

Miscellaneous.

LETTER TO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

DEAR MADAM.—As you occupy a very handsome house, and are able to furnish it in a very proper manner, will you excuse a friend who is anxious to give you a little advice on the subject.

Your building being formed of the finest materials, it will show in a moment any flaw or spot that may accidentally tarnish the surface: it is of a proper height, a well proportioned size, and built on a regular plan.

On the top stands a turret of globular form, with two crystal windows in front; these are so constructed as to command an extensive prospect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove of considerable utility, as well as a great ornament to the house. I advise you not to look through them at every object that passes, and, above all things I would have you shut them early at night, as many disagreeable circumstances happen from a neglect in this particular; you may open them as early as you please in the morning.

On each side I observe a small portal to receive company; pray take care they do not always stand open; as you will be crowded with visitors, and perhaps with some you may not like; let them never be shut against your worthy parents, a sincere friend, or a fellow creature in distress.

I took notice of one gate in front, at which all your company goes out; in general I recommend to you to keep it closely barred, lest, should any bad characters be seen forthcoming, you draw a scandal on your residence; if at times, on necessary occasions, it should be opened, I would lay a strict injunction of watchfulness on the two porters, who stand as sentinels, in liveries of scarlet, just without the ivory palisades.

Some ill advised people paint the two pannels, just below the windows; an example which I hope you will shun rather than follow.

This part of the edifice is supported by a pillar of Corinthian marble, over whose base most prudent people draw a curtain of needle work; a practice of late years strangely neglected by some, who, by such conduct, prove themselves grossly deficient in policy, propriety and good taste.

Beneath is the great hall, in which, I understand, you have a small closet of exquisite workmanship: this, I suppose, is the place of your secret retirement, open to none but yourself, or some faithful friend; take care always to keep it clean, and furnished with a small but well chosen library of the best practical authors; enter it frequently, especially when you return from public worship, or from visiting your friends.

Avoid two opposite errors which the owners of many houses fall into; let not the outside hall appear like the shop of an undertaker, fitting out a funeral, and crowded with gloomy objects and woful countenances, nor like a lord mayor's coach, bedaubed with gilding and finery; let it be plain, neat, and always clean; to convince the world that you attend more to utility than ornament.

You must not be surprised to find the tenement you inhabit subject to decay and accident; it is the common effect of time to efface beauty and diminish strength; during the short space you have already lived in it, repairs have been frequently wanted; these you must consider as plain intimations that the house itself in a certain number of years, will fall, "and like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind."

If I recollect right, you are only tenant at will, and may be turned out, with or without warning, for that was the condition on which it was let to you; be always ready, therefore, to go at a moment's notice, and be particularly careful to keep the furniture in the globular turret, and the contents of the little closet, arranged in good order, that you may be able to lay your hand on them without perplexity or confusion.

It will be in vain to attempt to do it, as some have fancied they can, in the bustle and hurry of a sudden removal; a neglect of this important precaution has proved an irreparable injury to thousands.

Excuse this hasty epistle, pardon the liberty I have taken, and impute it to the warm zeal and sincere attachment of

Your humble servant.

Dr. Beecher on Intemperance.

The Signs of Intemperance.—But what shall be done for those to whom it might be fatal to stop short? Many are reputed to be in this condition, probably, who are not

—and those who are, may, while under the care of a physician, be dealt with as he may think best for the time, provided they obey strictly, as patients, his prescriptions. But if, when they are committed to their own care again, they cannot live without ardent spirits—then they must die, and have only the alternative to die as reformed penitents, or incorrigibly intemperate—to die in a manner which shall secure pardon and admission to Heaven, or in a manner which shall exclude them forever from that holy world.

As the application of this discourse, I would recommend to every one of you who hear it, immediate and faithful self-examination, to ascertain whether any of the symptoms of intemperance are beginning to show themselves upon you—And let not the consideration that you have never been suspected, and have never suspected yourselves of intemperance, deprive you of the benefit of this scrutiny. For it is inattention and self-confidence which supersede discretion, and banish fear, and let in the destroyer, to fasten upon his victim, before he thinks of danger or attempts resistance.

Are there then set times, days, and places, when you calculate always to indulge yourselves in drinking ardent spirits? Do you stop often to take something at the tavern when you travel, and always when you come to the village, town, or city? This frequency of drinking will plant in your system, before you are aware of it, the seeds of the most terrific disease which afflicts humanity.—

Have you any friends or companions whose presence, when you meet them, awakens the thought and desire of drinking? Both of you have entered on a course in which there is neither safety nor hope, but from instant retreat.

Do any of you love to avail yourselves of every little catch and circumstance among your companions, to bring out "a treat?" "Alas my lord, there is death in the pot."

Do you find the desire of strong drink returning daily, and at stated hours? Unless you intend to travel all the length of the highway of intemperance, it is time to stop. Unless you intend soon to resign your liberty forever, and come under a despotism of the most cruel and inexorable character, you must abandon the morning bitters, the noontide stimulant, and the evening bowl.

Do any of you drink in secret, because you are unwilling your friends or the world should know how much you drink? You might as well cut loose in a frail boat before a hurricane and expect safety; you are gone, gone irretrievably, if you do not stop.

Are you accustomed to drink, when opportunities present, as much as you can bear without any public tokens of inebriation? You are an intemperate man now and unless you check the habit, you will become rapidly more and more intemperate, until concealment becomes impossible.

Do your eyes in any instance begin to trouble you by their weakness or inflammation? If you are in the habit of drinking ardent spirits daily, you need not ask the physician what is the matter—nor inquire for eye water. Your redness of eyes is produced by intemperance; and abstinence, and that only, will cure them. It may be well for every man who drinks daily, to look in the glass often, that he may see in his own face the signals of distress, which abused nature holds out one after another, and too often holds out in vain.

Do any of you find a tremor of the hand coming upon you, and sinking of spirits, and loss of appetite in the morning? Nature is failing, and giving to you timely admonition of her distress.

Do the pains of a disordered stomach, and blistered tongue and lip, begin to torment you? You are far advanced in the work of self destruction—a few more years will probably finish it.

Swiss Bathing.—The baths of Leuk are much frequented for their efficacy in cutaneous complaints. There is a regular table d'hôte provided for all visitors, in the saloon. The custom is to enter the bath before breakfast, and to have that meal brought to you in the bath, where the patient often remains three or four hours. Small floating tables are produced, upon which the breakfast materials are laid; & being seated on a low bench under the water, which reaches above the bather's middle, he eats, takes his wine, and reads his book, at the same time that he is soaking through at every pore. The building is divided into four bathing rooms, and you sometimes see in each of these 30 or 40 people, gentlemen and ladies all in the bath together. What a divine subject for Cruikshank!—patients of all ages, forms, and sizes; the pale and attenuated invalid, who comes solely for health; the fat and florid looking citizen who comes for a jaunt; even the boy and baillie show their

important visages here; while among the ladies are found the prim Swiss mother and her stiff and precise looking daughters, old maids and widows; and the most singular of all is, that the Swiss fair, rigid to excess, and sternly virtuous in the minutest act and look in all other respects, assemble without scruple, enter the bath, and remain in it for hours, with men of all kinds of character and vices, with whom they chat freely, laugh, play cards, eat and drink, and are merry. In the evening, these inveterate bathers, not satisfied with the morning ablution, for the most part enter the water again, to remain a second time for three or four hours.

POLICE.

GUILDHALL.—The ungallant Veteran and his Youthful Spouse.—Mr. David David appeared upon summons to the complaint of his wife, Mrs. Jane David, who gave the following succinct synopsis of her case:—"Your Worship, this is my husband; and, though he doesn't half maintain me, he larrups me once a week reg'lar."

Mr. David David laid down his hat to reply. "Your Honour," said he, "I'm an old soldier, and I'll tell you no lie. I do towel her sometimes, but not half so often as she deserves it. Look at me, your Honour, and look at her, I'm eighty two, and she's a stout young woman of thirty one; and yet never did a day's work since I had her—though my whole dependence is a pension of 14s a week, from the Royal Hospital at Chelsea. I went abroad to Gen. Howe, in the year seventy-six, and I served my country, in one corps or another, for forty two years; but I never saw more hard service in all that time than I have undergone since I gave this woman the privilege of calling me husband—and that's only two years and a half ago!"

The Alderman reminded the old soldier that he had taken a wife "for better or for worse;" and however hard he might find the matrimonial service it was his duty not to flinch from it until he should be regularly discharged.

"Aye, it's fine talking, your Honour," rejoined the ungallant veteran; "he fact is, her red rag wags so fast and sharp, that mortal man can't bear it—it's a desperate sight sharper than General Bonaparte's sword was."

Mrs. David never used her tongue without good cause, and would endeavour to use it more gently in future, if her husband would but keep his hands to himself.

Finally the old man agreed to try her once more, adding—"There's one consolation for me ye—I hope to get into Chelsea College soon, and there, thank God, no woman is ever admitted."

GEORGE E. BALDWIN

SURGEON AND DRUGGIST.

HAS received part of his Spring supply of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Sauces, Paints, Dye Stuffs, &c., and is in daily expectation of more to complete his assortment.

This establishment will be conducted on a similar plan to those of the Mother Country, and arrangements made so that Physicians prescriptions will be carefully attended to by night as well as during the day.

** Practice attended to as usual, and advice given to the poor gratis.

Shop, the late Mr. KENDALL'S.

Fredericton, 27th May, 1828.

3m.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Office will continue to insure as usual against loss or damage by fire, on the most reasonable terms, on application to the Agent,

JAMES BALLOCH.

Fredericton, June 26, 1827.

NOTICE.

ALL persons who have unsettled Accounts, and are indebted to the Subscriber, will please to call and settle them satisfactorily, or they will be put into the hands of an Attorney to collect without discrimination.

Fredericton, April 22, 1828

JEDEDIAH SLASON.

NOTICE.

The subscriber has on hand,

Bags Scotch BARLEY,

Bags SPLIT PEAS,

Casks BOTTLED PORTER,

Jars Superior Scotch MARMALADE.

The above for Cash only.

FRANCIS BEVERLY.

Queen-Street, June 16. 1828.

RAGS! RAGS! RAGS!

CASH GIVEN FOR CLEAN LINEN AND COTTON RAGS AT THIS OFFICE.