The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No. 1403.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, JULY 1, 1845.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 53.

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.

CORPORATION LAW.

At a Common Council holden at the Council Chamber on the eleventh day of June, A. D. 1845:

Read and Enacted the following Law.

A Law to lay a TAX on DOGS, to be applied for the support of the Poor in the City of Saint John.

WHEREAS in and by an Act of the General Assembly of this Province, made and passed in the forty-first year of the Reign of King George the Third, entitled "An Act for the further and better support of the Poor in the City of Saint John," it is enacted "that the Mayor, Aldermen "and Commonalty of the City of Saint John be "authorized yearly and every year to lay a Tax "upon Dogs, to be levied upon the owner or own-"ers of the same, being within the limits of the "said City, and collected in such manner as the "Corporation of the said City shall by Law or Or-"dinance appoint—which said Tax shall be appro-"priated and applied for the support of the Poor, "and no other purpose whatsoever; provided that "the same Tax shall not amount to more than "Five Shillings for any one Dog."

I. Be it Ordained by the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of Saint John in Common Council convened, That from and after the passing of this Law, it shall and may be lawful for the Collector for that purpose to be appointed by the Common Council of the said City, to demand and receive yearly and every year of and from every person within the District for which he shall be appointed, within the limits of the said City, owning any dog or dogs, or having or keeping the same in his or her family, or in and about his or her house, of what kind or size soever, of three months old and upwards, the sum of Five Shillings for each and every such Dog, to be paid into the hands of the Commissioners of the Alms House and Work House, for and towards the support of the Poor of the said City.

II. And be it ordained, That if any person owning, having or keeping any such Dog as aforesaid, shall neglect or refuse to pay to such collector such sum or sums as aforesaid, when demanded, the same may be recovered by such collector from such person so neglecting or refusing, by suit in the City Court of Saint John, with costs of suit, in the same manner that any other debt, duty or demand may be sued for and recovered in the said Court.

III. And be it ordained, That each of the said collectors shall enter in a book to be kept for that purpose, the names of the several persons within their respective districts so owning, having or keeping any dog or dogs as aforesaid, and the number of such dogs so owned or kept by each person, and the sums collected by virtue of this law, a copy of which shall be filed by the said collector quarterly with the Common Clerk of the said City, and the monies so received during the preceding quarter shall then be paid by the said collector, into the hands of the said Commissioners of the Alms House and Work House, such collector being allowed to retain for his trouble in collecting and paying such Tax, four shillings in the pound on every amount collected by him as aforesaid.

IV. And be it ordained, That the owner or keeper of every Dog within the City of Saint John shall cause a collar of brass or other metal, or of leather having a plate of brass or other metal attached thereto, with the first letter of the christian name and the surname at length of the said owner or keeper plainly and legibly engraved or stamped thereon, to be constantly worn by such Dog; and if any Dog shall be found at large in any street, lane, square, or any uninclosed place within the said City, without such collar so engraved or stamped as aforesaid, the owner or keeper of such dog shall in addition to the penalty liable to be paid under the Act of the General Assembly, 7th William the Fourth, chapter twenty-one, for going at large, be liable for the further penalty of Ten Shillings for not having such collar.

And whereas there are a large number of Dogs going at large within the City at the present time, the former owners of which there is good cause to believe have left the City, or deny having any claim thereto, and a great nuisance is occasioned thereby.

V. Be it Ordained, That it shall be the duty of the Hog-Reeves within the City for the time being, and every of them, to seize and take up any dogs found going at large, contrary to the provisions of this Ordinance, and to impound such Dog in the City Pound. And it shall be the duty of the pound keeper forthwith to advertize such Dog in three public places within the city, and if no owner shall come to claim such Dog within forty-eight hours after the same shall have been so advertised as aforesaid, it shall be the duty of the said pound-keeper to cause such Dog to be destroyed.

VI. And be it ordained, That each collector so to be appointed shall be sworn to the faithful discharge of this duty before the Mayor or Recorder, and if any such collector shall be guilty of any breach or neglect of the duties of his office, he shall for each and every offence forfeit and pay the sum of Five Pounds.

VII. And be it ordained, That the several and respective penalties hereinafter imposed and ordained shall and may be recovered and levied, in the manner and to the uses directed in and by the Law or Ordinance of this Corporation, entitled "A Law "directing the mode of recovery of the fines, pen-"alties and forfeitures imposed by the Laws of the "Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City "of Saint John.

VIII. And be it ordained, That a certain Law or Ordinance of this Corporation, entitled "A Law to lay a tax on Dogs to be applied for the support of the Poor in the City of Saint John," be and the same is hereby repealed.

By order of the Common Council.

JAMES PETERS, Jun., *Com: Clerk.*

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.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

ALL persons having any demands against the firm of THOMAS NISBET & SON, *Cabinet Makers and Upholsterers*, or against the Estate of the late THOMAS NISBET, Junior, are requested to render the same forthwith; and all persons indebted to the said firm are requested to make immediate payment to the Subscriber, who continues the business under the same firm, and has now on hand an extensive assortment of superior NEW FURNITURE, of their own manufacture.

THOMAS NISBET.

St. John, N. B. 1st March, 1845.

April 1, 1845.

SPRING GOODS.

The Subscriber has just received per barque "Bristol," from Liverpool:—

16 PACKAGES, containing CARPETING Druggets, Red and White FLANNELS;
Grey, White, and Printed COTTONS,
Moleskinos, Gambroons, and TWEEDS,
Printed FURNITURE COTTONS,
LINENS, MUSLINS and TICKS,
PLAID SHAWLS, &c. &c. &c.

ON HAND—

500 Pairs Ladies' Double Sole BOOTS, suitable for muddy weather

April 8. W. G. LAWTON.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL WAREHOUSE, *Prince William Street.*

PARKS & HEGAN

Have received per "St. John," from Glasgow:

70 PACKAGES, being part of their SPRING SUPPLY, consisting of—Brussels, Imperial 3-ply, Superfine, and Common CARPETING; with Persian, Hemp, Back, Wilton, and Brussels HEARTH RUGS and DOOR MATS, to match; LINENS, Muslins, Laces, Ginghams, DRESSES, Shawls, Galla Plaids, Osnaburgh, Sewing Threads; Straw and Tuscan BONNETS, by the Case.

—ALSO—

50 Chests Congou TEA.

☞ For sale low for approved payments.

St. John, April 1, 1845.

Groceries, Liquors, &c.

The Subscriber has just received ex ships Lady Caroline and Mayflower, from London:—

78 CHESTS Fine Congou TEA,
10 Hogsheads LOAF SUGAR,
2 Ditto CRUSHED do.
100 Boxes best Pale Yellow SOAP,
35 Do. Mould CANDLES—wax wicks,
20 Kegs MUSTARD; 25 bags CORKS,
20 Bags PEPPER; 4 chests INDIGO,
140 Bags SHOT; 1 keg FLINTS,
25 Boxes Turkey RAISINS,
2 Carroteels CURRANTS,
20 Packages Salts, Blue Vitriol, Liquorice, and Spices,
20 Barrels Day & Martin's Liquid Blacking,
5 Kegs Saltpetre; 20 dozen Sind Twine,
10 Kegs Pipe Clay; 1 Case Japan INK,
250 Kegs No. 1 WHITE LEAD,
40 Do. Coloured PAINT,
15 Hogsheads Raw and Boiled Linseed OIL,
40 Barrels WHITING,
5 Casks PUTTY; 5 do. LAMPBLACK,
30 Hogsheads Pale Holland GENEVA,
15 Casks Sherry WINE,
12 Barrels French White Wine VINEGAR,
160 Kegs F and FF GUNPOWDER.

Ex British Queen, from Liverpool—

160 Boxes Steele's SOAP,
1 Hogshead and 10 Boxes STARCH,
30 Boxes Tobacco Pipes; 1 Case Blue Paper,
20 Dozen Griffin's SCYTHES,
1 Pierce Scrubbing BRUSHES,
3 Bales Bed Cords and Shoe Thread,
20 Crates Earthenware; 350 Stone Jugs.

Ex Canmore and Saint John, from Glasgow—

60 Hogsheads Martell's BRANDY,
5 Boxes CANDY,
300 Reams Writing and Wrapping PAPER,
55 Bags BARLEY; 10 Do. Split PEAS.

IN STORE, OF FORMER IMPORTATIONS—

300 Hogsheads MOLASSES,
175 Do Bright SUGAR,
10 Boxes Havana Clayed do.; 5 hhds. Bastard do.
20 Tierces Loaf and Crushed do.
80 Chests Congou and 30 Boxes Pouchong TEA,
75 Bags Java and St. Domingo COFFEE,
50 Puncheons Jamaica and Demerara RUM,
25 Casks Port, Sherry, and Madeira WINES,
15 Barrels Cider VINEGAR,
275 Boxes and Half Boxes Muscatel RAISINS,
20 Bags PIMENTO; 20 do. BARLEY,
120 Kegs Wrought NAILS, assorted sizes,
30 Boxes TIN PLATE,—IC, IX, and DC,
3 Tierces Alum & Copperas; 2 do. Basket Salt,
5 Tons Logwood; 10 barrels Paste Blacking,
40 Boxes London Soap; 5 do. Windsor do.
6 Tierces RICE; 4 cases GLUE,
30 Barrels Roman CEMENT,
3000 Feet GLASS, assorted sizes,
12 Hogsheads Linseed OIL,
5 Casks Red and Yellow OCHRE,
100 Kegs Blasting POWDER,
35 Barrels American BEEF and PORK,
6000 Bushels Coarse Salt & 110 Bags Stoved do.

Daily expected, per Jupiter—

10 Bales COTTON WARP.

The above, with a large assortment of other articles, will be sold low for Cash or approved payments. WILLIAM HAMMOND.

St. John, May 20, 1845.

10th May, 1845.

The subscribers offer for sale,—

60 CASKS fine Canada Rose NAILS—4d'y to 20d'y;
15 tons SPIKES, from 3 1-2 to 8 inch;
3 Wood Stock ANCHORS—16, 18 & 20 cwt.;
4 Iron ditto, ass'd sizes; 20 Smith's Anvils;
Several CHAINS, of various sizes;
Patent Windlass, Chain Plates, Dead Eyes, Capstan, Ship's Head, &c.
2 tons CORDAGE, assorted;
100 barrels No. 1 HERRINGS;
150 quintals large Shore FISH; 50 do. Pollock;
7 cases Linen Thread; 18 do. Twill'd Silecias;
10 bales SHEATHING FELT;
3 hogsheads BRANDY;
25 chests Bohea, 100 do. Congo, 14 do. Twankay, 3 do. Old Hyson, 8 do. Young Hyson, 5 do. Twankay Hyson, 5 do. Orange Pekoe, 3 do. Pouchong TEAS, of the best quality.

ALLISON & SPURR.

Wines, Brandy, Malt Whisky, &c

The subscriber has just received—a part now Landing:—

PIPES, hhds, and qr. casks of first quality Madeira, Sherry, and Port WINES,
20 hhds. Old Cognac BRANDY, *Martell's* and *Hennessey's* brands,
5 puns. superior quality MALT WHISKY,
10 puns. Old JAMAICA SPIRITS.

—ALSO—

50 casks, (each 4 doz.) London Double Brown Stout and East India PALE ALE,
6 hhds. best Refined LOAF SUGAR,
100 chests best quality CONGOU TEAS,

Which, with his usual Spring Supply of Goods, are offered at the lowest rates, by

May 20. JOHN V. THURGAR.

HAVANA CIGARS.

Landing ex brig Bluenose, from Havana,—

35 M. CHOICE Havana CIGARS—for sale by

May 20. JARDINE & CO.

THE GARLAND.

A RIVER THOUGHT.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The banks of the river were lovely and bright,
As blossoms and boughs met the summer noon light;
The moss hid the flower, the tree screened the moss,
And the willows' thick tresses fell sweeping across.

The cottagers' homes on the sunniest side,
Had wild hedges of woodbine that trailed in the tide;
And the deep-bosomed river rolled merrily by,
While its banks with their green beauty gladdened the eye.

But Time took his way on those green banks at last,
And pulled up the flowers and trees as he past;
He stretched his cold hand—the white cottage was down,
And the springy moss withered before his stern frown.

He trampled the woodbine, and blotted all trace
Of the willow so loved for its wave-kissing grace;
But he touched not the river—that still may be found
Just the same as when beautiful green banks were round.

The heart, like the water, may quicken and glow
While rare beauty is seen on the furrowless brow;
It may gaily expand where love twineth a bower,
And faithfully picture the branch and the flower.

But Time will soon plough up the forehead so sleek,
He will whiten the dark hair and shadow the cheek;
The charms that once dazzled will dazzle no more,
But the heart, like the water, shines on as before.

The tide gushes fast all as fresh and as fair
As it did when the alder and lily were there:
The change that has come o'er the place of its course,
Has not lessened its ripple or darkened its source.

And the heart that is beating with nature and truth,
May outlive some dear images mirrored in youth;
Some wrecks may be round it, but none e'er shall find
Its deep feelings less quick, or its yearnings less kind.

Oh! the green banks may fade, and the brown locks turn gray,
But the stream and the spirit shall gleam on their way;
For the heart that is warm, and the tide that is free,
Glide onward unchanged to Eternity's sea.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mrs. Caudle suggests that her Dear Mother should "Come and live with them."

Is your cold better to-night, dear Caudle? Yes; I thought it was. 'Twill be quite well to-morrow, I dare say. There's a love! You don't take care enough of yourself, Caudle, you don't. And you ought, I'm sure; if only for my sake. For whatever I should do, if any thing was to happen to you—but I won't think of it; no, I can't bear to think of *that*. Still you ought to take care of yourself; for you know you are not strong, Caudle; you know you're not.

Wasn't dear mother so happy with us, to-night? Now, you needn't go to sleep so suddenly. I say, wasn't she so happy? You don't know? How can you say you don't know? You must have seen it. But she always is happier here than anywhere else. Ha! what a temper that dear soul has! I call it a temper of satin; it is so smooth, so easy, and so soft. Nothing puts her out of the way. And then, if you only knew how she takes your part, Caudle! I'm sure, if you'd been her own son ten times over, she couldn't be fonder of you. Don't you think so, Caudle? Eh, love? Now, do answer. How can you tell? Nonsense, Caudle, you must have seen it. I'm sure, nothing delights the dear soul so much as when she's thinking how to please you.

Don't you remember Thursday night, the stewed oysters when you came home? That was all dear mother's doings. "Margaret," says she to me, "it's a cold night; and don't you think dear Mr. Caudle would like something nice before he goes to bed?" And that, Caudle, is how the oysters came about. Now, don't sleep, Caudle; do listen to me, for five minutes; 'tisn't often I speak, goodness knows.

And then, what a fuss she makes when you're out, if your slippers aren't put to the fire for you. She's very good! Yes—I know she is, Caudle. And hasn't she been six months—though I promised her not to tell you—six months, working a watch pocket for you! And with *her* eyes, dear soul—and at *her* time of life.

And then what a cook she is! I'm sure, the dishes she'll make out of next to nothing! I try hard enough to follow her; but I'm not ashamed to own it, Caudle, she quite beats me. Ha! the many nice little things she'd summer up for you—and I can't do it; the children, you know it, Caudle, take so much of my time. I can't do it love; and I often reproach myself that I can't. Now, you shan't go to sleep, Caudle; at least, not for five minutes. You must hear me.

I've been thinking, dearest—ha, that nasty cough, love!—I've been thinking, darling, if we could only persuade dear mother to come and live with us. Now, Caudle, you can't be asleep; it's impossible—you were coughing only this minute—yes, to live with us. What a treasure we should have in her! Then, Caudle, you never need go to bed without something nice and hot, and you want it, Caudle. You don't want it? Nonsense, you do; for you're not strong, Caudle; you know you're not.

I'm sure, the money she'd save us in house-keeping. Ha, what an eye she has for a joint! The butcher doesn't walk that cou'd deceive dear mother. And then, again, for poultry! What a finger and thumb she has for a chicken. I never could market like her; it's a gift—quite a gift.

And then you recollect her marrow puddings? You don't recollect 'em? Oh, fie! Caudle, how often have you flung her marrow puddings in my face, wanting to know why I could'nt make 'em? And I wouldn't pretend to do it after dear mother. I should think it presumptuous. Now, love, if she was only living with us—come, you're not asleep, Caudle—if she was only living with us, you could have marrow puddings every day. Now, don't fling yourself about and begin to swear at marrow puddings; you know you like 'em, dear.

What a hand, too, dear mother has for a pie-crust! But it's born with some people. What do you say? Why wasn't it born with me? Now, Caudle, that's cruel—unfeeling of you; I wouldn't have uttered such a reproach to you for the world. People can't be borne as they like.

How often, too, have you wanted to brew at home! And I never could learn anything about brewing. But, ha, what ale dear mother makes. You never tasted it? No, I know that. But I recollect the ale we used to have at home: father never would drink wine after it. The best cherry was nothing like it. You dare say not? No; it wasn't indeed, Caudle.—Then, if dear mother was only with us, what money we should save in beer. And then you might always have your own nice, pure, good, wholesome ale, Caudle: and what good it would do you! For you're not strong, Caudle.

And then dear mother's jams and preserves, love! I own it, Caudle; it has often gone to my heart that with cold meat you hav'nt always had a pudding. Now, if mother was with us, in the matter of fruit puddings, she'd make it summer all the year round. But I never could preserve—now mother does it, and for next to no money whatever. What nice dogs-in-a-blanket she'd make for the children! What's dogs-in-a-blanket? Oh, they're delicious—as dear mother makes 'em.

Now, you *have* tasted her Irish stew, Caudle? You remember that? Come, you're not asleep—you remember that? And how fond you are of it! And I never can have it to please you! Now, what a relief to me it would be if dear mother was always at hand that you might have a stew when you liked. What a load it would be off my mind.

Again, for pickles! Not at all like anybody else's pickles. Her red cabbage—why, it's as crisp as biscuit! And then her walnuts—and her all sorts! Eh, Caudle? You know how you love pickles; and how we sometimes tiff about 'em? Now if my dear mother was here, a word would never pass between us. And I'm sure nothing would make me happier, for—you're not asleep, Caudle!—for I can't bear to quarrel, can I, love?

The children, too, are so fond of her! And she'd be such a help to me with 'em! I'm sure, with dear mother in the house, I shouldn't care a fig for measles, or anything of the sort. As a nurse she's such a treasure!

And at her time of life, what a needlewoman! And darning and mending for the children, it really gets quite beyond me now, Caudle. Now with mother at my hand, there would'nt be a stitch wanted in the house.

And then when you're out late sometimes; I can't expect you of course, to be always at home—why then dear mother could sit up for you, and nothing would delight the dear soul half so much.

And so, Caudle, love, I think dear mother had better come, don't you? Eh, Caudle? Now, you're not asleep darling; don't you think she'd better come? You say no? You say No again? You won't have her, you say; You wont, that's flat? Caudle—Cau Cau-dle—Cau—dle—"

"Here, Mrs. Caudle," says Mr. C. in his MS, "suddenly went into tears; and I went to sleep."

JERUSALEM.—It was indeed Jerusalem—and had the Holy City risen before us in its palmiest days of magnificence and glory, it could not have created deeper emotion, or been gazed at more earnestly, and with intenser interest.

So long the object of eager hope and busy imagination, it stood before me at length in actual reality—the city of David, the chosen seat of God, the death-place of his Son, the object of the world's pilgrimage for two thousand years! All its history, so strangely blended with holiness and crime, with prosperity and desolation, with triumph and despair, and a thousand associations, came thronging into recollection, peopling its towers and surrounding plains with the scenes and actors of eventful years. These feelings I shared in common with the humblest pilgrim that was kneeling there, and, in some respects, he had even the advantage of me; he had made infinitely greater sacrifices than I had done, and undergone far heavier toils to reach that bourne. Undistracted by mere temporal associations, *he* only saw the sacred spot wherein the Prophets preached, and David sung, and Christ had died.

The whole cavalcade paused simultaneously when Jerusalem appeared in view; the greater number fell upon their knees and laid their foreheads in the dust, whilst a profound silence, more impressive than the loudest acclamations, prevailed over all; even the Moslems gazed reverently on what was to them also a holy city, and recalled to mind the pathetic appeal of their forefather—"Hast thou not a blessing for me, also, O my Father?"

When the crusading army, thinned by pestilence, privation, and many a battle-field, gazed upon the view before us, that warrior-host knelt down as a single man; sobs burst from their mailed bosoms, and tears streamed down their rugged cheeks. Those tears, and not the blood so profusely shed upon the plains of Palestine, were the true evidences of the crusading spirit.

Apart from all associations, the first view of Jerusalem is a most striking one. A brilliant and unchequered sunshine has something mournful in it, when all that it shines upon is utterly desolate and drear. Not a tree or green spot is visible: no sign of life breaks the solemn silence, no smile of nature's gladness ever varies the stern scenery around. The flaming monotonous sunshine above, and the pale, distorted, rocky wastes beneath, realize but too faithfully the prophetic picture: "Thy sky shall be brass, and thy land shall be iron." To the right and left, as far as the eye can reach, vague undulations of colorless rocks extend to the horizon. A broken and desolate plain in front is bounded by a wavy battlemented wall, over which towers frown, and minarets peer, and mosque-domes swell, intermingled with church turrets and an indistinguishable mass of terraced roofs. High over the city to the left rises the Mount of Olives: and the distant hills of Moab, almost mingling with the sky, afford a back-ground to the striking picture.

There was something startlingly new and strange in that wild shadowless landscape; the clear outlines of the hills and the city walls, so colorless yet so well defined against the naked sky, gave to the whole a most unreal appearance; it resembled rather an immense mezzotinto engraving than anything which nature and nature's complexion had to do with.

I am not sure that this stern scenery did not present the only appearance that would not disappoint expectation. It is unlike anything else on earth; so blank to the eye, yet so full of meaning to the heart; every mountain round is familiar to the memory; even you blasted fig tree has its voice, and the desolation that surrounds us bears silent testimony to fearful experiences. The plain upon which we stand looks like the arena of deadly struggles in times gone by—struggles in which all the mighty nations of the earth took part, and in which nature herself seems to have shared.

Each of our party had waited for the other to finish his devotions, and seemed to respect each pilgrim's feelings, with a Christian courtesy perhaps inspired by the spot. At length, all had risen from their genuflexions and prostrations, and we moved slowly forward over the rugged yet slippery path which human feet had worn in the solid rock. Countless had been the makers of that path—Jebusites, Hebrews, Chaldeans, Assyrians, Egyptians, Romans, Saracens, Crusaders and pilgrims from every country under heaven. As we advanced, some olive trees appeared, and deep valleys on the left, slightly marked with pale green gardens. An enclosure concealed the prospect for a while, and then again the City of Zion appeared, shadowing with its battlemented walls the barren rocks around. As we approached nothing but these walls were visible, presenting probably with their massive gates and lofty towers the same appearance as they wore to the Crusader's view. Here and there a turbaned head was visible, and the Crescent banner was waving from David's Tower: a few tents, green, white, and blue, were scattered round, as if forsaken in a hurry; and all else looked as if it had been laid waste in order to afford no shelter to an enemy.

I had always pictured to myself Jerusalem as standing upon lofty hills, and visible from afar. It is, on the contrary, on the edge of the wide platform by which we approached from Jaffa, and is commanded by the Mount of Olives, the Hill of Scopas, and other eminences, from which it is divided by the deep and narrow ravines called the valley of Jehosaphat and the Vale of Hinnom. These ravines meet in the form of a Y, the lower part of which describes the precipitous glen through which the brook Kedron flows in Winter to the Dead Sea.

The sight of the city is in itself unique; selected originally from the strength of its position only, it offers none of the features usually to be found surrounding the metropolis of a powerful people. No river or any stream flows by; no fertility surrounds it; no commerce seems able to approach its walls; no thoroughfare of nations finds it in the way. It seems to stand apart from the world, except from its passions, its ambitions, and even its prosperity. Like the high priest who once ministered in its temple, it stands solitary and removed from all secular influences, and receives only those who come to worship at its mysteries. All the other cities of the earth are frequented by votaries of gain, science, luxury, or glory; Zion offers only privations to the pilgrim's body, solemn reflection for his thoughts, awe for his soul; her palaces are ruins, her hotels are dreary convents, her chief boast and triumph is a tomb.

("The Crescent and the Cross," by the author of Eothen.

LAWS OF MATTER.—All we see is done by certain laws of matter, so that it becomes a question of extreme interest, what are such laws? All that can be said in answer is, that we see certain natural events proceeding in an unvariable order, under certain conditions, and thence infer the existence of some fundamental arrangement which, for the bringing about of these events, has a force and certainty of action similar to, but more precise and unerring than those arrangements which human society makes for its own benefit, and calls laws. It is remarkable of physical laws, that we see them operating on every kind of scale as to magnitude, with the same regularity and perseverance. The tear that falls from childhood's cheek is globular, through the efficacy of the same law, of mutual attraction of particles, which made the sun and planets round. The rapidity of Mercury is quicker than that of Saturn, for the same reason that, when we wheel a ball round by a string, and make the string wind up round our fingers, the ball always flies quicker and quicker as the string is shortened. Two eddies in a stream, as has been stated, fall into a mutual revolution at the distance of a couple of inches, through the same cause which makes a pair of suns link in mutual revolution at the distance of millions of miles. There is, we might say, a sublime simplicity in this indifference of the grand regulations to the vastness or minuteness of the field of their operations. Their being uniform, too, throughout space, as far as we can scan it, and their being so unfailing in their tendency to operate, so that only the proper conditions are presented, afford matter for the gravest consideration. Nor should it escape careful notice that the regulations in which all the laws of matter proceed, are established on a rigidly mathematical basis. Proportions of numbers and geometrical figures rest at the bottom of the whole. All these considerations, when the mind is thoroughly prepared for them, tend to raise our ideas with respect to the character of physical laws, even though we do not go a single step further in the investigation. But it is impossible for an intelligent mind to stop there. We advance from law to the cause of law, and ask what is that? Whence have come all these beautiful regulations? *Here science leaves us*, but only to conclude, from other grounds, there is a first cause, to which all others are secondary and ministrative, a Primitive Almighty Will, of which these laws are merely the mandates. That great Being, who shall say where is his dwelling place, or what his history! Man pauses breathless at the contemplation of a subject so much above his finite faculties, and only can wonder and adore!—*Vestiges of Creation.*

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.—To live in the country, and enjoy all its pleasures, we should love the country. To love the country is to take an interest in all that belongs to the country—its occupations, its sports, its culture, and its improvements, its fields and its forests, its trees and rocks, its valleys and hills, its lakes and rivers; to gather the flocks around us, and feed them from our own hands; to make the birds our friends, and call them all by their names; to wear a chaplet of roses as if it were a princely diadem; to rove over the verdant fields with a higher pleasure than we should tread the carpeted halls of regal courts; to inhale the fresh air of the morning as if it were the sweet breath of infancy; to brush the dew from the glittering fields as if our path were strewed with diamonds; to hold converse with the trees of the forest, in their youth and in their decay, as if they could tell us the history of their own times, and as if the gnarled bark of the aged among them were all written over with the record of by-gone days, of those who planted them, and those who early gathered their fruits; to find hope and joy bursting like a flood upon our hearts, as the darting rays of light gently break upon the eastern horizon; to see the descending sun robing himself in burnished clouds, as if these were the gathering glories of the divine throne; to find in the clear evening of winter our chamber studded with countless gems of living light; to feel that 'we are never less alone than when alone;' to make even the stillness and solitude of the country eloquent; and above all in the beauty of every object which presents itself to our senses, and in the unbought provision which sustains, and comforts, and fills with joy, the countless multitudes of living existences which people the land, the water, the air, every where to repletion, to see the radiant tokens of an infinite and inexhaustible beneficence, as they roll by us and around us in one ceaseless flood; and in a clear bright day of summer, to stand out in the midst of this resplendent creation, circled by an horizon which continually retreats from our advances, holding its distance undiminished, and with the broad and deep blue arches of heaven over us, whose depths no human imagination can fathom; to perceive this glorious temple all instinct with the presence of the Divinity, and to feel, amidst all this, the brain growing dizzy with wonder, and the heart swelling with an adoration and a holy joy, absolutely incapable of utterance;—this it is to love the country, and to make it, not the home of the person only, but of the soul.

POWER OF ELOQUENCE.—Eloquence, in this empire, is power. Give a man nerve, a presence, sway over language, and above all, enthusiasm, or intellectual skill to stimulate it; start him in the public arena with these requisites; and ere many years, perhaps many months have passed, you will either see him in high station, or in a fair way of rising to it. Party politics, social grievances, humanity mongering and the like, are to him so many new discovered worlds wherein he may, with the orator's sword—his tongue—carve out his fortune and his fame. Station—the prior possession by rank or wealth of the public ear—is, no doubt, a great advantage. It is much for a man to be asked to speak as a favour to a cause, for that his rank and name will influence the people: or to have secured to him by his birthright a seat in the senate: these things, doubtless, give one man a start before another in the race. But, without the gifts of eloquence, all these special favours of fortune are of no avail in securing your influence over your countrymen. Unless you have the art of clothing your ideas in clear and captivating diction—of identifying yourself with the feelings of your hearers, and uttering them in language more forcible, or terse or brilliant than they can themselves command; or unless you have the power—still more rare—of originating—of commanding their intellects, their hearts, of drawing them in your train by the irresistable magic of sympathy—of making their thoughts your thoughts, or your thoughts theirs; unless you have stumbled on the shell that shall make you the possessor of this lyre, never hope to rule your fellow-men in these modern days. Write books rather; be a patient and admiring listener; make other men puppets if you can, and hold the strings; but rest content with a private station, and make it as influential as you may. Publicly and ostensibly powerful you never will be, unless you have mastered the art of oratory.—*Edinburgh Rev.*

WESLEYAN METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Anniversary meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society was held on Monday at Exeter hall. The platform and every seat in the body of the great hall was occupied. The chair was taken at eleven o'clock, by the Marquis of Breadalbane. The proceedings of the day were commenced by singing a hymn, and by prayer. The chairman then addressed the meeting on the business about to be submitted to them. The report having been read, and a resolution put and carried that it be received and published, a number of other resolutions in support of the objects of the society were also put and carried, and votes of thanks passed to the noble Marquis who presided, to the committee, &c., for which the chairman and the gentlemen mentioned returned thanks. The principal speakers during the day were Sir G. Rose, Mr. Fox Maule, (who eulogized the system adopted by the society for raising subscriptions amongst the juvenile members of the community,) the Rev. Mr. Guthrie, the Rev. Mr. Boyce, the Rev. Mr. Waugh, the Rev. Mr. West, the Rev. Mr. Sherman, Mr. J. Heald, the Rev. Dr. Newton, &c. It was announced in the course of the proceedings that Mr. Cowther had subscribed £2,000, and Mr. Farmer £100. The meeting separated a little before six o'clock.—*London paper.*

THE DANDELION.—Every child knows it, and the village groups which perambulate the hedges for the first offspring of the year, amuse themselves by hanging circlets of its stalks linked like a chain round their necks? yet if we examine this in all the stages of its growth, we shall pronounce it a beautiful production; and its blossom, though often a solitary one, is perhaps the very first that enlivens the sunny bank of the hedge in the opening year, peeping out from withered leaves, dry stalks and desolation, as a herald, telling us that nature is not dead, but reposing, and will waken unto life again. And some of us, perhaps, can remember the pleasure it afforded us in early days, when we first noticed it in the cottage hedge, thinking the "winter was passed," and that "the time of the singing birds is come;" and yet, possibly, when seen it may renew the childish delight, though the fervour of expectation is cooled by experience and time. The form of this flower, with its liquate petals many times doubled, elegant and perfect; the brightness and liveliness of the yellow, like the warm rays of the evening sun, are not exceeded in any blossom, native or foreign, that I know of; and this having faded away, is succeeded by a head of down, which loosened from its receptacle and floating in the breeze, comes sailing before us, freighted with a seed at its base, but so accurately adjusted is its buoyant power to the burthen it bears, that, steadily passing on its way, it rests at last in some cleft or cranny in the earth, preparatory to its period of germination, appearing more like the flight of animated nature than the seed of a plant. —*Journal of a Naturalist.*

Mechanism of the Heart.—On reviewing the heart, every reflective mind must be struck with the admirable adaptation and suitableness of its several parts, and also the harmony of its operations. How important is the least portion of its complex machinery. If but a thread connected with the valves be broken, or one of its slightest membranes burst; if a single valve omitted to fall down before the retrogade current of blood, or became inverted, the vital functions could no longer be carried on; the vast machinery of the whole animal frame would be immediately deranged, and death necessarily ensue. Who could suppose that an apparatus so complex, so easily deranged, and which is thrown into action considerably more than a hundred thousand times a day, should yet continue unimpaired for fifty, eighty, or an hundred years. How insignificant and imperfect must appear the most admirable piece of mechanism constructed by man, when compared to this. What piece of mechanism, exerting so much power, could bear such velocity for one year? Yet so perfect is this apparatus, and so well fitted are all its parts, that its rapid motions never, during health, disturb even the tender babe, in whose breast it beats perhaps one hundred and fifty thousand times in a day.

The Symmetrical Proportion of the Human Foot.—In man, the foot ought to measure the one-sixth of his whole height; in woman, seven of her feet and a quarter (taking her own foot as the standard) are required to give her height. Hence, arise numberless beauties connected with both forms associated in our minds with the respective and individual character of the sexes; if the foot of the male be much under the one-sixth part of his height, the circumstance will give to his whole appearance an effeminate cast; his walk will appear (whether it be so or not) unsteady, vacillating and tottering like a column without a pediment; such incongruities never, so far as we have been able to observe, occur in the ancient Greek Statues, those divine models (for they really are so) of the human form. On the other hand, if a woman's foot exceed the one-seventh part of her height, this accident will give to her whole demeanour and walk a masculine character, which scarcely any artifice can subdue or soften. We say of such a person that the tread is masculine, coarse, and too firm; the eye skilled and chastened in the doctrine of human proportions, detects it almost immediately, that ie, if it really exceed considerably the due proportion, for very slight deviations from the standard will naturally escape observation.—[Dr. Cox's Lectures.

The Earl of Chesterfield 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 service of 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 cut down rebellion by quotations from La Fontaine and *calembourgs* from Scarron. But with these fortunate pleasantries he combined public and solid services. He threw a large portion of the crown land in the neighbourhood of the capital into a park for the reception 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's Magazine.*

The Window Tax.—To Sir Francis Dashwood, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer about 1762, we owe the origin of the window-tax, at least in its present shape. Before that period, a house-tax existed; the manner of reckoning it was then changed, and its amount based upon the number of windows contained in each dwelling. Dashwood was a poor, weak creature, a nominee of Lord Bute's: Wilkes fell foul of him in the "North Briton," and Churchill lashed him in one of his vigorous satires. It is recorded, that after his window duty feat, the children in the street—no doubt incited and urged on by their seniors—called after him as he passed along, "There goes the worst Chancellor of the Exchequer England has ever known." The asseveration might have been bold, but there was not more boldness in it than truth.—*Jerrold's Magazine.*