The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." { Whole No. 1630.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1849.

VOL. XXII.—NO. 18.

The Observer.

Published on Tuesday, by Donald A. Cameron at his Office, corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Jardine & Co.—Terms: 15s. per annum, half in advance.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

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

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

NOTICE.

THE undersigned, THOMAS BARLOW having sold his right and interest in the "Phœnix Foundry" to Mr. Thomas C. Humbert, notice is hereby given that the Co-partnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers under the firm and style of THOMAS BARLOW & CO. is this day dissolved by mutual consent.—All claims against the late firm will be adjusted by Fleming & Humbert, who are duly authorized to collect and settle all outstanding accounts.

THOMAS BARLOW,
GEORGE FLEMING.

St. John, July 24th, 1849.

PHŒNIX FOUNDRY,
Pond-street.

THE Undersigned, THOMAS C. HUMBERT, having purchased the interest of Mr. Thomas Barlow in the above establishment, notice is hereby given that the business heretofore conducted by the late Firm of Thomas Barlow & Company, will in future be carried on by the subscribers under the firm and style of FLEMING & HUMBERT. A continuance of the liberal patronage hitherto bestowed on the late Firm is respectfully solicited.

All claims against the late firm will be adjusted by the subscribers, to whom all persons indebted to said firm are requested to make immediate payment.

GEORGE FLEMING.
THOS. C. HUMBERT.

St. John, July 24, 1849.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of JAMES WOOD, late of the City of Saint John, Cabinet Maker, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested, within three months from the date hereof, and all Persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment, to

THOMAS MARJORIBANKS, *Executor.*
ANNE MARJORIBANKS, *Executrix.*

St. John, August 7, 1849.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any demands against the Estate of CORNELIUS McMONAGLE, late of Smyrna, State of Maine, U. S., deceased, are requested to present the same within Two Months from this date, duly attested, at the Office of C. W. Stockton, Esq., Attorney at Law, or to the Subscriber; and all persons indebted to the said Estate, will make immediate payment to the said C. W. Stockton, or

JOHN McMONAGLE,
Sole Administrator.

Sussex Vale, June 19, 1849.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of WILLIAM SCOTT, Esquire, late of the Parish of Sussex, King's County, Farmer, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within Three Months from this date; and all those indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to the subscribers.

ROBERT SCOTT, Jun.
WILLIAM O. A. SCOTT, } *Executors.*

Sussex, 7th May, 1849.

NOTICE is hereby given, that all Persons having claims against the Estate of the late GEORGE F. GOVE, formerly Merchant of this City, are requested to forward the same, duly attested, within Six Months from this date, to John Gardner, Peters' Wharf, St. John; and all Persons indebted to the said Estate, are required to discharge the same forthwith.

JOHN GARDNER.
E. LLOYD,
Executors of the late George F. Gove.

St. John, 17th February, 1849.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that I have appointed Messrs. W. & G. Ritchie to act as my Attornies, and to settle the affairs of the Estate of the late James Robertson, deceased; and all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to them, and all persons having any claims against the said Estate, will please hand them in to my said Attornies for adjustment.

CHARLOTTE ANN ROBERTSON,
Sole Executrix of the Estate of the late
James Robertson.

Dated ninth day of February, A. D. 1849.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Stephen Humbert, Esquire, late of the City of Saint John, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within six months from this date, and all Persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment.

MARY HUMBERT, *Administratrix.*
JOHN HUMBERT,
STEPHEN GEROW, } *Administrators.*

St. John, February 21, 1849.

JOHN BARRY,
Silversmith,

INFORMS his Customers and the Inhabitants of the City and Province generally, that he has REMOVED his

Silver Plate Manufactory

to the premises next adjoining S. K. Foster's *Ladies' Shoe Store*, in Germain Street, three Stores South of Foster's Corner, where he is prepared to execute with neatness and punctuality all orders for every variety of Silver Plate with which he may be intrusted.

Jewellery of all sorts Repaired.

Having purchased from Mr. John Munro his Stock of superior Jewellery, he offers the same for Sale at greatly reduced prices.

All Silver Plate made by the Subscriber will be Warranted, and Engraved without extra charge.

May 15, 1849. JOHN BARRY.

FLOUR and MEAL.

Landing ex "Relief," from Philadelphia:

150 BRLS. "Family" Superfine FLOUR,
150 Bbls. CORN MEAL,
50 Do. RYE FLOUR.—For Sale by

Aug. 21st, 1849. JARDINE & CO.

GOODS
ON HAND, AND FOR SALE
By JOHN KINNEAR,
PRINCE WM. STREET.

600 BOXES WINDOW GLASS,
80 crates Tumblers, Decanters &c.
5 crates BLACK TEA POTS,
50 dozen Small LOOKING GLASSES,
18 hhds BRIGHT SUGAR,
20 do. Muscovado MOLASSES,
25 barrels Prime and Mess PORK,
160 boxes *Steele's* SOAP,
25 barrels Lard and Sea Elephant OIL,
10 ditto BRIGHT VARNISH,
3 ditto best COPAL VARNISH,
30 ditto Pitch and Tar, 15 bales BATTING,
200 casks assorted Wrought NAILS,
100 ditto 5 to 9 inch SPIKES,
200 bags assorted CUT NAILS,
25 barrels *Warren's* BLACKING,
6 cases INDIA RUBBER SHOES,
20 kegs SMALL CHAIN,
5 Chain CABLES,
7 Iron and Wood-stocked ANCHORS,
1 ton SPELTER,
250 assorted STOVES; 20 doz. do. CHAINS,
10 casks PUTTY,
23 barrels Bolted WHITING.

ALSO:

Kegs Mustard and Ginger, Blue Vitriol, Tartaric Acid, Chloride of Lime, Sweet Oil, Boxes Starch, Glue, Black Lead, Cassia, Cloves, Bags of Coffee, Salt Petre, Tobacco Pipes, Bags Shot, Brls. Beans, Brls. Vinegar, Camphor, Clothes Pins, Brls. Onions, Firkins Butter, Stationery, ass'd. Paper Hangings, Bath Brick, Cream Tartar, Pearl Sago, Sulphur, Brimstone, Corks, Senna Leaves, Bottles Castor Oil, Rotten Stone, Bottle Ink, Green Tea, Nutmegs, Lampblack, Carroway Seed, Washing Soda, Carbonate of Soda, Alum, Epsom Salts, Wrapping Paper, Fig Blue, Copperas, one case Umbrellas, Wool CARPETING, Narrow Axes, Pot Ears, &c.—With sundry other articles.

St. John, October 2.

DR. LA'MERT
ON THE SECRET INFIRMITIES OF YOUTH AND MATURITY.

With Forty Colored Engravings.

Just Published, 40th Edition, and may be had in French and English, in sealed Envelope, 2s. 6d. Sterling.

SELF-PRESERVATION:

A MEDICAL TREATISE ON THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE, and *Disorders of Youth and Maturity* usually acquired at an early period of life, which enervate the physical and mental powers, diminish and enfeeble the natural feelings, and exhaust the energies of Manhood. With practical observations on the Treatment of Nervous Debility and Indigestion, whether arising from these causes, close study, or the Influence of Tropical climates; Local and Constitutional Weakness, Syphilis, Stricture, and all Diseases and Derangements resulting from Indiscretion. With Forty *Colored Engravings*, illustrating the *Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Reproductive Organs*, explaining their structures, uses and functions, and the various injuries that are produced in them, by "solitary habits, excesses, and infection."

No. 37, BEDFORD-SQUARE, LONDON,

Doctor of Medicine, Matriculated Member of the University of Edinburgh, Licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, London, Honorary Member of the London Hospital, Medical Society, &c.

BY SAMUEL LA'MERT, M. D.

CONTENTS OF THE TREATISE:

Chapter I.—On the Philosophy of Marriage, with its Hindrances and Obligations, and on Infelicitous and Unproductive Unions.

Chapter II.—On the Anatomy and Physiology of the Generative Organs, their functions, structures, and secretions, proving that great Mental and Physical Power are dependant on their healthy action.

Chapter III.—On Solitary Habits; their various effects on the Animal Economy; the concealed cause of Debility of the functions of the Stomach, Lungs and Brain, and general Weakness of the Mental Faculties.

Chapter IV.—On the Secret Disorders of Youth and Maturity, and the Treatment of Nervous and Local Weakness, Mental Debility, and Premature Decay.

Chapter V. and VI.—On the Disorders arising from indiscriminate Excess, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, and other Diseases of the Urethra.

REVIEW OF THE WORK.

Marriage requires the fulfilment of several conditions, in order that it may be really the cause of mutual happiness. Could the veil, which covers the origin of domestic wretchedness, be raised, and its true source in every instance disclosed, in how many could it be traced to physical disqualifications and their attendant disappointments. Excesses are always injurious; the gift which, when used in moderation, is fraught with advantage, becomes, when abused, the prolific source of mischief, and of greater or less injury to the constitution and vital powers.

The particular excesses, on the nature and consequences of which this Treatise professes to dilate, are productive of greater misery to the human frame, than any other to which it is subject.

This Work contains an accurate and complete account of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Reproductive Organs, and of their relative conditions in health and disease. Nor are these the sole contents of the work; the means of escape, as well as the nature of the danger, are pointed out in clear and intelligible language. It deservedly requires the closest attention and study, for what subject can be of more importance than the preservation of health, and of the physical capabilities of which every man should be possessed. It unfortunately happens, that the unhappy victim of excessive indulgence and vicious habits, whether acquired in early life, or from the follies of advanced age, while suffering from their invariable consequences, unwisely entertains a fear of applying to a qualified physician for relief. Shame and the dread so frequently but erroneously entertained that these complaints are beyond the reach of art, alike restrict him, and prevent his seeking for assistance where alone it can be procured. In acting thus, he forgets that accurate discrimination in ascertaining the causes of disease, sympathy with the sufferer, and above all, secrecy, invariably characterize the intelligent and practical physician, and to the medical man, who can shew by his possession of the requisite legal qualification, that he is entitled to esteem and respect in his professional pursuits, the utmost confidence should be extended. DR. LA'MERT has obtained the highest medical honours, as his diplomas testify, and the great extent of his practice for many years is a guarantee for his professional experience, which has reference almost solely to the treatment of these diseases.

The Work may be had in St. John, of H. Chubb & Co., price 2s. 6d. Sty.; Halifax, Messrs. Morton & Co.; Quebec, Mr. Neilson.

August 21, 1849.

S. K. FOSTER'S
Paper Hangings and Shoe Store,
Corner of King and Germain-streets;
AND
LADIES' SHOE STORE,
Germain street.

Just received per "Wm. Carson" from Liverpool.

A SPLENDID assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's BOOTS and SHOES, of the very best qualities and newest styles, in Satin, Merino, Cashmere, Coburg, and Prunella Boots; White and black Satin, black and bronze Kid, Merino, Prunella, Morocco and Patent Slippers, together with every variety of cheap Boots and Shoes for Ladies, Gentlemen, Girls, Boys, and Children that may be required for City and Country wear.

For sale wholesale and retail.

April 21. S. K. FOSTER.

GAS LAMPS.—A few new Patterns received per ship "Themis."—Also, 12 doz. ground Glass GLOBES. T. R. GORDON.

July 10.

The Garland.

IT IS NOT WINTER YET.

The withered leaves are falling round,
Less bright the noontide radiance glows;
Few flowers are in the garden found,
And chill the night-wind blows.
But wherefore wear a brow of gloom,
Or speak of summer with regret?
Still many buds are left to bloom—
It is not winter yet.

'Tis ever thus in human life;
Too oft the glance is backward cast;
We turn from scenes with pleasure rife,
To muse upon the past.
We may not see another spring,
We cannot bygone hours forget;
But Hope fresh flowers may round us fling—
It is not winter yet.

As even in the saddest hour,
Beneath a dark and stormy sky,
We often see some lovely flower
Spring up to glad the eye;
So faithful friends, in life's worst gloom,
Can cheer by kindness our regret:
Shake off the fear of darker doom—
It is not winter yet.

LOVE ALL.

BY C. D. STUART.

Love all! There is no living thing
Which God has not created;
Love all! There is no living thing
Which God has ever hated;
His love sustains the meanest life,
Whate'er doth live or perish—
And man may not disdain to love,
What God has loved to cherish.

Love all! For hate begetteth hate,
And love through love increaseth;
Love all! For hate shall faint and fail
While love, like God, ne'er ceaseth:
Love is the law, the life supreme,
The goal where all are tending;
The hate shall die, the strife shall cease,
But Love is never ending.

Miscellaneous.

DOMESTIC BLISS v. DINNERS.

(BEING A PATHETIC EPISODE FROM A TRAGEDY OF PRIVATE LIFE.)

From Mrs Mary A—— to Mrs Eliza B——.

Oh, my own Eliza!—For the first time in a married life of many years—sometimes, perhaps, a little tedious, but never decidedly unhappy—I write to you with tears in my eyes, so excuse blots. You know what a sweet-tempered easily-satisfied creature A—— used to be—the best of husbands—never looked at a house-bill twice; never dined at his club; and content with cold mutton when convenient, and nothing better for dinner. If he was a little soft, I felt that it was a mercy that he was not particular, especially in the way of dinners. But, my love, all this is at an end! I am in a fair way to be driven to become a desperate woman, or a cook in my own house!

You have heard, I dare say, of one Soyer—cook, I understand, at one of those odious clubs, where he spends his time in inventing new dishes, and has a kitchen, I am told, like a drawing-room, with a chemical apparatus, and unlimited credit at the butcher's. My misery lies at that man's door. You will naturally ask how. A—— came home the other day. Poor little Maria had the hooping cough, and I had been at the Zoological Gardens, and there wasn't much of a dinner, but quite as good as many I have seen A—— thankful for. It was a cold joint with pickles. I noticed A—— didn't eat as heartily as usual. In the middle of dinner he laid down his knife and fork, and inquired in a solemn way if I didn't think there was a sameness about cold meat? I couldn't believe my ears, and I am sure I don't know what I said, when he went on and asked in a confused but still confident way, if I knew how to make a *Pot-au-Feu*, or *Croquettes*. I thought he meant crochet-work; but it appears he alluded to a dish—a French dish.

I said I was astonished at his conduct, when he began and gave me a receipt about cutting cold beef into dice, and putting in a stew-pan with finely-chopped onions, and bread crumbs, and fried parsley, and gracious knows what! You may conceive what I looked like when he went on about a good dinner being no more expensive than a bad one, if you knew how to manage it, and about the best economy being good cookery, and how attractive homes might be made by good dinners—and then, at last, the murder came out, in the shape of a little blue-covered book, called the *Modern House-wife*, which he begged me to study. And I assure you, my dear, that book contains enough to poison the peace of all families that don't keep a professed cook, and gives receipts for all sorts of nice things, and bills of fare for all sizes of parties, and all in a series of letters between Mrs L—— and Mrs B——, who I don't believe ever existed.

Oh, my love, if you wish to be happy in future, don't let B—— get hold of this book. I hope Soyer is a miserable man, who wrote it, as he ought to be. I remain, your unhappy friend,

MARY A——.

From Mrs Eliza B—— to Mrs Mary A——.

My dearest Mary,—Don't make yourself unhappy on my account. A fortnight before I got your letter I purchased Soyer's book without B——'s knowledge; studied it, and worked from it. B—— has been an altered man ever since. For remember how he used to dine from home, being detained by business as he said. But since I've tried some *little* dinners, he hasn't missed a meal. It was only yesterday that in return for a shoulder of mutton *a la Provencal* (which did not cost more than sixpence to do, beyond what the plain roast would have done), he took me into Madame Crisoline's and presented me with a love of a bonnet. I want a shawl to match it, and am going to make an attack to-morrow with a "*Turban de Croquettes a l'Epigram.*" Don't be frightened at the name. It isn't near so difficult to make as to read, and from the receipt, I should think it will prove irresistible. What a pity it was A—— found out the book first!

To recommend you to make the best of a bad bargain, however, and sub mit to the book. I agree with you that plain dinners are done for, and that cold meat two days running will soon be considered good ground for a separation—a *mensa*—at least.

(Punch.) Yours, very faithfully,

ELIZA B——.

The Three Graces.—There were three women under the Directory remarkable for their beauty and elegance,—according to the madrigals of the time they were the three graces; they were Madame Tallien, Josephine de Beauharnais, and Madame Recamier. These enchantresses were to be seen everywhere; at the concerts where Garat sang; at the balls where Trenitz danced,—poor Trenitz! who afterwards died mad at Charenton. They appeared exactly at the same moment on the scene, like three flowers which had suddenly bloomed on the very edge of an extinguished volcano.—Each had her separate political mission; they reigned and governed chiefly through the influence of their beauty. Josephine, who was soon after to reign as empress, thus wrote to Madame Tallien to invite her to a brilliant *fete* at the Hotel Thelusson:—"Be sure to come in your peach-blossom slip. Our dresses must be exactly alike. I intend to wear a crimson handkerchief, fastened at the temples *a la Creole*. This style, which is decidedly becoming to you, it may be rather presumptuous for me to assume. You are young; perhaps not prettier, but infinitely fresher and more blooming. We must endeavour to eclipse and to drive our rivals to despair. *C'est un coup de partie.*" Madame Recamier was the only one of the three who still wore, in her latter days, the handkerchief fastened *a la Creole*. At that time there were continual contests of taste and novelty; after the revolutions of habits and manners, came a revolution in costume. Theresia Cabarrus restored the taste for the Greek fashions, the *coiffure a l'Athenienne*; the transparent and tightly-fitting tunic. Josephine was the first who was ambitious to wear the purest cameos and the most magnificent onyx stones and agates; these sparkled either on her dress or glittered in her hair. Madame Recamier, in her turn, introduced the veil, that chaste and elegant adornment, which has the effect of agreeably piquing imagination, and casting over women a charm almost mysterious. In 1800, Madame Recamier, who was just eighteen, lived in the fine chateau of Clichy la Garenne, which was afterwards destroyed. It would be impossible to form an idea of her Hebe-like freshness, unless she had been seen. Her education contributed still more to her charms; she was an admirable pianiste, and danced divinely, accompanying herself with the tambourine, which was then all the rage. It was at this chateau of Clichy, and, a short time afterwards, in her salons in the Rue du Mont Blanc, that Madame Recamier received almost all the princes of Europe. Her husband was rich then, enormously rich. The architect, Berthault, had transformed this hotel into a fairy palace; it seemed as if one of the tales of Galland had been realized.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

The Tower Chapel.—One of the most eloquent passages of Macaulay's History of England, is that in which he describes St. Peter's Chapel, in the Tower, where so many illustrious victims of tyranny lie buried. The paragraph occurs in the closing part of the account of the execution of the unhappy Duke of Monmouth:

"The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion table of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of that chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffries. In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities, but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame.

Thither have been carried through successive ages, by the rude hands of jailers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Gray was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valor, grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled."

A Wedding among the Friends.—A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser gives the following account of a public marriage somewhere in New Jersey, at which he was present:—

"The meeting house was crowded by a very promiscuous audience. At the appointed time the benches of the elders were filled with a score of venerable men, 'on whose calm faces the dove sat visibly brooding.'—Their eyes wandered occasionally, I observed, to 'behold the vanity' of the young people who thronged the body of the house. It was far from being what dear Charles Lamb describes as 'a *silence* deep as that before the winds were made,' for the irreverent intruders kept up a constant buzz.

Presently the staid, dignified couple entered, (they were both quite aged,) with that quiet gravity that always rests so graceful on a Quaker face. She was attired in immaculate satin, and his straight coat would have gladdened the eyes of Penn himself.—There was something a little strange and yet impressive exceedingly in the sight of this venerable pair vowing their perpetual fellowship for the short remnant of their lives.

After waiting a long time for the motions of the inward monitor, the bridegroom slowly drew off his glove and gave his hand to his meek companion; they rose up in their places, and I could barely hear him say 'I, Geoffry Craven, do in the presence of this assembly take Bridget Lamb to be my loving and lawful wife until death shall separate us.' The lady repeated faintly another sentence of the same import, and they took their places again, and the simple ceremony was ended. Nothing was wanting but for another placid member of the fraternity to rise up and read a parchment certificate of the marriage, to which the parties affixed their names.

One of the oldest Friends present then moved to the front and said 'The company may now retire.' The whole ceremony was most primitive and beautiful. Adam must have been married pretty much in the same way—barring the *certificate*—which somewhat mars the solemnity of the proceeding now, with its 'know all men by these presents,' its 'aforesaids,' and other surrogate's office terms and phraseologies.

The Expedition to the Salt Lake.—By letters very recently received, we learn that the exploring party under command of Captain Stansbury, of the Topographical Engineers, now *en route* for the Great Salt Lake in Upper California, entered Fremont's South Pass in the Rocky Mountains on the 5th August. The party were all in good health and fine spirits, having accomplished two-thirds of their journey toward their destined field of exploration. They pursue the ordinary Oregon route as far as Fort Hall, where they leave it, and turning short to the south, enter the valley of the Great Salt Lake and its tributaries.—*National Intel.*

Culloden Monument.—The foundation-stone of the Culloden Monument was laid on Wednesday, September 19, with masonic honours. In Inverness the day was by many observed as a holiday, and the procession, consisting of three or four hundred persons, deputations from several local lodges, &c., &c., formed about a mile from the site of the Monument, and was attended by a large number of spectators of all ages. A deputation from the St. John's Lodge of Forres, constituted, *pro tempore*, the Provincial Grand Lodge, and was decorated with the gold and other insignia of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. Mr. Bryce, Grand Tyler of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, was present, and was of great service. The monument will occupy the highest ground on the Moor of Culloden. The spot chosen for the site is that upon which the struggle took place which decided the fate of the day, and where the greatest carnage occurred. It is within the line occupied by the foremost rank of the Highland army, and close by the long trench, still green, where repose the bodies of the brave men who fell in that struggle. This spot, it will be remembered, is about half-a-mile north-west of the block known as the Duke of Cumberland's stone, and about a mile to the east of the tree pointed out as the position of Prince Charles and his guard. The monument, which is from the design of Mr Mackenzie of Elgin (whose good taste has been shown on not a few occasions), is a gigantic cairn or artificial rock, the top of which will be accessible by flights of rustic steps and winding paths. Various spots will be so formed that tablets and small monuments to particular clans or individuals may at any time be erected; and in front it is proposed that a group of statuary should be placed. In this respect, however, every thing depends upon the public. The subscriptions received will not complete the bare design, and the question of statuary is in the first place a question of money.—*Inverness Courier.*

Vastness of Railway Works.—The great Pyramid of Egypt was, according to Diodorus Siculus, constructed by three hundred thousand—according to Herodotus, by one hundred thousand men; it required for its execution twenty years, and the labour estimated as equivalent to lifting 15,733,000,000 (fifteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-three millions) of cubic feet of stone, one foot high. Now, if in the same measure the labour expended in constructing the Southern division only of the present London and North Western Railway be reduced to one common denomination, the result is 25,000,000,000 (twenty-five thousand millions) of cubic feet of similar material lifted to the same height, being 9,267,000,000 (nine thousand two hundred and sixty-seven millions) of cubic feet more than was lifted for the pyramid, and yet the English work was performed by about 20,000 men only, in less than five years. Again, it has been calculated by Mr. Lecount, that the quantity of earth moved in the single division (112 miles in length) of the railway in question, would be sufficient to make a foot-path a foot high and a yard broad, round the whole circumference of the earth! the cost of this division of the railway in penny-pieces, being sufficient to form a copper kerb or edge to it. Supposing, therefore, the same proportionate quantity of earth to be moved in the 7150 miles of railway sanctioned by Parliament at the commencement of 1848, our engineers, within fifteen years, would, in the construction of our railways alone, have removed earth sufficient to girdle the globe with a road one foot high and one hundred and ninety-one feet broad!—*Sir Francis Head's Stokers and Pokers.*

The Love of Money.—There is a pleasant and an unpleasant side to most things. Even making love to a pretty woman has its drawbacks. First, the foreknowledge that it must come to an end; and second, the fact of having a multitude of rivals. With respect to inns, their delights go on rising like a flood tide, till you come to the disagreeable moment of calling for your bill. Then there is a sort of shiver in your purse, a kind of golden hysteric, occasioned by the approaching separation of the coin from its comfortable quarters. This, at least, is the way with most persons. For myself, I never wear a purse, but have a large open pocket, which lets out the money as a sieve does water—easily, and without pain. My theory, however, is, that you should treat gold as a stranger, according to the maxim of antiquity—welcome the coming, speed the parting guest. If you have time to make its acquaintance, you are apt to get fond of it; and shaking hands and bidding adieu are far from pleasant. Your intercourse should be a sort of omnibus intimacy, and never go beyond a nod, or a sort of civil greeting, which provokes no inclination to sigh in either party; you laugh as you meet, and laugh as you part, and there is an end of it. You should treat money as a landlord does his customers—that is, get as much as you can out of it, and then turn it about its business. Byron says, somewhere, that a great deal may be bought for fifty louis; and he was a good judge in matters of that sort. But foreigners generally treat money more affectionately than we do, hug it more tenderly, and kiss it on both cheeks before they can make up their minds to let it go, unattended, into the wide world. You would think they were animated by a sort of parental solicitude, and that they had felt the throes of maternity for every guinea in their purse.—*J. A. St. John, in Tait's Magazine.*

Pic-Nic Preparations.—To give a pic-nic party a fair chance of success, it must be almost *impromptu*; projected at twelve o'clock at night at the earliest, executed at twelve o'clock of the following day at the latest; and even then the odds are fearfully against it. The climate of England is not remarkable for knowing its own mind; nor is the weather "so fixed in its resolve" but that a bright August noon, suspended in a clear sky, may be a fair usher to a morn of fog, sleet, and drizzle. But such an affair, long prepared and carefully arranged!—why it is of all the modes of human enjoyment the least satisfactory! and the greater the care, and the longer the preparation, the more disagreeable is the result. The experiment has been tried by hundreds and by thousands on each of the fifteen or twenty days of an English summer, and invariably with the same ill success. The *quantum* of pleasure derived has always been in an inverse ratio to the pains employed to procure it. It is unwise to draw at a long date upon a rickety firm; and Madame Pleasure being in that predicament, the shorter you make your drafts the more likely is she to honour them.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

Water Drinking in Childhood.—It is particularly with those who have been accustomed to water drinking in childhood that one will show its good effects in after life. During the first nine months the infant is to be nourished by its mother's milk, which serves as food and drink; it is gradually accustomed to other sustenance during the period of weaning.

After this is accomplished, however, the infant should have fresh water as well as milk. By water drinking in childhood and youth, the foundation of a durable stomach is laid, and thus of a healthy body throughout life. The nerves and blood system are over excited by taking viands, spices, beer, wine, chocolate, coffee, etc., and thus a constant artificial state of fever is maintained, and the process of life is so much accelerated by it, that children fed in this manner do not attain perhaps half the age ordained by nature.

Besides this, experience has taught that they become passionate and wilful, having neither the will nor the power to make themselves or others happy. Furthermore, too exciting and nutritious food gives rise to many diseases to which they fall a sacrifice in early years. Parents should weigh this well. They should throw aside their prejudice against water, which they look upon as weakening, ignorantly considering that the tender organism of the children requires far more nourishing diet to bring it to maturity than the already perfected body of the adult.

This is a wrong notion: children thrive best upon a simple, moderately nourishing diet, on milk and pure water! We see this confirmed in the cottage of the peasant.—*Scientific American.*

Flint Soup.—"'Now, Mary, (said my husband when we were first married,) I must lay by for—rent, and for—firing, and for—clothing; and here is the remainder for you to make the best of for our supply through the week. But mind you do not run in debt; and have always a fresh loaf in the house before you cut the last. We cannot afford to eat new bread.' I got things very comfortably, and, as I thought, very frugally; but the next Friday evening, after supper, I had to say to my husband, 'What must we do? the money is all gone, and we have nothing in the house for to-morrow's dinner. I am sure I have made it go as far as I could.' My husband was very kind; he found no fault, but said we could have some flint soup for dinner. He asked if there was bread in the house. 'Yes,' I said, 'a whole loaf and a piece.' 'That's well,' he said, 'and perhaps you have a little oatmeal or flour?' 'There is a little.' 'Good again, and plenty of herbs in the garden; we shall do.'—So he washed a couple of flints very clean, and set them on with some water and onions, and a carrot or two. When the roots were tender he put in the meal, and some pepper and salt, and parsley and thyme, and the piece of stale bread, and I assure you we had a good dinner." "But what was the use of the flints? Why not leave them out, and call it herb porridge?" "That is what I could not understand at first. Well, next Saturday matters were much the same, so we again contentedly dined on flint soup. In the course of the week, having picked some bones of meat, I was going to throw them away, when the thought struck me, that if they were chopped up and put in the soup, they would give at least as much goodness as flint. My husband thought so too; so we tried, and found they greatly improved the soup, and from that time we never wasted a bone; and in the course of a few weeks we found the money hold out for Saturday's dinner, and even allow a trifle to lay by. My husband was pleased when we got into this course; and we were thoroughly settled in frugal habits."—*Family Journal.*

Jane is in misery—not from love of man or woman, child or dog, or any living creature whatever; nor yet from poverty; but from a complaint which we are in the habit of associating with the propensities of the male sex rather than the female. Jane has a most voracious appetite, which she indulges freely at the regular family meals, and by secret and daily visits to the pastrycook's. Her conscience rebukes her, and she makes numerous resolutions to abandon the habit; but all to no purpose. Resolutions seems to be of no use whatever. Her health is deeply injured by it. Her friends deplore its loss, and are ignorant of the cause. She drugs herself, also, on her own responsibility. —If Jane will just do as we do for one month, for a trial, we think we shall cure her. Take a moderate breakfast; take nothing whatever between breakfast and dinner, even though dinner be as late as six. If earlier, so much the easier. After dinner take nothing till tea; and after tea take nothing till breakfast next morning. If she must have a supper, we shall indulge her with a very light one; but she will be better without it. If she will not take this advice, then she need not write any more on that subject. The evil is merely a habit of the stomach; and as a man who bites his nails may cure the habit by wearing gloves—that is, by discontinuing it—so, also, is it with Jane's unladylike propensity.—*Family Herald.*

The Value of Pure Milk.—It is a most perfect diet. Nothing is wanting to it; it contains curd or casein, which is necessary for the development and formation of muscle; butter for the production of an adequate supply of fat; sugar to feed the respiration, and thereby add warmth to the body; the phosphates of lime and magnesia, the peroxide of iron, the chlorides of potassium and soda, with the free soda required to give solidity and strength to the bones; together with the saline particles so essentially necessary for other parts of the body. It also contains lactic acid, or the acid of milk, which chemists inform us is the true acid of the gastric juice, so requisite for the proper dissolving and assimilating our food in the stomach. It is therefore obvious that milk should be chemically correct in all its constituents, and that its beneficial results on the constitution should not be neutralised by adulteration; it is, as Dr. Prout properly states, "the true type of all food." How necessary, therefore, it is that it should be pure; otherwise this wonderful and wise provision of Providence will be a curse rather than a blessing. —*Observations on London Milk.*

The Love Pledge.—In Germany, when they promise marriage, they are very particular about keeping their word. There was once upon a time a lady of great family, and she was one day in the kitchen and had a fowl in her hands. And there was at the same time a young man likewise in the kitchen, who was not by any means her equal; but she cut off a part of the fowl and gave it to him. And this was considered a promise of marriage in Dantzic, where it happened. And the young lady, considering she had pledged her troth to the young man, kept her word, and they were married. After they were married, they rode out in a carriage through the streets of Dantzic; and the people were so pleased that they threw a great quantity of apples into the carriage, so that the carriage was well nigh filled. When they got home, they found that there was a piece of money in every apple, by which means it fell out that the young man's fortune was as large as that of his wife.

Camomile.—A few roots of this plant should have a place in every garden. Not only are its medical qualities highly valuable, but its presence among vegetables is supposed to be an ægis of protection against many diseases to which they are subject. It should be transplanted into a warm and rich soil early in the spring, and be assisted during its early development, by copious manuring and frequent pressure. When plants, late in the season, exhibit symptoms of decay or general debility, the planting of a small root of camomile in their vicinage, is frequently the most speedy and efficacious remedy that can be applied. The odour, or aroma, diffused by this plant is also known to be highly repellant to many kinds of aligenous insects, and its presence among those species of plants and vegetables infested by such enemies, will protect them more effectually than almost any other agent known, and at comparatively small expense.—*Christian Citizen.*

New Omelet.—Break four eggs in a basin, add two salt-spoonfuls of salt, half one of pepper, and two table-spoonfuls of fresh grated Parmesan cheese, beat all well; put in two spoonfuls of French beans, cut small in the usual way, well boiled; put your omelet pan on the fire, with two ounces of butter, and finish. If no Parmesan, any mild cheese may be used.—*M. Soyer.*