The Weekly Observer.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

Office in Hatfield's Brick Building, Market-square. | SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1829. | Vol. II. No. 23.

THE GARLAND.

THE WELCOME TO DEATH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Shall I abide
In this dull world?
Immortal longings in me.
ANTONY & CLEOPATRA.

Thou art welcome, O thou warning voice,
My soul has pined for thee!
Thou art welcome as sweet sounds from shore,
To wanderers on the sea.
I hear thee in the rustling woods,
In the sighing vernal airs!
Thou call'st me from the lonely earth
With a deeper tone than theirs.

The lonely earth! since kindred steps
From its green path are fled.
A dimness and a hush have fall'n
O'er all its beauty spread.
The silence of the unanswering soul
Is on me and around:
My heart hath echoes but for thee,
Thou still small warning sound!

Voice after voice hath died away,
Once in my dwelling heard;
Sweet household name by name hath chang'd
To grief's forbidden word!
From dreams of night on each I call,
Each of the far removed;
And waken to my own wild cry,
'Where are ye, my beloved?'

Yes! dead to me! and earth's flowers grow filled
With records of the past,
And stars poured down another light
Than o'er my youth they cast;
The sky-lark sings not as he sung
When ye were by my side,
And mournful tones are in the wind,
Unheard before ye died.

Thou art welcome, O thou summoner!
Why should the last remain?
What heart can reach my heart of hearts,
Bearing in light again?
Even could this be—too much of fear
O'er love would now be thrown—
Away, away! from time, from change,
To dwell amidst my own!

THE SPIRIT'S LAND.

BY SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

'The Spirit's Land!—where is that land
Of which our fathers tell?
On whose mysterious, viewless strand
Earth's sacred millions dwell!
Beyond the bright and starry sphere,
Creation's flaming space remote;
Beyond the measureless career
The phantom flight of thought.

'There, fadeless flowers their blossoms wave
Beneath a cloudless sky;
And there the latest lingering tear
Is wiped from every eye;
And souls beneath the tree of life
Repose upon that blessed shore,
Where pain, and toil, and storm, and strife,
Shall never reach them more.

'And yet, methinks, a chastened wo
E'en there may prompt the sigh—
Sweet sorrows we would not forego
For calm unmingled joy;
When strains from angel-harps may stray
On heavenly airs of mortal birth,
That we have heard far, far away,
Amid the bowers of earth.

'Ah! then perchance, their saddening spell
That from oblivion saves,
May wander, like a lorn farewell,
From this dim land of graves;
And, like the vision of a dream,
Shed on the disembodied mind
Of mortal life a dying gleam,
And loved ones left behind.'

Friendship's Offering.

THE MISCELLANIST.

From the Edinburgh Weekly Journal.

GUIDE-BOOKS—THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.

There are certain books of which it is a most difficult thing to write a readable review: for example, what could any unhappy critic find to say about a publication which contained nothing but tables of the value of the various coins in circulation throughout the Continent? Guide-books are about as interesting to the general reader, and offer to the reviewer, one would think, a subject as little inviting, as a book of arithmetical calculations. They may be as accurate as they will; but however useful they may be, we had thought it altogether impossible to make any review of them entertaining. It is possible, however, though we never believed it so, till a clever contemporary came forth lately, with nearly three royal octavo pages—really very pleasant ones—recommendatory, not of one guide-book, but of a long list of them. The contemporary by whom this remarkable feat—for we consider it such—has been performed, is the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. As a specimen of the style in which it is accomplished, we select the following:—

"Perhaps you may wish to visit Switzerland? Your soul may long with a deep longing for the Alps, the Simplon, and the Glaciers,—for one intense gaze on the Rhine, Geneva, and Lucerne,—one glorious ramble through Clarens and Lausanne. Then take with you Wall's new edition of Ebel's Guide through Switzerland, and you may safely plunge away into the abysses of the Julian, Noric, Carnic, Rhetian, and Helvetic Alps. If you are lost in the Canton of Zug, or frozen to death, on the 22d of July, on St. Gothard, or get yourself jammed in, as we once did for three hours, in the entrance to the Grotto of Balme, or slip through a cleft of the Glaciers, or tumble over the Devil's Bridge,—it must be your own fault. Besides, your death will be a picturesque one, and ten to one whether you will ever be missed. The number of tourists who are swallowed up by avalanches, or who fall over icy precipices, every year in Switzerland is immense; and, on the whole, it is an easy and desirable mode of death. Look at that pic-nic party, for example,—consisting of one or two chatty elderly ladies, with their well-fed, good-natured-looking husbands—old baronets perhaps, and shareholders in a respectable banking establishment in London, fat and comfortable,—their daughters, and their daughters' friends, their sons, and their sons' friends,—the young ladies all very gay in white satin bonnets, pelerines, and parasols,—and the young gentlemen exceedingly smart, each in a fashionable summer costume;—well, this pic-nic party, having selected a delightful spot to spread their table-cloth in the valley of Grindelwald, and having produced their cold fowls and their Johannisberg, are quite enraptured with the surrounding scene, and prodigiously hungry, and all very witty; and Master Augustus Fitzbubble is in the very act of pulling a merry thought with Miss Celestina Amelia Tims, when a queer sort of noise is heard above on the Shreckhorn. Every body looks up; but just as they look up, down comes an avalanche, or a bit of a glacier! and in one moment the chatty elderly ladies are no more, and the worthy baronets, rather inclining to be round-bellied, are as flat as pancakes, and not a whit liker baronets than they are like beer-barrels,—and the young ladies in the white satin bonnets, and the young gentlemen, each in a fashionable summer costume, are all as completely dead, and as thoroughly ground to powder, as if they had lain in the earth a hundred years,—and Master Augustus Fitzbubble and Miss Celestina Amelia Tims are, in every human probability, still grasping the chickens merry thought, twenty fathoms down under the mountainous mass of ice; and of all the pic-nic party, nothing now is visible but a single blue plate, containing a small piece of cold ranche, which, by some unaccountable mystery, has escaped untouched. Yet there is the Shreckhorn, and the Wetterhorn, and the Mettenberg, still lifting calmly their sunny peaks far into the blue sky, and looking perfectly innocent and unconscious of the catastrophe which has taken place. And why should they not? Is it not as well that our pic-nic party has died in the valley of the Grindelwald, as of a set of painful and lingering diseases in their respective beds? On the whole, we envy the state of Master Augustus Fitzbubble. It was, at all events, preferable to that of a young and ambitious poet, who had already distinguished himself in many a lady's Album, and who as he walked along the *Jungfrau*, was in the very act of composing something delightful, when he stepped over a precipice and had just time to wonder what he had done with himself, before he was dashed into fragments, like the wave of a descending cataract. The consequence was, that he never wrote another line in a lady's Album.

"Perhaps you may wish to visit Italy? By all means! Off with you instantly! Take Vasi's Pictures of the principal cities with you; but, for heaven's sake, do not go to Italy simply to see sights,—to go through all the hackneyed routine of wonder and admiration, and, like the Sybarite who was smothered in roses, to kill yourself with the fatigue of pleasurable emotions,—afterwards to be dragged an inanimate corpse at the tail of a parsonified cicerone. Enter Italy with your own well-stored mind, your own free thoughts, your guide-book, and your map. The most glorious land in all the world lies before you, bending like a fruit-tree in autumn, under a load of golden associations, which you may shake at will into your own lap, and of which you can never diminish the number, for, 'uno avulso, non deficit alter.' Neither tie yourself down to any slavish system, nor make it a rule to be delighted because others are delighted. The great mob of persons who visit Italy have about as much soul as their portmanteaus. Their impudence in going thither, where they have no more right to be than in the Garden of the Hesperides, is rank and glaring. There are scenes which lose some of their hallowing influence when we know that stock-brokers and common-council men have cast their evil eyes upon them. To travel worthily through Italy is no slight task, and implies a mind of no mean intellectual powers and attainments. All animals who affect to aspirate to words beginning with a vowel, *should be whipped out of it*, and hung in chains on the frontiers, *in terrorem*. All animals who affect to admire what they do not understand, who know nothing of the ancient Roman tongue, who take no interest in the fine arts, to whom poetry is a dead letter, and music an annoyance, who think all rivers very much alike, and the Appian Way greatly inferior to Fleet Street, should be treated after a similar fashion, with this difference, that their bodies should be given for dissection, to prevent the anatomical lecturers from complaining any longer of a dearth of subjects.

"Perhaps, being a Scotchman, you may wish to visit England? It is a mighty proper wish, and cannot be too speedily gratified. The indefatigable Samuel Leigh will supply you with an admirable pocket-road-book; or, what do you think of the eighteenth edition of Patterson's Roads, one of the very best itineraries in any language? With regard to your route, if you ask our private and confidential opinion as a friend, we seriously advise you to limit yourself this season to Westmoreland. There you will find yourself in the midst of enchantment and variety enough to last you for months. If you start from Edinburgh, one day takes you to either Penrith or Kendal, and from either of these places, the Lakes and all their beautiful scenery are at your command. Suppose you set out from Penrith;—you cross the country that is rich and fertile, the country it is to Ullswater; you sail up Ullswater, (about nine miles,) and, when you come in sight of Patterdale, and the mountains in the head, with the long glens running up between them, in several instances wild and profound, and in others soft and green, and full of trees and cottages, if you are not smitten with deep delight, not unmingled with a touch of awe, you may as well come back to Edinburgh with all expedition, drink thirteen bottles of port at a sitting, and be found dead in your bed next morning. Hark! there is thunder among the mountains; how splendidly the echoes prolong the peal! Is it not noble thus to stand on the summit of Dunmallet, among the ruins of what was once a Roman station and see the storm sailing by? From Patterdale you proceed by Brotherswater, and passing through the fine mountainous Pass of Kirkstone, you descend on Windermere, the glory of the English lakes! Fix your head-quarters at one of its three villages—Ambleside, Lowood, or Bowness—for our own part, we should prefer Bowness—and thence make excursions to Rydal and Grassmere, where Wordsworth lives,—up Troutbeck,—away south to Furness Abbey, one of the most interesting old abbeys in England, and rendered now more interesting than ever by Professor Wilson's fine poem concerning it in Blackwood's Magazine for this month,—away north by Esthwaite and Hawkeshead (the village with the white church tower) to Coniston Water, thence through Yewdale into Tilberthwaite and Little Langdale, and bless your stars that ever you were born,—and so back to Windermere. Then, after a sojourn of many days, and after all the islands, and headlands, and bays, of that delightful lake are familiar to you, you may proceed to Keswick, and feast your hot yet satiated eyes with Derwent Water, Skiddaw, the Borrowdale rocks, Lowdore, and soon in Bassenthwaite Water and Buttermere. From such scenery as this you will carry away with you thoughts and recollections that will enrich your future life, but never dream of describing it. It has cast its shadow into the mirror of your soul; but hope not with the breath of words to produce an effect similar to that which the great handiwork of nature can alone accomplish.

"Perhaps you may wish to visit, not having visited before, or, having often visited before, to visit again, the beauties and the wonders of your native Scotland? There cannot be a more virtuous desire; and, turn thee where thou wilt, Scotland is ready for thee! She is ready for thee from her Tweed to her Spey;—she is ready for thee with all her lochs, her mountains, and her glens!—her cities, her islands, and her waterfalls,—her rocks, her friths, and forests,—she is ready for thee with her warm hearts, her bright eyes, and her noble deeds;—she is ready for thee with her flood of ancient song, her stately castles, and her gray time-honoured tombs! Do you ask us for a guide-book?—the best is, your own heart; and the next best is the Scottish Tourist and Itinerary, published by Messrs. Sterling and Kenney of Edinburgh, with its highly judicious letter-press, excellent maps, and very prettily executed views. Nor do we say this to the slightest disparagement of the Traveller's Guide through Scotland, nor of the Pleasure Tours in Scotland—both excellent works, which have been given to the public under the auspices of Mr. John Thomson of Edinburgh—nor of our old friend Samuel Leigh's Pocket Road Book of Scotland, for the accuracy and utility of which we can vouch.

"But the longest summer will come to an end at last, and, as the French song says—'Nous revenons toujours aux nos premiers amours,'—which means, that ere many weeks elapse, thousands of strugglers will return once more to 'Auld Reekie.' Nor will they return unwillingly, for 'Auld Reekie' is the queen of cities; and when the face of the skies is changed, and the November winds begin to blow, and the woods and fields are bare, and the mountains belted with mists; and when the Parliament House meets for the long session, and Alma Mater collects together her student like a hen collecting her chickens, and the Theatre opens, and concerts commence, and evening parties look brilliant, then do we know the value of our romantic town, and all its jewel-coal and gas-light comforts. Then also may be perused, with delight, the fifth edition of Stark's Picture of Edinburgh, which, with its new set of beautiful and spirited engravings on steel by those very clever artists, the Messrs. Johnstone, and its excellent letter-press, very carefully and skilfully compiled, is altogether one of the most elegant and meritorious works of the kind with which we are acquainted."

A TURKISH NOBLEMAN.—"The most striking qualities of the Moslem are his profound ignorance, his insuperable arrogance, his habitual indolence, and the perfidy which directs his policy in the Divan, and regulates his ferocity in the field. The defects in his character are those of the nation: they are the growth of sudden greatness—the intoxication of prosperity enjoyed without reason or restraint. Before conquest and plunder had exalted the nation on the ruin of other realms, the Turk was brave in the field, faithful to his friend and generous to his foe. It was then unusual to commend the cup of poison with a smile, and to beckon the murderer with the oath of friendship on his lips; but treachery is now no accomplishment in Turkey; and I have seen so much of it for some time past, that if my soul were not in some sort attuned to horrors, I should wish myself in Christendom, with no other excitement than the simple murders of a Sunday newspaper.

"The Grandee however, relaxes from the fastness of dignity pretty often; he perambulates with an amber rosy dangling from his wrist; he looks neither to the right or to the left; the corpse of a *Raiah* attracts not his attention; the head of a slaughtered Greek he passes by unnoticed; he causes the trembling Jew to retire at his approach; he only shuffles unwary *Frank* who goes along. It is too troublesome to kick him; he reaches the coffee-house before noon, an abject Christian *salaams* him to the earth, spreads the newest mat for the *Effendi*, presents the richest sun and cringes by his side to kiss the hem of his garment, or at least his hand. The coffee performs its wonted good: the *Effendi* warms—the poor Armenian trembles; he smokes by his father's beard to make the very best, in all probability he gets the cup at his hand, and a score of malledictions, not on himself, but on his mother. A friend of the *Effendi* enters, and after ten minutes repose they salute, and exchange *salaams*. A most interesting conversation is carried on, *by* monosyllables, at half hour intervals. The Grandee exhibits an English penknife; his friend examines it, back and blade, smokes another pipe, and exclaims 'God is great!'

"Pistols are next produced, their value is an eternal theme, and no other discussion takes place till a grave old Priest begins to expatiate on the temper of his sword. A grave old *Ulema*, a theologian and a lawyer (for here chicanery and religion go hand in hand,) at length talks of astronomy and politics, how the sun shines in the east and in the west, and every where he shines, how he beams on a land of Mussulmans; how all the Christians of Europe pay tribute to the Sultan; and how the sinons of England are a greater people than the infidels of France, because they make better penknives and finer pipes; how the Dey of Algiers made a prisoner of the English Admiral in the late engagement; and after destroying his fleet, consented to release him, on condition of paying an annual tribute; and how the Christian Ambassadors came, like dogs, to the footstool of the Sultan, to feed on his imperial bounty. After this edifying piece of history, the Effendi takes his leave, with the pious ejaculation of '*Mashallah!* how wonderful is God!' the waiter hows him out, overpowered with gratitude for the third part of an English farthing, and the proud Effendi returns to his harem, and walks with becoming dignity along, perhaps, merry-andrew, playing all buffoonseries, catches his eye—he looks, but his spirit smiles alone—neither do his lips; his gravity is invincible, and he waddles onward, like a porpoise cast on shore: it is evident that nature intended him not for a pedestrian animal, and that he looks with contempt on his locomotive organs. This, my Lord, though apparently a ridiculous portrait, is not surcharged, and is, indeed, rather a general picture than an individual sketch."—*Madden's Turkey.*

MATERNAL AFFECTION.—*A Mother and her Children in the Plague.*—In the village of Caregg, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another—first the young and then the old, of a whole family dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a labourer, and mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumour appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighbouring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determined not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh, and went away. But the biggest, hearing the door shut went to the window, and seeing her running in that manner, cried out, "Good bye, mother," in a voice so tender that she involuntarily stopped.—"Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching its little head out of the window; and thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on; at length the latter conquered—and amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of these fears—she reached the house of those who were to bury her; she recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more. "But," added Barbara, "nothing can equal the heart of a mother. You remember that sublime speech of a poor woman on hearing her parish priest relate the history of Abraham: 'Oh God certainly would not have required such a sacrifice of a mother.'"—*La Monnen di Monza.*

MISERIES ATTENDANT ON A DISREGARD OF TRUTH.—There would be no end to the appalling and heart-rending scenes, which the general violation of truth would bring on the stage of common life. Suffice it to say, that when Truth left the earth she would not leave it alone. Justice and honesty, her first born, would forsake it too. The kindly feelings of our nature would wither and droop. The broad face of this beautiful earth would be converted into one vast arena, where men, with passions more inflamed than those of the hunted lion, would prowl and prey upon each other without mercy, and without end. The populous city would become a desert place. Man would flee from the likeness of his own form. His abode would be as vacant as the hermit's cell, and as still as the dwellings of the dead. The quick step would no more be heard on the pavement; the busy hum would be hushed; the voice of gladness be no longer heard; and deserted, desponding man, a stranger in his native place, and exile in his own land, would weed his lonely way among forsaken tenements and dilapidated walls, and weep in vain over the ruins of virtue and truth.—*Young's Discourse.*

GREATEST ELEVATION OF THE APPENINES.—Nearly in the centre of the continuous chain which extends from the Col di Tenda to the Capo dell Armi, ulterior Calabria is arrested by the noble summit of Mount Corno, which commonly bears the opposite cognomen of the "Gran Sasso d'Italia." Immense masses of calcareous substance, stratified and intersected with beds of pyramidal quartz, form the component matter of this mountain, as well as of its compeers, the Velino, Sibylla, and Majella. The lowest strata of carbonated chalk have a horizontal inclination of about forty-five degrees; these are succeeded by strata running parallel with the horizon, and above the latter are verticle layers, which take a gently horizontal direction when they approach their greatest elevation and thus form a moderately inclined plane at the summit. From this point, on a fine clear day, the spectator enjoys a magnificent view of the Mediterranean on the one hand, and of the Adriatic on the other as far as the last ripple which curls along the shore of Dalmatia. Rennes gave this summit an elevation of 8791 English feet above the level of the sea; Professor Schow, of 9585; and Deville, of 10,191. The disparity in these admeasurements is accounted for, as regards the former, from the circumstances that he did not visit the Sasso personally, not contemplate it otherwise than from a considerable distance.—The estimates of the latter approximate nearest to one which has been taken by Orsini after four years successive observations, and gives to this "great rock of Italy" an elevation of 10,119 feet.—*London Literary Gazette.*

SHIPS.—Ships of large dimensions have been constructed in all ages. Some of the war galleys of the ancients are represented as being hardly inferior in dimensions to first rate line of battle ships of the present day. The largest masses of timber that ever navigated the ocean, were, however, these constructed by Mr. Wood, of Port Glasgow, on the isle of Orleans, in the gulph of St Lawrence. The first of these, the Columbus was three hundred feet long on the deck, fifty feet seven inches broad midships, and twenty nine feet and a half deep in one hold. She was flat bottomed and wall sided, or had the sides near perpindicular, and the stern post with little or no inclination. The admeasured register of the Columbus was about three thousand six hundred and ninety tons; and her actual tonnage not much less than five thousand. She had four masts, the largest of which, however, was hardly equal to that of a seventy-four. She came to England with a cargo of timber in 1825, and arrived safely in the Thames; but went to pieces on her voyage outwards, owing, as it is generally believed, to the pilot committing some error, or not being accustomed to conduct a mass so enormous through the hazards of the narrow seas. The fate of the Columbus, and that of the Baron of Renfrew, a vessel of equal, if not of larger dimensions, seems to have established the fact, that notwithstanding the greatest attention to strength in their construction, there is a limit in size beyond which, if vessels are attempted to be carried, they are neither profitable nor safe.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

A FRENCH JURY.—A curious occurrence took place last month at the Assizes of the Seine. A man of the name of Bloche was put upon trial, on the charges of coining an uttering base money; and the evidence of his guilt was most complete. The Jury, after an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict negative upon the first charge, but affirmative upon the latter. Sentence of death was then to be pronounced. A sensation of grief pervaded the whole court. The verdict was handed to the presiding Judge, for his signature, when he perceived that it was not subscribed by the foreman of the Jury. The Jury, having been closeted anew, resumed their deliberations, and in a few minutes returned with a verdict of *Not Guilty* on *both* charges. This determination of the Jury, says a French paper, proceeded not from any want of evidence of the culprit's guilt, but solely from their reluctance to subject him to capital punishment for such a crime. Nothing shows the impolicy of the existing laws against forgery, coining, &c. more strongly than a case such as the present, where, on account of the extreme severity of the law itself, the culprit escapes without any punishment whatever. The same paper adds, that a provincial Journal, under prosecution for recommending to a Jury a similar use of their power, may in the above case find new materials for its defence!—*Lon. paper.*

It is easier to induce people to follow than to set an example—however good it may be for themselves and others, most men have a silly squeamishness about proposing an adjournment from the dinner table. The host, fearing that his guest may take it for a token that he loves his wine better than his friends, is obliged to feign an unwillingness to leave the bottle, and, as Sponge says—"In good truth, 'tis impossible, nay, I say it is impudent, to contradict any gentleman at his own table; the president is always the wisest man in the party."

"Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says:
Sleep very much, think little, and talk less:
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong,
But eat your pudding, fool, and hold your tongue.
MAT. PRIOR.

Therefore his friends, unless a special commission be given to them for that purpose, feel unwilling to break the gay circle of conviviality, and are individually shy of asking for what almost every one wishes.—*Dr. Kitchiner.*

A DISCOVERY.—Within these few weeks, a farmer residing in this vicinity, has discovered a simple, but as we are informed, an efficacious plan of improving potatoes.—The agriculturist keeps an ass for the lighter jobs of cartage, and one day, when other food was not just at hand, a servant was ordered to cut a quantity of the green shaws from a particular drill, and at the same time, the farmer added that the operation could do little injury, as he intended to dig the potatoes next day for the use of the house. The order was promptly obeyed, and Martin swallowed the shaws with the gusto of an epicure! Though the field lay low, the farmer was astonished next day at finding the soil on both sides of the drill, where the roots had been denuded of the shaws, much wetter than the others, and, on a close inspection, he discovered that the extra moisture had oozed out of the shaws that remained on the ground. The potatoes that had been previously raised had been so wet, soft, and unsavoury, that they were unfit for the market, but it appeared that hewing away the tonage, had had the effect of draining off the extra moisture, and rendered them as dry, mealy and nutritious, as the most enthusiastic admirer of murphies could desire. The experiment, we hear, has been since almost daily repeated, uniformly with the same success, and if it be not already done, the farmer has it in contemplation to send a full detail of the discovery to Sir John Sinclair.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.—Died, at Comber, on the 13th September, Mr. John M'Quillen, aged 78 years; a lineal descendant of the once great but unfortunate Rurey Og M'Quillen of Dunluce Castle. He was 35 years Postmaster of Comber. He was possessed of a strong memory, and had made chronology his favorite study. He could trace his family from their departure from Babylon 3,000 years ago, from whence they came to Scotland, and, being called Chaldeans, gave origin to the corruption of the word Caledonians, from whence they removed to Ireland, and settled in Dunluce! His manners and appearance were strictly those of the original Irish. He was never married, and had a strong objection to matrimony.—*Irish paper.*

THE ART OF FLYING.—M. Chabrier, of Paris, has written "Memoir upon the means of Travelling in the Air and of support therein." He says, the object can be accomplished by means of light and solid wings, so adapted to the body, as to be worked securely and easily. These wings are to be filled with gas, proportioned to the weight of the flyer; the gas to be contained in an envelope of gummed silk, placed on a light frame. The wings necessary to elevate a man must raise three-fourths and a half of his weight. The wings joined and extended horizontally, form a heart. They are joined together by several transversal pieces, secured by hooks, round which the wings have an operating motion. The indispensable support to the flyer must be in the form of a *balancoire* (balance-pole), furnished with two stages, or boards, united underneath by net work, and appended to the wings. The feet rest upon the transversal part, and they are fixed in such a way, that the support must go up when they ascend in the air, and will never abandon them. It contributes also to propel the wings forward. The traveller must be sustained by the centre of the body, in order that he may incline forward without difficulty, as in the operation of swimming.—*London paper.*

THE FIRE KING.—Our readers have heard of Mons. Chabert, who jumps into hot ovens, cooks beef-steaks therein, and drinks boiling hot lead. He has astonished the Londoners for some time past. They have swallowed the humbug if he has not swallowed the lead. This fiery genius lately applied for the benefit of the act. In the course of his examination the following dialogue took place:

Counsel: Did you get into a hot oven?—Chabert: Oh! no; it was only half hot [laughter]

Counsel: Do you drink boiling hot lead?—Chabert: No; I only put it to my lips!

Counsel: Do you not profess to drink Prussic acid?—Chabert: Yes; I professed it—that's all [loud laughter]

He stated that he had no property, except a wife and child—the law allowing him to retain such articles of personal property, he was discharged, and his creditors were permitted to whistle for their money.—*London Courier.*

A bon mot from Botany Bay may be considered a novelty, and we extract the following:—An edition of Bailey's Dictionary, having been, some time since, put up at an auction, the Vendue master observed that it was a *new Bailey*. 'I am glad of that with all my heart,' replied a bidder, 'for most of us have had enough of the *Old Bailey*.'"

Lord John Townsend, whose good humour was proverbial, was dining one day at a friend's where, among other servants, the coachman waited at the table. In handing a sauce tureen, honest John unluckily spilt part of its contents over his lordship's clothes, who, instead of showing any displeasure, jocosely said, "John, you should take care never to grease any thing but your wheels."

Sir A. Cooper, in his "Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Surgery," says "If patients come to you for advice, they place themselves under your care and confide in your skill; therefore, it is the duty of every surgeon to adopt the most certain and effectual means for their relief. If you wish to see the effect of any new project, or try any experiment, this is all well, but *you should try them on yourselves.*