The Weekly Observer.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1847.

VOL. XX.—NO. 6.

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.

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These works are all splendidly illustrated; and some of them are magnificently bound in *coloured Morocco and Gilt*, got up in the best English Annual style.

*** For sale at Messrs. G. & E. SEARS' Store, King street, St. John, N. B.—*wholesale and retail* —at New York prices. June 29.

Cheap Books & Stationery.

Just received at the Victoria Book Store.

AN extensive supply of BOOKS and STATIONERY, which will be sold cheap for Cash;—SCHOOL BOOKS—the latest and best editions; WRITING PAPERS of every description; Works on *Mesmerism, Animal Magnetism, Phrenology, Physiognomy, Natural History, Gallery of Nature*, and a large assortment of Miscellaneous Works in History, Arts, Sciences, Biography, Divinity, and Christian Theology.

Wholesale and Retail. V. H. NELSON.

King-street, May 18, 1847.

Valuable FREEHOLD Property, FOR SALE.

A LOT and a half of LAND, at the West end of Mecklenburgh Street, near to Queen's Square, St. John, on which is a commodious Family Residence, now occupied by the Rev. Mr. Sutcliffe, with Wood house, Barn, &c. The House is in good repair, containing Drawing-room, two Parlours, five Bed-rooms, Kitchen, Pantries, Well-room, with a never-failing spring of pure water, and Cellars. From the South aspect of the house is an unobstructed view of the Harbour and the Bay. —Enquire of Mr. Hannah, Grocer, near the St. John Hotel, King Street.

—ALSO—

A FARM, eighty-five rods front on the East side of the St. John River, near Fredericton, opposite the Steam-Mill belonging to R. Chestnut, Esq. There are more than 30 acres of intervale, 20 of which are cleared; the upland soil is excellent, and free from stone; the House is pleasantly situated, in which are four bed-rooms, parlour, kitchen, &c. and frost-proof cellar under the whole; the Barn is commodious, and well arranged—the locality and completeness of the Property render it a desirable residence for any one engaged in Agricultural employment. The tenant, Mr. J. Jarvis, will shew the premises.—For terms enquire of S. Barker, Esq., Fredericton. Titles of both Properties indisputable.

Fredericton, June 29, 1847.—4w.

The Douglas Arms Inn,

Eighteen miles from Saint John, on the Nerepis Road to Fredericton.

THE above Establishment, together with the large FARM attached to it, will be let for a period of from three to five years, and possession given on or before the first day of May next. The place was formerly owned and occupied by the late Mr. David Mather. It is well known and generally considered one of the best Business Stands in the Province for both a Summer and Winter HOTEL, and also as affording an excellent opportunity for the establishment of a general GROCERY business. For further particulars, apply to

WM. LIVINGSTONE

Apothecaries' Hall, St. John. Feb. 27.

P. S.—Since the insertion of the above advertisement in the "Courier" of last week, "*The Douglas Arms Inn*" has been destroyed by fire; but the proprietor is making every arrangement to have a Boiling put up as early as possible. The New House will be much larger, and in every way more convenient than the old one, and completely adapted for the general purposes of a SUMMER and WINTER HOTEL. It is intended to have the Building ready for occupation about the end of May or beginning of June next.

March 6. W. L.

FOR SALE,

THE PROPERTY half way between St. Andrews and St. Stephen, on the Post Road between those places, called the WAWEIG TANNERY, with the several Buildings, Water Privilege, &c., thereon, and containing Four or Five Acres of LAND.

The Tan-House and Works are extensive, and contain a Fulling and Rolling Machine worked by water power, a Furnace and Boiler for leaching the Bark, and Bark Mill. Also, a WHARF close to the Mill, at which a small vessel will float at high water.

There is also a comfortable and commodious COTTAGE, with two additional Acres of Ground attached, intended as a residence for the owner or conductor of the business. The head water which supplies the stream is a large and deep Lake, called "Long Lake," which furnishes a supply of water, seldom failing.

The line of the contemplated Railroad from St Andrews to Woodstock passes quite near the Property.

Apply to F. A. Kinnear, Esq., at his office, Sands' Arcade, St. John, or to R. M. Andrews, Esq., St. Andrews. May 18, 1847.

DR. JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM.

This is one of the most efficient, pleasant, and safe compositions ever offered to the public, for the cure of the various derangements of the stomach and bowels, and the *only* article worthy of the least confidence for curing Cholera Infantum, or *Summer Complaint*, or any of the following diseases—Dysentery, Diarrhœa or Looseness, Cholera Morbus, Cholic, Griping Pains, Sour Stomach, Sick and Nervous Headache, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Pain or Sickness of the Stomach, Vomiting, Dyspepsia, or the passing of food through the body unchanged,—want of appetite, restlessness, and inability to sleep, wind in the stomach and bowels, hysterics, cramp, nervous tremors and twitchings, sea-sickness, faintings, melancholy, and lowness of spirits, fretting and crying of infants, and for all bowel affections and nervous diseases.

DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT never fails to give relief in Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and other Pulmonary affections, and cures after every other means have failed. This can be and has been proved in thousands of instances, where it has effected radical cures, after the patient had been given up by all his friends and physicians.

*** Sold by T. Walker & Son, Saint John.

SPRING IMPORTATIONS.

Received by ship Thomas from Liverpool:

7 CHESTS "Hall's" Patent STARCH,
30 do. best Blue STARCH,
40 kegs SF. and DSF. MUSTARD,
20 fine Cheshire CHEESE,
20 dozen Hemp BED CORDS,
15 cwt. best Button BLUE,
2 barrels Cream Tartar; 5 do. Refined Saltpetre,
1 tierce BRIMSTONE,
2 hhds. BATH BRICKS,
1 barrel ROTTEN STONE,
2 cwt. Black LEAD,
100 dozen Griffin's SCYTHES,
5 hhds. Refined White SUGAR,
Cases Cocoa, Spanish Chocolate, Indigo, Arnatto, Ginger;
3 carateels CURRANTS; 25 bags PEPPER,
12 bales White and Blue WARP. For sale at lowest rates. JARDINE & CO.

June 1, 1847

S. K. FOSTER'S

FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE STORES,

Corner of King and Germain Streets.

—LATELY RECEIVED—

AN Elegant variety of Ladies', Misses, and Children's Fancy BOOTS and SLIPPERS, for Summer, in all the newest and most fashionable styles;
Boy's SHOES and BUSKINS, superior;
A large variety of Gentlemen's Wellington, Albert, Clarence and Colour BOOTS, Black and Drab Cloth and Cashmere BOOTS, Cloth and Doeskin SHOES, &c. &c.
Also—A very large and varied Stock of CHEAP BOOTS and SHOES, comprising every variety that may be required for city and country wear. *Five per cent. cheap.*

S. K. FOSTER.

N. B.—Country Dealers supplied on liberal terms.

June 22, 1847. S. K. F.

LONDON HOUSE,

Market Square.

MAY, 1847.

THE *Spring* and *Summer* STOCK of this Establishment is now complete, forming a General and Extensive Assortment of

FANCY AND SUBSTANTIAL

DRY GOODS,

SUITABLE FOR THE SEASON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

T. W. DANIEL.

NEW DRY GOODS STORE!

ALBION HOUSE!!

THE proprietors of the Albion House are now opening a part of their SUMMER STOCK, received per ship *California* from Liverpool, and *Great Britain* from the Clyde. The Stock embraces

Plain and figured ORLEANS and Coburgs,
Grey, White and Printed COTTONS,
Bed Ticks and Shirting Stripes,
Cantoons, Moleskins, FLANNELS,
Quilts, Counterpanes, Sheeting, &c.

Per "Queen Pomare":—

Satin, Cachmere, Barege, Norwich, Indiana, Maud, Shetland and Cloth SHAWLS,
MUSLINS, Mousline delaines, Balzerines,
Ginghams, Printed Jaconets, &c. &c.
Table Linens, Diapers, Huckabacks,
LINENS, Lawns, Hollands, &c.
Buckskins, Doeskins, Tweeds, VESTINGS,
Silk and Satin STOCKS, SCARFS,
Handkerchiefs, Braces, &c. &c.

Per "Maranham"—

Bonnet and Cap RIBBONS, Laces, Hosiery,
Gloves, Muslin Collars, Neck Ties,
Black, Colored and Check'd SILKS, Brocaded, Lustres, Roslyn Checks, Printed Cachmere,
Mohair, Brocade, Indiana Barege, and Polka Handkerchiefs, &c. &c.

ALBION HOUSE!!

BEARD & VENNING,

May 4. *North side King street.*

NEW SPRING GOODS.

JAMES SMELLIE

Has received per Ships California and Queen Pomare, part of his new Spring Stock, which he will offer at very low prices for Cash:

CACHMERE, Barege, Lama, Indiana, Satin Crape and Net SHAWLS and HANDKFS,
Mous de Laine, Cachmere, Orleans and Barege DRESSES;
Cobourgh, Orleans, Indiana, and Paramatta Cloths,
Printed MUSLINS, and Muslin Ginghams,
Sewed Muslin Robes, Collars, Habits, Chemizettes,
Sleeves and Cuffs, Trimmings and Insertions;
Jaconet, Check, Book and Mull MUSLINS,
Grey, White and Striped SHIRTINGS,
Yorkshire and West of England Broad Cloths and CASSIMERES,
Scotch Tweeds; VESTINGS,
Carpetings, Druggets, and Hearth Rugs,
HOSIERY and GLOVES,
Gossamer and Beaver HATS,
LINENS, LAWNS, Damasks, DIAPERS and SHEETINGS.

Prince William Street, April 27, 1847.

Cotton Manufactures.

1 BALE and 2 Cases Cotton DUCK, manufactured expressly for Light Sails;
1 Bale Brown Cotton Drilling, adapted for Flour and Corn Bags; 1 case Blue Drilling.

GEO. THOMAS.

July 6. *South M. Wharf*

SUGAR, &c.

Received this day, per schooner *Victoria*, from Halifax:—

38 HHDS. Porto Rico SUGAR, } first
65 Brls. do. do. } quality
11 Bags COFFEE,
3 Tons LOGWOOD.—For sale by

4th May. JAMES R. CRANE.

☞ NOTICE. ☜

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of SEYMOUR PICKETT, Esq., late of Golden Vale, Kingston, King's County, Cloth Manufacturer, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, to the subscriber, (at Mr. James Agnew's, King street,) within Six Months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to call and make immediate settlement.

L. P. PICKETT, *Administrator.*

St. John, N. B., April 3, 1847.

☞ NOTICE. ☜

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of WILLIAM RENSHAW, late of the Parish of Hampton, King's County, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within Three Months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to

CHARLES W. STOCKTON, *Late Admiral Arader.*

Sands' Arcade, St. John, N. B., April 6th, 1847

The Garland,

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

Mother! sweet mother! my poor heart is breaking,
To see thee thus mourn so sadly for me.
And sooner I shall lay last slumber be taking,—
I fain would delay, to be longer with thee.

Thy greeting is now in the language of sorrow.
That once would delight me with accents of love;
And the smiles that at times thy worn features will borrow,
But the pain of awaking them bitterly prove!

Oh, why art thou changed? Is thy child less endearing,
That thus she is chiding the tears from thine eyes?
Or canst thou mistrust the fond looks she is wearing,
To tell thee what thoughts in her bosom arise?

Forgive me, sweet mother,—I would not distress thee,
Or doubt an affection so true as thine own:
And long may the spirit in yonder land bless thee,
When the bird thou hast cherish'd hath thitherward flown.

I know that my days on this fair earth are closing.
That the glow on my cheek but betokens decay,
Like the flower that seemingly fair is reposing,
Though slowly within it is wearing away.

I feel my strength fail me; but light is the burden
That Fate could impose, were it only on me;
But, mother, though glory itself is the guerdon,
I turn from the thought, and cling closer to thee!

My dreams are of heaven,—its beauties unveiling,
Invite me to wander and taste of their bliss;
But sudden I see thee, and love then assailing,
O'ershadows you region while thou art in this?

I hear the glad hymns from the side of still waters,
That angels are toning to welcome the blest;
And though I would join God's worshipping daughters,
While thou wert all lonely, could I be at rest?

Ah, mother! how happy 'twould be, if together
We journey'd away from this valley of tears,
And blending our hearts in communion for ever,
We knew not a grief, with no cause for our fears!

But should it be will'd that I enter before thee
The portal of darkness that leads us on high,
My spirit, unfettered, will then hover o'er thee,
And thou wilt be conscious thy child is still nigh!

Miscellaneous.

THE WATER CURE.

Hydropathic House,
Brattleborough, Vt. June 26, 1847.

It would be an injurious error to suppose that any of the more powerful modes of treatment, as the plunge, douche, and running sitz, are ever applied in the first instance or abruptly. On the contrary, every one of these is preluded by a careful preparation, consisting of a graduated system of baths, beginning at seventy-five or eighty degrees, descending by one degree, every one, two, or three days, to the natural temperature, most unnaturally cold; just as an apothecary would slowly increase doses of laudanum, drop by drop; and even when for any reason the treatment is for a while suspended, it is often recommended in the same manner as at first, and finally is as gradually terminated. There is no haste in letting us down into the pool of health, for here the waters are always angel-stirred.

Accordingly it must not be thought that the douche about to be ascribed is suddenly applied to a weak invalid, just out of his flannel, bed-gown, and slippers. Yet though never administered so roughly as to endanger the health, it may, in analogy to cups and calomel, often hurt the feelings.

After from two weeks to two months of preparation, the patient whose case needs it is promoted to the douche, and is seen stepping off, with a proud look on his face and a sheet on his arm, bound for the douche houses, half a mile distant, on the other side of the ravine. He here begins with the very mild river douche; but without following him through the transitions to the hose douche, to the middle douche, and from that to the grand, extra potent, heavy wet, sockdolager douche, we will sketch his first interview with the latter.

On his way there he meets a fellow sufferer, who asks, "Where away so fast, my friend?" "Congratulate me, my good fellow, I am going to the big one, to take it five minutes at the first start. is it really very hard to take?" "O, no, I have just come from it—a mere bagatelle—but here, as you are going in for the first time, I may as well bid you good bye, for if any thing *should* happen it is a satisfaction, you know." "Good bye."

He goes to a different house from any he has yet entered, and opening a door, perceives he has made a mistake, and closes it quickly, but not before having a full view of truly a strange spectacle. A gentleman, whose only clothing in actual wear is a pair of pantaloons, down at the calves, dusty boots, and a nicely brushed hat, is seated navel deep in a small tub full of water, and with folded arms looks pensively at his watch. He is enduring the running sitz—so called because the water is kept at the lowest temperature by means of a constant stream from a spring near by, conducted in at the bottom, and by another stream carried off from near the top of the tub. It is usually taken from ten to twenty minutes, and is esteemed by many the most comforting of all the baths. The water never being warmed by the body, it is the same thing as making your seat in a spring, and fully comes up to the idea of "cold comfort." Verily this same running sitz is something worth mentioning in July. Thomas Carlyle would like it: no doubt he would, for he loves every thing that is not a sham, and this is no sham, by no means, but a stern reality.

Our "live subject" enters the right door and commences to prepare his body and compose his mind for the operation. As he undresses he screws up his resolution by calling to mind the bold deeds of ancient heroes, and particularly those of our Revolutionary ancestors—how Stony Point was stormed, how old Put entered the wolf's den, and how Sam Patch jumped off the falls; but his mind continually reverts to a calculation in hydrostatics, to wit, if a column of water "so big" and fifteen feet high comes down with such force, what must be the power of one twice as large and twenty feet high?

Meanwhile Mrs. Bemis, a dame of forty-five, who does up the part of nymph of the fountains, has let on the water, and it roars and splashes in the inner dungeon like a demon roaring for his victim. Our subject, thinking his time has come, takes his bandages in hand, casts a glance at the watch to time himself, presses his wife's daguerreotype to his lips, and opens the door, but it is not yet his turn—another man is "taking it," and our live subject recoils at the sight of a bony Apollo sprawling on his hands and knees on the floor, who, with teeth firmly set, is receiving the spout on the small of the back.

The effect of the stream pouring into the room is to make the air as cold as winter; and though it was July outside, by the time you are undressed and stand in expectant dread on the threshold it has become January. The room is high and dark; the steps by which you descend into it are hacked with the axe, telling of ice chopped away in mid winter. The stream has come fresh from the cold bowels of mother earth and sees no daylight till it lights on the subject's shoulders. The sight before him takes away all our friend's resolution, and nothing but the thought that he has come a thousand miles expressly to be subjected to the mercies of this water Moloch, and the thought that if any thing short of the ultimate trumpet can arouse his torpid liver to healthy action, this thing must do it, the fear of ridicule and the hope of a crisis, keeps up his nerves. Now the bony Apollo doubles out and our friend is left alone in that dismal den, alone with that douche and his own conscience. He flings down his bandages, clasps his hands, and raising them, as in supplication, over his head, steps beneath the spout, which he receives first on his hands thus clasped; this is to break the stream into a kind of shower bath, which wets him all over at the outset. He then receives it successively on all parts of the body, but the head, chest, stomach, abdomen and calves of the legs; all other parts now feel the full force of this "heavy wet" in a way that calls for some little effort to keep the breath of life in the lungs.

Whatever calculations in hydrostatics he may have made, he now realizes for the first time the full force of the theory. Talk of a thousand of brick! It is no sort of a simile for the way in which this water comes down upon him. Most relentless douche! Persevering torrent! Magnificent water-power to set the wheels of life in motion! Who can feel it and doubt the potency of water to cure or kill, and not look with contempt on the impotence of phials and pill boxes? Down, right down it comes, bearing its victim to the floor, cudgelling the shoulders, thundering down the back, knocking down against the short ribs, grinding along the spine as if a big rasp was filing away the points of the back bone, bastinadoing the feet, feruling the hands, and making all parts tingle as if a pudding-stick of extra power were renewing the corporal punishment of his school-boy days. The whole surface is soon excited to vigorous action, every organ is aroused, and all the fluids of the system are set coursing like mad through the capillaries into even the utmost corner of the little toe. The morbid humors, beaten up in all their lurking places, rush hither and yon to escape through the pores, or burst forth like lava in volcanic boils.

After dressing, there is a walk to be taken, usually the longest of the day, to expend the surplus strength derived from this tonic of all tonics. In cold weather you are impelled to put your legs to the very best speed. In summer, and especially in such weather as we have now, the sensation as you go out into the oven-like atmosphere is really droll. The sun basks down upon you as if it mistook you for a loaf of dough, and the hot steam from the earth rises up on every side. As you pass by the fields the mower lazily whets his scythe to excuse his conscience from mowing; the cows lazily chew their cuds in the shade, and the wild flowers drowsily droop their heads and close their eyes; all things tell of heat and extreme lassitude, yet you yourself are fresh, cool, without prespiration, and vigorous. The glistening atmosphere is only a luxurious hot air bath, and you stride along on the "four mile circuit," snuffing the clover-breath, as briskly as one who of a cool autumn morning

"Brushes with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

[Corres. New Haven Herald.

The Westminster-Hall Exhibition.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Albert and the King and Queen of the Belgians, honoured the exhibition of oil paintings with a visit on Friday week. The works to which premiums have been awarded by the commissioners were pointed out to the Queen by Mr. Eastlake, and with several of them we understand her Majesty expressed herself greatly pleased. Among the works which evidently attracted the greatest observation by the royal party were those of the "Battle of Meeance," by Mr. Armitage, to which the commissioners have awarded a premium of £500; the "Burial of Harold at Waltham Abbey, A.D. 1066," by Mr. Pickersgill, to which also a prize of £500 is awarded; and Mr. J. Noel Paton's picture of "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania," which is placed in the second class by the commissioners, entitling the artist to a prize of £300. Mr. Paton's picture, which, among its colossal companions, appears quite a cabinet subject, is eminently beautiful. Her Majesty was engaged in admiring the beauties of this work for a very long period, and she more than once called the attention of her illustrious relative to it. A small picture, by Mr. Jacob Thompson, illustrating "her Majesty reviewing the Drummond Clan in the court-yard of Drummond-castle, Perthshire, the seat of Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, during her Majesty's first visit to Scotland in 1842," was also especially noticed by the Queen; as were two companion pictures by Mr. John Wilson Carmichael, the one depicting Captain Cook in the Tropical Regions, and the other Captain Parry in the Polar Regions. The following is a list of the paintings and painters who have obtained premiums of £500:—Burial of Harold at Waltham Abbey, A.D. 1066—Mr F. R. Pickersgill; Alfred inciting the Saxons to prevent the landing of the Danes, by encountering them at sea—Mr G. F. Watts; the Battle of Meeance, fought on the 17th of February 1843—Mr E. Armitage. Premiums of £300:—Richard Cœur de Lion forgiving Bertrand de Guerdon—Mr. John Cross; Edward's Generosity to the people of Calais during the siege of 1346—Mr. P. F. Poole, A.R.A.; The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania—Christ bearing the Cross—Mr J. Noel Paton. Premiums of £200:—Parable of Forgiveness—Wisdom—Mr. J. Eckford Lauder; The Departure of the Primitive Puritans, or Pilgrim Fathers, to the coast of America, A.D. 1620; Henry V., when Prince of Wales, believing the King to be dead, takes the crown from the cushion—Mr. J. Calcott Horsley.

The *Morning Chronicle* of Monday, in noticing the exhibition, speaks thus of the pictures by Mr. Paton and Mr. Lauder:—"Mr Noel Paton has been fortunate enough, and most justly so, to obtain premiums for both his pictures, "Christ bearing the Cross," and "Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania." The latter picture, which, by the way, is the most elaborately finished in the exhibition, presents an extraordinary effort of a most fertile imagination. It consists, besides the principal figures, of countless lovely and tiny sylphs and grotesque elves, thrown into almost every possible position, and filling the whole picture with fairy animation, which multiplies the more closely you examine it, and utterly defies mere verbal description. The other of Mr Paton's works bears a striking, and we should say intentional, resemblance in design and expression to the "Spasimo di Sicilia," although in the latter Christ has fallen under the cross, while in Mr. Paton's picture he is standing nearly erect under his burden. In Raphael's famous *chef d'œuvre* the most harrowing and deep emotion is produced by the interchange of looks between the prostrate Saviour and his sorrow-stricken mother; but Mr. Paton has adopted the less effective design of making our Lord turn from his mother towards a group of women, to whom it may be supposed he addressed the words of Scripture, 'Weep not for me,' &c. The two first premiums of £200 each have been awarded to Mr. Lauder, for his 'Parable of Forgiveness,' (No. 93) and allegory of 'Wisdom,' (No. 95) both chiefly remarkable for a certain gracefulness of composition, especially the latter; but the former, although very elaborate, is faulty in design."

Coburgs!—Prince Albert is a Prince respected and to be respected for all his conduct since he came among us. But, besides and beyond him, we see Coburgs in France! Coburgs in Belgium! Coburgs in Portugal! and, we verily believe that, if the billionaires among the Children of Israel should buy Jerusalem and all the land about Jordan, we should, doubtless, see all the machinery of diplomacy instantly at work to adorn the world with a Coburg "King of the Jews."—*Liverpool Albion*

A WATERING PLACE.

[From "Bentley's Miscellany" for June.]

A Watering-Place! what magic is in the sound; how marvellously it acts on the nervous system; what impulse it lends to the circulation! What beaming eyes, and blooming cheeks, and radiant smiles, and happy gestures, are born of that single phrase—*a watering place!* If opium create trancing illusions, equalled, as certain of the initiated of Saint Thomas's declare, by the celestial dreams of ether,—if the mesmeric sleep be, *de facto*, a subliming of the faculties, spiritual and corporeal, that bestows on the sleeper a glance keener than that of the prophet, and an insight into all mysteries, mundane and supra-mundane; there is, verily, a virtue in that simple and summer phrase, "a watering-place," which yields not one jot to its occult, puzzling, plaguing, praised, and pooh! pooh-ed! rivals. Take a fine morning in June, only whisper the spell, and though clouds gather on the dun brow of the husband, sunbeams disport on the fair face of the wife; the huge lubberly "hope of the family" rubs his hands gleefully, and thinks of forbidden pleasures; and the graces, who sit sulkily brooding over their bread-and-butter, in the small breakfast-room, spring hastily from the table, infold each other in a rapturous embrace, and set busily to work coaxing papa and wheedling mamma, and airing "The Times" very carefully, lest the former should "catch cold," and the latter be kept at home to nurse him. Sweet bells! how harmoniously they peal of Ramsgate, Brighton, or Boulogne.

What a change—what a transformation—what an Ovidian metamorphosis! the green eyes of Miss Georgiana are blue as the skies of spring; the thin lips of her sister look round, and ripe, and rosy, as the melting, cherry-breathing kisses by Jupiter! and the sallow cheek of the eldest, the "miss" of the happy family, a young thing of forty, glows with a hue that the rose might envy, or "Pears's Transparent Bloom" vainly seek to simulate. What hath done it?—what hath given animation—fire—nay, grace itself, to that big unlicked cub of eighteen, whose long legs and arms were but a minute before sprawling—these over the back of the chair, catching at stray flies on the carpet, those over the head of the Grecian couch, dangling a pair of trodden-down slippers on the point of a toe never meant to be "the light fantastic?" A watering-place! a watering-place, with its visions of gay delight; its balls and promenades; its concerts and card-parties; its pic-nics and presentations; its riding, driving, boating, bathing, betting, playing, dancing, flirting—Lud! Lud! but a ring and a parson often come in at the end of the act. What hath soured the pleasant face of "the governor," as his son and heir reverently styles him—of "pa," as the graces in sweet juvenile innocence delight to call him—of "Mr. Barnabas Goldsworthy," otherwise "ducky-dear," as his lady and better half is pleased to name him, according to her particular state of nerves? A watering-place, "with its heat, toil, bustle, riot, hurry-scurry, strange phizzes, long bills, and deuce-knows what else of discomfort and disquiet." And Mr. Barnabas Goldsworthy heaves "a sigh that might upset a schooner," frowns awfully, blows his nose, pulls out his watch, re-fobs it, rubs his chin, and dips dismally into the bankrupt list.

But man was doomed to fall beneath the sovereign influence of the sex ever since father Adam hearkened to mother Eve; and which of his sons, prithee, may claim exemption from the common lot? Mr. Barnabas Goldsworthy "gives in;" Mrs. Barnabas Goldsworthy "has her own way."—she presents the apple—*id est*, a watering place;—he eats it—*i. e.* sets off in company with "Mrs G. B.," the graces, and the lubberly son; a portmanteau, a black leather trunk, a small valise, three carpet-bags, four deal cases, five band-boxes, six bags, seven bundles, eight parasols ("hack" and "show"), and a chaise umbrella. . . . .

MOUNT CARMEL.

Thus I again stood upon one of those mountains which God has made to enchant both eye and heart. Like a glimpse into infinitude is the view from Mount Carmel over the sea; like a transition from the noisy forum of the world to the courts of heaven, which here extends its embracing arms so widely and so powerfully that no heart can evade it. Carmel is like a question to the future: far behind it lies the noisy conflict of the passions of the earth. The pilgrim when he has attained it becomes suddenly tranquil, but he is immersed in those thoughts whose depths are deeper than the unfathomable sea. The illimitable surface of the ocean lies not only in front of Mount Carmel, but also upon the right and upon the left; for Carmel projects itself forward into the sea, confronting its waves like the bold breast of an opponent. The only equally sublime view of the sea I am acquainted with, is that from the heights of Ingouville, near Havre, a view which Casimir Delavigne has even compared with the beauty of Constantinople. Behind the monastery to the south-east, the wooded crest of Mount Carmel gradually rises to a height of more than a thousand feet; below towards the south, the ruins of Athlit, the celebrated fortress of the Christian pilgrims, which maintained upon its towers one of the last conflicts of the Knights of the Cross, standing upon a rocky promontory of the plain of the coast, cast a melancholy look down into the sea. Towards the north lies St. Jean d'Acre, whose white walls glittered gaily in the rays of the setting sun. Beyond it, in the north-east, towers Lebanon, and crowns its green declivities in the west with its dazzling snowy summit.—*Tischendorff's "Travels in the East."*

The first Railways and their Opponents.

When Jacquard, the inventor of the wonderful loom that bears his name, was arrested and carried to Paris, with his machine, Carnot in the presence of Napoleon, roughly said to him, "Are you the man that pretends to do that *impossibility*—to tie a knot in a stretched string?" His compatriots of Lyons, the impossibility being surmounted, broke his machines in 1806, and raised a statue to his memory in 1840. All those who are in advance of public opinion must bear ridicule or prosecution. In 1825, the *Quarterly Review* thus ridiculed the notion of certain engineers, Telford amongst the number, that a railway engine could go eighteen or twenty miles an hour: "The gross exaggerations of the powers of the locomotive steam engine, or, to speak English, the steam carriage, may delude for a time, but must end in the modification of those concerned. . . . . We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's *ricochet* rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, *going at such a rate*." In that year, the common belief was that railways were altogether delusions and impositions. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opposed in Parliament with every form of invective. One member, in 1825, declared his opinion "that a railway could not enter into competition with a canal. Even with the best locomotive engine the average rate would be but three miles and a half per hour, which was slower than the canal conveyance." (*Hansard*, 2nd series, vol. iv. p. 853.) Another assertion, which Mr. Huskisson was obliged to meet doubtfully and apologetically was, "that there were two or three canals which were sufficient for every purpose of commerce in the districts through which the railway was to pass." Let us be just to what we have been accustomed to decry as the dark ages. Let us be tolerent to those who imprisoned Galileo, and rewarded Columbus with chains. If there be a reality in any discovery—a true thing, and not a sham,—if there be strength, or utility, or beauty, in any work of mind,—it will live and fructify, what ever critics, or orators, or inquisitors, or even kings may do to crush it. And so it is with railways. On the 15th September, 1830, the first passenger line, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, was opened. The conveyance of passengers appear originally to have been an inferior consideration to the conveyance of goods; and the Directors modestly anticipated that one half of the passengers travelling by coaches between the two towns might venture on the railway. In the first year after the opening there were conveyed four hundred and forty-five thousand passengers; in the year ending 1st July, 1845, the passengers so conveyed amounted to eight hundred and ninety-seven thousand. On the 24th April, 1847, there has been a total expended on the railways of the United Kingdom, of seventy-eight millions sterling; and in the last week the aggregate receipt upon these railways was one hundred and sixty thousand pounds, being a total exceeding eight millions sterling per annum, for the conveyance of passengers and goods.—*The Land we Live in.*

PANEGYRIC ON O'CONNELL.

BY R. L. SHIEL, M.P.

In the House of Commons, June 26.

After expressing his sense of the generosity and kindness of the English people towards the destitute Irish, Mr. Shiel concluded his speech by an eulogium on the late Mr. O'Connell. You cannot but feel, said the hon. member, that Lord Clarendon and his able auxiliaries are surrounded with difficulties—difficulties resulting in a great degree from pestilence and famine, but also resulting, let me take leave to say, from the death of one to whom his country owes countless obligations, of one to whom, when the prejudices, the passions, the antipathies, and the predilections of the hour shall have passed away, and those impartial feelings shall have arisen by which they are succeeded, I do not entertain a doubt that the attributes of real greatness—intellectual and political—will be appropriately attributed by an admiring and grateful people! I trust the time will never come when English statesmen shall accord in rejoicing that that voice is silent by which a nation was controlled, and that the accents which a whole people were accustomed to obey, and on which senators hung with admiration, are hushed in the grave for ever! I wish he had been spared! I wish he had lived to see that city which was the object of his pilgrimage, and in which is the most costly shrine of that religion of which he was at once the humble believer and the dauntless champion! I wish that he had lived to kneel down at the altar of the noblest temple [St. Peter's] raised with hands—that the "old man's faltering step" had found its way to the marble altar of the Vatican, where, amid the blaze and effulgence of sacerdotal pomp, he might have knelt to receive the salutation of the greatest pontifical reformer who has ever sat upon the throne of St. Peter; and I wish that after he had performed that pilgrimage he had returned to the country of his birth, and which he set free, in order that he might renew the injunction never to infringe the principles upon which he acted during the entire of his illustrious life, and of whose violation he never was legitimately accused. Forgive me—oh! I am sure you will forgive me—I, who so seldom feel justified in addressing you—if I seize on this occasion to offer my tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead—to one whose wisdom, whose fortitude, and whose perseverance were truly an example to the world! (The hon. member, who *spoke in tones of deep pathos*, and was most attentively heard, resumed his place amid profound silence.)

What becomes of all the Cape Wine?—The capital embarked in wine cultivation was said in 1843 to be nearly two millions sterling; and the quantity exported to England averages from five to six hundred thousand gallons. The liqueur wine, Constantia, is well known, or rather well talked about, for it is too scarce and too dear to be within the reach of more than a few; but, with this exception, the wines of the Cape, pronounced execrable by the first English conquerors, retain their character to the present day. It should not be said that they are entirely unimproved, for they have lost, in some measure, their peculiar earthy taste; but still they are so inferior to the wines of Europe that they are never seen upon the table—under their own name. It is curious that no one asks in Parliament what becomes of the half million gallons which are imported, since there is not an individual of that august body who ever saw a bottle of "Cape Madeira" in his life! The fact is, the British Government could not conceive why we should not have as good wine from Southern Africa as from Continental Europe, since it is well known that the grapes of the former country are among the finest in the world; and in order to encourage the colonists to turn their attention to the article, they gave them a discriminative duty of about fifty per cent. in their favour. The consequence is, that the same quality of wine continues to be made at the Cape, and imported into England, where, as nobody will drink it pure, the dealers are compelled to mix it with other wines, and sell it at twice its value.—*Ritchie's British World in the East.*

Riches.—Where is Mammon so universally worshipped as in England? Where is a man or a woman without money so cruelly despised? Where is the lust of pelf so pampered by all public and private means? It is made the distinguished reward of learning in the gravest professions, the meed of valour, the prize of high desert in the arts, the spur to exertion in the service of the State, and the most popular writers of the day—those whose exciting fictions have gone through the greatest number of editions, and who, therefore, may be understood to know best what it is that tickles the palate of the intellectual and reading classes—these men uniformly make money the great end and crowning happiness of a virtuous life. If a prominent character in a modern novel winds up at less than five hundred a-year, he is sure to be one of the villains of the tale. Of "honest poverty," allowed to retain its dignified position in life there is no example. The book would not be bought which made such a mistake. You may murder your hero, and the world will weep over him; make him kill himself, and the world will deify him; but bring him to poverty at the latter end, or leave him in anything less than affluent circumstances, and the world (the British world I mean) will think that you teach a very dangerous doctrine, and will hold the tendency of your book to be decidedly immoral.—"*Slobberly Hall*," in "*Tait*" for June.

Counting a Billion.—What is a billion? The reply is very simple; a million times a million. This is quickly written, and quicker still pronounced. But no man is able to count it. You count 160 or 170 a minute; but let us even suppose that you go as far as 200, then an hour will produce 12,000; a day, 288,000; and a year, or 365 days (for every four years you may rest from counting, during leap year), 105,120,000. Let us suppose now, that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so, and was counting still—he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of our globe, have counted near enough. For to count a billion, he would require 9512 years, 34 days, 5 hours, and 20 minutes, according to the above rule. Now, supposing we were to allow the poor counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating, and sleeping, he would need 19,024 years, 69 days, 10 hours, and 40 minutes!—*American Literary Gazette.*