THE

Weekly Chronicle.

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

FEBRUARY.	H. SUN.	S. MOON.	H. W.
25 Saturday,	6 45	5 41	11 16	2 14
26 Sunday,	6 43	5 43	morn.	3 2
27 Monday,	6 41	5 45	0 31	3 41
28 Tuesday,	6 40	5 46	1 45	4 42
1 Wednesday,	6 37	5 49	2 57	6 7
2 Thursday,	6 35	5 50	4 4	7 40
3 Friday.	6 33	5 51	4 58	9 3

Last Quarter, 28th, 0h. 24m.

Public Institutions.

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Miscellany.

THE IRISH CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

EDITED BY MRS. TERESA TATTLE.

"La vie d'une femme est toujours un roman," so says a French author, and far be it from me to contravene the dictum of one of those "learned dealers" in brilliant apophthegms, pretty sentiments, and pithy maxims.

But what I do most solemnly and publicly take this approved vehicle of contradicting, is a report which has got abroad that the numerous romantic female histories of which I am the depository, and occasionally (I must own) the retailer, originate in my prying and officious disposition, which inclines me to make mountains and miracles of very common occurrences. That I like to be exactly aware how my neighbours are employed I do not affect to deny; or that I take some pains to obtain accurate information. But what the illnatured part of the world terms curiosity, I denominate sympathy—an amiable desire to acquaint myself with the concerns of my friends, that I may offer the disinterested meed of my advice—I never had an unreserved communication made to me in the confidence of a prolonged tete-a-tete, either by the winter fire, or in summer evening walk, that I did not find something in it worth remembering. The dullest and most common place woman in society warms into eloquence when her heart is touched, and when she is herself the heroine of her story.

This word eloquence has often puzzled me. It is usually applied to long speeches, yet, often lies in a small compass. No one speaking under the influence of strong feeling or passion is vulgar. A poor Irishwoman whom I sometimes employed, gave me an affecting narrative of her little daughter's tedious illness, and how she brought her through it "wid de blessing of God," though destitute alike of medical aid or proper nutriment. "And how could you support such incessant watching," I said, "and what could you do, so unassisted, in the turns of such a dangerous disorder?"

"How did I get through it my lady?" said the poor woman; "I was her mother."

I was silent, for what praise can be given equal to that sacred affection's unconscious devotion?

But it is not an Irish mother, but of an Irish clergyman's daughter that I wish to relate a tale.

Poor Florence Butler! She lived in my own neighbourhood. Now to begin "*novelistically.*" But the reader may be assured the facts are from real life.

A few days previous to a brilliant and crowded drawingroom, a young beauty and her very plain, but equally young, companion, were engaged in exactly opposite employments. Laure Delme was trying a diamond comb. Florence Butler was working a problem. One was adorning the outside the other furnishing the inside, of her head. The occupations of both bore a striking reference to their future lots. Laura was preparing for her coming out as a wealthy heiress. Florence for going out as an accomplished governess.

And yet these two were friends. Yes, hitherto, for they were friends that nature made. Laura's mother and the parent of Florence were sisters' children; and the chance that had made the one the wife of one of the richest capitalists in Europe, and the other that of a ruined Irish clergyman, had not, as in too many cases, dissolved the ties of relationship.

Neither did the, perhaps, severer trial of Florence's pre-eminent personal attractions excite one "unworthy thought" in the generous Laura's breast.

Florence was a splendid Irish beauty, who would have made her fortune in the times of the Hamiltons and "long lost Coventrys," when admirers were more disinterested, or female charms more rare.

Her rich dark hair, soft, silky, and abundant, was braided in the simplest folds, over her lofty brow, which would have well become the sparkling gem and nowering plume—her arm was moulded in nature's happiest symmetry to set off the costly brace let's jewelled clasp—and her swan like neck, in its unadorned beauty, was whiter than any pearls that could have encircled it. Laura, on the contrary, was as brown as Sappho, though not quite so bright—her forehead was low and undistinguished. Without being positively deformed she was so narrow chested and round shouldered, as often to be supposed so. Her little figure was oppressed, not adorned, by dress, but, on this splendid occasion, glittering like a glow worm. And then, her maid, told her she had the prettiest little hand in the world, and she knew she had a foot, which, in a sandal, might rival "Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet!" and these, with many other minute beauties were recalled to mind, until Laura "crept into favor with" herself, and anticipated with confidence the ordeal that awaited her.

Many hearts were already beating at the prospect of the coming-out of the opulent heiress, and already many a snare was laid for her unpractised heart. Will the good and well-intentioned Laura escape them?

In speaking of the prospect of young women there are perhaps no expressions in the whole range of conventional language, which convey such complete opposite ideas, as those of coming out and going out.

While Laura was anticipating with a beating heart her initiation into the splendid gaieties of fashionable life, Florence was arming herself with courage to await those trials that must fall to the share of the unportioned and accomplished female. To check the curiosity and love of gaiety so natural at her age by the recollection that it is unsuited to her station. To endure the petulance, the folly, or, "worser far" the modern affectation of wisdom assumed by children, without experiencing the all-repaying feelings of a mother. To consume the "dear, delightful days of youth" in the formal tuition of other youth—seldom rewarded by gratitude (for what young lady does not hail with delight her emancipation from the trammels of the mildest governess)? Such were the brightest prospects Florence was held up to view: and to reconcile herself in any degree to them, she was obliged to call to mind that she was the eldest of ten children. That her father although Rector of Moneymore, with a nominal income far exceeding that of many English livings, was, notwithstanding its promising title, nearly moneyless, as those desputes and jealousies had already begun, which ended in the "first flower of the earth" absolutely refusing to yield any longer the first fruits of the earth to the obnoxious protestant pastor.

Keen was the struggle in her parent's breast to part with his beautiful, his highly gifted girl, and send her forth to tempt the uncertain favor of a cold and calculating world: but when once Florence Butler's lot in life was cast, her father accepted with gratitude Mrs. Delme's offer of giving her the advantage of a season in London, to perfect herself in those accomplishments so necessary in her arduous career by the opportunity thus afforded her of hearing music in its utmost perfection, and studying the arts in the *ateliers* of their professors. On Laura's presentation at court, Florence assisted with her opinion at her toilette; and, as she took up one rich ornament after another, praised them with unaffected cordiality, as she could not in conscience praise the beauty of the wearer. Laura's splendid appearance excited a strong sensation, and visions the most flattering flitted round her nightly pillow. She believed herself admired, beloved by the most dazzling and captivating being on whom her youthful eye had ever rested. In the ball that succeeded the drawing room, and several subsequent fetes, the same sweet delusion was continued. He was the first man who had ever addressed her in the intoxicating language of adulation, the first who had made her young heart glow with the mingled throb of vanity and pleasure—he was her *fate*. Yet Laura, with the diffidence attending a first and girlish passion, had only named this favoured being to Florence in a cursory manner among a number of others; and Florence, who, anxious to perfect herself in various branches of acquirement seldom indulged in an amusement, except an occasional concert or exhibition, had not yet met the object of Laura's preference.

The scene changed; Laura, whose health soon proved unequal to a tumultuous life, removed with her mother to their villa, situated on one of the most beautiful parts of the Thames. Here every thing invited to confidence between two young hearts. Laura's friendship for Florence grew more lively, her communications more unreserved. It was not a place to forget the lover who had imparted fresh charms to thy most brilliant scenes.

"E'en love, (if fame the truth of love declare)
Drew first the breathings of a rural air."

"Come answer me one question," said she to Florence, "and answer it truly; and do throw aside that history, those maps and compasses. I so hate reading history with the map, it always reminds me of the school room."

"When you consider the school room is to be the scene of my whole future existence—"

"Oh, I hope not; but to return to my question: which do you think likely to turn out the happiest marriage—that in which the advantages of fortune are equal on both sides, or where the woman has the power of conferring a signal favor or benefit on one whom fortune has not treated with the kindness due to his distinguished merits?"

"Indeed," answered Florence with a slight blush, "I am a very indifferent judge of those matters."

"True; you are always thinking of graver things Well, you wise ladies have one comfort; your minds are too much taken up with philosophy, poetry, and belles-lettres to leave room for the anxieties and perplexities that disturb us ordinary mortals."

Laura noticed not the sigh with which this observation was received, and continued, warming into an earnestness as she pursued the subject "Then I will answer the question myself. Happy, thrice happy, in my opinion, is the woman who has the power of repairing the injustice of fortune in favor of the man she loves; who can every day indulge in the delightful thought that, but for her, those graces, those talents that she has admired and distinghished, would have been blighted and chilled by——"

But on a sudden Laura's voice is hushed—a bright carnation kindles her pale cheek—her vesperation is suspended, and the next moment she turns eagerly to point out to Florence a figure advancing on the smooth shaven lawn. He has passed it, and approached the French window!—he enters it at the invitation conveyed by a smile—he seems assured of a welcome to his unceremonious approach; and what eye, what heart could refuse a welcome to Lord Invermay? The most strenuous upholders of the doctrine of the uselessness, nay, the unbecomingness of great beauty in a man (we suspect they are generally of the rougher sex, and themselves members of the ugly club), would have been almost converted by his appearance. There was something in it at once so dazzling, yet so pleasing, so fresh, and yet so noble, that the eye rested upon his countenance as upon an assemblage of all that was most gracious in nature; and the heart refused to admit it possible that this splended temple was only the spacious lodging of vice and extravagance.

"You here, Lord Invermay!" said Laura, with a faint attempt to chide; and to give us no notice of your coming: how could you leave London while it retained any attraction?"

"It has none *now* for me;" his Lordship with marked emphasis replied: "I am not arrived half an hour: but I intend, if you do not forbid it, to be a very assiduous and troublesome neighbour."

A most animated and interesting conversation ensued; interesting, we mean, to parties concerned; for, truth to say, nothing could be more trifling: and Lord Invermay interspersed it with anecdotes of his dogs and horses little calculated for the meridian of a drawing room. Yet Laura listened to all as if it had united the colloquial eloquence of Coleridge to the sparkling brilliancy of More. Had Invermay been silent it would have been the same; Laura could have sat, hour after hour, in pleased silence by his side. Be his pursuits what they might—cards or billiards—riding or reading—fishing or fencing—nay, even algebra or mathematics, she would have found something in each and all to interest and engage her: for Laura loved, and loved with the whole strength of an innocent, confiding, and truly generous heart. So engrossed was Laura with the unexpected pleasure of seeing Lord Invermay that she had forgotten to present Florence; and the deadly paleness that had at first overspread the cheek of the Irish clergyman's daughter remained unnoticed, and she had time to resume her usual gentle dignity of carriage before the ceremony took place. A scene and a flowerstand had hitherto concealed her from his sight: and who would have suspected in Lord Invermay's few courteously murmered words "that he had already had the pleasure of seeing Miss Butler in Ireland," and in the graceful and silent courtesey of Florence, that when these two last met, it had been with blushes, heart-throbs, and blending tears; and that they had not parted without the mutual avowal that they were all the world to each other.

On Lord Invermay's departure, Laura rallied her friend on her silence relative to any previous knowledge of him. Florence parried her remarks with tolerable firmness. "I met him at a third place," she said, "at Lady Osmond's, whose domain was near my father's living; and when the Lord Lieutenant, who was staying in that part of the country, made her a visit, Lord Invermay was one of the aid-de-camps."

"And you, my fair Florence, were invited to play beauty on the memorable occasion of 'His Majesty's visit to Tilliefudlem,'—why then you really *had* some tolerable society at Bally Kelly? Excuse me, my love, but I never can remember or pronounce the Irish name of your father's residence."

"No matter. Am *I* not also doomed, for my future days, to 'forget mine own people, and my father's house!'" said Florence, with a starting tear.

Laura embraced her tenderly, and the trifling wound inflicted by girlish thoughtlessness, and the exuberant spirits incidental to a "pure, open, prosperous love," was instantly healed.

Released from Miss Delme's society, which for the first time she felt painful, Florence, early inured to habits of self-discipline, seriously held commune with herself, whether she should not open Laura's eyes on the true character of her interested lover. Yet the longer she resolved it in her mind, the more difficult she found the task. True, Invermay had loved her, fondly, madly loved her—he had been struck at first sight by her singular and winning style of beauty, and by manners which he had hardly expected to find in a district so remote. During his short stay with the Lord Lieutenant at Lord Osmond's, and a subsequent meeting in the Irish capital, he had contrived to make known his sentiments to Miss Butler. He had acknowledged there were difficulties—great difficulties—that he was as poor as proud, and dependant on the favor of an uncle. He had requested her secrecy, and now she found him the acknowledged lover of another. She knew not the mad career in which he had plunged since they parted. She knew not how irretrievably ruined were his present prospects, unless Miss Delme granted him her hand. But she soon perceived he was vain, selfish, and extravagant. She thought of warning Mrs. Delme; but a nameless reluctance seized her whenever she approached the subject. Examining narrowly into her heart, she found it was the fear of injuring Invermay; for the first time she doubted the purity of her own intentions, and felt bitterly felt the stings of self reproach.

To be continued.

To the Editors of the Colonial Churchman,

Gentlemen,

The following extracts are from a sermon preached in the country, the week after the fire, which is said to have consumed one third of the commercial part of the city of St. John. If you think them deserving of it, you may give them, or such parts as you please, a place in your paper. A.

Psalm 127, 1 verse—*Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.*

"It cannot be denyed that there are seasons of overwhelming calamity, when the Almighty seems to shroud himself in clouds and darkness. There are some visitations so awful so full of dismay and devastation, that our greatest wisdom is to be silent and acknowledge the wonderful works of the Lord. To behold and wonder and adore, and know that "the Almighty doeth as it pleaseth Him in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth."—Of such a nature is that terrible fire which has just been sent upon our devoted city. Whilst men were saying peace, and all apparently was safe, then sudden destruction has come upon them. The destroying angel lifted up his hand, and the raging element, obedient to the high behest, burst forth, and in the short space of twelve hours, has swept the labor of many a long year of ceaseless toil and persevering industry into one indiscriminate heap of smouldering ruins.

"A night it was, long to be remembered—a night when man could scarcely venture abroad, from the intensity of the cold, that the raging flames broke out spreading terror a devastation around. The crash of falling houses—the roaring of the raging elements, were beyond all description Nor was it among the least lamentable of the spectacles witnessed that night, to behold those extensive warehouses stored with large supplies of provisions to meet the emergency occasioned by the failure of the crops in the last season, consumed by the devouring flames. It is however a consoling reflection that no lives were lost.

* * * * * *

"But now, from whence shall we say this calamity has come?

"If we believe in an overruling Providence, assuredly we must believe that this affliction comes from God. If He takes the oversight of the most minute affairs which concerns his creatures, if not a sparrow falleth to the earth without him, how shall we presume to say that this is not the work of the Almighty?

"What saith He by his Prophet Amos, 'shall there be evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it.' We cannot fail to perceive, that 'unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.' He could at any moment have checked the destroying element; but for his own wise purposes he permitted it to rage.

"It would almost seem as if the Lord were angry with our land. In the country the fruits of the earth during the last season did not come to maturity. In the City, this awful fire has produced terrible destruction.

"Now the question arises, why hath the Almighty sent his judgements? Why are these dire calamities come upon the inhabitants of the land?

"But who shall presume to know the mind of the Lord? Though we pretend not to judge and to pronounce opinions hastily on the dispensations which befal the earth, yet we doubt not, and how can we doubt, that it is for the wickedness of the people that these sore visitations are sent. It is for the irreligion—the impiety of the inhabitants!!

"What multitudes are there who take not the name of God within their lips, except to profane it! What multitudes who live as unmindful of death and the judgment to come, as the beasts that perish! What multitudes who never call upon God, in public or in private! Who will not come to the house of God to worship Him, and who will not set up an altar in their own houses! Who will not read the word of God, who disregard all the promises and threatenings—all the hopes and fears, by which the Almighty designs to govern his rational creatures!!

"What depravity abounds, we may form some faint conjecture from the fact of the theft and plunder, which were going on, even whilst the scene of destruction was so terrible. And here let no one suppose that I speak of the city only—I include our country at large.

"In the paricular case before us, perhaps, as it was said of that terrible fire which swept the great commercial city of our neighbouring land with the besom of destruction, it was the covetousness, the greedy desire of gain, and the consequent pride and ambition which come in their train, that indignation has gone forth from the Lord against the city. A tide of unexampled prosperity has for many years set towards the metropolis of our Province. The proud ships of our merchants were bringing home the productions of every clime. Our citizens were fondly imagining that no longer could any adversity happen to them. Every object which their hearts could desire was considered within their reach.—And has there not been of late a too great fondness of display: too great a departure from the simplicity of former times. This love of gain has pervaded all classes of society. For this men have 'hasted to rise early and late taken rest.'—Their nightly dreams and daily pursuits have been occupied on wealth.

"Do I condemn the honest pursuit after this world's riches or its honors?

"I would say, be not over anxious for that which is so fugitive, which so soon vanisheth away. I would say in language of scripture, which must be right, 'seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all those things shall be added unto you.' For what has the experience of one night taught: that riches make to themselves wings and flee away: that there is no stability in earthly things: that the rich in a moment when they least expect it, are tumbled from the height of worldly splendour, and brought down to a level with the poor and lowly of the earth.

"But praised be God, He hath mercifully interposed and said 'hitherto shall the destroying element come but no farther, and here shall the burning flames be stayed.' For the Lord hath remembered his people, and had pity on his inheritance. He hath spared the city for the righteous that dwell therein. Oh! then, let us praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doth for the children of men.

"There stand the holy temples dedicated to the worship of the Most High, and the flame hath not touched them. God hath thought of those who assemble before him to worship Him. Their prayers have risen up as holy incense, and have appeased the indignation of Heaven. It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassion fails not. To those who are cast down and disconsolate, how applicable are those words of Isaiah —'Come my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment until this indignation be overpast.' How much does it concern us all to examine carefully into our hearts and souls and prepare for that great and awful day: that cometh, we know not how soon, that shall burn as an oven: when all the proud and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.'"

From the Saturday Magazine.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

In elucidating those arts by which man provides himself with dwelling-places, we shall adopt that arrangement of our subject which seems most natural: that is we shall describe the processes as they would be required to be employed in succession, in erecting an edifice; for that succession is obviously the same, whether the building be a palace or a stable, a dwelling-house or a church. The bricks must be made before the walls can be built,—the stone must be quarried and cut before the column can be set up,—and both must be done before the carpenter can lay down his timbers and so on with the rest.

BRICK-MAKING.

Bricks are made of clay, in which sand or ashes are mingled, and they are either dried by the heat of the sun, or by being *burnt in kilns*. A brown loamy clay, that is, clay which contains a small quantity of calcareous matter, is considered best for ordinary bricks, but the ingredients vary according to the purposes for which the brick is required: and every one must have remarked the difference in colour between the light yellow *marl stocks*, as they are called, employed in the facing of houses of the better kind, and the dark red brick used in Lancashire, and other northern counties. The colour also varies with the proportion of ashes or sand employed in the mixture, and with the degree of heat they are subjected to in drying. The general process is, however, much the same everywhere; and we shall describe that used in England, where bricks are always *burnt*.

The proper kind of clay being found, the top vegetable mould is removed, and the earth dug and turned over to expose it as much as possible to atmospheric action, and for this purpose it is left for the Winter. In Spring a quantity of fine ashes, varying in proportion to the clay from one-fourth, to a fifth, according to the stiffness of the latter, is added by degrees, and well incorporated by digging and raking, water being poured on to render the mass soft. When the union is effected, the clay is carried in barrows to a rude mill, erected near the shed in which the brick-maker works.

This mill consists usually of a vat, or circular vessel, fixed on a timber frame; an upright iron axle is placed in the centre of the vat, and carries some iron plates, or rakes with teeth, to stir up the soft clay when placed in the mill; this axle is turned round by a horse harnessed to a horizontal shaft which proceeds from the axle. The clay being put into the vat, the rakes or *knives* complete the incorporation of the ashes, and thoroughly temper the whole mass, which is gradually squeezed out through a hole in the bottom of the vat.

A better kind of mill is used in tempering the material for the better bricks: it only differs, however in being larger. An iron harrow loaded with weights is dragged round in a circular pit lined with brickwork. The clay in this case is diluted with water sufficiently to allow of the stones sinking to the bottom; and the fluid is drawn off into pits, where it is left to settle and thicken, to the proper consistence.

The prepared clay is first separated into masses, each big enough to make a brick, by the *feeder*, or assistant, who sands the pieces ready for the *moulder*; the *mould* is an open rectangular box, the four sides of which are made to seperate from the bottom, to allow of the brick being turned out. The bottom is now made with a lump raised on it, by which a slight depression is formed on one side of the brick, to admit a mass of the mortar being received and detained in it when the wall is built.

The moulder takes the pieces of clay prepared for him, and dashing each into the mould so as to cause it to fill it, removes the superfluous quantity by means of a flat piece of wood which he draws across the open side of the mould; this *strike* is kept in a bowl of water to wet it, and prevent the adhesion to it of the clay. The man then lifts off the sides of the mould, and deposits the brick on a flat *pallet board*, and this is removed by a boy who ranges the bricks on a lattice frame set sloping on the barrow in which they are to be taken to the field to dry: fine sand is strewed on the frame and over the bricks, to prevent their adhering together.

The bricks are taken to the field, and piled in long lines called *hacks*. This is a nice operation, as the soft bricks, if handled roughly, would twist and be rendered useless; the bottom course of bricks is raised a few inches to keep it from the wet; and the ground is prepared to receive them by being covered with dry brick-rubbish or ashes, and raked smooth. The bricks are set alternately in rows lengthwise and crosswise, with intervals between them of an inch or more, to allow a thorough circulation of air: the hack when raised about a yard high is covered over with straw to throw off the rain.

If the weather be favourable, ten or twelve days are enough to dry the bricks in the hacks sufficiently to prepare them for burning, but they should be thoroughly dry, or the subsequent process will fail.

Ordinary bricks for building are burnt in *clamps*, which are large oblong masses, built up of the unburnt bricks, laid regularly in layers, with large flues or passages at intervals, in which ashes, cinders, coal, and brush-wood are laid, layers of ashes, are strewed over those of the bricks; in short, the object is that the fire, when the fuel is ignited, may penetrate every part of the mass, and bake every brick equally; even the ashes mixed up in the clay are intended to be partly burnt by the heat.

In clamps well constructed, the outside is coated with clay or plaster to keep in the heat, and when the fuel is thoroughly lighted, the external apertures should be stopped up.

The clamp when completed contains from 100,000 to 500,000 bricks. The fire will continue burning about three weeks, if the pile has been well constructed; when all smoke ceases to rise, the clamp is taken down when cold, and the bricks sorted; for with all care, it must happen that the bricks are not all equally burnt. The under-burnt ones are reserved to be rebuilt into a new clamp for further baking, and those which are over-done, and have run together by partial vitrification, are sold at a cheap rate for making foundations for houses, roads, &c.

The better or peculiar kinds of bricks, as well as tiles of all kinds, are burnt in kilns instead of clamps. These kilns, though of a peculiar form, according to the purpose to which they are applied, yet do not differ in principle from the lime-kiln, &c. In the kiln, the fire is not intermixed with the bricks, but is applied beneath; nor are ashes mingled with the clay of which kiln-burnt bricks are made. c.

As the general principles are the same in making tiles and bricks, we shall class all these coarse pottery-works together here, in an enumeration of the most important kinds used in Britain.

Place-Bricks are the worst of the clamp-burnt stocks, and are used for common walls, and the poorest kinds of work; they are soft, and unequally burnt; they sell from 20s. to 30s. per 1000.

Stock-Bricks are those from the centre of the clamp, and are regularly burnt, of an equal hard texture, and even colour; they are used for good work of all kinds; the price varies from 30s. to 40s. per 1000.

Malm-Stocks are clamp bricks, but made with more care from clay to which ooze, chalk, or marl is added, and the whole carefully tempered; they are of a fine clear yellow colour, and are used for facing the walls of good houses, and for making arches over doors and windows in general, where they are to be seen. The softest kind are called *cutters*, from their admitting of being cut, or trimmed with the trowel with nicety. The prices of these bricks vary greatly.

Fire-Bricks are made of a peculiar kind of clay, found in perfection at Windsor, Stourbridge, and parts of Wales, whence the varieties derive their names. They are formed from the clay without any admixture of ashes, and are always kiln-burnt. They vary in size, and are used for building furnaces, ovens, and boilers, &c.

Pan-Tiles are similar in shape to the letter s, and are used for roofing, outhouses, stables, &c., the edges of one row overlapping those of another next it, and they are always set in mortar: the end of the tile is formed with a projecting knob or fillet, by means of which the tile is hooked on to the batten or lath as will be explained. These tiles are much larger than the *Plain Tiles*, which are used in roofing dwelings, &c.: they are flat, as the name indicates, and are fixed to the laths of the roof by wooden pegs, two holes being left in the tile for that purpose. Foot and ten-inch tiles are thick square tiles of those dimensions, used for paving, hearths, &c. or for coping walls. All tiles are burnt in a kiln.

Bricks and Tiles of all kinds are charged with a duty, and as it constitutes an important item in the revenue, the manufacture is laid under strict surveillance by the Excise. Bricks can only be made at certain seasons, in certain quantities, and even the screen through which the ashes are sifted, to be mingled with the clay, must be made of wire of a certain mesh. Bricks made larger than the standard measure of 8 1-2 inches long, 4 wide and 2 1-2 thick, pay a higher duty, while the common ones pay about 5s 10d. per 1000; if the bricks are smaller than the proper size, the maker is fined heavily.

About 1130 millions of bricks, 42 millions of plain, 23 millions pan, and 6 millions of other tiles are made annually in Britain. A good moulder can make from 5 to 6000 bricks in a day, from five A. M. to eight P. M.

Give no quarter unto those vices which are of thine inward family, and having a root in thy temper plead a right and propriety in thee. Examine well thy complexional inclinations. Raise early batteries against those strong holds, built upon the rock of nature, and make this a great part of the militia of thy life. The politic nature of vice must be opposed by policy, and therefore wiser honesties project and plot against sin; wherein, notwithstanding, we are not to rest in generals, or the trite stratagems of art. That may succeed with one temper which may prove successless with another. There is no community or commonwealth of virtue, every man must study his own economy, and erect these rules unto the figure of himself.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

It is highly worthy of observation, that the inspired writings received by Christians are distinguishable from all other books pretending to inspiration, from the scriptures of the Brahmins, and even from the Koran, in their strong and frequent recommendations of truth. I do not here mean veracity, which cannot but be enforced in every code which appeals to the religious principle of man; but knowledge. This is not only extolled as the crown and honour of a man, but to seek after it is again and again commanded us as one of our most sacred duties. Yea, the very perfection and final bliss of the glorified spirits represented by the Apostles, a plain aspect, or intuitive beholding of truth in its eternal and immutable source. Not that knowledge can of itself do all! The light of Religion is not that of the moon, light without heat; but neither is its warmth that of the stove, warmth without light. Religion is the sun whose warmth swells, and stirs and actuates the life of nature, but who at the same time beholds all the growth of life with a master eye, makes all objects glorious on which he looks, and by that glory visible to all others.—*Coleridge.*

Cements.—Mortar made of good lime and clean sharp sand, may be successfully employed for the same purposes as Roman cement, provided it be allowed sufficient time to dry before water is permitted to rest upon it. This was mentioned many years ago by Arthur Young, in his "Agricultural Survey of Lincolnshire," and we have seen it proved in a variety of instances. In succoing the front of a house in or about London, for example, no builder need ever have recourse to any of the metallic cements, including under the term *Roman cement, Parker's cement, Hamblin's mastic*, and all other quick-setting cements (which are only quick-setting in consequence of their containing some metallic oxide), provided he can procure the best stone lime from Dorking or Aberthan. For our own parts, we should have more confidence in the durability of stucco so formed than in that of any of the cements. —*Mr. Loudon, Archit. Mag.*

The Birmingham Town hall is a noble edifice—look at it from any of the five lines of approach when you will. Seen under a very clear sky it is silent glory and beauty; and in the bright light of the moon—but more so when the clear moon is now dark'd, now flashed out again suddenly, by the rapidly-scudding black stormclouds—it is, of all the buildings I remember in this kingdom, the most thought suggestive. * * * * I believe there is not any building in England that can exhibit such a glorious range of columns. Afar off they attract—near, they fascinate the gaze. Get into an angle with the eastern line of them, and they become countless, calling up a fancy of 'there are thousands more,' only your vision is too weak to trace and follow the line. Stand at a distance, and look to the roof; the sky and it are associated; they are mighty and graceful dwellers together. The fabric is a splendid poem."—*Pol. Verjuice.—Monthly Rep.*

Artificial Marble or Stone Coffins.—These coffins are composed of a cement two thirds of an inch in thickness, solid and hard, yet light in its texture, and on the side polished, and afterwards varnished. This glazing or varnish may be an imitation of mahogany, mayple, rose, or any other elegant wood. The coffins, it is presumed, are to be made with the lids seperate. After the body is placed in it, a thickness of cement is to be laid on the edge of the coffin, to connect the lid, leaving a small opening to be used temporarily until the air is exhausted by a receiver. This opening also being filled in, the whole is perfectly air and watertight. The interior being deprived of air, decomposition of the body, and the breeding of those germs of insects which are supposed to be inherent in our flesh, cannot, of course, go on and must be suspended. The invention far excels the complicated process of embalming, and we doubt not it will be entirely substituted for destructible wood, and come into general use, not only for coffins, but for all kinds of vessels and receptacles in which it is desirable to preserve the contents from dampness and the external air—thus, for records, public documents, books transported to great distances over the sea, &c. In these air-tight coffins, Mr. White proposes to insert in the lid, over the face of the corpse, a thick plate of transparent glass, while the cement is soft, and which thus on hardening, becomes a part of the lid.—*New York American.*

SINGULAR ACCIDENT AND EXTRAORDINARY OPERATION.—Some days since, while a young lady, daughter of one of our most opulent citizens, was endeavouring to pick out a knot in a thread with a cambric needle, the needle suddenly broke in two pieces, and the pointed half was sent with great force into her eye, where it penetrated to a considerable depth. The dreadful pain in consequence can be better conceived than described. Physicians were immediately sent for, and after trying in vain, gave up the attempt to extricate the needle, which had forced itself through the external coat of the eye. Dr. Scudder, the ingenious oculist, was finally sent for, but not until fears were entertained that the needle would penetrate into the brain and cause death, which in all probability would have been the case. The Doctor was given to understand that the eye was considered as lost, and that the only hopes of the lady's parents were, that the needle could be extricated, and the life of their only daughter saved.

Dr. Scudder immediately proceeded to an examination, and at once pronounced that he could extricate the needle and preserve the eye. He ordered an anodine; and when the patient was comparatively easy from its effects, made a small incision with a delicate operating knife; then by means of a powerful magnet, he drew the needle so near the surface as to grasp it with a pair of "*magnetica tenacidum forceps*," and as quick as thought, the needle was in the palm of his hand. By means of a mild collyrium, or eye wash, the inflammation quickly subsided, and the young lady is completely relieved, and is now as buoyant and happy as if nothing had occurred.

Many of the instruments that Doctor Scudder uses are of a peculiar construction, and of his own invention.—*New York Star.*

HALIFAX, February 11.

FIRE. On Saturday evening, at six o'clock, the alarm of Fire was given, when the devouring element was seen bursting from the house in Barrington street, owned and occupied by Mrs. D. Howe, near the Halifax Grammar School. The Town engines, and those belonging to the Naval and Ordnance Departments, and the Royal Artillery and Regiments in garrison were soon on the spot: with the aid of the inhabitants and the troops they were well supplied with water, and in about an hour the fire was happily extinguished, without injury being done, except to the premises in which it originated, which however was very great. Fortunately Mrs. Forsyth's large house, which joined southwardly, had a brick end, which resisted the fire, and probably saved it, and many other Buildings, from destruction.

His Excellency the Commander in Chief, the Commandant, and Officers of the Staff were present, and afforded their best aid. The Troops, as usual, rendered every service in their power, and have again laid the Community under obligations to them. The Inhabitants of the Town generally were alive to the duties imposed upon them. Great praise is due to the Members of the Engine Company, for the efficient state of every thing in the department.—*Journal.*

HAPPINESS.—The great essential to our happiness is the resolution to perform our duty to God as well as we are able: and when this resolution is deeply infixed, every action and every pursuit brings satisfaction to the mind.—*Memorials of a departed Friend.*

PHRENOLOGY.—Which is the *organ* of Drunkenness? The *barrel* organ.

POOR COPY