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Weekly Almanack.

February—1836.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
3 Wednesday	7 19	4 41	6 6	morn.
4 Thursday	7 18	4 42	7 17	0 10
5 Friday	7 16	4 44	8 27	0 44
6 Saturday	7 15	4 45	9 38	1 17
7 Sunday	7 14	4 46	10 50	1 53
8 Monday	7 13	4 47	morn.	2 34
9 Tuesday	7 11	4 49	0 4	3 22

Last Quarter [illegible] day, 9h. 13m. evening.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT OF THE
MAILS.

MONDAY.
For Fredericton, at 11 A. M.
For St. Andrews and the United States, at 1 P. M.

TUESDAY.
From St. Andrews, &c. at 10 A. M.
From Fredericton, &c. at 2 P. M.
From Halifax and Digby, by the Boat.

WEDNESDAY.
For Halifax, Miramichi, &c. at 1 P. M.

THURSDAY.
From Fredericton and Canada, at 1 P. M.

FRIDAY.
For Fredericton and Canada, at 11 A. M.
For St. Andrews and the United States, at 1 P. M.

SATURDAY.
From Halifax, Miramichi, &c. at 10 A. M.
From St. Andrews, &c. at 10 A. M.
For Halifax, Digby, &c. at 4 P. M.

☞ All Letters must be in the Office half an hour before the time of closing.

N. B.—The Inland Postage on Letters for Europe, the United States, Newfoundland, &c. must be paid, or they will not be forwarded.

CHARLES DRURY, *Post-Master.*
Post-Office, St. John, 1st Dec. 1835.

DIGBY PACKET.

THE Packet Schooner DART, Capt. TANCH, with the Mails, will, till the latter end of February, leave this port for Digby on Saturday evenings, and on her return will leave Digby on Tuesday evenings.

JAMES WHITNEY.
St. John, 29th Dec. 1835.

The Garland.

A WEDDING WISH.—To a Young Couple.

The Cynosure of Midnight skies
Appears but *One* to Seamen's eyes,*
Yet *Twain* there are,
And each a Star,
Perhaps a Sun:—
May you, my Friends, reverse the view,
And, while on earth you look like *Two*,
From heaven be seen as *One*;
And, like that polar symbol, be
A Double Star of constancy!

Sheffield, 1835. J. Montgomery.

* The Polar Star, as it is called, when examined by a good telescope, is discovered to be double, or two minute stars blending their beams.

Miscellanea.

PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

The most lasting monuments of the power and policy of Napoleon Bonaparte are the artificial roads across the Alps, which connect Savoy with France and Valais with Italy. The first leads over Mount Cenis, a mountain 5879 feet high, and before it was formed, travellers were obliged to pass over the steepest height on mules, and with very considerable danger and fatigue. The second road, which is one of the most stupendous works of art, leads over the Simplon, a mountain 10,327 feet in height, from Valais in Switzerland to Piedmont in Italy. Valais is a territory composed of the valley of the Rhone, situated in the midst of precipitous mountains, glaciers, rocks, and torrents. The population of this wild country amounted, in 1811, to 63,533. Sion is its capital. Napoleon having formed the project of making a highway into Italy, which should traverse their country from end to end, was naturally desirous of obtaining the consent of the inhabitants. Diplomacy, however, was vain; the people were too simple to understand the logic of the cabinet. It was arranged, therefore, by a decree, that the Valais should cease to be the Valais, and become a portion of France, under the name of the department of the Simplon; and this decree was carried into effect at the point of the sword. The manner in which the first military body penetrated the passes of the mountains, in order to establish the possibility of having a regular thoroughfare by way of the Simplon, is among the most interesting passages of the life of Napoleon. In May, 1800, General Bethencourt set out at the head of fourteen hundred men, and eight pieces of cannon, to seek this new route over the Alps, with the view to an attack upon the Austrian forces in Italy. The difficulties encountered were such as would have terrified any army but that of the French republic. "At one place, in the midst of the mountains (we quote from that exceedingly delightful book, Leitch Ritchie's Travelling Sketches, forming the Picturesque Annual for 1832), they found that the rude bridge over which they expected to pass had been swept away by an avalanche. The chasm was sixty feet broad, with perpendicular sides, and a torrent roaring at the bottom; but General Bethencourt only remarked to the men that they were *ordered* to cross, and that cross they must. A volunteer speedily presented himself, who, clambering to the bottom of the precipice, eyed deliberately the gloomy gulf before him. In vain

'The angry spirit of the waters shrieked;'

for the veteran—a mountaineer perhaps himself—saw that the foundations of the bridge, which were nothing more than holes in the bed of the torrent to receive the extremities of the poles which had supported a transverse pole above, were still left, and not *many feet* under the surface. He called to his companions to fasten the end of a cord to the precipice above, and fling down the rest of the coil to him. With this burden on his shoulders, he then stepped boldly but cautiously into the water, fixing his legs in the foundation-holes of the bridge.

As he sunk deeper and deeper in his progress through the roaring stream, bending up against the current, and seeming to grapple with it as with a human enemy, it may be imagined that the spectacle was viewed with intense interest by his comrades above. Sometimes the holes were far apart, and, in striding from one to the other, it seemed a miracle that he was not swept away; sometimes they were too shallow to afford sufficient purchase; and as he stood swaying and tottering for a moment, a smothered cry burst from the hearts of the spectators—converted into a shout of triumph and applause as he suddenly sprang forward another step, plunged his leg into a deeper crevice, and remained steady. Sometimes the holes were *too deep*—a still more imminent danger—and once or twice there was nothing visible of the adventurer above the surface but his arms and head; his wild eyes glaring like those of a water-demon amidst the spray, and his teeth sternly clenched through the dripping and disordered mustachio. The wind, in the meantime, increased every moment; and as it swept moaning through the chasm, whenever it struck the river, the black waters rose with a burst and a shriek.

The spirit of human daring at last conquered, and the soldier stood panting on the opposite precipice. What was gained by the exploit? The rope, stretched across the chasm, and fastened firmly at either side, was as good as Waterloo Bridge to the gallant Frenchmen! General Bethencourt himself was the first to follow the volunteer; and after him a thousand men—knapsacked, armed, and accoutred—swung themselves, one by one, across the abyss, a slender cord their only support, and an Alpine torrent their only footing.

The dogs of the division, amounting to five, with a heroism less fortunate, but not less admirable, next tried the passage. They had waited till the last man had crossed—for a soldier's dog belongs to the regiment—and then, with a quick, moaning cry, sprung simultaneously into the gulf. Two only reached the opposite cliffs—the other three were swept away by the torrent. These gallant beasts were seen for several minutes struggling among the surge; they receded imperceptibly, and then sunk at once in an eddy, that whirled them out of sight. Two died in silence; but a wild and stifled yell told the despair of the third. The adventurers—at the foot of an almost perpendicular mountain, which it was necessary to cross before nightfall—had little time to grieve for their faithful friends. With the assistance of their bayonets, which they inserted, while climbing, in the interstices of the rock to serve as a support, they recommenced their perilous ascent; but even after a considerable time had elapsed, they often turned their heads, as some sound from the dark river below reached them, and looked down with a vague hope into the gulf.

The terror of the Austrian posts may be conceived, when they saw a thousand men rushing down upon them from the Alps, by passes which Nature herself had fortified with seemingly inaccessible ramparts; The expedition was completely successful, both as regarded its immediate and ulterior purpose; and indeed, with all the disadvantages attending the opening of a new and hazardous route, the column reached the point of rendezvous several days before that of General Moncey, which had debouched by the pass of St. Bernard. The famous battle of Marengo took place immediately after; and the construction of the military road of the Simplon was decreed."

The road of the Simplon was constructed between 1801 and 1806, and is the only one from Switzerland over the Alps passable by wheel carriages. It is about thirty-six miles long, and twenty-five feet wide throughout. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the scenery through which it passes. It winds up romantic deep passes, crosses ravines, cataracts, and water-courses; and when it can neither cross over nor wind round a precipice it penetrates the rocky barriers, and is thus carried through the solid mountains. Some of these passages, or galleries, as they are called, are several hundred paces in length, and are lighted by openings. From them you step into lovely valleys, adorned with cottages, and see above them dark forests of pine, glaciers, and peaks covered with snow shining in the blue sky. There are six of these galleries, and eight principal bridges, with some hundreds of a smaller size. There are also huge embankments of walls and earth, filling up hollows and forming terraces along the face of the ascents. The number of workmen occupied in forming the road, in all its parts, day and night, for four years, was from four to six thousand; and it is mentioned that they blasted one hundred and ninety-nine thousand eight hundred cubic metres of rock. A metre is about 40 cubic inches. The expense of the whole route was, in sterling money, no more than about £680,000, which was defrayed in nearly equal portions by the French and Italian governments. It is by this famous route that most of the tourists from France and Switzerland now proceed into Italy, and is spoken of in glowing terms by various writers of travels. The approach into Italy, on the emerging of the road from the mountain passes and galleries, is thus rapturously described by the foregoing authority:—

"The valley widened slowly; the trees grew richer and more numerous as we descended; fields—houses—vineyards—cattle—men and women—all came gradually in sight. Still we were not in Italy—the Italy of our imagination. We were yet on the Alps. The *wildness*, indeed, was a [illegible] *a tamer*; but it was not tameness our eyes and our hearts longed for, but softness, and beauty, and richness, and voluptuous luxuriance.

A struggle seems to take place between the genius of the mountain and that of the vale. Here we meet fertility—there barrenness; here are cultivated fields—there naked rocks; here gently swelling hills—there a narrow and rude defile. Are we on the Alps?—are we in Italy? The question appears to be decided *against* the hopes that had unconsciously arisen within us, and we are thrown back in imagination many a weary league. The mountain-rock heaves itself, according to custom, over the road, and plunges into the torrent below. We enter, with something between a shudder and a sigh, the Gallery of Crevola; midway, we stretch our neck out of the carriage, and look wistfully through a rude window, which is bored in the side next the river; soon we emerge again, after having traversed about a hundred and eighty feet of subterranean passage, and shut our eyes upon the glare of daylight.

By and bye, we re-open them, as we hear by the sound of the waters that we are crossing a bridge. A new world bursts at one flash upon our sight. It is Italy—it is the Italy of our imagination! A vast plain lies before us, covered with the richest vegetation. Two rivers glide through it. Groves—orchards—vineyards—corn-fields—farm-houses—villages, are thickly intermingled; and every where around, villas, of a dazzling whiteness, gleam like pearls in the rich green groundwork of the picture. We are in Italy. The roads are strewed with fragments of marble, and the walls adorned with portraits of the saints. We are in the land of the sculptor, the painter—and the idolater. The bridge of Crevola has shut in the valley of the Simplon. The Val d'Ossola is before us. A new costume amuses our eyes, and a new language falls like music on our ear. Yes, we are in Italy!"

"Sir," said a collector to a person who had borrowed several books of him and never returned them, "I presume you find it much more easy to retain my books than to retain what is contained in them."

WAR.

(From Dr. Bowring's Minor Morals, Part II.)

"The troops were escorting the king to the Chamber of Deputies. I followed them thither, and sat in the Tribune, listening to the debates. I heard an orator eulogize one of his countrymen, by saying, 'His was the noble baptism of blood.' The words were received with unqualified admiration; the sentiment and the phrase seemed equally acceptable to the representatives of France."

"Baptism of blood!—what a thrilling expression!" said Edith.

"And to call it *noble* too,—what an idea!" responded Arthur.

"And to think," added George, "that a large assembly should not only not disapprove, but show signs of satisfaction!"

"But notwithstanding, my children! you must not be too hasty in judging another nation. Words have frequently a meaning which is not rendered by translation. In the mind of the orator, there was perhaps no other thought than that which hundreds of thousands of Englishmen would speak of Trafalgar or Waterloo. The ideas of glory and victory, the exhibitions of power, absorb the mind, and throw all the misery, and crime, and folly which accompany war into the shade. Thus it is, that if we employed words more fitting the occasion, we should sooner reform opinion, but the mischief is wide and deep which grows out of improperly chosen words.

"Respect for human life is one of the greatest evidences of improvement and civilization. Death is really a solemn thing, because it is the destruction of all those pleasures and pains of which the living are susceptible. If it be vicious to inflict unnecessary suffering, or to prevent possible enjoyment, the extinction of all the sources of suffering and enjoyment, by violence, must, when unjustifiable, be the heaviest of all offences. War would be impossible, if the value and the sacredness of life were fitly estimated; it would be found that a justification for such a sacrifice as war brings is really, and in the nature of things, almost impossible,—that until every conceivable means of discussion, debate, inquiry, forbearance, generosity had been wholly exhausted, until no shadow of a chance remained for peaceful and pacific arrangement, no excuse could be sufficient for venturing upon the vast ocean of miseries which national hostility creates.

"Strolling over the scenes of the interiors of Paris, I tarried before the house in the Rue Transonain, where many persons had been killed, and I was curious to hear the observations of the people, who were gathered in groups recounting to one another the horrors of the day. I observed that the observation most general among them was, that 'French blood had been shed.' Many said, 'If it had only been the blood of foreigners!' I was struck with the mingling of nationality and philanthropy—philanthrophy which had abundant sympathy for the sufferings of the people to which it belonged, but which seemed anxious to exclude every body else from its benevolence. And I thought again, as I had often thought before, on the wretched education nations receive: how the field of brotherhood is narrowed, how all sentiments of beneficence are chilled and contracted by the influence of war!

"I lived," continued Mr. Howard, "in the Spanish Peninsula during the War of Independence. Nobody who had not witnessed the frightful reality could form an idea of all the sufferings created by long-enduring hostilities. I have passed through villages almost wholly deserted—so deserted that no living being was to be seen, but some poor helpless creature wandering like a ghost among the ruins! Often and often have I looked in the distance on splendid mansions, and, on drawing near, have found them unroofed, the windows all broken, and every chamber abandoned and desolate!

"I entered St. Sebastian after the siege. You know how long and obstinate was the resistance of the garrison. It was taken by storm, and I followed the conquering army. The road by which they entered was strewed with dead; there was a stream flowing at the bottom of the citadel, and it was almost stopped by mutilated corpses. But, when we reached the breach, the sight was horrible; shattered limbs, broken muskets, slices of human flesh, fragments of garments were spread about in horrible confusion. We entered the town—it had been set on fire [illegible] lying under the walls, which had fallen on them—their hands frequently exposed, grasping in their death-agony, the earth beneath them. There was a dead mother, with a living child on her bosom. It was a scene of revelry and horror, of drunkenness and death, of noise and fearful silence, of ferocity and fear, of madness and of misery! I was sick and weary of scenes which I have since heard honoured as glorious. But, after the first frenzy was over—when the eye looked round on the ruin and the devastation—nobody would venture to talk of the 'glory' of so frightful a catastrophe—the tale of mischief—the story of destruction.

"I made my way to the house of a respectable goldsmith in the town. The soldiery had broken into it; they met the mother of the family at the top of the stair, and brutally knocked her down from the summit to the door-sill. She was nearly killed by the wounds she received. With my own ears I heard her lips tell the terrible story. Atrocities far worse than this I witnessed; and they have been justified by warriors; and they form part of the natural and necessary results of war. War, of all plagues the most pestilential—the most prolific! War, compared to which all other crimes are small—all other follies are trifling! War, the opprobrium of humanity—the scandal of religion! War, the paternal insult to man's brotherhood and God's paternity! My children! I hope the time is at hand in which it will be as impossible to league men to destroy, as it would be to devour one another. If the sufferings caused—if the blood spilt—in useless and wicked conflicts, could be made present to many a thoughtless one who has never dreamed of the price paid for that delusion which is called 'Victory,' I am sure the feelings of delight would soon be changed into those of disgust; and, instead of turning with gratulation to the history of destruction, the eye would be offended and the heart wounded by the contemplation of so much frenzy and so much crime."

Last Days of Lord Exmouth.—Early in 1832, after an extraordinary exemption from such trials in his own family, he lost one of his grand-children. He communicated the event with the reflection—"We have long been mercifully spared. Death has at length entered our family, and it behoves us all to be watchful." Very soon the warning was more severely repeated, in the almost sudden removal of his youngest daughter. In the spring of this year he was made Vice-admiral of England, and was honoured at the same time with a very flattering letter from his sovereign. This he immediately enclosed to his elder brother, to whom he knew it would give pleasure. Of the appointment itself, he remarked, "I shall have it only for one year." He held it but for a few months. In May, Sir Israel Pellew was on his death-bed; and Lord Exmouth, though he now travelled with [illegible], could not refuse himself the melancholy consolation of a parting visit to one with whom he had been so closely and affectionately united. Their brother came up from Falmouth on the same errand, and on this painful occasion they met for the last time. He then returned to his home, which he never left again. He cherished a very strong attachment to the church; and for more than thirty years had been a member of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which he joined when the claims of the society were so little appreciated that only principle could have prompted the step. It might, therefore, be expected that he would feel deep anxiety when the safety of that church was threatened. But upon this subject his mind was firm; and, in one of the last letters he ever wrote, dated August 28th, he declares his confidence in the most emphatic language. After some personal observations to the friend he was addressing, one of his old officers, he alludes to the cholera, then raging in his neighbourhood; "which," he says, "I am much inclined to consider an infliction of Providence, to show his power to the discontented of the world, who have long been striving against the government of man, and are commencing their attacks on our church. But they will fail! God will never suffer his church to fall; and the world will see that his mighty arm is not shortened, nor his power diminished. I put my trust in him, and not in man; and I bless him, that he has enabled me to see the difference between improvement and destruction." Not many days after, he suffered a most violent attack of the illness he had long anticipated. The immediate danger was soon averted; but the extent of the disease left not the smallest hope of recovery. He lingered until the 23d of January, calmly waiting the event which his gradually increasing weakness convinced him was inevitable. Sustained by the principles which had guided him so long, his death-bed became the scene of his best and noblest triumph. "Every hour of his life is a sermon," said an officer who was often with him; "I have seen him great in battle; but never so great as on his death-bed."—*Life of Lord Exmouth.*

Baboons.—Lieutenant John Shipp, in the account of his amusing military adventures, describes several rencontres he had with baboons near the Cape of Good Hope. "On these hills (says he), whole regiments of baboons assemble, for which this station is particularly famous. They stand six feet high, and in features and manners approach nearer to the human species than any other quadruped I have ever seen. These rascals, who are most abominable thieves, used to annoy us exceedingly. Our barracks were under the hills, and when we went to parade, we were invariably obliged to leave armed men for the protection of our property; and, even in spite of this, they have frequently stolen our blankets and greatcoats, or any thing else they could lay their claws on. A poor woman, a soldier's wife, had washed her blanket, and hung it out to dry, when some of these miscreants, who were ever on the watch, stole it, and ran off with it into the hills, which are high and woody. This drew upon them the indignation of the regiment, and we formed a strong party, armed with sticks and stones, to attack them, with the view of recovering the property, and inflicting such chastisement as might be a warning to them for the future. I was on the advance with about twenty men, and I made a detour to cut them off from caverns, to which they always flew for shelter. They observed my movement, and immediately detached about fifty to guard the entrance, while the others kept their post; and we could distinctly see them collecting large stones, and other missiles. One old grey-headed one, in particular, who often paid us a visit at the barracks, and was known by the name of *Father Murphy*, was seen distributing his orders and planning the attack, with the judgment of one of our best generals. Finding that my design was defeated, I joined the *corps de main*, and rushed on to the attack, when a scream from Father Murphy was a signal for a general encounter, and the host of baboons under his command rolled down enormous stones upon us, so that we were obliged to give up the contest, or some of us must inevitably have been killed. They actually followed us to our very doors, shouting, in indication of victory; and, during the whole night, we heard dreadful yells and screaming; so much so that we expected a night attack. In the morning, however, we found that all this rioting had been created by disputes about the division of the blankets, for we saw eight or ten of them with pieces of it on their backs, as old women wear their cloaks. Amongst the number strutted Father Murphy. These rascals annoyed us day and night, and we dared not venture out, unless a party of five or six went together.

One morning, Father Murphy had the consummate impudence to walk straight into the grenadier barracks; and he was in the very act of purloining a serjeant's regimental coat, when a corporal's guard (which had just been relieved) took the liberty of stopping the gentleman at the door, and secured him. He was a most powerful brute, and, I am persuaded, too much for any single man. Notwithstanding his frequent misdemeanors, we did not like to kill the poor creature; so, having first taken the precaution of muzzling him, we determined on shaving his head and face, and then turning him loose. To this ceremony, strange to say he submitted very quietly; and, when shaved, he was really an exceedingly good-looking fellow, and I have seen many a 'blood' in Bond-street not half so prepossessing in his appearance. We then started him up the hill, though he seemed rather reluctant to leave us. Some of his companions came down to meet him; but, from the alteration which shaving his head and face had made on him, they did not know him again, and, accordingly pelted him with stones, and beat him with sticks, in so unmerciful a manner, that poor Father Murphy actually sought protection from his enemies, and he in time became quite domesticated and tame. There are many now alive in his Majesty's 22d regiment, who can vouch for the truth of this anecdote."

ANECDOTES

Of Birmingham Manufacturers and Manufactures.

"Birmingham (says the late Mr. William Hutton, in his history of this large and populous town) began with the productions of the anvil, and probably will end with them. The sons of the hammer were once her chief inhabitants; but that great crowd of artists is now lost in a greater. Genius seems to increase with multitude. Part of the riches, extension, and improvement of Birmingham, are owing to the late John Taylor, Esq. who possessed the singular power of perceiving things as they really were. The spring and consequence of action were open to his view. He rose from minute beginnings to shine in the commercial, as Shakspeare did in the poetical, and Newton in the philosophical hemisphere.

To this uncommon genius we owe the gilt button, the japanned and gilt snuff-boxes, with the numerous race of enamels. From the same fountain issued the painted snuff-box, at which one servant earned three pounds ten shillings per week, by painting them at a farthing each. In his shops were weekly manufactured, buttons to the amount of £800, exclusive of other valuable productions. One of the present nobility, of distinguished taste, examining the works with the master, purchased some of the articles; among others, a toy of eighty guineas value; and [illegible] plainly saw he could not reside in Birmingham for less than two hundred pounds a-day." Mr. Taylor died in 1775, at the age of sixty-four, after acquiring a fortune of £200,000.

Buckles.—Perhaps the shoe, in one form or other, is nearly as ancient as the foot. It originally appeared under the name of sandal; this was no other than a sole without an upper-leather. That fashion has been since inverted, and we have sometimes seen an upper-leather neatly without a sole. But whatever was the cut of the shoe, it always demanded a fastening. Under the house of Plantagenet, the shoe shot horizontally from the foot, like a Dutch skate, to an enormous length; so that the extremity was fastened to the knee sometimes with a silver chain, a silk lace, or even a pack-thread string, rather than avoid *genteel taste.*

This thriving beak drew the attention of the legislature, which determined to prune the exorbitant shoot; for, in 1465, we find an order of council, prohibiting the growth of the shoe-toe beyond two inches, under the penalty of a dreadful curse from the priest—and, what was worse, the payment of twenty shillings to the king.

This fashion, like every other, gave way to time; and, in its stead, the rose began to bud upon the foot, which, under the house of Tudor, opened in great perfection. No shoe was fashionable without being fastened with a full blown rose. Ribbons of every colour, except white, the emblem of the depressed house of York, were had in esteem; but the red, like the house of Lancaster, held the pre-eminence. Under the house of Stuart the rose withered, which gave rise to the shoe-string. The beaux of that age ornamented their lower tier with double laces of silk, tagged with silver, and the extremities were beautified with a small fringe of the same metal. The inferior class wore laces of plain silk, linen, or even a thong of leather; which last is yet to be met with in the humble plains of rural life.

The revolution was remarkable for the introduction of William, of liberty, and the minute buckle, not differing much in size and shape from the horse bean.

This offspring of fancy, like the clouds, is ever changing. The fashion of to-day is thrown into the casting pot to-morrow.

The buckle seems to have undergone every figure, size and shape of geometrical invention. It has passed through every form in Euclid. The large square buckle plated with silver, was the *ton* of 1781. The ladies also adopted the reigning taste; it was difficult to discover their beautiful little feet, covered with an enormous shield of buckle; and we wonder to see the active motion under the massive load.

In 1812, the whole generation of fashions, in the buckle line, was extinct; a buckle was not to be found on a female foot, nor upon any foot except that of old age.

Guns.—King William was once lamenting, 'that guns were not manufactured in his dominions, but that he was obliged to procure them from Holland, at a great expense, and with great difficulty.' Sir Richard Newdigate, one of the members for the county, being present, told the King, 'that genius resided in Warwickshire, and that he thought his constituents would answer his Majesty's wishes.' The king was pleased with the remark, and the member posted to Birmingham. Upon application to a person in Digbeth, the pattern was executed with precision, and when presented to the royal board, gave entire satisfaction. Orders were immediately issued for large numbers, which have been so frequently repeated, that they never lost their road; and the ingenious artists were so amply rewarded, that they have rolled in their carriages to this day.

Iron.—The manufacture of iron, in Birmingham, is ancient beyond research; that of steel is of modern date.

This art appeared at Birmingham, in the seventeenth century, and was introduced by the family of Keith. The name of Steelhouse-lane will convey to posterity the situation of the works; the commercial spirit of Birmingham will convey the produce to the antipodes.

From the warm but dismal climate of this town issues the button which shines on the breast, and the bayonet intended to pierce it; the lancet which bleeds the man, and the towel the horse; the lock [illegible] uncork it; the needle, equally obedient to the thimble and the pole.

Mrs. Hannah More.—The monument to the memory of Mrs. Hannah More has just been put up in Wrington Church. It is from the chisel of that accomplished artist, E. H. Bailey, Esq. R. A., of Bristol. Its form and ornaments are Gothic, the material is the finest white marble, and the design is truly chaste and elegant. It bears upon it the following inscription:—"Sacred to the Memory of Hannah More. She was born in the parish of Stapleton, near Bristol, A. D. 1745, and died at Clifton, September 7th, A. D. 1833. Her numerous writings in support of religion and order, at a crisis when both were rudely assailed, were equally edifying to readers of all classes, at once delighting the wise and instructing the ignorant and simple. In the eighty-ninth year of her age, beloved by her friends and venerated by the public, she closed her career of usefulness in humble reliance on the mercies of God, through faith in the merits of her Redeemer. Her mortal remains are deposited in the vault of this church-yard, which also contains those of her four sisters, who resided with her at Barley-wood, in this parish, her favourite abode, and who actively co-operated in her unwearied acts of Christian benevolence."

Glasgow.—The increase of population in the city of Glasgow has been most remarkable. In 1708 it did not exceed 12,766; in 1780 it was 42,832; in 1811 it was 110,460; but in the next twenty years the increase was amazing, as it brought up the population in 1831, to 202,426.

A certain runaway couple were recently married at Gretna Green, and the smith demanded five guineas for his services. "How is this?" said the bridegroom, "the gentleman you last married assured me that he only gave you a guinea." "True," said the smith, "but *he* was an Irishman—I have married him *six* times before; he is a *customer*. You I may never see again."

The Great North of England Railway.—It has been determined to form a company for the purpose of constructing a Railway that shall connect London, Leeds, York, and Newcastle-upon Tyne. The capital is to be one million in shares of £100 each.

An English gentleman of opulence and high rank, has been lately working as a day-labourer, in the quarries of Dundee, and has just concluded his bet, which was for six months. The superiority of his address attracted attention and led to the disclosure. He always appeared punctually on the ground,