

a bargain with the sexton to publish him and Hannah, in a shy fashion: The matter being conducted as Deacon Sabersides remarked, it a match before any body could interfere. So the long and the short of it is that the agriculture of the Bunker farm was knocked completely out of joint for that year, by Joe's courtship and the blunder of the bags, for there were more turnips raised than pulse, a thing not heard of before among the Bunkers since the Pilgrims came over.—Joe got a wife and saved his bacon, but lost his beans.

SINGULAR MANUFACTURES.

In Persia they have the art of carving spoons out of pear wood, which are so delicate and so thin, that the bowl of the spoon can be folded up like paper, and opened again. The handles are so slender, that it is a particular accomplishment to carry them, when full, to the mouth, in such a dexterous manner as to prevent their breaking. These delicate utensils are of the accompaniments of men of rank being used only by princes and nobles when sipping their sherbet.

In the province of Wiatkr, in Siberia, bowls and cups are made of the knobs which grow on the birch trees. They are yellow, marbled with brown veins, and when varnished are very pretty. Some of them are turned so very thin as to be semi-transparent; and when put into hot water they become so pliant that they may be spread out quite flat without injury, as they return to their original shape in drying.

A kind of rose-beads are made in Constantinople, which are so much prized by the Sultan's wives, that they are usually called Beads of the Haram. These poor ladies have so little employment, that they sit for hours, passing these beads, when strung, through their fingers. They are composed of the petals of the rose carefully picked, and pushed into a smooth paste in an iron vessel, which turns them quite black, owing to a small quantity of gallic acid contained in the rose-leaves. When the paste is quite smooth, it is made up into little balls, which are perforated for stringing, and then slowly dried in the shade. When hard, they are rubbed between the hands, with oil of rose, till quite smooth. They always preserve their fragrance.

In Norway there is a species of ants that build their habitations four or five feet high, composed of decayed wood, bark, &c. filled up with earth. A bottle half full of water is thrust into these ant-hills, into which the insects creep and are drowned; the contents of the bottle are then boiled, and a strong acid is produced, which the inhabitants use for vinegar.—*Bertha's Visit to her Uncle.*

March of Intellect.—Wants a Situation.—A young woman who has received the rudiments of her education in a charity school, as a house maid; she would prefer a place where the stairs are sent out to scour, and where she can carry on an epistolary correspondence with her friends, and where furniture-rubbing, washing and cleaning can be performed by proxy. Address, post-paid, to Miss Amelia Carolina Ada Josephina Scroggs, Seven Dials.—*London paper.*

Hints to Emigrants.—By felling the trees that cover the tops and sides of mountains, (say M. Humboldt), men in every climate prepare at once two calamities for future generations—the want of fuel and the scarcity of water.

To the Editor of the British American.

MR. EDITOR,

It is a peculiar satisfaction that we can congratulate ourselves in being in possession of a free Press in this our little Island, the enlightened part of its inhabitants must have deplored, that its population should be deprived of this sacred and invaluable privilege. My own feelings persuade me that it must and will be duly appreciated.

It would be a most lamentable thing in this our sea girt Isle, in the very hemisphere, the bright Goddess loves to take up her abode, where the sons of Britain and freedom have ever found a sanctuary and asylum, when escaping from the unhalloved and pestilential atmosphere, generated by Aristocratic corruption; and at this erea, a double mortification, when the old Country has burst the adamantine fetters forged by a despotic faction, and are basking in the warm beams of reformation.—The want of this prerogative must be to the free born soul, a most humiliating reflection.

Thanks however to the times, and a general revolution of the human mind, those sombre clouds are fast dispersing a prelude to more substantial blessings that liberty has in store. I trust that ere long, we shall see men vieing with each other, to fill the little offices from a genuine sense of patriotic feeling, and not only for the paltry emoluments arising therefrom. When these general sentiments become generally diffused, we may look forward to many advantages, which at present we do not possess. We shall then, Mr. Editor, look upon the three-fold character of—Senator, Magistrate and Exciseman, as a caricature—a whimsical thing only remembered to be laughed at. We should then no more see wealthy persons running pell mell half way to perdition for the paltry office of a Commissioner, for the pitiful salary of 10*l.* per annum, not one fifth-part of the hire of a shining character known by the appellation of a shoe-black.

The time is fast approaching that will usher in the day of purer feeling, when a free press has chafed away such impurities.

The chair of the Magistrate will be filled with disinterested men, who will not wear the sword in vain, nor let it rust supinely in the scabbard. The scales of justice will be kept in equitable balance.

We shall then Mr. Editor, hear no more of that ugly monster denominated a trading magistrate, to wring the hard earned pittance from the already oppressed.

The Press I trust, like the stage, will be so far subservient to the public good, as to become the mirror where men may observe their own follies reflected, and thereby become ashamed to assume characters they are unable to sustain, but give place to more intelligent men,—persons whose

worth and diffidence keeps in the shade while unblushing ignorance and insufferable assurance, rears its caput mortuum with impunity to the indelible disgrace of themselves, and a lasting stigma to the Colony.

Your's &c

A FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE.

To the Editor of the British American.

MR. EDITOR,

I have blamed "Aliter" my contemporary for want of caustic, (by the bye I fear he has gone to sleep) but a "Native" has sprung in your last paper, and he says he was sorry to see so little said on the subject of roads, thus it appears we are spurring each other, and we want whips and spurs on our beautiful roads. Speak out *my Native*, and you will soon have plenty to join you. I once heard a song whose burthen was in these words—

"And a jobbing we will go, will go, will go."

but I rather think we have forgot the tune of it, at least some of your communicants appear to sing it rather discordantly. I wish the *Native* would go into detail, he fires with a blunderbuss and small shot, let him take his fuses and some well polished balls, so that we can all see the mark he hits. Whose son was it that contracted for a road 13*l.* above the lowest tender, on account of his ingenuity? Who is it that advertises and lets the same day to his son, or gives his son 84*l.* in one year for doing forty pounds worth of work? These are *pimples* that must break out, and as to friends in Court there is another song that has lost its tune though it was written by Gay—

"No more to the Court"

I wish the *Native* would be more explicit—"I wish," said the little girl, "that one of the three of us was dead, it is not myself, and I am sure it is not you poor puss!" Could not the *Native* give us the first letter of the commissioner's name? There are three Cs commissioners, and another gentleman of the same initial who if I mistake not was a contractor, it is a deadly name not far from St. Peter's, there are 4 Macs, 2 Hs 1 J, 1 L, 1 O, 1 P, and 1 T; now let me ask to which letter does the *Native's fond father* belong? When I can prove any circumstance, however shameful, I make no bones about plumping it out, as I shall show before long, for there is not a man in this Island that I am afraid of. I dined to day just in time to relish a nap, and was dreaming of bad roads when my servant put the British American into my hand, and on hastily glancing at its contents the first word I saw was "Mud," I was on the road to Tryon in my dream, just about to encounter one of the Poplar Island Road Quagmires, and though your essay on Mud is one of the best in your very useful paper, yet I had to read it twice