

The Weekly Observer.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

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THE GARLAND.

GOOD NIGHT.

"We met but in one giddy dance—
Good night joined hands with greeting,
And twenty thousand things may chance
Before our second meeting."

Good night to thee, lady!—though many
Have joined in the dance of to-night,
Thy form was the fairest of any,
Where all was seducing and bright;
Thy smile was the sweetest and dearest,
Thy form the most sylvan-like of all,
And thy voice the most glad and clear,
That e'er held a partner in thrall.

Good night to thee, lady!—thou' over,
The waltz, the quadrille, and the song,
The whispered "farewell" of the lover,
The heartless "adieu" of the throng;
The heart that was throbbing with pleasure,
The eyelid that long'd for repose,
The heart that was dreaming of treasure,
The girls that were dreaming of beaux.

'Tis over—the lights are all dying,
The coaches all driving away,
And many a fair one is sighing,
And many a false one is gay;
And beauty counts over her numbers,
Of conquests, as householders drive;
And some are gone home to their slumbers,
And some are gone back to their wives.

And I, while my cab in the shower
Is waiting, the last at the door,
And looking all round for the flower
That fell from your wreath on the floor;
I'll keep it—if but to remind me,
Though withered and faded its hue,
Whenever next season may find me,
Of England, of Almásy, and you!

There are tones that will haunt us, tho' lonely
Our path be o'er mountain or sea,
There are looks that will part from us only
When memory ceases to be;
There are hopes that our burden can lighten,
Though toilsome and steep be the way,
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten
With a light that is dearer than day.

There are names that we cherish, though nameless,
For aye on the lips they are true,
There are hearts that, tho' fettered, are nameless,
And thoughts unexpress'd, but still true;
And some are too grave for a rover,
And some for a husband too light;
The ball and my dream are all over,
Good night to thee, lady!—Good night!

From the REMEMBRANCE ME, for 1829.

IDLE WORDS.

I have a high sense of the virtue and dignity of the female character; and would not by any means, be thought to attribute to the ladies emphatically, the fault here spoken of. But I have remarked it in some of my friends who, in all but this, were among the loveliest of their sex. In such the bluish is more distinct and striking, because so strongly contrasted with the superior delicacy and loveliness of their natures.

"My God!" the beauty exclaimed,
With deep impassioned tone—
But not in humble prayer she nam'd
The High and Holy One!

'Twas not upon the hallowed knee,
With soul upraised to heaven,
Pleading, with heartfelt agony,
That she might be forgiven.

'Twas not in heavenly strains to raise
To the great Source of Good,
Her daily offering of praise,
Her song of gratitude.

But in the gay and thoughtless crowd,
And in the festive hall,
Mid scenes of merriment and mirth,
She nam'd the Lord of All!

She call'd upon that awful name,
When laughter loudest rang—
Or when the flush of triumph came,
Or disappointment's pang!

The idlest thing that flattery knew,
The most unmeaning jest,
From those sweet lips profanely drew,
Names of the holiest.

I thought how sweet that voice would be,
Breathing this prayer to heaven—
"My God! I worship only thee,
Oh be my sins forgiven!"

THE MISCELLANIST.

THE SEASONS.

In the eighth chapter of Genesis, and immediately after the flood, the sacred promise was made to Noah, that, while the earth remained, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night should not cease; so, in obedience to that divine promise, the face of Nature is constant by wearing a different aspect, and day and night, and summer and winter are continually succeeding each other.

In Spring the vegetable world is beginning to throw off her winter garments, and hills and dales, woods and streams are preparing to have a more beautiful appearance. Every thing, in a rural view, is budding out, or clothing itself in green, and the fields and the meadows are clothed in the richest array. Spring, which implies the springing of vegetation from the earth, is the birth-time of summer; and the month of May, which is the middle of spring, is perhaps the pleasantest month in the year; for in the month of May the harvest is in flower, perfuming the air with its sweetness, and delighting the eye with its gay appearance. In the time of spring, the cuckoo, the lark, the martin, and other birds, the butterfly, the busy bee, the lady-fly, and other insects are all invited by the change of scene, and, according to the pleasing alteration, all present themselves with seeming gladness, as do the fair prairie, the pretty blue-bell, the sweet cowslip, the daffodil, the violet, the crocus, &c., diffusing around the most agreeable sweets. Nor does the husbandman, the rustic, or others forget the time of year; so they accordingly perform their rural labours of ploughing, sowing, setting, pruning, and the like.

Next comes the time of Summer, a period when nature is equipped in the gayest of attire, and the trees are in their very prime of foliage, whilst many, after having for some time scented the air with blossoms, are beginning to be loaded with fruit. The hills and the valleys now present the most pleasing appearance, as do also all the fields, in some of which the cattle are seen grazing and reposing; in others, the business of hay-making is going forward, whilst other fields are sowed with corn and other produce, yielding fine and plentiful crops, to the great happiness of the husbandman. Nothing can be more pleasing than this succession of different scenery, nor can we be too grateful to Providence for the many blessings that he is constantly sending us. Warm days and short nights now rule the time of year, and, if the mid-day sun shines with too scorching a ray, the shadow of the trees affords a most pleasing coolness, as do also the pleasant stream and the silent lake. Besides the pleasures of summer here spoken of, birds of song contribute also to render the summer time the more pleasing. Thus passes away the time of summer.

Following the summer season comes Autumn. This quarter is the decline of life, as spring is its birthday, and summer is its prime. In autumn the days and nights are equal, as they are in spring. In autumn nature begins to fade; the beauties of the vernal season lose many of their charms, leaves fall continually from the trees, the birds emigrate, insects disappear, and

flowers fade and fall. The time seems to be but a sorrowful one, not unlike what we ourselves experience in the decline of life, when we look back with regret upon the days that have forever passed away.

After the autumn quarter comes Winter, the fourth season of the year, a season that differs much from the rest, from its severity of weather and shortness of days. Frost and snow are now peculiar to the time of year, and nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of the country after a fall of snow, which, undisturbed by any wind, lodges itself upon the trees, hedges, spires, and other things, and vegetation ceases now to sleep until the return of spring, scarcely for any other purpose than to prosper with greater effect after the winter has passed away. But the present time of year is only for the general good, for the frosts mellow the land, purify the air, and render it both healthful and pleasant, besides killing many small, injurious creatures that might otherwise be hurtful to vegetation.

The division of day and night, yielding their opposite blessings, is also another instance of divine goodness, thus refreshing us with sleep by night, and invigorating our bodies for the progress of the day. How pleasing is the consideration of these things, the regular succession of seed-time and harvest, day and night, summer and winter! and how admirably is the regularity regularly displayed in the works of the Supreme Being!—*Liverpool Advertiser.*

A BACHELOR'S REVERIES.

The evening of Thursday, the 19th of February, 1829, was one of the most delightful I ever remember to have spent. I was alone; my heart beat lightly; my pulse was quickened by the exercise of the morning; my blood flowed freely through my veins, as meeting with no checks or impediments to its current, and my spirits were elated by a multitude of happy remembrances, and of brilliant hopes. My apartment looked delightfully comfortable, and what signified to me the inclemency of the weather without. The rain was pattering upon the sky light of the stair case; the sharp east wind was moaning angrily in the chimney; but as my eye glanced from the cheerful blaze of the fire to the ample folds of my closed window curtain—as the hearth rug yielded to the pressure of my foot, while bending time to my own music, I sung, in rather a loud tone than usual, my favourite air of "Judith of Flamberg"—the whistling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain, only served to enhance in my estimation the comforts of my home, and inspire a livelier sense of the good fortune which had delivered me from any evening engagements. It may be questioned whether there are any hours in this life, of such unmix'd enjoyment as the few, the very few, which a young bachelor is allowed to reserve from the pressing invitations of those dear friends who want another talking man at the dinner table, or from those many and wily-devised engagements which are woven round him by the hands of inevitable mothers, and preserve entirely to himself. Talk of the pleasure of repose! What repose can possibly be so sweet, as that which is enjoyed on a disengaged day during the laborious disipation of a Londoner's life? Talk of the delights of solitude! Spirit of Zimmerman! What a solitude is the imagination capable of conceiving to entirely delightful as that which a young unmarried man passes in his quiet lodging, with his easy chair and his dressing gown, his best book and his whiskey and water, his favourite poet and poem or a new novel, and the intervening despatch of a world of little neglected matters, which, from time to time, occur to recollection between the break of the day and the incidents of the night? I have tried men—may expatiate, if they will good polished sentences, on the delights of their friends, and the gay cheerfulness of their family circles, but I do not hesitate to affirm, that we, in our state of single blessedness, possess not only all the comforts of the married man, but more solid advantages than matrimony itself, than any of these solemn eulogists of their own happiness dare to pretend to derive from it. We have our dinners without the expense of them; we have their pleasures, without the fatigue of those entertainments; we have our domestic discussions which are inseparable from the preliminary arrangements; we share the gay and joyous summer of their homes, when they are illuminated for company, and escape the intervening winter of darkness and gloom; we are welcomed with all the pleasures of the glittering dinner service, and the wine, that is produced, on rare occasions, from recondit bins, and are most mercifully delivered from the infliction of the ordinary Wedgwood dishes, and the familiar port and sherry; we are presented to the lady who has never failed to radiate, and are made acquainted with the children when adorned with their smooth hair and shining faces, to their embroidered frocks and their genteel behaviour; and having participated in the sunny calm of the hillyon hours of the entertainment, we depart before the usual and transient delusion is dispersed, and leave the husband to contemplate the less brilliant changes of the lady's countenance and temper, and to maintain a single combat against the boisterous perquisites of her offspring. It is certainly a most desirable thing, that all those persons who are blessed with large houses and good cooks should marry; for I do not understand how they can otherwise hope to achieve any very good balls, or even any tolerable dinners. If houses are to be opened with respect, there must be a mistress; and it is therefore absolutely incumbent on all public spirited persons who have the real good of society at heart, to provide their establishments with so essential a member. But marriage is an act of generous self-devotion for the benefit of the circle among whom we move—a sacrifice of personal advantage, made to attain the power of being gracefully hospitable to our friends; for it is established beyond a doubt, that we single persons enjoy the cream and quintessence of matrimonial felicity, and that wives and husbands possess a painful monopoly of its results and its distractions—its anxieties and its restraints. Then again with regard to home. I don't believe that any individual in existence knows what a really comfortable home is—the quiet—the consideration—the uninterruptedness—the easy chair drawn parallel with the fire place—the undisturbed right of sitting with a foot on either side—the lamp arranged to suit the level of his own eye—the careless luxury resulting from an exclusive appropriation of all the conveniences of an apartment—no man can really enjoy his home, unless he be independent of the fetters of wedlock.

Such were the reflections that hastily passed along my mind, on the afternoon of Thursday, the 19th of February, 1829, as I sat with a volume of the *Tor Hill* in my hand, in the back drawing room of my lodgings in Conduit street. It was about 10 o'clock in the afternoon. My dinner was just removed. It had left me with that gay complacency of disposition, and irrepressible propensity to elucation, which result from a satisfied appetite and an undisturbed digestion. My sense of contentment became more and more vigorous and confirmed, as I cast my eye around my apartment, and contemplated my well filled book case, and the many articles of convenience with which I had contrived to accommodate my nest; till, at length, the emotions of satisfaction became too strong to be restrained within the bounds of silence, and announced themselves in the following soliloquy:—

"What capital coats these are! There's nothing in the world so cheering—as relieving—as a good, hot, blazing sea coal fire." I broke a large lump into fragments with the poker as I spoke. "It's all right here," I continued, "for travellers to harangue the ignorant on the beauty of foreign cities, on their buildings without dust, and their skies without a cloud; but for my own part, I like to see a dark, thick, heavy atmosphere hanging over a town. It forewarns the traveller of his approach to the habitations, the business, and the comforts of his civilized fellow creatures. It gives an air of grandeur, and importance, and mystery to the scene; it conciliates our respect; we know that there must be some fire where there is so much smother; while in those bright, shining, smokeless cities, whenever the sun shines upon them our eyes are put out by the glare of

their white walls; and when it does not shine—why, in the winter, there's no resource left for the man who shivering and hopeless resignation, with his wide, windy chimneys, and their damp, crackling, hissing, spitting, and hissing faggots." I confirmed my argument in favour of our metropolitan obscurity by another stroke of the poker against the large fragment of the broken coal, and then, letting fall my weapon, and turning my back to the fire, I exclaimed, "Certainly, there's no kind of furniture like books; nothing else can afford one an equal air of comfort and habitability. Such a resource too! A man never feels alone in a library. He lives surrounded by companions, who stand ever obedient to his call, coinciding with every caprice of temper, and harmonizing with every turn and disposition of the mind. Yes, I love my books; they are my friends, my counsellors, my companions. Yes, I have a real personal attachment, a very tender regard for my books."

I thrust my hands into the pockets of my dressing gown, which, by the by, is far the handsomest piece of brocade I have ever seen—a large toning pattern of gold holly hock, with silver stalks and leaves, on a rich deep Pompadour coloured ground—and walking slowly backwards and forwards in my room, I continued, "There never was, there never can be, considered as happy a fellow as myself! Why, you might have a wish for more!"—*Monthly Magazine.*

COMPARATIVE SALUBRITY OF THE SEVERAL COUNTIES OF ENGLAND.—The following observations, relating to the salubrity of different districts, were found and extracted from the Parliamentary Returns laid before a Committee of the House of Commons. The counties in which the mortality was above the average were—Middlesex, where it was 1 in 39; Kent, where it was 1 in 41; Warwickshire, where it was 1 in 42; Cambridgeshire, where it was 1 in 44; Essex, where it was also 1 in 44; Surrey, where it was 1 in 45; the East Riding of Yorkshire, where it was 1 in 47; Lancashire where it was 1 in 48. Of these eight counties, four are subject to agues; namely, Kent, Essex, Cambridgeshire, and the East Riding of Yorkshire, comprising all the counties of that description, except Lincolnshire, in which the mortality was below the average; for it was 1 in 45, the average being 1 in 55.7. The smaller degree of mortality in this last is, no doubt, owing to the great proportion which the dry and upland part of this county bears to the fenny districts. That there is a great difference in the mortality in these, is proved by their respective returns. The mortality in the town of Boston, for instance, which is situated in the fens, is 1 in 37; whereas that of Stamford, which is in the dry upland division, is 1 in 50. It may be asked, whence arises the greater mortality of the other four counties, of which the rate is above the average? With regard to Middlesex, it is not probable, however, that London has, of late years, been so unhealthy as the metropolis; such as the more temperate habits of life, and perhaps still more the unfavourable influence of the air of this great city, particularly on young children. It is worthy of remark, however, that the high rate of mortality in Warwickshire, at first sight, the most difficult to be accounted for, the air of this part of the kingdom being very salubrious. It is, no doubt, owing to the town of Birmingham being situated here, for it comprises two-fifths of the population of the county, and the average of the last ten years is 1 in 34. The mortality in this town is greater than in Manchester, Leeds, or Norwich. With regard to Lancashire, where the mortality is somewhat above the average, the number of large towns and extensive manufactures, affording a greater proportion of artisans to rural inhabitants than in any other county, except those in which the metropolis is situated, is certainly the cause of this; for the air is very salubrious, and the greater quantity and cheapness of fuel is extremely friendly to life, health, and comfort. It is, probably, owing to this advantage that the inhabitants of this county, particularly the females, have become noted for their well formed persons and comely countenances, forming a contrast with those of Buckinghamshire, where the air is so remarkably unwholesome and high-priced before the late extension of inland navigation, so that the labouring classes suffered peculiar hardships from this privation, and are of a stature so inferior, that the militia men are, by act of Parliament, deemed to be a lower standard than the rest of England. A progressive amelioration of health is deducible from these public documents with respect to the whole kingdom, and which, in all probability, we shall, on a future occasion, lay before our readers.—*Gazette of Health.*

SUMMER IN UPPER CANADA.—I may allude to a general feature in Canadian Summer scenery, which has often struck me: I mean the great portion of life it exhibits. The air is thick with insects, which keep up an incessant buzzing, and some of them (the mosquitoes, for example) sting so severely, as to make the blood trickle down the cheeks of the tormented traveller. The grass appears to be alive with different species of the general found in Scotland, a kind furnished with wings, which, when I first landed, took to be butterflies. They are a species of locusts. The damp and shady places are full of frogs, which keep up a partial chirping all day, and in the evening, make continued and beautiful, though monotonous music. Never was any term less appropriate than croaking as applied to the sound made by frogs. On the trees and fences various kinds of squirrels are scampering about, and now and then, if the road be not over public, a snake may be seen working its sinuous way across your path. In one respect, an European cannot help perceiving a striking deficiency. There are here no singing birds, at least none which in Britain would be reckoned such. In all the numerous forests of Canada, one cannot find a single linnet, thrush, bull-finch, goldfinch, or any other songster to supply their place. We have Robin-redbreasts, twice as large as those of Britain, but except in feathers, they have no resemblance. They do not sing in our woods in summer, nor crave our hospitality in winter, but hop silently about from spray to spray. We have blackbirds, which differ only from crows, in so far, that they are smaller. We have gray birds which sit in the grass and are called larks, but they do not sing. We have, however, several sorts of very beautiful birds. There are jays with splendid plumage. One species of them is called the cat-bird, from the resemblance which its cry has to the mewling of that animal.—*Letter in the Glasgow Journal, dated Montreal.*

THE MORNING AFTER A BATTLE.—Day dawned in due time, and a spectacle was presented to us of which no man, who has not looked upon the site of a lately fought battle, can form any conception. As far as the eye could reach, the open fields were strewn with broken arms, hats, caps, pouches, bayonets, balls, and pieces of clothing; whilst here lay a tum-

bril or ammunition waggon dismantled from its axletree, and there a gun, abandoned and upset, as if to hinder it from being removed. In every direction the grass was trodden down; long and deep tracks of wheels cut the meadow across and across; and, at frequent intervals, the very soil seemed scorched, as if quantities of gunpowder had been exploded upon it. Nor were there other and no less striking manifestations of yesterday's drama wanting. The dead lay around us in heaps; English and Americans, men and horses mingled indiscriminately together; and such had been the desperation of the contest, that, in some places, the foot of one foe-man touched the very head of another. But the most remarkable objects in this horrid panorama were several American marksmen, who hung lifeless among the branches of trees. These persons, who had mounted for the purpose of securing a good aim, and had done considerable execution, wounding, among others, an aid-de-camp of General Phillips whilst in the act of conversing with Burgoyne, soon drew towards themselves a full share of our rifle-men's attention. As they furnished admirable marks, and our men were not ignorant how to strike them, very few escaped; and there they still hung, having been caught by the boughs, among which they waved to and fro like the rocking cradles in use among the Indians.—*The Chelsea Pensioner, by the Author of the Subaltern.*

DUNNING.—Of all the perplexities of the mind which poor degenerate man falls heir to, dunning has no parallel. I have braved danger in front of a foreign enemy, marched before the mouths of their cannon, faced the bayonets of Lord Wellington's Invincibles, and once stood in the presence of a Dutch scold when she was "in her ways,"—all this I have done and suffered with composure and I less dread than encountering a dun; and the whole put together was not half so appalling as to meet with a hard favoured, pickled kind of a creditor, his hands thrust into his pantalon pockets, and, looking straight at me, ask me for what I owe him without having a silver about me. I have said that I could face any kind of danger rather than a dun. I can, in like manner, bear any thing better than to be dunned; fevers, gout, rheumatism, headache, thirst, and cholic are all trifles to it. There is a sort of electric shuddering at the sight of one that cardles the very blood in my veins, or rather drives it out. It throws me into a damp sweat, and then a sudden heat comes over me, as though I was scorched by a burning fever. There is more pleasure in jumping out of a warm bed on a bitter cold morning in winter, thermometer at 30 degrees below zero, your moist fingers sticking fast to the door latch, and the poker clinging to the palm of your hand, and before you can get warm are compelled to make a fire from dying embers, with green birchwood covered with snow, than encountering a dun. Of all vexations, except a scolding wife, to be dunned caps the climax; it is a never forgotten plague. If there is one on earth who constitutionally hates a dun, 'tis I.—*American paper.*

POPULATION OF CUBA.—No very recent census of the population of Cuba has been taken, but it is estimated to be about 800,000, of which the whites are supposed to be as four to five, or nearly 335,000 whites and 444,000 blacks. The population of the island bears no proportion to its physical capabilities, although it is supposed to have doubled in the last fifteen years. The mass of the white population is Spanish, but there are many French people, particularly in and about Havana. The Americans are next in number among foreigners, and some suppose them more numerous than the French. There are some Scotch, Germans, Dutch, and Italians. The free black population is estimated to exceed 100,000. The Spanish laws favor emancipation, and it is said that if the slave can present his master with his cost, he cannot retain him, however unwilling to lose his services. They frequently procure the amount paid for them, by raising a hog to a large size, which they are to do with the corn of their own growing. They then sell the hog and buy themselves with the same money. Others purchase their freedom in other ways. Some of them save money and buy it. Dr. Abbot mentions, as a very recent occurrence, the funeral of a black woman who had purchased her freedom, and was buried in splendid style, leaving \$100,000 collected by her industry.—*B. H. Aurora.*

TANNERS EXEMPT FROM CONSUMPTION.—"Your tanner will last for nine years," exclaims the grave digger in Hamlet; and if we are to trust to the following theory reported in the *Lancet*, his occupation is as favorable to the body of the tanner before as after death. At a meeting of the Westminster Medical Society, held on the 14th ult. Dr. Dodd read a paper on the exemption of tanners from phthisis pulmonalis, and the efficacy of the aroma of oak bark, in the cure of that complaint. The following circumstance had first drawn his attention to the subject: He had a patient, a weaver, twenty-five years of age, who was suffering under all the symptoms of phthisis pulmonalis; symptoms which were so marked that he only thought of mitigating them, not curing the complaint. He treated him accordingly; but at the end of three weeks the man suddenly quitted his residence, and went he knew not where. Twelve months after, he met with him again, and then found he had become a tanner, because as the man said, "tanners were never afflicted with consumption." To the truth of this, the man's appearance bore considerable testimony, for instead of a consumptive patient he was then a strong, stout, healthy man. This case produced a considerable impression on his professional brethren.

MILD MODE OF LECTURING COOKS.—I once heard, says the facetious Dr. Kitchener, in his *Housekeeper's Oracle*, the following dialogue between a master and his cook.—My friend was fond of having his breakfast in his mouth as soon as possible after he was out of his bed-room, and this usually happened at eight in the morning. The cook was ordered to have the water boiling about half-past seven. Rising at that hour, and having suffered several disappointments at not finding it ready, he called for the cook, and asked her if they were any of the arrangements of his house which were unpleasant to her. "No, sir; I am very comfortable, I thank you." "Then," said the master, "I hope you will be so good as to make me very comfortable, and not let me have to wait for my breakfast." I was delighted with the mildness of this mode of reproof, and pleased to hear, some months after, that it was an infallible cure for the evil it was intended to remove.

A QUANDARY.—Early this morning a well dressed young man was seen reeling in Broadway, under the effect probably of a night's debauch. At a little distance he was taken for a negro; but on a nearer approach, it was evident that his shining black complexion was only the effect of a beautiful coat of oil-paint, which some friend had laid on, perhaps as a preventive against the evening air. The fellow had plenty of business; for he was evidently desirous of wiping off the paint, and also of keeping on his feet; but to effect the latter, the balancing power of both hands were necessary. We would suggest the expediency of painting all drunkards black—as it would save them the mortification of carrying about a red face, and add much to the respectability of the white population.—*N. Y. Jour. of Commerce.*

NEW METHOD OF MAKING GOOSEBERRY AND CURRANT WINE.—The following method of making superior gooseberry and currant wines is recommended in a French work (*Bibli-Physico-Econom*) For currant wine, 8lbs. of honey are dissolved in fifteen gallons of boiling water, to which, when clarified, is added the juice of 8lbs. of red or white currants. It is then fermented for twenty-four hours, and 2lbs. of sugar to every two gallons of water are added. The preparation is afterwards clarified with the whites of eggs and cream of tartar. For gooseberry wine, the fruit is gathered dry when about half ripe, and then pounded in a mortar. The juice, when properly strained through a canvas bag, is mixed with sugar, in the proportion of 3lbs. to every two gallons of juice. It is then left in a quiet state for fifteen days, at the expiration of which it is carefully poured off, and left to ferment for three months, when the quantity is under fifteen gallons, and for five months when double that quantity. It is then bottled, and soon becomes fit for drinking.

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.—Colonel Emmerick, a sportsman and a soldier, being pursued by a party of light horse, when going with despatches from his commander-in-chief, the late Duke of Brunswick, rather than surrender, leaped a precipice, with his horse of 36 feet fall, without receiving any injury, and continued his route. In commemoration of this bold and gallant daring, his statue, on his steed, was erected on the spot, at Bruckel, in Germany, a monument of his zeal and intrepidity.—*Annals of Sporting.*

SCARCITY OF HUSBANDS!—At Mountain petty sessions, a smart, lively damsel came forward to bear witness in a case of rioting, but, when the book was put to her, she declined to swear, in regard to her being in a certain condition. "Are you married, my girl?" said one in authority. "Yes, please your worship." "And who is your husband?" "Tom Bergin, sir." "So I thought; and I shall endeavor to have that gentleman sent over the water for polygamy. He is married to half a dozen other women besides!" "Oh, yes," said the lady, smiling, "they say he has enough of us." "What is more extraordinary," said the magistrate, "I hear that you were aware of the fact before the knot was tied. How could you be such a fool?" "Why then, indeed," said she, with a simper, "it is not so easy to get a man at all, sir!"

CHEAP ANTIDOTE.—There is not a house in the Kingdom that does not contain a certain remedy for poisoning, if instantly administered. It is nothing more than two tea-spoonful of made mustard mixed in warm water. It acts as an instantaneous emetic. Making this simple antidote known may be the means of saving many a fellow-creature from an untimely death.—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

Some idea may be formed of the industry and patience of our city maidens in curling their hair all over the head, a style which prevails to some extent, from the following fact:—A young lady, while doing up her hair before retiring to rest, read twenty-one pages of a fashionable novel!—*Boston paper.*

A farmer in comfortable circumstances, named Ryan, died at his residence, in Ulla, county of Limerick, about 4 years ago. Ten days since, a faithful dog, after sojourning upwards of seventeen years in the family, became ill, and though scarcely able to walk, was seen to approach the grave of his late master, (at some distance from the family residence,) on which he extended himself and died! This affords a very strong proof of animal sagacity, and may be regarded as one of the numerous instances of a similar nature which come under our observation daily.—*Irish paper.*

A physician to a public hospital having prescribed a warm bath for a black man, his facetious pupil wrote down the prescription, "Infusion of Quassia."

M. J. Richardson