The Morning Courier.

FOR THE COUNTRY.

Optimus est Reipublicæ status, ubi nihil deest nisi licentia peccandi.—SENECA.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 21, 1836.

In resuming the subject of fires, it is almost unnecessary to remark that the destruction of property, private or public, insured or uninsured, is, in every case, so much loss to the community at large—it is a diminution of the national means and a drawback upon the prosperity of the country. The products of so much previous labour and capital are thus annihilated, and nothing whatever is left behind, save a lesson on the destructiveness of fire, and an impressive call upon society to protect itself against it. Every loss, even the most inconsiderable, is prejudicial to accumulation. This is palpably evident in the case of private individuals, nor is it less strictly true in that of communities or nations. The losses in this Colony by fire, are so frequent and great, while our resources are but gradually developing themselves, and while our main struggle is to accumulate capital, that they must exert a very material influence in retarding the general prosperity. Where, for instance, will the city of Quebec, or the country, find any equivalent for the property, to the value of half a million of dollars, that has within these few weeks been destroyed there? Had the same sum been expended on the most visionary project imaginable, some advantage, more or less permanent, would have arisen from it to the country. The lesson such calamities furnish, is bought at a ruinous expense, but this is all they give. Whether we have profited by such we shall speak more hereafter; in the meantime, we would have it deeply engraven on the mind of every member of the community, that fires are a public calamity, and are to be regarded as serious hindrances to the increase of our national resources.

Most people are too apt to overlook this general but truly patriotic view of the subject, and in individual cases of loss, they feel scarce any regret at the destruction of property, if they ascertain that such loss was covered by insurance. They ascribe a magical or phœnix influence to insurance companies, as by their agency new structures are made speedily to rise upon the ruins of those destroyed. They never reflect whence these companies derive their ability thus to restore and renovate. The community furnishes these means. The insured contribute most largely and directly; but even the uninsured are made to bear their share of loss. Insurance Companies have not solely or principally in view the public good, but only their own interest. If they did not receive a fair share of profit by their operations, they would soon cease to exist. Whatever, therefore, the amount of the losses may be, which they cover, they must in the long run make a profit independent of them. This is by no means unreasonable. They are not public almoners, they are only agencies between the great body of the insured and any number of them whose property may suffer damage, which is to be repaired from the common fund. It is but reasonable, therefore that they should be remunerated for their trouble, and that they should derive a profit for any outlay of capital they may be necessitated to make.

In this country the premium of insurance varies almost every year, just according to the number and amount of losses sustained by the Insurance Offices. These, from the law of self-preservation, must take care of themselves, and the losses fall in reality upon all insurers in the first place, and ultimately upon the public at large. With this view of the subject, the question—which party, the Insurance Companies or the public, is most interested in the maintenance of fire engines and all the requisite apparatus for extinguishing fires?—is very easily settled The public have unquestionably the greatest self interest in such an arrangement. The comparatively trifling sum contributed by the Insurance Offices to this object, in times past, is conclusive evidence of how little their self-interest is affected in the matter. Be the casualties by fire great or small, numerous or infrequent, (we exclude from contemplation such calamities as the great New York fire,) the insurance offices must in the long run be no losers.

The public, we have said, are most interested in supporting an efficient fire department; but experience has shewn that voluntary contributions by a portion of the public, (for all cannot be brought to furnish their quota in the absence of a compulsory law) are wholly inadequate. We deny the justice of the practice of Montreal or Quebec, or any other town, obtaining aid from the Legislature for fire engines, &c. This is partial, and is not dealing fairly with other parts of the country. Local taxation for local purposes, is our principle. In our present circumstances, then, it were most desirable that our authorities were armed with the requisite power to levy a small rate for the support of a fire department.

In Great Britain, the Insurance Companies maintain well equipped fire engines. The expense connected with the maintenance of these engines is directly defrayed by the companies, but is unquestionably levied, in fact, upon the public. Nor does this tax fall very unequally, as it may at first sight appear to do, for property is very generally insured in Britain. The premium of insurance is a mere trifle, compared with what it is here, and the small fraction of it that may go to support engines, &c., operates in favour of the insurer, by diminishing the number of losses. The business of the Insurance offices goes on steadily and surely, the variations in the rate of premium are seldom and small, and all this is in consequence of the great number of insurers, and the judicious arrangements for the suppression of fires.

In the absence of similar organization in this country, the agencies among us of these same Companies, are more of a speculation than their principals—they have greater risks, and they may make more handsome profits. We conceive, however, that they would do a vast service to the community, without losing sight of their own interests, did they aid more liberally the Fire Companies, which have always been seriously crippled in their benevolent efforts, by the want of funds.

Since the above was written, our attention has been directed to the following interesting extract, from the *Greenock Advertiser* of the 12th September. How much better they manage in regard to fires in the little Canton of Zurich, than we do here! They very properly regard the subject as deserving of the care of Government. We should like to see the principle of the third paragraph strictly acted upon in this colony:—

"The government of Zurich insures the whole canton against losses by fire, imposing a rate for that purpose calculated on the contingencies of the year. The premium seems to be about the same as that charged generally by English insurance companies on an average of the various risks.

"A commission is appointed by the Government, who published an annual detailed account of all the losses sustained. There were forty-four fires in 1833, bringing with them losses to the amount of fl. 86,591 16 1—say £3300 sterling, while the costs of the administration amounted to fl. 3,705,142, or about £270 sterling. This expense insured all the buildings of the canton, which are estimated at a value of seventy-seven millions of florins—say seven millions and three-quarters sterling, being at the rate of 2s 1d per £100. In the annual report which is made by the insurance commission, the year, day, and hour of every fire are reported, the names of the village, town, or district, of the injured party, and a description of the nature of the building burnt or destroyed. Every building in the canton is reported, and the number which it bears in the registration, and the estimated value is also reported, with the extent of damage and causes of the fire."

"Persons guilty of carelessness causing fires, as well as of wilful burning, are punished by the tribunals."

A public meeting was held at Trafalgar, Upper Canada, on the 24th ult., for the purpose of taking into consideration several important matters connected with the interests of the country. A number of common sense resolutions were passed on the occasion, all having reference to the substantial interests of the colony. We subjoin four of them, which will speak for themselves:—

Resolved.—We consider the prosperity, wealth and happiness of the people, as being the strength and power of any enlightened Government. On these principles it would lead to our general prosperity, were Government to lower the price of their wild lands to actual settlers.

Resolved.—We consider the existence of Clergy Reserves an evil of no common magnitude, which creates at this present time dissensions of an unpleasant nature and growing importance; that were they disposed of, and the proceeds applied to the purposes of education and the general improvement of the country, it would at once remove the evil, and put the country in a more peaceable and prosperous state.

Resolved.—We consider the trade of this country with the United States, a subject of high importance, and worthy the deliberation of our Legislature, and that a nearer approach to a reciprocal duty would be an improvement to the trade of the Province.

Resolved.—That greater facilities ought to be held out to purchasers of Lands, by appointing Government Land Offices in each county; that the price of lands in each and every Township should be established at the lowest possible rate.

A society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, has been formed in the United States, and will shortly enter upon its philanthropic undertaking, which is indicated by its title. The *New York Express* remarks thus on the new project:—

"The spectacle is now exhibited in this country, perhaps for the first time since the creation of the world, of a *national demand*, arising from all ranks of a vast population, for the means of knowledge—a demand far exceeding the supply. It is probable that no nation has ever existed, in which the *habit of reading* was so universal, and the *thirst for knowledge* so intensely felt.

"We have also in the Printing Press and Steam Engine—in the vast resources of English literature, and the multiplying productions of living authors, means amply adequate to meet any demand. We have it in our power to bring down within the reach of every family of our nation, and to place at their fireside the richest means of intellectual and moral improvement and happiness."

The New Nun.

Although we are heartily sick of MARIA MONK's absurdities, and of the folly of those Rev. bats who patronise them, we cannot refrain from laying before our readers two letters with which we have been favoured having reference to the new Nun, Miss FRANCES PARTRIDGE, who has been lately brought forward, to assist in keeping alive the excitement. The one signed "G. J. SLOCUM" is printed from the original; Mr. DE LORIMIER's is faithfully translated from a copy of the letter sent to Mr. SLOCUM. We know both to be genuine. They tell their own tale, and to add a word of comment on the turpitude of those malignants, who persevere in their outrageous calumnies against the Roman Catholic clergy of Canada, would be merely to repeat what we have more than once affirmed on this subject.

NEW YORK, *Sept.* 26, 1836.

DEAR SIR,—There is a young woman in this city, by the name of FRANCES PARTRIDGE, who states that she is well acquainted with you. She professes to have been a Nun in the *Hotel Dieu Nunnery* of Montreal, and says that she left that establishment some two months ago. She requests me to write to you on the subject, and ask you to state to me, in a letter, what you know respecting her past history. She says she was raised in the *Grey Nunnery*, and entered the *Hotel Dieu* in her eighteenth year, between nine and ten years ago.

Now, Sir, will you have the goodness to write me forthwith on the subject, and inform me of what you know respecting the truth of her pretensions. If she is an impostor, I wish to know it, and if not, I wish to know it. I hope you will speak freely; and if you wish your name to be unknown, in communication with what you may say, your wish shall be complied with. Yours respectfully,

J. J. SLOCUM.

N. B.—Direct your letter, "Rev. J. J. SLOCUM New York."

To Mr. DE LORIMIER, &c.

SAULT ST. LOUIS, *Oct* 17, 1836.

SIR,—In reply to your letter of 26th September last, I have the honor and at the same time the pleasure of letting you all know of FRANCES PARTRIDGE, who called herself while here FANNY MARIETTE PARTRIDGE, whose identity with your FRANCES PARTRIDGE will be proved by marks of a burn on the left hand, and another on the left side of the back part of the head, where the hair is wanting.

This maid or wife, or rather this neither *maid nor wife*, arrived at Sault St. Louis in the beginning of January 1834, having come, she said, from St. Andrews, on the Ottawa, where she had left her husband, of whom she pretended to have a great deal to complain. One Mr. DUNNING, of Chateauguay, whom she had engaged to take her back to St. Andrews, had seen her pretended husband, who denied that he was in any way connected with her, and at whose audacity he was very indignant.

On arriving here, she remained a week under my roof, refusing at every meal, the invitation which we gave her, to take her seat at table. We were very much surprised that she could live without food. But when she left my house, I then discovered that she had secretly eaten half a bushel of crackers, which I had laid away in a private closet.

She came here by way of Lachine, and had the appearance of a deranged person, both in her dress and manners. She told me she had travelled with our Curé, and that they had conversed together *in latin*, during the journey, which is false. She spoke of nothing but love, and made me believe that she was a victim of the tender passion. Among other things she told me that young LAFAYETTE had been very intimate with her.

After passing a week at my house, she went to live with Mr. MAGONESE, interpreter in the village, having engaged to instruct his children. As I very often visited their study, this made her believe that I came after her, and she shewed great jealousy against the girls to whom I had occasion to speak. I frequently received *billets doux* from her, in one of which she proposed to me to meet her the next night, out of the house. I took care to see her; I was amused at her follies, but I was very cautious not to commit myself with her.

Often has she assured me that she had a great desire to visit the city of Montreal, as also the seminary and the convents, of which she new nothing, except what she had heard by report. She, several times, asked me to conduct her thither, but I always declined.

In the autumn of the same year, 1834, perceiving that she threw away her time upon me to no purpose, she became enamoured of a son of Mr. MAGONESE, whom she falsely accused of having seduced her, and when she left the house, at the end of December, she wanted to persuade the mother of the young man that she was *enceinte* by him, with a view to obtain money. We never saw her practice any act of religion during her sojourn here, and she has told us that she did not belong to any religious sect.

Not having enough of money to carry her back to the States, this unfortunate woman forged my writing and signature, and travelled by the stage at my expense. She was the cause of my losing £30, which the proprietor of the stage owed me, and which he refused to pay, by producing the forged note. Since that time I have heard several people affirm that she had stolen several articles.

This, Sir, is all I can state touching F. PARTRIDGE, whom I regard as an abandoned woman, and a shameless calumniator, wholly destitute of character. It will be necessary to be very cautious in giving the least credit to the stories she may tell; in fine, she is the true prototype of the infamous MARIA MONK, and I firmly believe that the one is no better than the other. Our priests and our ecclesiastics are, Sir, all of the greatest respectability, and deserve, in a supreme degree the confidence we place in them. Shame and confusion, dishonor and ignominy, upon those who would make them so degraded as themselves, the disgrace of humanity!

As I have written nothing to you but the truth, I do not wish to conceal myself. I have even already given away one of this letter, of which I gave you full permission to make whatever use you please, without the fear of compromising me. I have the honor to be, Sir, your very humble and obedient servant,

GEORGE A. DE LORIMIER.

Rev. J. J. SLOCUM, New York.

Mr. Wyse, we learn from the *Farmers' Advocate*, who was appointed to survey the railroad route from Stanstead to Port St. Francis, has completed that part below Sherbrooke, and reports that the line is very favourable for the undertaking.

The letter bag at the Exchange, for Greenock, by the ship *Canada*, will close on Saturday—that for Liverpool, by the bark *Glasgow*, on Monday.

The *John Bull* steamer, which arrived yesterday, brought the ship *Esther* to the Lake, where she grounded, and will require to be lightened before she can be got off. The *John Bull* brought nothing "in advance of the mail."

THE RIVAL SERGEANTS.—On Wednesday last, in the *Nisi Prius* Court, at Liverpool, a very gilled gentleman of the *Falstaff* genus, Mr. John Green, of Prescot, was called as a witness by Mr. Sergeant Atcherley, on behalf of the plaintiff. On making his appearance in the box, and the oath being tendered to him, he first said that he was a witness on the other side; but being told that it did not signify, as he was also subpœnaed for the plaintiff, he wished to know before being sworn, who was to pay his expenses. "They promised me £5 or £10 (said he,) but I have only had a shilling for the last five days, and (continued Mr. Green, laying his hands upon his capacious paunch, with an air of paternal pride and satisfaction, which might have become the great and immortal Sir John himself) such a corporation as this, is not to be kept up at the rate of a shilling for five days."—(Roars of laughter.) The momentous matter having been referred to Mr. Forrest, that gentleman said that £4 10s. would be a reason. able allowance for five days' expenses, and the attorney for the plaintiff immediately handed over the needful to Mr. Forrest, in trust for the witness. "Now (said Mr. Sergeant Atcherley,) I hope you will be worth the money to us. Will you trust the officer?" "Well (said Mr. Green,) I have known him for a long time, and I think I can trust him." I have known Mr. Sergeant Atcherley, too, a long time. He and I learned our exercise together." The learned Sergeant seemed rather taken aback at this information, and not very willing to acknowledge the acquaintaceship of the facetious Mr. Green. His apparent chagrin was rather heightened then ath twice, when his lordship good humour. ed said to the witness, "As a matter of curiosity, perhaps you will allow me to ask whether my brother Atcherley ever got any rank at all?" "Well, my Lord (replied Mr. Green,) I think he got to be an Ensign.—(Laughter.) But he was half private when I was a Sergeant; when he was a Sergeant and I am only a private."—(Shouts of laughter.) "Pray what squad was he in?" asked his Lordship. "Well, my Lord, I am afraid it would take up too much time to tell you now," replied Mr. Green, and so the colloquy ended. Whether his Majesty's Attorney General for the county Palatine is unwilling to recur to the military exploits of his younger days in the militia, because he belonged to the awkward squad, or whether he thinks the reputation of deeds of arms, such as would become a votary of Mars, rather than a drawback on the distinctions of the law, we know not, but certain it is that he did not greet Mr. Green with anything like the cordiality of an old comrade and a brother soldier.

DUELLING.—The following anecdote, derived from a most authentic source, is highly illustrative of the *sang-froid* and determination which characterized the French officers of the old school, about the time of the first Revolution:—The Comte de B——, a colonel in the line, distinguished for his gallantry in the field, as well as for the length of his service, was ordered to Martinique, with his regiment, in the year 179— At that period the rage for duelling was everywhere prevalent, but in no place more so than in the West India Islands, where the civilians, as well as the military man, strike endeavored to establish his reputation by the questionable test of "an affair." Amongst the officers quartered in the garrison of St. Pierre, was one, a Captain G——, whose sole delight consisted in fighting or fomenting duels, and who measured every man's character by the number which he had fought. He was a man of *brusque* manners and arrogant bearing, but of undoubted, though misapplied, courage. It happened one day, that, conversing with the Comte de B——, the subject of duelling came on the *tapis*, when the Colonel observed, that although he had seen much and various service, it had never been his chance to be engaged in a single affair. The words appeared to act like wildfire on the mind of his inflammable companion—"What!" he exclaimed, "What! you have never had a cause for quarrel?" "Never," replied the Colonel, calmly. "*Eh bien donc*," cried Captain G——, "*mais vas-!*" and raising his hand, while his eyes gleamed with ferocious pleasure, he struck M. de B—— a violent blow on the cheek. The latter eyed him for a moment—not attempted to return the blow—but pointing significantly to his sword, he left the spot. The consequence was inevitable—the preliminaries were arranged, and the same evening the parties met. It was decided to fight with small swords—indeed, duelling with pistols was rarely, if ever, practised in the French service. The Comte de B—— came on the ground, wearing on his cheek a large patch of black taffeta, as if to conceal the place where he had received the blow. They were both expert swordsmen, but the Colonel, though no duellist, was a perfect master of his weapon. His antagonist was soon at his mercy, but he contented himself with inflicting a severe wound in his sword-arm, and having disabled him for the time, he took out a pair of scissors from his pocket, and clipping off a corner of the patch, very coolly observed, "*C'est un peu mieux!*"—As soon as Captain G—— recovered from his wound, he received a second message from M. de B——, and a second meeting was the consequence, attended by a similar result. Again they met, and again, and on every occasion the Colonel wounded his adversary and clipped off a corner from the taffeta on his cheek, accompanying the act with the same observation. For the fifth time the Comte de B—— invited his antagonist to the field, and with a stern determination equal to the perseverance which dogged him, Captain G—— obeyed the summons.—Their last meeting ended as the others had done, save that the scene was changed. After a few passes he saw his advantage, availed himself of it in a moment, and in the next his sword had pierced Captain G——'s heart, who fell dead to the ground.—The Colonel shouldered his weapon, turned round to his friend, and pulled off the remainder of the patch. Then glancing at the dead body at his feet he quietly observed, "*Maintenant c'est guerre!*"

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.—On writing this word, we feel our breast fluttering beneath a clogging weight of fear, just as it did—we care not to say how many years ago. It is a strange and a beautiful thing—first, innocent love. There is that in female beauty, which it is pleasure merely to gaze upon; but beware of lookings to long. The lustrous black pupil contrasting with the pearly white of the eye and the carnatec skin—the clear, placid blue, into which you see down, down to the very soul—the deep twirl, dazzling as a sun-lit stream, seen through the opening in its willow banks—all may be gazed upon with impunity ninety-nine times, but at the hundredth, you are a gone man. On a sudden the eye strikes you as deeper and brighter than ever, or you fancy that a long look is stolen at you beneath a drooping eye lid, and that there is a slight flush on the cheek, and, at once, you are in love. Then you spend the morning in contriving apologies for calling, and the days and evenings, in playing them off. When you lay your hand on the door-bell, your knees tremble, and your breast feels compressed; and, when admitted, you sit, and look, and say nothing, and go away, determined to tell your whole story the next time. This goes on for months, varied by the occasional daring of kissing a flower, which she presents you; perhaps, in the wild intoxication of love, wafting it towards her; or, in affectation of the Quixotic style, kneeling, with mock-heroic emphasis, to kiss her hand in pretended jest; and the next time you meet, both are as reserved and stately as ever. Till at last, on some unmodicable day, when you are left alone with the lady, you, quite unawares, find her hand in yours, a yielding shudder crosses her, and you know not how, she is in your arms, and you press upon her lips, delayed, but not withheld, "A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love."

KITE CARRIAGES.—This unique and ingenious invention of Mr. G. Pocock was witnessed by many of the members of the British Association, last week, on Clifton and Durdham Downs, and called forth their unequalled admiration. The car, containing four persons, was drawn by two kites—the pilot kite ten feet in length of standard, the draft kite twelve. The general pace was about ten miles an hour. On Wednesday morning, at eleven o'clock, four carriages were on the downs; two of these were in constant use for several hours, and during the day about one hundred ladies and gentlemen, many of them foreigners, had an opportunity of riding in these novel vehicles. In the morning, when the wind was active, the pace was about twelve miles an hour. From this discovery many judicious remarks were made on the various uses to which these kites, or buoyant sails, might be applied. Ideas, now seen to be within the reach of invention, were suggested. The general impression was that it was peculiarly adapted for sea service, especially in case of shipwreck, as life preservers, as auxiliary sails, and also for the making of signals.—*Bristol Journal.*

RAPID TRAVELLING.—The facilities for travelling in the New and Old World are such, that the rapidity with which persons may be conveyed to the most distant places is truly astonishing, as one instance out of the many, we notice the following:—A family sailed from Vera Cruz, in Mexico, on April 22, and arrived at New York on May 5th. On the same day they embarked for France in the packet *Utica*, which reached Havre on the 27th May. They had time to transfer their effects to the Hamburgh steamboat, and without stopping a day took their departure again. On arriving at Hamburgh they continued their route by the steamer *Lubeck*, and thence by a similar conveyance to St. Petersburgh, where they no doubt arrived on the 14th of June. Thus in fifty-three days they passed from Mexico, by the United States, France and Germany, into the capital of Russia.

An inhabitant of the village of Ceinova, on the Peninsula of Hela near Dantzic, having been a long time in the hands of the regular faculty for a complaint they were unable to cure, called in a noted quack, named Kaminiski. This fellow, finding his nostrums fail, pretended that the patient was bewitched. He caused all the poor old women of the place to be collected in the house of the invalid, pointed out one of them as the witch, and commanded her to take off the spell. The poor creature, of course, denied the accusation, which she persisted in doing, notwithstanding she received a severe bastinado from the doctor and his patient. It was then determined to put her to the old ordeal by water, and throw her into the sea. Terror induced her to promise to effect a cure; she required a space of twelve hours. This was granted, but at the end of the time she declared it was out of her power to do what was commanded; and, consequently, after being again beaten, she was cast into the water. As she struggled for her life, she was thrust under by long poles, and it is said even stabbed by Kaminski, and, in the end drowned. The perpetrators of this act of barbarism have been arrested and conducted to Dantzic.—*French Paper.*

A remarkable circumstance occurred at Leacon dam, near Hanau, a few days ago. A youth of the name of Brown was fishing in the dam, when on perceiving that he had got a "bite," he hastily pulled up his line, and to his astonishment a most beautiful kingfisher was attached to his hook.—*Derbyshire Courier.*

A NEW SCHEME FOR OBTAINING A CAPITAL DINNER.—Yesterday at noon, a gentleman highly respectably dressed, his fingers ornamented with the most costly rings, and gold seals hanging dependent from his watch, entered a celebrated restaurateur's at the West-end, and ordered a most sumptuous dinner. Venison, hare, turtle, and soups formed but a part of his expensive entertainment, and the waiter saw with delight joint after joint disappear, thinking, no doubt, to make an immense profit from the articles consumed. Two bottles of champagne were consecutively called for—brought—and drank; a fine melon was placed on the table and disappeared; a basket of peaches shared the same fate, in short, there was scarcely an article but what was produced, and hardly a luxury but what was consumed. The last bottle of Champagne had, however, scarcely been drained, when a sheriff's officer, accompanied by a policeman, entered the apartment, and desired to know if his name was Thompson? and being answered in the affirmative they immediately called a coach, into which he was forced, and in the hearing of the waiters ordered the coachman to drive to Bow-street, telling them of the same time, if they called at the office they should be recompensed for whatever expenses the defaulter had incurred. But, upon inquiry at the Police-office, it was discovered to be a trumped up tale, and that the officer, policeman (who had no number on his coat) and gentleman (?) were *all confederates belonging to the same party*, and who, no doubt, as soon as they had left, would resume their purposes in another district. The gentleman who demolished such a number of articles, is about five feet high, light-coloured hair, takes snuff, and speaks with a mincing accent.

Last week, a handsome female, of genteel appearance, approaching her accouchement, took her place in one of the Chester coaches from London, to go to Ireland, where her husband (recently returned from Bordeaux,) awaited her arrival. On her reaching Oxford, she complained of being very unwell, whilst her eyes were suffused in tears. There were three gentlemen in the coach with her. The distressed lady had not long passed Wolverhampton, when she was assailed with the pains of labour. The gentlemen quitted the coach, and sent a young woman who happened to be passing at the time, to her assistance, and with her care a fine boy was ushered into the world. The coach was detained half an hour, but the lady and her offspring were safely conveyed to a lodging-house between Wolverhampton and Stafford.

LAW AND LITERATURE.—The superstitious notion that law must be divorced from literature is, at length, almost exploded, and lingers only in a few nooks and corners of Westminster Hall. A Vinerian Professor has ventured on a continuation of Dryden's Hind and Panther. A King's Council has favoured this prosaic age with a play equal to that of Elizabeth's, whose very spirit it appears to have imbibed. A learned Serjeant has proved in a drama worthy of its classical model, that the richest imagination and deepest feeling are not alien from a successful and daily practice in the Courts. A Quondam editor of our first *Review* has been elevated, with the entire approbation of the profession, to the Bench; and, not to dwell on inferior examples, one of the most active and able of our periodical writers has drawn the first prize in the law's wheel, and has rested, though not reposed, on the woolsack.—*Law Magazine.*

OLD ENGLISH FARE.—The following is a dinner of the reign of Charles the First:—A soupe of snayles, a powdered goose, a jolt of salmon, and a dish of green fish, buttered, with eggs; this was a first course. Then came a lombard pie, a cow's udder roasted, a grand boyled meat, a hedgehog pudding, a rabbit stuffed with oysters, polonian sausages, a mallard with cabbage, and a pair of boyled cocks. To these succeeded, as *entremets*—a spinnage tart, a carbonated hen, a pye of slow, eggs in moonshine, a christal jelly, jamiale, quiddany, bragget and walnut suckets. Cock-ale, surfeit-water, canary, sack, and Gascony wines, served to moisten this heterogeneous repast. The following is taken from "Wrecker's Secrets of Nature," published in the next reign, 1660:—*A lion roasted goose.*—The details of the process are too horrible to repeat, but when the roasting is accomplished, the writer adds:—"then take her up, set her before your guests, and she will cry as you cut off any part from her, and will almost be eaten up before she is dead: *it is mightly pleasant to behold!*"

IRRADIATION OF LIGHT.—It is a curious fact, that if the same letters of the same size precisely are painted on two boards, the one white on a black ground, and the other black on a white ground, that the white letters will appear larger and be read at a greater distance than the black. This is owing to what is called the irradiation of light. It depends on this, that the impression made on the bottom of the eye by bright objects extends a little wider than the actual portion of the organ struck by the light, and invading the space occupied by the darker objects makes the brighter appear larger than they really are.—*Railway Magazine.*

At the works of R. Stephenson & Co., at Newcastle, there is now, we understand, constructing a locomotive engine for the Emperor of Russia, for a railway six feet in width, and the wheels of which engine are six feet in diameter, and the speed is guaranteed to be forty miles per hour. The engine is destined to travel between St. Petersburgh and the Emperor's country palace.—*Carlisle Patriot.*

LOCUSTS IN SYRIA.—We have received Smyrna papers to July 30, from which we copy the following account of the remarkable destruction of locusts, by order of Ibrahim Pacha, in Syria:—In the beginning of the summer there appeared such a prodigious flight of locusts that they threatened all the crops with certain destruction. Ibrihem Pacha immediately adopted a measure for the preservation of the country from the disaster which threatened it. All the population of Aleppo was put into requisition, and divided into sections, forced to go out of the city to hunt the locusts. The same thing was done in some other districts invaded by the insects. Ibrahim Pacha, at the head of his troops, securing the country, compelled every body to go to work; great and small, officers and soldiers. After 40 days of an uninterrupted hunt he succeeded in delivering the country from this devastating scourge, and saving the crops. It is curious to see the immense result of this expedition. There is a statement which was drawn up by Ibrahim Pacha, who caused the quantities of insects destroyed to be measured before his eyes. The following is the statement:—

Locusts destroyed by the Egyptian troops in the space of 40 days.....412,269 ardebs.
Do. Marrah.....2,815 "
Do. by the population.....9,076 "
497,160 ardebs.

This enormous quantity is only the amount of what were destroyed by the troops and population of Aleppo; but there were besides in the villages of the Arabs, and in the districts of Kilis, Aintab, Hammah, Marrah and Damascus, immense quantities destroyed which were not measured. That the reader may have a more accurate idea of the quantity above stated, we are informed in the article, that an ardeb is equal to two schumbouls and a half of Aleppo—to eight kiles of Constantinople—to one salm of Malta—to two charges and a half of Marseilles—and finally to three hectolitres of Paris. For the information of the many English reader, it may be proper to state that a hectolitre is equal to a hundred litres, and that a litre is the cube of a decimetre, a decimetre is the tenth part of a metre, and a metre the ten millionth part of the arc of the meridian from the north pole to the equator, from which it may be calculated that the ardeb is equal to a fraction over eight bushels.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

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