

The Weekly Observer.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1830.

Vol. II. No. 26.

THE GARLAND.

[From the "Winter's Weath," for 1830.]

THE MINSTER.

BY MISS HEWSON.

A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined
Our hopes of immortality.
Speak low—the place is holy to the breath
Of awful harmonies, of whisper'd prayer;
Tread lightly—for the sanctity of death
Broods with a voiceless influence on the air;
Stern, yet serene—a reconciling spell
Each troubled billow of the soul to quell.
Leaves me to linger silently awhile!
Not for the light that pours its fervid streams
Of rainbow glory down through arch and aisle,
Kindling old banners into haggard flames,
Flashing proud shires, or by some warrior's tomb
Dying away in clouds of gorgeous gloom;
Not for rich music, though in triumph pealing,
Mighty as forest-sounds when winds are nigh;
Nor yet for torch and cross, and stole revealing
Through incense-mists their sacred pagantry,
Though o'er the spirit each hath charm and power,
Yet not for these I ask one lingering hour.
But by strong sympathies, whose silver cord
Lies o'er the mortal veils, my soul is bound;
Thoughts of the human heart, that here have pour'd
Their anguish forth, are with me, and around;
I look back on the pang, the burning tear,
Known to these almas of a thousand year!
Send up a murmur from the dust, Remorse!
And thou, still battling with the tempest's force,
Thoughts of the human heart, that here have pour'd
Their anguish forth, are with me, and around;
I look back on the pang, the burning tear,
Known to these almas of a thousand year!
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Known to these almas of a thousand year!

THE NEWS.

Behold the sick man in his gray chain,
Barred from the busy crowd and bracing air,
How every passing trifle proves its power
To whittle away the long, dull, lazy hour.
As down the pane the rival rain-drops chase,
Curious he'll watch to see which wins the race;
And let two dogs beneath his window fight,
He'll shut his Bible to enjoy the sight.
So with each new-born nothing rolls the day,
Till some kind neighbour, stumbling in his way,
Draws up his chair the sufferer to amuse,
And makes him happy while he tells—the News.
The News! our morning, noon, and evening cry,
Day and day repeats till we die,
For this the cry, the critic, and the foe,
Daily the hour away in "Tomson's" show;
For this the gossip takes her daily route,
And wears your threshold and your parlour out;
For this we leave the parson in the lurch,
And pause to prattle on the way to church;
Even when some coffin'd friend we gather round,
We ask, "What news?" then lay him in the ground;
To this the breakfast gives its sweetest zest,
For this the dinner cooks the best remains unpressed.
What gives each tale of scandal to the street,
The kitchen's wonder and the parson's treat?
See the pert housemaid to the keyhole fly,
When husband storms, wife frets, or lovers sigh;
See Tom your pockets ransack for each note,
And read your secrets while he cleans your coat;
See, yet, to listen, see, even madam deign,
When the ang sempster's hours her ready strain,
This wings the lie that malice breeds in fear,
No tongue so vile but finds a kindred ear;
Swift flies each tale of laughter, shame, or folly,
Caught by Paul Pegg, and carried home to Polly;
On this each fond calumniator leans,
And nods and hints the villainy he means;
Full well he knows what latent wildfire lies
In the close whisper and the dark surmise;
A muffled word, a wordless wink has woke
A warmer throbb than if a Dexter spoke;
And he o'er Everett's periods who would nod,
To track a secret half the town has trod.

THE MISCELLANIST.

From Mrs. Hall's "Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," for 1830.

THE MISSES.

(Addressed to a careless Girl.)
BY THE LATE MRS. BARRELL.
We were talking last night, my dear Anne,
Of a family of Misses, whose company is
generally avoided by people of sense. They are
most of them old maids, which is not very sur-
prising, considering that the qualities they pos-
sess are not the most desirable for a helpmate.
They are a pretty numerous clan, and I shall
endeavour to give you such a description of
them as may enable you to decline their visits;
especially as, though many of them are extremely
unlike in feature and temper, and, indeed, very
distantly related, yet they have a wonderful
knack at introducing each other; so that, if
you open your doors to one of them, you are very
likely, in process of time, to be troubled with
the whole tribe.
The first I shall mention, and, indeed, she
deserves to be mentioned first—for she was al-
ways fond of being a ringleader of her com-
pany, is Miss Chief. The young lady was brought
up, until she was fourteen, in a large rambling
mansion in the country, where she was allowed
to romp all day with the servants and idle boys
of the neighbourhood. There she employed
herself in the summer, in milking into her bonnet,
tying the grass together across the path to
throw people down; and in winter, making
slides before the door for the same purpose, and
the accidents these gave rise to always procured
her the enjoyment of a hearty laugh. She
was a great lover of fun; and at Christmas
time distinguished herself by various tricks, such
as putting furze balls into the beds, drawing off
the clothes in the middle of the night, and pull-
ing people's seats from under them. At length,
as a lady, who was coming to visit the family,
mounted on rather a startish horse, rode up to
the door, Miss Chief ran up and unfurled an
umbrella full in the horse's face, which occasioned
him to throw his rider, who broke her arm;
after this exploit, miss was sent off to a
boarding school: here she was no small favourite
with the girls, whom she led into all manner
of scrapes; and no small plague to the poor
governess, whose tables were hacked, and beds
cut, and curtains set on fire continually. It is
true miss soon laid aside her romping airs and
assumed a very demure appearance; but she

was always playing one sly trick or another,
and had learned to tell lies, in order to lay it
upon the innocent. At length she was discov-
ered in writing anonymous letters, by which
whole families in the town had been set at
variance; and she was then dismissed the school
with ignominy. She has since lived a very busy
life in the world; seldom is there a great crowd
of which she does not make one, and she has
even frequently been taken up for riots, and
other disorderly proceedings, very unbecom-
ing in one of her sex.

The next I shall introduce to your acquain-
tance is a city lady, Miss Management, a very
stirring, notable woman, always in a bustle,
and always behindhand. In the parlour she saves
candle ends; in the kitchen, every thing is waste
and extravagance; she hires her servants at half
wages, and changes them at every quarter; she
is a great buyer of cheap bargains, but as she
cannot always use them, they grow worm and
moth eaten on her hands; when she pays a long
score to her butcher, she wrangles for the odd
pence, and forgets to add up the pounds.
Though it is her great study to save, she is con-
tinually outrunning her income, which is partly
owing to her trusting a cousin of hers, Miss Cal-
culation, with the settling her accounts, who, it
is very well known, could never be persuaded
to learn perfectly her Multiplication Table, or
state rightly a sum in the Rule of Three.

Miss Loy and Miss Place are sisters, great
slatterns; when Miss Place gets up in the morn-
ing she cannot find her combs, because she has
put them in her writing box. Miss Loy would
willingly go to work, but her housewife is in
the drawer of the kitchen dresser, her bag hang-
ing on a tree in the garden, and her trinket any
where but in her pocket. If Miss Loy is going
a journey the keys of her trunk are sure to be
lost. If Miss Place wants a volume out of her
bookcase, she is certain not to find it along with
the rest of the set. If you peep into Miss Place's
dressing-room, you find her drawers filled with
foul linen, and her best cap hanging upon the
carpet broom. If you call Miss Loy to take a
lesson in drawing, she is so long in gathering to-
gether her pencils, her chalk, her India Rubber,
and her drawing paper, that her master's hour
is expired before she has well got her materials
together.

Miss Understanding. This lady comes of a
respectable family, and has a half sister distin-
guished for her good sense and solidity; but she
herself, though not a little fond of reasoning, al-
ways takes the perverse side of any question;
she is often seen with another of her intimates,
Miss Representation, who is a great tale-bearer,
and goes about from house to house telling peo-
ple what such a one and such a one said of them
behind their backs. Miss Representation is a
notable story teller, and can so change, enlarge,
and dress up an anecdote that the person to
whom it happened shall not know it again;
how many friendships have been broken by these
two, or turned into bitter enemies! The
latter lady does a great deal of varnish work,
which wonderfully sets off her paintings, for she
pretends to use the pencil, but her productions
are such miserable dabblings, that it is the var-
nish alone which makes them pass to the most
common eye. Though she has of all sorts, black
varnish is what she uses most. As I wish you
very much to be on your guard against this lady,
whenever you meet her in company, I must tell
you she is to be distinguished by a very ugly
feet; it is quite out of her power to look
straight at any object.

Miss Trust, a sour old creature, wrinkled and
shaking with the palsy. She is continually
peeping and prying about, in the expectation of
finding something wrong; she watches her ser-
vants through the keyhole, and has lost all her
friends by little shynesses, that have arisen no
one knows how; she is worn away to skin and
bone, and her voice never rises above a whisper.

Miss Rule. This lady is of a very lofty
spirit, and had she been married, would certainly
have governed her husband; as it is the in-
terferes very much in the management of fami-
lies; and, as she is very highly connected, she
has as much influence in the fashionable world
as among the lower orders. She even inter-
feres in political concerns, and I have heard it
whispered that there is scarcely a cabinet in Europe
where she has not some share in the direction of
affairs.

Miss Hap and Miss Chance. These are twin
sisters, so like as scarcely to be distinguished
from each other; their whole conversation turns
upon little disasters. One tells you how her
lap dog spoiled a new Wilton carpet; the other
how her new muslin petticoat was torn by a
gentleman's setting his foot upon it. They are
both left-handed, and so exceedingly awkward
and ungainly, that if you trust either of them
with a cup and saucer, you are sure to have
them broken. These ladies used frequently to
keep days for visiting, and as people were not
very fond of meeting them, many used to shut
themselves up and see no company on those
days, for fear of stumbling upon either of them;
some people, even now, will hardly open their
doors on Friday for fear of letting them in.

Miss Take. This lady is an old dotting wo-
man, who is parbilled, and has lost her memory;
she invites her acquaintance on wrong days,
calls them by wrong names, and always intends
to do just the contrary thing to what she does.

Miss Fortune. This lady has the most for-
bidding look of any of the clan, and people are
sufficiently disposed to avoid her as much as it
is in their power to do; yet some pretend, that
notwithstanding the sternness of her counte-
nance on the first address, her physiognomy
softens as you grow more familiar with her;
and though she has it not in her power to be an
agreeable acquaintance, she has sometimes pro-
ved a valuable friend. There are lessons which
none can teach so well as herself, and the wis-
est philosophers have not scrupled to acknow-
ledge themselves the better for her company.

I may add, that, notwithstanding her want of
external beauty, one of the best poets in our
language fell in love with her, and wrote a beau-
tiful ode in her praise.

PONTIUS PILATE.—After residing for some
time in Caesarea, and avoiding all collision be-
tween his troops and the turbulent zealots of
the capital, Pontius Pilate determined to transfer
the winter quarters of his army from Samaria
to Jerusalem. The Romans had hitherto so far
respected the prejudices of their subjects, as ap-
pear to introduce their standards, which ap-
peared not only the offensive image of the eagle,
but likewise that of Cesar, within the walls of
the city. The troops entered the gates by
night, and in the morning the people were shock-
ed and surprised at beholding the ensign of the
Emperor publicly displayed in their streets.
They abstained from all violence, but a nume-
rous deputation set out to Caesarea, and for
many days entreated Pilate to remove the stan-
dards. Pilate treated the petitioners with con-
tempt, and, weary of their importunity, con-
ceded some troops, with which he surround-
ed and totally dispersed them. When the sol-
diers appeared, the Jews with one accord fell
on the ground, declaring they were ready to die
rather than sanction the infringement of their
ancient laws. The refractory spirit of
Jerusalem broke out on other occasions. Pilate
seized some of the revenue of the Temple, and
applied it to the useful and magnificent de-
sign of building an aqueduct, which was to bring
a supply of water to the city from the distance
of 200 stadia—25 miles. The populace rose,
and interrupted the workmen. Pilate, having
dressed some of his soldiers in the common
garb of the country, with their swords conceal-
ed, commanded them to mingle with the people,
and when they began their usual obstruction to
his works, to fall upon and disperse them.—
The soldiers executed their commission with
greater cruelty than Pilate had intended, and
committed dreadful havoc among the unarmed
multitude. Such was the man, not naturally
disposed to unnecessary bloodshed, but, when
the peace of his province appeared in danger,
stern, decided, and reckless of human life—on
all other occasions by no means regardless of
ingratiating himself in the popular favour, be-
fore whose tribunal Jesus Christ was led. Pilate
was awed perhaps by the tranquil dignity of
Jesus, or at least saw no reason to apprehend
any danger to the Roman Sovereignty, from a
person of such peaceful demeanour—he prob-
ably detected the malice, though he might not
clearly comprehend the motive, of the ac-
cusation brought forward by the priests and the
populace. Still, however, he shrunk from the
imputation of not being "Cesar's friend," and
could not think the life of one man, however in-
nocent, of much importance in comparison with
the peace of the country, and his own favour at
Rome. In this dilemma he naturally endeavoured
to avoid the responsibility of decision, by
transferring the criminal to the tribunal of
Herod, to whose jurisdiction Christ was at Jeru-
salem belonged, and who happened to be at Jeru-
salem for the celebration of the Passover.
At length, however, finding the uproar increas-
ing, he yields without much further scruple, and
the Roman soldiers are permitted to become
the willing instruments of the Jewish priest-
hood, in the crucifixion of that man in whom
Pilate himself could find no fault. We leave to
the Christian historian the description of this
event, and all its consequences. Yet our history
will have shown that the state of the public
mind in Judaea, as well as the character of
Pilate, the chief agent in the transaction, har-
monize in the most remarkable manner with the
narrative of the Evangelists. The general ex-
pectation of the Messiah—the impatience of the
Roman sovereignty, fostered by the bold and
turbulent doctrines of Judas the Galilean; the
extraordinary excitement of the more fanatical
part of the people, which led them to crowd
round the banner of each successive adventurer,
who either assumed or might assume that char-
acter; the rigid prudence of the Chief-priests;
lest the least indication of revolt should com-
promise the safety of the city and temple, and
expose the whole nation to the jealous resent-
ment of the Roman Governor; these circum-
stances of the times sufficiently account for the
reception which such a teacher as Jesus of Na-
zareth met with in Jerusalem. Appearing, as
he did, with doctrines so alarming to the author-
ity of the priesthood; so full of disappoint-
ment to the fanatic populace; so repugnant to
the national pride, as implying the dissolution
of the Mosaic constitution, and the establish-
ment of a new and more comprehensive faith,
and, above all, openly assuming the mysterious
title, the Son of God; it excites less astonish-
ment, than sorrow and commiseration, that the
passions of such a people should at once take
arms, and proceed to the most awful violence
against a teacher whose tenets were so much
too pure and spiritual for their comprehension,
whose character was so remote from their pre-
conceived notions of the expected Messiah.
Murray's Family Library, History of the Jews,
vol. 2.

DEATH OF AGRIPPA.—Having completed a
reign of three years over the whole of Palestine,
Agrippa ordered a splendid festival at Caesarea,
in honour of the emperor. Multitudes of the
highest rank flocked together from all quarters.
On the second day of the spectacle, at the ear-
ly dawn, the king entered the theatre in a robe
of silver, which glittered with the morning rays
of the sun, so as to dazzle the eyes of the whole
assembly, and excite general admiration.—
Some of his flatterers set up a shout—"A pre-
sent god." Agrippa did not repress the impu-
dent adulation, which spread through the the-
atre. At that moment he looked up, and saw
an owl perched over his head, on a rope. The
owl had once been to him a bird of good omen.

While he was in chains at Rome, a fellow-pri-
soner, a German, had argued, from the ap-
pearance of one of these birds, his future splen-
did fortune; but he had added this solemn
warning, that when he saw that bird again, at
the height of his fortune, he would die within
five days. The fatal omen, proceeds Josephus,
pierced the heart of the king; and with deep
melancholy he said, "Your god will soon suf-
fer the common lot of mortality." He was im-
mediately struck, in the language of the sacred
volume, by an angel. He was seized with vio-
lent internal pains, and carried to his place.
There he lingered five days in extreme agony
being "eaten of worms," the cause of his in-
testine disorder.—Murray's Family Library,
History of the Jews.

COMBUSTIBILITY OF THE HUMAN BODY.—
There is no vice more brutalizing than drunk-
ness. An inbred propensity to drinking is
perhaps the most decided mark of the predomi-
nance of the mere animal over conscience and
intellect; but the habit often steals up upon
nobler natures under the guise of sociality. In
whatever shape it comes, nothing so sorely and
speedily obliterates every trace of the Creator's
image from the greatest of his works, and sinks
man below the level of the beasts. The peni-
tency however is not paid merely in mental disor-
der, and the contempt of the better part of
mankind. The drunkard's body becomes a
charnel house of corrupted humours, offensive
to all who approach it; and in course of time,
the liquid fire he pours into his veins, produces
a change in his physical constitution, which ex-
poses him to a catastrophe more fearful, perhaps,
than any imagination has painted. The accu-
sations given of the bodies of drunkards having
caught fire from the contact of a lamp or candle,
and burned away spontaneously to ashes, have
been too generally regarded as mere fables; but
though they are in reality sober medical truths,
and present nothing, perhaps, repugnant to the
known principles of Chemistry.

The following are given by a medical friend,
as the general results deduced from a com-
parison of the cases with one another:—

1. Women have been the most frequent victims.
2. Almost all were advanced in years. Most had exceeded sixty.
3. Great weakness was present in all the cases.
4. Many of the persons were of a very thick form.
5. Most of them were addicted to drinking, some to very great excess.
6. Generally there was a light of some kind near them.
7. The combustion proceeded with great rapidity.
8. The accompanying flame was not steady, or difficult to extinguish with water, but injured nothing that was not aimed to immediate contact with the body.
9. The place where the combustion took place was filled with an erympumatic smell; the walls, besides soot and ashes, were covered with a fetid greasy damp.
10. This disease appeared in cold weather, commonly in winter.

The phenomenon is clearly one which comes
under the department of animal chemistry, and
has certainly not yet met with the attention it
deserves, probably from there not being in our
literature a good collection of cases, such as have
been made by our German neighbours, and
even by the French, who are not particu-
larly famed for research.—Edinb. Scotsman.

ESTIMATE OF HEADS.—The subject is a
comparative estimate respecting the dimensions of the heads of the in-
habitants in several counties of England.

The male head in England, at maturity, av-
erages from 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in diameter; the medium
and most general size being 7 inches. The fe-
male head is smaller, varying from 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7
or 7 $\frac{1}{2}$, the medium size. Fixing the medium of
the English head at 7 inches, there can be
no difficulty in distinguishing the portions of
society above from those below that measurement.

London.—The majority of the higher classes
are above the medium, while amongst the lower,
it is very rare to find a large head.

Spitalfields.—Weavers have extremely small
heads, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, 6 $\frac{3}{4}$, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, being the prevailing mea-
surements.

Coventry.—Almost exclusively peopled by
weavers, the same facts are peculiarly observed.

Hertfordshire, Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk.—
Contain a larger proportion of small heads
than any part of the empire; Essex and Hert-
fordshire, particularly. Seven inches in diam-
eter is here, as in Spitalfields and Coventry,
quite unusual: 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ are more general;
and 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, the usual size for a boy of six years of
age, is frequently to be met with here in the
full maturity of manhood.

Kent, Surrey, and Sussex.—An increase of
size of the usual average is observed; and the
inland counties in general, are nearly upon the
same scale.

Devonshire and Cornwall.—The heads of
these counties are superior to the London av-
erage.

Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cumberland, and
Northumberland.—Have more large heads, in
proportion than any part of the country.

Scotland.—The full-sized head is known to
be possessed by the inhabitants; their mea-
surement ranging between 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 7 $\frac{3}{4}$, even to 8
inches; this extreme size, however, is rare.
Literary Gazette.

BURMAN PREJUDICES.—A strong prejudice
appears to run amongst the Burmans, not only
against all deformities, but against those labour-
ing under incurable diseases, and even against
such as have been accidentally mutilated. There
is an indescribable mixture of caprice, folly,
and inhumanity in the different modes in which

this is evinced. "One who has lost the sight
of both eyes is forbidden to enter the palace en-
closure; but if he has lost one eye only he may
enter. The dumb are also interdicted from the
privilege; and the loss of an ear or nose is a
sufficient disqualification for the same honour.
The loss of any limb, even in action, and when
defending the rights of his sovereign or country,
deprives a Burman of the right of entering the
palace enclosure, and is attended with the in-
evitable loss of court favour and preferment. It
would be no invidious deduction from these facts,
to say that the religion and customs of the Bur-
mese are not calculated to make heroes or patri-
ots. This will account for the extraordinary
conduct of the Burmese prisoners who were
wounded in different actions with us, and who
refused to suffer amputation, or to have the
bandages and tied to death after it was performed.
One young man, who had submitted to the
operation, mistook the nature of it altogether, and
conceiving that this was our peculiar mode of
treating prisoners of war, with the passive cou-
rage and disregard of life so frequent with the
people of the east, presented the sound leg also
for amputation.—Crawford's Embassy to Ayr.

CARIBAGEEN.—This species of sea-moss,
which we briefly noticed in our number for Au-
gust last, is become a very favourable article of
diet in case of pulmonary consumption, and for
debilitated subjects, particularly children and
elderly subjects. It imparts to water and to
milk, on being boiled as there directed, a very
strong and agreeable jelly; and from the nu-
merous trials that have been given it by some
eminent practitioners of Dublin, it evidently
affords more solid nourishment to the system
than any other jelly; and it appears it has also
evinced a peculiar corrective effect on scorbutic
habits. The jelly, sweetened with the sugar of
milk, as recommended in our number for Au-
gust last, is very pleasant to the palate, and is
evidently easily digested in the stomach. As
an article of diet for consumptive patients, we
can assert from observation, that it is very su-
perior to any gelatinous subject with which we
are acquainted, and that mixed with the jelly of
the arrow-root it affords most excellent food for
weakly or scorbutic children. Mr. Tadhunter,
of Dublin, to whom we are indebted for our
first acquaintance with this article, informs us
that it is, at some seasons of the year, very
abundant on the Clare coast.—Gazette of Health.

MARRIAGE.—In examining the lives of those
who have reached a hundred and upwards, we
generally find that they were married three,
four, and sometimes five times, and had nume-
rous children. This shows that marriage is
conducive to our health. That bachelors should
not be as fair subjects for longevity as the mar-
ried does not appear to me to be difficult of so-
lution. To be unsettled on so important a point
as marriage, which seems so decidedly marked
out as our natural state in social society, must
effect that serenity of mind which is necessary
for maintaining the equilibrium of our consti-
tution. There are but a few circumstances like
Sir Isaac Newton. He early announced that his
studies so much occupied his mind, that he
could not devote the requisite attention to a fam-
ily; and he remained, as it were by compul-
sion, single, without experiencing any unpleas-
ant observations. After all the jokes and sar-
casms at the expense of married men, those
upon old bachelors are, far more poignant.
They are, indeed, constantly reminded of their
inferiority in the scale of society; for let us at-
tempt to disguise it as we may, the good opinion
of the sex is one of our highest gratifications.
A widower of fifty stands higher in their esti-
mation than a bachelor of forty, and he will
sooner get a young wife.—Hartator's Simplicity
of Health.

BROKEN HEARTS.—There is a certain cast
among authors, touching the more delicate feel-
ings of women, their strong susceptibilities, and
liabilities to that interesting climax of wretched-
ness, a broken heart; but I believe there are
as many men die of broken hearts as women,
indeed the only broken heart I ever saw was
that of a man. It was in the Anatomical Mu-
seum of the celebrated Mr. Brookes, who in-
troduced it to my notice with all the pathos of
which he was capable. "Here, said he, is
the palpable illustration of a broken heart."
This heart, this heart, sir, is the heart of
"Of whom?" said I, impatient at his pause.
"Of a coal-heaver," said he, who died sud-
denly from the effects of that rent, caused by
overstrained exertion in carrying a heavy sack
of coals.—Wilton Warwick.

The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Know-
ledge have published the first number of what
they call *The Farmer's Series*—that is, "Treat-
ises upon subjects most interesting to persons
employed in the various branches of agricul-
ture, and to those generally who reside in the
country."—The first number, of which the sub-
ject is the Horse, is very well adapted for ob-
taining the attention of those to whom it is ad-
dressed. A great deal of curious information
respecting the general history of the horse, the
various foreign breeds, the history of the Eng-
lish horse, and the different breeds, is given in
this tract; and the descriptions are illustrated
by wood engravings, very well executed.

LONG BEARDS.—The longest beard recorded
in history, was that of John Mayo, painter to
the emperor Charles V. Though he was a tall
man, it is said that his beard was of such a
length, that he could tread upon it. He was
very vain of his beard; and usually fastened it
with a ribbon to his button-hole; and some-
times he would untie it by command of the em-
peror, who took a great pleasure in seeing the
wind blow it in the face of his courtiers.

Good-will, like a good name, is got by many
actions, and lost by one.—Jeffrey's Thoughts.

Mrs. J. Parkin