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Weekly Almanack.

January—1836.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
20 Wednesday	7 32	4 28	7 4[illegible]	0 53
21 Thursday	7 31	4 29	8 55	1 30
22 Friday	7 31	4 29	10 4	2 6
23 Saturday	7 30	4 30	11 11	2 44
24 Sunday	7 29	4 31	morn.	3 28
25 Monday	7 28	4 32	0 16	4 19
26 Tuesday	7 27	[illegible]	[illegible]	5 22

First [illegible] 25th day, [illegible]

NEW-BRUNSWICK
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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Committee for January:

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The Garland.

THE PAST.

[From the Greenock Intelligencer.]

Our infancy—our infancy!—what sunshine settled there,
When o'er us watched a mother's eye with all a mother's care,
And marked our growth with tender pride, and joyed to hear us frame,
With lisping tongue and laughing eye, a loving parent's name!

Yes, fancy loves to hover there, where memory lingers not,
As hearts in foreign lands recall a long-forgotten spot,
We may not look with listless eye on childhood's helpless mien;
We may not look with listless eye on what ourselves have been.

Our childhood!—when at first we learned along the floor to crawl,
And then to walk from chair to chair, though getting many a fall:
Who treasures not the dancing thoughts which lightly bound away
To childhood's age of innocence, and thoughtlessness and play?

The age of round and ruddy cheeks—of buoyant happy hearts!
We ask, in very childishness, why such an age departs?
Why lean, decrepit age must come with wrinkles and disease,
When wealth nor honour brings relief, and pleasure fails to please?

The old, grey-headed man looks on with tears of fondest joy,
While round him sports, in laughing youth, the curly-headed boy;
"Bless you," the old man says, "my child, be happy while you can,
For sad experience shows that grief is still the lot of man."

Our boyhood!—ay, like yesterday, our memory may recall
The days when pleasure's cup we quaffed all unalloyed with gall;
Ere yet with tiresome steps we 'gan through learning's paths to tread—
Ere yet we knew a task to hate—a master's rod to dread.

Our school-days!—Blessings on them yet! The dear delightful spot—
The play-ground of the village-school—what heart has e'er forgot?
The world may frown—misfortune, care, may turn our locks to grey—
But still, while memory lasts, shall last thoughts of the "summer play!"

Yet why do these sweet halcyon spots stand forth in high relief
From out a clouded atmosphere of trouble, toil, and grief?
'Tis that the steep we struggled up to learning's lofty brow
Was rugged then when forced to climb, but seems not toilsome now.

As when, with weary feet and hearts, a mountain's top we gain,
The sun looks forth and we look down with pleasure on the plain;
We soon forget the steep ascent, and rapture only know
At nature's varied landscape spread in loveliness below.

Our school-companions!—where are ye, ye links of former joys?
We think on you—ah! how the thought our happy dream destroys!
We scarce have reached to manhood's verge, and yet how few there be
Who launched with us their bark at school and still are on the sea!

Where are ye? If your lot has been to roam to other climes,
Do not your bosoms swell, like ours, to think on former times?
Though not of our romantic land, your youth with us was passed;
We loved you then, we love you still, and still our love shall last.

Where are ye? Some, we know, are snatched to an untimely tomb!
And some—but why pursue the theme?—uncertain is their doom!
Most scattered—some for ever gone—and some are sought in vain!
We still are here, and value more the few that still remain.

Farewell, our first—our fondest friends! Whate'er may be our lot,
Of worldly wealth or poverty, you shall not be forgot;
For, journeying through this changing scene, so oft with clouds o'ercast,
A gleam of sunshine lights the gloom while looking to the past!

A society has been recently established in London, the object of which is to assist the struggling and industrious by small loans without interest. It is called "The Benevolent Loan Society," and is under the patronage of the Bishop of London. The genuine philanthropy of such an institution cannot be too highly appreciated.

Miscellanea.

OLD ENGLISH STYLE OF LIVING.

In the Life of Crabbe, by his son, prefixed to the current cheap edition of his poems, there is a delightful passage descriptive of the writer's first experience of his father's society at the dawn of intellect, which we have read once and again with the greatest pleasure. It is followed up by a very charming picture of an old English yeoman's family and style of living; and for the gratification of many of our readers, we give both passages:—

"I am now arrived at that period of my father's life, when I became conscious of existence; when, if the happiness I experienced was not quite perfect, there was only alloy enough to make it felt the more. The reader himself will judge what must have been the lot of a child of such parents—how indulgence and fondness were mingled with care and solicitude.

What a pity it seems that the poignant feelings of early youth should ever be blunted, and, as it were, absorbed in the interests of manhood; that they cannot remain, together with the stronger powers of mature passions—passions so liable to make the heart ultimately selfish and cold! It is true, no one could endure the thoughts of remaining a child for ever; but with all that we gain, as we advance, some of the finer and better spirit of the mind appears to evaporate; seldom do we again feel those acute and innocent impressions, which recalling for a moment, one could almost cry to retain. Now and then, under peculiar circumstances this youthful tenderness of feeling does return, when the spirits are depressed either by fatigue or illness, or some other softening circumstance; and then, especially if we should happen to hear some pleasing melody, even chimes or distant bells, a flood of early remembrances and warm affections flows into the mind, and we dwell on the past with the fondest regret; for such scenes are never to return; yet though painful, these impressions are ever mingled with delight; we are tenacious of their duration, and feel the better for the transient susceptibility: indeed transient; for soon the music ceases, the fatigue yields to rest, the mind recovers its strength, and straightway all is (to such salutary sensations) cold and insensible as marble. Surely the most delightful ideas one could connect with this sublunary state would be a union of these vivid impressions of infancy with the warmth and purity of passion in early youth, and the judgment of maturity: perhaps such a union might faintly shadow the blessedness that may be hereafter.

How delightful is it to recall the innocent feelings of unbounded love, confidence, and respect, associated with my earliest visions of my parents! They appeared to their children not only good, but free from any taint of the corruption common to our nature; and such was the strength of the impressions then received that hardly could subsequent experience ever enable our judgments to modify them. Many a happy and indulged child has no doubt partaken in the same fond exaggeration; but ours surely had every thing to excuse it.

Always visibly happy in the happiness of others, especially of children, our father entered into all our pleasures, and soothed and cheered us in all our little griefs with such overflowing tenderness, that it was no wonder we almost worshipped him. My first recollection of him is of his carrying me up to his private room to prayers, in the summer evenings, about sunset, and rewarding my silence and attention afterwards with a view of the flower-garden through his prism. Then I recall the delight it was to me to be permitted to sleep with him during a confinement of my mother's—how I longed for the morning, because then he would be sure to tell me some fairy tale, of his own invention, all sparkling with gold and diamonds, magic fountains and enchanted princesses. In the eye of memory I can still see him as he was at that period of his life—his fatherly countenance, unmixed with any of the less loveable expressions that, in too many faces, obscure that character—but pre-eminently *fatherly*; conveying the ideas of kindness, intellect, and purity; his manner grave, manly, and cheerful, in unison with his high and open forehead; his very attitudes, whether as he sat absorbed in the arrangements of his minerals, shells, and insects—or as he laboured in his garden until his naturally pale complexion acquired a tinge of fresh healthy red; or as, coming lightly towards us with some unexpected present, his smile of indescribable benevolence spoke exultation in the foretaste of our raptures.

But, I think, even earlier than these are my first recollections of my mother. I think the very earliest is of her as combing my hair one evening, by the light of the fire, which hardly broke the long shadows of the room, and singing the plaintive air of 'Kitty Fell,' till, though I could not have been more than three years old, the melody found its way into my heart, and the tears dropped down so profusely that I was glad the darkness concealed them. How mysterious is shame without guilt!

There are few situations on earth more enviable than that of a child on his first journey with indulgent parents; there is perpetual excitement and novelty, and at the same time a perfect freedom from care. This blessed ignorance of limits and boundaries, and absence of all forecast, form the very charm of the enchantment; each town appears indefinitely vast, each day as if it were never to have a close: no decline of any kind being dreamt of, the present is enjoyed in a way wholly impossible with those who have a long past to remember, and a dark future to anticipate. Never can I forget my first excursion into Suffolk, in company with my parents. It was in the month of September, 1791—(shortly after my mother had recovered from her confinement with her fourth son, *Edmund Burke* Crabbe, who died in infancy)—that, dressed in my first suit of boy's clothes (and that scarlet), in the height of a delicious season, I was mounted beside them in their huge old gig, and visited the scenes and the persons familiar to me, from my earliest nursery days, in their conversation and anecdotes. Sometimes, as we proceeded, my father read aloud; sometimes he left us for a while to botanise among the hedgerows, and returned with some unsightly weed or bunch of moss, to him precious. Then in the evening, when we had reached our inn, the happy child, instead of being sent early as usual to bed, was permitted to stretch himself on the carpet, while the reading was resumed, blending with sounds which, from novelty, appeared delightful; the buzzing of the bar, the rattling of wheels, the horn of the mail-coach, the gay clamour of the streets—every thing to excite and astonish, in the midst of safety and repose. My father's countenance at such moments is still before me; with what gentle sympathy did he seem to enjoy the happiness of childhood!

On the third day we reached Parham, and I was introduced to a set of manners and customs, of which there remains, perhaps, no counterpart in the present day. My great-uncle's establishment was that of the first-rate yeoman of that period—the Yeoman that already began to be styled by courtesy an Esquire. Mr. Tovell might possess an estate of some eight hundred pounds per annum, a portion of which he himself cultivated. Educated at a mercantile school, he often said of himself, 'Jack will never make a gentleman;' yet he had a native dignity of mind and of manners, which might have enabled him to pass muster in that character with any but very fastidious critics. His house was large, and the surrounding moat, the rookery, the ancient dovecot, and the well-stored fishponds, were such as might have suited a gentleman's seat of some consequence; but on one side of the house immediately overlooked a farm-yard, full of all sorts of domestic animals, and the scene of constant bustle and noise. On entering the house, there was nothing at first sight to remind one of the farm: a spacious hall, paved with black and white marble—at one extremity a very handsome drawing-room, and at the other a fine old staircase of black oak, polished till it was as slippery as ice, and having a chime-clock and a barrel organ on its landing-places. But this drawing-room, a corresponding dining parlour, and a handsome sleeping apartment up stairs, were all *tabooed* ground, and made use of on great and solemn occasions only—such as rent-days, and an occasional visit with which Mr. Tovell was honoured by a neighbouring peer. At all other times the family and their visitors lived entirely in the old-fashioned kitchen, along with the servants. My great-uncle occupied an arm-chair, or, in attacks of gout, a [illegible] of a large oven chimney. Mrs. Tovell sat at a small table, on which, in the evening, stood one small candle, in an iron candlestick, plying her needle by the feeble glimmer, surrounded by her maids, all busy at the same employment; but in winter a noble block of wood, sometimes the whole circumference of a pollard, threw its comfortable warmth and cheerful blaze over the apartment.

At a very early hour in the morning, the alarum called the maids, and their mistress also; and if the former were tardy, a louder alarum, and more formidable, was heard chiding the delay—not that scolding was peculiar to any occasion, it regularly ran on through all the day, like bells on harness, inspiriting the work, whether it were done ill or well. After the important business of the dairy, and a hasty breakfast, their respective employments were again resumed; that which the mistress took for her especial privilege being the scrubbing of the floors of the state apartments.

If the sacred apartments had not been opened, the family dined on this wise:—the heads seated in the kitchen at an old table: the farm-men standing in the adjoining scullery, door open—the female servants at a side-table, called a *bouter*;—with the principals, at the table perchance some travelling rat-catcher, tinker, or farrier, or an occasional gardener in his shirt-sleeves, his face probably streaming with perspiration. My father well describes, in 'The Widow's Tale,' my mother's situation, when living in her younger days at Parham:—

'But when the men beside their station took,
The maidens with them, and with these the cook;
When one huge wooden bowl before them stood,
Fill'd with huge balls of farinaceous food;
With bacon, mass saline! where never lean
Beneath the brown and bristly rind was seen:
When, from a single horn the party drew
Their copious draughts of heavy ale and new;
When the coarse cloth she saw, with many a stain,
Soil'd by rude hinds who cut and came again;
She could not breathe, but, with a heavy sigh,
Rein'd the fair neck, and shut the offended eye;
She minced the sanguine flesh in frustums fine,
And wonder'd much to see the creatures dine.'

On ordinary days, when the dinner was over, the fire replenished, the kitchen sanded and lightly swept over in waves, mistress and maids, taking off their shoes, retired to their chambers for a nap of one hour to the minute. The dogs and cats commenced their siesta by the fire. Mr. Tovell dozed in his chair, and no noise was heard, except the melancholy and monotonous cooing of a turtle-dove, varied, however, by the shrill treble of a canary. * * *

CLIMATE OF THE WEST INDIES.

The year may be divided into four seasons:—The first commencing with the mild vernal rains in April or May, which usually last six weeks; the second includes June, July, August—hot and dry; the third includes September, October, and November, which are the hurricane and rainy months; and the fourth, December, January, February, and March, which are the most serene and cool months.

The climate of the West Indies is pretty nearly alike in all the islands. The average of the thermometer in the towns may be set down at 80° during the summer months (from July to November). It often attains to above 90°, but in the mountains it has been known to be so low as 44°, so that a fire at noon is there necessary a great part of the year. The temperature is kept cool by the alternations of the sea and land breezes, the former blowing only during the day, the latter only during the night. Of the latter, which always blows from the centre of the island (be it ever so small), the only scientific account ever given is that of Dr. Franklin, which is as follows:—"As soon as the sea-breeze dies away (in the afteroon) the air of the plains, being rarified, ascends towards the tops of the mountains, and is there condensed by the cold, which making it specifically heavier than it was before, it descends back to the plains on both sides of the ridge." It is a singular dispensation of Providence, that in Barbadoes and the smaller windward Charibean islands, which are without these land-yard breezes, the sea-breeze (or trade-wind) blows both night and day.

The most delightful time of day in Jamaica is at day-dawn, before the sun has yet begun to pour his effulgence over the hemisphere of the Caribees, and before the land-breeze has died away. The sea-breeze or "doctor," as it is gratefully designated by the inhabitants of Jamaica, which invariably blows from the south-east, or some other point ranging from south to east, generally sets in about nine o'clock A. M., at first only gently rippling the surface of the ocean, and increasing gradually, until it often assumes the strength of a temporary hurricane. Its coming is hailed by the panting, and literally melting inhabitants, with a degree of thankfulness and a sensation of relief, which can only be known by those whose lot it has been to inhale the oppressive and suffocating atmosphere of these climes.

Were it not for this regular alternation of trade-winds and inland-breezes, the islands of these seas would, to Europeans at least, be perfectly uninhabitable. Let such of our readers, therefore, whose destiny has never led them beyond the cool shores of Britain, conceive, if they can, the sufferings of their brethren in the tropics, when it happens that the 'doctor' absents himself for a whole fortnight at a time.

In the afternoon, the sea-breeze dies away, as it comes—gradually; after which, for a few hours, earth and sea are again locked in a stillness of repose—a syncope of motion, which, to a new comer, has something almost ominous; and as his imagination is generally saturated before his arrival with descriptions of those fearful visitations, the earthquakes—which are there so frequent, though seldom occasioning much damage—he instinctively listens, in that period of profound stillness, for the first rumbling growl preceding the volcanic explosion. Earthquakes, however, have for many years been becoming rarer and rarer in the West Indies—a fact which seems to confirm the hypothesis that these islands having at one time or other, had their origin in volcanic eruptions, are gradually cooling, and that these fearful visitations will soon altogether cease. There is scarcely a house, however, of many years' standing, in the walls of which several huge cracks are not to be seen—a circumstance which called forth a witticism from a late visitor, who observed, that although the value of West India property was daily falling, the *rents* of the houses were yearly increasing.

The most dreadful scourge of these islands are the hurricanes, which have devastated them all repeatedly from time to time. Between the years 1780—87, a succession of hurricanes desolated Jamaica to such an extent, that, combined with the scarcity of provisions produced by the American war, no less than 15,000 negroes perished from famine. The more mountainous islands also suffer severely from the violent rains, which pour down, as they actually appear to do, in bucketfuls, sometimes sweeping the entire soil, and all growing thereon, from whole plantations, and leaving nothing but the bare rock! Since the gradual clearing of the islands from wood, thunder is much less frequent now than formerly, and seldom does any damage. It is, however, terrifically loud.

CLIMATE OF ENGLAND.

The mortality of Great Britain, its cities, and its hospitals, is greatly inferior to that of any other country in Europe; it is also incontestible that "Great Britain is at present the most healthy country with which we are acquainted;" and that it has been gradually tending to that point far the last 50 years. This superior value of life in Great Britain is not confined to any particular districts or classes of individuals. To whatever point we turn our view, the advantage is still the same; the man of affluence, the pauper-patient of the hospital, the sailor and the soldier on active service, the prisoner of war, the inmate of a jail, all enjoy a better tenure of existence from this country than from any other of which we have been able to consult the records. It has been long the fashion, both abroad and at home, to exhaust every variety of reproach on the climate of our country, and particularly on the atmosphere of London; and yet we shall find that the most famed spots in Europe, the places which have long been selected as the resort of invalids, and the fountains of health, are far more fatal to life than even this great metropolis. The annual proportion of deaths at Montpelier was greater 30 years ago, and is greater at present, than in London.—*Dr. Hawkins' Elements of Medical Statistics.*

Earthquakes.—These fearful visitations are, beyond all example, frequent in South America; and there is not a town, city, or village, in the immense continent, but has suffered more or less at various times. One of the most destructive in modern times was that which occurred at Caraccas in 1812, when about 20,000 people in the city and surrounding district (16,000 of whom belonged to the city alone) were destroyed. The principal part of the people who were swallowed up by the rending of the earth, or buried beneath the ruins occasioned by the shock, were at prayers when the fearful destruction occurred. Every church, protected either by St. Francis or St. Nicholas, fell to the ground; the belfry of the cathedral alone withstood the concussion; but, as if sensible of the calamity, and alarmed at the work of desolation which threatened the general extinction of the inhabitants, and aware that some record should remain to inform the historian of the hour and minute when the shock occurred, the clock stopped at seven minutes past four, at the very instant when the first rumbling noise was heard, and still remains with its hands pointed to the hour, as a fearful memorial of the past, and an awful warning of the future. The superstitious reverence paid to this clock grants it an eternal repose; and this and the ruins of the former palace are the only sights that strangers are shown as worthy of observation.

A Fair Offer.—Make a full estimate of all you owe, and all that is owing you. Reduce the same to note.—As fast as you collect, pay over to those you owe; if you can't collect, renew your note every year, and get the best security you can. Go to business diligently, and be industrious—lose no time—and waste no idle moments—be very prudent and economical in all things—discard all pride but that of acting well—be faithful in your duty to God by regular and hearty prayer morning and night—attend church and meeting regular every Sunday, and 'do unto all men as you would they should do unto you.' If you are too needy in your own circumstances, to give the poor, do whatever you have in your power to do for them cheerfully—but if you can, always help the worthy poor and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently and sincerely for seven years, and if you are not happy, comfortable and independent in all your circumstances, come to me and I will pay all your debts.—*Dr. Franklin.*

DEFINITIONS.

Money—A fish peculiarly difficult to catch.

My Dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Watchman—A man employed by the parish, to sleep in the open air.

Dentist—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

Gentility—Eating your meat with a silver fork, though you have not paid the butcher.

Take a Friend's Advice—An expression used by a man who is going to be impertinent.

The most Intelligent Child that was ever seen—Every man's own child.

Thin Shoe—An article worn in winter by high-spirited young ladies, who would rather die than conceal the beauty of their feet.

Witness-Box—In a court of justice, a land of pillory, where a person is obliged to receive every species of verbal insult without being able to resent it.

Hay on Barn Floors.—When hay, particularly clover, is thrown on the floor, much of it, and the most valuable part, too, breaks and crumbles into small pieces, that the fork will not take them up. In most barns this is entirely wasted or shoved out into the yard, where but comparatively little of it is picked up by the stock. "I," says an aged farmer, "keep my barn floor as clean as my wife's parlour, and every day shovel into a box, which I keep standing by, all the leaves, seeds, and fine parts of the hay. This makes superior feed for my cows, if moistened with water, and a small quantity of bran or meal added, and given about the time of calving, nothing appears more nourishing to them."

Complimentary.—An old clergyman, and rather eccentric one withal, whose field of labor was a town in the interior of New England, one Sunday, at the close of his services, gave notice to his congregation that in the course of the week he expected to go on a mission—on a mission *to the heathen*. The members of his church were struck with alarm and sorrow at the sudden and unexpected announcement of the loss of their beloved pastor, and one of the deacons in great agitation exclaimed,—"Why, my dear sir, you have never told us one word of this before! What *shall* we do?" "Oh, brother ——," said the parson, "*I don't expect to go out of town.*"

A Sober Pun.—Why are Temperance Societies a bar to friendship? Because they prevent *shaking* hands!

THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, NEW-YORK.

This edifice, which was consumed by the flames on the 16th Dec., was one of the largest in the city, situated on the south side of Wall-street, and embracing 115 feet of the front between William and Hanover-streets.

It was three stories high, exclusive of the basement, which was considerably elevated. Its south-west front 114 feet on Exchange-street. The front on Wall-street was of Westchester marble. The first and second stories of the Ionic order, from the temple of Minerva Polias, at Prigne, in Ionia. A recessed elliptical portico of forty feet wide introduced in front. A screen of four columns and two antæ, each thirty feet high, and three feet four inches in diameter above the base, composed of a single block of marble, extended across the front of the portico, supporting an entablature of six feet in height, on which rested the third story, making a height of sixty feet from the ground.

The principal entrance to the rotunda and exchange room was by a flight of ten marble steps, with a pedestal at each end. On ascending to the portico, three doors opened to the vestibule in front, while one on each hand opened to offices. The vestibule was of the Ionic order from the little Ionic temple of Ilyssus. The exchange room, which was the rotunda, was 75 feet long, 55 feet wide, and 45 feet high, to which were attached four principal rooms, and in the rear of the rotunda another used for the auction sales of real estate, shipping, and stocks.

The building was begun on the 1st of April 1825, and occupied 27 months in its erection, having first been occupied in July 1827. The plan was that of the architect Mr. E. Thompson.

The loss of this edifice is a serious inconvenience to the mercantile community, thrown into disorder and confusion as it now is. In it, besides several insurance offices, offices for the great sales of real estate and merchandise, rooms for artisans of various descriptions, &c. were the great hall for the congregation of merchants, not only of the city, but from all parts of the country and Europe; rooms for the chamber of commerce and board of brokers; our extensive post office establishment; ship letter office and news room; the telegraph office; several newspaper offices, extensive refreshment rooms, &c. &c.

Baby-talk.—Most persons in playing with and talking to infants, have a great *penchant* for what is called 'Baby-talk,' of which we have a great abhorrence. 'Baby-talk' causes half the ungrammatical and nondescript jargon so frequently observed among children. When a child first begins to speak, it should always be spoken to in the most accurate language; for as it first learns entirely by rote, its first impressions are accurate, according to the language it hears used. If, therefore, children learn to speak 'baby-talk,' they acquire a habit of which it is extremely difficult to rid themselves, and which often adheres to them even in manhood.

We have heard of an old bachelor who had a perfect aversion to 'baby-talk,' and could not endure the presence of any one who should indulge in it. In illustration of this, we heard related the following anecdote:—Riding in his coach, he overtook a young woman walking by the way side with an infant in her arms. As he was alone in the vehicle the woman solicited to be permitted to ride a few miles. He at once consented, "on *strict condition that she should not talk 'baby-talk' to her child.* Before the parties had ridden far, and just as they commenced ascending a hill, the woman began playing with her child, and forgetful of the condition on which she was permitted to ride, broke forth in the following strain—'*Oh! you darling, darling—see how bootiful we ridy pidy up de hildy pildy, in de coachy poachy—and see de wheely peelies how bootiful dey go roundy psundy!*'

We need scarcely say that the man would stand it no longer, but ordered the woman instantly to leave the coach.

Pay the Printer.—*An old Story repeated.*

(From Noah's New-York Star.)

It is quite pitiable, we declare, opening many of our country papers to see the oft repeated and imploring request to 'Pay the Printer,' and the earnest assurance that he will take wood, butter, eggs, poultry and pigs in payment, and if we in the city were not ashamed at the inconvenience of looking so poor, we would make proclamation to the same effect; indeed, we should all be thankful to the delinquents at least, if they would commute for butter and eggs—chickens, corn and oats. It was but the other day, that ten or twelve Southern subscribers, not having the convenience of Nicholas Biddle's monsters, sent us a little bale of cotton to liquidate arrears, and if they were all to club in this manner, we should be in clover as well as in cotton. Really and truly it is lamentable for an Editor to look over the list of his delinquent subscribers—it is enough to make the tears come into his eyes at the ingratitude of mankind, to think how daily and nightly he has to labor, to pluck out his brains like bird lime, to scour the city and mail papers for news—to keep the scissors and pen in incessant employment, and to shin it in Wall street for the needful pay for printing paper, ink, compositors, rent, carriers, devils, and so forth; and then at the end of a year's probation to be told, "call again to-morrow," "*item ad que iterum*," until the poor printer says, "I'll take pork and molasses—apples or cider—cod-sounds or mackerel, in payment." The amount due the printer from each individual is frequently so small, that he who pays thousands and tens of thousands daily, deems it of too trifling an import to lose time in paying a five dollar note, but the aggregate of these small payments make up the sum total of the printer's hopes. But the most unconscionable of all delinquents, are those who, living by public patronage, are constantly calling on the printer to puff their small wares, and constantly forgetting to pay their bills. Pocketing thousands, with the aid of the Press, and yet allowing the Press to be the last in the calender of payment. We should at a rough guess say, that there is not less than $300,000 due the daily press in this city on old accounts.—What a merry Christmas the proprietors would enjoy if the whole of these arrears was to come in.

A Reasonable Request.—An anecdote in the last New Monthly reminds us of the following:—At his first breakfast in new lodgings, a gentleman was much annoyed by finding hairs in his butter. As the mildest but the most effectual mode of reproof, he thus addressed the servant, when she came to take away the things: 'Sally, I am very fond of hairs in my butter; but, for the future, be so good as to bring the hairs in one plate, and the butter in another, so that I may mix them in what proportion I like.'

Cræsus, king of Lydia, who felt presumptuously proud on account of his power and his riches, had dressed himself one day in his utmost splendour of apparel and royal ornament, and, seating himself on his throne, exhibited his person to Solon, as comprehending within itself the substance and sum of all worldly glory. "Have you ever beheld," said he to the Grecian sage, "a spectacle more august?" "I have," was the answer: "there is neither a pheasant in our fields, nor a peacock in our court-yard, nor a cock on our dunghill, that does not surpass you in glory!"