The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No. 1397. SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, MAY 20, 1845. VOL. XVII.—NO. 47.

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.

At a Common Council holden at the Council Chamber, on the 9th day of April, A. D. 1845.

Read and Re-Enacted the following Laws.

A LAW to regulate the Fisheries within the limits of the City of Saint John.

A Law to regulate public Porters and Hand-Cart Men in the City of Saint John, on the Eastern side of the Harbour.

A Law establishing the rates to be taken for Anchorage within the Harbour of the City of Saint John.

A Law further to regulate the Inspection of Fish within the City of Saint John.

A Law to prevent persons Blasting Rock and Earth without using a sufficient shield or covering to prevent danger therefrom.

A Law to alter and amend a Law intituled "A Law to regulate the Public Slips, Landing Places, and Shores or Beaches within the City of Saint John.

A Law to regulate the Guaging and Inspection of Oil in the City of Saint John.

An Ordinance to regulate the Measurement of Salt and Coals within the City of Saint John.

A Law to regulate the Guaging of Wine, Rum, Brandy, Gin, Shrub, Cordials, and Molasses.

A Law for the due observance of the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday.

A Law to regulate Cartmen and to establish the rates of Cartage within the City of Saint John.

A Law to regulate the sale of Lime within the City of Saint John.

A Law to regulate the sale of Bread within the City of Saint John.

A Law to regulate Public Coaches and other Carriages used as Hackneys within the City of Saint John.

A Law for the due ordering of Vessels lying at Anchor, and at the Wharves within the City of Saint John and for establishing the duties of the Harbour Master of the said City.

A Law to prevent Nuisances in the City of Saint John.

A Law to regulate the weighing of Hay in the City of Saint John.

An Ordinance to regulate the office of Port or Harbour Master within the City of Saint John.

By order of the Common Council.

JAMES PETERS, Jun., C. C.

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.

☞ NOTICE. ☜

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the Firm of CRANE & M'GRATH, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.—The Business will still be carried on by JOHN M'GRATH.

THOMAS P. CRANE,
JOHN M'GRATH.

St. John, 11th February, 1845.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Subscribers having entered into Partnership, their Business will in future be conducted under the Firm of ALLISON & SPURR.

EDWARD ALLISON,
J. DeWOLFE SPURR.

St. John, Dec. 23, 1844.

NOTICE.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the Firm of E. L. JARVIS & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Parties indebted to the said Firm are requested to make immediate payment to either of the subscribers, or to G. R. JARVIS, Esq., their Attorney, at whose Office the Books and Accounts are left for adjustment.

R. M. JARVIS,
EDWARD L. JARVIS.

St. John, June 27, 1844.

NEW BOOKS.

JUST received at the VICTORIA BOOKSTORE, King-street, per *Mary Caroline*, from England:—A choice assortment of Standard Works in the various departments of Literature and Science;—Chambers' cheap and popular Publications—The Edinburgh Journal, complete, in 12 vols.; Information for the People, complete, in 2 splendid royal 8 vols. new series; Chambers' Educational Course, comprising thirty treatises on the most advanced views of Education; The People's Edition of Standard Books, about sixty different Works, original and selected, exceedingly cheap!—Works originally published at *one guinea*, now sold for *one Shilling!* A large assortment of Miscellaneous Books, for popular reading; School Books, of every description; Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer Books; Blank Books and Stationery; Steel Pens and Office Ink; Wax, Wafers, and Drawing Pencils. V. H. NELSON.

January 28, 1845.

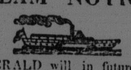
Oatmeal, Tea, and Barley.

10 BARRELS fresh ground OATMEAL,
10 Chests Souchong TEA, a most superior article,
5 Barrels Country Haled BARLEY.

For sale by H. G. KINNEAR.

15th April.—Herald 3i.

STEAM NOTICE.



THE HERALD will in future, till further notice, leave Saint John for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS at 11 o'clock in the morning of *Saturdays*, and leave Annapolis on *Monday*, first high water after 10 o'clock, A. M.—Will leave for EASTPORT at 10 o'clock, A. M. of *Tuesday*, to meet the BOSTON STEAMER, and return same evening.—She will leave on her first trip to WINDSOR, on *Wednesday Evening*, the 23d instant, and leave Windsor at high water on *Thursdays*.

JAMES WHITNEY.

April 6, 1845.—4m.

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, Rack, Wilton, and Brussels HEARTH RUGS and DOOR MATS, to match; LINENS, Muslins, Laces, Ginghams, DRESSES, Shawls, Gaila 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.

Spring Importations,

Per Ship "Saint John" from Greenock:—

CASHMERE, Norwich, Fill'd and Damask SHAWLS; Fancy Handkerchiefs, Gingham and Muslin DRESSES, Tartan and Fancy Ginghams; Printed Orleans, Muslins, Collars, &c.; GALA PLAIDS, Tweeds and Doeskins, Canvas, Ducks and OSNABURGS.
CARPETS and RUGS,
Mens' and Boys' CLOTH CAPS,
SCOTCH BONNETS, &c. &c.

☞ Remainder of their Importations from London and Liverpool daily expected.

J. & H. FOTHERBY,
April 8. *North Side Market Square.*

NEW SPRING GOODS,

Per Ship "SAINT JOHN."

Gilchrist & Inches

Have received per Ship *St. John*, from Greenock, part of their Spring Importation, consisting of

ORLEANS, CACHMERES, COBURG and ISPITANS;
Fancy MUSLIN, Balzarene, and DeLAINE DRESSES;
Ginghams, Plain and Printed Cottons;
LINENS, Osnaburgs, Ducks,
SHALLS and Handkerchiefs; CARPETING, TWEEDS and DOESKINS,
CLOTH CAPS, and a variety of other Articles, which will be sold at low prices for Cash.

Market Square, 8th April, 1845.

VICTORIA HOUSE,

1st APRIL, 1845.

EXTENSIVE IMPORTATIONS OF

Spring and Summer GOODS.

Just received per Barque Bristol, from Liverpool, and ship St. John, from the Clyde:—

BROAD CLOTHS, in Blues and Blacks, Superfine wool dyed;
Do. in Invisible Green, and all fashionable shades;
BEAVER CLOTHS, extra stout, in Blues, Blacks, Olives, Browns, &c. &c.
PILOT CLOTHS, Waterproof and extra heavy;
CASSIMERES, in all colours, superfine double and single milled;
BUCKSKINS, DOESKINS, TWEEDS, and the newest styles in Trowserings;
French and British Plain and Figured VEST VELVETS and SATINS;
Marseilles, Cashmeres, Carsinetts, Toilinetts, VESTINGS, &c.
An extensive assortment of the newest styles in Gents' Silk and Satin SCARFS & CRAVATS, STOCKS, OPERA TIES, and Fancy Muslin CRAVATS;
Gents' Silk and French Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs;
An immense assortment of the newest description of BONNETS, in Plain and Fancy Tuscan, Plain and Fancy Straw and Chip, &c.
An extensive and elegant assortment of Bonnet and Cap French and British RIBBONS—newest styles;
French FLOWERS, Reeled and Goffed Borders;
Rich Brocade Figured Plaid, plain and striped French and British SATINS; Turc SATINS; Gro de Naps, Oriennals, and Persians;
Ladies' DRESS MATERIALS, of the most elegant and new description;
PARAMATTA and PATENT CRAPE;
Syrian, Cobourg, Lama, Plain, Figured and Printed Orleans Cloths and Delaines;
French and British Printed MUSLINS;
Do. do. do. COTTONS;
French New Fancy GINGHAMS;
Fancy CLOAKINGS and PLAIDS—new styles;
Victoria and Bishops' Lawns and Scotch Cambric;
Baby's richly worked LONG ROBES and CAPS;
A MOST SUPERB AND EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF QUITE NEW DESIGNS IN SHAWLS SCARFS and HANDKERCHIEFS;
Ladies' NECK TIES; Collarets and BOWS;
Limerick, Honiton, Canton, Valenciennes, Brussels, Lisle, Paris and Gimpure LACES, EDGINGS, and FOOTINGS;
Black and White rich Chantilla LACE VEILS and FALLS;
Blonds; Blond Quillings; Bobbinets and Fancy NETS of every description;
Richly Worked COLLARS; HABIT SHIRTS; Capes; Cuffs; Berthes; Caps and Fancy Aprons;
Ladies' French Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs;
Worked Insertions and Edgings;
PARASOLS, in great variety and newest styles;
UMBRELLAS, ditto ditto;
A most extensive assortment of every description o GLOVES and HOSIERY;
Rich CHINTZ; Furniture Prints and Dimity;
Damask and Watered MOREENS, and TRIMMINGS to suit;
German VELVETS in all shades, and black for Dresses;
Marseilles QUILTS and COUNTERPANES;
Toilet COVERS;
French and British White and Coloured STAYS;
Jaconets, Cambrics, Mulls, Books, Checked, Striped and all descriptions of White MUSLINS;
Oil Cloth Table Covers; Toilet Covers, &c. &c.
White and Blue Linen Table Cloths, Towels, &c.
Irish LINENS; Lawns; Diapers; Ducks; Tickings; Osnaburgs, &c. &c.
Huckaback, Undressed and Dressed HOLLANDS;
Moleskins, Cantoons, Satteens and Jeans, printed and plain;
Grey and White Cottons; Shirtings; Sheetings, and Warps;
Twilled and Plain Shirting Stripes; Scotch Ginghams and Checks;
Scarlet, Blue, Yellow and White Plain and Twilled FLANNELS;
Rose and Witney BLANKETS, in all sizes;
Youths' and Men's Oil Case and Cloth CAPS;
Gents' and Boys' Silk and Gossamer HATS,—newest shapes;
Milliners' and Tailors' TRIMMINGS and small Wares, of every description

☞ CASH ONLY—*NO SECOND PRICE.*

JAMES DOHERTY.

☞ *Remainder of Spring and Summer GOODS per first Ships from London, Liverpool and the Clyde.*

CLOVER SEED, &c.

10 BARRELS Northern *Clover SEED*,
10 Bags old Java COFFEE, a superior article,
10 Boxes Cavendish TOBACCO, 10's,
10 Boxes CANDLES, a new article, *equal to sperm*

Received per sch'r Meridian, from Boston. For sale by J. R. CRANE.

April 1, 1845.

THE GARLAND.

SUMMER IS NIGH.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The richest of perfumes and jewels are mine,
While the dog-roses blow and the dew-spangles shine;
And the softest of music is wakened for me,
By the stream o'er the pebble—the wind in the tree.
Nature, kind Mother, my heart is content
With the beauty and mirth thou hast lavishly sent:
Sweet Summer is nigh, and my spirit leaps high,
As the sun travels further along the blue sky.

If I murmur, it is that my home is not made
'Mid the flowers and drops in the green coppice shade;
If I sigh, 'tis to think that my steps cannot stray
With the breeze and the brook on their wandering way.
Nature, kind Mother, I long to behold
All the glories thy blossom-ringed fingers unfold.
None like thee can I meet, for all others will cheat,
With a portion of bitter disguised in the sweet.

The earth, the wide earth, will be beautiful soon,
With the cherry-bloom wreath and the nightingale's tune;
And the dreams without sleep with strange magic will come,
While the wood-pigeons coo, and the heavy bees hum.
Oh Nature, kind Mother, 'tis only thy breast
That can nurse my deep feeling and lull it to rest;
For my soul is too proud to be telling aloud
What to thee it can utter all weeping and bowed.

I see the rife buds on the wide-spreading bough,
Soon, soon they will shadow my thought-laden brow:
I see the bright primroses burst where I stand,
And I laugh like a child as they drip in my hand.
Nature, kind Mother, thou hearest me breathe
My devotion at altars where wild flowers wreathe;
None other e'er knows how my warm bosom glows,
As I watch the young daisy-fringe open and close.

I see the blue violets peep from the bank;
I praise their Creator—I bless and I thank—
And the gossamer insect at play in the beam,
Is an atom that bids me adore the Supreme.
Nature, kind Mother, my heart is content
With the beauty and mirth thou hast lavishly sent:
Sweet Summer is nigh, and my spirit leaps high,
As the sun travels further along the blue sky.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURE.

Mr. Caudle has ventured a remonstrance on his day's dinner—cold mutton, and no pudding. Mrs. Caudle defends the cold shoulder.

"Humph! I'm sure. Well, I wonder what it will be next! There is nothing proper, now—nothing at all. Better get somebody else to keep the house I think. I can't do it now, it seems; I'm only in the way here; I'd better take the children and go.

"What am I grumbling about now? It's very well for you to ask that! I'm sure I'd better be out of the world than—there, now, Mr. Caudle; there you are again! I *shall* speak, sir. It isn't often I open my mouth, heaven knows! But you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. You ought to have married a negro slave, and not any respectable woman.

"You're to go about the house looking like thunder all the day, and I'm not to say a word. Where do you think pudding's to come from every day? You show a nice example to your children, you do; complaining, and turning up your nose at a sweet piece of cold mutton, because there's no pudding! You go a nice way to make 'em extravagant—teach 'em nice lessons to begin the world with. Do you know what puddings cost; or do you think they fly in at the window?

You hate cold mutton. The more shame for you, Mr. Caudle. I'm sure you've the stomach of a lord, you have. No, sir, I did not choose to hash the mutton. It's very easy for you to say hash it; but I know what a joint leaves in hashing; it's a day's dinner the less, if it's a bit. Yes, I dare say; other people may have puddings with cold mutton. No doubt of it; and other people become bankrupts. But if ever you get into the Gazette, it shan't be my fault—no; I'll do my duty as a wife to you, Mr. Caudle; you shall never have it to say that it was *my* housekeeping that brought you to beggary. No; you may sulk at the cold meat—ha! I hope you'll never live to want such a piece of cold mutton as we had to-day! And you may threaten to go to a tavern to dine; but with our present means, not a crumb of pudding do you get from me. You shall have nothing but the cold joint—nothing as I'm a Christian sinner.

"Yes; there you are, throwing those fowls in my face again! I know you once brought home a pair of fowls; I know it; and wern't you mean enough to want to stop 'em out of my week's money? Oh, the selfishness—the shabbiness of men! They can go out and throw away pounds upon pounds with a pack of people who laugh at 'em afterwards; but if it's anything wanted for their own homes, their poor wives may hunt for it. I wonder you don't blush to name those fowls again! I would'nt be so little, for the world, Mr. Caudle!

"What are you going to do? Going to get up? Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr. Caudle; I can't say a word to you like any other wife, but you must threaten to get up. *Do* be ashamed of yourself.

"Puddings, indeed! Do you think I'm made of puddings? Didn't you have some boiled rice three weeks ago? Besides, is this the time of the year for puddings? It's all very well if I had money enough a-lowed me like any other wife to keep the house with; then, indeed, I might have preserves like any other woman; now, it's impossible; and it's cruel—yes, Mr. Caudle, cruel—of you to expect it.

"Apples aren't so dear, aren't they? I know what apples are, Mr. Caudle, without you telling me. But I suppose you want something more than apples for dumplings? I suppose sugar costs something, doesn't it? And that's how it is. That's how one expense brings on another, and that's how people go to ruin.

"Pancakes! What is the use of your lying muttering there about pancakes? Don't you always have 'em once a year—every Shrove Tuesday? And what would any moderate, decent man want more?

"Pancakes, indeed! Pray, Mr. Caudle,—no, it's no use your saying fine words to me to let you go to sleep; I shan't;—pray do you know the price of eggs just now? There's not an egg you can trust to under seven and eight a shilling; well, you've only just to reckon up how many eggs—don't lie swearing there at the eggs, in that manner, Mr. Caudle; unless you expect the bed to open under you. You call yourself a respectable tradesman, I suppose! Ha! I only wish people knew you as well as I do! Swearing at eggs indeed! But I'm tired of this usage, Mr. Caudle; quite tired of it; and I don't care how soon it's ended!

"I'm sure I do nothing but work and labour, and think how to make the most of everything; and this is how I'm rewarded. I should like to see anybody whose joints go further than mine. But if I was to throw away your money into the street, or lay it out in fine feathers on myself, I should be better thought of. The woman who studies her husband and her family is always made a drudge of. It's your fine fal-lal wives who've the best time of it.

"What's the use of your lying groaning there in that manner? That won't make me hold my tongue I can tell you. You can insult my dinner; look like a demon, I may say, at a wholesome piece of cold mutton—ha! the thousands of far better creatures than you are who'd been thankful for that mutton!—and I'm never to speak! But you're mistaken—I will! Your usage of me, Mr. Caudle, is infamous—unworthy of a man. I only wish people knew you for what you are; but they shall, some day.

"Puddings! And now I suppose I shall hear of nothing but puddings! Yes, and I know what it would end in. First, you'd have a pudding every day;—oh, I know your extravagance—then you'd go for fish—then I shouldn't wonder if you'd have soup; turtle no doubt; then you'd go for a dessert; and—oh! I see it all as plain as the quilt before me—but no! not while I live! What your second wife may do, I don't know; perhaps *she'll* be a fine lady; but you shan't be ruined by me, Mr. Caudle; that I'm determined. Puddings, indeed! Pu-ddings!—pudd—"

"Exhausted nature," says Mr. Caudle, "could hold out no longer. Here my wife went to sleep."—*Punch.*

ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER.—Let me counsel you, then, never to utter an expression, or do an act, which even looks like soliciting any gentleman's attention. Remember that every expression of civility, to be of any value, must be perfectly voluntary; and any wish on your part, whether directly or indirectly expressed, to make yourself a favorite, will be certain to awaken the disgust of all who know it. I would not recommend to you anything like a prudish or affected reserve; but even this is not so unfortunate an extreme, as an excessable forwardness.—While you modestly accept any attentions which propriety warrants, let there be no attempt at artful insinuation on one hand, or at taking a man's heart by storm on the other.

Be not ambitious to be considered a belle. Indeed, I had rather you would be almost anything else, which does not involve gross moral obliquity, than this. It is the fate of most belles that they become foolishly vain, think of nothing, and care for nothing, beyond personal display; and not unfrequently sacrifice themselves in a mad bargain, which involves their destinies for life.

The more of solid and enduring esteem you enjoy, the better; and you ought to gain whatever of this you can by honorable means; but to be admired, caressed and flattered, for mere accidental qualities, which involve nothing of intellectual or moral worth, ought to render any girl, who is the subject of it, an object of pity. You are at liberty to deserve the good opinion of every gentleman of your acquaintance, but it would be worse than folly in you to be ambitious of a blind admiration.

I will only add, that you ought to be on your guard against the influence of flattery. Rely on it, the man who flatters you, whatever he may profess, is not your friend.

It were a much kinder office, and a real mark of friendship, to admonish you tenderly, yet honestly, of your faults. If you yield a little to flattery, you have placed yourself on dangerous ground; if you continue to yield, you are not improbably undone.—*Rev. W. B. Sprague.*

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LADIES.—One of the chief reasons of the happiness of American and English marriages is to be found in the high mental cultivation of women in the upper and middle classes of society. The mental independence which they acquire through an early and many-sided acquaintance with various departments of science is as remarkable as the independence of character which they gain by a free communication with general society. The multiplicity of studies pursued in the English and American academies for young ladies, of from five to eighteen years of age, is extraordinary. Reading, writing, orthography, arithmetic, philology, geography, history, mathematics, astronomy, physical science, chemistry, botany, mineralogy, geology, zoology, physiology, are studied in these schools, with the French, Italian, Spanish, and German languages, and drawing, painting, and dancing. (!) In the great American boarding-school at Albany, the young ladies study Latin and Greek, and even the more difficult branches of the higher mathematics. The amount of these studies, and especially of those in which there seems to be little interest for the feminine mind, is surprising; and we need not wonder at the appearance of so many learned ladies, so called "*blue belles*" [*quære*, blue *stockings?*] in England. Certainly, in no country are the ladies such extensive readers as in England and America: not only the journals of light literature, but the more scientific reviews are considered necessary for their mental nourishment. By this sameness of studies the intellectual horizon of the wife is co-extensive with that of the husband. They converse together with equal interest, on the same subject; and such a cultivation, doubtless, contributes not a little to the celebrated solidity of the marriage-bond in England. Marriage in England and America has more the form of a civil contract than with us. You do not find there the perfect happiness of good couples in Germany, nor the lively courtesy of the French. The contract is entered upon with sober and temperate expectations, and the union is sustained in something, more or less, of a monotonous and tedious way: but on this very ground, we may affirm that there are fewer unhappy unions in England and America than in other countries.—[Dr. Velse (a German) on the Social Position, &c. of Women.

LAUSANNE AND GIBBON.—There is, it seems, an Hotel Gibbon here, partly standing on the site of that garden in which the historian took his evening walk after writing the last lines of the work to which many years had been devoted; a walk which alone would have hallowed the spot, if, alas! there had not been those intimations in the work itself of a purpose which, tending to descerate the world, must deprive all associations attendant on its accomplishment of a claim to be dwelt on as holy! How melancholy is it to feel that intellectual congratulation which attends the serene triumph of a life of studious toil chilled by the consciousness that the labour, the research, the Asiatic splendor of illustration, have been devoted in part at least, to obtain a wicked end, not in the headlong wantonness of youth or the wild sportiveness of animal spirits, but urged by the deliberate-hearted purpose of crushing the light of human hope, all that is worth living for, and all that is worth dying for, and substituting for them nothing but a rayless scepticism.

That evening walk is an awful thing to meditateon; the walk of a man of rare capacities tending to his own physical decline, among the serenities of loveliest nature, enjoying the thought that, in the chief work of his life, just accomplished, he had embodied a hatred to the doctrines which teach men to love one another, to forgive injuries, and to hope for a diviner life beyond the grave; and exulting in the conviction that this work would survive to teach its deadly lesson to young, ingenuous students when he should be dust. One may derive consolation from reflecting that the style is too meretricious and the attempt too elaborate and too subtle to achieve the proposed evil, and in hoping that there were some passages in the secret history of the author's heart which may extenuate its melancholy error; but our personal veneration for successful toil is destroyed in the sense of the strange malignity which blended with its impulses, and we feel no desire to linger over the spot where so painful a contradiction is presented as a charm.—*Sergeant Talfourd's Vacation Rambles.*

The Campagna.—The immense desert which lies around old Rome was now my home. The stranger from beyond the mountains, who, full of love for art and antiquity, approaches the city of the Tiber for the first time, sees a vast page of the world in this parched-up desert; the isolated mounds here are all holy cyphers, entire chapters of the world's history. Painters sketch the solitary standing arch of a ruined aqueduct, the shepherd who sits under it with his flock figures on the paper; they give the golden thistle in the foreground, and people say that it is a beautiful picture. With what an entirely different feeling my conductor and I regarded the immense plain! The burnt-up grass; the unhealthy summer air, which always brings to the dwellers of the Campagna, fevers and malignant sickness, were doubtless the shadow of his passing observations. To me there was something novel in all; I rejoiced to see the beautiful mountains which in every shade of violet-colour inclosed one side of the plain; the wild buffalo, and the yellow Tiber, on whose shore oxen with their long horns went bending under the yoke, and drawing the boat against the stream. We proceeded in the same direction. Around us we saw only short, yellow grass, and tall, half-withered thistles. We passed a crucifix, which had been raised as a sign that some one had been murdered there, and near to it hung a portion of the murderer's body, an arm and a foot; this was frightful to me, and all the more so as it was near my new home. This was neither more nor less than one of the old decayed tombs, of which so many remain here from the most ancient times. Most of the shepherds of the Campagna dwell in these, because they find in them all that they require for shelter, nay, even comfort. They excavate one of the vaults, open a few holes, lay on a roof of reeds, and the dwelling is ready. Ours stood upon a height, and consisted of two stories. Two Corinthian pillars at the narrow door-way bore witness to the antiquity of the building, as well as the three broad buttresses to its after repairs. Perhaps it had been used in the middle ages as a fort; a hole in the wall above the door served as a window; one half of the roof was composed of a sort of reed and of twigs, the other half consisted of living bushes, from which the honeysuckle hung down in rich masses over the broken wall. "See, here we are!" said Benedetto; and it was the first word he had said to me on the whole way.—*The Improvisatore, or Life in Italy.*

LORD BROUGHAM.—Emerging from the comparative obscurity of a provincial capital, as an advocate, he talks himself into the distinction of being talked about; thence he talks himself into the popular branch of the legislature, where again he talks to such a purpose as to become the mouthpiece of the most exclusive section of an exclusive aristocracy; arrived at this point, he reappears on his old scene of action, and talks to the people with the new sanctions and powers which his parliamentary talking has obtained for him; he talks at meetings, he talks at dinners, he talks at mechanics' institutes; he talks to the men of the south, he talks to the men of the north; he talks to every one of everything, till the whole land is filled with the echo of his voice,—till, with all England, nay, with all the world, for his listeners, men wonder where next he will find an audience; when lo! suddenly, incomprehensibly, as if by magical power, at a few more waggings of that ever-vibrating organ of his, the doors of the Senate itself fly open, and peers of ancient lineage crowd down to welcome him to this sanctuary of noble blood, to usher him up even to the judgment seat itself, to make him lord paramount over themselves and their proceedings, the licenser of their thoughts, and the originator of their laws!

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.—The third volume of the Marlborough Dispatches exhibits, in a striking degree, the prudence, foresight, and patience of Marlborough: and, taken in conjunction with the previous volumes, throws a new light upon his character, raising him higher than he stood before. Judging him not only by what he did, but by what he would have done, had the Allies but followed his perfectly practicable advice, we are inclined to place him at the very head of modern captains,—as combining the caution and safety of Wellington with the rapidity and dazzling movements of Napoleon, whilst he further possessed the Hannibal-like powers of fusing foreign bodies of troops into a whole. In his manner of improving a victory he excelled Hannibal and perhaps Napoleon; for he proceeded by exertion and rapidity, not risk. Though fifty-six years old at the battle of Ramillies, he was on horseback from four o'clock in the morning till noon the next day; he marched the army all night in pursuit, with the exception of a halt of two hours; and such was his influence over his motley forces, that they followed the beaten French with an untiring pertinacity that seems superhuman. The consequence was, that nearly all Spanish Flanders (great part of modern Belgium) fell into his hands without a blow. With this quality of promptness in action he combined a largeness of view rising to grandeur, a depth of conception that in the arts would be called invention, yet conjoined with a patience that "passion could not shake," and a prudence that no temptation and no irritation would lead to risk anything save the inevitable risks of war. In short, he was a commander like Shakspeare's Venetian General—issimo, "all in all sufficient."—*Spectator.*

Making a Prince.—The most interesting ceremony of the day was the investiture of the new Rajah of Jhytpoor—a tall, handsome man, in the prime of life. He was to be invested with the little principality of that name in Bundlecund, because the late Rajah had rebelled against the English, and fled, and was subsequently deposed. When called to the throne, he was in extreme poverty; and some friends had even lent him elephants and suwars for to-day's ceremony. He listened with great attention to the document of his investiture, which was read to him by a Baboo in the presence of the Governor-General. At the moment when he affixed it to his turban, as a sign that he would engage to perform what it required of him, the first gun was fired, announcing his new dignity; and the band struck up "God save the Queen." A valuable sabre, shield, and armlets were presented to him, and a pearl chain was hung about his neck. This investiture with the princely dignity, or rather this creation of an Indian Rajah, was equally novel and solemn, and seemed to make a considerable impression on the new Sovereign.—*Von Orlich's Travels in India.*

Manufacture of Iron.—Most of our scientific readers are aware, that, at the last annual meeting of the British Association for the advancement of science, the council of that body granted £50 to Dr. Lyon Playfair, and Dr. Bunsen, of Marburg, to enable them to make certain experiments, with a view to discover the chemical theory of the manufacture of iron. For several months past these two eminent chemists have been pursuing their interesting investigations separately, with what result the report of their labours will no doubt, in due time, furnish ample information to the public. In order to compare notes with his colleague in this enquiry, and also for the purpose of visiting the iron districts of this country, Dr. Bunsen came to Manchester a few days ago, and is now on a visit to Staffordshire, accompanied by Dr. Playfair. Dr. Bunsen, who is Professor of Chemistry in the University of Marburgh, has already attained no ordinary rank in the science to which he has devoted his talents; indeed Berzelius speaks of him as one who will yet be named among the greatest chemists of Europe. Among many important discoveries attributed to him, one of the most useful, perhaps, is that of an antidote for the poisonous effects of arsenic, which he found in the hydrated peroxide of iron, a simple preparation, and one which ought to have a place on the shelves of every druggist in the kingdom.—*Manchester Guardian.*

PUNCH'S POLICE REPORT.—BIGAMY.—A man, named Peel, was yesterday brought before the magistrate, Mr. Bull, at this office, charged with having intermarried with a female named Free Trade, his former wife Agricultura being still alive. Their Graces the Dukes of Buckingham and Richmond, and a gentleman named Ferrand, proved the fact of the former marriage; but upon cross-examination, admitted a doubt as to whether Agricultura was still living, intimating their suspicion that she had been destroyed by the ill-treatment of her husband. A Mr. Cobden deposed that Peel (who holds a high situation under Royalty), had within the last two years contracted matrimony with Free Trade, a young lady to whom he was himself engaged. He complained bitterly of Peel as having stolen his sweetheart. The Editors of the *Standard* and *Morning Herald* gave the prisoner an excellent character; but the disinterestedness of their testimony appeared very questionable. Mr. Bull said that the fact of the two marriages had been distinctly proved, and was highly discreditable to the prisoner; but as there was a doubt as to whether the former wife was in existence, he regretted that he could do nothing with the case, and cautioned the prisoner not to let him see him there again.

A firebrand has been thrown among the belles of Paris, in the shape of a royal decree, that the twelve new statues, ordered to complete the embellishments of the gardens of the Luxembourg, be modelled from the twelve most beautiful women now reigning as belles in Paris! It was thought by the King, that marble enough had been devoted to the heathen gods and goddesses. But his Majesty, with all his knowledge of the world, had little foreseen the frenzied emulation he was about arousing! The applications—the certificates of beauties undisclosable except in marble—the heaped up influence for one beauty and another—the revelations made to the sculptors likely to be employed—and the plotting and counterplotting to be recommended by influential persons—have exceeded all the competitions by which the court was ever before made busy and bitter. The selection was at last delegated to the Duchess of Decazes, and her recent ball presented a most unexpected character. Her invitations had been for a modern assembly in plain dress—but it turned out to be a fancy ball of the most extraordinary varieties of the statueque and classic! Scarce a woman under fifty came without some symptom of one of the heathen goddesses. Minervas of all ages, Venuses, Dianas, Junos, Graces, and Muses—it was like a *soiree* at Jupiter's! Towards the close of the evening, the excitement became so great that there was a general demand for an immediate decision by votes thrown into an urn. The goddesses were attitudinizing about the room, their eyes flashing fire, and their most sculpture-able proportions swelling into the lines of beauty—but the Duchess feared the reaction. It was wisely, and firmly resisted; and the celestials went home to their nominal gods. It has since been decided, that the rivalry is too exasperating, and the project of modern goddesses has been abandoned.—[N. Y. Evening Mirror.

Water in the Metropolis.—The quantity of water raised by the eight great metropolitan companies in 1833 appears to have been equal to 337,328,807 imperial barrels; the number of houses and buildings supplied 191,066; and the average daily supply above 35,000,000 of gallons, or 183 gallons served to each person on the average. It is conveyed into all parts of the town by main pipes, out of which diverge smaller pipes called service pipes, for the supply each of a number of houses; into the cisterns of which it is conveyed from the service pipes by smaller leaden pipes. By alternately opening and closing the communications between the main pipes and service pipes in their whole series, the water is delivered in equal quantity to the remotest as to the nearest habitations; and each main is penetrated at short distances by fire-plugs of two inches in diameter.—*Lon. paper.*

All the pleasures of life lie in its illusions, and the only way to go through the world quietly, is to be content with the surfaces both of things and persons.

Smart Money!—One large house in the iron trade has paid £15,000 smart-money, to be allowed to be off a contract entered into with speculators for iron rails.—*English paper.*

Speculations in Cheese.—A new impetus seems to have been given to the Cheese trade, and for a few weeks it has been in great demand for the Eastern market. About six weeks since, speculations commenced in Boston, and a few days after, the bulk of the Cheese in that city and New-York, was monopolised by a few dealers. The price going up East, a house in this city went into the market in this section of the State, and bought up nearly all that could be found. What was dull sale at the close of navigation last Fall in the Eastern cities at 4 and 5 cents, is now in demand at 7 to 8 1-2 cents. The rise being nearly 100 per cent.

The rapid increase of this important item of the dairy, at the West, is astonishing. Last year, the aggregate value of the amount, that passed through the canals and the Hudson river, was over *one million and a half dollars.*

We gather the following statistics in relation to Cheese, from the Canal office at Albany.

Arrived at the Hudson River.

1834,	6,340,000	pounds.
1835,	9,586,000	"
1836,	14,060,000	"
1837,	15,560,000	"
1838,	13,810,000	"
1839,	14,530,000	"
1840,	18,820,000	"
1841,	14,170,000	"
1842,	19,004,000	"
1843,	24,334,000	"
1844,	20,674,500	"

The shipments to foreign nations, has averaged for the last ten years, about 3,000,000 pounds annually.—This went to forty-two countries. Within the two past years, the market in England has been gradually gaining, and there was exported there in

1843,	2,253,116	pounds.
1844,	5,000,000	" estimated.

[*Rochester Democrat.*

CONFLICT WITH A WHALE.—A MAN KILLED.—We learn by Capt. Charles A. Cook, of the packet David Crockett, that Mr Seth S. Snow was killed instantly by a whale, off Race Point, Provincetown, last Tuesday, in the following manner:—As soon as the whale was discovered, two boats, one containing five and the other four persons, made in pursuit, and each boat succeeded in fastening their irons, when the whale turned upon them, and coming upon one boat head foremost, utterly demolished it, killing instantly Mr Snow, leaving the others afloat in the water. The other boat severed their line, and succeeded in rescuing the drowning persons, when the whale made for them also, but by hard pulling they reached the shore in safety, the whale following close in their wake, as far as the depth of water would permit. This is said to be the first instance in which a whale has attacked a boat in this manner, upon our shores.—[*Boston Courier.*

There is time enough, as well as a time for all things under the sun, did we so regulate our pleasures and duties as to give them their proper portion of attention; but we run on with one thing till it has usurped the due place of another, and thus it is we say, we have no time.