The Weekly Observer.

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ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1834.

Vol. VII. No. 26.

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

PUBLISHED ON TUESDAYS, BY

DONALD A. CAMERON.

OFFICE—In Mr. HATFIELD'S brick building, west side of the Market-Square, St. John, N. B.

TERMS—City Subscribers ... ... 15s. per annum; Country do. (by mail) ... 17s. 6d. ditto; Country do. (not by mail) 15s. ditto; *(half to be paid in advance.)*

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

Weekly Almanack.

JANUARY—1835.		Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
31	WEDNESDAY - -	7 38	4 22	5 55 ev.	8
1	THURSDAY - -	7 38	4 22	7 12	0 53
2	FRIDAY - -	7 38	4 22	8 18	1 54
3	SATURDAY - -	7 37	4 23	9 22	2 17
4	SUNDAY - -	7 37	4 23	10 25	3 0
5	MONDAY - -	7 36	4 24	11 28	3 41
6	TUESDAY - -	7 35	4 25	morn.	4 26

First Quarter 6th day, 4h. 56m. 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 December :

JAMES HENDRICKS, JOHN KINNEAR, WILLIAM JARVIS.

☞ 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.

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.

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*

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.

Per sch'r SARAH, from Halifax :

12 HHDS. and 5 brls. best Brown SUGAR,
25 boxes fresh Muscatel RAISINS,
15 half-boxes and 25 qr.-boxes ditto ditto,
1 bale paper-shell ALMONDS,
10 cases Marseilles Madeira WINE,
20 ditto Muscat; 6 ditto Claret,
4 ditto Claret—*Vin de Bourdeaux*,
5 ditto Sauterne; 5 ditto Grave,
2 hampers Champagne,
10 half-chests Salad OIL; 5 baskets ditto,
3 boxes Olives; 5 ditto Capers,
5 ditto Anchovies; 5 ditto Brandy Fruit,
5 ditto Vinegar Pickles; 5 do. assorted ditto,
5 ditto PRUNES,
25 boxes Corks, very superior, (2000 each,)
5 ditto Cordials, assorted.

November 11. JOHN ROBERTSON.

The Garland.

ART AND NATURE.

SYLPH-LIKE, and with a graceful pride,
I saw the wild Louisa glide
Along the dance's glittering row,
With footsteps soft as falling snow.
On all around her smiles she poured,
And though by all admired, adored,
She seemed to hold the homage light,
And careless claimed it as her right.
With siren voice the lady sung;
Love on her tones enraptured hung,
While timid awe and fond desire
Came blended from her witching lyre.
While thus, with unresisted art,
The enchantress melted every heart,
Amid the glance, the sigh, the smile,
Herself unmoved and cold the while,
With inward pity eyed the scene,
Where all were subjects—she a queen!

Again I saw that lady fair:
Oh! what a beauteous change was there!
In a sweet cottage of her own
She sat, and she was all alone,
Save a young child she sung to rest
On its soft bed, her fragrant breast.
With hurry smiles and happy sighs,
She kissed the infant's closing eyes,
Then o'er him in the cradle laid,
Moved her dear lips as if she prayed.
She blessed him in his father's name:
Lo! to her side that father came,
And, in a voice subdued and mild,
He blessed the mother and her child!
I thought upon the proud saloon,
And that Enchantress Queen; but soon
Far-off Art's fading pageant stole,
And Nature filled my thoughtful soul!—WILSON.

SONG.

HARK! THE PIBROCH SOUNDING.

Written for the New-York St. Andrew's Society, and sung at the celebration of the anniversary of their patron saint. By J. Graham.

Air—Draw the Sword, Scotland.

Hark! the Pibroch sounding, sounding, sounding,
The deep thrilling note of the bold Highland lay,
Scottish hearts are bounding, bounding, bounding,
Whilst the board surrounding to hail the happy day.

See, the banner flying, flying, flying,
So oft in fields of glory, has led the victor's way,
When the foe was trying, trying, trying,
O'er Scotland and o'er liberty, to hold the galling sway.

Sweet the song is flowing, flowing, flowing,
The dearest ties of youth and love, around the heart entwine,
For O! that song is glowing, glowing, glowing,
With all the dear, the charming sweets o' days o' lang syne.

Hail the day so cheering, cheering, cheering,
Bright with every joy, so sweet we never can resign,
O'er the heart still rearing, rearing, rearing,
Altars decked with gifts of love, to grace the festive shrine.

Whilst our native mountains, mountains, mountains,
O'er the lonely glens beneath their lofty heads display,
Whilst the flowing fountains, fountains, fountains,
Through the spreading flowery vale, shall hold their silver way—

Whilst the sea flows round thee, round thee, round thee,
The voice of nature and of love may Scottish hearts obey,
And still with rapture sound thee, sound thee, sound thee,
Their dear, their native mountain-home, and hail their natal day.

Miscellanea.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

CHILDHOOD.

He must be incorrigibly unamiable, who is not a little improved by becoming a father. Some there are, however, who know not how to appreciate the blessings with which Providence has filled their quiver; who receive with coldness a son's greeting or a daughter's kiss; who have principle enough properly to feed, and clothe and educate their children, to labour for their support and provision, but possess not the affection which turns duty into delight; who are surrounded with blossoms, but know not the art of extricating their exquisite sweets. How different is the effect of true parental love, where nature, duty, habit, and feeling, combine to constitute an affection the purest, the deepest and the strongest, the most enduring, the least exacting of any of which the human heart is capable!

The selfish bachelor may shudder when he thinks of the consequences of a family: he may picture to himself littered rooms and injured furniture, imagine the noise and confusion, the expense and the care, from which he is luckily free; hug himself in his solitude, and pity his unfortunate neighbour, who has half a dozen squalling children to torment and impoverish him.

The unfortunate neighbour, however, returns the compliment with interest, sighs over the loneliness of the wealthy bachelor, and can never see, without feelings of regret, rooms where no stray plaything tells of the occasional presence of a child, gardens where no tiny footmark reminds him of his treasures at home. He has listened to his heart, and learned from it a precious secret; he knows how to convert noise into harmony, expense into self-gratification, and trouble into amusement; and he reaps, in one day's intercourse with his family, a harvest of love and enjoyment rich enough to repay years of toil and care. He listens eagerly on his threshold for the boisterous greeting he is sure to receive, feels refreshed by the mere pattering sound of the darlings' feet, as they hurry to receive his kiss, and cures, by a noisy game at romps, the weariness and headache which he gained in his intercourse with men.

But it is not only to their parents and near connections that children are interesting and delightful; they are general favourites, and their caresses are slighted by none but the strange, the affected, or the morose. I have, indeed, heard a fine lady declare that she preferred a puppy or a kitten to a child; and I wonder she had not sense enough to conceal her want of womanly feeling: and I know another fair simpleton, who considers it beneath her to notice those from whom no intellectual improvement can be derived, forgetting that we have hearts to cultivate as well as heads. But these are extraordinary exceptions to general rules, as uncommon and disgusting as a beard on a lady's chin, or a pipe in her mouth.

Even men may condescend to sport with children without fear of contempt; and for those who like to shelter themselves under authority, and cannot venture to be wise and happy their own way, we have plenty of splendid examples, ancient and modern, living and dead, to adduce, which may sanction a love for these pigmy playthings. Statesmen have romped with them, orators told them stories, conquerors submitted to their blows, judges, divines, and philosophers listened to their prattle, and joined in their sports.

Notwithstanding the infinite pains taken to spoil nature's lovely works, there is a principle of resistance, which allows of only partial success; and numbers of sweet children exist, to delight, and soothe, and divert us, when we are wearied or fretted by grown up people, and to justify all that has been said or written of the charms of childhood. Perhaps only women, their natural nurses and faithful protectresses, can thoroughly appreciate the attractions of the first few months of human existence. The recumbent position, the fragile limbs, the lethargic tastes, and ungrateful indifference to notice, of a very young infant, render it uninteresting to most men, except its father; and he is generally afraid to touch it, for fear of breaking its neck. But even in this state, mothers, grandmothers, aunts, and nurses, assure you that strong indications of sense and genius may be discerned in the little animal; and I have known a cluster of surprise and joy excited through a whole family, and matter afforded for twenty long letters and innumerable animated conversations, by some marvellous demonstration of intellect in a creature in long clothes, who could not hold its head straight.

But as soon as the baby has acquired firmness and liveliness; as soon as it smiles at a familiar face, and stares at a strange one; as soon as it employs its hands and eyes in constant expeditions of discovery, and crows and leaps from the excess of animal contentment—it becomes an object of undefinable and powerful interest to which all the sympathies of our nature attach us—an object at once of curiosity and tenderness, interesting as it is in its helplessness and innocence.

Who has not occasionally, when fondling an infant, felt overpressed by the weight of mystery which hangs over its fate? Perhaps we hold in our arms, an angel, kept but for a few months from the heaven in which it is to spend the rest of an immortal existence; perhaps we see the germ of all that is hideous and hateful in our nature. There looked and thus sported, thus calmly slumbered and sweetly smiled, the monsters of our race in their days of infancy. Where are the marks to distinguish a Trajan from a Nero, an Abel from a Cain? But it is not in this spirit that it is either wise or happy to contemplate any thing. Better is it—when we behold the energy and animation of young children, their warm affections, their ready, unsuspicious confidence, their wild, unwearied glee, their mirth so easily excited, their love so easily won—to enjoy unrestrained the pleasantness of life's morning; that morning so bright and joyous, and to teach us that nature intended us to be happy, and usually gains her end till we are old enough to discover how we may defeat it.

Little girls are my favourites. Boys, though sufficiently interesting and amusing, are apt to be infected, as soon as they assume the manly garb, with a little of that masculine violence and obstinacy, which, when they grow up, they will call spirit and firmness; and they lose, earlier in life, that docility, tenderness, and ignorance of evil, which are their sisters' peculiar charms. In all the range of visible creation, there is no object to me so attractive and delightful as a lovely, intelligent, gentle little girl of eight or nine years old. This is the point at which may be witnessed the greatest improvements of intellect compatible with that lily-like purity of mind, to which taint is incomprehensible, danger unsuspected, and which wants not only the vocabulary, but the very idea of sin. Even the best and purest of women would shrink from displaying her heart to our gaze, while lovely childhood allows us to read its very thought and fancy.

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances, which compensates for so many external disadvantages: and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's: free from artificial wants, unsated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle.

He who feels thus, cannot contemplate, unmoved, the joys and sports of childhood; and he gazes, perhaps, on the care-free brow and rapture-beaming countenance, with the melancholy and awe which the lovely victims of consumption inspire, when, unconscious of danger, they talk cheerfully of the future. He feels that he is in possession of a mysterious secret, of which happy children have no suspicion. He knows what the life is on which they are about to enter; and he is sure that, whether it smiles or frowns upon them, its brightest glances will be cold and dull compared with those under which they are now basking.

THE COUNTRY TOWN.

Of all places where man is or can be tempted to take up his abode, commend me to an inland town! Here we are closely packed, like so many rats in a corn-rick, one irregular row of houses following another, some high, some low, like a large family of children indiscriminately huddled together, the larger dwellings looking as if they would like to jump over the heads of the smaller. Whatever monotony may reign in the interior of these abodes, there is none in their exterior appearances; in these all is variety—how charming! It appears as if all the architects in the world had contributed their talents in the planning and erecting this nest of houses, and had exercised all their ingenuity in bringing them into as small a space as possible. Can this snugness be exceeded?

We lie in a delightful hollow, which in rural language is termed a valley; and so fondly attached are the inhabitants to the space within its limits, that if a hundred new habitations were to be built, they would be compressed within the same line of circumference. This love of locality is as pleasing as it is wonderful, and the determination not to leave the land of their birth, where their forefathers flourished and decayed, is as laudable as it is strong. Every spot has some blissful note of recognition—every yard of ground teems with pleasing remembrances. In that arbour my father used to recline, and smoke his pipe, and quaff his October; in that sty my father fatted his hogs; on this spot my father throve, flourished, and died, and here will I do likewise.

How laudable is this determination not to depart from the customs of their ancestors! With what an even tenor do these people pass their lives! Their pleasures run in a railroad, never departing from a straight line. Moving only from one point to another, they progress gradually through the varying seasons of the year, and Christmas winds up all, with its productions of geese and their concomitant festivities. This is true felicity!

Here, in this narrow circle, we are strangers to none who reside within it—we know everybody, and everybody knows us. And yet, this mutual knowledge interrupts not the general predominance of that interest which each individual feels in his own affairs and pursuits. We are interested in others only so far as they may be connected with us in worldly matters. If a man die, we inquire if his loss affects us; if it does not, it is much, and we grieve in proportion. If we lose a neighbour and lose nothing by him, we console ourselves by reflecting that worse might have happened. We talk of his virtues till he is buried, and then let him rest in peace, unless some of the living, better informed than ourselves, kindly point out his failings, and then we never fail to discuss them at every convenient opportunity—of course, with a view only to guard against such matters in our own persons.

In truth, there is nothing so desirable as a confined locality. Everything becomes so familiar in so short a time. In a month we have nothing to learn, whether of the place or the persons who inhabit it. I had not resided a fortnight in this dear little town when, by the generous desire to impart knowledge which is so commonly entertained by the excellent inhabitants, I was acquainted with the birth, genealogy, life, character, and behaviour of every soul within it; and it was no less pleasing than singular to behold the eagerness with which they became the mutual historians of each other for my advantage. If I saw a person for the first time, he had no sooner turned his back than I was gratified with the detail of all that he had ever said, done, or contemplated, and sometimes, I have fancied, much more.

I could not but feel grateful for this; for it so clearly showed to me the long train of errors into which they had fallen, and the consequences were laid down with so much precision, that I must be wilful, indeed, ever to do the like myself. It also vastly contributed to my knowledge of human nature; indeed, it placed mankind in a new light. I had always, foolishly enough it must be owned, fancied virtue was more abundant and vice less profuse than I found, by these obliging and goodnatured people, was the case. Of the former I heard but little, of the latter much. Possibly this might have happened from a desire on their parts to render vice hateful to me, for they were all most laudably loud in their abhorrence of it when speaking of their neighbours.

Another advantage of this circumscribed locality was, that I equally soon learned to love and admire every shady lane, and green field, and sun-gilded heath, around it. In wet weather I could tell at a glance where every person had been walking by the colour of the mud on his or her legs. If they were beginned with mud of the ordinary hue, I knew they had been on the open roads to the westward; if they were bespattered with a mixture of black mud and water, I saw they had been wading through the nooks and turns of the dear shady lanes; and if they were foot-clogged by a stiff, clayey compost, I knew they had been striding over the beautiful open common. In dry weather I had the same intimation from the dust.

And then, again, in my own walks in the country, which I have so often enjoyed, as every one possessing taste must, there were many little vestiges springing up as I passed along which told who had been there before me. There was the print of somebody's clog, the impression of somebody's foot, sometime's the shoe itself, in the soft soil before alluded to. On a bramble in the hedge, where some fair creature enamoured of rural excursions had been creeping along on her "light fantastic toe," to avoid coming in contact with the mud, would hang the fringe of a shawl or scarf, a piece of muslin, or a bit of ribbon, as it might happen.

In short, there was no end to the benefits and blisses arising from these localities. I had formed an intimate acquaintance with every hedge, ditch, and stile, to say nothing of field and coaert, with a crow's flight of the town. I could not behold them without some pleasurable reminiscences. Here I had broken my shins—there Mrs. — had got plump up to her knees in water, and might have got up to her neck had I not gone in, too, to help her out—there the lovely Miss A. had displayed more of her ankles than she intended, in trying to make a sylph-like bound over a gate—there the tight-waisted Mrs. A. had, in trying to clear a puddle by a flying leap, burst-ed her stay-lace with a report like a pocket-pistol—and there, in that very hedge, I had left the skirts of my coat, and walked home in a spencer.

THE LATE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The House of Commons was formed within St. Stephen's Chapel, chiefly by a floor raised above the pavement, and a roof considerably below the ancient roof.—Between this roof it was customary to accommodate ladies with sittings to see and hear, through apertures for ventilating the house, the debates upon extraordinary occasions. By a subsequent order of the house the presence of females in the gallery was forbidden. It does not appear in what manner the chapel was originally fitted up as the Commons' House of Parliament. On the great seal of the commonwealth in 1651, the walls appear hung with tapestry, previous seals represent them to have been plainly wainscoted. They remained tapestried until Sir Christopher Wren repaired the house and fitted it up with galleries in the reign of Queen Anne. Mr. Onslow, when Speaker, was heard to say he remembered tapestry hangings being up, that with every new Parliament a set used to be provided, and that on these occasions the housekeeper claimed the old hangings as her perquisite. Very few alterations were made from that time until 1800, when the representatives of the people in Parliament were increased from 558 to 658 by the union with Ireland, and the house was ordered to be enlarged.

Upon examining the original side-walls between the piers, they were found to be three feet thick; and the requisite enlargement was effected by erecting on the same foundation, walls of one foot thick, which ranged with the external extremity of the walls. On removing the wainscoting, a discovery was made on the old stone walls, of many remarkable paintings and works of art, which had adorned the ancient chapel. Some of the paintings represents angels, about five feet high, in a standing picture, with wings of peacocks' feathers, each holding before him a piece of drapery, bearing devices of doves, spread eagles, elephants and castles, griffins, or dragons, and pelicans. Others were Scripture subjects, with legends of the saints, and verses over. Under the windows there were eighty paintings in compartments, many of them containing from 10 to 12 figures, besides 16 subjects at the east ends and upwards of 100 figures of angels, knights, and youths, besides twelve statues six feet high, sculptured in stone, and standing on brackets. Some of the paintings were remarkably rich; others, meaner in execution, seemed to have been occasionally hidden by hangings. The colours were remarkably vivid, and the gilding retained its lustre. The whole interior of the edifice was covered with ornaments. Coats of arms and grotesque supporters mingled throughout the mass of embellishments. It has been imagined that no structure, at the time of its erection, could outvie its beauty and magnificence. All the walls were of free-stone, the piers Caen-stone, the columns and seats around Purbeck marble, and the friezes and carved parts, Roch-abbey stone.—*London paper.*

Elopement.—On the morning of Wednesday, the 15th Oct., a young lady of considerable personal and other attractions, was missing from the breakfast table of her papa, Mr. M. a highly respectable resident of Halstead, Essex. It was soon ascertained that, in the course of the preceding night, she had jumped through the window of her father's study into the arms of her lover, Mr. D. S., a gentleman of the law, residing in the same town. The gentleman had carried off his fair prize in a horse and chaise to Gosefield, a distance of two miles, where he had ready a light travelling carriage and four horses, procured from Chelmsford, in which he placed her, and accompanied by the lover's housekeeper, they took the road to Gretna in the usual style. They took the Cambridge route, and about eight o'clock in the morning passed through Huntingdon. The party arrived safely at Gretna, and about one o'clock on Thursday, the matrimonial blacksmith riveted their fetters in the most approved manner. On the discovery of the elopement, the father of the lady set off in pursuit. Mr. M. arrived at Gretna about three o'clock in the morning of Friday, and there learned that his daughter had been married, and was with her husband at Lochaber. He immediately posted thither after the fugitives, and found them at a hotel together, wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. He entered their bed-room, and in a transport of passion, most unmercifully beat Mr. S., notwithstanding the tears and entreaties of the youthful bride. He then instantly set off on his return home, declaring his determination to inflict a similar chastisement on Mr. S. if he again showed himself at Halstead. On Mr. M. reaching home the agitation brought on a fit of illness; but as he continued to utter threats against his son-in-law, the father of the latter applied to the Rev. B. Seale, and Mr. M. was bound over to keep the peace in his own recognizances for £100, and two sureties for £50. Mr. D. S. is at present at Lochabar very ill. His fair bride remains with him. Mr. S. is 38 years of age, and the lady about 18.

The New Forest in Hampshire consists altogether of 63,000 acres, 6,000 of which are well enclosed and planted with oak timber trees, between rows of Scotch firs and chesnuts, as a protection from the destructive winds. The enclosures consist of from 100 to 500 acres each, and are well fenced in from the deer and numerous cattle of the forest. As the young oaks grow into wood, the fir and chesnut trees are lopped and removed. We never witnessed a plantation, even on a small scale in a nursery, in a more healthy and growing state than are the young oaks in these enclosures. In the open parts of the forest are numerous woods of full-grown timber trees, large quantities of which are cut down and sold for various purposes, and the best used or preserved as timber for the British navy. The forest is under the management of Mr. Robert Turner, whose ability in the plantation and protection of the forest is the admiration of the country, and of foreigners in particular.—*Portsmouth Herald.*

Some discussion having lately arisen in several of the French papers relative to the precise period of the birth of Napoleon, the "Temps" has decided the question by giving the following copy of his baptismal act from the register at Ajaccio:—"In the year 1771, on the 21st of July, the prayers and holy ceremonies were performed by me, the undersigned, on Napoleon, the son born in lawful wedlock of Signor Carlo Bonaparte, son of the late Signor Giuseppe, and of the Signora Maria Letizia, his wife; the water of baptism was given him by permission in the house of the very Revd. Luciano Bonaparte. He was born on the 15th of August, 1769. There were present at the holy ceremony, as godfather, the illustrious Lorenzo Giubega de Calvi, Procureur du Roi, and as godmother, the Signora Geltruda, wife of Signora Nicolo Paravisino, the father of the child being also present, who have all signed this act. Signed—Giovanni Battista Diamento, Ecanomo d' Ajaccio, Lorenzo Giubega, Geltruda Paravisino, Carlo Bonaparte."

PROPER STYLE OF LETTER WRITING.—Hannah More, never attempted what is called *good* letters herself, or much valued them in others. She used to say, 'If I want wisdom, sentiment or information, I can find them much better in books. What I want in a letter, is the picture of my friend's mind, and the common sense of his life. I want to know what he is saying and doing; I want him to turn out the inside of his heart to me, without disguise, without appearing better than he is; without writing for a character. I have the same feeling in writing to him. My letter is, therefore, worth nothing to an indifferent person, but it is of value to the friend who cares for me.' She added, that letters among near relations were family newspapers, meant to convey paragraphs of intelligence, and advertisements of projects, and not sentimental essays.—*Life of Hannah More.*

VELOCITY AND MAGNITUDE OF WAVES.—The velocity of waves has relation to their magnitude. Some large waves proceed at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour. It is a vulgar belief that the water itself advances with the speed of the wave, but in fact the *form* only advances, while the *substance*, except a little spray above, remains rising and falling in the same place, according to the laws of the pendulum. A wave of water, in this respect, is exactly imitated by the wave running along a stretched rope, when one end of it is shaken; or by the mimic waves of our theatres, which are generally the undulations of long pieces of carpet, moved by attendants. But when a wave reaches a shallow bank or beach, the water becomes really progressive, because then, as it cannot sink directly downward, it falls over and forward, seeking its level. So awful is the spectacle of a storm at sea, that it is generally viewed through a medium which biasis the judgment; and I fly as waves really are, imagination makes them loftier still. No wave rises more than ten feet above the ordinary level, which with the ten feet that its surface afterwards descends below this, gives twenty feet for the whole height, from the bottom of any water-valley to the summit. The spray of the sea, driven along by the violence of the wind, is of course much higher than the summit of the liquid wave; and a wave coming against an obstacle, may dash to almost any elevation above it. At the Eddystone lighthouse, when a surge reaches it, which has been growing under a storm all the way across the Atlantic, it dashes even over the lantern at the summit.—*Arnott's Elements of Physic.*

ROYAL MARRIAGES.—Hutton the Moravian, while in England had the honor of being occasionally admitted to the Royal breakfast table. "Hutton," said the King to him one morning, "is it true that you Moravians marry without any previous knowledge of each other?" "Yes, may it please your Majesty," returned Hutton, "our marriages are *quite royal.*" —*Ib.*

GINGER CAKES FOR COLD WEATHER.—Break three eggs in a basin, beat them well; add half a pint of cream, which must also be beat with them, and put the whole into a saucepan over the fire, to be stirred till it gets warm; then add a pound of butter, half a pound of loaf sugar, two ounces and a half of ginger—the latter two powdered; carefully stirring the whole over the fire just to melt the butter. Pour this on two pounds of flour, and form it all into a good paste; roll it or break it into pieces as you think proper, and bake it.

CURE FOR A COUGH.—Take a lump of alum the bigness of a hen's egg, put it into a quart of good molasses, and simmer the same over the fire in an earthen vessel till the alum is dead, and when cool take a spoonful as often as you feel the cough coming on, and in a short time you will get relief.