THE WEEKLY OBSERVER:

BEING

A NEW SERIES OF THE STAR.

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THE OBSERVER.

PROSPECTUS.

HAVING purchased from Mr. YOUNGHUSBAND, the Copy Right and Materials of the STAR Establishment, the subscribers most respectfully beg leave to intimate to its Patrons and Friends, and to the Public in general, that they have concluded upon altering the name of the Paper, as will be seen by the head, and that henceforth it will appear, under the title of THE WEEKLY OBSERVER, and will be published every Tuesday afternoon, at fifteen shillings per annum.—They trust the alteration in the name will meet the approbation of its friends, and that the Patronage which has been extended to the former Proprietor of the Establishment, will be continued.

IN assuming so arduous an undertaking, as the conducting a Public Journal, it is necessary a few words be said, with regard to the line of conduct we intend to pursue.

FIRMLY attached to our Mother Country and her noble Constitution, we shall at all times be proud to announce her advance, in a Literary, Commercial, or Military point of view. United to her by nature and by principle, we shall esteem it a privilege to defend her cause, and advocate her principles. As British subjects, we must cherish a lively interest in her welfare; and as we stand in the capacity of a *Daughter* to a *Mother*, it is our duty and our privilege to look up to her for counsel and direction.—Yet, BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, is "our own, our native land," or the scene connected with our earliest recollections; therefore, her welfare must in a peculiar manner be dear to us. With such impressions, we shall consider it incumbent on us, to advocate her interests, to develope her resources, and to stimulate her citizens to vigorous exertion, for the general good. With these views, we solicit from persons of talent and research, whatever may tend to the furtherance of such objects.

IN order to render the OBSERVER acceptable to, and worthy the patronage of, the Public, no pains shall be spared. We shall endeavour to make it useful to the Merchant; interesting to the Student; instructing to the Mechanic; and at all times, a welcome visitor to the domestic circle. That these pledges may be redeemed, we shall endeavour as much as possible to enrich our Commercial department; extract from works of Literature and Science; give place to well selected Poetry, Miscellaneous matter, &c.

To encourage the LITERATURE of our young, but rising Province, we shall at all times be happy to attend to well written Communications, on any subject in the diversified departments of Literature, the Arts, or the Sciences. Angry disputation or personal invective, will be excluded from our pages, such being inconsistent with the spirit by which, in our opinion, a Public Journal ought ever to be characterized.

THE cultivation of the soil, being one of the most honourable and important pursuits in which a man can engage, shall receive particular attention. AGRICULTURE has ever been a distinguished employment, and where extensively and systematically followed, has alike raised to opulence the Farmer and his Country—without it, no Country can prosper. In order to enhance the general welfare, *Commerce* and *Agriculture* should go hand-in-hand. We would, therefore, respectfully request from the intelligent Farmer, in any part of the Province, such information as may be of utility to those of the same profession in other parts.—In fact, any communication relating to the welfare of our own, or Sister Province, in Agricultural, Commercial, or Manufacturing pursuits, will be gladly received.

THE latest intelligence, shall of course occupy a proper portion of the OBSERVER, whatever be the topics to which it immediately relates. Every thing in the character of NEWS, which is truly worthy of notice, whether it concern the Mother Country, or Foreign Nations, shall meet with due attention.

IN regard to *Politics*, while we do not profess to belong to the *Ultras* of either of the great parties which have so long divided the Parent State, we are well aware that our writings must, as in every similar case, take their colour from our habits of political thinking. We deem it quite sufficient for us to state, that our settled and habitual notions are in complete accordance with every measure of policy which has a tendency to advance the civil and religious freedom of mankind, and of our own Country in particular;—that we shall give our cordial approbation to every general system, and our best support to every individual measure which is in accordance with the intellectual progress of the British Nation.

IT is the opinion of some, that since the tumult of War has in a great measure subsided, and the accounts of carnage and bloodshed been superseded by those of a more peaceful character, a Newspaper has lost its relish. This, however, is an erroneous idea—for, to the humane heart, this should be a matter of gratulation; it being admitted on all hands, that war is a grievous affliction to any country. Instead of heralding forth such appalling intelligence, it has now become the Chronicle of milder and more useful information.

How vast the influence of the PRESS!—But little more than four hundred years have elapsed since the invention of PRINTING, (emphatically and justly styled, "*The Art that preserves all Arts*")—In that period, what has it accomplished? "It has blunted the edge "of persecution's sword—laid open to man his own "heart—struck the sceptre from the hard hand of ty-"ranny—and awakened from its inglorious slumber, a "spirit of knowledge—cultivation—liberty. It has "gone forth like an Angel, scattering blessings in its "path—solacing the wounded mind, and silently point-"ing out the triumphs of mortality, and the truths of "revelation, to the gaze of those whom the want of "precept or good example had debased—whom igno-"rance had made sceptical."—For a moment, imagine the Press struck out of existence! What would be the consequence? A cloud of thick darkness would rest upon the world! Ignorance and superstition would follow!—Then let the Press be supported.

CONSIDERING, therefore, the influence of the Press, we cannot but be deeply sensible of the great responsibility attached to the conducting of a Public Journal, passing as it does, into the hands of all classes of the community. A Newspaper is calculated to have a very salutary, or a very baneful influence on many minds, according to the nature of its contents. Certain it is, that a good Periodical is a great acquisition to any place; and we fondly trust, the OBSERVER will bear such a character.

WE are aware that the Editorial path is a rugged one—more thickly strewn with thorns than roses; and when we take a glance at the numerous duties attendant upon the situation, we are ready to shrink from the undertaking.—We feel conscious that we enter upon the task, with comparatively small advantages, and moderate abilities; yet these, we trust, when governed by sound principles, and aided by competent correspondents, whom we shall be most happy to serve, will be sufficient to render the OBSERVER interesting and useful.—Relying, therefore, on the Public—that public, among whom we have passed the principal part of our lives, we enter upon the undertaking, trusting that exertions to please, and attention to business, may entitle us to their countenance and support.

DONALD A. CAMERON,
SAMUEL SEEDS.

☞ We intend forwarding the OBSERVER to the subscribers of the late STAR; and likewise to continue the Advertisements, until countermanded. Should any intend discontinuing either the Paper or Advertisements, they will please inform thereof as early as practicable.

☞ As we intend putting our Paper to press, as early as three o'clock, we would respectfully request advertising friends to hand in their favours on Monday, if possible, or as early on Tuesday morning, as convenient.

THE GARLAND.

The following charming lines, addressed to his wife, were written by the late Bishop HEBER, during his absence from her, on his long and arduous visitation of the Upper Provinces, in British India, not long before his death:

If thou wert by my side my love!
How fast would evening fail,
In green Bengala's palmy grove
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love! wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning grey,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea,
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

THE MISCELLANIST.

DUNDAS AND THE BARBER.

From the Clubs of London.

Before Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, had obtained the patronage of Scotland, he was not very popular with the natives of that country: indeed, the inhabitants of the gude toon of Edinbro', at one time, sought his life, and would have sacrificed him to their fury for having been concerned in certain measures to which the general opinion was opposed.

In this state of the public mind, he made a visit to the Scottish capital, and being one day recognised walking on the North Bridge, or Mound, he was surrounded by an immense mob, who hustled him in a very rude manner, and made preparations for throwing him over the parapet. Luckily, he happened to have a considerable quantity of money in his pocket, in the shape of notes and silver, which he had the presence of mind to throw, alternately among them, so as to divert their attention, whilst he made all possible way for the mansion of the Lord Provost; where, after great difficulty and having disposed of his last shilling, he arrived and found refuge and protection.

The mob increased, however, and surrounded the Chief Magistrate's house, crying vehemently, "Put out Dundas! put out Dundas!" and behaved otherwise in a very riotous manner. At length, the Provost, fearing they would proceed to extremities, came out and addressed them on the duties of hospitality, and on the ancient and uniform character of the Scots for the exercise of that virtue; and concluded by saying, that "he himself would prefer falling a victim to their fury, rather than eject any person who had sought the asylum of his roof." This was an appeal which no Scotchman could withstand, more particularly as it came from a man, whose amenity of character and mild disposition had rendered him generally beloved. Having given the Provost three cheers, they quietly dispersed to their houses.

Whilst he remained in Edinburgh on this occasion, Mr. Dundas took care not to show himself again in the streets, but soon took his departure for London.

Soon afterwards, been obliged to revisit his native country, and knowing the storm had blown over, he met with a very odd adventure, but one which terrified him equally, if not more so, than that on the North Bridge. It seems that he had been recently accessary to some other obnoxious measure; not, however, of such general importance as the former one;—it was such as to keep alive the public feeling, though not sufficient to blow it into actual flame: In this state of things he arrived at an hotel in Edinburgh, and next morning sent for a barber to shave him.

The Tonsor, who happened to be a wag, on entering the room, saluted Mr. Dundas and welcomed him to Edinburgh. Then having decorated him with an apron he began to lather his face; during which operation he cast upon him sundry scowling and penetrating glances, the meaning of which the stranger could not well comprehend. At length flourishing his razor, he said in a sharp and stern voice,—

"We are much *obliged* to you, Mr. Dundas, for the part you lately took in London."

"What!" replied the Secretary, "you are a politician, I find?—I sent for a *barber*."

"Oh, yes," returned the knight of the pewter basin, "I'll shave you directly;" which he did until one half of the beard was clearly mowed, when, coming to his throat he drew the back of the razor across it, saying, "Take that, ye traitor!"—and off he ran, down stairs, into the street.

Whether Mr. Dundas had previously felt any uneasiness at the barber's manner, we know not; but the latter expression—the action being so well suited to the word,—induced him instantly to apply the apron to his throat, and make a loud guggling noise, which being heard by some of the people of the house, they immediately ran to his assistance. They soon discovered, by the pantomimic gestures of Mr. Dundas, what had occurred, and it was not long before the room was full of members of the Faculty of all degrees, apothecaries, surgeons, and physicians! It was a considerable time before the patient could be prevailed on to remove the apron and expose his throat; but at length, when he did so, with much caution—it was found to be in a perfectly whole state; there not being even a scar visible!

Though Mr. Dundas had much reason to be delighted at having escaped unhurt, he was not a little mortified at the laugh which this adventure occasioned; and his chagrin was greatly increased when he found that he had to pay for the attendance of the medical gentleman:—which having done, and having shaved the other side of his face himself,—for he would trust no more barbers,—he decamped from Edinburgh, and did not return for many years.

Sketch of the Battle of Trafalgar.—Daylight of the 21st October, 1805, displayed the signal for the enemy's fleet. Let that day never be forgotten! The almost calmness that prevailed in the morning, and harbingered the battle, seemed but to render the deadly strife more conspicuous. As the British fleet was wafted by the gentle winds towards their powerful enemy, the preparations for the battle evinced every man to be in earnest. The cabin bulkheads on each deck were cleared away, and displayed long, level, unbroken batteries, tended by their gallant and rejoicing crews. Fire-buckets, match-tubs, shot-racks, powder-boxes, and wads, were arranged in their proper places; arm-chests lay open, and pikes, pistols and cutlasses gleamed in every direction. The tompions were taken out of the muzzles, and there was a loud creaking of the gun-carriages, as the officers examined that every thing was in fighting order. All was now ready; the fleets were closing. There was a dead silence till the signal of the great patriot, "England expects every man to do his duty," flew at the Victory's mast-head. Instantly an enthusiastic murmur of approbation spread from ship to ship—from deck to deck—from gun to gun—from man to man. A few straggling shot hissing through the air indicated the near approach of the fleets, and a loud, long-drawn fire of heavy cannon showed the lee-division breaking the dark concave line of the enemy. "Bravo! Collingwood!" was in every heart, and there was but one common soul in the fleet. Many a valiant heart beat high with expectation which was doomed never to survive another day. Many an eye gazed that moment on the instruments of death, which, in a few short hours, were to close it for ever. The ships passed on to their stations, the battle became general, loud peals of cannon roared throughout the line, fire gleamed on the ocean, and the air was filled with the thick fumes of sulphur. The very masts shook in their sockets, the sails trembled, and the affrighted wind breathed low. The stately ships which so lately sailed gaily forth, now presented the mangled appearance of wreck, giving evidence of the deadly strife that was at work, till ship grappled with ship, and man with man. The day advanced, crash succeeding crash of the falling masts, till amidst the groans of the dying, and the loud huzzas of the victors, the great struggle was decided in favour of England, and her flag waved triumphant over the deep: but her hero had fallen. Nelson, the father of his men, the patriot of his country, was no more. Peace be to his ashes, and honour to his name! The dark clouds which had been gathering over the devoted spot during the bloody contention now began to roll wild and portentously. The storm arose, and many a shattered and unmanageable hulk became the coffin alike of the living and the dead, and numbers of the conquerors and the conquered were immersed in the same watery grave. "That joy of battle in the field of death," produced by the loud shouts of victory, still thrilled in the heart of Morland, when he was called upon to endure more mournfull scenes among the mangled forms which met his view, as he descended from the blood-stained decks to the cockpit, where amputations were still performing. The hearty greeting of messmates was followed by most painful feelings at their first meal after the battle. In the mess to which Morland belonged there were three vacant places; where was poor Harry? whose cheerful mirth had been "wont to set the table in a roar." Where was Frank? and ——; but the inquiring tongue was stopped by that solemn and heart-appealing silence which but too well told the mournful tale. The young heroes were shrouded in the flag of their country; and when, with the rest of the fallen brave, their bodies were committed to the deep, many a tear was observed to trickle down the sun-burnt furrows of the sailors' cheeks, as the blue waves broke over the remains of their departed shipmates.—*Tales of the Sea.*

PARALLEL BETWEEN SIX GREAT ORATORS.—Thus endowed as a statesman, Mr. Canning was the most consummate orator of his country and age. He had cultivated eloquence, as a liberal art—with the zeal of a student—and became one of its classic masters. Some may have exceeded him in particular qualities or powers—but he possessed an assemblage of endowments and acquirements which left all rivalry at a distance. He combined the free movement, spirit, and reality of British Parliamentary debate, with the elaborate perfection of the *forum* and the *agora*—and the accessary accomplishments and graces of ancient and modern literature. Chatham can be estimated only by tradition and his effects—in the absence of all genuine remains. He must have possessed fervour, fancy, a superior reason, and great popular effect; but he exercised an art which he had himself created, and in which he had no rival of the first rank. His theatric delivery and the mimic lightnings of his eye, astonished and frightened country gentlemen and noble lords, to whom eloquence was a novelty, and talent alarming. His dramatic appeal to the "frowning ancestor" in the tapestry, and his pantomimic exhibition of his crutch, would fall powerless—or worse, on a modern opposition. Fox, with the impetuous ardour of liberty, humanity, and his temperament—with the muscular vigour of his dialectics—simple and unadorned—would be the first orator in the assembly of a free people. Pitt, with his high-sounding amplifications, lofty sarcasms, and imposing manner, was supreme in dictating to a drilled majority or subservient council—and to imposing his authority upon the common order of minds. Burke has bequeathed the eloquence of his meditations, and the oracles of his philosophy, to sages and to posterity. But give Canning "audience meet"—the select representatives of a civilized free people—men capable of feeling deliberate eloquence as a cultivated liberal art—and he brought into the field an assemblage of qualities beyond all single rivalry. Fire and imagination, like Chatham, with a severer judgment and less artificial delivery—vigorous dialectics, like Fox, with more of wit and fancy—dignity of manner, and measured declamation like Pitt, with a livelier and lighter tone of pleasantry and sarcasm—much of the philosophy of Burke, with less prolixity, and a more scrupulous taste—these are among the qualities which determine Mr. Canning's place in the first order of orators.—*Thierry's Memoir of Canning.*

INFANT SCHOOLS.—*Children's health considered.*—We not unfrequently see both disease and deformity prevail, to a sorrowful degree, amongst the neglected children of the poor, arising not only from exposure to the most inclement weather, but from various deplorable accidents, in consequence of which they are, in many instances, sufferers for life, and in not few cases, brought to a premature grave; to protect them from these injuries, requires more time and attention than can be paid them by their parents, who have to obtain their livelihood by the constant labour of their hands. These considerations have claimed the benevolent attention of those whom a kind Providence has placed in comfortable circumstances, and whose minds have been touched with tender sympathy and compassion for those who stand in so much need of their friendly interference and kind guardianship.

The children of the poor are generally brought up in small and confined apartments; many of them eat, drink, sleep, and pass a large proportion of their time, in a single room, wherein all their washing and working are performed, which contaminate and render unwholsome, the atmosphere they breathe. This, I am aware, is not so much the case in country places, as in large populous towns. Nor is the matter much, if at all improved by sending them to the ordinary schools, in close and dirty lanes, streets, alleys, and courts, where the little creatures are imprisoned for six or eight hours of the day, in small crowded rooms and confined to a form, with their tender limbs, (prone by nature to activity) cramped under them, and their minds fretted by habits imposed upon them, altogether different from the dictates of reason and of nature.

The removal of children so circumstanced, to large and airy school rooms, and play grounds, where they are permitted to exercise their legs and arms in innocent play, and by regular marches, which greatly amuse and delight them, and at the same time, introduce them in a pleasant way, to habits of subordination, by obeying the words of command given them; will unquestionably be of great advantage to these interesting objects of our solicitude.

There is no difficulty in getting children to attend these schools; they are the happiest hours they spend; and experience has abundantly proved, that they would much rather be there than at home.—*Dr. Pole.*

The advantages of transportation to the favorite colony, New South Wales, have long since been duly estimated by the lower orders of society, of which the following anecdote is a singular instance:—The 46th Regiment of Foot having been on duty at Sydney, during the years 1818 and 1819, sailed in the early part of 1820 for Madras. Shortly after their arrival, two of the privates were charged with the serious offence of coining, and being tried and convicted, were sentenced to transportation, and sent out as convicts to the Colony from which they had so lately been removed. A few weeks subsequently, information was given to the police (by an anonymous communication) that a gang of eight or ten other privates of the same regiment were carrying on the like nefarious manufacture. They were accordingly taken into custody, committed, tried, and convicted. Meanwhile it had reached the ears of the Commanding Officer, that the apparent criminality of so many of his men was but a manœuvre to procure their speedy return to the favourite Colony in which they had so long been quartered. He forthwith made a representation of the circumstances which had come to his knowledge, to the Governor in Council, accompanying such statement with the assurance, that if the convicted gang should be transported to Sydney, his regiment would shortly be reduced to a mere skeleton. The punishment was, therefore, changed to imprisonment and hard labour at Madras, and the virtue of the remaining privates of the 46th regiment was no longer tempted with the alluring bait of transportation to New South Wales. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that neither coining nor forgery are punishable as capital offences in our East-Indian territory.

The pleasures, charms, and resources of a COUNTRY LIFE are inexhaustible; they impart their own peculiar joys, and are such as man cannot disturb or diminish; unconnected with the noise and turbulence of town, free from the shackles of its dependence, and the restraint of its confinement. Gay, airy, and independent, the mind, like the body, can roam free and undisturbed, and lay up all those riches to itself, which no change nor sorrow can take away. There, it witnesses those innumerable beauties, and becomes enraptured in those sweet, soft sensations which delight to revel in the luxury they produce. There are those wonders which exalt the being of the naturalists, and bestow a source of grand and inexhaustible delight; nature arrayed in her rarest and choicest garb, displaying her fascinating aspect to allure and delight, and hiding, in the depths of retirement and darkness, her most magnificent possessions for curiosity and research.

"Labour is indeed the salt of the earth, the preserver and nourishment of all things; the curse that man should eat his bread with the sweat of his brow, was mercifully repealed in the very moment it was pronounced, and was changed even into a blessing; Labour gave him bread, and a comfort along with it, which nothing like labour can bestow. If the earth produced spontaneously, it might be a paradise for angels, but no habitation for beings formed like ourselves; without labour, what could support or adorn the whole fabric of society? It would vanish like an enchantment."

Elegant Extract from Woodstock.—"There is, I know not why, something peculiarly pleasing to the imagination, in contemplating the QUEEN OF NIGHT, when she is *wading*, as the expression is, among the vapours which she has not power to dispel—and which, on their side, are unable to quench her lustre. It is the striking image of patient VIRTUE calmly pursuing her path through good report and bad report; having that excellence in herself which ought to command all admiration, but bedimmed in the eyes of the world, by suffering, by misfortune, by calumny."

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—"As the vine, which has long twined its foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its scattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that WOMAN, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man, in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart."—*Sketch Book.*

Variety is certainly the life of a Newspaper. The mirror of the times, as it has been aptly called, it would fail to render a just reflection, did it not present the same careless change, the same contrast of colouring, the same mixture of grave and gay, of "delight and dole," which characterizes the world itself. And by unduly preponderating in any respect, it would not only lose its distinguishing property of picturing things as they are, but would cease to be agreeable; for the restless mind revolts from the dulness of uniformity, and quickly satisfied with what it has, is again on the wing for something curious and new.

LACONICS.

I deny not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how Books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was, whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, imbalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*Milton's Speech on unlicensed Printing.*

Virtue, like fire, turns all things into itself: our actions and our friendships are tinctured with it, and whatever it touches becomes amiable.—*Seneca.*

Truth is so important and of so delicate a nature, that every possible precaution should be employed to extenuate its violation, although the sacrifice be made to duties which supersede its obligation.—*Percival.*

LEARNING, if rightly applied, makes a young man thinking, attentive and industrious, confident and wary; an old man cheerful and reserved. It is an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in adversity, an entertainment at all times; it cheers in solitude and moderates upon a throne.

ITALIAN PROVERBS.—Affairs, like a salt fish, ought to lie a good while a soaking.

One mild word quenches more heat than a whole bucket of water.

A rich country and a bad road.

Knowledge is worth nothing unless we do the good we know.

He who hath gold hath fear, he who hath none hath sorrow.

MEDICAL.

NERVOUSNESS.—Nothing is more common with people who fret and are habitually melancholy, than to feel as they say, a "sinking" in the breast, a heaviness in respiration, and frequently a pain. These symptoms are inseparable from depressed spirits. What is the first symptom of a depression of the mind? A sigh—which is no more than an involuntary exertion of the respiratory muscles to keep themselves free from the weight newly imposed upon them; or, in other words, from the sluggishness which the nerves supplying life to the heart, lungs, and great blood vessels, are disposed to. If this first cause (grief) continue, the sluggishness will follow, and therefore heavy sighing, still increasing as it goes on. The digestive organs, stomach, liver, and spleen, being supplied with nerves from nearly the same branches, are also oppressed—that is, the nerves do not act as powerfully as before, and indigestion follows. This re-acts upon the nervous system, and general disease is the consequence. No wonder then that men under the affections of the mind become diseased. So great a sympathy exists between the brain, the organs of digestion, and the circulation, that some ancient philosophers supposed the seat of the soul to be the stomach. The *par vagum*, or eight pair of nerves, is the largest that comes out of the brain, and this descends to supply the stomach with life and feeling, while the parts immediately surrounding the stomach are supplied with nerves from the spinal marrow—the brain itself communicates with the stomach directly.—Hence affections of the mind in most cases operate upon the stomach—grief, joy, anger, all the strong passions seem to derange it. Who has not observed, that one who has met with a sudden great calamity refuses to eat; in like manner, if a child be promised any thing highly delightful to it—such as to be taken to play—the stomach does not crave support.—*Lon. Med. Adv.*

INDIGESTION—EATING TOO FAST.—The most common cause of morbid distension of the stomach, is eating too fast; for the appetite only subsiding in proportion as the food combines with, and neutralizes the gastric fluid previously in the stomach, when we eat too fast, before this combination is completed, so much is taken, that the whole gastric fluid which the stomach is capable of supplying during the digestive process, is not sufficient to effect the due alteration on it; whereas, when we eat slowly, the appetite abates before the stomach is overcharged; for while digestion is going on, and the gastric fluid is only supplied in proportion as fresh food comes in contact with the coats of the stomach, it combines with the food as it is formed, and never excites the appetite. The food, when we eat too fast, is not only received into the stomach in too great quantities, but is swallowed without being duly masticated and mixed with saliva, and therefore without properly undergoing what may be considered the first process of digestion. It is thus presented to the stomach, in a state in which the gastric fluid pervades, and consequently acts upon it with more difficulty. In this way, eating too fast is injurious, even when the patient abstains from taking too much. For these reasons, to eat *moderately* and *slowly* is often of *greater consequence* than any other rule of diet. The dyspeptic should carefully attend to the first feeling of satiety. There is a moment when the relish given by the appetite ceases; a single mouthful taken after this, oppresses a weak stomach:—he who eats slowly, and carefully attends to this feeling, will never overload the stomach.—*Dr. Phillips.*

THE REFLECTOR.

IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON.

The following anecdote of Dr. Chalmers, will be read with interest.—It is related by an accomplished and pious lady, the wife of a clergyman of Peebles, near Edinburgh.—*N. York paper.*

Dr. Chalmers, on his return from London a few years ago, lodged in the house of a Nobleman, not far distant from Peebles. The doctor excels most men in conversation, as he does his associates in the pulpit. He was the life and soul of the discourse in the circle of friends at the Nobleman's fireside. The subject was pauperism—its causes and cure. Among the gentlemen present, there was a venerable old Highland Chieftain, who kept his eyes fastened on Dr. C. and listened with intense interest to his communications. The conversation was kept up to a late hour. When the company broke up, they were shown up stairs into their apartments. There was a lobby of considerable length, and the doors of the bed chambers opened on the right and left. The apartment of Dr. C. was directly opposite to that of the old Chieftain, who had already retired with his attendant. As the doctor was undressing himself, he heard an alarming noise in the Chieftain's room; the noise was succeeded by a heavy groan! He hastened into the apartment, which was in a few minutes filled with the company, who all rushed in to the relief of the old man. It was a melancholy sight which met their eyes. The venerable white-headed Chief had fallen in the arms of his attendant. It was evidently an apoplexy. He breathed a few moments and expired. Dr. C. stood in silence, with both hands stretched out—and bending over the deceased. He was the very picture of distress. He was the first to break silence. "Never in my life, (said he, with a tremulous voice) did I ever see—or, did I ever feel, before this moment, with an equal force, the meaning of that text 'Preach the Word: be instant in season, and out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long suffering and doctrine.' Had I but thought that my venerable friend was so near the brink of *Eternity*, I would not have dwelt on that subject which formed the topic of this evening's conversation. I would have addressed myself earnestly to him. I would have preached unto him and unto you, *Christ Jesus and him crucified*. I would have urged him and you, with all the earnestness befitting the subject—to prepare for *Eternity*. You would have thought it—you would have pronounced it *out of season*. But ah! it would have been 'in season'—both as it respected him, and as it respects you!"