

# The Weekly Observer.

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## THE GARLAND.

### A FADING SCENE.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

A fading scene, a fading scene,  
Is this false world below;  
And not a heart hath ever been  
That hath not proved it so?

The music that the soul doth melt,  
Like magic from the skies,  
Though sweetly heard, and softly felt,  
In swiftest echo flies.

Our pleasures are but fainting haas  
Reflected o'er the waves—  
Our glories—they are phantom views  
That lure us to our graves.

And Beauty—see her 'mid the crowd,  
A night-queen in her bloom;  
To-morrow in her maiden shroud,  
A martyr for the tomb!

And Love—how frequent does it mourn,  
For some remember'd scene;  
Or doom'd, in darkness left or born,  
To live on what hath been!

And Friends—alas, how few we find  
That consecrate their name,  
With glowing heart and generous mind  
To feed the hallowed flame.

But should there be some blessed one,  
However sad or lone,  
Whom deathly we can look upon,  
And feel that friend our own—  
The blasting wings of Fate unfold,  
They hear him in the way;  
Oh! see we mourn him dead and cold,  
Companion of the clay!

Oh no! there's nothing on this earth  
We fashion or we feel,  
But death is mingled with its birth,  
And sorrow with its weal.

Then, hail the hour of glorious doom!  
That wings my soul away  
To regions radiant with the bloom  
Of everlasting day!

## THE WISCONSINIAN.

### TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM.

ITS DESTRUCTION BY FIRE, UNDER TITUS.

It was the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former Temple by the King of Babylon; it was almost passed; Titus withdrew again into Antonia, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on; the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow-white walls, and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof. Titus had retired to rest; when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding the repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the flames about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the Temple. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a gilded small dome on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames sprung up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords with a furious determination of revenge and perishing in the ruins of the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed; he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire; his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not, or would not hear; they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the edifice, and then hurried to the work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain by thousands; they lay bespangled like sacrifices round the altar; the steps of the temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about. Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiers; he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice with his staff; he trembled with wonder, and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the holy place, he made a last effort to save it, and springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The centurion Libertus endeavored to force obedience with his staff; but even respect for the Emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw every thing around them radiant with gold, and were dazzled in the wild light of the flames; they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door: the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire, forced the officers to retreat; and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Roman—what was it to the Jew? The whole summit of the hill, which commanded the city, blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame; the gilded pinnacles shone like spires of red light; the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up; and dark groups of people were seen watching, in horrible anxiety, the progress of the destruction: the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiers, as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied, or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights: all the walls resounded with screams and wailings; men, who were expiring with famine, rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and young, insurgent and priests, those who fought and those who intreated mercy, were hewn down in indiscriminate carnage.—The numbers of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries laid to clamber over heaps of dead, to carry on the work of extermination. John, at the head of his troops, cut his way through, first into the outer court of the Temple; afterwards into the upper city. Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes, with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Romans below. Afterwards they fled to a part of the wall, about fourteen feet wide: they were summoned to surrender; but two of them, Mani son of Belge, and Joseph son of Dalia, plunged headlong into the flames. No part escaped the fury of the Romans. The treasures, with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly robes—the plunder which the zealots had laid up—were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a small part of the outer cloister, in which 6000 unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge. These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the Temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the Temple, where he would display his Almighty power to save his people. The soldiers set fire to the building; every soul perished.—*Murray's Family Library.*

A true friend eases many troubles, whereas one who is not so, multiplies and increases them.—*Palmer's Aphorisms.*

## DR. JOHNSON'S PUDDING.

A GOOD STORY.

Last summer I made an excursion to Scotland, with the intention of completing my series of views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions; and perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried mutton chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down and partake of a bowl of whiskey punch.—I found him as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent and full of anecdote, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

"Sir," said the landlord, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relation of mine, and these hard bottomed chairs (in which we are now sitting) were, years ago, filled by the great tourists, Doctor Johnson and Boswell, travelling like the Lion and Jackall. Boswell generally preceded the Doctor, in search of food, and being much pleased with the looks of the house, followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding. 'Now,' says he, 'make the best of all puddings.' Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning, slowly advancing on a pony.

"My dear Sir," said Boswell, out of breath with joy, 'good news! I have just bespoken a comfortable, and clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself that we shall make an excellent meal.' Johnson looked pleased.—'And I hope,' said he, 'you have bespoken a pudding.' 'Sir, you will have your favourite pudding,' replied the other.

"Johnson got off the pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the Doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for his delicious treat. Johnson feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen, and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire; he sat on the hob, near a little boy who was very busily attending the meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting ladle from one hand, the other hand was never idle, and the Doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat, upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day. The dinner announced, Boswell exclaimed, 'My dear Doctor, here comes the mutton—what a picture! done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown!' The Doctor tittered. After a short grace Boswell said—

"I suppose I am to carve as usual; what part shall I help you to?" The Doctor replied

"My dear Boswell, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day."

"O doctor! this is a great disappointment," said Boswell.

"Say no more; I shall make myself amply amends with the pudding."

"Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. 'How the gravy runs; what fine flavoured fat, so nice and brown too. Oh, sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton!'

"The meat being removed, in came the long wished for pudding. The Doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few minutes nearly finished the pudding! The table was cleared, and Boswell said:

"Doctor, while I was eating the mutton you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray, tell me what tickled your fancy?"

"The Doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip, and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved, on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried—

"The Doctor laughed.

"You little, filthy, snivelling hound," said Boswell, "when you basted the meat, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?"

"I could not, sir," said the boy.

"No! why could not you?" said Boswell.

"Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pudding in!"

"The Doctor gathered up his herculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, stared or squinted—indeed, looked any way but the right way. At last with mouth open (none of the smallest) and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovered his breath, and looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out, with the lungs of a Stentor—

"Mr. Boswell, sir, leave off laughing, and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living while you breathe."

"And so sir," said mine host, "you have the positive fact from the simple mouth of your humble servant."—*Angelo's Reminiscences.*

**THE PROTRES.**—At first view, you might suppose this animal to be a lizard, but it has the motions of a fish. Its head, and the lower part of its body, and its tail, bear a strong resemblance to those of the eel; but it has no fins, and its curious bronchial organs are not like the gills of fishes: they form a singular vascular structure, as you see, almost like a

crest, round the throat, which may be removed without occasioning the death of the animal, who is likewise furnished with lungs. With this double apparatus for supplying air to the blood, it can live either above or below the surface of the water. Its fore feet resemble hands, but they have only three claws or fingers, and are too feeble to be of use in grasping or supporting the weight of the animal; the hinder feet have only two claws or toes, and in the larger specimens are found so imperfect as to be almost obliterated. It has small points in place of eyes, as if to preserve the analogy of nature. It is of a fleshy whiteness, and transparency in its natural state; but, when exposed to the light, its skin gradually becomes darker, and at last gains an olive tint. Its nasal organs appear large, and it is abundantly furnished with teeth; from which, it may be concluded, that it is an animal of prey—yet, in its confined state, it has never been known to eat; and it has been kept alive for many years by occasionally changing the water in which it was placed. And it adds one instance more, to the number already known, of the wonderful manner in which life produced and perpetuated in every part of our globe, even in places which seem the least suited to organized existences; and the same infinite power and wisdom which has fitted the camel and the ostrich for the deserts of Africa, the swallow that secretes its own nest for the caves of Java, the whale for Polar seas, and the morse and white bear for the Arctic ice, has given the Proteus to the deep and dark subterraneous lakes of Illyria—an animal to whom the presence of light is not essential, and who can live indifferently in air and in water, on the surface of the rock, or in the depths of the mud.—*Sir Humphry Davy's Last Days of a Philosopher.*

**IMPORTANCE OF CHEMISTRY.**—You will allow that the rendering skins insoluble in water, by combining with them the astringent principle of certain vegetables, is a chemical invention, and that, without leather, our shoes, our carriages, and our equipages, would be very ill made; you will permit me to say, that the bleaching and dying of wool and silk, cotton and flax, are chymical processes, and that the conversion of them into different cloths is a mechanical invention; that the working of iron, copper, tin and lead, and the other metals, and the combining them in different alloys, by which almost all the instruments necessary for the turner, joiner, the stone-mason, the ship-builder, and the smith, are made, are chymical inventions; I am disposed to attribute as much as you can do, could not have existed, in any state of perfection, without a metallic alloy; the combining of alkali and sand, and certain clays and flints, together, to form glass and porcelain, is a chymical process; the colours which the artist employs to frame resemblances of natural objects, or to create combinations more beautiful than ever existed in nature, are derived from chymistry; in short, every branch of the common and fine arts, in every department of human industry, the influence of this science is felt. And we may find, in the fable of Prometheus taking the flame from heaven to animate his man of clay, an emblem of the effects of fire, in its application to chymical purposes, in creating the activity and almost the life of civil society.—*Ibid.*

**DISCOVERIES OF PHILOSOPHERS APPLIED TO THE ARTS.**—Real philosophers, not labouring for profit, have done much by their own inventions for the useful arts; and amongst the new substances discovered, many have had immediate and very important applications. The chlorine, or oxy muriatic gas of Schuele was scarcely known before it was applied by Berthollet to bleaching; scarcely was muriatic acid gas discovered by Priestley, when Guyton de Morveau used it for destroying contagion. Consider the varied and diversified applications of platinum, which has owed its existence, as a useful metal, entirely to the labours of an illustrious chymical philosopher; look at the beautiful yellow afforded by one of the new metals, chrome; consider the medical effects of iodine, in some of the most painful and disgusting maladies belonging to human nature, and remember how short a time investigations have been made for applying the new substances. Besides, the mechanical or chymical manufacturer has rarely discovered any thing; he has merely applied what the philosopher has made known—he has merely worked upon the materials furnished to him! We have no history of the manner in which iron was rendered malleable; but we know that platinum could only have been worked by a person of the most refined chemical resources, who made multiplied experiments upon it after the most ingenious and profound views.—*Ibid.*

**THE WORLD GOOD ON THE WHOLE.**—You ask, if I would agree to live my seventy, or rather seven-three, years over again? To which I say, yes. I think with you, that it is a good world on the whole; that it has been framed on a principle of benevolence, and more pleasure than pain dealt out to us. There are, indeed—(who might say nay)—gloomy and hypochondriac minds, inhabitants of diseased bodies, disgusted with the present, and despairing of the future, always counting that the worst will happen, because it may happen. To these I say, how much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened? My temperament is sanguine. I steer my bark, with hope in the head, leaving fear astern. My hopes, indeed, sometimes fail, but not oftener than the forebodings of the gloomy.—*Memoirs of Thomas Jefferson.*

As cunning as old Nic, and as wicked as old Nic, were originally meant of Nicholas Machiavelli, and came afterwards to be perverted to the devil.—*Dr. Cocker.*

**CAPABILITIES OF WOMEN.**—Women, we fear, cannot do everything, nor even everything they attempt. But what they can do, they do, for the most part, excellently, and much more frequently with an absolute and perfect success than the aspirants of our rougher and more ambitious sex. They cannot, we think, represent naturally the fierce and sullen passions of men—nor their coarser vices—nor even scenes of actual business or contention, and the mixed motives, and strong and faulty characters, by which affairs of moment are usually conducted on the great theatre of the world. For much of this they are disqualified by the delicacy of their training and habits, and the still more disabling delicacy, which pervades their conceptions and feelings; and from much they are excluded by their actual inexperience of the realities they might wish to describe, by their substantial and incurable ignorance of business, of the way in which serious affairs are actually managed, and the true nature of the agents and impulses that give movement and direction to the stronger currents of ordinary life. Perhaps they are also incapable of long moral or political investigations, where many complex and indeterminate elements are to be taken into account, and a variety of opposite probabilities to be weighed before coming to a conclusion. They are generally too impatient to get at the ultimate results, to go well through with such discussions, and either stop short at some imperfect view of the truth, or turn aside to repose in the shadow of some plausible error. This, however, we are persuaded, arises entirely from their being seldom set on such tedious tasks. Their proper and natural business is the practical regulation of private life, in all its bearings, affections, and concerns; and the questions with which they have to deal in that most important department, though often of the utmost difficulty and nicety, involve for the most part, but few elements, and may generally be better described as delicate than intricate, requiring for their solution rather a quick tact and fine perception than a patient and laborious examination. For the same reason, they rarely succeed in long works, even on subjects the best suited to their genius, their natural training rendering them equally averse to long doubt and long labour. For all other intellectual efforts, however, either of the understanding or the fancy, and requiring a thorough knowledge either of man's strength or his weakness, we apprehend them to be, in all respects, as well qualified as their brethren of the stronger sex; while, in their perceptions of grace, propriety, ridicule,—their power of detecting artifice, hypocrisy, and affectation,—the force and promptitude of their sympathy, and their capacity of noble and devoted attachment, and of the efforts and sacrifices it may require, they are, beyond all doubt, our superiors. Their business being as we have said, with actual or social life, and the colours it receives from the conduct and dispositions of individuals, they unconsciously acquire, at a very early age, the finest perception of character and manners, and are almost as soon instinctively schooled in the deep and dangerous learning of feeling and emotion; while the very minuteness with which they make and meditate on these interesting observations, and the finer shades and variations of sentiment which are thus treasured and recorded, trains their whole faculties to a nicety and precision of operation, which often discloses itself to advantage in their application to studies of a very different character. When women, accordingly, have turned their minds—as they have done, but too seldom—to the exposition or arrangement of any branch of knowledge, they have commonly exhibited, we think, a more beautiful accuracy, and a more uniform and complete justness of thinking, than their less discriminating brethren. There is a finish and completeness about every thing they put out of their hands, which indicates not only an inherent taste for elegance and neatness, but a habit of nice observation, and singular exactness of judgment.—*Edinburgh Review.*

**EFFECTS OF EXPANSION.**—A cannon-ball when heated, cannot be made to enter an opening, through which, when cold, it passes readily. A glass stopper sticking fast in the neck of a bottle, may be released by surrounding the neck with a cloth taken out of warm water, or by immersing the bottle in the water up to the neck: the binding-ring is thus heated and expanded sooner than the stopper, and so becomes slack or loose upon it. Pipes for conveying hot water, steam, hot air, &c., if of considerable length, must have jointings that allow a degree of shortening and lengthening, otherwise a change of temperature may destroy them. An incompetent person undertook to work a large manufactory by steam from one boiler. He laid a rigid main-pipe along a passage, and opened lateral branches through holes into the several apartments, but, on his first admitting the steam, the expansion of the main-pipe tore it away from all its branches. In an iron railing, a gate which, during a cold day, may be loose and easily shut or opened, in a warm day may stick, owing to there being greater expansion of it and the neighbouring railing, than of the earth on which they are placed. Thus, also, the centre of the arch of an iron bridge is higher in warm than in cold weather; while, on the contrary, in a suspension or chain-bridge, the centre is lowered. The iron pillars now so much used to support the front walls of houses, of which the ground stories serve as shops with spacious windows, in warm weather really lifts up the wall which rests upon them, and in cold weather allow it to sink or subside, in a degree considerably greater than if the wall were brick from top to bottom. The pitch of a piano-forte is lowered in a warm day or in a warm room, owing to the expansion of the strings being greater than the wooden frame work; and in cold the reverse will happen. A harp or piano, which is well tuned in a

morning drawing-room, cannot be perfectly in tune when the crowded evening party has heated the room. Bell-wire too slack in summer, may be of the proper length in winter. There exists a most extraordinary exception, already mentioned, to the law of expansion by heat and contraction by cold, producing unspeakable benefits in nature, namely, in the case of water. Water contracts according to the law only down to the temperature of forty degrees, while, from that to thirty-two degrees, which is its freezing point, it again dilates. A very curious consequence of this peculiarity is exhibited in the wells of the glaciers of Switzerland, and elsewhere, namely, that when once a pool or shallow well on the ice commences, it goes on quickly deepening itself until it penetrates to the earth beneath. Supposing the surface of the water originally to have nearly the temperature of the melting ice, or thirty-two degrees, but to afterwards be heated by the air and sun, instead of the water being thereby dilated or specifically higher, and detained at the surface, it becomes heavier the more nearly it is heated to forty degrees; and therefore sinks down to the bottom of the pit or well; but there, by dissolving some of the ice, and being consequently cooled, it is again rendered lighter, and rises to be heated as before, again to descend; and this circulation and digging cannot cease until the water has bored its way quite through.—*Arnott's Elements of Physics.*

**OLD TIMES AGAIN.**—We are informed that a gentleman, who has recently bought an estate a few miles from this town, intends to portion off from it a number of small farms, to be let to tenants at easy rents, in order to give the small farm system a fair trial. He has, we understand, built cottages, &c. to each of which he has attached six acres of land.—*Brighton Gazette.*

**HIGH LIFE.**—A gentleman's coachman, not long since, as he washed his master's carriage during divine service on Sunday morning, was heard to say that "he hoped his master and mistress prayed for him, as he had no time to pray for himself." He brought his lady home from the opera at one in the morning; then went to fetch his master from the "Hell," in St. James's-street; and by the time he had littered and rubbed down his horses, and got to his own bed, it was four o'clock; he thought after he could do no less than sleep till nine; by half-past ten he had got his breakfast, and at twelve his carriage was ready; at one he took dinner; at two he was ordered to be at the door, to take his lady and the young ladies to the Park; at five he returned, and was ordered out at six to carry the family to dinner: after setting them down, he was directed to come at half-past eleven; and, by two o'clock on Monday morning, the poor man was once more in bed. Now, permit me to ask you, whether this man, or his master, or any of the family, can, or dare, profess and call themselves Christians?—*London Record.*

**UPPER-CANADA.—THE RIDEAU CANAL.**

This stupendous work is advancing with surprising rapidity, and affords a splendid example of what can be effected by art and perseverance, in rendering the mighty works of nature conducive to the useful purposes of man. Thus the waters that form the frightful cataract, threatening with inevitable destruction every object within its influence, are diverted into a peaceful and safe channel by which such obstacles to navigation are surmounted with ease. We have formerly noticed the situation of Merrickville, and the works in that neighbourhood. Besides the locks for passing the Falls, there are two large and commodious basins constructed immediately adjoining the village, which, since the past year, has been increased by the addition of thirty new buildings, including a stone church (used at present by all denominations) a stone grist mill and several other houses of the same materials. It is also intended to construct a strong bridge across the River at this place. Mechanics of all descriptions are flocking into the village, among whom the most numerous if not the most useful class may be traced in the knowing pliz and plodding walk of the Yankee speculator, who is always "wide awake" where there is any chance of circulation. The contractors seem to be vying with each other who shall execute their work best and the most expeditiously. It is generally reported that Col. By intends to have a Steamboat running at the latter end of the season from the Hog's Back to Dr. Wright's Job in Ontario. This village is also improving to a degree far beyond what could have been anticipated a few years ago. In short the whole line of the Rideau bears ample testimony of that substantial prosperity to which the well directed and generous efforts of the Mother Country have given birth, and might well put to the blush those factious grumblers, who overlook the great interests of the country and contend for objects suitable only to the littleness of their own conceptions. Passing down the Rideau from Merrickville you have a view of a fine romantic country beautifully diversified by improvements of husbandry. Lining the indications of a remote period of settlement and unvaried industry; Oxford being on one side, and Montague on the other, in the latter of which places the inhabitants are about building a handsome Episcopal Church. Continuing down the line you reach the confluence of the south branch of the River, which runs through the interior of Oxford, and at the head of the navigation of which about three miles from the Canal the pleasant and flourishing village of Kempsville is situated, a place which has also wonderfully improved, there having been built during last summer nearly a dozen houses, and there are at present as many more in operation, two new saw-mills and it is said there will be built during the present season an extensive flouring mill, a brick kiln, and that several brick edifices are going up. This place likewise can boast of one of the nearest little Episcopal Churches in the Province, and is blessed with a worthy Rector, whose only aim is to do good. Kempsville has decidedly the advantage over most of the other little rising villages, being situated on the centre of a most flourishing and populous country, fine farms and wealthy farmers.—*Brockville Gazette.*

**KINGSTON, April 24.**—Yesterday being St. George's day, and the one appointed to commemorate the birth of our most gracious Sovereign, the troops paraded in front of the Market Square. Our gallant countrymen, the 79th, never looked better, displaying the first time for the season, their martial and picturesque garb; a sight, after a long and severe winter, particularly to eyes like ours, unusually cheering, and which we hail as a certain harbinger of spring. They fired a few *de joie* with admirable precision.—*Chronicle.*