The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No. 1153.

ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1840.

Vol. XIII. No. 1.

PUBLISHED ON TUESDAYS, BY
DONALD A. CAMERON.
Office in Prince William-street, near the Market square, opposite Sands' Brick Building.
Terms—15s. per annum, exclusive of postage, half in advance.

Weekly Almanack.

July—1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
1 Wednesday	4 19	7 47	9 40	ev. 41
2 Thursday	4 20	7 47	10 6	1 21
3 Friday	4 21	7 47	10 27	1 58
4 Saturday	4 22	7 46	10 46	2 38
5 Sunday	4 22	7 46	11 4	3 20
6 Monday	4 23	7 46	11 24	4 9
7 Tuesday	4 24	7 46	11 45	5 12

First Qr. 6th, 9h. 24m. morning.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
Thomas Leavitt, Esq., President.
Discount Days . . . . *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be left at the Bank before three o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK
Henry Gilbert, Esq., President.
Discount Days . . . . *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Mondays and Thursdays.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
SAINT JOHN BRANCH.
R. H. Liston, Esquire, Manager.
Discount Days . . . . *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before three o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 1 o'clock.
JOHN BOYD, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.
Committee for June.
R. M. JARVIS, G. T. RAY, MARK DOLE.
☞ All Communications by Mail, must be post paid.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 3 o'clock.
James Kirk, Esquire, President.
☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing

NEW-BRUNSWICK
Marine Assurance Company,
(Incorporated by Act of the Legislature;)
CAPITAL, £50,000,
With power to increase to £100,000.
THE above Company having been organized, agreeably to the Act of Incorporation, will be ready to commence taking Risks on Vessels, Cargoes, and Freights, on and after Monday next, the 26th instant, on the most favorable terms.
JAMES KIRK, President.
St. John, 20th June, 1837.

Bank of British North America.
NOTICE is hereby given, that in accordance with an arrangement concluded between the Directors of this Bank and those of the Colonia Bank, this Branch is now authorised to grant Drafts on the Branches of the Colonial Bank,—
Jamaica, { Kingston, Montego Bay, Falmouth, Savannah-la-mar.
Barbados, Demerara, Trinidad, Antigua, Dominica, Grenada, Saint Lucia, Saint Kitts, Saint Vincent, Tobago, Berbice, Saint Thomas, Porto Rico, Saint Croix,
For sums of sterling money, payable in the currency of the Colony on which they are granted at the current Bank rate of Exchange for Bills on London at 60 days' sight.
ROBERT H. LISTON, Manager.
St. John, N. B., 11th August, 1838.

Marine Insurance.
AN Association of Merchants having been formed for the purpose of Insuring *Vessels, Cargoes,* and *Freights*, have appointed a Committee of the following Gentlemen for the purpose of fixing premiums, arranging and settling losses, &c., viz:—John Duncan, A. S. Perkins, John Hammond, and John Walker, Esquires.
Application to be made to
I. & J. G. WOODWARD, *Brokers.*
☞ Office, Peters' Wharf,
St. John, 21st April, 1840.

Wholesale and Retail
WAREHOUSE.
The subscribers have received per late arrivals from London, Liverpool and Glasgow:
281 BALES and Cases, containing their usual Extensive supply of New and Fashionable
GOODS,
Consisting of Broad and narrow Cloths; Linen Drapery; Haberdashery; Silk Mercery; Hosiery and Gloves; Gentlemen's Beaver and Gossamer Hats; Boys' Cloth Caps; with a great variety of small Wares, the whole of which will be disposed of at the lowest prices, wholesale or retail, for satisfactory payments *only*.
PARKS & HEGAN.
May 26th, 1840.—6t

WILLIAM REYNOLDS,
Bookseller, Stationer, and Binder,
West side Cross Street, 4 doors from King Street, St. John, N. B.
IMPORTER and dealer in all kinds of Mercantile Account and other Blank Books; Navigation and School Books, by the most approved authors; Works in the different departments of Literature and Science; Maps, Charts, and Musical Instruments; Musical, Mathematical and Philosophical Instruments; fancy Hardware and Cutlery; Fishing Gear; Steel Pens; Ladies' and Gentlemen's fancy Dressing Cases; Work Boxes, Desks, &c. &c.
☞ Books imported to order.

☞ NOTICE.
THE Business heretofore conducted under the firm of V. H. NELSON & CO., will in future be carried on under the firm of NELSON, FRASER & CO.
V. H. NELSON.
June 9th A. FRASER.

NOTICE.
ALL Persons having any demands against the Estate of the late JOSEPH BROTHERS, the Elder, deceased, of Carleton, are hereby notified to present their accounts, duly attested, within One Month from this date: and those indebted to said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to the subscriber.
THOMAS LEAVITT, *Administrator.*
St. John, May 26, 1840.

TEA, SUGAR, OIL, &c.
Per late arrivals, received by the undersigned for sale,
80 CHESTS, 84 lbs. each, best Souchong TEA,
15 hhds very fine Porto Rico Sugar,
20 brls. fat Country PORK,
14 do. straw colored Seal Oil,
9 do. Cod do.
2 do. Whale do.
2 casks containing 25 Herring Nets,
4 bales containing 80 bolts half-bleached (Kidd's) Canvas,
13 packages DRY GOODS, containing—383 pieces fancy and dark Prints, 120 pairs silk Hose, 76 dozen silk, kid, and thread Gloves, 185 muslin de laine and cambric Dresses, 4 doz. colored and white stays, 18 pieces Moleskins, 13 pieces Brussels and Hemp Carpeting, 6 pieces printed Druggets, 27 pieces twilled Cotton and Homespun, 12 pieces Silk and Gambroon, 22 dozen Crape and Gauze Handkerchiefs, 60 pieces Bandana Handkerchiefs, 75 rich figured Shawls,
6 packages Stationery, containing—131 reams large thick wove Post Paper; 286 blank Books, from 1 to 8 quires each; 72 dozen Memorandum Books; 28 do. Dilworth's and Universal Spelling Books.
J & H. KINNEAR.
June 9, 1840.

NEW STORE.
GILCHRIST & INCHES
Beg leave to acquaint the inhabitants of St. John and its vicinity, that they have commenced business in Mr. Sands' Brick Building, next door to the London House, *Prince William street, and have received per ships British Queen from London, Integrity from Liverpool, and Clutha from Greenock, their Spring Importations, consisting of the following articles, which will be sold at very low prices for CASH ONLY—viz:*
BLACK, Blue, Brown, and Green Broad CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doe and Buckskin Trouser Cloths, black Forest Cloths, plain and figured Cashmere Vesting, Valentia do., Plain and fig'd Satin do., Summer CLOTHS; Mignionette, Gambroon, Cassinetts, Tweeds, Moleskins, red and white Flannels, grey and white Shirting and Sheeting Cottons, Light and dark fancy Prints, Furniture Prints; Printed Muslins, Printed Saxonies and Satteens, black and col'd Merinos, water'd Moreens, plain and fancy Ginghams, Muslin de Laine Dresses, fancy Cambric do.; black Bombazine, 4—4, & 5—4 black Crape; 4—4 Irish Linen, Long Lawns, black and brown Holland, Diaper, Towelling, Damask Table Cloths, Table Covers, Carpet Covers, Plaid Tartans; Cambric, Medium, Mull and Book Muslins, Bobbin Netts, Blond and fancy fig'd do.; white Leno, Quillings, Thread and Cotton Edgings and Insertion Lace and Gauze Veils, Printed Cravats, Cotton Pocket Handkfs., white Cambric do.: Cotton, Thibet, Indiana, Lama and Challi Shawls and Handkfs woollen Plaid do, Embroidered Cashmere Scarfs, Men's Silk Pocket Handkfs., black Bandanna and Brussels do., Genoa Scarfs, Plain and fig'd Satin do., Mayonet, Spanish Cloth and Satin Stocks; Ladies and Gents. Kid, Berlin and Lisle Gloves, Ladies Silk and Lace do., Children's Kid and Lisle do.; Ladies' white, black, and col'd Cotton Hose, Worsted, Merino, and Mohair do., China and Black Silk do., Children's Cotton do.; Men's Cotton, Worsted, and Merino Hose; Merino and Lambs' Wool Shirts and Pantaloons; Brown Cotton ditto; White Cotton CAPS; colored Webb and India Rubber Braces; Regatta Shirts; Men's Tam O'Shanter CAPS McIntosh's Travelling ditto, Youth's Cloth and Fancy Velvet do.; Waterproof COATS; Umbrellas, Parasols; Worsted Bullion Fringe; Do. Do. with Ball; Orris Lace, Nankeens, Rolled Jaconetts, White and Col'd Counterpanes, Patent Persian Reels, Threads, Fancy Gilt Buttons, Plain and Fig'd Silk do., Cotton Warps, and a variety of other small wares.
St. John, 19th May, 1840.

NEW STORE.
J. & H. FOTHERBY
INTIMATE to their friends and the public that they have taken the Store lately occupied by Mr. Waddington, next door to the *London House*, and have received per "*Eagle*" and "*British Queen*," from London, and "*Brothers*" from Liverpool, an extensive and well assorted stock of GOODS, consisting of
Black and colored Silks, plain and figured,
Satins and Sarsnets; Plain and fancy Ribbons,
Merinos, Saxonys, and Mousline de Laines,
Bombazines and Crapes; Hosiery and Gloves,
Umbrellas and Parasols,
Indians, Thibet, and filled Shawls and Handkfs.
Black and colored Silk do. do.
Laces, Edgings and Insertions,
Thread do. do.
Bobbinets and Quillings,
Broad Cloths, Buckskins and Doeskins,
Cassimeres, Cassinets and Vestings,
Grey, White and Printed Cottons,
Cantoons, Satinetts and Tweeds,
Linens, Lawns and Diapers,
Table Cloths, Napkins and Towelling
Druggets, Baizes and Padding,
Canvas, Osnaburg, Duck, &c. &c.
—ALSO—
A very extensive stock of Gentlemen's Beaver, Silk, Gossamer, and Paris HATS, of every shape and quality, from 4s. 6d. each.
A great variety of Boys' and Children's CLOTH CAPS.
A large assortment of Women's and Children's BOOTS and SHOES of every description.
☞ The above Goods have all been purchased in the English market by J. H. for Cash, and will be sold at the lowest possible prices for *Cash only*.
Prince William street, St. John,
May 12th, 1840.

Spring Importations at the WOOLLEN
CLOTH MART,
CONSISTING OF:
CASES Extra Superfine CLOTHS, colours Wool dyed, Blacks, Invisible Greens, Rifle Greens, Blues, Browns, &c.
Do. Superfine ditto Blacks, Blues, Invisible Greens, Olives, &c.
Do. Buckskin Stripes, an extensive assortment of colours and patterns.
Do. Black Cassimeres, wool and cloth dyed.
Do. Patent Tweeds, various colours and patterns.
Do. Albert, Peel, and Melbourne STRIPES.
Bales Sattinets, Antwerps, &c., printed and plain.
Do. Buffalo Cloths in Drab, Olives, &c.
Do. Printed drab *Cassimeres*, summer patterns,
Do. Cotton Warp (water twist) blue and white,
Do. MOLESKINS, printed and plain,
Do. Shirting Cottons, Grey Cottons, &c.
Do. Silesians in various colours, printed and plain.
—ALSO—
Bales of Prints, Shirting Stripes, Summer Slops, Blue Jackets, Threads and Sewing Silks, Padding, Winter Slops, and a few pieces of scarlet and drab Cloth, Drab suitable for Carriage and Pew Linings.
JOHN RHODES.
St. John, April 25, 1840.

SPRING SUPPLY OF HATS.
W. G. LAWTON has received per 'British Queen' from London, 1000 Gents. Beaver, and 500 Gossamer HATS of the latest fashions, which he offers for sale at the lowest market prices.
St. John, 16th May, 1840.

Brown Stout and Pale Ale.
LANDING for the subscriber ex the brig *Neptune* from London—40 Casks (3 dozen each) Barclay and Perkins' *London Brown Stout and Pale Ale*, for sale low by J. V. THURGAR.

The Garland.

FORETASTES.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

Some joy it has been mine to know,
When in the closet bending low,
I've converse held with heaven in prayer,
And foretastes had of glory there.
If here such glimpse is given to me,
What must the full fruition be?

I've tasted happiness when bowed
In worship, with the pious crowd,
In temple walls, whose full-voiced choir,
Pealed David's notes to David's lyre,
And felt, if music thus to love
Woke here, what is its power above?

I've touched those emblems with the saints
Whose use restores the soul that faints,
And gathered, at the Saviour's board,
Bliss, Earth can never give nor hoard—
And thought, if cheers thus mingled wine,
What is that crushed, that Living Vine?

I've seen the Christian die, yet ere
The spirit sought its native sphere,
I marked, with awe, his kindling eye,
And eager flush, and heard the sigh
Of holy rapture, not of pain,
And thought, what conflict! yet what gain!

For his pale cheek, I saw, was fanned
With breezes from the better land;
Libations of the next world's bliss
He drank before he passed from this:
Of Love, his life had known the power;
Its foretastes shunned the last dark hour.

Oh, there is round us something thrown
Of other worlds! In crowds, alone,
By day, by night, we whispers hear,
From errand angels, always near;
Reminding pilgrims of their home,
Telling us of the rest to come.

A SUMMER MORNING.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Throw up the window! Tis a morn for life
In its most subtile luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world,
And the South wind seems liquid—it o'ersteals
My bosom and my brow so bathingly.
It has come over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it are betrayed; for as it parts,
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,
I know it has been trifling with the rose,
And stooping to the violet. There is joy
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing
As if to breathe were music; and the grass
Sends up its modest odor with the dew,
Like the small tribute of humanity.
Lovely, indeed, is morning! I have drank
Its fragrance and its freshness, and have felt
Its delicate touch; and 'tis a kindlier thing
Than music, or a feast, or medicine.
I had awoke from an unpleasant dream,
And light was welcome to me. I looked out
To feel the common air, and when the breath
Of delicious morning met my brow,
Cooling its fever, and the pleasant sun
Shone on familiar objects, it was like
The feeling of the captive who comes forth
From darkness to the cheerful light of day.
Oh! could we wake from sorrow; were it all
A troubled dream like this, to cast aside
Like an untimely garment with the morn;
Could the long fever of the heart be cooled
By a sweet breath from nature; or the gloom
Of a bereaved affection pass away
With looking on the lively tint of flowers—
How lightly were the spirit reconciled
To make this beautiful, bright world its home.

Miscellaneous.

THE DANDY OLD BACHELOR.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Old Bachelors, generally speaking, are a wilful, cranky, odd-tempered, odd-looking, ill-mannered race of abominations; they are, as a body, recognizable by many outward visible signs belonging only to their own very disagreeable community, which community is subdivided into as many classes or cliques as would puzzle a conjuror to decipher and arrange. There is our present specimen, the *Dandy Old Bachelor*, the Dictatorial Old Bachelor, the Boasting Old Bachelor, the Prim Old Bachelor, the Good-natured Old Bachelor, the Play-going Old Bachelor, the Sentimental Old Bachelor, the Gormandizing Old Bachelor, the Selfish Old Bachelor;—in fact, they are a race which, *as a race*, should be exterminated by Act of Parliament, preserving only a few dried specimens to illustrate the fact in natural history, that such a creature did exist. Almost all the race pay a prigish attention to their personal appearance; their clothes are well made and neatly brushed; their hat is *a little* peculiar; they generally have an affection for the last fashion, or the last fashion but one—and this is particularly visible in their hats—which, being treated tenderly, last a long time. They are all more or less irritable, more or less peculiar, more or less fond of sneering at women; the brave do it to their faces openly, but the *sly ones* lie in wait for an opportunity, and insinuate that they maintain their liberty in opposition to all the wiles of female beauty. My dear female friends, never be deceived by the civility of one of the tribe; they are of those "who smile and smile"—*you* know the rest, you could quote it; apply it then to every Old Bachelor you meet, and you will certainly be right. However they may find it pleasant to domesticate nieces or sisters, believe me they will also seek and find opportunity to abuse our sex. What *right* I ask you, have they to remain single, when so many lovely creatures would marry them to-morrow, if they would but ask them? What ugly old Bachelor, if he were but rich, ay, and numbered seventy, *so he had but a Peerage*, but might have scores of sweet seventeens (if a plurality of wives were permitted) to meet him at St. George's, Hanover-square, to-morrow? What excuse then has an old bachelor for remaining single? But I must not loiter, but give a decided specimen of a very general division of the class.

The *Dandy Old Bachelor* may be known, at whatever distance you can see distinctly, by the gloss upon his pointed, thin-soled boots, in which, for certain reasons, that he will not explain, he walks with considerable difficulty; the tight fitting, yet most becomingly-padded coat, guiltless of spot or tarnish; the funny old-boyish set of his well-brushed hat, which is placed a little on the side of his head, so as to show to exquisite advantage the second glossy curl of his inimitable wig, that but for an awkward trick that every wig that ever was made has, of pushing itself *up* behind, at the very moment when it *ought* to be *down*, could not be known from his own natural hair; which he often alludes to in the most delicate manner, such as—"I am going to have my hair dressed," or "his hair and mine are exactly the same colour." Young, very young ladies, giggle and laugh at all the little attentions of the *Dandy Old Bachelor*. While the showers of April are falling, they send him in his thin shoes across the lawn—and though they endeavour to look grave, laugh, even in the modern tight sleeves, when the next day the old fop, despite his weeping head, declares, with affected gaiety, that he "never catches cold."

This, I frankly confess, is a malicious trick; but young girls *hate* "old dandies." Not a rural party occurs but they doom him to carry the heaviest basket, and compel him in the abundance of some feminine *ruse*, to a post of difficulty and danger, which soils his exquisite gloves or stockings, or discomposes the symmetry of his dress or figure; for gentlemen's figures *can* be discomposed—they are not by any means as natural as the rabble imagine, and require careful management. The *Dandy Old Bachelor* has invariably a faded pink and white complexion, acquiline or Roman nose, and a forehead receding rapidly from his delicately pencilled eyebrows. He is rather apt to balance his cane after the manner of bygone times, and has been heard to inquire, with a delicate simper, "What the creatures of the public press mean by the march of intellect?" He is particularly innocent and inoffensive; and you know when he has entered a room before he is either seen or heard, for odours of a thousand flowers float around him. He is a great favourite with the discreet *chaperons*, and sensible mammas; he amuses the young ladies and takes care of the *old*—I beg their pardon, of the *elder* ones. *The Dandy Old Bachelor* can stand half the night behind your chair, carry your bouquet, shawl your daughters, and call your carriage, and yet it excites no more attention than if your spaniel had fetched your glove, or your Danish dog gambolled along the park. If a well dressed and gentlemanly specimen of this species can be really discovered, his value is immediately understood; he glides into your opera-box, and looks, in the *dark* corner, "exceedingly like a gentleman;" perhaps he enters at the very moment when you are telling or hearing some delicious bit of refined scandal, and you merely look up and say, "How dy'e do, Olebeau? Now, go on: we don't mind you, Olebeau, do we?" Upon which the *Dandy Old Bachelor* smiles and murmurs, is exceedingly flattered, and compliments you accordingly whenever there is a pause in the conversation, into which his compliments are sure to fit, for they are the most judicious little *bonbons* in the world.

The Dandy Old Bachelor has, I must confess it, one advantage, and I think it a great one, over those juvenile imanities—those unintellectual, moustached, lazy, lounging, staring, impertinent youths, that have not mind or character for a mouse, much less for a man—those cumberers of our pavements, parks, and places, who think only of themselves, and show that they do so—they puff their cigars in a lady's face, as much as to say, "I love myseif, myself I love, and it is no manner of consequence to me who I inconvenience." The Young Dandy is openly and decidedly selfish; consequently, rude. The Old Dandy has no apparent will of his own, but the ladies' pleasure; not, I dare say, that he is less selfish at heart, but he retains the taste of his times—when, I am told, it was *not* the fashion for men to wear their hats in the pit of the Opera during the presence of Royalty, nor to stare at the Queen through an opera-glass until those who knew better cried 'shame.' The Dandy Old Bachelor, with all his peculiarities, is *well-bred*—and though you are naturally amused with his foibles, and hate him—because he is an old bachelor, still he is useful, and even ornamental. He smells, as I have said, of perfume, not tobacco smoke—he never sits when a lady stands—he never talks while a lady sings—though he does not please, he does not pain—and if he did not disfigure his old limbs by those boyish fashions, he would look a neat, clean, dapper gentleman—and if he suffered his abundant white hair to grow, it would be really possible to forget his crime against society, and call him "a dear old man."

"It is quite as well not to visit him in the privacy of his lodgings—it is not pleasant to contemplate the fittings, and scalps, and dressings that aid the going forth of Mr. Olebeau—an old coquette is bad enough; but an old dandy is much worse.

The retrospect of a bachelor's life—unless he be a benevolent old bachelor—is gloomy enough; it is ten chances but he has been one of those 'hard living' sort of fellows that degrade human nature, all noble as it is, by an indulgence in the vices of society, or by living as if man were only a superior animal—not a creature destined for immortality. If so, the tripping, smirking, dressing, mummyfied old dandy deserves our pity, not our jeer. His hearth is desolate—there is no child's hand to smooth his pillow—no aged wife, to whom he is still handsome, and who thinks—

"There's music in his vera step
When he comes up the stair."

While he is able to dress, and go into the world, he may pass the time, which *never passes him without leaving its mark*—but sickness and age, with their lonely hours *must come*, and what a cold, dull, cheerless prospect he has!—The grave is a place of comfort as well as rest, in comparison to his solitary chamber! There was one of this species infested a country village where I passed a merry summer.

He was as conceited an old beau as can well be imagined, and afforded infinite sport to all the young ladies in the neighbourhood. He imagined that every girl in the parish was in love with him, and would declare "that he did not marry, because it was better to permit so many fair ones to live on in hope, than at once to die in despair." Various were the tricks played upon the unhappy wight, and strange it was that experience did not teach him wisdom. Night after night did they send him across the moor, up the hill, or to the sea-shore, inviting him to an assignation, which, of course never took place. His most diligent persecutors were two buxom girls, daughters to a rich farmer, who had not an atom of sentiment in their composition, and loved, as they said, "to let a joke run on its own legs as far as it could run." Sometimes Jessie would pay the most devoted attention to the *Old Bachelor*, and then Esther would affect the most outrageous jealousy. One night—a pouring, blowing September night it was—we observed the *Dandy Old Bachelor* to have taken unusual pains with his toilet, and, despite the entreaties of the lady of the house that he would "take a hand to make up the rubber" (an amusement he seemed to enjoy when there were no young people present), he declined, and took his leave instead, as the clock struck ten, in a manner which indicated that he had a pressing engagement. We immediately concluded that either Jessie or Esther were at some of their old tricks, and one of the party resolved to follow him, despite the storm which raged without.

He was traced across the moor to the garden gate of the fair damsels, which he in vain endeavoured to unfasten; but not being able to accomplish this, he stood as much in the shelter of the pier as he could; it was really piteous to see the little withered, slightly-dressed old man shivering in the beams—few and far between—with which the "bonnie ladie moon" occasionally condescended to illumine the night; he had to be sure, a small umbrella, but from the direction taken by the rain and wind, that afforded him but small shelter. At last two heads were seen above the wall, and the merry voice of Esther advised the *Dandy Old Bachelor* in tones absurdly pathetic, "to go home now, and come again at *one*, as she could not possibly lend him the book she promised, till papa *was gone to bed*!"

The old beau was laid up with catarrh during the next month; and indeed I was not sorry that the mischievous young ladies shared the same punishment.

They said they wanted to cure him of his vanity. Silly girls! had it not grown with his growth, gained strength with his weakness—as the ivy draws its existence from the tree which it destroys—been with him sleeping, waking, in sickness and in health? The case was utterly hopeless thirty years ago! A *malade imaginaire* may be cured; affectation may be cured; consumption may be cured; hydrophobia may be cured; but the vanity of the *Dandy Old Bachelor* is utterly incurable!

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

Pompeii.—A late number of the Polytechnic Journal, an English Periodical, contains an exceedingly interesting article, descriptive of the ruins of Pompeii near Mount Vesuvius. The following extracts will be read with interest:—

"*Skeletons found in the Temple of Isis.*—In a chamber at the back of the principal altar there were found some human skeletons, and bones of fish, a circumstance which leads to the inference that the priests were taking their repast at the time of the eruption. In another little chamber a skeleton was found, and close behind it a hatchet. This skeleton is probably the remains of one who being suddenly overwhelmed by the torrent of burning ashes, made an effort, by the help of the hatchet, to work his way out of the grave which rapidly closed over him. The hole which he was in the act making is distinctly visible.

Loaves found in the Ovens.—Adjoining to the court is the stable for the asses by which the mills were worked. The baking ovens are very similar to those used at the present day, in different parts of Europe, and if the fire were kindled they might now be employed for baking. In this baker's shop were found the two loaves now preserved in the Studii of Naples. On the top of one of these loaves the following inscription is stamped:

Siligo Granii
E---- Cicer.

Granius was probably the name of the baker, and siligo and cicer indicate the sorts of flour of which his bread was made.

Lares, or Household Gods.—The lares were small statues, composed of wood, bronze, or silver. The busts of great men, such as Cicero, Virgil, and others, were frequently substituted for these statues.

Windows, &c.—The houses in Pompeii had no chimneys. Some had windows, which, in many instances, consisted only of simple apertures above the door, or in the door itself. In other cases these apertures were filled up with a sort of glazing composed of talc (mica). The walls of the houses were built of fragments of bricks, united together without any regularity, and their solidity is wholly due to the cement with which they are covered."

Concluding Paragraphs.—"To enter upon even a brief description of the curious objects of art, articles of ornament, furniture, &c., found in the houses and public buildings of Pompeii, would carry me too far. In the present sketch my purpose has been merely to give a summary account of the present state of the disinterred city: and I trust that I have not passed over any monument worthy of remark. In the Studii of Naples are collected specimens of all the varieties of articles found in the houses; as for example, culinary utensils in silver, bronze, and pottery; silver services, consisting of goblets, kettles, cups and vases, used for sacrifices; scales of every kind; superb candelebra, some of gilt bronze, others of bronze inlaid with silver; spoons of silver and bronze; chains, locks, portable stoves; articles for the toilet, among which there is a small box of rouge; female trinkets, such as gold ear-rings set with pearls; fibulæ, or brooches; fruits of various kinds, eggs, milk and meat. I ought not to omit mentioning the surgical instruments, many of which are not inferior to those used in modern practice. As to the marble and bronze statues they are so numerous that their catalogue alone would fill a volume."

"I must now close my brief sketch of this interesting city, whose tragical fate and extraordinary restoration after the lapse of so many centuries, are calculated at once to excite the mind and to produce a deep impression on the feelings. The disinterment of Pompeii enables us not merely to examine a single house, or a solitary temple, but it affords us the means of becoming intimately acquainted with the habits and manners of the ancients.—We may walk through their streets, penetrate to the most private recesses of their habitations, admire their furniture, read and study their inscriptions. More than twenty streets are now laid open, upwards of a hundred houses, three forums, and twenty public monuments; add to all this, the inestimable treasures which compose the Museum of Naples, treasures collected in Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiæ. Here is an inexhaustible mine, which cannot fail to excite a host of interesting reflections in every thinking mind. I never explored the deserted houses of Pompeii, formerly the scenes of gaity and enjoyment, without experiencing a profound feeling of melancholy. Once, for example, I entered an exedra, which had been laid open only the previous day; whilst I examined the brilliant Mosaic pavement—the walls adorned with paintings, whose vivid coloring was yet untarnished by the contact of the air—the two superb candelebra—the marble table in the centre, once perhaps covered with the elegant ornaments of the mistress of the house, I could not help exclaiming with a burst of irrepressible grief:—Who can contemplate without painful emotion, this scene of desolation, or withhold a tear whilst thinking of the tragical fate of the many thousands of human beings here doomed to an untimely and horrible death!"

Magnanimity and Gratitude of a Lion.—Prince, a tame lion, on board his Majesty's ship Ariadne, had a keeper to whom he was much attached; the keeper got drunk one day, and as the Captain never forgave the crime, the keeper was ordered to be flogged; the grating was rigged on the main deck, opposite Prince's den, a large barred up place, the pillars large and cased with iron. When the keeper began to strip, Prince rose gloomily from his couch, and got as near to his friend as possible; on beholding his bare back, he walked hastily round the den, and when he saw the boatswain inflict the first lash, his eyes sparkled with fire, and his sides resounded with the strong and quick beatings of his tail; at last, when the blood began to flow from the unfortunate man's back, and the "clotted cats" jerked their gory knots close to the lion's den, his fury became tremendous, he roared with a voice of thunder, shook the strong bars of his prison, as if they had been osiers, and finding his efforts to break loose unavailing, he rolled and shrieked in a manner the most terrific that it is possible to conceive. The captain, fearing that he might break loose, ordered the marines to load and present at Prince; this threat redoubled his rage, and at last the captain desired the keeper to be cast off and go to his friend. It is impossible to describe the joy evinced by the lion; he licked with care the mangled and bleeding back of the cruelly treated seamen, caressed him with his paws, which he folded round the keeper as if to defy any one renewing a similar treatment, and it was only after several hours that Prince would allow the keeper to quit his protection and return among those who had so ill-used him.—*Martin's British Colonies.*

Production of the Irish Loom.—We have been favoured with the inspection of some of the most beautiful products of the Irish loom which probably ever proceeded from it. They are from the Ardoyne damask manufactory; and, in particular, some table cloths of large dimensions, made to the order of Adrain Hope, Esq. Carlton gardens, are, both in fabric and design, the most sumptuous yet elegant things of the kind we have ever seen. In the centre is the crest with the motto, *At pres infracta*, surrounded with a wreath of laurel, whilst round the border runs a broad, rich scroll, elaborate yet tasteful as the choicest Arabesque. The texture of these cloths is as fine as satin, and yet their substance argues an almost never-ending durability. They are a proud triumph of the loom, and far surpass any fabrics for the same purpose that have fallen under our notice, either in foreign or domestic manufacture.—*Court Gazette.*

The Jews.—Mr. Noah, in the New-York Evening Star, himself a Jew, says:—

It is true that all the civilized powers of Europe have removed nearly all the disabilities under which the ancient people have, for centuries, struggled; but something more remains to be done. A great and important act of justice remains yet to be consummated, and can only be done by and with the consent and exertions of Christendom; namely—*to restore to the Jews their rights as a nation.* If the ancient heritage of the Jews was now in possession of the Christians, not a day would be lost in calling the Jews together, and re-establishing the sovereignty of the people, as promised to them by their King the Lord of Heaven and Earth, repeatedly, in every page of Scripture. It would be the pride of good Christians—men who understood the religion they professed—to be the instrument under Providence of aiding in the fulfilment of the divine promise; but a powerful people of a mixed religion, many centuries behind the age, are in possession of the Holy Land, and the great event can only be brought about through the influence of the Christian powers uniting in representing to the Egyptian Sovereign their anxious wishes and ardent hopes that he will consent to the restoration of the Jewish nation, under such stipulations and considerations as shall be mutually agreed upon.

The Profession of Agriculture.—We find in Henry Colman's excellent address to the Middlesex Society of Husbandmen and Manufacturers at their annual Cattle Show at Concord in October last, the following correct estimate of the business of a farmer. We commend it to the particular attention of the dandies, and others, if such there be, who are disposed to sneer at the occupation of tilling the land:

"The profession of agriculture bears with it none of these evils. If there lives the man who may eat his bread with a conscience at peace with man and God, it is the man who has brought the bread out of the earth by his own honest industry. It is cankered by no fraud; it is wet by no tears; it is stained with no blood. The profession of agriculture brings with it none of those agitating passions which are fatal to peace, to satisfaction, or to the enjoyment even of the common blessings of life. The profession of agriculture presents few temptations to vicious indulgence, and removes a man from those seductions by which too often in other situations, health and character, and peace are sacrificed. The profession of agriculture is favourable to health and to long life, to habits of industry and frugality, to temperance and self-government, to the cultivation of the domestic virtues, and to the calm and delicious enjoyment of domestic pleasures in all their purity and fulness."—*Boston Mercantile Journal.*

Steamboats.—The N. Y. Journal of Commerce furnishes the following explanation why steamboats are less likely to be struck by lightning than sailing ships on the ocean:

"All the iron about a steamboat operates as a conductor, or a set of conductors, and draws off the electric fluid silently from the surrounding atmosphere. If a single iron rod will ordinarily protect a dwelling from lightning, how much more should a hundred tons of iron, extending upward many feet above the promenade deck, and downward to within a few inches of the water, protect a steamboat? It would by a miracle, almost, if a steamboat should be struck with lightning, under such circumstances. Yet we recollect reading, 15 or 20 years ago, of a young woman being killed by lightning on board a steamboat on the Mississippi. No other instance of the kind ever came to our knowledge."

Eating.—Every animal eats as much as it can procure, and as much as it can hold.—A cow eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat, and not content with eating all day long, "twice it slays the slain," and eats its dinner o'er again. A whale swallows 10,000,000 of living shrimps at a draught; a nursling Canary bird eats its own bulk in a day, and a caterpillar eats five hundred times its own weight, before it lies down to rise a butterfly. The mite and the maggot eat the very world in which they live; they nestle and build in their roast-beef; and the hyena, for want of better, eats himself. Yet a maggot has not the gout, and the whale is not subject to scientia. Nor does Captain Lyon inform us that an Esquimaux is troubled with a toothache, dyspepsia, or hysterics, though he eats 10 pounds of seal, and drinks a gallon of oil at a meal, and though his meal last as long as his meat.

New Zealand Flax.—The hemp of Russia may be superseded, ere long, by the flax of New Zealand. It is believed, says the *New Zealand Journal*, that the labour of obtaining the latter, in its course state, and the charges of importation, will be fully compensated by a price of £18 per ton here; the expense of dressing will be about £12 more; so that, at about £30 per ton, New Zealand flax, in a state to supersede Rursian hemp, will be delivered in this country. The price of Russian hemp, 1839, was £45 per ton; it is now £36, and £40 may be deemed the average.—*English Paper.*

It is often ludicrous as well as pitiable to witness the miserable end in which the heaping up of wealth most usually terminates. A life spent in the drudgery of the counting house, warehouse, or factory, is exchanged for the dignified ease of a suburban villa; but what a joyless seclusion it mostly proves! Retirement has been postponed until all the faculties of enjoyment have become effete or paralyzed, "Sans eyes, sans teeth, sans every thing," scarcely any inlet or pulsation remains for old much less new pleasures and associations. Nature is not to be won by such superanuated suitors; she is not intelligible to them, and the language of the fields and woods, of murmuring brooks, mountain tops, and tumbling torrents cannot be understood by men familiar only with the noises of crowded streets, loaded vans, bustling taverns, and postman's knocks. London and the chief provincial towns are environed with luckless pyrites of this description, who dropped from their accustomed sphere, become lumps of dross in a new element. But their race is mostly short; death kindly comes to terminate their weariness, and, like plants too late transplanted, they perish from the sudden change in long established habits, air and diet.

Earth, earth is what wordly men never think they have enough of, until death comes and stops their mouth with a shovelful of earth dug out of their own grave.—*Gurnall.*