The Weekly Observer.

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THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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DONALD A. CAMERON.

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Printing, in its various branches, executed with neatness and despatch, on very moderate terms.

Weekly Almanack.

November—1834.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
19 Wednesday - -	7 21	4 39	6 49	0 33
20 Thursday -	7 22	4 38	7 44	1 11
21 Friday - -	7 23	4 37	8 47	1 53
22 Saturday - -	7 24	4 36	9 56	2 41
23 Sunday - -	7 25	4 35	11 8	3 36
24 Monday - -	7 26	4 34	morn.	4 41
25 Tuesday - -	7 27	4 33	0 22	5 58

Last Quarter 23d day, 10h. 57m. evening.

INSURANCE.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 12 o'clock.

JOHN M. WILMOT, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.

Committee for November:

JOHN BOYD, F. A. KINNEAR, A. S. PERKINS.

☞ All Communications, by Mail, must be post paid.

MARINE INSURANCE
AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been duly authorized by the PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, Connecticut, to take Risks upon Vessels, Cargoes, or Freights, agreeable to the general principles of Marine Insurance, and having obtained by a late arrival from the United States, Blank Policies duly signed by the President and Secretary of the aforesaid Company—Now begs leave to inform the Merchants and Ship-Owners of this City and the Province at large, that he will attend to applications in writing to that effect, fairly stating particulars of the Risks required to be covered.—He would also remark for the information of the public, that the above Company have had a Marine Insurance Agency established at Halifax for some time past, under the management of J. L. Starr, Esquire, who has done a good deal of business in that line, and which he believes has given general satisfaction to the assured,—and that although the Company reserve to themselves the right of settling Averages, Partial or Total Losses, agreeable to the usage of Marine Insurances in the United States—that in any case where the claim for Loss is so dubious as to warrant an appeal to a Court of Law or Equity, the Office will submit to the decision of the Courts in this Province.

ANGUS M'KENZIE, *Agent.*

St. John, Sept. 30, 1834.

☞ Office in the Store of A. M'Kenzie & Co., Prince Wm. Street.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of Hartford, Connecticut.

THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent for the above Insurance Company, will issue Policies and Renewal Receipts (on Policies issued by the former Agent, E. D. W. Ratchford, Esq.) for Insurance on Dwelling Houses, Stores, Mills, Factories, Barns, Vessels and Cargoes while in port, Vessels on the stocks, Household Furniture, Merchandize, and every other species of Insurable Personal Property,—against

Loss or Damage by Fire,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution in good standing,—Will give personal attendance to the survey of premises, &c. in the City and vicinity, on which Insurance is desired, free of charge to the assured,—Applications in writing (post paid) from all other parts of the Province, describing the situation and the Property to be Insured, will receive prompt attention; the correctness of which description shall on all occasions be binding on the part of the applicant.

The Ætna Insurance Company was Incorporated in 1819,—Capital $200.000, with liberty to increase the same to half a million of dollars. The Capital has been all paid in, and invested in the best securities, independently of which a *Surplus Fund* of more than $35,000 has been set apart to meet the occasional claims for Losses, and the Stock bears a high premium. The reputation the Office has acquired for promptness and liberality in the adjustment and payment of Losses, requires no additional pledge to entitle it to a liberal share of public patronage.

A. BALLOCH, *Agent.*

St. John, N. B., 1st July, 1833.

WEST OF SCOTLAND
INSURANCE OFFICE.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the Public, that he has lately received instructions to take Risks at lower rates than heretofore; and also, to issue New Policies at the *reduced rates* for all Insurances now effected, at the termination of the Present Policies, instead of Renewal Receipts.

JOHN ROBERTSON,
St. John, March 8, 1831. *Agent and Attorney.*

PROTECTION
INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Insurance Company, in this City, will insure Houses, Stores, Mills, Factories, Barns, and the contents of each, together with every similar species of property against *LOSS or DAMAGE by FIRE*, at as low a rate of Premium as any similar Institution; and will be always in readiness for taking Surveys of premises offered for Insurance in any part of the City, free of charge to the assured. He will likewise attend to the renewal of any Policies of Insurance issued by M'Kenzie & Tisdale, as Agents of the above Insurance Company; and act in all case in reference to such as if subscribed by himself.

ANGUS M'KENZIE, *Agent.*

St. John, November 6, 1832.

MARINE INSURANCE.

Exchange and Commission Office.

THE Subscriber hereby intimates that he has established an Office, for the purpose of transacting the above business. Marine Insurance may be effected; Real or Personal Property purchased or disposed of; Vessels chartered; Freights procured; Bills of Exchange or other paper negotiated on Commission, the amount and general arrangement of which, he hopes will be approved of. From his knowledge and experience, he flatters himself that he will meet with confidence and patronage.

The Business will at present be conducted at his Store in St. John-street.

SAMUEL STEPHEN, *Broker.*
St. John, N. B. 4th March, 1834.

The Garland.

From the Connecticut Observer.

JOY IN BELIEVING.

"God desireth to have no slaves in his family."

Man asketh homage. When his foot doth stand
On earth's high places, he exacteth fear
From those who serve him. His proud spirit loves
The quick observance of an abject eye,
And cowering brow. His dignity he deems
Demands such aliment—and he doth show
Its evanescence, by the food he seeks
To yield it nutriment.

But more than this—
He o'er his brother rules with scourge and chain,
Treading out nature's charities,—till life
To madness tortur'd, or in misery crush'd,
Goes, an accusing spirit, back to God.

Yet He, the Eternal Ruler, willeth not,
The slavery of the soul. His claim is love,—
A filial spirit and a song of praise.
It doth not please him, that his servants wear
The livery of mourning. Peace is sown
Along their pilgrim-path, and holy hopes
Like birds of Paradise, do sweetly pour
Melodious measures,—and a glorious faith
Springs up o'er Jordan's wave.

Say, is it meet
For those who bear a Saviour's badge, to sigh
In heathen heaviness, when joys of earth
Quench their brief taper?—or go shrinking down
As to a dungeon, when the gate of Death
Opes its low valve, to show the shining track
Up to an angel's heritage of bliss?

Hartford, June 8th, 1834. L. H. S.

Miscellanea.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

[From the Correspondent of the New-York Observer.]

Climate of England; its thunder and lightning.

Ryde, Isle of Wight, Aug. 9, 1834.

Like many others, who find London a narrow and uncomfortable place in the heat of summer, I yesterday obeyed an impulse I have a long time felt, and took a Portsmouth coach with a friend, for this beautiful and enchanting retreat. Although I had been in England two summers, and a third winter, I had never experienced either severe cold or extreme heat. Indeed I have felt nothing like winter weather since I crossed the Atlantic. Last winter there was scarcely a frost during the whole season, in London—not enough to make ice on a bucket standing exposed;—and as for the first two summers which I spent here, I had concluded, that there is never any weather in England, which we call not in America; and also, that there is no thunder and lightning here. I have often remarked, that England is one of the finest climates in the world; and I still believe it is. Its insular condition and the qualifying influence of the surrounding seas, seem to bar both extremes of heat and cold, and so to purify the superincumbent atmospheric regions, as to prevent a *malaria* in any part of the British Isles. My philosophy may be defective, or imaginary, but the fact is nevertheless notable, that excepting cases of consumption, there is no country, with which I am acquainted, or of which I have heard, so healthy as Great Britain. There is no country, I imagine, where the countenance of the people indicates so generally a good, and vigorous state of health. The most healthy parts of the United States are comparatively defective under the application of this particular test.

I must confess, however, that there have been this summer, both warm weather, and thunder and lightning. But still the heat has not been very oppressive, nor the thunder at all so startling as we in America are used to. "*There!*" said an American, who was rather overpowered by the claims of an Englishman to the superiorities of his own country, while travelling together in one of the States, and being suddenly surprised by one of those vivid flashes of lightning and tremendous peals of thunder, which are common in America—"*there!*" said the American, "have you any *thunder* in England equal to that?" The pale and affrighted countenance of the Englishman was a sufficient answer. Although there has been not a little of thunder and lightning in England this summer, it is seldom that it comes with very great earnestness. Even the heat of London this warm season has been very tolerable, compared with what is every summer experienced at New-York and Philadelphia, especially in the latter city.

Ryde.

But notwithstanding we could endure existence even in London, so far as this cause is concerned, I and a friend have been well disposed to spend a few days on the Isle of Wight, and the southern shore of England. Ryde, where I now am, is the beauty of the Wight, and one of the pleasantest watering places and summer resorts of the very many, that the coasts of the British islands afford. It is a town of 4000 residents, having, in addition, at this season, perhaps 2000 visitors, principally from London. It lies on an inclined plane, on the north side of the Island, towards its eastern extremity, directly opposite Portsmouth, of which, as well as Gossport, and an extended line of the southern shore of the main land, it commands a perfect view. The famous Road-stead, Spithead, is before this town, where we have a constant scene of the coming in and going out of shipping *from* and *to* all parts of the world. Even while I am writing this line, an English frigate is coming to anchor before my eyes, having fired her salute as she rounded the eastern point of the Island, and is now receiving a return salute from the flag ship, *Victory*, in Portsmouth harbour, on the decks of which, Nelson ordered his last naval battle, and obtained his last victory; and from my window I hear her guns, and see the volumes of smoke ascend. It is about five miles distant, across the channel, called the Solent Sea, separating the Island from the main land. Portsmouth, you are aware, is a fortified town, and one of the great naval arsenals of England. The long and deep harbour, where are moored at present scores of dismantled ships of war, is entered by a narrow passage between Portsmouth and Gossport, across which the arm of a strong man, I imagine, could easily sling a stone. It is perhaps 300 yards, defended by adequate fortifications. The flag ship, Victory, is moored just within this passage, and swings up and down, as do all the other ships, with the flowing and ebbing of the tide.

Ryde is really one of the pleasantest towns I have ever seen on the shores of England. Its inclination towards the bosom of the beautiful field of water lying between the Isle and the Main, and towards the long line of shore opposite, as if making obeisance to both, and to surrounding and superior objects, is a rare physical beauty. It differs from most English towns, in not being crowded in a heap on narrow streets—is well built—rural in its aspects—the whole constituting a great perfection of convenience and of taste. There is a pier running out into the Solent sea *one-third* of a mile, at the extremity of which steamers are hourly arriving and departing, connecting this town with Portsmouth, Southampton, Cowes, Lymington, and other near ports. The Isle of Wight is a place of great resort from London in the summer, and Ryde is the centre of attraction, compared with other places on the island. Its life and prosperity depend upon visitors, and the town is constantly extending to afford adequate accommodations. There is probably no country in the world, that supports so many public watering places, and other points of resort for pleasure and health, as England. The entire circle of these islands is lined with places built almost exclusively for this object, furnishing every allurement of convenience and luxury. The inland watering places are also numerous, and in the appropriate season crowded; such as Bath, Cheltenham, Tunbridge Wells, Leamington, &c. That so many towns and villages can be well suppored, and rise from year to year in their importance and magnitude, as mere resorts of pleasure, is a notable proof of the wealth of the nation, and of the high degree of independence, which a large share of the population enjoys.

A Sabbath.

Sabbath Evening, August 10.—I think I may truly say, that I never enjoyed so perfect a Sabbath in my life—a Sabbath of nature, and I may add, in many respects, a Sabbath of high spiritual privilege and satisfaction.

It has been indeed a Sabbath of *nature*. London, the place of eternal smoke and fog, where the sun and stars are never seen in their glory; where the rumbling of wheels and the tramping of horses never cease by day or night, Sundays or week days; where the Sabbath morning sees the world pouring out to the country, and the evening witnesses their return; where pleasure haunts are more crowded this day than any other, and all the public promenades and parks teem with countless floods of immortal beings; London, that great and noisy Babylon, is to me, as if it were not. I cannot realize its existence; I almost forget that I have ever been there. I find myself planted in the midst of a deep and solemn repose—which seems like the repose of the Universe. The dark blue sea, that stretches out before me on the east, is at rest; the winds are at rest; the ships in the roadstead, and every boat that lies on the water, are at rest; the clouds seem to be at rest; the road below and the rising grounds beyond, crowned with a grove, are at rest; the stretched out line of the coast of England, in the distance, with its towns and villages, its cliffs of chalk, and a Cathedral spire, all lie in silent repose; this little town and its inhabitants seem to be all at rest; no bustle, no rolling of carriages, no running to and fro of any kind; and the day has been spent in nothing but an apparently church-going scene. How different—gratefully, sweetly different from the London world. I did not think it were possible to be transplanted so suddenly into circumstances so widely at variance in the effects they produce upon the mind—from the great centre of human society, where there is no Sabbath externally, to a remote scene where the Sabbath seems perpetual.

It has also been a grateful *spiritual* Sabbath. Every thing without inviting to think of God and a better world, the society of a friend whose conversation has a like tendency, and a succession of seasons of public worship, hallowing in their influences, and themselves hallowed by many considerations and suggestions, as well as by their own intrinsic merits, have all conspired to make the Sabbath of the soul as perfect as that of surrounding circumstances. A missionary of the Cross, destined to a far distant portion of the globe, having been unexpectedly detained here by the calm, has addressed us to day in a manner peculiarly appropriate to his position, as bidding adieu to his native country, and going forth among the heathen in the spirit of his Divine Master. If there be any set of men on earth more to be honored than another—and whose vocation is more noble and more ennobling—they are Christian missionaries to the heathen. It is like the mission of the Son of God; it is indeed a branch of the same enterprise.

An English Cottage.

August 11th. *Warren Cottage, Ryde.* Warren Cottage stands in one of the sweetest places of this charming town. It is situated in the centre of a plane inclined towards the east, the bulk of the town being on a corresponding declivity to the north. At the foot of this plane is a flat low land of about one hundred acres, called *Monk's Meads*, a few feet above the tide, redeemed from the sea, or from which the sea is supposed to have retired. They are now making hay in this bottom, under my eye—a pretty scene. The town itself is rapidly spreading over the plain, of which my ears alone, without my eyes, would sufficiently admonish me, by the sound of the brick-layer's trowel and the carpenter's saw and hammer. On the rising ground beyond the bottom, about half a mile, I see the white frocks of six mowers, swinging the sythe with a simultaneous stroke. Over the tops of Appley wood, in the same direction with the mowers, are the full spread sails of an India ship, leaving the roadstead under easy sail, bearing three christian missionaries to the pagan world. A little to the left, and almost twenty miles across the water, is Chichester Cathedral. Further still to the left are Portsmouth and Gossport, with the lines of fortifications on either side of the entrance of the harbor, and a forest of white washed stumps (mainmasts) of the ships of war, lying in ordinary. The apparently circular line of England's shore, defined by the reflected rays of the sun from the shingle* on the beach, with the dark line of verdure above, and an indistinct range of higher ground far beyond, stretches before my eye some 30 or 40 miles towards Brighton, till it sinks beneath the horizon, or is merged in a smoky atmosphere. Returning to nearer objects, Appley house and wood, immediately on the shore, and within a mile, with their various features, are a grateful scene. Rising still to the right, and crowning the hill is St. John's Place, the seat of Sir Richard Simeon, M. P. a Jew, as I am informed, and as his name might import. His title, however, as I suppose, comes by Gentile connexions, and by accommodating his Jewish faith to paganized Christian names. His seat is good enough, either for a Christian or a Jew; and I for one, am much obliged to him for the pleasure it affords me in looking at it. It is one of the most desirable places in the vicinity of Ryde.

Mr. Rothschild.

A Jew, well provided in England, is contented that Jerusalem should lie desolate in the power of infidels and barbarians. It is not six weeks since, as I happen to know, when a Christian called on Mr. Rothschild, in London, and was received and dismissed in the following manner: "What do you want?" said Mr. Rothschild. "I came sir, to talk with you about the restoration of the Jews, and the rebuilding of Jerusalem and the temple." "I am contented," said Mr. Rothschild, "to live in London. I have a brother at Paris, one at Vienna, and one in Spain; and we are very well satisfied. We have no wish to go to Jerusalem. Good bye, sir." And turning on his heel he said to some persons present, and in hearing of his Christian visitor: "D*** him; let him go to Jerusalem if he wants to.† Mr. Rothschild conjectured readily what the Christian wanted, and left him to get out of the house by the way he came, waited on by the servants in the ante-room and at the door.

* Small stones and pebbles.

† I regret to introduce this piece of vulgar profanity. But it is essential to the picture; and as it was a *fact*, nothing else could so well characterize the man.

A new coinage of half-sovereigns has been issued; they look much smaller than the late issues, but are thicker, and of course of the same weight. At first sight they have been taken for seven shilling pieces.

INDIGESTION.

"Every thing which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular, may give rise to a dyspeptic condition; but over-feeding is the main circumstance by which such a habit of body is engendered. Dr. Abercrombie is of opinion, that even the dyspeptic might be almost independent of any attention to the quality of his diet, if he rigidly observed the necessary restriction in regard to the quantity. Fast eating is another pregnant source of much mischief. Bad or confined air is also highly injurious to the digestive functions. Witness the little desire for food, and little capacity for digesting it, that is manifested by the pale artists of a city, compared with the keen appetite, the facile digestion, and vermillion cheek, of the labouring rustic. Mental affections are often productive of stomach maladies. Thus we see hypochondriasis becomes despepsia, and dyspepsia fall into hypochondriasis. Particular positions of the body, if long persevered in, will produce disease of the digestive organs. This is often illustrated in the case of shoemakers and other artizans, who ply their vocation in a bent posture. The frequent use of spirituous liquors, whether raw or diluted, is a most formidable and frequent source of stomach ailment—leading from functional to structural derangement—breaking down the texture of the secreting membranes,—producing general paralysis of sentient and muscular power,—and thus complicating digestion in the worst possible way. They who will indulge in the free use of ardent spirits ought to know for their comfort, that they are entitled to dyspepsia in a double right—by the disease of the liver, and by that of the stomach. Narcotics employed too freely have also a baneful influence over the digestive organization. The keen smoker has always a bad digestion; and the opium-eater is usually a dispeptic, as well as a hypocrondriac. Dr. Graham is of opinion that the foundation of dyspeptic habits is often laid in infancy and youth, by the undue use of calomel, which is a strong and peculiar stimulant to the digestive organs. But, without particularizing further, we observe generally, that everything that is out of nature is out of safety; and all excitation, physical, mental, or moral, ought to be carefully kept in due bounds, as we value our stomach's regularity of function, and our consequent freedom from the numerous evils with which indigestion is pregnant.

"We have now arrived at the important questions, *What is the best mode of preventing, or curing Dyspepsia?* The golden rule for preserving health is—temperance."

Contentment.—To be content is to be satisfied, to wish for nothing, to aim at nothing, but to rest satisfied in whatever situation you may be placed. Now look at the world as it exists; you will find little or no such thing, and well it is so. What is it that freights the ships, beautifies the cities, encourages the arts, and promotes the wealth, intelligence, and importance of a free and enterprising nation? Assuredly not contentment. It is a passive principle, and, as such, man can have little sympathy with it. He is an active animal.—His pleasures lie not so much in the possession as in the pursuit. Is the merchant happier when, quitting the din and bustle of the city, his ships, his freights, and his speculations, he hastens to the enjoyment of rural life, purchases a beautiful villa, and looking around him, says within himself, "I am content?" Is he so? No such thing! He must still busy himself with the news, the business, & the exchanges; or, let him look at home, every thing is wrong, every thing wants improving; a part of his house is misbuilt, his walks are badly laid out, or a clump of trees spoils his prospect. These are mended, and this gives rise to new wants and fresh improvements. So he goes on, and dies at last amid all the mighty bustle attendant on the planting of an orchard, the cutting of a canal, or the building of a greenhouse. Perhaps the best personification of contentment is a fat London alderman, seated, after a plentiful dinner, in his easy chair, his wine before him, his pipe, his optics half closed, and not an idea in his brain of either past, present, or future. It is rather to be remarked, that it is always confined to "fat, gross men." Contentment and corpulency go hand in hand. There is no analogy between it and leanness. A thin, contented man is quite a paradox. Now look at its effects upon human nature. Where is it that all your bold, fiery, active, daring, enterprising spirits are to be found? Is it among your men of bone and muscle, or your men of fat and oil? How many fat men are there on record that have ever done a daring deed? Cæsar disliked Cassius for his want of the aldermanic characteristics. "That Cassius is too thin," he exclaims; and again, "although I fear him not, would he were fatter!" Had Milton been a contented man, think ye the world would have been in possession of "Paradise Lost"? Had Byron been so, would he have written "Childe Harold?" Would a contented man have painted the Cartoons? or, had Columbus been so, would he have been the discoverer of America? No! were contentment to become in any degree general, its benumbing influence would spread itself over all the active principles of our nature. Can it be supposed that such a lethargic thing and the lofty aspirations of genius could exist in the same person? No! the nonsense of contentment and a cottage is prettier in the pages of poetry than it would be useful in actual life. Look at its effects upon nations. Was the free and fiery Spartan or the noble Roman famed for it? Or, to come to modern times, is it not notorious that it is to be found in the greatest degree among the degraded serfs of a Russian autocrat?—There is not in the world a more contented class of men, or who have less wish to change their situation than the Russian peasantry. It does and can only exist with ignorance, and where man is free and in possession of his active faculties it flies from him.—*Fay's Crayon Sketches,—published in New-York.*

National Traits.—Of all the civilized nations of the earth the Americans seem to attach the least value to a "local habitation;" and of all the parts of America New York is the most restless. Its citizens seem to be born with a feverish love of change and excitement, which pervades, more or less, every action of their lives, and to this they sacrifice friends, interest, and convenience. They put no faith in the proverb, "Let well enough alone," but are always ready to give up "well enough," in the desperate hope of getting something better. They must be in motion, and that motion is about as different from that of their Dutch ancestors as the motion of a duck-pond on a calm day is from that of the rapids of Niagara. In business they are fickle to a degree that appears, and really is, heartless and unfeeling. They will give up a tradesman that has served them well and faithfully, and in whom they can place confidence, to run after some fresh adventurer of whom they know nothing. But this is the way all over the country; and a tradesman has in reality just as little consideration for his customers as his customers have for him. A man commences business in a small city; in the course of time forms acquaintance and connexions, and finds himself getting along, as he says, "as comfortably as he can wish," when suddenly he hears of some new town that has sprung up in the wilderness, where they "are doing considerable of a business;" and without more to do, he sells off his stock, takes leave, without regret, of kind friends and familiar faces, and sets off to the land of promise to run a similar career. This is a national trait, and does not attach, with any peculiar force, to this city; but for the love of change in their places of residence the New Yorkers are particularly famous. They never regard a house as a kind of inanimate friend, one who has protected them from cold, and rain, and tempest, and by whose hearth they have spent many happy hours and enjoyed many comforts; but merely as a temporary covering, under whose roof it would be a sin, shame, and folly to live two years in succession. Accordingly, on the first of May, when people all over the world are enjoying the charming season among fields and flowers, the sagacious citizens of New York think they have lived quite long enough in one place, and prepare to pitch their tents elsewhere. Those that live up town come down, and those that live down town go up; and amidst disjointed furniture, broken crockery, dust, dirt, and vermin, they hail the genial approach of smiling May. After spending their money, losing their regular dinners, and suffocating themselves for three or four days, they squat down in their new domicile for another twelvemonth.—*Fay's Crayon Sketches.*

Extraordinary Improvement in India-rubber.—The singular properties of Caoutchouc or Indian-rubber, which some few years since was used only for the insignificant purpose of rubbing out the pencil marks upon paper, is now being introduced not only into numerous varieties of articles of dress, but is likely to "save from adverse winds and waves the gallant British fleet." Experiments are now going on by order of the Admiralty on board his Majesty's ship Excellent, at Portsmouth, upon guns, breechings, &c. (which are quite satisfactory,) their elastic qualities saving the jerk of the recoil of the gun. The experiments have been made and are continuing with 68 pounder long guns and 32 pounder carronades. For stoppers for cables, which will prevent the dragging of the anchor or the breaking of the cable and hawser ropes it will be invaluable. For the invention we are indebted to Mr. Sievierc, whose various scientific acquirements are well known and appreciated. The importation of Caoutchouc now amounts to some hundred tons annually, and so great is the demand for that article, that some of the West India planters are planting their estates with the tree (Haven guianensis), which is a species of fig, in order that they may be prepared to meet the increased demand. The tree being carefully cultivated, of course will much improve the quality of the Caoutchouc. The manner in which the patent elastic rope is manufactured, is by cutting the India rubber into long strands and placing them strand and strand with the hemp yarn; they are thus twisted together, when finished by the application of heat, the Caoutchouc collapses, and by that means the rope is rendered elastic.

Mr. Malthus.—In introducing the Poor Law Amendment Bill, Lord Brougham rendered the following tribute to the merits of Mr. Malthus:—

Before he concluded his observation on the subject of population, he could not feel satisfied if he did not do justice to a most learned, a most able, and most virtuous individual, whose name had been mixed up with more odious misrepresentation than any other name of science, he believed, in this Protestant, or in the present enlightened age. Every man would understand who he meant when he named, as that great man's attributes, talent, honesty, integrity, the strongest sense of public duty, the most amiable feelings in private life; when he described him as the distinguished ornament and delight of his private and literary circle, as one of the most blameless and virtuous men that ever breathed: when he had stated these attributes, no one could hesitate at pronouncing the name of Professor Malthus, a man who, though he had made one of the greatest and most beneficial discoveries in political and social science ever conceived, whose abilities were as original as they were descendant, had been the subject of the malignant and flippant attacks of the low-minded and the ignorant.

The late Princess Charlotte.—I have been rather royal lately; on Monday I spent the morning at the Pavilion, at Hampton court, with the Duchess of Gloucester, and yesterday passed the morning with little Princess Charlotte at Carlton House. She is the prettiest, most sensible, and genteel little creature you would wish to see. I saw Carlton House and gardens, in company with the little Princess, who had great delight in opening the drawers, uncovering the furniture, curtains, lustres, &c. to show me; my visit was to Lady Elgin, who has been spending some days here. For the Bishop of London's entertainment and mine, the Princess was made to exhibit all her learning & accomplishments; the first consisted in her repeating the 'Little Busy Bee,' the next in dancing very gracefully, and in singing 'God save the King,' which was really affecting (all things considered) from her little voice. Her understanding is so forward that they really might begin to teach her many things. It is perhaps the highest praise, after all, to say, that she is exactly like the child of a private gentleman, wild and natural, but sensible, lively, and civil.—*Hannah More's Letters.*

In Carey's *Present State of England*, published in 1627, the Court of Chancery is especially denounced as "a gulph without a bottom, never full; a Court swelling and ready to burst with causes;" and the pleadings are characterised as "full of impertinent matter, with large margins, great distances between the lines, and protraction of words, and with their many dashes and splashes put in place of words."

A London Hell.—Near the top of St. James's-street there has risen one of the largest and most splendid edifices in the metropolis—a place, the cost of which in building and furnishing, amounted to upwards of £50,000. It is almost needless to say that it is a notorious gambling-house, or *hell*. It is melancholy to calculate how many base passions, how many despairing hearts, how many villainous schemes, how many ruined fortunes, has within the last five or six years contributed to the expense of this establishment. Nor is it a less melancholy reflection to think how giant vice can bear, unwhipped, that justice which pounces on low and petty offences,—that the great and wealthy set the law of the land and public opinion alike at defiance, while we abolish lotteries, and send the poor wretches caught at *little goes* and the *thimble-rig* to the tread-mill. Why is there not a tread-mill for St. James's-street?—*London paper.*

An American's Opinion of American Shipbuilding.—If there be no other excellence to which the Americans can lay claim, (and there are those who cavil at nearly all our pretensions,) there is at least one which will not admit of question, *vide licit*, we build the finest ships in the world. In combining elegance of model and swiftness of sailing with capacity for burden, we have distanced the clumsy floating castles of Europe, and furnished its shipwrights with models for imitation. England, opinionated, and therefore slow to imitate the excellencies of other nations in the arts, has at last been compelled to admire and to copy our naval architecture; France has seized upon the hints we have given her in our fleet vessels of war; Russia has converted and obtained our models, and even Turkey has, at a late day, opened her sluggish eyes in wonderment at our superiority in this respect.—*Miriam Coffin, a Novel.*