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Weekly Almanack.

SEPT.—1839.	SUN	MOON	FULL
25 WEDNESDAY	5 50	5 53	6 54
26 THURSDAY	5 52	5 51	7 29
27 FRIDAY	5 53	5 49	8 12
28 SATURDAY	5 54	5 47	8 24
29 SUNDAY	5 55	5 45	10 3 35
30 MONDAY	5 57	5 43	11 23 5 11
1 TUESDAY	5 58	5 41	0 36 6 39

Last Quarter 29th, 6h. 4m. eve.

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See NELSON'S Catalogue of Cheap Books, 16th July.

New Goods.
Just received per sundry late Arrivals, an assortment of HAZELWELL'S, consisting of
BRITANNIA Metal Tea and Coffee Pots
D Soap Laddies, Inkstands, drinking Cups, &c.
A large assortment of Imperial Block Tin Dish Covers, singly or in sets
Soup Tureens
Brass and Iron Candlesticks, sets Fire Irons; cast steel Mill Saws; circular, cross-cut, whip, hand and lark Saws; blacksmith, smooth and bastard Files, whip and hand-saw Files.
Jack, trying, smoothing, moulding and beading Planes; Spokeshaves, Squares and Bevels, Braces and Bits; drawing, chiselling and mowing Knives, Bricklayers' Trowels, Carpenter's Rules; Rimp, pad, cupboard, chest, till, mortice, and drawer Locks; Hinges, assorted; round and flat spring Bolts; brass and iron Box Door Springs; sets of Iron Weights, from 4 lb down to Tea Kettles, Suckers, Italian Irons, box Coffee Mills, Grids, Irons, Shovels and Spades.

A case of CAST STEEL, assorted; Blacksmith's best bright Vices; Cinder Sifters and Dust Pans; Cook's Laddies and Forks.
An assortment of Stone Pitchers, Teapots, Sugar Basins, Cream Pitchers, and Mustard Pots, with Britannia Metal Covers.
Sets of troy handled Knives and Forks, black ditto, buck and stag do.; do. do. Carvers; Jack and Penknives, Rodgers best pocket Knives, Scissors, Razors, Glass Lanterns, silver plated Water Kettles, Teapots, Sugar Basins, Cream Pitchers, Mustard Pots, Mould and Dipt Candles.

ON HAND—An extensive assortment of Franklins, register Grates, Cooking Stoves, wood and coal Stoves, Cast Iron Ploughs, wrought and cast iron Mill Cranks, Ships Calcauses of an improved pattern; ships Skylights, a new article; Ships Wheels, Captains, Copper Signal Lanterns, Lead Scuppers, &c. &c. Narrow and Broad Axes; Carpenters' Adzes and Mauls.

TRY Ware of all descriptions kept constantly on hand. Ship and Mill work of all kinds made to order at the shortest notice.

DAILY EXPECTED—A large assortment of Hall and Shop Lamps. The whole of which will be disposed of low for approved payments, at the subscribers' Warehouse or the Mill Bridge.

18th June.—3m. HARRIS & ALLAN.

A CARD.

DR. RUDDICK,

Practitioner of Medicine, Surgery, Obstetrics, &c.

DOES hereby notify the Public that his best services, in the above branches, are at their command. He trusts that by the most indefatigable assiduity to the interests of his Patients, and by a due consideration to the convenience of the Indigent, to merit even yet a greater share of public patronage.

Dr. RUDDICK'S Medical career is too well known by his Patients to require any comment, and he has by his assiduity and assiduity to the interests of his Patients, and by a due consideration to the convenience of the Indigent, to merit even yet a greater share of public patronage.

As Dr. R. resides at Quaco, in the Parish of Saint Martin, County of Saint John, he may be there consulted at any time the case requires.

W. RUDDICK, Physician & Surgeon, St. Martin, Aug. 10, 1839.

BRITISH GOODS.

Just arrived by ship COLUMBINE, from Liverpool

- 20 PALES White and blue Cotton WARP,
- 4 Bales assorted MERINOS,
- 10 Bales Red, White and Green FLANNELS,
- 5 Bales Linen, Lawn, and Hollands,
- 1 Truss Chamis VESTS,
- 5 Bales White and striped Shirting,
- 5 Bales Grey COTTONS,
- 4 Bales Woolen Handkerchiefs and Shawls,
- 1 Bale Tartan Cloaking,
- 3 Bales Checked and Striped Homepun,
- 8 Bales Broad and Narrow CLOTH, Pilot Cloth, Cassimer, &c.
- 2 Bales Silk, Velvet, and Fancy Waistcoating,
- 1 Bale Fancy Cotton Handkerchiefs,
- 2 Bales Padding and Canvas,
- 2 Bales Furniture Prints,
- 5 Bales assorted Calicoes, dark patterns,
- 2 Trunks Chinis and Cambric Dresses,
- 1 Bale Ticks,
- 3 Bales Green Baize, Swanskin, and Plaiding,
- 2 Bales Candlewick; 1 Box Umbrellas,
- 1 Bale Braces, Trousers Straps, and Buttons,
- 1 Case Pins; 12 Cases assorted Earthenware,
- 2 Cases Dress and Shoe Brushes,
- 1 Cases assorted Cutlery,
- 5 Tierces Lead Sugar,
- 150 Boxes Yellow and White Soap,
- 2 Boxes Windsor Soap,
- 26 Bales Irish Bacon,
- 1 Bale Cumberland Hams; 25 Bags Spices,
- 2 Tons Camp Ovens, extra Covers, and Pots,
- 375 Bars and 18 bundles of Round Iron,
- 10 Casks Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil,
- 5 Barrels Bright Varnish,
- 2 Casks BB Shot,
- 20 Barrels Turkey Raisins,
- 2 Bales Zante Currants,
- 50 Bags Rio Coffee,

For sale at lowest rates by August 20, 1839. B. TILTON & CO.

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An excellent single SAW MILL at Mispick, only ten miles from the City, well supplied with abundance of Water by a large Lake. There is also fitted up, in the most approved manner, two Circular Saws for cutting Flooring, Staves, &c.

Also, about 1000 Acres of LAND fronting on the Bay Shore, well timbered which will be sold with the Mill or separately, as may be agreed upon. Terms and further particulars made known on application at the store of the late Firm of G. DUNN & Co. July 30, 1839.

The Garland.

Autumn.
Sweet Sabbath of the year
When evening lights decay,
The parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the world away.
Along thy sunset skies
Thy glories melt in shade;
And like the things we fondly prize,
Seem lovelier as they fade.
A deep and crimson streak,
The dying leaves disclose;
As on Consumption's waning cheek,
Mid ruin, blooms the rose.
Thy rear each vision brings,
Of beauty in decay;
Of fair and early faded things,
Too exquisite to stay;
Of joys that come no more;
Of flowers whose bloom is fled;
Of farewells wept upon the shore;
Of friends estranged, or dead;
Of all that now may seem,
To memory's tearful eye;
The vanished beauty of a dream,
O'er which I gaze and sigh.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE LADIES.
At a committee of belles, held at the Wellington-rooms on Thursday, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.—*Liverpool Albion.*

Resolved,
That calico, we protest,
Is worse than famine, war, or pest—
That none here is at all afraid
To end her life as an old maid;
Our art, attractions, all potential,
To win the prize that's so essential!

Resolved,
That dandies, though extremely striking,
Are neither to our taste or liking;
In fact, we can't define their gender—
Too soft, effeminate, and tender.
And then, to boot, the simpering elves
Are too enamoured of themselves;
Most of them mope at the least,
Tallest, the taller does the rest!

Resolved,
That, furthermore, we, one and all,
Do vote for helpmates stout and tall.
The shoulders spreading, broad and brawny,
Complexion clear, yet brown and tawny,
With coal-black locks and sparkling eyes,
A firm-set figure, slawy thighs,
And, not to do the thing by halves,
The legs well turned, with ample calves;
A mouth with ivory well set;
And, by the way, we'll not forget
To say a word about the nose,
A size you now, we deprecate;
It must be large, and long, and striking;
No snub will ever secure our liking!
To make the youth complete and brisker,
Fray, add a handsome head of whisker,
Symptoms of force and manly vigour—
This being we ne'er shall treat with rigour.
His politics—Chartist, Tory, Whig,
Nay, we do not care a fig,
Prepared, with such a darling dear,
In any barque or gale to steer.
Signed by all the committees, &c. &c.

Miscellaneous.

THE UNDERTAKER.

BY DOUGLAS JEROLD.

(FROM THE HEADS OF THE PEOPLE, NO. 11.)

No man (that is, no tradesman) has a more exquisite notion of the outward properties of life—all its external decorations, luxuries, and holiday show-making—than your undertaker. With him death is not death, but on the contrary, a something to be handsomely

appointed and provided for; to be approached with the deference paid by the trader to the buyer, and treated with an attention, a courtesy commensurate with the probability of profit. To the undertaker death is not a ghastly, noisome thing—a hideous object to be thrust into the earth—the companion of corruption, the fellow of the worm—not it!

Death comes to the undertaker, especially if he bury in high life a melancholy coxcomb curious in the web of his winding-sheet, in the softness of his last pillow, in the crimson or purple velvet that covers his oaken coffin, and in more than all, particular in the silver gilt nails, the plates, and handles that shall decorate it. A sense of profit in the undertaker wholly neutralizes the terrible properties of death; for, to him, what is another corpse but another customer?

"Of course," says Mandrake, taking orders for a funeral, "Of course, sir, you'll have feathers!" "Indeed, I—I see no use in feathers," replies the bereaved party, whose means are scarcely sufficient for the daily necessities of the living, "no use at all." "No feathers, sir!" says Mandrake, with a look of pitying wonder. "Why, excuse me, sir, but—really—would you bury a servant without feathers?"

"Well, if you think them necessary." "Necessary! No respectable person can be buried without feathers," says Mandrake; and (wise dealer!) he touches the chord of worldly pride, and feathers make part of the solemnity. "Then, sir, for mutes; you have mutes, doubtless?" "I never could understand what service they were," is the answer. "Oh, dear sir!" cries Mandrake; "you don't understand! Consider the pauper, sir, without mutes." "I merely want a plain, respectable funeral, Mr. Mandrake." "Very true, sir; therefore, you must have mutes." "What is the expense, sir?" "Nothing in comparison with the look of the thing." "I have always thought it worse than useless to lavish money upon the dead; so, everything plain, Mr. Mandrake, I shall take care, sir; depend upon me, sir, everything shall be of the most comfortable kind." "And now, sir, for the choice of ground?" and hereupon Mr. Mandrake lays upon the table a plan of the churchyard, probably divided into three separate parts for the accommodation of the different ranks of the dead. "Now, sir, for the ground." "Is there any choice?"

"Decidedly, sir. This is what we call the first ground—a charming dry, gravelly soil; you may go any depth into it, sir—any depth; sir; dry, sir, dry as your bed. This is the second ground—a little damper than the first, certainly; but still, some respectable persons do bury there." On this, Mr. Mandrake folds up the plan. "Well, but the third ground. That is, I suppose, the cheapest?" "Clay, sir, clay! Very damp indeed; you wouldn't like it in winter wet."

"The price is much lower than either of the others," "Very true, sir; it is; and properly so; or how would the very poor people be able to bury at all? You may, of course, sir, do as you please; but nearly all the respectable families bury in the first ground—such gravel, sir!" "Well, I suppose it must be so." "You wouldn't like any other; depend upon it, sir, you wouldn't. The first ground then, sir?" and Mr. Mandrake, well satisfied, that for the look of the thing, for merely the sake of his customer's respectability, he has induced him to order feathers, mutes, and the first ground. And in all this dealing what part of it has death? Alack! the feathers are not borne before his cold, white face; the mutes march not with solemn step to his reverence; the fine, dry, gravelly bed is not for the case of death's pitiless bones; they would rest as well in the third ground as the first. No; the trappings of the defunct are not the ward dressings of the pride of the living; the undertaker, in all his melancholy pomp, his dingy bravery, waits upon the quick, and not the dead. It is the living who crave for plumes, for nails, double gilt,—for all the outward show of wealth and glory. Pride takes death, and, for its especial purpose, tricks it out in the frizzly of life. "Man," says Sir Thomas Browne, is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave; solemnizing novelties and deaths with equanimity; not omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infancy of his nature." Hence the undertaker. Let us, however follow Mr. Mandrake through his daily solemnity. Let us attend him to the house of mourning; let us go with him on the day when he who was the very heart of that house is to be carried to the churchyard. For a time the undertaker treats the corpse as a miserably homeless. He is the self-created lord of his hospitality. It is he who stands the master of the mansion, and does its melancholy honors. With what grim urbanity he hands about the cake and wine; how he presses refreshment upon the heart-broken; how, as merely a matter of business, he proffers it to the mourners by invitation! His words are few and significant, come in whispers, and tread the carpet as though he walked on flowers. Nor are his attentions confined to the relatives and friends of the dead; no, he has a keen anxiety for the wants of his vassals. The mutes, two breathing, half-crown images of the deepest woe at the door, must, to support their load of sorrow, be plied with cake and alcohol; the coachman cannot look sufficiently serious without their accustomed fluid; and the bearers, that they may stand manfully beneath their burden, must nerve their hearts with potent gin. The funeral is over, the cloaks are gathered up, the hatbands are adjusted, the undertaker and his servants have departed, and nought remains of the solemnity—save the still it is in due time presented; and—happy is the undertaker above all the race of trading men, his commodities, as provided and supplied, defy the voice of cavil. His articles, six, eight, ten feet below the earth, are not to be questioned. He boldly charges for the "best material and pillow," or the grass has begun to grow above them, for the mason has built them over, and who shall doubt their quality.

A COWARD'S BRAVERY.

(From "Stories of Turra Valley.")

At the storming of Merne Fortunes, in the West Indies, I knew an Irish officer of the name of W., who had lately joined his corps. He led the forlorn hope, and displayed a cool determination that surprised the oldest soldiers. Bearing the King's colour in one hand, and waving his sword with the other, he was the first to ascend the ladder, and plant our victorious standard in the breach. W. was thanked in public orders by his commanding officer, who congratulated him on his bravery, and informed him that he was recommended for immediate promotion. What was his surprise, when the young soldier answered that all he wished to obtain was leave to return home, and throw up his commission in favour of a younger brother, who ardently wished to embrace the profession of arms.

The colonel, surprised at so singular a request, was naturally anxious to know to what he could attribute so strange a resolution in a young man with so bright a sword before him. "I was recommended for promotion," he said, "to see your family?" "No, Sir," was the reply of W.—"You, perhaps, are in love, and fear the danger of absence?"

"No, Sir, if absence could produce any alteration in the affection of one that we might love, we would be proof that her attachment was of a very frail nature."

"What then can your motives be? You have just distinguished yourself before your country. You are now a lieutenant, and, in all likelihood, another battle and you may obtain a company."

"That is exactly the reason why I wish to quit the service."

"What! the prospect of rapid promotion! The colonel thought him mad."

"No, Sir; but the fear of degradation."

"You speak in riddles."

"Then, Sir, must be explicit. It is in this very expectation of other conflicts, in which you are kind enough to think I may again distinguish myself, that convinces me that the career of arms is not my destiny. Must I see the painful truth? The sight of the first man these eyes ever met in the ranks struck me with that sense of danger, that innate feeling of self-preservation, that, to my shame I own it, I was on the point of disgracing myself for ever when the next man was killed, bespattering me with his brains; for my father's office (he was an ensign) and my rank, mechanically with me, I was raised to the rank of this apathetic state by the loud cheers of my companions; it seemed to me a dream. I felt inspired with an unknown energy; I knew not where I was when I found myself in the breach, my colours planted in the air, surrounded with the dead and dying! What may appear to you, Sir, still more strange, I scarcely knew myself. I gazed on my uniform, wondered at the transformation from the peaceable garb I wore in my father's office (he was an ensign) to the trappings of a soldier. In short, all appeared to me a vision. The kind congratulations of my comrades shortly restored me to my senses, which soon convinced me that the cloze was more natural to me than the field."

This candid confession of what might be called a natural feeling, did not deter his commanding officer from urging him to persevere in the profession. His resolution was unalterable. He returned to Ireland, and his brother succeeded him in the regiment.

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.—The whole world has now existed nearly 6,000 years; and we who live in the present period are favoured with the experience of all former ages. During those ages every kind of government has been tried, and it is found by experience, that every kind of Government has its peculiar advantages and disadvantages. To guard against the inconvenience peculiar to each, the wisdom of Tacitus conceived, that a mixed form of government, consisting of king, lords, and commons, if it were practicable, would be the most perfect; but yet he could not conceive such a government to be possible. The British government, however, has long reduced this idea, by him deemed impossible, to practice; and it should really seem, not only from our own experience in this country, but from the conduct of the Americans in forming their constitution, and from the conduct of the French in forming theirs, that three estates, to act as checks one upon another, forms the most perfect system of government human wisdom can contrive for the happiness of man.

The Americans have two houses and a president, who is the same as our king, only called by another name; and the French during their sanguinary revolution, had two estates and five directors, who occupied the place of our king and his privy council. So after all their experience, convulsions and blood, the British government was at last the model they are constrained to follow. This consideration ought to induce us Englishmen, not only to be contented with, but to glory in our constitution, as a most finished model of human wisdom; but it is impossible that we can change for the better.

Dr. Channing's Opinion of the Military Profession.—Men's sensibility to the evil of war has been very much blunted by the decorations of the soldier, the splendour in which war is served, the glory in our country, and the honours in our country. To the military, the senses are more convincing reasoners than the conscience. In youth, the period which so often receives impressions for life, we cannot detect, in the heart-stirring file and drum, the true music of war, the shriek of the newly-wounded, or the faint moan of the dying. Arms glittering in the sunbeam, do not remind us of bayonets dripping with blood. To one who reflects, there is something shocking in these decorations of war. If men must fight, let them wear the badges which become their craft. It would shock us to see a hangman dressed out in scarf and epaulette, and marching with merry music to the place of punishment. The soldier has a sadder work than the hangman's. His office is not to despatch occasionally a single criminal; he goes to the slaughter of thousands as free from crime as himself. The sword is worn as an ornament, and yet its use is to pierce the heart of a fellow-creature. As well might the butcher parade before us his knife, or the executioner his axe or halberd. Allow war to be necessary, still it is a horrible necessity, a work to fill a good man with anguish of spirit. Shall it be turned into an occasion of pomp and merriment? To dash out men's brains, to stab them to the heart, to cover the body with gashes, to lop off the limbs, to crush men under the hoof of the war-horse, to destroy husbands and fathers, to make widows and orphans, all this may be necessary; but to attire men for this work with fantastic trappings, to surround this fearful occupation with all the circumstances of gaiety and pomp, seems as barbarous as it would be to deck a gallows, or to make a stage for dancing beneath the scaffold. I conceive that the military dress was not open to as much reproach in former times as now. It was then less dazzling, and acted less on the imagination, because it formed less an exception to the habit of the times. The dress of Europe, not many centuries ago, was fashioned very much after what might be called the barlequin style. That is, it affected strong colors and strong contrasts. This taste belongs to rude ages and has passed away very much with the progress of civilization. The military dress alone has escaped the reform. The military man is the only barlequin left us from ancient times. It is time that his dazzling finery were gone, that it no longer corrupted the young, that it no longer threw a glare over his terrible vocation.—*Lecture on War.*

THE PLEASURES OF DELIRIUM.—In speaking of the subject of delirium, Abernethy observes—"Delirium seems to be a very curious affection; in this state a man is quite unconscious of his disease; he will give rational answers to any questions you put to him, when you rouse him; but, as I said before, he relapses into a state of wandering, and his actions correspond with his dream. I remember a man with a compound fracture, in this hospital, whose leg was in a horrible state of sloughing, and who had delirium in this state. I have worried him, and said, 'Thomas, what is the matter with you? how do you do?' He would reply, 'Pretty heavy, thank you; nothing is the matter with me; how do you do?' He then would go on dreaming of one thing and another; that his dream were of a pleasant kind. He met old acquaintances in his dream; I people whom he remembered long since; his former companions, his kindred and relations; and he expressed his delight at seeing them. 'I would exclaim every now and then, 'That's a good one!—' Well I never heard a better joke: ah! ah! ah! give us your list, my old fellow.'—*Physic and Physicians.*

CARROTS.—Dr. James, an eminent physician, truly says that the carrot is one of the most considerable culinary roots—that it strengthens and nourishes the body, and is very beneficial for consumptive persons. Carrots are generally served to table with boiled meats; they make an excellent soup, and form an agreeable pudding. They are, also, an excellent agricultural root for feeding cattle, and are frequently cultivated for deer, which thrive amazingly on them.

How to get Rich.—Nothing is more easy (says Mr. Paulding) than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody—to befriend none—to get everything, and save all we get—to stint ourselves and every body belonging to us—to be the friend of no man, and to have no man for our friend—to heap interest upon interest, and despise, for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment.

LANGUAGES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.—It is worthy of remark, that there is no civilized country in Europe, in which not only so many different dialects prevail, but so many different languages as in Great Britain. Yorkshire has its peculiar dialect, Lancashire, Northumberland, Cumberland, the West of Scotland, and the Scotch Highlands, the Scotch language—and there are the Gaelic, the Welsh, and the Irish languages.

Constantinople.—The appearance of the Bosphorus, from its entrance to Constantinople, is beautiful beyond the power of imagination to conceive, and we are led to believe that we have reached the capital of the world; but this bright illusion quickly vanishes, and then an afflicting picture meets the eye in all directions. For we find the population in a state of wretchedness; the houses small and built of wood; the streets pestiferous, ill-furnished with wood; the numerous coffee-houses filled with idlers; all the intervals between the quarters occupied by tombs; and without an owner, seemingly in undisturbed possession of the place.

WHAT IS A "LOCO-FOCO?"—A loco-foco, in the present acceptance of the term, is a man not satisfied with anything as it exists, but is in favor of an equal distribution of property, an uprooting of the institutions of the country, and substitution of some monstrous and impracticable fancy of his own in their stead. He professes to be in favor of equal rights, equal privileges, and equal laws, which will make him as rich, as influential, and as consequential as his more industrious, prudent, able, persevering, and thriving neighbor, without any particular talents or exertions of his own. A loco-foco wants a new constitution; he desires that there should be no credits; that all debts should be debts of honor; that no man should be superior to

himself; that we should have no medium of exchange but gold and silver; that the whole form of society and government should be changed, and that they should have the privilege of concocting a letter. He is a restless unsatisfied mortal, and could he have all his heart's desire to-day, he would grumble to-morrow just as lustily as ever.—*American paper.*

SALT.—The quantity of salt used in the United States is incredibly and lamentably small. Perhaps the whole quantity is about twelve millions of bushels annually, of which half may be imported and half domestic. The English give fifteen millions of bushels annually to their sheep alone. No wonder they have fine mutton and fine wool! Yet they complain that they have not salt enough, and besides their own vast domestic supply of rock salt in Cheshire, and the boiled salt on the coast of Cornwall, they compute that the free use of salt would create an additional demand for 200,000 tons of domestic salt (twenty millions of bushels of fifty-six pound each) besides the augmented importation.—*Washington Globe.*

STATE OF THE CROPS IN IRELAND.—To judge from appearances, we should be inclined to say that the crops very generally bear a most favorable promise; and that if we should be blessed with good ripening weather for the next month or so, we may reckon upon a good harvest. From the information we have received from those who had an opportunity of very lately examining the crops throughout the Eastern Counties, viz., Waterford, Wexford, Kilkenny, Carlow, Kildare, and Dublin, the appearance of the wheat crops is excellent—in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, and generally throughout Kildare and Carlow, they are particularly fine; and if the ear is allowed to fill and ripen well from this out, we may safely say that the produce will be, at least, an average one—but much will depend on the next fortnight. At present we should say that, notwithstanding the late violent rains no substantial or extensive injury has been done, and although it rained incessantly, and with great violence, on Wednesday last, in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, where the wheat is particularly heavy, very little of it has been laid. The oats look well and abundant, and the barley has a very fine appearance. As for the potato crop—the state of Irish life—the stalks look very promising indeed, especially where the drill system, now becoming very general, prevails, though of course, it is too early from that circumstance, to form any conclusive opinion. If we should have a continuance of warm weather, this crop, we will venture to say, will turn out remarkably fine.—*Dublin Post.*

WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE IN IRELAND.—The first power-loom for broad cloth we have ever had introduced in this country has been lately erected at Milltown Factory, by Mr. Moore.

ISLAND OF SKYE.—We learn from Skye, that the crops never were a more promising aspect than they do at present in that island. Little or no wheat is grown, as the climate is too humid for this description of grain; but the oat and barley fields are all that could be wished.

MR. MARTIN'S PICTURE OF THE CORONATION.—The artist has chosen the moment at which the aged Lord Rolle, in approaching to do homage as a Peer, fell on the steps of the Throne. The Queen is seen starting forward, with an anxious look, while the sensation created throughout the whole assembly by the unexpected incident, gives an animation and an unity of feeling to the picture that much relieves the stiffness of the subject. Otherwise being inseparable from the subject. The architectural part of the design is that in which the artist has been most eminently successful. The effect of the sun shining in upon the interior of the venerable pile is beautifully managed, and we are told that several visitors, on beholding the picture, were at first under the impression that the reflection came from the skylight of the studio. The picture is not a large one, although it contains several hundred figures, many necessarily very minute.

SOVEREIGNS.—The two most Catholic countries in Europe, Spain and Portugal—the Protestant empire of Great Britain, and the Mahomedan dominions of the Sultan, are now ruled over by Sovereigns, not one of whom has completed his or her twenty-first year.

SIR J. M. DOYLE AND THE PORTUGUESE GOVERNMENT.—Among other cases of private wrongs and denial of justice from foreign governments, we know of none more striking than that of Sir J. M. Doyle and his claims on Portugal, respecting which he has just addressed a petition to the House of Commons. Sir J. M. Doyle sets forth, that in May, 1828, he was illegally seized, and confined in a dungeon for several months, by the de facto Government of Don Miguel; that he brought the subject of his imprisonment before the notice of the British Government; and that in April, 1832, Viscount Palmerston instructed the British Consul-General at Lisbon to demand compensation to the amount of £3,000, including actual losses to the amount of £1,900; that Dr. Lushington gave it as his opinion in the month of August in the same year, that this claim would remain unaffected by any change of Government; and, finally, that after innumerable applications, both to the English Minister and the Portuguese Government, extending over a period of seven years, the petitioners has not received one shilling of this sum, and never hopes to receive it, unless through the instrumentality of the House of Commons. This is the substance of the petition; and we really think, without entering further into the merits of it, that Lord Palmerston is bound to enforce his own assessment of the damages. Dr. Lushington's opinion, that the claim of Sir J. M. Doyle remains unaffected by any change of government in Portugal, is a very decided one; and it happens further, that all subjects of France and citizens of the United States, who sustained injuries or losses in 1832, from the de facto government of Portugal under Don Miguel, have long since received compensation from the Government of Don Pedro which succeeded it.—*Times.*