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Weekly Almanack.

January—1841.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
6 Wednesday	7 24	4 36	6 51	11 10
7 Thursday	7 23	4 37	Rises.	11 51
8 Friday	7 22	4 38	6 0	0 38
9 Saturday	7 22	4 38	7 23	1 18
10 Sunday	7 21	4 39	8 41	1 56
11 Monday	7 20	4 40	9 55	2 38
12 Tuesday	7 20	4 40	11 5	3 18

Last Quarter 14th, 7h. 26m. morn.

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
Lewis Burns, 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.
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Discount Days .. .. *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.
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NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 1 o'clock.
JOHN BOYD, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.
Committee for December,
N. MERRITT, JOHN KINNEAR, WM. JARVIS.
☞ 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

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of Hartford, Connecticut.
Incorporated 1825.
Capital 150,000 Dollars,
With liberty to increase to Half a Million of Dollars

THE whole of the first named sum, $150,000, is invested in securities, and on the shortest notice could be cashed and applied to the payment of losses.

The subscriber having been appointed Agent for the above Company, will issue Policies for Insurance on Dwelling Houses, Stores, Household Furniture, Merchandize, &c. &c., against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

at as low rates as any similar institution; and will give personal attention to the survey of premises, &c. in the city, on which Insurance is desired.

Application in writing (post paid) from other parts of the Province, describing the property to be insured, will receive prompt attention—The correctness of which description shall on all occasions be binding on the part of the applicant.

W. H. SCOVIL.

St. John, N. B. 3d Sept. 1840.

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.

EMIGRANT AGENCY OFFICE,
Fredericton, September 26, 1840.

NOTICE is hereby given, That the Office of the Assistant Emigrant Agent will be kept in the lower part of the Phœnix House, immediately opposite the Army Hospital; and that the hours will be the same as at other public offices—from 10 till 3 o'clock; where Immigrants and others can transact business connected with that Department, and advice and assistance will be afforded to persons wishing to obtain land for settlement, or who may desire employment in this Province.

Persons having Landed Property to dispose of can have a description of the same entered in a Book to be kept for that purpose; and applications for servants or labourers that may be received at this Office, will be registered in a similar manner.

EDMUND WARD,
Assistant Emigrant Agent

☞ Letters forwarded to be post paid.

Travels in Palestine.

NEW BOOKS, &c.

Victoria Bookstore.

LAMARTINE'S Travels in the Holy Land, Stephen's Travels in Egypt and Palestine; Clark's Travels in Russia, Tartary and Turkey.—Also—a large supply of the People's Editions of New Publications; Chambers' Journal, &c. published by Messrs. W. & R. Chambers, Edinburgh, and sold Wholesale and Retail by their agents at the Victoria Book-store, Saint John, N. B.

In addition to the assortment of Books and General Stationery kept on hand at the above establishment, they have also received per late arrivals a large variety of New, Cheap and Valuable Works; the latest and best additions of School Books, such as are most approved of in Great Britain, and also in common use throughout the Provinces; but as it would be tedious to enumerate their names in the already crowded columns of our Newspapers, the Proprietors have published a Catalogue of their Books in general, which can be obtained gratis at The Cheap Book-store.

St. John, 27th October, 1840.

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 Nautical 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.

Black and Green TEAS.

A Few Chests and Half Chests Hyson, Young Hyson and Gunpowder—on hand ex Clifton. E. I. Company's CONGO hourly expected.

Nov. 7. Ratchford & Brothers.

The Garland.

TO WORDSWORTH.

WRITTEN AT RYDAL MOUNT...BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

O England!—full of years, yet passing fair,
I drink thy beauty, with a child's delight,
The tear upon my face. Thine ivied heights,
Beneath whose base 't would seem that Time had paused
Like an o'erspent destroyer, and laid down,
Feigning to sleep and let their glory pass—
Thy proud baronial mansions, decked with all
That wealth can win from art—but more than these,
Thy rural charms, thy mist-encircled hills,
Wearing their emerald crowns; thy crystal tarns
Glassing themselves amid the velvet meads;
Thy green, green hedges, with their tufted bloom;
Thy cottage children, playing 'mid the flowers
That make their thatch-roofed homes so beautiful—
These well repay me to have dared for thee
The tempest-swoln Atlantic, though unused
To perils on the deep.

But, most of all,
That I have found thee in thy lake-girt bower,
Whose music thrilled my heart when life was new;
That I have seen thy face, and heard thy voice,
Is glorious gain—for on the sacred walls
Of the soul's cabinet, where she retires
To muse amid her treasured imagery,
Henceforth shall be thy picture, mild with thought,
And sublimate with genius, ne'er to fade
Till Death shall darken all material things.

London, Eng. Phil. Lady's Book for Dec.

THE ROCK OF AGES.

God! the Author and the End,
God! from whom all gifts descend,
God! the Father, and the just,
In Thy Church we place our trust;
Church, foretold by prophet sages,
Founded on the Rock of Ages.

States have moulder'd in decay,
Crowns and sceptres pass'd away,
Time on all hath work'd his will,
But thy Church endureth still;
Vain the war that ruin wages
'Gainst the glorious Rock of Ages.

There thy choicest gifts abound,
There celestial peace is found,
There sublimest wisdom sways,
There the day no night obeys:
There pure faith the soul engages;
Church of God, and Rock of Ages.

Through the pilgrimage of years,
Waste of sin, and vale of tears;
Through temptation, war and strife,
Through all change of mortal life,
Lo! Thy Church each pang assuages
From the sacred fount of Ages.

At Thy holy altars stand
Priests of every clime and land;
Whilst unnumbered millions pay
Homage to Thee night and day;
Holy saints and lofty sages,
Those proclaim the Rock of Ages.

Vain the tyrant's power to chain,
Vain oppression's ghastly train,
From a million martyrs' blood,
Prouder rears the Holy Rood.
Vainly persecution rages
'Gainst the sacred Rock of Ages.

Then till earth reclaims its dust,
In Thy Church we place our trust,
Years may change and ages flee,
But no change shall compass Thee;
Thou wilt still thy promise keep,
And Thy care will never sleep;
Vainly hell the battle wages,
Thou art with the Rock of Ages.

Miscellaneous.

HABITS OF THE ROMAN LADIES.

(FROM THE COURT JOURNAL.)

It has been remarked that "a fondness for adorning the person for the sake of obtaining admiration from men is natural to all women." Now allowing this to be true, surely no one can condemn so laudable a desire of pleasing on the part of the fair sex, whatever may be its ulterior object. The female mind, for the most part, has so few important considerations wherewith to occupy itself, and so few opportunities of *publicly* displaying its judgment and taste, except in matters of dress, that we cannot wonder at seeing so much attention paid to it by women of every class; besides, when it is remembered that the amount expended by ladies in articles of dress and *bijouterie* by far exceeds that spent by the "lords of the creation" for the same purpose, a female fondness for fashion must always be considered as a national blessing. We would, however, by no means be understood as advocating that excessive love of dress which is indulged in by some, reckless of all consequences, and which would almost induce them, Tarpeia-like, to sacrifice their country for a bracelet. The opening remark was made on the Roman ladies some two thousand years ago, and it is of their different dresses that we now propose to treat; these, in splendour, richness, and gracefulness, were not surpassed even by those of the present day, if we may judge from the little insight afforded us by old Latin writers into the mysteries of a Roman lady's toilet.

The ladies of ancient Rome rose early, and immediately enjoyed the luxury of the bath, which was sometimes of perfumed water; they then underwent a process of polishing with pumice-stone for the purpose of smoothing the skin, and after being anointed with rich perfumes they threw around them a loose robe and retired to their dressing-rooms, where they received morning visits from their friends, and discussed the merits of the last eloquent speech delivered in the senate, or the probable conqueror in the next gladiatorial combat. After the departure of their visiters commenced the business of the toilette, which occupied a considerable portion of time; the maids were summoned, to each of whom a different duty was assigned: some formed a kind of council and only looked on to direct and assist the others by their advice and experience; one held the mirror before her mistress; while others there were to whom it was a

"——— constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare."

With the exception of the looking-glass, the articles of the toilette were much the same as those in use at present. The glass, or, more properly speaking, mirror, was composed of a highly polished plate of metal*, generally silver, richly chased around the edges, and adorned with precious stones; this was not fixed in a frame like the modern glass, but held by a slave. The combs were formed of ivory and rose-wood Curling-tongs, bodkins, and hair pins were also known; the former was a simple bar of iron heated in the fire, around which the hair was turned in order to produce a curl; the two latter were made of gold and silver, and ornamented with pearls; it was probably with one of these bodkins that Cleopatra gave herself a death-wound, and not, as is commonly supposed, with an adder.

The use of perfumes, cosmetics and depilatories, prevailed to a great extent amongst the Romans; the first were obtained at a considerable expense from India, Greece, and Persia; there are still in existence a few recipes for making the cosmetics used two thousand years ago, which will be found to have many ingredients in common with similar preparations of our time. Ovid gives the following, and adds, that those who use it will possess a complexion smoother than the surface of their polished mirrors:—"Take two pounds of Lybian barley, free from straw and chaff, and an equal quantity of the pea of the wild vetch, mix these with ten eggs, let it harden and pound it, add two ounces of hartshorn, and a dozen roots of the narcissus bruised in a mortar, two ounces of gum, and two ounces of meal, reduce the whole to a powder, sift it, and add nine times the quantity of honey." Some used poppy juice and water, and others a pap or poultice of bread and milk, with which they completely covered the face, and kept on in their own houses: this when removed left the skin smooth and fair. Depilatories were used to form and adorn the eyebrows, which it was considered elegant to have joined across the nose.

On one part of a Roman lady's dressing table might be seen her small silver tooth brush, which, with the assistance of a little pure water and occasionally a powder of mastic wood, formed her only dentrifice; near it stood a paper containing a black powder, which, when ignited, sent up a volume of thick smoke, and had the valuable property of restoring the eyes to their former brilliancy if weakened by the gaiety of the preceding evening, or by a sleepless night occasioned by the constant serenades of her lover beneath her window. Here was a bottle of the perfume of Pæstum, and there a box of rouge, and another of hair dye; on another part lay a large coil or braid of false hair, made up by a male hairdresser, and near it were the bodkins, the chains, the rings, and the richly-studded bands of white and purple which adorned the head; this braid was worn on the crown of the head, the hair from the nape of the neck being all pulled out by the roots. Continual changes were taking place in the fashion of wearing the hair; at first it was cut off as a votive offering to the gods, but the Roman ladies soon discovered that "a luxuriant head of hair was a powerful auxiliary of female beauty," and allowed it to grow; at one time it was worn high in bows with a range of curls in front; at another *a la Greeque;* then allowed to float in the air in a dishevelled state, and again *a la militaire* in the form of a helmet. Light hair was sometimes worn over that of a naturally dark shade, auburn being the colour most esteemed and admired by both sexes; those who had white or dark hair used saffron as a die to give it an auburn tinge. Some ladies used gold dust as a hair powder, "which shed such a ray of glory around them as dazzled all beholders, and gave their heads an appearance of being on fire." When the ladies did not "wear their hair" they wore a kind of veil and a turban or bonnet called mitra; this was like a bishop's mitre in shape but not so high, and with a lappet hanging over each cheek, something, in short, like a modern mob cap, which elegant head-dress owes its origin, no doubt, to the classical mitra: thus has the Roman female head-dress descended to our times, not only as one of the insignia of the members of the Right Reverend Bench, but also in the shape of a covering for our domestic matrons.

After having performed their ablutions, and gone through all the little delicate offices of making the complexion, perfuming the person, and endeavouring by art to excel nature, the Roman ladies were prepared to put on their costly garments, which were duly prosecuted by the slave who held the honourable post of "Mistress of the Robes." In the earlier ages the under garment—which in other respects differed little from the modern—was worn as high as the chin and down to the feet, so as to leave no part of the person visible except the face; in time, however, it was cut lower and shortened; over this was worn the *tunica*, a dress composed of many folds, open at the sides and with sleeves; these sleeves were left open from the shoulder to the wrist, and fastened with clasps of gold and silver; one end of the tunica was fixed to the left shoulder, while the other was carried across the breast and fell negligently over the right shoulder till it touched the ground; this train was generally carried over the arm when walking, so as to show the right ankle; but it was considered *negligé* and graceful to allow it to drag on the ground instead of holding it up, and consequently was a custom much in vogue among the *distinguées* of ancient Rome. This was the dress worn during the republic, but it is difficult to obtain a correct description of it from the very vague accounts handed down to us; probably, as in most republics, little attention was paid to dress, at all events it was plain and simple. It was not until the time of the emperors that the Goddess of Fashion reared her head in the capital of the world, when, though considerable alterations took place in dress, yet a few traits of the former style were retained. The number of garments worn varied according to the *temperature* of the wearer; they were generally three: the first was the simple vest; the second a kind of petticoat richly worked in front and surrounded at the waist by a belt, which answered the purpose of a corset, and was formed in front like a stomacher, richly studded with jewels; then came the third and principal garment, the *stola*, which entirely superseded the use of the ancient *tunica;* this was a robe with a small train trimmed at the bottom with a deep border of purple and gold; it was confined at the waist by a belt, and the upper part thrown back so as to discover the embroidered front of the second garment or petticoat; on this front was worn the *laticlave*, an order or decoration of the empire granted to distinguished men, and sometimes assumed by females in right of their husbands†. Over all there was worn the *palla* or cloak, with a train of some yards in length, which fell from the shoulders, where it was fastened by two richly ornamented *fibulæ* or clasps; this train was trimmed with gold and silver, and sometimes with precious stones, and was usually carried over the left shoulder in the manner of the ample *roquelaure* worn by gentlemen. It will be seen from the above description that there is a considerable resemblance between the ancient Roman dress and the modern court dress, the former perhaps exceeding the latter in gracefulness and elegance of appearance, from its numerous folds and flowing outline. The materials of which these dresses were composed were silk, cashmere, and linen. Embroidery was procured from the Phœnicians and Assyrians; the former was most esteemed as it was raised, while the latter was smooth with the surface of the cloth. The only colour used for robes was white trimmed with purple, coloured clothes not being considered "*comme il faut*" amongst the higher orders at Rome.

The Roman stocking was of silk, generally pink or flesh-coloured, over which was worn a shoe or rather boot reaching above the ankle, turned up at the point like a Chinese shoe, and laced up from the instep tight to the leg. This boot was made of white leather, or the papyrus bark, ornamented with gold, silver, and jewels. Sandals were also in use; they consisted of a simple sole with riband attached to it, and was laced up like a modern sandal, at the same time supplying the place of a garter by keeping the stocking up. We are informed that coquettes used cork soles and false insteps of cork, but never disfigured their persons by the barbarian ornaments of necklace, ring, or ear-ring.

After the Roman lady had completed her toilette she sallied out, followed by a slave, for a promenade beneath the porticoes of the Forum, where she could not only cheapen goods, but also hear what was going on in the law courts; after continuing her walk up the gentle ascent of the gay and crowded Suburra Street, she returned to her own house, the threshold of which (if she happened to be unmarried) was adorned with garlands of flowers, placed there by her young patrician admirers; some of these flowers her attendants collected to fill the splendid vase which stood in her chamber, and preceded her to draw aside the curtain which supplied the place of a door into the tapestried and perfumed apartment; here she enters, and sinking softly down into an ivory and gold adorned chair, she is welcomed by the chirping notes of her favourite bird which hangs near in a gilded cage. By her side stands a beautiful page, who gently wafts a plume of peacock's feathers around her head, while a slave presents a small stick wrapped around with, apparently, a roll of straw-colored riband, but in reality, it is a letter from the young Emilius, who adopts this mode of writing in preference to the usual waxen tablet, not only because it is a fashion introduced from Greece, but because it preserves most inviolably those secrets which are only meant to meet the eye of his lovely mistress; far be it from us to pry into these secrets, so let us now bid adieu to the fair Lucretia, who already begins anxiously to unrol the folds of her papyrian epistle.

* Looking glasses were known to the Romans and obtained from the Phœnicians, but they were not in general use.

† Orders were sometimes conferred on ladies. The senate granted a riband of a peculiar pattern to the wife and mother of Coriolanus, to be worn by them in consideration of valuable services performed to the state.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH CHARACTER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Paris 1825.

As I am a mere looker-on in Europe, and hold myself as much as possible aloof from its quarrels and prejudices, I feel something like one overlooking a game, who, without any great skill of his own, can occasionally perceive the blunders of much abler players. This neutrality of feeling enables me to enjoy the contrasts of character presented in this time of general peace; when the various people of Europe, who have so long been sundered by wars, are brought together, and placed side by side in this great gathering place of the French and English. The peace has deluged this gay capital with English visitors of all ranks and conditions. They throng every place of curiosity and amusement; fill the public gardens, the galleries, the cafes, saloons, theatres; always herding together, never associating with the French. The two nations are like two threads of different colors, tangled together, but never blended.

In fact, they present a continual antithesis, and seem to value themselves upon being unlike each other; yet each have their peculiar merits, which should entitle them to each other's esteem. The French intellect is quick and active. It flashes its way into a subject with the rapidity of lightning; seizes upon remote conclusions with a sudden bound, and its deductions are almost intuitive. The English intellect is less rapid, but more persevering; less sudden, but more sure in its deductions. The quickness and mobility of the French enable them to find enjoyment in the multiplicity of sensations. They speak and act more from immediate impressions than from reflection and meditation. They are therefore more social and communicative; more fond of society and of places of public resort and amusement. An Englishman is more reflective in his habits. He lives in the world of his own thoughts and seems more self-existent and self-dependent. He loves the quiet of his own apartment: even when abroad, he in a manner makes a little solitude around him, by his silence and reserve: he moves about shy and solitary, and as it were buttoned up, body and soul.

The French are great optimists: they seize upon every good as it flies, and revel in the passing pleasure. The Englishman is too apt to neglect the present good, in preparing against the possible evil. However adversities may lower, let the sun shine but for a moment, and forth sallies the mercurial Frenchman, in holiday dress and holiday spirits, gay as a butterfly, as though his sunshine were perpetual; but let the sun beam never so brightly, so there be but a cloud in the horizon, the wary Englishman ventures forth distrustfully, with his umbrella in his hand.

The Frenchman has a wonderful facility at turning small things to advantage. No one can be gay and luxurious on smaller means; no one requires less expense to be happy. He practices a kind of gilding in his style of living, and hammers out every guinea into gold leaf. The Englishman, on the contrary, is expensive in his habits, and expensive in his enjoyments. He values every thing, whether useful or ornamental, by what it costs. He has no satisfaction in show, unless it be solid and complete. Every thing goes with him by the square foot. Whatever display he makes, the depth is sure to equal the surface.

The Frenchman's habitation, like himself, is open, cheerful, bustling, and noisy. He lives in a part of a great hotel, with wide portal, paved court, a spacious dirty stone staircase, and a family on every floor. All is clatter and chatter. He is good humored and talkative with his servants, sociable with his neighbours, and complaisant with all the world. Any body has access to himself and his apartments; his very bedroom is open to visitors, whatever may be its state of confusion; and all this not from any peculiarly hospitable feeling, but from that communicative habit which predominates over his character.

The Englishman, on the contrary, ensconces himself in a snug brick mansion, which he has all to himself; locks the front door; puts broken bottles along his walls, and spring-guns and man-traps in his gardens; shrouds himself with trees and window-curtains; exults in his quiet and privacy, and seems disposed to keep out noise, daylight and company. His house, like himself, has a reserved, inhospitable exterior; yet whoever gains admittance, is apt to find a warm heart and warm fireside within.

The French excel in wit; the English in humor; the French have gayer fancy, the English richer imagination. The former are full of sensibility; easy moved and prone to sudden and great excitement, but it is not durable; the English are more phlegmatic; not so readily affected; but capable of being roused to great enthusiasm. The faults of these opposite temperaments are, that the vivacity of the French is apt to sparkle up and be frothy, the gravity of the English to settle down and grow muddy. When the two characters can be fixed in a medium, the French kept from effervescence and the English from stagnation, both will be found excellent.

This contrast of character may also be noticed in the great concerns of the two nations. The ardent Frenchman is all for military renown; he fights for glory, that is to say, for success in arms. For, provided the national flag is victorious, he cares little about the expense, the injustice, the inutility of the war. It is wonderful how the poorest Frenchman will revel on a triumphant bulletin: a great victory is meat and drink to him; and at the sight of a military sovereign, bringing home captured cannon and captured standards, he throws up his grenzy cap in the air, and is ready to jump out of his wooden shoes for joy.

John Bull, on the contrary, is a reasoning, considerate person. If he does wrong, it is in the most rational way imaginable. He fights because the good of the world requires it. He is a moral person, and makes war upon his neighbour for the maintenance of peace and good order, and sound principles. He is a money-making personage, and fights for the prosperity of commerce and manufactures. Thus the two nations have been fighting, time out of mind, for glory and good. The French in pursuit of glory, have had their capital twice taken; and John, in pursuit of good, has run himself over head and ears in debt.

Dr. Channing on Poetry.—Poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of refinement and exultation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its efficacy with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature with our best affections. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life, to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotions. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, and brings back the freshness of early feelings, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, expands our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith lay hold on the future life.

Luxury in Dress.—But Elizabeth's predilection for rich attire is well known, and if the costume of her day was fantastic it was still magnificent. A suit trimmed with sables was considered the richest dress worn by men; and so expensive was this fur that it is said a thousand ducats were sometimes given for a 'face of sables.' It was toward the close of her reign that the celebrated Gabrielle d'Estrees wore on a festive occasion a dress of black satin, so ornamented with pearls and precious stones, that she could scarcely move under its weight. She had a handkerchief, for the embroidering of which she engaged to pay 1900 crowns. And such it was said was the influence of her example in Paris, that the ladies ornamented even their shoes with jewels. Yet even this costly magnificence was afterwards surpassed by that of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, with whom it was common, even at an ordinary dancing, to have his clothes trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hatbands, cockades, and earrings, to be yoked with great and manifold ropes and knots of pearl; in short, to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels; insomuch, that at his going to Paris, in 1620, he had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds, beside a great feather, stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword, girdle, hatband and spurs.—*Art of Needlework, by the Countess of Wilton.*

THE JEWS.

The present physical, moral, and social condition of the Jews, must be a miracle. We can come to no other conclusion. Had they continued, from the commencement of the Christian era downwards to the present hour, in some such national state as that in which we find the Chinese, walled off from the rest of the human family and by their selfishness on a rational scale, and their repulsion of alien elements, resisting every assault from without in the shape of hostile invasion, and from an overpowering national pride forbidding the introduction of new and foreign customs, we should not see so much mystery interwoven with their existence. But this is not their state; far from it. They are neither an united or independent nation. They are peeled, and scattered, and crumbled into fragments; but, like broken globules of quicksilver, instinct with a cohesive power, ever claiming affinity, and ever ready to amalgamate. Geography, arms, genius, politics, and foreign help, do not explain their existence; time, and climate, and customs, equally fail to unravel it. None of these are, or can be, the springs of their perpetuity. They have been spread over every province of the habitable globe; they have lived under the *regime* of every dynasty; they have shared the protection of just laws, the proscription of cruel ones, and witnessed the rise and progress of both; they have used every tongue, and have lived in every latitude.—The sorrows of Lapland have chilled, and the suns of Africa have scorched them.—They have drunk of the Tiber, the Thames, the Jordan, the Mississippi. In every country, and in every degree of latitude and longitude, we find a Jew. It is not so with any other race. Empires the most illustrious have fallen, and buried the men that constructed them; but the Jews have lived amid the ruins, a living monument of indestructibility. Persecution has unsheathed the sword, and lighted the faggot. Papal superstition and Moslem barbarism have smitten them with unsparing ferocity, penal rescripts and deep prejudice have visited on them most unrighteous chastisement, and notwithstanding all, they survive. Robert Montgomery, in his *Messiah*, thus expresses the relative position of the Jews:—

"Empires have sunk and kingdoms pass'd away,
But still, apart, sublime in misery, stands
The wreck of Israel. Christ hath come and bled,
And miracles and ages round the cross
A holy splendour of undying truth
Preserve; yet still their pining spirit looks
For that unrisen Son which prophets hail'd;
And when I view him in the garb of woe,
A wandering outcast, by the world disown'd,
The haggard, lost, and long-oppressed Jew,
'His blood be on us' through my spirits rolls
In fearful echo from a nation's lips.
Remember'd Zion! still for thee awaits
A future teeming with triumphal sounds
And shapes of glory."

Like their own bush on Mount Horeb, Israel has continued in the flames, but unconsumed. They are the aristocracy of Scripture, relt of their coronets—princes in degradation. A Babilonian, a Theban, a Spartan, an Athenian, a Roman, are names known in history only; their shadows alone haunt the world, and they flicker on its tablets. A Jew walks every street, dwells in every capital, traverses every exchange, and relieves the monotony of the nations of the earth. The race has inherited an heir loom of immortality, incapable of extinction or amalgamation, like streamlets from a common head, and composed of waters of a peculiar nature, they have flowed along every stream, without blending with it, or receiving its colour or its flavor, and traversing the surface of the globe, and the lapse of many centuries, peculiar, distinct, alone. The Jewish race at this day is perhaps the most striking seal of the truth of the sacred oracles. There is no possibility of accounting for their perpetuated isolation, their depressed but distinct being, on any grounds save those revealed in the records of truth. Their aggregate and individual character is as remarkable as their circumstances. Meanness the most abject, and pride the most overbearing—the degradation of helots, and yet a conscious and manifested sense of the dignity of a royal priesthood—crouching, cozening, squeezing, grasping, on the exchange, in the shop, in the world, with nothing too low for them to do, or too dirty, if profitable, for them to pick up; and, notwithstanding, in the synagogue, looking back along many thousand years to an ancestry, beside which, that of peers and princes is but of yesterday; regarding justly, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as their great progenitors, and pressing forward on the wings of faith and hope and promise, to a long expected day, when they, now kings and princes in disguise, shall become so indeed by a manifestation the most glorious, and a dispensation the most sublime.—*Present State and Prospect of the Jews, in Fraser for September.*

THE FIRST SABBATH.

"Twice had the sun risen on the earth, and during each of these two days he beheld some of the magnificent operations which were then going on. But on the third day of his rising, the seventh from the first creation, all around was silent and still; no little flower sprung up at once by the river side; no tall trees lifted their heads anew from the mountains, as escaping from confinement from the darkness beneath; no new flocks browsed on the hills; no new herds roamed in the forest; no new fishes glistened in the waters; no new birds or insects glanced in the sunbeams; no second Adam and Eve appeared in another paradise, to hail, with their eyes turned towards the east, the first rays of the sun. But the same flowers bloshed in the deep valleys, the same waving trees looked down from their lofty thrones, the same sheep, the same cattle, the same inhabitants of air and water were seen; seeming by their peaceful silence, to partake the universal repose of nature. And the same man and woman, sovereign of the new-made world, were seen sitting under the shady bowers of Eden, prolonging the conversation of the previous day, and occasionally interrupting the general silence of creation by their songs of praise.

Oh, how sweet, how peaceful was the first sabbath! No want, no pain, no fear; and, above all, no sin, could disturb its hallowed tranquillity. Happiness, with steady and gentle light, beamed on every hill and every valley, on every lake and river, on every lifeless, and on every living thing, but chiefly on those two favoured beings, who, gifted with intelligence greater than that of brutes, possessed a pleasure superior to that of every other creature. Oh could we have seen the countenances of that happy pair, on this glorious day, what peace, what joy, what a heavenly radiance would have been reflected there. For how could they fail to be supremely happy, when they looked around on the earth covered with beauty, above on the heaven filled with Divine glory, and within on their own hearts, which were inhabited by every holy feeling, and even the chosen dwelling-place of the Spirit of God.—*J. S. Carmichael.*"

FROM JOHN GURNEY'S TRAVELS.

ENTRANCE INTO THE TROPICS.

As we found our way into the Tropics, we observed that the atmosphere became clearer; no mists were perceptible, the sun seldom obscured and the appearance of the sky and stars at night peculiarly bright and clear. The moon, in these latitudes, often assumes an almost vertical position; and many of the stars which belong to the Southern hemisphere are visible. Before daylight one morning, the Captain called me upon deck to look at the Southern Cross; which is certainly a constellation of rare beauty. One of the five stars which form the cross, however, is of inferior magnitude, and not in the true position; which somewhat mars the image. When I turned towards the East, I enjoyed a still finer spectacle. The horn of an almost expiring moon, Venus and Mars were in their splendour; and the profusion of azure, lilac, ultramarine, pea-green, orange, and crimson, which mantled the sky about half an hour before sunrise, I never before saw equalled.

A FIRST LANDING IN THE WESTERN IND.

The charms of a tropical country, when novel, are calculated to make a delightful impression on the mind; and as we roamed along the lanes and canefields of Santa Cruz during the first few days after our arrival, we could easily conceive the pleasure enjoyed by Columbus and his followers when the fertility and beauty of WestIndian scenery first burst upon their view. Many beautiful productions of nature, however, not indigenous, are now added to the catalogue of wonders which inflamed the imagination of Columbus.

Almost every plant we saw as we drove or rode about the country, from the largest tree to the smallest weed, was unknown to us, and formed the subject of somewhat troublesome inquiry. It was a new world to us, as well as to its first discoverer; and several days must be passed amidst these scenes before one can obtain anything like a familiar acquaintance with the productions of nature. Splendid exotic plants, which would be regarded as rarities even in the green houses of England and America, are cultivated in the little gardens of Santa Cruz; and the wild flowers are scarcely less attractive. Amongst them we observed large kinds of convolvulus, white and pink, yellow bell-flowers, scarlet creepers, bright blue peas of singular beauty; and to crown all, the "Pride of Barbadoes," sometimes crimson, sometimes yellow, with butterfly petels, long pendent stamina, and acacia-like leaves, and adorning the hedges in great profusion. The trees are for the most part bearers of fruit, and many of them are covered with luxuriant foliage. To select a few of the most remarkable, I would just mention the plantain and banana, (nearly the same in appearance,) with pendant leaves of vast dimensions, and a profusion of finger-like fruit growing in clusters; the wild orange tree, covered at the same time with fruit and flowers; the lime, which lines the hedges, and is equally fragrant, producing in abundance a small kind of lemon; the guava, with pink blossoms and pear-like fruit, also fragrant in the hedge-rows; the mango, heavily laden with foliage, and with fruit in its season; the mammee, growing to a great size, and profusely covered with glazed dark green foliage; lastly, the tamarind, with its light feathery leaves and long pods, which contain the fruit used for a preserve, spreading its branches far and wide, like the British oak.

Blessings of Temperance in Ireland.—In Mrs. Hall's book on Ireland, occurs the following beautiful passage, which a person will hardly be able to read without emotion:—

"We entered one day a cottage in a suburb of Cork; a woman was knitting stockings at the door. It was as neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous districts in England. We tell her brief story in her own words, as nearly as we can recall them.

"My husband is a wheelwright and always earned a guinea a week; he was a good workman, and neither a bad man nor a bad husband, but the love for the drink was strong in him, and it wasn't often he brought me home more than five shillings out of his one pound one on a Saturday night; and it broke my heart to see the poor children too ragged to send to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. Well, God be praised, he took the pledge; and the next Saturday, he laid twenty one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. O! didn't I give thanks on my bended knees that night. Still, I was fearful it wouldn't last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I was used to, saying to myself may be the money will be more wanted than it is now. Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks passed; and, glory be to God! there was no change for the bad in my husband; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his hard earnings; so I felt there was no fear for him; and the ninth week when he came home to me, I had this table bought and these six chairs, one for myself, four for the children, and one for himself. And I was dressed in a new gown, and the children had new clothes and shoes and stockings, and upon his own chair I put a bran new suit; and upon his plate I put the bill and resets for them all—just the eight sixteen shillings they cost that I'd saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen, and that always before went for drink.—And he cried, good lady and good gentleman, he cried like a baby—but 'twas with thanks to God; and now where's the healthier man than my husband in the county of Cork, or a happier wife than myself, or decenter or better fed children than our own four."

It is most unlikely that such a family will again sink into poverty and wretchedness. We might add largely to these cases, not only from what we have heard, but what we have seen.

Aggressive Progress of Russia.—Within a period of 64 years, the total acquisitions of Russia equalled her whole European empire before that time. The acquisitions from Sweden equal the now kingdom of Sweden; from Poland a territory equal to the Austrian empire; from European Turkey, a country equal to Prussia, exclusively of the Rhenish provinces; from Asiatic Turkey, a territory equal to the German small states, Rhenish Prussia, Holland and Belgium; from Persia, an extent of country equal to England; and from Tartary, a country equal to European Turkey, Greece, Italy, and the whole of Spain. The Russian frontier has been advanced by these acquisitions about 700 miles towards Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, and Paris; 500 miles to Constantinople; 630 miles to Stockholm; and about 1000 to Tehran. The estimated population of Russia, in 1689, at the accession of Peter I., was 15,000,000; at the accession of Catherine II., in 1762, it was 25,000,000; and at her death, in 1796, it was 36,000,000; whilst at the death of Alexander, in 1825, it was 58,000,000.