

# The Weekly Observer.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

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## THE GARLAND.

### THE FRIENDS OF CHILDHOOD.

O! where are now the brightly formed  
My infant hours have known?  
I vainly seek each smiling face—  
Oh! whither have they flown?  
The res-eyan's some have laid to rest  
In ocean's deepest caves:  
Where the moaning billows softly sigh  
A requiem o'er their graves.  
They left the world ere childhood's joys  
Had from their bosoms fled;  
Like morning flowers that e'er ere noon  
They're number'd with the dead.  
But two, the sisters of my soul,  
Who shr'd my tender love,  
A radiant seraph swiftly bore  
To palaces above.  
They wither'd not like fragile flowers  
Beneath a wintry sky;  
Even Death in Beauty's form appear'd,  
To lead their souls on high.  
He dar'd not mar such Angel forms  
Nor Heaven had set its seal;  
But, ah! the hectic glowing cheek  
His arrows did conceal.  
Like gems celestial in the sky,  
Which clouds obscure from view,  
In heavenly radiance each inspir'd,  
And bade the world adieu.  
But death can never dim the  
The union of the soul;  
I shall survive when earth must melt  
And vanish like a scroll.  
St. John, April 14, 1830.

### CHILDREN AT PLAY.

Up in the morning as the lark,  
Late in the evening when the dark,  
Pae in the meadow, or under the tree,  
Come the sweet voices of children to me.  
I am an old man, my hair it is grey,  
But I sit in the sunshine to watch you at play,  
And a kinder current doth run through my vein,  
And I bless you, bright creatures! again and again.  
Frolics in your sports—in the warm summer weather,  
With hand lock'd in hand, when ye're striving together;  
For even in your sport—the sorrow and strife  
Of the years that will come in the contest of life!  
For I am an old man—and age looketh on  
To the time that will be—from the time that is gone:  
But you, blessed creatures! you think not of sorrow;  
Your joy is to-day, and ye have no to-morrow.  
Aye sport ye, and wreath, be glad as the sun;  
And lie down to rest when your pastime is done;  
And your dreams are of sunshine of blossoms and dew,  
And the God of the blessed doth watch you and you,  
And the angels of heaven are mission'd to keep  
Unbroken the calm of your reared sleep:  
And an old man's blessing doth on you dwell  
The whole day long, and so far ye well.

### THE MISCELLANEOUS.

EXPENSE OF BRITISH DIPLOMACY.—The whole of our diplomatic expenditure may be fairly calculated, about 300,000l. a year, which, at the rate of three per cent, for which money can now be had, and which is nearly the rate of the government stock; is equivalent to ten millions of pounds sterling! That this enormous expenditure is not curtailed for any representation of ours, or any body else, we have the most positive conviction. But we have a conviction equally decided—that the whole business of England, at any court in Europe, might be transacted at a fifth part of the expenditure; and that, for 2000l. a year, men might be found adequate to the utmost vigour of Lord Cowley, or Mr. Lamb, or Lord Stuart, or Sir Robert Gordon; nay, men who would transact the business with ten times the activity, ability, and knowledge, of any one of them. As to the supposition that such men would not be found to accept of the situations at the lowered salaries, we must laugh, and the Duke of Wellington most laugh as loudly as we; for he well knows what a troop of applicants wait on the steps of patronage, and how reluctantly men, even of the highest rank, would see an office of 2000l. a year slipping through their hands. The fact is, that the whole is an antiquated abuse, which cannot be put an end to too soon. The whole diplomacy of England, and of every other country, ought to be transacted by individuals little above the rank or allowances of consuls; men not sent out to provide for them, but men accustomed to the country in which they are to have their appointments; thoroughly acquainted with the habits, the language, the prejudices, and the passions of the nation. The present system tends out an incubation of the foreign office, who know no more of foreign life than he could learn from flattery in the green-room of the opera; or some dandy peer who hangs heavy on the minister's hands, and who if he but speak the worst French that ever issued from the lips of man, and can fold a letter, looks on himself as qualified for the conduct of affairs. The system is old and its result has been, that British diplomacy has been a proverbial subject of burlesque on the Continent; that we have been admonished to our teeth, by the fact, and that the sneer has amounted to an established political maxim, that whatever the English have won by the sword, they have lost by the ambassador.—*Monthly Magazine.*

POCKET STEAM ENGINE.—A few evenings ago, we were excessively gratified by the sight of a steam engine, the smallest ever made, the workmanship of an ingenious artisan named Charles Swift, who is employed in the Rutland Foundry in this town. In size it is no larger than might with ease be put into the coat pocket; the principle is the high pressure in miniature, the pressure being two pounds to the square inch; the cylinder, is only one fourth of an inch diameter, and it makes 600 strokes in a minute; half a pint of water will keep it in constant action for more than three hours. It has been constructed for no specific purpose, but has sufficient power to wind the bobbin for a twist net lace machine. The workmanship is at once highly finished and firmly compact, and less than Lilliputian engine, is deserving the inspection of the curious and the ingenious.—*Nottingham Review.*

(From a London paper of February 14.)  
Destruction of the English Opera-House and several other houses by fire.—Between one and two o'clock this morning one of the most alarming fires which we have witnessed for many years in the metropolis, broke out in the English Opera-House in the Strand. So rapid was its progress, that in the space of about fifteen or twenty minutes from its first discovery, the whole body of the theatre was on fire. The flames ascended in a vast volume, thirty or forty feet above its roof, and spread with a violence which threatened destruction to the whole of the mass of buildings, which was confined by Exeter-street on the one side, by Catherine-street on the other, and by the Strand in front.  
Looking down Exeter-street at one third, the flames were seen passing from one house to another with almost as much rapidity as a fire kindled among stubble. One after another they seemed to be embraced by the flames, until the whole side of Exeter-street, with the exception of that well known tavern, the Fountain, became a burning mass.  
No lives were lost as far as we could ascertain, up to a late hour this morning; but the loss of property must be very great, as from the inflammable nature of the materials in the theatre, and the wind setting north, about a dozen houses were thoroughly on fire, and burning furiously before an engine could be brought to play upon them.  
The houses as yet contained are almost all of a repudiation which will not excite much regret for their destruction, if we can separate from it our compassion for the proprietor, Mr. Arnold, who it is feared must be, although partly insured, a loser to a very melancholy extent.—Not a single article of scenery, dresses, decorations, or properties, has been saved in the theatre, and little if any thing of the property of individuals.  
Mr. Arnold estimates the building itself with its fittings and properties to be worth £30,000; and from their quality, the central situation of the theatre, and the revenue he derived from it, we apprehend to be not much above its value. The theatre was uninsured. The loss to Mr. Arnold will be at least from £30,000 to £40,000.

PARIS, Jan. 2.—Mr. David, a distinguished French sculptor, who has ornamented our cities with some of the most beautiful statues which we possess, and to whom we shall soon be indebted for a bust of Mr. Chateaubriand, went to Weimar expressly to visit Goethe, and remained there five days. The smallest hut in which he inhabits a house simple in its external appearance, but entirely filled with books and chief-works of the Italian, Florentine and French schools. Goethe has a vast collection of medals, a cabinet of natural history, which is the envy of many in this city, and an immense number of engravings, from Raphael to Vanloo; for even in Vatelou and Bucher, so bitterly criticized of late by the verses of Dumas, who has explained to us his design, Goethe finds treasures. Each of these pictures, each of these engravings, the smallest butterfly in his collection, the merest flower in his herbarium, is a test for him, and furnish him with ideas, which from a simple beginning, soon are lost in the heavens. In this respect of the author of the *Werther*, he breathes peace and labour—his grand children, full of life and of grace, and his wife, his intelligent companion, always hospitably prepared—compass all his family. There are assembled all strangers, they meet all the politicians of the time, those good and old Goethes, who have lived to great part of our age, who reflect so much respecting our political course and our wars, who love us with as peculiar a passion. Goethe, the King of this court, he shows himself there for an hour or two, and then he retires to his study.  
There are now only some wrecks of that splendid literary assemblage which formerly made Weimar the academy of gentlemen; the learned antiquary Mayer, the learned Winckelmann, as skillful as his master, and who is about to publish a history of the antiquities of Italy; always a new guest for the Germans. The celebrated composer and improvisator Hummel, always so native in his inspirations, Adam Mickiewicz, the first poet of Poland, who was exiled in Siberia for seven years for having sung with passion and the core of an Italian, the lost liberty of his country. Mr. Quetelet, who made poetry with Goethe, for in Goethe's dwelling every thing is a subject for poetry, pictures, statues, history, plants, music,—whenever Goethe is in the second volume.  
When M. David visited Goethe, talking with him the impression that the face which he is going to make for the statue of Goethe, was employed in giving his works in complete order, for which he has obtained the privilege throughout Germany, he was also finishing his *Meinungen*, and an entirely new book on the art of painting, entitled *Lehrbuch der Farben*. He has just published the second part of that *Life of Faust*, which has become a national poem like the *Hell of Dante*, a singular resemblance to be found between two nations who resembled each other so little.  
M. David saw at Weimar the portrait of the Grand Duke in the poorest house, covered with rags, the emblem of the mourning of the people. He saw the tomb of that good prince; the great poet Schiller in his right hand—Herder, the historian of the human race before the first man; the only historian who has thought of writing the history of the world before him; man thought had filled it—Herder lies buried at the feet of his illustrious protector; on the right another tomb is still kept empty. There is but one man in Germany who is called by the name of his contemporaries, and the friendship of the Grand Duke to fill it—Heaven grant that the time may be far distant.

On the evening of the 29th January, as the Brechin Jailor was paying his evening visit to the prisoners under his charge, he found that the door of the cell of the prisoner Temple, whose commitment on suspicion of having robbed a wig-maker on Desdise, was barricaded in the inside. The Jailor, of course, demanded admittance; which, however, the prisoner stoutly refused, and the Jailor therefore gave notice to the authorities, some of whom with the Town-Clerk, immediately repaired to the spot. It was then found that, besides barricading the door, the prisoner had kindled a fire in the cell; and the water-engine was therefore sent for, and speedily arrived. The prisoner still, however, obstinately persisted in maintaining his post, and refused to allow the door to be opened. But the window of the cell afforded the means of introducing the pipe of the engine, by which the fire was speedily extinguished, as it arose from merely some straw and rags, the cell being entirely paved and ceiled with stone. The introduction of the pipe of the engine suggested to our dignitaries the idea of converting it into an instrument for reducing the prisoner to obedience; and accordingly the pipe was turned upon him, and plied accordingly, notwithstanding his endeavours to evade it by skipping from one corner of the cell to the other. After some time spent in this novel mode of warfare, the besieged cried parley, and offered to capitulate, as he expressed it, "on honourable terms;" but the authorities, conscious of the efficiency of their new ally the engine, rejected all terms, and insisted on a surrender at discretion. This the besieged refused, and the engine was accordingly again resorted to; but the prisoner, encouraging himself

in the corner of his cell most difficult to be reached by his opponents, stood water-proof, till the besiegers desisted from active measures, and converted their siege into a blockade. A party was appointed to watch the Jail all the night, with the view of forcing the door in the morning; but about three o'clock, the prisoner feeling somewhat uncomformable in his wet clothes and his water cell, voluntarily removed the barricade and admitted the watch. He was then found that he had taken up the whole pavement-slugs of his cell, and placed them behind the door, evidently with the purpose of effecting his escape. He was sent the next day to Stouchaven, to be tried for crimes committed in Kinross-shire. The water-engine will, it is said, in reward for its assistance on this occasion, be permanently attached to the Jail establishment. The Authorities point in triumph to this feat, as completely redeeming it from the charge of "recklessness."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

GYPSIES.—Most of our readers are aware that for several years past, a colony of this singular people amounting to between thirty and forty; had located themselves in the Cotes of Corseva, principally rearing on heath, ducks, and such other live stock as they succeeded in abstracting from the farm steadings in the surrounding country. Various measures were resorted to by the neighbouring farmers for the purpose of inducing them to "shift their camp," but all without effect. They have at last, however abandoned their recent place of residence, in consequence as they aver, of having been dreadfully frightened about a fortnight since by a ghost. The feature which most surprised us in these gypsies is their almost incredible hardness. On a cold frosty day we saw them lying on the ground, without any covering above or below them; and with scarcely any thing in the shape of wearing apparel. Their children, too, without any shoes or stockings on their feet, or covering on their heads, were running about apparently as comfortable as if they had been luxuriating in a paradise. Perhaps the fact will appear still more strange, that they bivouacked in the open air, during these long winter nights, amid snow and rain, without apparently suffering the least inconvenience.—*Elgin Courier.*

AZORES.—The island of Terceira, which has lately come into particular notice, owing to the stand made there by Don Pedro's partisans, is really the central point of the Azores, called the Azores, or Western Islands, and the seat of the general government for these insular dependencies of Portugal. Terceira is about 80 miles in circumference, and contains a population of 40,000 souls. The city of Angra, situated on the south side of the island, is the capital, and a bishop's see, as well as the residence of the Governor General. It stands at the bottom of a bay, between two mountains, on the largest of which the castle is built, with extensive works, so well adapted to defend the whole island, as well as the capital, and the seat of the general government. The present year the island has been visited by several fleets, which landed and encamped on the shore, on both sides of the harbour for a considerable distance. The form of the island is similar to that of St. Michael's, and although it affords evidence of volcanic formation, it presents elevated and fertile plains, interspersed by these cones and craters which distinguish the other parts of the Azores. Abounding in soil and situations peculiarly favourable to vegetation, its productions are rich and varied. Possessing all the fruits peculiar to European and tropical climates, in the highest perfection, a wheat field is seen at the side of an orange grove, often bounded by forests of lofty pine, vineyard, or pasture grounds. The present year the island has been visited by several fleets, which landed and encamped on the shore, on both sides of the harbour for a considerable distance.

HINTS TO MERCHANTS AND TRADESMEN.—I think I may safely advise without danger of reprehension," says De Foe; "there are more people ruined in England by overtrading than for want of trade; and I would, from my own unhappy experience, advise all men in trade to set a due compass to their ambition. Credit is a gulf which is easy to be got into, hard to get out of. Caution, therefore, is the best advice that can be given to a young tradesman; and moderation is an useful virtue in trade as well as in politics." In another place he observes, "the richer the tradesman is, the holder he is apt to be in his adventures, not being to be so easily wounded by a loss. But, as the gamester is tempted to throw again to retrieve the past loss, so one adventure in trade draws on another, till at last comes a capital loss, which weakens the stock, and wounds the reputation; and thus, by one loss coming in the neck of another, the tradesman is first made desperate, in his desperation ventures his all, and so is at once undone. If any man should be so ill-natured as to tell me I speak too feelingly upon this part of the subject, though it may not be the kindest thing he could have said to a poor author, yet it may not be the worse for the argument. An old sailor, that has split upon a sunken rock, and has lost his ship, is not the worst man to make a pilot for that coast; on the contrary, he is in particular able to guide those that unhappy after him, to shun the dangers of that unhappy place."—*Wilson's Life and Times of Daniel De Foe.*

The Marquis of Downshire, at a dinner given to him a few days since, by the tenantry of one of his estates in the north of Ireland, expressed his decided opinion "that it only requires a right system to be introduced into the southern and middle counties, to render them as peaceable and happy as any part of His Majesty's dominions. I feel it my duty," continued the noble Marquis, "to say this much, from my personal knowledge of the state of the country; and I am well satisfied, that if the same firm and temperate policy shall continue to be pursued towards Ireland, by His Majesty's government, which has lately marked its proceedings, Ireland would soon become a happy country, and a valuable appendage to the crown."—*London Atlas.*

WHO ARE ESQUIRES?—The title of Esquire is coeval with the Conqueror, but in its present application it takes its date from Henry the V.—Some go so far back as Edward the Third, but this is a mistake, as in that reign an Esquire was only, as it originally implied, an attendant on a Knight Esquire or attendant of Edward the Black Prince. The word is derived from the Norman *Esquire*, from whence also is derived *Esquere*. Henry the Fifth, after his victory at Agincourt, reads from a paper, presented by a herald, the names of the principal characters who were slain.—  
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk, Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, Esquires!  
None else of name, and of all other men,  
At five-and-twenty."

The late Lord Barrington was asked by a German Prince, "Pray, my Lord, of what rank is an Esquire in England?" when his Lordship replied, "Why, Sir, I cannot exactly tell you, as you have no equivalent for it in Germany, but an English Esquire is considerably above a German Baron, and something below a German Prince." Nothing can be more absurd than the commonly received notion that a certain property constitutes a man an Esquire; in the country, however, every village has its "Esquire, and to dub him less would be an affront, not easily forgotten. The fact is, none are Esquires de facto, but the following, namely all in His Majesty's Commission of the Peace, all members of, and appointing to His Majesty's Government, all officers in the regular army, down to a Captain, and all officers in the navy down to a Lieutenant. These are the only Esquires de facto; however, the title or distinction is generally given to professional men, to persons engaged in literary pursuits, and to wealthy people in general. Doctors of the three learned professions, and Barristers, rank above Esquires. Attorneys are Gentlemen by Act of Parliament.

CITY SLENDOUR.—Henry Pritchard who was Lord Mayor of London, in 1356, had the honour of entertaining at his table at the same time, his own sovereign, Edward the Third; the King of Cyprus; John, King of France; and David, King of Scots, both prisoners of war; Edward Prince of Wales, and a long train of Nobility, &c. Such an assemblage of royalty and rank probably never before or since graced the table of a British subject.

ETIQUETTE PERSONIFIED.—M. de Brezé firmly believed that the grandeur of the monarchy and the majesty of the crown depended on this or that salute, on this or the other ceremony, the very name of which escapes my memory. I recollect that in the month of March, 1815, a general, whom the king had sent for arrived in haste to the palace in a coloured cravat. At this sight the grandmaster of the ceremonies turned pale and shuddered. He first addressed the general, with all the forms of the most exquisite politeness, requesting him to return home to substitute a cravat of the prescribed hue for the obnoxious one. The general replied, that he would willingly do it, but that he had no time, as the king desired to see him immediately. M. de Brezé then took off the cravat of one of the guards, and would have forced the general to put it on: At this moment the Duke de la Châtre appeared; he came to fetch the general; M. de Brezé ran up to him and said, "Monsieur le duc, j'espère que vous ne permittez pas à ce général à paraître devant le roi dans une cravate de couleur: n'est-ce pas? il est absolument contraire à tout établissement de coutume." The Duke de la Châtre, a sensible man, could scarcely refrain from laughter. "My dear Brezé," replied he, "the king's will is superior to rules of etiquette, since etiquette was invented for him." "Ah, madam!" said the grand-master of the ceremonies, turning towards me with a look of sincere and profound grief, "ah, madam! that is the way to produce a revolution!"—*Memoirs of Court of Louis XVIII.*

PERSIAN MARRIAGES.—The marriages of the officers of the army, who, in imitation of the King, took Persian wives, were, in compliment to the ladies, celebrated after the Persian fashion, and during the vernal equinox. For at no other period, by the ancient laws of Persia, could nuptials be legally celebrated. Such an institution is requisite of the poetry and freshness of cold and sensibly overtook them. It is difficult to say how far this custom prevailed among primitive nations, but it can scarcely be doubted that we still retain lingering traces of it in the baronial marriages of Saint Valentine's day. On the wedding-day Alexander dressed the eighty bridegrooms in a magnificent dress prepared for the purpose. Eighty separate coaches were placed for the guests, and on each a magnificent wedding-robe for every individual. At the conclusion of the banquet, and while the wine and the dessert were on the table, the eighty brides were introduced; Alexander first rose, received the princess, took her by the hand, saluted her, and placed her on the couch close to himself. This example was followed by all, till every lady was seated by her betrothed. This formed the whole of the Persian ceremony; the salute being regarded as the seal of approbation. The nuptial feast was still more simple and symbolical. The bridegroom, disdaining a small loaf with his sword, presented one half to the bride; wine was then poured as a libation on both portions, and the contracting parties tasted of the bread, cake and wine, as nuptial refreshments, may trace in a venerable antiquity.—*Wilson's Life of Alexander.*

It is a most excellent rule to avoid gross familiarity, even where the connexion is most intimate. The human heart is so constituted as to love respect. It would indeed be unmanly in very intimate friends to behave to each other with affluence; but there is a delicacy of manner, and a flattering deference, which tends to preserve that degree of esteem which is necessary to support affection, and which is lost in contempt when a too great familiarity is allowed. An habitual politeness of manners will prevent even indifference from degenerating to hatred. It will refine, exalt, and perpetuate affection.—*Knox's Essays.*

LOVE.—Love is not merely a mental affection, but also a bodily malady, like a fever. It has its seat in the blood and animal spirits, which are always extremely agitated; and may, I have no doubt, be subjected to a methodical treatment; such as strong sudorifics, and copious bleedings, which, by carrying off with the humours this irritation of the spirits, would purge the blood, calm its emotion, and restore it to its natural state. An illustrious prince, who was seized with a violent attachment to a lady of great merit, was obliged to set out for the army. During his absence, his passion was kept alive by remembrance and frequent epistolatory correspondence, till the close of the campaign, when a dangerous malady, which attacked him, reduced him to the last extremity. All the usual remedies, suited to the distemper, were applied, and the prince recovered; but without recovering his love, which had been fairly carried off by his medical treatment and an antiphlogistic regimen.  
Conde. *Mademoiselle Vigean.*

USE OF THE HAND.—"Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said the Prince of La Rochefort to a talkative person who was sitting near him at dinner, and who was constantly suiting the action to the word. "Indeed, my lord," replied the talkative, "we are so crowded at table; that I do not know where to put my hand." "Put it upon your mouth," said the Prince.

BRITISH STATESMEN.—It is a singular fact that the inquest on Mr. Tiersy is the fifth inquiry which has been held to investigate the sudden and melancholy deaths of British Statesmen! Need we call to mind the names of Percival, Whitbread, Romilly, and Castlereagh? Mr. Ponsonby, too, had barely escaped an inquest, for he survived a few hours the stroke of apoplexy which fell him from his seat in the House of Commons. There is no similar record of humiliating fate in any other country in the annals.

SLEEP.—Sleep has often been mentioned as the image of death.—"So like it," says Sir Thomas Brown, "that I dare not trust it without my prayers." Their resemblance is indeed striking and apparent; they both when they seize the body, leave the soul at liberty; and wise it is that remembers of both, that they can be made safe and happy only by virtue.

EXTRACT.—"It is not enough to see our friends die, and part with them for the remainder of our days;—it reflect that we shall hear their voices no more, and that they will never look on us again;—to see that insuring to corruption which was but just now alive, and elegant, and beautiful with all the sensations of the soul! Are our sorrows sacred and peculiar as to make the world as vanity to us, and the men of it as strangers, and shall we not be left to our afflictions for a few hours? Must we be brought out at such a time as to be unconcerned or careless of those we know not, or be made to bear the formal professions of consolation from acquaintance who will go away and forget it all? Shall we not be suffered amidst white, a holy and healing communion with the dead? Must we be hindered in the gloom and gloom of our dwelling, be charged for the solemn show of the pall, the talk of the pasters by; and the brand and piercing light of the common sense?—Must the ceremonies of the world wait on us even to the open graves of our friends?"—*The Life Man.*

SPREAD THE PLOUGH.—"Let us cultivate the ground, that the poor, as well as the rich may be filled; and happiness and peace established throughout our borders."

FARM MANAGEMENT, &c.—To conduct a farm of considerable extent, so as to be a profitable concern, requires nearly as much management, (tho' only to be said, of some that more straight forward soil) as to be a leading politician in these warward times. Neatness and order, whether on a farm, a barn, a dwelling-house, or in a man's dress and manner, are indispensable to competence, comfort, and happiness, and the sun to daylight. Neatness is necessary to health, as well as respectability. The want of it in cultivation and domestic economy, is almost always an disgraceful. A slovenly husbandman or huntskeeper is on the high road to ruin.

As general rules, connected with the arrangement, and the successful management of a farm, the following may be recommended.  
The farmer, should rise early, and see that others do so. In the winter season, breakfast should be taken by candle light; for by this means an hour is gained, which many farmers lose by indolence, though it lasts a week, are nearly equal to the working part of a winter's day. This is a material object, especially where a number of hands are employed.  
The whole farm should be regularly inspected, and not only every day examined, but every best seed, at least once a day, either by the owner, or by some intelligent person in his employment.

Previously to engaging in any kind of work, whether of ordinary practice or intended improvement, the best consideration of which the farmer is capable, ought to be given to it, till he is satisfied that it is advisable for him to attempt it. When begun, he ought to proceed in it with much attention and perseverance, until he has given it a thorough trial. It is a main object in carrying on improvements not to attempt too much at once; and never begin a work without a probability of being able to finish it in due time.

PASTURE.—An English writer recommends to mix a few sheep and one or two colts in each pasture for horned cattle. Another says:—the following economical experiment is well known to the Dutch, that when eight cows have been in a pasture, and can no longer obtain nourishment, two horses, would do very well there for some days, and when nothing is left for the cows, four sheep will live upon it; this not only proceeds from their differing in their choice of plants, but from the formation of their manure, which are not equally adapted to lay hold of the grass. New grass, stocked very hard with sheep will smite and mat in the bottom, and form a tender and itching herbage. In North Wiltshire, (famous for cheese) some dairymen mix sheep with the cows, to prevent the pasture from becoming too luxuriant, in the proportion of about one sheep to a cow.

The bottom of an old dry stack is situated an excellent manure for pasture land, as besides the nourishment it affords, it contains a quantity of grass seeds, which furnishes a new set of plants. It should never be suffered to mix with manure for grain or cereals, as it will cause them to be overrun with grass and other plants, which though useful in a pasture, are weeds in arable land.

WOUNDS IN CATTLE.—The treatment of wounds in brutes is much the same as that practiced in healing those on the human body. The operations of nature are the same in both; and from these are derived the principles which direct the management of wounds.—The crutches which are practiced by ignorant and unskilful persons, in applying their nostrums, and knives, and pinners, cord, and burning irons, as you see dumb animals, call loudly for the invention of common sense and humanity.—*Meade.*

Mr. J. H. Johnson