMES GILDRED, *Windsor, N. S.*

Sept. 26.—3¶

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having this day assigned unto his Son, ROBERT NISBET, all his Stock of Furniture, Materials and Tools, &c. &c., the Cabinet Making and Upholstery Business heretofore conducted in the name of THOMAS NISBET & SON, will in future be carried on by the said ROBERT NISBET, on his own account, upon the same premises.

All the outstanding debts due to and owing by the late firm of THOMAS NISBET & SON, will be collected and settled by the Subscriber.

THOMAS NISBET.

Saint John, N. B. 1st Sept. 1848.

☞ NOTICE.

HAVING occasion to be absent from the City for a short period, I have, by Letter of Attorney, fully empowered Mr. GEORGE F. THOMPSON, of this City, Painter, to adjust claims, make payments, and transact my business during my absence; and any arrangements made with Mr. THOMPSON, on my account, will be equally effectual as if made with myself.

JOHN J. HOGAN.

November 27th, 1848.—[Cour.]

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the Firm of THOMAS BARLOW & COMPANY, is this day dissolved, by mutual consent. All Debts due to and by the late Firm, will be received and paid by THOMAS BARLOW, and all persons indebted to the late Firm, or having unsettled Accounts with them, will please call at their office at an early period and adjust the same.

THOS. BARLOW,
GEORGE FLEMING,
JOHN STEWART.

St. John, January 1st, 1848.

THE Subscribers tender their grateful acknowledgments for the patronage received by the late Firm, and beg to intimate to their friends and the public generally, that the Business will be continued in all its branches, at the PHŒNIX FOUNDRY, where they solicit a continuance of the patronage hitherto enjoyed.

☞ Any orders for *Castings, Machinery, Mill Work, Engines, &c.,* will be promptly attended to.

THOS. BARLOW,
GEORGE FLEMING,

January 1st, 1848.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any demands against the Estate of JOHN ROSS, late of this City, (formerly of Grand Manan,) deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are required to make immediate payment to JOHN M. ROBINSON, Esq., Barrister at Law, who is hereby authorised to receive the same.

MARY PADDOCK, *Executrix.*

St. John, Oct. 31st, 1848.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of VALENTINE C. TROOP, late of this City, Grocer, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within six months from the date hereof;—and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to REBECCA TROOP, *Sole Executrix.*

Saint John, June 24th, 1848.

Stoves! Stoves!! Stoves!!!

Just received per 'Widow,' from New York:

A LOT of fancy Air-Tight Parlor STOVES, for burning coal.—Also, a lot of Diamond Empire Cooking STOVES, Charcoal Furnaces, Water Urns, Hollow Ware, &c. &c.—For Sale low by JOHN S. WESTLOTORN,

Sept. 12. *King's Square*

Boston-made Stocks.

SELF-adjusting SATIN STOCKS;
Long-end ditto ditto;
French Bombazine STOCKS, with bows,
Do. Plain Satin and Bombazine ditto,
Do. Plaited with Silk Velvet ditto,
Do. Fancy imitation Handkerchiefs do.

The above are superior to the English make in fit, durability, and appearance.

GARRETT & SKILLEN.

Pantechnetheca, Dec. 12.

PALE SEAL OIL.

LANDING ex "Charles" from Halifax:—20 Casks PALE SEAL OIL,—for Sale by

October 24. JARDINE & CO.

28th October, 1848.

MORRISON & CO.

have received per *Columbus*, a further Supply of

New Fall & Winter Goods,

in addition to those ex Queen, Bethel and Kent.

PILOT, BEAVER and BROAD CLOTHS,
Cassimeres, Doeskins and Tweeds,
Gala and all-wool Plaid CLOAKINGS,
SHAWLS, Scarfs, and Handkerchiefs—in plaid wool, Maude, Cashmere, Cloth &c. &c.
Coburgs, Orleans, Mohair and Silk Stripes, with a variety of other *New DRESS Materials*,
Black and Colored Silk and Cotton VELVETS,
Linen, Lawn, Diaper, and Holland,
Towelling, Duck, Canvass and Osnaburg,
Chemazettes, Habit-Shirts, and Collars,
HOSIERY, GLOVES, RIBBONS, LACES,
Men's Lambswool and Merino Pants and Vests,
An extensive assortment of Gent's SCARFS, MUFFLERS, HKFS., in Silk, Satin, Thibet, Cashmere, and Plaid Wool,
Stocks, Operas, De Joinvilles, &c. &c.
A new and select Stock of FURS, in Boas, Muffs, Cuffs, Cardinals, and Victorines,
BLANKETS, FLANNELS, Baize and Serge, Grey, White, and Printed COTTONS,
COTTON WARPS and BATTING;
With a general assortment of Tailors' and Milliners' TRIMMINGS, will be sold at very low prices—ONLY FOR CASH.

Fall and Winter Goods!

Received per "Themis," from Liverpool—

PLAIN and Figured ORLEANS, Satin Striped and Check'd ditto, Black and Coloured COBOURGS; Grey, White, and Printed Cotton Furnitures; Linens, Lawns, Hollands, Ticks, Moleskins, BLANKETS, FLANNELS, Serges, Rugs, Muslins, Silesias, and Rolled Jaconets, Gimps, Fringes, Tailors' Trimmings, Small Wares, Cotton Warp, &c. &c.

Per *Kent* from London—

SILKS, SATINS, Fancy Bonnet RIBBONS, Black and col'd Silk Velvets, Flowers, Hkfs., LACES, GLOVES, HOSIERY, MUFFS, BOAS, CAPES, CUFFS, &c. Broad Cloths, Buckskins, Doeskins, Kerseymeres, PILOT and BEAVER CLOTHS, FUR CAPS, Gent's Silk, Paris & Beaver HATS, Which are offered low for Cash.

J. & H. FOTHERBY.

Market Square, Oct. 17, 1848.

LONDON HOUSE,

MARKET SQUARE,

NEW FALL GOODS!

SEPTEMBER, 1848.

Per "THEMIS" from Liverpool—

BLANKETS, FLANNELS, Swanskins, Serges, *CLOAKINGS*, Various Materials for DRESSES, Camlets, Velvets, Paramatta, Linens, Lawns, Diapers, Linings, Moleskins, Kerseys, Kerseymeres, Doeskins, VESTINGS, Mufflers, Canada Cloth, Listings; Grey, White and Printed COTTONS; Jeans, Aprons, Moreens, Bed Ticks, and a Stock of Haberdashery, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

Per 'Bethel,' from Glasgow, and 'Kent,' from London:

An assortment of Shawls, Woollen and Gala Cloakings, Muslin de Laines, Cashmeres, Velvets, Silks, Satins, Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons, Lace, Neck Ties, Silk and Satin Cravats, Scarfs, Stocks, &c; Pilot, Beaver, and Broad CLOTHS, Kerseymeres, Doeskins, Vestings, Braces, Carpets, Hearth Rugs, Russia Crash, &c. Also, a variety of MUFFS, Boas, Victorines, Cuffs and Cardinals, with a Stock of Fur and Cloth CAPS.

Oct. 10. T. W. DANIEL.

Boot and Shoe Store.

Just received at the *Brunswick* Shoe Store, per ship Peruvian, an assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, Girls, Boys' and Children's WARES, of the latest Fashion, *Patent Leather*, manufactured expressly for this climate.

LADIES' CLOTH BOOTS, Patent Leather goloshi'd, lined with shammy,
Do. all cloth Boots, lined with shammy, very neat, scolloped button piece,
Do. cloth Boots, patent leather vamp'd, do. top pieced,
Do. prunella Boots, patent leather and cordovan Adelaide goloshi'd,
Do. all prunella Boots, sizes from 1 to 9,
Do. Slippers, do. do. do. do.
Do. Kid Opera, black Satin Slippers, and Armazine Silk do.
Girls' Prunella BOOTS, thick soled,
Do. ankle strap Shoes do.
Infants' goloshi'd Boots; patent cap'd do.; leather do.
Women's tie Shoes, single and double sole,
A great variety of Women's cheap Web Slips.—All of which will be sold cheap for CASH.
A good assortment of Men's BOOTTEES, which will be sold very cheap.

FAULKE & HENNIGAR.

Corner Germain and Princess streets, Nov. 7.

FALL GOODS.

Just Received per Ship "Themis," from Liverpool.

THE Subscriber is just opening his Fall Stock of Winter Goods, consisting of West of England Broad, Beaver, and Pilot Cloths.—Also, a large quantity of Fancy Trowsers' Stuffs, and Vestings, which he offers at reduced prices, for Cash only.

J. H. has also on hand a large Stock of Winter Clothing, which he offers at the lowest Cash prices.

JAMES HOWARD,

October 10. *King Street.*

Ladies' Shoe Store,

GERMAIN STREET.

Just received per ship *Portland:*—

LADIES' Superfine Black Cloth BOOTS,
Do. do. Grey (Queen's Pattern) do.
Do. French Merino BOOTS—a beautiful article,
Do. *Rich Black Satin Dress BOOTS,*
Do. White and Black Satin SLIPPERS,
Do. Fancy SLIPPERS—new styles,
Do. Kid and Enamelled Opera SLIPPERS,
Do. French SLIPPERS—various patterns,
Do. Fashionable Bronze Opera Kid Slippers,
Girls' Cloth BOOTS, and Prunella Walking Boots,
Do. white and black Satin, black and bronze Kid SLIPPERS.

Together with a great variety of BOOTS and SHOES of the Finest description, and Warranted.

—ALSO—

A very large assortment of the Cheapest BOOTS and SHOES for sale in this City.

Dec. 5, 1848. S. K. FOSTER.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

—ON HAND—

12 BARRELS fresh ground OATMEAL;
10 cwt. Prime CHEESE;
200 firkins Cumberland BUTTER;
20 barrels PORK;
10 barrels Nova Scotia CIDER.

FLEWWELLING & READING,

Dec. 19. *No. 10, King Street.*

STOVES, &c.

Received this day per Brigt. "Jane Allison," from New York—

A LOT of Ornamented Hall and Parlor STOVES; Cooking ditto, various sizes; Bed-room Franklins; Hollow Ware, &c.

JOHN S. WESTLOTORN,

Nov. 21. *King's Square.*

The Garland.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more:

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand on mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

Miscellaneous.

TO WHAT GOOD?

There are some social habits and customs which, as no direct advantage or benefit can be seen in them, perpetually excite this challenge, and yet never show the least disposition to fall into desuetude.

Such, for instance, are nearly the whole of the ceremonies respecting the dead. It is allowed by all not at the moment personally interested, that superb funerals, fine monuments, and panegyrical epitaphs, are absurd, seeing that the dead are insensible to every thing. What matters it—so proceeds the strain of our thoughts—to the senseless clay, where or how it be replaced in the parental soil? Why raise monuments, which in a few years will perish even like those they chronicle, or only survive to tell, by their dismal obliteration and neglect, the vanity of all such hopes of immortality? Yet it is surely not altogether vanity to be thus concerned about the disposal and commemoration of the dead. An absurdity commensurate with the very existence of the race is scarce supposable, for no order of beings liable to such a weakness could have had the power of detecting it. May we not rather, since we find a reverential care of the dead characteristic of all ages and nations, presume that it is the emanation of some fixed and constitutional portion of our nature, which will not be denied its gratification for any ridicule that cold reason may throw upon it. The affection of kindred, which at no time yields so copious a stream as when pressed by the hand of death—the unavoidable respect which we pay to the common figure of humanity, demand, in scarcely definable terms, but such as never can be resisted, that the dead, while they bear the lineaments of life, should be treated with even a larger share than usual of those decent observances which the living use towards each other. To the unconcerned, nothing may appear more easy than to dismiss the corpse unceremoniously to its last home: to the concerned, nothing will appear more impossible. It would be like striking the lame or pomarding the fallen. A regard to their own feelings, and not any senseless supposition of feeling on the part of the dead, is what chiefly actuates the survivors in performing the last rites with decency, and in having "some frail memorial still erected nigh." We wish even in the grave to be not altogether neglected—to be at least not quickly forgotten. Something to break our fall from the pride of life to the cold obstruction of the grave, a crepuscular importance between the blaze of the day-light world and the everlasting darkness of forgetfulness, is desired to satisfy our love of approbation; and we willingly go through the fiction of realising what was once the desire of a living man, to encourage and ensure the hope that something of the same kind will be done for ours lives. It is all very true that few graves a hundred years old are much respected—but still, has not the great end been served? The deceased could not hope for a continuing importance through all futurity. And, after all, the applause or homage of very remote posterity is a thing rarely thought of by the living. All that we want is, that we should not be allowed to sink at once out of the notice of our friends and contemporaries, that we should not be turned away from them like the stricken deer or the loathsome leper, but that, while those friends remain in the upper world, we should still have some share of their regard. This end is perfectly served by those common means of commemoration which we sometimes thoughtlessly say are of no use. Gravestones, if they only tell the truth for forty years, as Sir Thomas Browne has quaintly remarked, have not been reared in vain. Long ere that time can elapse, every sigh which they could excite has been heaved, every tear shed. There is no need that they should survive the mourners; but it is desirable that they should exist as long. It is desirable that, while one heart, which could glow or droop at the thought of the deceased, continues to beat, there should be something to tell it that he whom it mourns has not yet become a pray to oblivion—something that may herald that heart to the spot where it may meditate upon his memory in the presence of his remains.

Niceties about the selection of places of interment are challenged in the same way by those who are not concerned. When some one, on his death-bed, expresses a desire of being laid in a certain spot of peculiar natural beauty, or beside certain persons already in the tomb, all except those interested in the deceased are apt to deem the exact obedience usually paid to the request a mere absurdity. Yet it is not an absurdity. Such predilections in the dying are as real feelings, and the prospect of their being obeyed is as genuine a source of pleasure, as any in nature. Now, what would be the effect of a frequent neglect of these requests? Unquestionably, that all who were visited on their death beds with such wishes would be tormented by the fear of their not being realised. It is therefore of essential importance to the comfort of the living, that the behests of the dead should be obeyed, even when obedience to them is attended with some degree of inconvenience. It is scarcely necessary, however, to urge this duty upon the friends of the dead. There is a mournful pleasure in obeying even the most capricious requests of this kind, which in itself ensures a minute attention to them. In performing such tasks, we feel as if we stood in some awful court, speaking and acting under the most solemn dictates of conscience. The spell of a tremendous responsibility is upon us, and we render more justice to a resentless heap of clay than we are in the habit of exemplifying towards the living men around us.

The question 'to what good' is still more frequently, but with still less reason, used in reference to many little circumstances attending our social intercourse. There is a peculiar ridiculousness to most minds in the remarks upon the weather, with which almost every conversation opens. That the day is fine, or is bad; that the spring is late, or the corn about to ripen, are facts of which all are cognisant—why, then, say the challengers, should all be so ready to inform each other of what all already know? True, such remarks bring no new information to any; they sometimes appear to be merely what are called words of course; and there is perhaps a little irksomeness in their so frequent repetition. Yet how easy it is to show a philosophy in them! The state of the weather is a subject in which all are interested; the sensations of all are affected by its greater changes, while to many its slightest mutations are a matter of weal or woe; hence it is one of the most obvious of all subjects, and one which can nowhere and at no time be mentioned, without awakening an universal, however trivial sympathy. Men the most strange to each other, and who know not a single topic besides, which they can take leave to broach to each other, find a common ground on this. They can deprecate the cold, or rejoice in the "ethereal mildness," in concert: community of sensation creates community of feeling: and they end perhaps by becoming friends. If the ordinary remarks upon the weather thus tend to generate sympathies in human bosoms, who could wish to see them abolished? The same defence may be made for those slight greetings and salutations which prevail among all ranks, and, it may be added, all nations. Formal, irksome, and commonplace as these may appear, they have their effect in sweetening the composition of society. The slightest token of recognition from one we know, satisfies us that we continue to possess his esteem, that we are still of sufficient importance to draw from him this small homage. Were he to pass without rendering it, we should fear that we were despised. Even a single word spoken in the tone of natural courtesy, by serving to assure us that civil thoughts are within, is found to have its value. All will allow that nothing can be more perfectly a matter of course than the usual inquiries after each other's health. So much are they so, that answers are seldom waited for or expected. Yet this just arrises from the very regularity with which we feel ourselves bound to observe the custom—a regularity which proves how essential the custom is to the maintenance of social intercourse. To feel an interest in the health of our friends is a primary duty we owe them; to express it is one of the readiest means by which to make them aware of the friendly feeling with which we regard them. Were we to appear to disregard a matter above almost all others interesting to them, we should appear as any thing but friends: without that, all other professions would be worthless, and the world, thus unsalted with courtesy, would become a desert.

Were we to give an equally rigid examination to many other peculiarities of our social state which are apt to call forth the question 'to what good,' we should find most of them equally well founded. It is chiefly to the eye of reason that such matters appear endless and unserviceable. When we bring them to the bar of the affections, we see their virtue and their beauty.—*Chamber's Journal.*

YESTERDAY.

Oh! say, ye studious, grave, and old,
Tell me, all ye fair and gay,
Oh! tell me where I may behold
The fleeting form of Yesterday!

Where's Autumnal plenty sped?
Winter, where's thy boist'rous sway?
Where's the vernal flower-net fled?
Summer, where's thy Yesterday?

[*Fugitive Poetry.*

"WHAT do you think of yesterday?" If you put this question to ten different persons, nine of the ten, in all probability, will take you up on the weather—that most tame of all topics of conversation. Should the present happen to be a wet day, yesterday is sure of coming in for a thousand compliments. "Oh, it was such a fine day!—not a single drop of rain—the sky was so very clear too! perhaps it was the finest day we have had within our recollection!" And yesterday is gone!

But this is a fine day, and yesterday was a very bad day. You could not stir out of doors for the rain. The streets were in a perfect puddle. You got yourself drenched to the skin in crossing from your own to your opposite neighbour's door. It was a day of miseries! And yesterday is gone!

Is yesterday no more worth thinking of than as its weather affected our clothes? Did it do nothing for us beyond causing us to furl or unfurl an umbrella? Was there not something about it that deserves to be remembered? Or did it pass over our heads as if we had been asleep? If it is not worth recalling, we may rest assured that all is not right with us. We must have been either too much at ease to enjoy life, or too unobserving to deserve it. A day lost is like a life lost: a thing of whose value we are ignorant, and which we can never, never recall. We have no power over the past. Let it once slip through our fingers, and it is useless to us for ever. It cannot even be classed among the things that were, for it has left no token behind it of its ever having existed. It has stolen upon us, and stolen away from us. It has left no handwriting on the wall. The pleasures or the pains that it brought with it have been swallowed up in the struggle to get, as fast as possible, to the future. A few more yesterdays, and we can give no account of them.

And so this is the manner in which mankind dawdle away existence! For ever complaining of the shortness of life—vexed that they cannot add a few more years to their fleeting existence—now hurrying to and fro not to lose an instant—and yet, in the main, actually tiring themselves in planning how they may kill their time—how they may destroy the present hour as an enemy to their happiness; and then, after accomplishing their purpose, falling back on their lamentations of the briefness of the little space of time allotted to them. What inconsistent beings we are! Never contented—always something to harrass us! Slow to learn that the passing minutes compose the yesterday of to-morrow; and that those minutes are all that we can call our own!

If we be not responsible to the world, we are so to ourselves. It is this that makes yesterday often so painful to review. Did we make the most of it we might have done, or did we make any thing of it? Did it teach us charity? It takes many yesterdays to impress that on the heart. What good thing did we learn from it? It was only a yesterday, and one cannot learn any one thing in a single day! It is too near home to be looked back upon with pleasure, and we are too improvident of an untold or unknown store of them to sigh much for its departure.

Then, is yesterday of no account at all with us simply because it noted no public event? It is perhaps an interval of wretchedness to some gone by—an escape of part of their existence from habitual misery. It is better to them than to-day, for their rest is only in the grave: yet it is a portion of the hope which sustains them in their uphill journey lost to them—gone with the one-half of the dreams that ushered in its existence! It is the link that connects with the present and the future. Although past, its experience is ours, limited though that may be. It reminds us that we have one foot in the grave, and it ought to tell us that we know not when the other may follow.

When we think of the past, we go back so very far that yesterday seems as much our own, and at our own disposal, as to-day. Time mellows every thing—even hatred and ill-will. Rob Roy's lady says, that all may be forgotton but a sense of injury and a desire for revenge. These may rankle in the bosom, but there are other things besides, that cannot but be remembered. Speaking of mankind generally, a sense of injury is exhausted by time and circumstance; and the desire for revenge is so often blunted by what may be called retributive justice being visited on the offender, brought into operation by the laws which govern the well-being of society, that we may safely say vengeance is no more: these very laws, in their beautiful working, having rid the world, in a great measure, of the cause and the effect, which, among uncivilised people, act and result from an unlimited licence being allowed to the animal propensities of our nature. Those things best and most worthy to be remembered have little to do with those passions which are supposed to act with the greatest violence on the mind. No man ever looked back upon his school-boy days, and in the company of an old school-fellow, with any other feeling than that of the most unrestrained pleasure, nor can ever erase from his memory the endearing attentions of his mother, or his first breaking-in to the stern duties of life. We never seriously regret any particular step we may have taken in the outset in the world, for it is connected with some associations that we would not want for all that we possess, and its very recollection often makes up for much immediate distress. Supposing that we have had nothing but hardships to encounter from the cradle till now, the distant past makes them assume a character the reverse from this reality. It converts weeds into flowers, and gives perfume to them too. Thus the yesterdays of manhood hold no comparison with the yesterdays of our youth.

There is another pleasing reflection connected with the *past* past, which tells against the *more immediate* past. We rarely, or never, make the most of our time and opportunities that we feel we ought to do. In youth, much of that responsibility which we are all under to ourselves, is taken off us by our natural or acquired guardians; but, left to our own resources, we have no subterfuge to flee to with which to satisfy the conscience. We are, in the former instance, so far irresponsible as others are so for us; but, in the latter, we must stand by ourselves. Thus the foibles, the follies, the errors, the derelictions of mature years, come with fearful force against the self-judging principle within us, and often send us abroad to hunt after palliations.

Yesterday comprises much in its little sound. It is indeed the present when well applied, but the past when misued. It is something that we may even yet grapple with. Though severed from the chain of human existence, it may still be turned to some account. It ought to be a question of serious import with every man, What did I learn yesterday? Or what did I do for my own welfare or for the welfare of others? Let us try to say something more for ourselves and our fellow-creatures, than that "all our yesterdays have only lighted fools the way to dusty death." When we can say nothing better of them, we have "lived long enough."—*Chambers' Journal.*

LONDON BY NIGHT FROM THE LANTERN IN ST. PAUL'S.—They who visit the gallery of the lantern in the day time, see and hear London still. The mighty city lives, and rolls along its tide of population; the stream of human bipeds flows continuously over the flags, and the snaky lines of vehicles keep up their never-ending continuity on the rougher pavement. Where was all this now? Had the lungs of the modern Babylon ceased to expand? When the extended horizon and its innumerable objects, and the beautiful purpose for which the crow's nest was elevated, had for an instant ceased to occupy the observer's mind, this question forced itself upon his notice. The streets were desolate, or rather the shallow ditches with bricked and windowed sides—for so they now appeared,—all were manless and lifeless. A crawling insect, indeed, in the shape of a policeman—a speck amid the vacuum between the brick walls—seemed to move along, like the mite of a creature that is just moving across our paper while we write. Is this vast aggregate of human dwellings deserted? Has the plague once more returned and annihilated every breathing thing? We demand, with Professor Wilson,—

"'Art thou dead,
Queen of the world?' I ask my awe-struck heart,
And not one breath of life amidst the place
Disturbs the empire of mortality!"

There was the empire of living mortality; there were two millions of sleepers on whom we were looking down, unconscious of that existence they were renovating. There, too, were many others, sleepless from disease, sorrow, want, anxiety, and guilt. Many were in the arms of death, of all ages and degrees, and new births were replenishing them; rioting and felony were busy; perhaps murder's arm was actually uplifted: but of all this varied incident of human history, we saw and heard nothing, however sensible we were that our eyes looked upon the spot where such a variety of good and evil was at that moment in full activity. What a universe of slumber, of waking pain, and heart-rending misery, was under the accumulation of roofs, that to us were confounded in one universal chaos of dwellings, concealed only by a slate or tile from the gaze of recognition! From whence we stood, fearful secrets might be revealed; but we could not aid in arresting the murderer's arm, dragging the felon to the light, removing want from damp and pestilential sojourns far below our new world; nor could we assist others in staying the effect of the evils which the darkness of the preceding night had enabled the vicious of all complexions to consummate. Could we unroot the houses and bare to the morning sun the vast congregated population beneath, what a painful scene would be developed! The impress of the misery we should then behold would be certain first to engross the attention even of the most callous—The human heart is not all bad. A solitary calamity at a festival arrests the attention of all, though it may be but for a moment, because the heart that knows not habitual kindness will sometimes be errant towards duty. Awful, gigantic, is the sleep of a vast city, where repose, wareless to the vision, speaks from its very silence to the mind unutterable things. The idea of a slumbering volcano imaged what was beneath us; mystery or insensibility seemed to have paralysed the mass of activity that would soon, being disenchanted, again pour into street and square, redolent of renewed vigour, and busy, for good or ill, throughout the countless ramifications of honest employ and profligate indulgence, of rank, wealth, and the multiplied appliances of modern civilisation.—[Fraser's Magazine.

A Christian can lose nothing of importance unless he can lose his God; but God is his everlasting portion, therefore his complaints are childish.

CHANGES IN ENGLAND SINCE 1685.—Few people, perhaps, are aware that in 1685 even Enfield was literally an open chase, containing, within a circumference of 25 miles, "only thee houses, and scarcely any enclosed fields," and that the wild stag ranged there as freely as in the woods of Kentucky. In Gloucestershire and Hampshire "red deer were as common as they are now among the Grampian Hills. On one occasion Queen Anne on her way to Portsmouth, saw a herd of no less than 500. The wild bull with his white mane was still to be found wandering in a few of the southern forests. The badger made his dark and tortuous hole on the side of every hill where the copse-wood grew thick. The wild cats were frequently heard by night wailing round the lodges of the rangers of Whittlebury and Needwood. The yellow-breasted martin was still pursued in Cranbourne Chase for his fur, reputed inferior only to that of the sable. Fen eagles, measuring more than nine feet between the extremities of the wings, preyed on fish along the coast of Norfolk. On all the downs from the British Channel to Yorkshire huge bustards strayed in troops of fifty or sixty, and were often hunted with greyhounds. The marshes of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire were covered during some months of every year by immense clouds of cranes. Some of these races the progress of cultivation has extirpated. Of others the numbers are so much diminished that men crowd to gaze at a specimen as at a Bengal tiger or a Polar bear." Our old English birds have not been destroyed so much to make room for turkeys and geese as slaughtered for the sole purpose of pampering game. Every animal which lent a character to the scenery of these islands has been ruthlessly sacrificed in order that pheasants might have a freer range, and a costly and monotonous battue is the only substitue for the innocent and salutary pleasures of the naturalist. Wild cats and wolves, indeed, have been driven before the "progress of cultivation"; but the golden eagle and the stately bustard, and, we may now almost add, the solitary bittern and the moping heron, have dwindled away only before a spirit as little favourable to cultivation, and as little akin to true civilization, as any which could well be depicted.—*The Times' Review of Macaulay's History of England.*

THE PYRAMIDS.—It is remarkable that after some thousand years of ancient inquiry, and at least a century of keen and even toilsome research by modern scholarship, the world knows little more of the pyramids than it knew when the priesthood kept all the secrets of Egypt. By whom they were built, for what, or when, have given birth to volumes of researches; but to those questions no answers have been given worth the paper they cost in answering. Whether they were built by Israelite slaves or Asiatic invaders, for sacrifice or for sepulture, or for both, or for the glory of individual kings, or for the memory of dynasties, or for treasure houses, or for astronomical purposes, or for the mere employment of the multitude—workhouses having probably found their origin in Egypt—or for the rough ostentation of royal power, all are points undetermined since the travels of Herodotus. But that they must have cost stupendous toil there is full evidence—the great pyramid covering thirteen acres—exhibiting a mass of stone equal to six Plymouth breakwaters, and rising to a height of 470 feet, or fifteen feet higher than St. Peter's spire, and 119 feet higher than St. Paul's—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The £600 a year, for ten years, to Mr. Macaulay, for ten years' copyright of the first two volumes of his "History of England," is perhaps the largest sum ever given for a work in two volumes. The largest sums heretofore known to have been paid are—4,000 guineas to Washington Irving for his "Life of Columbus," in four volumes, octavo,—2,000 guineas to Moore for his "Life of Byron," in two volumes, quarto—and £4,500, for ten years, to the present Bishop of Oxford and his brother, for the "Life of Wilberforce," in five volumes, octavo. Mr. Roberts is said to have received 3,000 guineas for his "Life of Hannah More," in five volumes, octavo—Mr. Twiss 2,000 guineas for his "Life of Lord Eldon;" and Mr. Stanley something like 1,500 guineas for his "Life of Dr. Arnold." The largest sum ever realised by any one work whilst it continued to be called a new publication was £18,000, the proceeds of Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon," the work of twelve months, and published in nine volumes, octavo, in 1827. The "Life of Columbus" has not yet, we believe, paid its expenses; the "Life of Byron" was a loss till its appearance in one thick volume with double columns; and the "Life of Wilberforce," it is well known was heavy failure. Mr. Macaulay's annuity is, therefore, a lottery with the Messrs. Longman. The best and most remunerative books in English literature have been bought by booksellers at the lowest prices.—*Athenæum.*

DREAM FOR DREAM.—Soon after Sir William Johnson had been appointed superintendant of Indian affairs in North America, while the States were still colonies of Britain, he wrote to England for some suits of clothes, richly laced. When they arrived at Sir William's, Hendrick, king of the five nations of the Mohawks, was present, and particularly admired them, but without saying any thing at that time to Sir William. In a few days, Hendrick called on Sir William, and acquainted him that he had had a dream. On Sir William's inquiring what it was, he told him that he had dreamed that he had given him one of those fine suits which he had lately received from over "the Great Water." Sir William took the hint, and immediately presented him with one of the richest suits. Hendrick, highly pleased with the generosity of Sir William, retired.—Sir William, some time after this, happening to be in company with Hendrick, told him that he also had had a dream. Hendrick being very solicitous to know what it was, Sir William informed him, that he dreamed that he (Hendrick) had made him a present of a particular tract of land (the most valuable on the Mohawk River), of about 5000 acres. Hendrick presented him with the land immediately, with this shrewd remark—"Now, Sir William, I will never dream with you again: you dream too hard for me."—The above tract of land is called to this hour, Sir William's Dreaming-Land.—*Old Scrap Book.*

An Affectionate Couple of Geese.—A rustic offered for sale in Matlock Bath, two corpulent looking geese, but had contrary to usual custom tied them fast together by the neck, and seemed very anxious to sell them as a couple and not singly, indeed so particular did he appear on this point, that on a gentleman inquiring the price, he was informed that he could not sell a single bird for less than five shillings, while the brace might be purchased for seven and sixpence. The gentleman, induced from the apparent excellence of the bargain, to buy the pair, and the purchase being concluded he was led to inquire the reason for the apparent eccentricity of the vendor, when an explanation was rendered as follows—"Whoi, sir the poor things had been an affectionate couple on Tansley common for the last twenty-five years, and I thought 'twould be a pity they should be separated at last."—[Derbyshire Advertiser.

TAKING A HINT.—Captain, now Sir Samuel Brown, R. N., who was the first to form an iron suspension bridge, says that he took one dewy morning, the first idea of such a bridge, from observing the construction of a spider's bridge thrown across a garden walk.