to read he rose to a clerkship. After the death of his wife he obtained an independence by marrying one Elizabeth Butler, daughter of a rich hatter in Tonley-street, and set up in business for himself in Princess-street, Lothbury, where the late Mr. Denison and the Marchioness of Conyngham were born. Here by incessant attention to business and strict parsimony, he managed to scrape together a considerable fortune, and finally removed to St. Mary Axe, where he lived and died, after having purchased the estates in Surrey and Yorkshire (of Lord King and the Duke of Leeds) Denebics and Seameare.

The annual Register of 1806, in recording these facts and his end, states, that through life Mr. Denison was a dissenter. He remained to the last an illiterate man, and even his son was, for his station in life, somewhat loose in his orthography. One of his daughters espoused the head of the Conyngham family, then recently ennobled. But a connection far more important to Mr. Denison was with the Heywoods, the eminent bankers of Liverpool, whose intelligence enabled him to double his fortune The late William Joseph, a man of sound principle and excellent character, though less penurious than his father, who, when he entertained a friend at dinner at St. Mary Axe, used to walk to the butcher's and bring home a rump-steak in a cabbage leaf in his pocket, as many persons still living can witness, was remarkable for his disinclination to detach even the smallest sum from his enormous capital. Three years ago, when the nephew, to whom he has bequeathed £85,000 per annum, fell into railway difficulties (the speculation having been undertaken with the sanction of his uncle,) he permitted him to fly from the writs out against him to the semi-penal settlement of Boulognesur-Mer, and reside there a twelvemonth with his young family, rather than come down with some £2000. Yet to this very gentleman—a man of the nicest honor—he had at that very period bequeathed more than two millions.—Some surprise has been excited at the smallness of his bequest to his elder nephew, the Marquis of Conyngham; but no one knew better than Mr. Denison the enormous amount of savings amassed by his lordship's mother, the dowager marchioness, to which the Marquiss is sole heir. The name of Denison, we understand, is to be perpetuated in the banking house in Lombard street, though the family is in the male line extinct. It has always been understood that a peerage was offered to the late banker, through the intervention of his sister, who obtained a marquisate for her lord, and a barony for her brother-in-law; but the honor was respectfully declined by the staunch old Whig, who, conscious that one of his grandfathers was a hatter, and the other a laborer, considered that his patronymic was more in its place at the head of his own ledger, than in the pages of the peerage.

The following narrative of an aerial voyage over the Alps, as exciting as an Arabian tale, comes through the most respectable English publications.

A 450 Miles Trip by Balloon.

HOW FAR IS IT TO TURIN?—HOW FAR TO GRAND CAIRO?

Some uneasiness had been felt at Marseilles, says a Paris paper, respecting the fate of an intrepid aeronaut named Arban, who set out from that town in a balloon on Sunday evening, the 2d of September, at 6 o'clock. Letters from Turin have been received, announcing his arrival on the 3d, at 2 o'clock A. M. (i. e. eight hours after his departure,) at the Abbey of Stupini, not far from the capital of Piedmont. We subjoin the itinerary of Mr. Arban: "Having set out on Sunday evening, the 2d of September, from the Chateau des Fleurs (Marseilles) I passed over the wood of Esterel at 8 o'clock, and my experiments showed me that I was then at an elevation of 4000 metres. The temperature was already cold, but dry, and my centigrade thermometer marked four degrees below zero. The wind blew S. W., and carried me towards Nice. For two hours I was enveloped in thick clouds above my head; my pelisse was no longer sufficient to protect me against the cold; and my feet suffered most grievously. I nevertheless resolved to continue my voyage, deciding to cross the Alps, from which I knew I was not far distant—my supply of gas being sufficient to raise my balloon above the highest peaks. The cold increased, the wind became steady, and the moon lightened my path like the meridian sun. I was at the foot of the Alps; the snow, the cascades, and the mountain torrents sparkled in the light; the abysses and rocks formed black masses, which served as a shade to this gigantic picture. The wind rather baffled the regularity of my course; I was alternately obliged to descend and to ascend in order to surmount the incessant peaks. It was 11 o'clock at night when I attained the summit of the Alps; the horizon then became clear and my course regular. I then began to think of supper. I was 4600 metres high; and was obliged, as a matter of necessity, to continue my voyage towards Piedmont. I only saw a chaos before me, into which a descent was impossible. After having supped, I conceived the idea of throwing my empty brandy bottle into the midst of the snowy waste, in order that any subsequent traveller might discover some vestige of my ascent. At 1½ A. M. I found myself above Mont Viso, which I knew well, having explored it on a former occasion. The Po and the Durance thence derive their source. I recognized the position, and discovered its magnificent plains. Before this conviction had been obtained, a singular effect of mirage, produced by the reflection of the moon on the snow and the clouds would have lead me to imagine that I was on the open sea. The west wind, however, had not ceased to blow, and my exact observations showed me that I could not be much above the level of the sea. The stars came to my assistance, and I descried Mont Blanc, the position of which indicated that I was approaching Turin. Mont Blanc, on my left, soared above all the clouds, and resembled an immense block of crystal, which scintillated with a thousand corruscations. At a quarter to 3 o'clock, Mont Viso clearly showed me that I was near Turin, and I resolved to descend. I did so without difficulty. I descended in the vicinity of an immense farm; several watch-dogs greeted, and my pelisse alone preserved me from their rude caresses. Their barking awoke the peasants, who were more surprised than scared by my presence. They informed me that it was 2 o'clock in the morning and that I was in the village of Pion Forte, near Stupini, six kilometres from Turin. I passed the night in the farm house, and the next morning obtained a certificate from the Mayor, attesting my arrival. I reached Turin at 9 o'clock A. M., and immediately wrote to my dear wife at Chateau des Fleurs. I then repaired to M. Bois le Comte, the French Ambassador, who delivered me a passport, and at 11 o'clock I attended mass in the Church of Madre-di-Dio, at the funeral service in honor of the death of Charles Albert. I afterwards saw a review, in the evening I went to the Theatre of Augennes; Ligier played the part of Louis XI. I could not help meditating on the fact, that on the preceding evening, at the self-same hour, I was at the Chateau des Fleurs, at Marseilles, some 140 leagues distant!"

Attributes of God Illustrated by Astronomy.

The following beautiful extract is taken from an excellent work entitled "The Planetary and Stellar Worlds," by O. M. Mitchell, Director of the Cincinnati Observatory:—

If there be anything which can lead the mind upward to the Omnipotent Ruler of the Universe, and give to it an approximate knowlege of His incomparable attributes, it is to be found in the grandeur and beauty of his works.

If you would know his glory, examine the interminable range of suns and systems which crowd the Milky Way. Multiply the hundred millions of stars which belong to our own "island universe" by the thousand of these astral systems that exist in space, within the range of human vision, and then you may form some idea of the infinitude of his kingdom; for lo! these are but a part of his ways.

Examine the scale on which the universe is built. Comprehend, if you can, the vast dimensions of our sun. Stretch outward through his system, from planet to planet, and circumscribe the whole within the immense circumference of Neptune's orbit. This is but a single unit out of the myriads of similar systems. Take the wings of light, and flash with impetuous speed, day and night, and month and year, till youth shall wear away, and the middle age is gone, and the utmost limit of human life has been attained;—count every pulse, and at each speed on your way a hundred thousand miles; and then a hundred years have rolled by, look out, and behold! the thronging millions of blazing suns are still around you, each separated from the other by such a distance that in this journey of a century you have only left half a score behind you.

Would you gather some idea of the *eternity* past of God's existence, go to the astronomer, and bid him lead you with him in one of his walks through space; and as he sweeps outward from object to object, from universe to universe, remember that the light from those filmy stains on the deep, pure blue of heaven, now falling on your eye, has been traversing space for a million of years. Would you gather some knowledge of the omnipotence of God, weigh the earth on which we dwell, then count the millions of its inhabitants that have come and gone for the last six thousand years. Unite their strength into one arm, and test its power in an effort to move this earth. It could not stir it a single foot in a thousand years; and yet under the omnipotent hand of God, not a minute passes that it does not fly more than a thousand miles. But this is a mere atom—the most insignificant point among his innumerable worlds. At his bidding, every planet, and satellite, and comet, and the sun himself, fly onward in their appointed conrses. His single arm guides the millions of sweeping suns, and around his throne circles the great constellation of unnumbered universes.

Would you comprehend the idea of the omniscience of God, remember that the highest pinnacle of knowledge reached by the whole human race, by the combined efforts of its brightest intellects, has enabled the astronomer to compute approximately the perturbations of the planetary worlds. He has predicted roughly the return of half a score of comets. But God has computed the mutual perturbations of millions of suns and planets, and comets, and worlds, without number, through the ages that are past, and throughout the ages which are yet to come, not approximately, but with perfect and absolute precision. The universe is in motion system rising above system, cluster above cluster,—neubla above neubla—all majestically sweeping around under the providence of God, who alone knows the end from the beginning, and before whose glory and power all intelligent beings, whether in heaven or on earth, should bow with humility and awe.

Would you gain some idea of the wisdom of God, look to the admirable adjustments of the magnificient retinue of planets and satellites which sweep around the sun. Every globe has been weighed and poised, every orbit has been measured and bent to its beautiful form.

All is changing, but the laws fixed by the wisdom of God, though they permit the rocking to and fro of the system, never introduce disorder, or lead to destruction. All is perfect and harmonious, and the music of the spheres that burn and roll around our sun, is echoed by that of ten millions of moving worlds, that sing and shine around the bright suns that reign above.

If overwhelmed with the grandeur and majesty of the universe of God, we are led to exclaim with the Hebrew poet, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou visitest him?" If fearful that the eye of God may overlook us in the immensity of his kingdom, we have only to call to mind that other passage—"Yet thou hast made him but a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over all the works of thy hand; thou hast put all things under his feet." Such are the teachings of the Word, and such are the lessons of the works of God.

CORK.

Many persons see cork used daily without knowing whence came that useful material.—Corks are cut from large slabs of the cork tree a species of oak which grows wild in the countries south of Europe. The tree is stripped of its bark at about fifteen years old, but before stripping it off, the tree is not cut down as in the case of the oak. It is taken while the tree is growing, and the operation may be repeated every eighth or ninth year—the quality of the bark continuing each time to improve as the age of the tree increases. When the bark is taken off, it is singed in the flames of a strong fire, and after being soaked for a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weights, in order to render it straight. Its extreme lightness, the ease with which it can he compressed, and its elasticity, are properties so peculiar to this substance that no efficient substitute for it has been discovered.—The valuable properties of Cork were known to the Greeks and the Romans, who employed it for all the purposes for which it is used at present, with the exception of stopples, the ancients most used cement for stopping the mouths of bottles or vessels. The Egyptians are said to have made coffins of cork, which being spread on the inside with a rosinous substance, preserved dead bodies from decay. In modern times, corks was not generally used for stopples to bottles till about the close of the seventeenth century, wax being used till then for that purpose. The cork imported into Great Britain is brought principally from Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The quantity consumed is upwards of five hundred tons.

To make good Coffee.

First procure the best Coffee in the market wash it very clean, and roast it to the color of golden brown, but not of a deeper shade, by any means. Then take the white of three eggs to each pound of coffee, mix very carefully with the coffee while warm, and immediately transfer to earthen vessels, tying them over with bladders to render them airtight.—Take from these vessels sufficient coffee for one making only at a time; grind it, place it in a fine muslin bag: suspend it about midway in the pot; turn on the boiling water, and put on the cover to prevent the escape of steam. By this mode the coffee will be very strong, but it is best to reduce it by the addition of boiling hot milk, when it will form a most delicious beverage, very different, indeed, from that which is produced by boiling the ground coffee in water. By this process of simple infusion, all the virtues of the coffee will be obtained.—*Farmer's Cabinet.*

Zinc Paint.

The white oxide of zinc is made by the New Jersey Company directly from the ore, and of superior quality, being free from sulphur and arsenic, of a pure white, and blends harmoniously with oils. It appears that it is used to some extent in France, where it was first introduced by Mr. Le. Claire, a house painter in Paris, who, having witnessed the ravages which white lead made among the workmen, was induced to devote his time to the discovery of a substitute. His researches resulted in the introduction of the "White Oxide of Zinc"—an article which had none of the poisonous properties of lead, being whiter than lead, reflecting the light instead of absorbing it, and retaining its purity for many years. It is not subject to the action of sulphuric gases.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN CHEMISTRY.—A Mr. Tighlman has discovered that water at a high temperature will decompose felspar, a very common stone, into alumina and potash; and he has been able to make from that material several salts of potash. The same discovery is found applicable to the manufacture of certain acids, alkalis, and alkaline salts.—Nearly half the expense is saved in the manufacture of soda. The discovery which brings these important alkalies and sulphuric acid from common rocks, is of great value to the world.

English Landlords.

At a freehold land meeting in Marylebone parish, London, it was stated by the chairman, Mr. William Ewart, M. P., that—

"About the middle of the last century the proprietors of land in this country numbered from 200,000 to 300,000. There were various calculations as to their present number; some made it amount to 70,000, others stated it as low as 30,000. The fact, however, was indisputable, that the uumber had remarkably diminished. The judicious movement, to unite with which this meeting had been called, had originated with the men of Birmingham, and the system was this: Every man, by paying in 1s. a week, gradually contributed to the accumulation of a fund which was judiciously invested in landed property: this, being purchased by wholesale, was obtained far cheaper than when bought in small parcels."

Bilious Cholic.

Take say a fourth of a pound plug of chewing tobacco, tear it well to pieces and put it into a vessel and pour on to it a sufficiency of boiling water to moisten and swell the leaves, lay it on a cloth and apply it to the seat of the pain. The above recipe, says an exchange has never been known to fail in a single instance.

MOTHS.—"You have nothing to do but to place shallow boxes in you drawers, with a little spirit of turpentine in them."