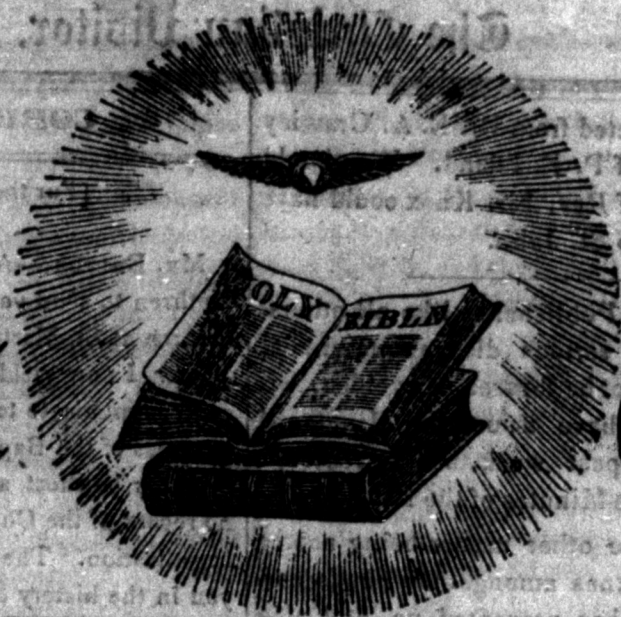


Christian

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to



Visitor

Religious and General Intelligence.

GEORGE W. DAY, Proprietor.

"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

{Rev. E. D. VERY, Editor

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COMFORT FOR BAD TIMES.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Reader!—if this convulsive crisis,
When all things fall, and nothing rises,
Have clouded with its mad surmises
Thy visions bright;
Or visited thine enterprises
With sudden blight;

If thou hast foreign stock, and France's
Increased turmoil and shrunk finances
Create undivided fancies
In thy vex'd brain,
While England's palsied plight enhances
Thy fear and pain;

If thy rail shares, by fortune's fiat,
Entail some daily loss to sigh at,
If thou art scared by Chartist riot,
Tho' fearing more
The rabid treason and disquiet
On Erin's shore;

If scathless thus thy heart is bleeding,
Tortured and terrified by reading
Of war, revolt, and madness breeding
Some new abyss,
Engulphing nations fast receding
To barbarism;

Oh! mourn not thy diminished treasure,
Thy lot with that of millions measure,
Turn to thy heart and home for pleasure
That never eloys,
Leave gold and gain, and give thy leisure
To purer joys.

Banish the thought that man is fated,
With all his glorious hopes unseated,
To sink and reach an unabated
Abyss of ill;

The gracious power that first created,
Will guide him still;

His doubt, mistrust, and fear refuted,
His errors seen, his strength recruited,
The storm shall leave him less polluted
By worldly leaven,
For earth's superior joys more suited,
More fit for heaven!

—New Monthly Magazine.

The Broken Pillar.

The daily Press has, during the last few months, occasionally announced to the public, divers sales by auction, consisting of Church of England "livings," and large landed estates in Buckinghamshire and the neighboring counties. These announcements were of the unmistakable shadowings forth of an event of no small moment in the eyes of the British community. To those more specially conversant with landed interests in the above-mentioned county, as well as the pecuniary difficulties of its largest landed proprietor, it required no plainer intimation to assure such persons, that the "beginning of the end" of the fortunes of Buckingham and Chandos was there proclaimed. All further concealment of this startling fact is now at an end. The proceedings which are taking place at the princely mansion of Stowe, publish trumpet-tongued to the world at large, that little, if anything, were all claims fully satisfied, can remain to the head of one of the highest families in the British empire, beyond the empty title of a dukedom.

From the diurnal reports in the public prints of the past week, we are enabled to give our readers a slight sketch of the scene of action, and of the doings there. The following is descriptive of both:—"The splendid mansion of the Duke of Buckingham has been thrown open during the past week, to an immense concourse of visitors, and is now, for thirty-five days, to be resonant with the hammer of the auctioneer.—The approach for visitors from London is by the North-Western Railway to Wolverton, and thence every variety of carriage thronged the road to Buckingham, from which a long avenue

leads to Stowe. The first architectural object which attracts attention is a Corinthian arch or gateway, sixty feet high by sixty wide, erected on the brow of a hill, where stand a grand display of the mansions, groves, temples, obelisks, and water is at once presented. At a short distance from the arch is one of the entrances to the gardens. These highly decorated grounds contain about 400 acres, diversified with a great number of different scenes, each distinguished by taste, and each having a complete character of its own, independent of other objects. The Stowe estate consists of about 59,000 acres of land, divided into farms of convenient size. The title deeds of this property are chiefly held by the Norwich Union Life Office; and that the whole will eventually be brought to the hammer, there does not appear the smallest possible doubt. The outlying farms have already been offered for sale by Messrs. Farebrother, and have realized £95,000. What is to become of Stowe? is now the question asked on all sides. Every one feels, that once robbed of magnificent contents, there can be small hope, indeed, of finding any member of our aristocracy prepared to purchase and re-furnish it. The park alone, moreover, exceeds 1,500 acres in extent, and will necessarily require a very large income to support it. Two or three noblemen have been mentioned as anxious to possess the place, but beyond the desire expressed, there is nothing calculated to confirm the probability of its sale. One rumour states that Government have it in contemplation to purchase the domain for the Prince of Wales. A more true Royal residence it would be difficult to select in any part of England. Again, its proximity to the adjoining county of Berkshire, in which Windsor castle is situated, and the convenient access to London which will be hereafter afforded by the Buckinghamshire Railway, seem to point out Stowe as one of the most eligible residences which could be selected for the future Monarch of these realms. Whether such will be the ultimate lot of Stowe can at present be only conjectural; but seeing the alternative appears to be nothing less than a raising of the classic walls of the mansion, its future occupation by Royalty cannot fail to be a consummation devoutly to be wished."

In the park front, which is bounded by vast colonnades, the visitors encamped "like a country picnic." The enormous edifice is situated on an eminence south of the lake. Every window in its Palladian facade was crowded with persons till it looked "like a human hive."—On entering the domed central saloon, and glancing right and left at the endless vistas of gorgeous apartments, the spectator is struck with admiration. The saloon, is, perhaps, one of the most magnificent apartments, of the kind in England, presenting a combination of objects elegant, beautiful, and sumptuous. The expenses attending the execution of this apartment amounted to £12,000. Its shape is oval, measuring sixty feet in length, 43 in breadth, and fifty-six and a half in height. Sixteen elegant scagliola columns of the Doric order, in imitation of Sicilian jasper, rise from the pavement which is composed of the finest Massa Carrara marble.

The furniture with which every department was crowded was most costly, and comprised several articles brought from Wootton. There are solid ivory arm-chairs, once belonging to Warren Hastings, and silver toilet tables given by Villiers to the Countess of Shrewsbury.—The japan and Majorca wares, spread out through the divans rooms, form the main stock of the

sale; china cups, plates, and trays, vases and cabinets, being distributed on enamelled and inlaid tables of every variety. The magnificent services of plate, including chased tankards, ewers, and candelabra, are set out in one room, and form a fine spectacle. It will give an idea of the value of this treasure, to say that its weight is estimated at no less than 60,000 ounces, or between two or three tons. Those pieces of furniture which have been particularly graced by royalty on the occasion of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert's visit to Stowe, are set forth and labelled, as likely to obtain increased value from the fact.

The collection of Irish documents in the manuscript room is most extensive and valuable.—The gallery of pictures contains some of great merit by Raphael, Vandyke, Leonardo da Vinci and others. Among the articles to be sold are some most interesting family memorials.—a portrait of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Holbein, as well as all the other ancestral portraits, and a lock of hair belonging once to the head of Mary Brandon, daughter of Henry VIII. and Queen Dowager of France—a link between the present Duke of Buckingham and the throne of these realms, to which he has a reversionary claim! Among fifty other pieces of historic value, the gifts of Royal personages and distinguished men, stood a vase, formed from snuff-boxes presented by the cities and corporations in Ireland 1779, the mace of the old corporation of Buckingham, purchased by the Buckingham Conservatives, and presented to the Duke as an everlasting possession; and the Chandos Testimonial, for which the gentry and yeomanry of the county subscribed, it is believed, £1,500.

This may be truly styled an "unreserved sale," when we find the indiscriminate devotion to the auctioneer's hammer of the most cherished monuments of ancestral greatness and honour, together with highly esteemed mementos, the gifts of collective liberality. With the rasing of the mansion would follow the denuding of the park of the whole of its ornamental timber and the parting out of the grounds into various lots for utilitarian purposes—this accomplished Stowe would then, as the seat of ducal grandeur only be remembered among the things that were."—British Banner.

Days Without Nights, and Nights Without Days.

Dr. Baird, in his lectures at Hartford, Conn., gave some interesting facts. There is nothing that strikes the stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of the night. Dr. B. had no conception of it before his arrival. He arrived at Stockholm from Gottenburg, 400 miles distant, in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends—had not taken notes of time—and returned at midnight; it was as light as it is here half an hour before sundown. You could see distinctly! But all were quiet in the streets. It seemed as if the inhabitants had gone away or were dead. No signs of life—stores closed. The sun in June goes down in Stockholm a little before 10 o'clock. There is great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth towards the North Pole, and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight. Dr. B. read a letter in the forest near Stockholm, at midnight, without artificial light.

There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun

does not go down at all. Travellers go up there to see it. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It only occurs one night. The sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

At the North Cape 72 deg., the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June, it would be about 25 degrees above the horizon at midnight. The way the people there know that it is midnight, they see the sun rise. The changes in those high latitudes, from summer to winter, are so great, that we can have no conception of them at all. In the winter time, the sun disappears, and is not seen for five or six weeks. Then it comes and shows its face. Afterwards, it remains for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, and then descends, and finally it does not set at all, but makes almost a circle around the Heavens. Dr. Baird was asked how they managed in regard to hired persons, and what they considered a day? He could not say, but supposed they worked by the hour, and twelve hours would be considered a day's work.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours. The doctor did not know how they learn the time, but they had, and go to rest whether the sun goes down or not. The hens take to the trees about 7 o'clock, P. M., and stay there until the sun is well up in the morning, and the people get into this habit of late rising too. The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm, he was surprised to see the sun shining into his room. He looked at his watch, and found it only 3 o'clock; and the next time he awoke it was 5 o'clock, but there was no person in the streets. The people are not in the habit of rising so soon. The Swedes in the cities are not very industrious, owing, probably, to the climate.

Sowers.

We do not—we dare not (at least, I dare not)—confine the idea of the sower to appointed ministers. All those that have the seed conveyed to them are to sow that seed. A church of Christ is especially a sower of the seed; and wherever a church of Christ is, there she ought to sow the seed. Our Benevolent Society is a sower of the seed; our Christian Instruction Society is a sower of the seed; our Schools are sowers of the seed; our masters and teachers are employed in that high and honorable work. Having received the goodly seed, they are commanded to sow it, waiting for no man's permission. Every Christian master has to sow the seed to all his dependents, those that hang on him for their daily bread, and their daily comforts, he has this debt due—to sow the seed of eternal life, as far as in them lies. Every Christian father is a sower of the seed; and there is not a Christian man, to whom the Lord has entrusted the goodly seed, but he is made, of necessity, through the appointment of God, a sower of that seed. Oh! how easy it is to confine our ideas to an order of men, and forget our own personal responsibilities and obligations. And beloved, all those that have received the goodly seed, are to sow all that they have. A sower is not as a granary to keep; but he is one to distribute, and all that he has he is to disperse. Whatever of holy life, whatever of holy truth, whatever of doctrine, whatever of promise, whatever of precept, His Lord has conveyed to him, by the power of the Holy Spirit, that he is to disperse, as far as in him lies, to all around him.—Rev. J. H. Evans.