

The Weekly Observer

BEING

A NEW SERIES OF THE STAR.

Vol. I.

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1829.

No. 31.

THE GARLAND.

INVOCATION TO THE ECHO OF A SEA-SHELL.

BY ALABRIC A. WATTS.

Voice of the deep, illumined seal
Disregard offspring of the wind and wave!
Who, like a captive struggling to be free,
Thus ever moans 'at in thy mysterious cave,
And brought thee, mourning, from thy parent sand?
Art thou a vessel, by some sea-god's spell
Priced in this smooth shell?
Or, but a spirit of the "vasty deep,"
Called up to earth by some enchanter's wand?
Whose was the charm that broke thy long, cold sleep,
And brought thee, mourning, from thy parent sand?
How wert thou ushered to the realm of day,
Syrin, or Spirit, say?
Yet more—I would know more! I burn to pierce
The hidden secret of thy ocean home:
Where are the victims of thy surges' force,
Who dream of calm and wakened 'mid foam?
The souls that perished 'neath the stormy wave,
When none were near to save?
Where are the stately ship, and gallant crew,
Whose hapless fate is sealed to all beside?
The warrior build a fear that never knew,
The low-linked pair whom death could not divide;
For thou hast seen them in their last embrace,
Calm, sleeping face to face!
Foul hearts and true—the beautiful and brave,
Childhood's bright hair—the veteran's locks of grey;
Foes and friends, sink down to one wide grave,
And none are spared to tell us where they lay,
Where are the lost and loved so many seek?
Speak, I conjure thee, speak!
How dost thou answer?—With a low, sweet dirge—
Sad as the booming of the sudden main,
The far-off wailing of the restless surge,
When storms are growing into strength again!
Perchance a requiem for the glorious dead,
Young, brave, valiant dead,
What'er thy source and purpose, I rejoice
To list thy mystic murmurings, soft and clear:
To me thou seemest like a still, small voice,
By conscience whispered in my world-ward ear,
To lead my soul from grolleling things of earth,
To hopes of loftier birth!
TO AN INFANT.
Thou wak'st from happy sleep, to play,
With bounding heart, my boy!
Before thee lies a long, bright day
Of summer and of joy!
Thou hast no heavy thought or dream,
To cloud thy fearless eye:
Long be it thus!—Life's early stream
Should still reflect the sky!
Yet, ere the cares of earth lie dim,
On thy young spirit a wing
Now, in thy dawn, forget not Him
From whom each pure thought springs!
So, in thy onward way of tears,
Where'er thy path may be,
When strength hath bowed to evil years,
He will remember thee! F. HAYMAN.

A beautiful thought encountered in the following lines:
Epitaph on an Infant.
He took the cup of life to sip,
For bitter 'twas to drink;
He put it meekly from his lip,
And went to sleep again.
The following pathetic soliloquy we found on the
back of a £100 note of the National Bank, which passed
through our hands lately, and we are sorry we can do
our sympathies to those of our poet on the transitory
nature of those substantial enjoyments:
"A little while ye have been mine,
Nae langer can I keep ye;
I fear ye'll ne'er be mine again,
Nor any litter like ye."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

THE MISCELLANEA.

LEEDS COURT HOUSE, Nov. 7.
WITCHCRAFT!—Thomas Hudson, 22 years of age,
was charged with assaulting Susannah Ormond, the
wife of a brush maker in this town, under very novel
circumstances. The complainant, a decent, sensible
woman, stated that her house adjoins that of the de-
fendant's father; and that some time ago the de-
fendant and his relations had taken it into their heads
to believe that she possessed the power of witchcraft,
and laid to her charge every misfortune by which the
family were afflicted. On Saturday night, as she was
leaving the yard, she was seized by the defendant, who
jammed her against the wall, and continued to prick her,
upon the arms and other parts of the body with a
quantity of pins. She was so much injured that she
was obliged to keep to her bed the whole of the next
day.
Mr. Brown said, well, in all my experience, I only
remember one similar case to this. Now, then, you
stupid fellow, do you deny having assaulted this woman?
Defendant, first looking with a fearful eye on the
complainant—No, I don't deny pricking her; I'll take
to the truth. But she's done all the mischief, and let
her deny it if she can! She's the cause of it, and I'm
the sufferer.
Mr. Brown: The cause of what?
The defendant went on to explain that he had ac-
tually been bewitched, as had also a relation of his,
by the complainant. "I feel it in me," he continued,
"it burns like fire; it's terrible at times, and some-
times our head is so hot that neither me nor my
father can lay down to it, isn't it true father?"
Upon this the father, a fine tall old man, stepped
forward, and addressed the Bench that the statement of
his son was true.
Mr. Brown: Now, my good old man, I should im-
agine, from your years, that you have some little sense;
but as to your son, Beldin would be the fittest place
for him: do let me know if you believe in all this non-
sense; and that this poor woman really does bewitch
your family, as you say it?
The old man, with much earnestness, said, "I have
reason to believe she is so good. She knows what I
mean; but I'll not come near her—(at the same time
stepping back a pace or two)—Why, bless you, we
are so hot in bed sometimes, that we're like to be
scorched out."—*(Much laughter.)*
Defendant: Believe it, indeed I feel it believing.
I feel it now, but that's only because, when I pricked
her, it went out of me into this woman (pointing to a
woman who accompanied the complainant), but now it
has come back again. I should like to know how I
could prick her—(at the same time laying hold of the
woman's arm, endeavouring to prick her with a pin).
—He was ordered to depart, but the attempt occasioned
a run of laughter, in which the two women heartily
joined.
Defendant: Just let me draw blood of her, and I
shall be well.—*(Laughter.)*—It flies out of me into her,
and when she stares at me, it comes back again; do
let me prick her a bit!

The Mayor said he should not be permitted to do
any thing of the kind. He did not imagine that there
were such jackasses in existence at this time of day.
Mr. Brown: Suppose this woman should procure
your flesh with a "cobbler'sawl," how would you re-
sist that, eh?
Defendant: Well, I should deserve it if I had done
as she has. There's been many a one burnt for less.
There's no keeping things right in the house for her—
is she, father?
The old man, with a deep sigh, and a very knowing
shake of the head, muttered, "No, my lad"—and
then turning to the complainant, said, in a solemn tone,
"Say thy prayers, woman say thy prayers."
The defendant went on to describe the manner in
which the woman inflicted the evil upon him.
"She came up to me, and said in my face."
Mr. Brown: It would make any reasonable person
stare to meet such a fool as you.
The defendant continued—When she begins to stare
then it comes over me in a minute.—When she starts
her eyes off me, and went away, I went out of me into
the bed, which got so hot that we were obliged to
turn out.—*(Renewed laughter.)*
Mr. Brown: Pshaw! It's a delicious fever, a heated
brain, if you have any. I think I could cure you my
man, if I dared do, by whipping it out of you.
The defendant described the means he had taken
"to do away with the evil." Those means, certainly,
were of the most indolent description, and the air of
sarcasm with which they were delivered occasioned much
merriment; but as they would "blur the grace of
modesty," we forbore repeating them.—The fellow
was bound over to keep the peace towards the two fe-
males, and ordered to pay the expenses. After a suitable
admonition from the Bench, the defendant left.
Mr. Brown: It would make any reasonable person
stare to meet such a fool as you.

INSOLVENT DEBTORS' COURT.
Nov. 18.—Mrs. Mary Bloomfield, of Northampton
place, Clerkenwell, the widow of the well-known poet
Robert Bloomfield, was heard to the matter of her peti-
tion and schedule to be discharged.
It will be fresh in the recollection of the public, that
the celebrated bard expired about 18 months ago, when
a subscription was entered into for the widow and her
two children, by which she was enabled to set up in
business as a milliner with her daughter, in the above
place.
The public will ever read with delight his celebrated
Former's Boy, which has done him so much honour, and
which procured him the friendship of a noble peerage,
the Duke of Grafton, Capel Loft, Esq. and several
other distinguished and learned men of the present
day. The poet in the latter part of his life was in great
expectation of a situation under Government, but on
his receiving his application he was told he must wait
till a vacancy occurred, which so discouraged him that
he cared little for life, and expired waiting its neces-
sities. He willingly resigned his soul to that God, the
giver of thought, who, as he beautifully expressed it
himself, "raises up many who will turn a listening ear,
and will not despise
"The short and simple annals of the poor."
The unfortunate widow, attired in a plain cloak,
appeared about 55 years of age, and stated in her exami-
nation by the Court, that she resided in Northampton
place with her son Robert, who is about 21 years of
age, and who follows the trade of his late father, namely
a ladies' shoemaker, and her daughter, who is 23
years of age, and that the greater part of the furniture
she belonged to. Her detaining creditors were
a Mr. Woolmer, a warehouseman of Chesapeake,
whose debt was contracted by goods furnished to her
and her daughters as milliners, and for which she was
responsible. She had been seized in that manner, and
in order to borrow several sums of money from some
men, admiring of her husband's talents, whose loans
were mentioned in her schedule.
No opposition appearing against her, she was adjud-
ged entitled to the benefit of the act, and ordered to be
discharged forthwith.—*London Paper.*

FINE ARTS—ORIGINAL GENIUS.—The mantle of our
poet Robert Burns—supposed to have been lost—has
been caught, in the same district which gave him birth,
by a sculptor, James Thom—A native Ayrshire
whose inspirations is no less wonderful—perhaps more
striking—than that of the bard. The spirit of Burns as
evinced in the most gifted of all his productions—
"Tam O'Shanter"—has been seized and recalled, we
dare not say outstripped, by the sculpture-illustrations
of the poem, for which we are now indebted to the
genius of Thom. This extraordinary person—hitherto
known as a stone mason, a cutter of slabs into head
stones in country church yards—has, in the 40th year
of his age, started forth, meteor-like, as a master in the
highest department of sculpture. Having been, like
too many others, out of employment during the last year,
Mr. Ayle of Ayr, the friend of Burns' widow and
the warm admirer of his works, was induced, partly
by the kindred feelings manifested by Thom, and partly
by the interest which he could not help taking in the
tradesman himself, whom he knew to be clever, and
whom he found enthusiastic, to take the would-be
sculptor into his house, and the risk of purchasing for
and placing at his disposal a large block of free-stone,
selected from a neighboring quarry. The proprietor
of the rock took care before parting with the stone,
to certify himself that Mr. Ayle, who was laughed at by
his acquaintances for his credulity in the matter, had
really authorized Thom to make use of his name and
credit. The scheme, however, was persevered in; the
block of rough sand-stone, was transferred from the
quarry to a work shed at Ayr, and, by the use made of
his chisel, in six hours, sculpture in regard to Thom's
creative powers was at an end.—*Scotian.*

BARRY, THE FAMOUS PAINTER.—The following an-
ecdote was communicated to me by a gentleman who
had received it from Barry, Barry's early and steady
friend. This great orator, with whom the painter was
frequently dined, being aware of most of his eccen-
tricities, and wishing much to see in what way he con-
ducted his household concerns, requested to be asked
but if you will partake of a steak, I can answer for
your having it but, and from the best rum in the most
classic market in London." "I will dine with you,"
replied Mr. Burke "—but mind, you must not let me
put you to the test of your own way." "You shall dine
as I do, Sir," observed Barry; "there shall be no aux-
iliaries, turning his head to the side-board of glittering
plate and glass. A day was then fixed. Upon Mr.
Burke's arrival at 36, Castle-street, Oxford-market, he
had conducted him into the painting room, which had
undergone an alteration & change from the period
when it had been used as a carpenter's shop. It was
partly occupied by his large picture of *Pandora*; and
principally by whole-length portraits of the persons
who sat to him for his *Atelphi pictures*, together with
numerous old painting-frames; a printing press, for
Most of the windows of this painting-room were either
cracked or broken; the tiles of its ceilings roof were
in a wide apart and as much mutilated, as those which
are seen in the first state of Hogarth's print of the *Street*.
The room was a Bar; and the small fire-place was
filled with a grate large enough for the carpenter's
glue-pot. However, it was under this roof that the
great Burke was to dine. The fire burned clear, the
steaks were put on, and Barry, who assumed no false
pompe, though he had means of comfort within his reach,
after spreading a towel upon a small round, three-leg-
ged deal table, just large enough for two plates, the

beer, and bread, put a pair of logs into his grate,
beard, requesting him to turn the steaks, while he went
for a pot of porter; and upon his return, with his usual
consistency of blandness, swore that the wine had taken
the edge of the head just as he was crossing Titchfield-street.
—*Voltaire and his Times.*

LEARN A TRADE.—"He," says Franklin,
"who has a Trade has an Estate." This is
one of the most correct and judicious sayings of
that truly great man, whose judgment of man-
kind was formed from experience, and whose writ-
ings are held up to the admiration of the world.
No better maxims of morals are to be found, or
rules which, if attended to, will eventually lead
the unfortunate to repair their losses, overcome
difficulties, and regain lost ground. The above
is worthy of deep reflection, and speaks volumes
of itself. It speaks a language that is easily
understood; and many are they who will readily
subscribe to its truth, who are now labouring
in difficulty and distress, to procure the
hard-earned pittance for daily bread. Happy
would it be (and how much misery avoided) if
more of our youth were placed in situations
congenial to their minds and genius, wherein
they could learn the art of a mechanic. In this
respect, much judgment ought to be exercised,
that a wrong turn be not given to the mind, but
that a due regard be had to the natural bent of
genius. To thwart this is to destroy pride and
ambition; from which results dissatisfaction,
and often ruin. Whatever the feelings of a pa-
rent may be for his child, his own experience
will teach him the propriety of his son's having
a calling that enables him to support, not only
himself, but perhaps, a family. I have seen the
young man, born to an affluent fortune, who was
early apprenticed to a respectable and sci-
entific mechanic to learn what is generally term-
ed a trade. Although there was no apparent
need of such a step—as the father was an in-
dependent man—still the old gentleman con-
sidered that it was necessary, and often made
the observation, "that he who has a trade has
an estate." The young man duly served his
time, and became a complete master of his
trade; and the son had the happiness to con-
tribute to the ease and support of his truly re-
spectable parent in his old age, (who had lost,
through misfortune, his immense property),
and, while performing this pleasing duty, his talents
and industry raised him to an enviable situ-
ation in life.

The mysterious and utterly impenetrable town
of Timbuctoo has, at last, been visited by an European.
A Frenchman, of the name of Callio, who had no
other reason than public curiosity, set out from Senegal
by water, took a roundabout way through the
savannah, and at last attained the metropolis of Fon-
talia, where he was detained in a village five months
by an attack of fever. He continued his route to Bam-
baco, and descended the Niger in a vessel which con-
tinued in his month to the port of Timbuctoo. He
continued in that town fifteen days, and took advantage
of an occasion which was offered to him of passing the
Great Desert, and attaining the sea-shore through Mo-
rocco. He succeeded in his attempt, but he under-
went the most horrible privations; he reached Tadila,
then Fez, Mequinez, and Tangiers, where the consul-
general of France, M. Delapierre, embarked him in a
vessel which was bound for Toulon. Particulars on
this interesting subject have been transmitted by the
Consul and the traveller to the Geographical Society at
Paris, who shortly intend to publish all the documents,
which have been received on this subject.—*Journal des*
Voyageurs.

**Anecdote of Bonaparte at the Battle of Mos-
taca.**—In the morning of that day, (says M. de
Basset) at once so glorious and fatal to the
French army, some bullets passed over the head
of Napoleon, and the group in which we were
assembled beheld him. He ordered General Sor-
bier to advance with some batteries of the
artillery of the guard, to rid us of this annoy-
ance. An hour or two after the bullets re-ap-
peared, and we supposed the enemy had regained
the position from which he had been dislodged
by our artillery. The firing however, gradu-
ally relaxed, and the bullets came slowly rol-
ling, as if their force was almost expended, at the
feet of Napoleon, who pushed them quietly
away with his feet, as people remove a stone that
lies in their way in walking. He talked with
Marshal Davoust, who had just had a horse killed
under him by a cannon ball, and who, still
suffering from the shock he had received in his
fall, could scarcely keep up with Napoleon as he
walked rapidly to and fro within the limits of
a few yards. About two o'clock in the after-
noon the sound of the Russian cannon died
away. The great redoubt once carried, disorder
seized the enemy's ranks, and they fought
only to make good their retreat. The victory
was complete; our trophies immense; but 50,
000 warriors of all nations lay dead on the field
of battle. The Russians lost more than 30,000
men, exclusive of those wounded and taken pri-
soners.

BONAPARTE'S SUPERSTITION.—Bonaparte
was truly superstitious. I have seen him throw
himself into a dreadful passion when one of his
valets happened to place his shaving-box, or any
other utensil, on the right side, instead of on the
left. He had contracted in Egypt some strange
habits, which were probably connected with
certain secret practices. My husband would
frequently take off a part of his dress, throw it
over the left shoulder, exclaiming, *lands, castles,*
provinces, kingdoms, &c. I have seen him sit
on the floor of his apartment, take off his
own stockings, and fling them over his shoulder
in the same way. He could never bear to see
three lighted candles, &c.—*Mademoiselle. Le*
Normand's Memoirs of Josephine.

NAPOLEON'S NOTIONS OF COURT STYLE.—
On the formation of her household, the Empress
Josephine requested of Napoleon that Madame
de Nansouty (the wife of Gen. de Nansouty)
might be appointed one of the ladies of the bed-

chamber. "Her husband is too poor," was the
Emperor's answer. "Sire, you have pronoun-
ced his eulogy. There was nothing to prevent
his enriching himself in Hanover; but he did
not do so." "So much the worse for him; I
sent him thither for that purpose. I will have
about me only such persons as may render my
court splendid by their style and expense."—
Memoirs of Josephine.

COSMET.—Alluding to the number of his
works, observes—"If such young men wish to
know the grand secret relative to the perfor-
mance of such wondrous labour, it is told to them
in a few words—be abstinent, be sober, go to
bed at eight o'clock and get up at four, the last
two being still of more importance than the two
former. As full half of all that I have ever
written has been written before ten o'clock in
the day; so that I have had as much leisure as
any man I ever knew any thing of. If young
men will not set about the thing in earnest, let
them not fear of success; they will soon find
that it is disagreeable to sit up or rise late. Li-
terary coxcombs talk of consuming the mid-
night oil! No oil, and a very small portion of
candles, have I ever consumed; and I am quite
convinced that no writing is so good as that
which comes from under the light of the sun."

PRESERVATION OF WOOD LOTS.—Wood
should be felled or cut down between the months
of November and March. This circumstance
renders it better fire wood, and some say, more
durable timber. And wood which is cut, when
the sap is down, or in the roots, is most apt to
send forth sprouts or suckers, and thus renew
its growth.

In applying the axe to a wood lot, which the
owner would wish to perpetuate by a series of
reproductions, the best method is to cut down
every tree as far as you proceed. This will give
the sprouts from the stumps, and other young
trees the advantages of a free circulation of the
air, and a fair exposure to the sun. But if some
of the large trees are left, the shoots which
spring up from the stumps of the others will lan-
guish beneath their shade.

That part of the wood lot, which has been
cut over should be carefully fenced from cattle;
which will otherwise destroy the young shoots
by browsing on them. Care should also be ta-
ken to break off a part of the shoots around the
stumps, leaving only two or three of the most
thrifty. By such management, a wood lot
might last for centuries, and be a source of great
profit and utility.—*New England Farmer.*

ECONOMY IN THE USE OF FIREWOOD.—The
New-England Farmer has published, among his
valuable hints, the following respecting the use
of firewood. If wood is split very small, any
given quantity will give more heat for a while
but will be quickly consumed. If large, it will
consume slowly, but will burn less readily, and
give much less heat. A fire composed of billets
of wood, not more than fourteen inches long
will give more than two thirds as much heat, as
that made of wood double that length. Billets
of from three to four inches diameter, on a medi-
um, will be found most economical.

ANTIQUITY OF AUCTIONS.—Among the ancient
Romans, auctions were performed by the
public order, *sub hasta*; that is, under a spear
stuck up on that occasion, and by some magis-
trate, who made good by delivery of the goods.
The custom of setting up a spear at an auction
seems to have been derived from the circum-
stance,—that at first only those things which
were taken in war were sold in that manner.
The day, and sometimes the hour, and the terms
of the auction, were advertised, either by the
common crier, or in writing, and there were
courts in the forum where auctions were made.
A money broker, "argentarius," was also
present who marked down what was bidden, and
to whom the purchasers either paid down the
price, or gave security for it. The seller was
called "auctor," and the right of property
conveyed to the purchaser was called "auctori-
tatis." The first auction in England was
made about 1700, by Elisha Yale, a Governor of Fort
George, in the East Indies, of the goods he
brought home with him.—*London Mirror.*

BLISTERED FEET.—The following mode of
cure, was communicated to Capt. Cochrane, and
which he never found to fail;—It is simply to
rub the feet at going to bed, with spirits mixed
with tallow dropped from a lighted candle into
the palm of the hand. On the following morn-
ing no blisters exist; the spirits seem to possess
the healing power, the tallow serving only to
keep the skin soft and pliant. The soles of the
feet, the ancles, and insteps, should be rubbed
well; even where no blisters exist, the applica-
tion may be usefully made as a preventive.
Salt and water is a good substitute—and while
on this head, I would recommend foot-travel-
lers never to wear tight and left shoes: it is bad
economy, and indeed serves to cramp the feet;
and such I felt to be the case.—*Cochrane's*
Pedestrian Tour.

A widow in Aloha has a son who, last season,
commanded a ship engaged in the whale fishery.
His ship was lost, and he wrote home to his
mother, that, after his disaster, he had fortun-
ately found out, and was coming home (*Scotice*)
with the *North Pole*—a ship now in Leith har-
bour. The old woman, on reading the news,
was in raptures, and exclaimed—"Our John's
a made man at last! He has found out the
north pole, and is bringing it home w' him!
A brow reward, no doubt, he'll get frae the
Government!"—*Edinburgh Chronicle.*

EXTRAORDINARY DIVISION.—Would you
believe it possible (says a correspondent) to di-
vide the surface of a square inch of polished
steel into 25,000,000 of equal and similar
squares? The thing has been done, and a
friend of mine, whose letter is now before me,
assures me that he has seen it. You have only
to conceive each side of this square to be di-
vided in five thousand equal parts, and lines to
be drawn horizontally and vertically, crossing
each other at right angles. The astonishing re-
sult will be, that 25,000,000 of equal and simi-
lar squares are contained in one square inch of
highly polished steel, and distinctly visible
through a microscope!—*London World.*

MEXICAN PLAYTHINGS.—At Cimpeo, "look-
ing out of my window, I was witness to an in-
fantine amusement which would rather startle
English mothers and nurses. A party of little
children were diverting themselves with a large
rattle-snake, which in all its vigour was tied by
the middle to the lash of a small whip, while
the delighted urchins were teasing it with pic-
ces of stick, which they presented to be bitten.
Being a novice at this species of fun, and not
liking the angry rattles or savage springs of the
reptile, I asked the merry little group to kill it;
but my proposition was in vain, and they ran
off to enjoy their dangerous plaything uninter-
rupted."—*Lyon's Mexico.*

Singular effects of beauty on a young man.—Bishop
D'any invited one day to dinner, two clergymen and three
ladies: he noticed that during the whole repast,
the youngest of the two clergymen had his eyes steadily
fixed on one of the ladies who was very handsome.
The Bishop, after dinner, when the ladies had retired,
asked him what he thought of the beauty he had just
been looking at. The clergyman answered, "My lord,
in looking at the lady, I was reflecting that her beau-
tiful forehead will one day be covered with wrinkles;
that the curl on her lips will pass to her eye, the vic-
tims of which will be extinguished; that the ivory of
her teeth will be changed to ebony; that the lilies
and roses of her complexion the withered appearance
of age will succeed; that her fine soft skin will be-
come a dry parchment; that her agreeable smiles will
be converted into grimaces; and that, at length, they
will become the saintlike of Love."—I never should
have supposed, said the Bishop, that the sight of a fine
woman would have inspired a young man with such
profound meditation.

SINGULAR CHOICE OF A WIFE.—The De-
vonshire Chronicle says, "A man named Samuel
Skinner, who is vulgarly called 'Yealton Billy,'
on Thursday last, charged a woman named
Anne Lloyd, with robbing him of a one
pound note. On this charge she was again
brought up, and committed for three months to
the House of Correction. Before she had gone
far from the Guildhall, however, matters took a
wonderful turn—her accuser became her wooer,
asked her hand in marriage, obtained her con-
sent, and actually put in the bans, which were
published on Sunday the 21st ult. in Charles'
Parish."

He that can look with rapture upon the ag-
onies of an offending animal, will soon learn to
view the sufferings of a fellow creature with in-
difference, and in time he will acquire the power
of viewing them even with triumph, if that fellow
creature should become the victim of his resent-
ment, be it just or unjust. But the minds of
children are open to impressions of every sort;
and, indeed, wonderful as the facility with which
a judicious instructor may habituate them to ten-
der emotions. I have therefore always consid-
ered mercy to beings of an inferior species as a
virtue which children are very capable of learn-
ing, but which is most difficult to be taught, if
the heart has been only familiarized to specta-
cles of distress, and has been permitted either
to behold the pangs of any living creature with
cold insensibility, or to inflict them with wanton
barbarity.—*Dr. Parr.*

No man without the support and encourage-
ment of friends and having proper opportuni-
ties thrown in his way, is able to rise at once
from obscurity, by the force of his own unassisted
genius.—*Pliny's Letters.*

OLD AGE.—Every one wishes to reach a good
old age, but few persons wish to be thought old.
The love of the vanities of this world, and the
fears of death, are the cause of the first; and
the imperfections which accompany age, and ren-
der men a load to themselves and others, are the
reasons of the second.

True friends are the whole world to one another,
and he that is a friend to himself is only a friend to
himself. There is no selfish in the possession of any
thing, without a partner.

Receipt for a Sore Throat.—Take a glass of sweet oil,
and half a glass of spirits of turpentine, mix them to-
gether, and rub the throat externally, wearing flannel
round it at the same time. It proves most effectual
when applied early.

As a proof of modern gentility it may be re-
marked that the first thing a dandy does on
coming into company, is to make a comb of his
fingers, for the purpose of transforming his head
as nearly as possible into that of a Gorgon.

Climax of Blunders!—In a debate on the leather tax
in 1795, in the Irish house of commons, the chancellor
of the exchequer, (Sir John Parnell) observed with
great emphasis—"That in the prosecution of the pre-
sent war, every man ought to give his last guinea to
protect the remainder." Mr. Vandeleur said, that
however that might be, the tax on leather would be se-
verely felt by the bare footed peasantry of Ireland. To
which Sir Roach Boyle replied that this could be easily
remedied—by making the *under leathers* of wood.

Two lawyers in Oakland County, Michigan
Territory, had some high words in open court,
and one of them spit a quid of tobacco on the
other's face. The court took no offence.

Mr. J. Southey