The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No 1563.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1848.

VOL. XXI.—NO. 12.

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.

At a Court of Common Council holden at the City Hall of the City of Saint John, on Friday the 25th day of August, Anno Domini 1848:

Read and re-enacted the following Ordinance:

AN Ordinance to regulate Public Exhibitions within the City of Saint John.

By order of the Common Council.

J. WILLIAM BOYD, *Common Clerk.*

At a Common Council, 11th August, 1848—*Resolved*, That all BALLAST to be discharged on the South side of the *Breakwater*, shall be deposited to the Eastward of the prolongation of the Western line of Charlotte Street,—and further Ordered, that the Common Clerk transmit a copy of this Resolution to the Harbour Master.

And all parties concerned are hereby notified and required to govern themselves accordingly.

THOMAS REED, *Harbour Master.*

To all whom it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Commissioners appointed under and by virtue of an Act passed in the 9th year of Her Majesty's Reign, intituled "An Act to authorise the widening of Saint John street, and the continuation thereof to Duke-street, in the City of St. John," have deposited and filed in the Office of the Common Clerk of the said City, a true copy of the Report to the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the said City, under the said Act, together with the Plan or Survey by them adopted in furtherance of the said Act, for the Inspection of all whom it may concern.

JOHN DUNCAN,
WM. O. SMITH,
J. H. GRAY,
GEO. A. LOCKHART,
Commissioners for widening and enlarging Saint John-street, and a continuation thereof.

June 24, 1848.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.

St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

☞ NOTICE.

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

THOS. BARLOW,
GEORGE FLEMING,
JOHN STEWART.

St. John, January 1st, 1848.

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

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

THOS. BARLOW,
GEORGE FLEMING,

January 1st, 1848.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of JARVIS & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Creditors are requested to present their demands to E. L. Jarvis, who is authorized to collect all debts due to the said Firm.

EDWARD L. JARVIS,
G. MURRAY JARVIS.

11th July, 1848.—[Chron. 8in.]

Copartnership Notice.

C. D. EVERETT

RETURNS his sincere thanks for the liberal patronage which has been extended to him since his commencement in business, and would now inform his friends and the public that he has taken into Copartnership with him his Son, Chas. A. Everett, under the Firm of C. D. EVERETT & SON, who will continue business in the old stand, and respectfully call attention to the

Spring and Summer Style

of Moleskin, Silk, and Velvet HATS, which they are now manufacturing, and which have been acknowledged to be the easiest fit and most beautiful pattern that has been manufactured for many years.

☞ HATS of all shapes and Prices on hand, or manufactured to order at a great reduction on former prices.

C. D. EVERETT,
CHAS. A. EVERETT,
City Hat Store, East side of the Market Square.

April 29.

☞ NOTICE.

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

Saint John, June 24th, 1848.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of ROBERT RAY, late of this City, Sailmaker, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within Six Months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to GILBERT T. RAY, THOMAS LEAVITT, GEO. A. LOCKHART, } *Executors.*

St. John, 11th February, 1848.

SCOTCH GOODS.

Landing ex ship "Rosanna," from Glasgow:

20 BARRELS "Ayrshire" OATMEAL,
25 barrels Pot and Pearl BARLEY,
10 Barrels Split PEASE,
1 Hhd. Washing SODA,
1 Do. Carbonate of Soda,
1 Bale TWINE,
4 Bales Wrapping PAPER.—For sale by

May 9. JARDINE & CO.

Normal Seminary.

MR. McPHERSON,

(Late Assistant in the St. John Grammar School,)

RESPECTFULLY announces to the inhabitants of St. John and its vicinity, that he has taken Rooms on the South side of Princess Street, five doors from Germain street, and nearly opposite Lancaster's Hotel, where he will, for the present, open a Normal Seminary for Day and Evening Classes, on Monday the 17th instant.

The course of Education will embrace the following branches, viz:—Reading, Writing, Arithmetic and Book-keeping; Geography. Use of the Globes, Draughting, Tracing and Embellishing Maps; Mensuration of Superfices, Solids and Conic Sections; Algebra; Plane and Solid Geometry; Plane and Spherical Trigonometry; Navigation, Land-surveying, with the Principles of Civil Engineering; English, Latin and Spanish Grammar.

Terms (for Day Classes) varying from 17s. 6d. to 27s. 6d. per quarter; for Evening Classes, made known on application at the School. Hours of attendance for Day Classes from 9 A.M. till 1 P.M., and from 2 P.M. till 4; for Evening Classes, from half-past 6 till half-past 9. Applications to be made at the School.

Mr. McPherson would intimate that he has engaged a Building of large dimensions now in course of erection on the South side of *King's Square*, whither he intends to remove his School after the lapse of a few weeks, when the house will be completed.

Being intimately acquainted with the Normal system of Education, Mr. McPherson will adopt that method of Teaching in his School; and he feels assured that, by an approved plan of imparting instruction, and by zealous assiduity and good government in his establishment, he will give general satisfaction to parents and guardians who may favour him with their patronage. The School will be furnished with Maps, Globes, Nautical and Practical Surveying Instruments.

☞ To Young Men who may wish to obtain a thorough knowledge of Land-surveying in Theory and Practice, a favourable opportunity is offered, as leisure hours, during the course of instruction, will be spent in the Country, in order to make learners practically acquainted with the several instruments used in Surveying; for keeping a Field Book and making calculations in the various measurements connected with that important branch of Science.—Persons intended for a Mercantile or Maritime life will receive an education fully suited to their respective callings.

July 11, 1848.

Steamer ST. JOHN.

THIS fine Steamer is now plying between St. John and Fredericton. Her days and hours of starting are as follows:—

From Indian Town, Tuesday at 10 o'clock.
Ditto, Thursday at 10 o'clock.
Ditto, Saturday at 12 o'clock.
From Fredericton, Monday at 9 o'clock.
Ditto, Wednesday at 9 o'clock.
Ditto, Friday at 9 o'clock.

The ST. JOHN is very comfortably fitted for Passengers, and is well adapted for Freight, as all Dry Goods, &c. will be placed under cover.

Freight going by this Steamer will be received at the Warehouse at Indian Town, at all times, free of expense.

For further particulars, enquire of Captain Akerley on board, or

ISRAEL MERRITT, Agent.

May 2. *Indian Town.*

I. C. TIN.

75 BOXES now on hand, for sale at the store of JOHN KINNEAR,

August 15. *Prince William Street*

GROUND PEPPER.—Per 'Charlotte' from Halifax:—25 Boxes best Ground PEPPER, in bulk and in pounds and ½ pound Papers, Mott & Sons Manufactory.—For Sale at Hammond's Buildings, 20 Dock Street, by

August 8. H. G. KINNEAR.

FANCY GOODS.

Per Jenny Lind. Received at the "Liverpool House," from London:

WHITE, Black and Brown Ginpure, Chantilly, Paris and Fancy Net, Thread, Valenciennes, American Lace and Muslin Edgings and Insertions; British Chantilly and Brussells Falls and Veils; Black Silk Briganti Lace Shawls; Lace Capes; Paris and Cambray Quilling and Edged Goffered Blonds; Muslin Collars; Habit Shirts; Chemizettes; Brussels and Cambray Rouche; shaded Purse Silk; Artificial Flowers, Gents. and Ladies' Cambric Handkerchiefs, &c. at usual low prices

VAUGHANS & LOCKHART.

May 2, 1848.

LONDON HOUSE, MARKET SQUARE.

MAY 16th.

IN addition to the Shipments already received per "Jenny Lind," "Delta," and "Zenobia," the Subscriber has now received per "Wanderer," a Stock of Mouslin de Laines, plain and figured COBURGS and ORLEANS, Printed and plain MUSLINS, Ginghams, PRINTS, Furnitures, Grey and White COTTONS, Fancy Drills and Gambroons, VESTINGS, Cashmarett, Russell Cord, Mohair Facings, Moreens, Tweeds, Moleskins, Aprons, Linings, Towellings, Cotton Warp, &c. &c.

Also—1 Tierce Superior SALMON TWINE, and Fishing Thread.

T. W. DANIEL.

CHEAP BOOKS.

HISTORY OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM, containing a collection of experiments, &c., also, a dissertation on the proofs of Mesmerism.

Spurzheim on Education, founded on the nature of man; The Loves of Paris;
Wallace, the Hero of Scotland;
Yankee Stories, by Judge Haliburton;
The Journal of a Vicar;
Martin the Foundling, by Eugene Sue.

A large collection of cheap Novels, which are all offered for sale at very reduced prices.

V. H. NELSON,

July 4. *Victoria Book-Store.*

BLACKING.

Ex brigantine *Hantsport* from Philadelphia—

4 BARRELS and 13 boxes, containing 530 dozen Mason's large and small tins of PASTE BLACKING, for sale at lowest wholesale and retail prices, at Hammond's Brick Buildings, 20, Dock-street, by

July 18. H. G. KINNEAR.

Brandy, Geneva, Whisky, &c.

Now landing ex ship Rosanna, *Gibson, master from Glasgow:*—

12 HHDS. Old Cognac BRANDY,
10 Hhds. pale Hollands GENEVA,
2 Puns. Old Malt WHISKY.

—ALSO—

4 Cases Linen THREADS—Black, White-Brown, &c., assorted numbers.

JOHN V. THURGAR,

9th May 1848. North Market Wharf

TEA.

Ex ship *David* from Liverpool:

26 CHESTS East India Company fine Congo TEA, of very great strength and flavour.—For Sale at Hammond's Brick Buildings, 20, Dock-street, by H. G. KINNEAR.

18th July, 1848.

The Garland.

REQUIESCAT.

BY FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

Translated by Mary Howitt.

Whoe'er the pond'rous hammer wields;
Whoe'er compels the earth to flourish;
Or reaps the golden harvest-fields
A wife and little ones to nourish;
Whoever guides the laden bark;
Or, where the mazy wheels are turning,
Toils at the loom, till after dark,
Food for his white-haired children earning;

To him be honor and renown!
Honor to handicraft and tillage;
To every sweat-drop falling down
In crowded mills or lonesome village!
All honor to the plodding swain
Who holds the plough!—Be't too awarded
To him who works with head and brain,
And starves! Pass not him unregarded!

Whether in chamber close and small
'Mid musty tomes he fancy smothers;
Or, of the trade the bondaged thrall,
He dramas writes and songs for others;
Or, whether he, for wretched pay,
Translate the trash which he despises;
Or, learning's serf, puts, day by day,
Dunce-corps through classic exercises;

He also is a prey to care,
To him 'tis said, "starve thou, or borrow!"
Gray grows betimes his raven hair,
And to the grave pursues him sorrow!
With hard compulsion and with need,
He, like the rest, must strive untiring,
And his young children's cry for bread
Maims his free spirit's glad aspiring!

Ah, such a one to me was known!
With heavenward aim his course ascended:
Yet deep in dust and darkness prone,
Care, sordid care, his life attended.
An exile, and with bleeding breast
He groaned in his severest trial;
Want goaded him to long unrest,
And scourged to bitterest self-denial.

Thus heart-sick wrote he line on line,
With hollow cheek and eye of sadness;
While hyacinth and leafy vine
Were fluttering in the morning's gladness.
The throstle sung and nightingale,
The soaring lark hymned joy unending,
Whilst thought's day-laborer, worn and pale,
Over his weary book was bending.

Yet though his heart sent forth a cry,
Still strove he for the great ideal;
"For this," said he "is poesy,
And human life this fierce ordeal!"
And when his courage left him quite,
One thought kept hope his heart alive in,
"I have preserved my honor bright;
And for my dear ones I am striving!"

At length his spirit was subdued!
The power to combat and endeavor
Was gone, and his heroic mood
Came only fitfully, like fever!
The muse's kiss sometimes at night
Would set his pulses wildly beating;
And his high soul soared towards the light
When night from morning was retreating!

He long has lain the turf beneath,
The wild winds through the grass are sighing;
No stone is there, no mourning wreath,
To mark the spot where he is lying,
Their faces swoln with weeping, forth
His wife and children went—God save them!
Young paupers, heirs to nought on earth,
Save the pure name their father gave them!

All honor to the plodding swain
That holds the plough! Be't too awarded
To him who works with head and brain,
And starves! Pass him not unregarded!
To toil, all honor and renown!
Honor to handicraft and tillage!
To every sweat-drop falling down
In crowded mills and lonely village!

Miscellaneous.

THE MODEL MOTHER.

All her children are angels. She knows no children like them. Tom can already spell words of three syllables, and the little fellow is only five years old next thirty-first of July.—Polly puts such curious questions, that her papa is often puzzled to answer them. It was but yesterday she asked him "Why he had such whiskers, and mama had none?" and Mr. Smith really did'nt know what to say. Thank goodness! she has given all of them a good education, and there isn't one that can turn round and reproach her with a moment's neglect. She loves them all dearly, and never ceases thinking of them. It does her heart good to see them happy, and she cannot understand how mothers can part with their children and put them out to nurse, where they never see them, and leave them entirely to the care of a strange woman.

No wonder their children don't love them! Now, *she* has nursed every one of her family, and is she any the worse for it, pray? She has no patience with such fine ladies. They don't deserve having children. Why, look at baby! The little thing knows her, and understands every word she says. If it cries,—though it is the quietest child in the world—she has only to say "Be quiet, baby!" and it goes off to sleep directly. No! those who don't behave as mothers, will never be loved as mothers, and it's her opinion that when children turn out bad, it is because they have been neglected in their childhood, and have never known the comforts of a home. Ingratitude never grows up in a child's heart, unless it has been first sown there by the hand of the parent. Why she has never had a moment's uneasiness with any one of her children—and she has ten of them,—and why? Because affection begets affection, and she is positive they would not do a single thing to make their mother miserable. It's true that Ned is "a little racketty," but boys will be boys, and the lad is too good at heart ever to go wrong. But if the worst should happen—not that she fears it—the boy never will forget his infancy, and that's a blessing! The thoughts of a happy childhood has brought back many a prodigal son, and she knows well enough that her Ned would never wander far without feeling that chain round his heart gently pulling him towards home.—But it's all nonsense! The boy's right enough, if Mr. Smith would'nt be so harsh to him!

Thus the Model Mother defends her children. Their defects are beauties in her eyes: their very faults are dear to her. They do no wrong. If any breakage takes place, it wasn't the childs' fault; she tells you she's only to blame. She stays the father's arm when his anger is about to fall, and stops his voice when his paternal passion is rising. She is continually sending presents to Eliza, who, "poor thing! did not marry so well as her sisters." She is not afraid of taking her daughters out with her, for fear of their age leading to the confession of her own, nor does she dress like a young lady of sixteen, in order to look younger than they. She carries her family everywhere. She will not travel, or stir out of town, without the whole troop, or call on an acquaintance "just in a friendly way to take dinner," without having Julia, and Jack, and Betsy, and Augustus, and ever so many more with her. She imagines that because she dearly loves her children, every one must dearly love them also. She discourses on their talents for hours—the reading of the one, the sewing of the other, the blue eyes of the third, the superior accomplishments of the eldest, the wonderful "Busy, Busy Bee" of the youngest—and tells wonderful anecdotes that prove them to be the greatest geniuses that ever wore pinafores. She makes plum cakes for the boys when at school, and has them at home on the Saturday, and every possible holiday, though she's told each time "that it interferes sadly with their studies."

The Model Mother is happiest, however, at a wedding. She runs about, kisses her daughter every time she meets her, looks after the breakfast, puts all sorts of packages into the travelling-carriage, runs up and down stairs for no one knows what, and laughs and cries every alternate minute. She never was so happy; and when her darling girl says, "Good bye, mother," she throws her arm round her neck and wishes her all the happiness in the world, accompanied with a hope that "she will never forget her dear mother," and that "she knows where there is always a home for her." Her joy, too, at the birth of the first child is only equalled by her pride and importance. She never leaves her "pet's" bedside, and stops to comfort her, and be the first to kiss the baby. She attends every christening, and nearly ruins herself in presents to the nurses, and coral necklaces, and magnificent bibs and tuckers. At Christmas she has all her children to dine with her; it has been the practice of the family as long as she can recollect, and if there is a daughter abroad, or a son in disgrace no one exactly knows where, she is the first to call recollection to the fact, and to propose the health of the missing one after dinner, joined with the prayer that he or she "may soon be among them again." In the evening, she arranges the romps for the boys and girls, and is not the least offended if any one calls her "grandmother." Little presents are given, forfeits are paid, and a Happy Christmas is drank to all. *Sir Roger de Coverley* finishes the amusements, in which she leads off the dance with her husband, after dragging him away from the whist table, and she keeps up the fun as long as anybody. At last it is getting late; and her children crowd round her, they kiss her, and hang about her, and there is nothing but one loud "God bless you, mother!" heard on all sides. This wish springs from the heart of every one, for there is not a child but who has felt in sickness as in health, in adversity as in prosperity, abroad as at home, the love and kindness of the Model Mother.

A Valuable Hint for Farmers.—The celebrated Mr. Robert Bakewell, of Dishly, Leicestershire, and the founder of the New Leicester sheep, used to tell an anecdote with exceeding high glee, of a farmer, not only of the olden school, but of the golden times. This farmer, who owned and occupied 1000 acres of land, had three daughters. When his eldest daughter married, he gave her one quarter of his land for her portion, but no money; and he found by a little more speed and a little better management, the produce of his farm did not decrease. When his second daughter married, he gave her one-third of the remaining land for her portion, but no money. He then set to work, and began to grub up his furze and fern, and ploughed up what he called his poor dry furze land, even when the furze covered in some closes nearly half the land. After giving half his land away to two of his daughters, to his great surprise he found that the produce increased; he made more money, because his new broken-up furze land brought excessive crops, and at the same time he farmed the whole of his land better, for he employed three times more labourers upon it; he rose two hours sooner in the morning, had no more dead fallows once in three years, instead of which he got two green crops in one year, and ate them upon the land. A garden never requires a dead fallow. But the great advantage was, that he had got the same money to manage 500 acres as he had to manage 1000 acres; therefore he laid out double the money upon the land. When his third and last daughter married, he gave her 250 acres, or half which remained, for her portion, and no money. He then found that he had the same money to farm one-quarter of the land as he had at first to farm the whole. He began to ask himself a few questions, and set his wits to work how he was to make as much of 250 as he had done of 1000 acres. He then paid off his bailiff, who weighed twenty stone! rose with the larks in the long days, and went to bed with the lamb; he got as much more work done for his money; he made his servants, labourers, and horses move faster; broke them from their snail's pace; and found the eye of the master quickened the pace of the servant. He saw the beginning and ending of everything; and to his servants and labourers, instead of saying "go and do it," he said to them, "let us go, my boys, and do it." Between come and go he soon found out a great difference. He grubbed up the whole of his furze and ferns, and then ploughed the whole of his poor grass land up, and converted a great deal of corn into meat for sake of the manure, and he preserved his black water (the essence of manure); cut his hedges down, which had not been plashed for forty or fifty years; straightened his zig-fences; cut his watercourses straight, and gained a deal of land by doing so; made dams and sluices, and irrigated all the land he could; he grubbed up many of his hedges and borders covered with bushes, in some places from 10 to 14 yards in width, some more in his small closes, some not wider than streets; and threw 3, 4, 5, and 6 closes into one. He found out, instead of growing whitethorn hedges and haws to feed foreign birds in the winter, he could grow food for man instead of migratory birds. After all this improvement he grew more, and made more of 250 acres than he did from 1000; at the same time he found out that half of England at that time was not cultivated from the want of means to cultivate it with. I let him rams and sold him long-horned bulls (said Mr. Bakewell), and told him the real value of labour, both in doors and out, and what ought to be done with a certain number of men, oxen, and horses, within a given time. I taught him to sow less and plough better; that there were limits and measures to all things; and that the husbandman ought to be stronger than the farm. I told him how to make hot land colder, and cold land hotter, light land stiffer, and stiff land lighter. I soon caused him to shake off all his old deep-rooted prejudices, and I grafted new ones in their places. I told him not to breed inferior cattle, sheep, or horses, but the best of each kind, for the best consumed no more than the worst. My friend became a new man in his old age, and died rich; whilst I bred cattle, sheep, and black horses for the good of the public, nay to enrich the public, instead of growing rich myself—for my house was an open one. I made more of my land than any man. I let for the season in 1789 three rams at one birth of one ewe at 1200gs. and seven for 2000gs.; and of one ram, with taking in ewes, reckoning my own ewes at the same price, I made 1200gs. in one season. When shall we see the like again?—["Gardener's Chronicle."]

All is soon ready in an orderly house,

Temperance Societies.—Temperance Societies are in themselves an effect of the advancing intelligence of the times. It is doubtful whether they could have been established with success twenty years before. They occupy now a distinguished position. Let us survey the steps they have trod. When the men of Preston first declared their pledge of total abstinence, it was received as the declaration of a number of fanatics, and no man could have anticipated the results which have followed it. It is true that men had long been startled by the fearful progress of dissipation amongst us, and had confessed themselves baffled, and had almost given up the contest in despair. Temperance Societies began; they opened a vast field of inquiry, and exhibited an awful amount of crime and profligacy,—a great waste of national wealth and individual means. The public mind was in some degree prepared for a grave consideration of the subject, and became gradually alive to its importance. It was then proclaimed, as with the voice of an oracle, that intoxicating drinks were not necessary to men in health. This startling announcement ran through society; some ridiculed it, some argued seriously against it; all predicted the speedy downfall of a monstrous folly, and spoke with derision of the exuberant promises which the delighted and enthusiastic apostle of a new truth held forth. The advocates were sneered at, but the principle survived; and proclaimed by the tongues of men inspired by a generous love of their fellow-men, it drew eager thousands around its platforms. Springing from the very depths of society, flowing forth in genuine and unsophisticated eloquence from hearts rejoicing in their own deliverance from the slavery of strong drink, it ran on, exceeding the expectation of its own disciples. It brought from the lowest sinks of misery and wretchedness many who had been given up—a class of men whom it was supposed no human influence could reach: it stopped many who were gliding down the same dangerous path. But those who saw the advantage of the temperance movement only in the number of drunkards it might reclaim saw a very small part of the good it was calculated to effect. That was only the first breaking out of a revolution—a peaceful and moral one—the full effects of which even now baffles conjecture.—*Lectures on the Moral Elevation of the People.*

Does Man Degenerate?—Many persons unacquainted with the powerful influence of exercise, will attribute these wonderful exploits of our ancestors to some innate superiority of the ancient over the modern nations. According to them, the physical powers of man have gradually declined. Having thus settled to their own entire satisfaction, that man is doomed by the fiat of fate to a continual degeneracy, and having thus made Providence responsible for that inferiority, which is the offspring of their own sloth, they quietly resign themselves to what they regard as their inevitable destiny, or ensure its fulfilment by a life of sensuality and inaction. This notion of the degeneracy of man is an inveterate and antiquated superstition. But though superannuated and worn out, it still stubbornly retains a decrepit vitality. It had its origin in the earliest, and will, probably, survive to the latest periods of the world. Men have displayed and ever will display, a strange delight in exalting their predecessors, and disparaging their contemporaries. Homer set the fashion; it was adopted by his successors, it is continued by ourselves and will be perpetuated by our posterity. But the visions of poets are no ground for the conclusions of physiologists. This idea of a continual physical degeneracy is a delusion, which is supported by no evidence and illustrated by no facts. It belongs to the region of chimeras and dreams. There is a degeneracy of habits, but no degeneracy of Nature. That the artificial habits of a large portion of mankind may have enervated their frames may be true; but the capabilities of the human frame, when skilfully trained, are equal to what they were in the earlier ages of society. Englishmen are born with all the materials of activity and strength possessed by the primitive nations. I have seen a few specimens of ancient cuirasses, and these were so narrow, that but few of my countrymen could wear them. The Greeks and Romans were, I suspect, smaller men than the inhabitants of northern countries. Their historians make constant allusions to the gigantic size of the Tuetonic nations. Yet there is no ground for concluding that we have degenerated from the stature and bulk of our forefathers. At Lord Eglinton's tournament, scarcely a knight could squeeze himself into the corslets of the middle ages. A curious experiment was made by the late Sir Samuel Meyrick, who possessed the finest collection of armour in the world. In his gallery hung sixty complete suits, once the defensive arms of that heroic chivalry, of whom we are supposed to be the dwarfish and degenerate descendants. Two of his guests, Englishmen of average size, tried on the whole sixty in succession, and encountered failure in each case. The chests and shoulders of the effete moderns were found too brawny and broad for the panoply of their ancestors.—*Dalmeny on Gymnastics.*

Bazaars and Fancy Fairs.—It is pleasant to see charity go hand and hand with amusement; it is linking two graces together. Certainly no one can hesitate to pronounce a Fancy Fair a far more elegant vehicle for charity than a public dinner, with its gorgeous indigestion and remorseless speech-making; and we are glad to perceive the taste increasing. * * It went off very pleasantly. The day was beautiful, the women were beautiful, the dresses gay and tasteful, the whole scene animated. As every one seemed to dread "a crush," the company distributed their visits over seven hours, so that at no time were the rooms too crowded. Thus we were enabled to gaze leisurely at the lovely faces, and to do something more than nod to old acquaintances. * * We sauntered about the rooms, loving the smiling faces around us, and lightening our purses of the "vile dross," in exchange for gleaming looks and romantically useless articles. It was a moving, restless crowd. Carriages drove up with fresh visitors every minute, and every minute carriages drove away with the fair purchasers. Nothing occurred to disturb the pleasure of the scene; and at seven o'clock Mrs —— sank into a chair exhausted with fatigue, and counted the handsome sum which her generous exertions had procured for the school.—["Douglas Jerrold."

Life of a Tradesman.—What is the daily life of a British tradesman? In a political and moral point of view, it is, no doubt, entitled to the highest commendation. It is a pattern of industry, punctuality, and good faith. But if we contemplate it under its sanitary aspect, we shall find that it deserves more censure than praise. What is his daily life? He rises early, and begins business at eight o'clock, having opened his shop before the majority of his customers have opened their eyes. At nine he eats a hasty breakfast, and immediately returns to business. By business he is engrossed till two, when he swallows a beefsteak, and returns again to business. At five he withdraws from business for a brief interval to tea, when having gulped down some cups of souchong, he returns again to business. He continues immersed in business till eight or nine, when he begins to think that business may yield the place to relaxation or amusement. What is the nature of this relaxation or amusement? Does he brace his nerves, reanimate his spirits, or circulate his blood by any gymnastic exercise, any invigorating game? Nothing of the kind. If fond of literature or politics, he retires to read the last review, or study the leading article in the *Times*. If he be convivial, he strives with a few boon companions to relieve the pressure of anxiety, and escape the persecutions of care. If he be domestic, he seeks on the household hearth the solace of conversation and repose. Heaven forbid that I should attempt to decry the pleasures derived from society, from home, from intellectual employment.—*Lord Dalmeny's Address to the Middle Classes on Gymnastic Exercises.*

The Earl of Chesterfield is thus described, in no favourable terms, by Lord Hervey, in his *Memoirs of George II*:—"The accomplished Lord Chesterfield was allowed by everybody to have more conversable entertaining table-wit than any man of his time; his propensity to ridicule, in which he indulged himself with infinite humour and no distinction, made him sought and feared, liked and not loved, by most of his acquaintance; no sex, no relation, no rank, no power, no profession, no friendship, no obligation, was a shield from those pointed, glittering weapons, that seemed to shine only to a stander-by, but cut deep in those they touched. All his acquaintance were indifferently the objects of his satire, and served promiscuously to feed that voracious appetite for abuse that made him fall on everything that came in his way, and treat every one of his companions in rotation at the expense of the rest. I remember two lines in a satire of Boileau's that fit him exactly—

Mais c'est un petit fou qui se croit tout permis,
Et qui pour un bon mot va perdre vingt amis.

And as his Lordship, for want of principle, often sacrificed his character to his interest, so by these means he as often, for want of prudence, sacrificed his interest to his vanity. With a person as disgreeable as it was possible for a human figure to be without being deformed, he affected following many women of the first beauty and the most in fashion; and, if you would have taken his word for it, not without success, whilst in fact and in truth he never gained any one above the venal rank of those whom an Adonis or a Vulcan might be equally well with, for an equal sum of money. He was very short, disproportioned, thick, and clumsily made; had a broad rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. One Ben Ashurst, who said few good things, though admired for many, told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant—which was a humorous idea and really opposite."

Monument to Motherwell.—We learn that there is at length the prospect of a Monument being raised in Glasgow Necropolis over the resting-place of Motherwell. It is now thirteen years since the author of "Jeanie Morrison" threw off the mortal coil, and his grave, shaded by the branches of a tree in the north end of the Necropolis, has hitherto been only marked by a printed label, pasted upon a board, with the following lines of the poet:—

"When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
And Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?
Lay me, then, gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart;
And tho' thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain, for time hath long been knelling,
Sad one, depart!"

The label was placed upon the grave, we understand, by a gentleman connected with the Glasgow press, and has hitherto served the purpose for which it was intended by the admirer of the genius of the poet, namely, to point out to the visitor where his ashes lie. As before mentioned, however, there is now the prospect of a more seemly erection to the memory of the bard being raised. The sum of £100 has, we are informed, already been subscribed, and Mr. Fillans has been entrusted with the execution of a monument in harmony with the genius of the man whose memory it is designed to perpetuate.—*Dundee Warder.*

Common Sense.—Common sense is to the individual what the compass is to the mariner—it enables him to steer safely through the rocks, shoals, and whirlpools that intersect his way. Were the lives of criminals accurately known, I am persuaded that it would be found that from a want of common sense had proceeded their guilt; for a clear perception of crime would do no more to check its perpetration than the goodness of heart which is so frequently urged as a preventive against it. Conscience is the only substitute for common sense; but even this will not supply its place in all cases. Conscience will lead a man to repent or atone for a crime, but common sense will preclude his committing it by enabling him to judge of the result. I frequently hear say, "So and so are very clever," or "very cunning, and are well calculated to make their way through the world." This opinion seems to me to be a severe satire on the world, for as cunning can only appertain to a mean intellect, to which it serves as a poor substitute for sense, it argues ill for the world to suppose it can be taken in by it. I never knew a sensible or good person who was cunning; and I have known so many weak and wicked ones who possessed this despicable quality, that I hold it in abhorrence, except in very young children, to whom Providence gives it before they arrive at good sense.—*Countess of Blessington.*

A Bargain Hunter.—There never was such a man for bargains as that poor Sir Luke Sharpe. Whatever he was in the habit of using he bought in such quantities, to save a shilling or two, that before he could use one-half, the other was all rotten and positively good for nothing. For instance, in the spare room at the top of the house, there were no less than fifty sinumbral lamps, which he had picked up at the sale of a bankrupt's stock, for something under ten shillings a-piece—not because he wanted them, but because he was satisfied they never could have been made under a guinea; and, as he said, they would be very nice things to give to his children when they settle in life. Again, in one of the cup-boards in his bedroom, he had a tremendous pile of little cheap pocket telescopes. He had gone to buy one previous to his going down to the seaside, and had been tempted to take fifteen dozen—as he would never have the chance of meeting with such a bargain again, and he could get double the money for them any day. Then if he had one bundle of pencils, I'am sure he must have had twenty or thirty gross of those nasty common cheap things that are as hard as bits of wire, and directly you put them in your mouth, go into a nasty black paste, like moist stick liquorice. As for steel pens! oh, dear, it was positively awful. I declare he'd as many as would have kept the whole of the clerks of the Bank of England going till the national debt is paid off. In old iron alone they would have been a little property. Once he had been told that there was no umbrella for the servants. What did he do, but the very next day he brought home a whole cabful of light blue and green cotton things, with nasty transparent horn beaks for handles. As usual, he had picked them up "dirt cheap;" and indeed he added, with extreme glee, he hadn't lived all the time he had in the world to go giving five shillings for gingham umbrellas, when by paying ready money and taking a quantity, he could get them for something like one and five-pence half-penny a-piece.—[How to Get Married.