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Vol. XIII. No. 18.

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DONALD A. CAMERON.
Office in Prince William-street, near the Market square, opposite Sands' Brick Building.
TERMS—15s. per annum, exclusive of postage, half in advance.

Weekly Almanack.

October—1840.		Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
28	Wednesday	6 31	4 57	6 25	0 45
29	Thursday	6 33	4 55	7 14	1 23
30	Friday	6 34	4 54	8 11	2 3
31	Saturday	6 36	4 52	9 14	2 47
1	Sunday	6 38	4 50	10 20	3 38
2	Monday	6 39	4 49	11 27	4 37
3	Tuesday	6 40	4 48	morn.	5 42

First Quarter 2d, 8h. 25m. morn.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
THOMAS LEAVITT, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
BILLS or NOTES for Discount, must be left at the Bank before three o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK
LEWIS BURNS, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
BILLS or NOTES for Discount, must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Mondays and Thursdays.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
SAINT JOHN BRANCH.
ALFRED SMITHERS, Esquire, Manager.
Discount Days .. .. *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
NOTES and BILLS for Discount to be left before three o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 1 o'clock.
JOHN BOYD, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.
Committee for October.
R. M. JARVIS, G. T. RAY, MARK DOLE
☞ All Communications by Mail, must be post paid.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 3 o'clock.
JAMES KIRK, Esquire, President.
☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing

PROTECTION
INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of Hartford, Connecticut.
INCORPORATED 1825.
Capital 150,000 Dollars,
With liberty to increase to Half a Million of Dollars
THE whole of the first named sum, $150,000, is invested in securities, and on the shortest notice could be cashed and applied to the payment of losses.
The subscriber having been appointed Agent for the above Company, will issue Policies for Insurance on Dwelling Houses, Stores, Household Furniture, Merchandize, &c. &c., against
LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,
at as low rates as any similar institution; and will give personal attention to the survey of premises, &c. in the city, on which Insurance is desired.
Application in writing (post paid) from other parts of the Province, describing the property to be insured, will receive prompt attention—The correctness of which description shall on all occasions be binding on the part of the applicant.
W. H. SCOVIL.
St. John, N. B. 3d Sept, 1840.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
Marine Assurance Company,
(Incorporated by Act of the Legislature;)
CAPITAL. £50,000,
With power to increase to £100,000.
THE above Company having been organized, agreeably to the Act of Incorporation, will be ready to commence taking Risks on Vessels, Cargoes, and Freights, on and after Monday next, the 26th instant, on the most favorable terms.
JAMES KIRK, PRESIDENT.
St. John, 20th June, 1837.

Marine Insurance.
AN Association of MERCHANTS having been formed for the purpose of Insuring *Vessels, Cargoes, and Freights*, have appointed a Committee of the following Gentlemen for the purpose of fixing premiums, arranging and settling losses, &c., viz:—JOHN DUNCAN, A. S. PERKINS, JOHN HAMMOND, and JOHN WALKER, Esquires.
Application to be made to
I. & J. G. WOODWARD, *Brokers.*
☞ Office, Peters' Wharf.
St. John, 21st April, 1840.

Bank of British North America.
NOTICE is hereby given, that in accordance with an arrangement concluded between the Directors of this Bank and those of the Colonial Bank, this Branch is now authorised to grant Drafts on the Branches of the Colonial Bank,—
JAMAICA, { Kingston, Montego Bay, Falmouth, Savannah-la-mar.
Barbados, Demerara, Trinidad, Antigua, Dominica, Grenada, Saint Lucia, Saint Kitts, Saint Vincent, Tobago, Berbice, Saint Thomas, Porto Rico, Saint Croix.
For sums of sterling money, payable in the currency of the Colony on which they are granted at the current Bank rate of Exchange for Bills on London at 60 days' sight.
ROBERT H. LISTON, MANAGER.
St. John, N. B., 11th August, 1838.

WILLIAM REYNOLDS,
Bookseller, Stationer, and Binder,
West side Cross Street, 4 doors from King Street, St. John, N. B.
IMPORTER and dealer in all kinds of Mercantile Account and other Blank Books; Navigation and School Books, by the most approved authors; Works in the different departments of Literature and Science; Maps, Charts, and Nautical Instruments; Musical, Mathematical and Philosophical Instruments; fancy Hardware and Cutlery; Fishing Gear; Steel Pens; Ladies' and Gentlemen's fancy Dressing Cases; Work Boxes, Desks, &c. &c.
☞ Books imported to order.

New VESSEL for Sale.

NOW on the Stocks at Londonderry, Nova-Scotia, a new BRIG of the following dimensions: Length of keel, 67 feet 4 inches; breadth of beam, 21 feet 7 inches; depth of hold, 11 feet.—She is built of as good materials as this country can afford, is now ready to be launched, and will be sold on reasonable terms, on application to CRANE & M'GRATH.
15th September.

Bargains! Bargains!
STOCK OF DRY GOODS
Selling off at greatly Reduced Prices!
JOHN D. MACINTYRE respectfully intimates that he is disposing of the remainder of his SUMMER GOODS, and parties purchasing, wholesale or retail, will find it to their advantage to call and get their supplies.
☞ *The sale to continue for fifteen days—for Cash only.*
Fall Supply of GOODS expected shortly.
Prince Wm. street, 29th Sept.

EARTHENWARE, &c.
The subscribers have received per recent arrivals from Liverpool and Greenock—
10 CRATES assorted EARTHENWARE,
20 bales Wrapping PAPER,
200 boxes Brown, White, and Fancy SOAP,
10 casks LOAF SUGAR; 20 do. Split Pease,
20 pieces Pilot CLOTHS,
100 pieces White and Red FLANNELS.
FROM BOSTON:
A large quantity best quality Smoking and Chewing TOBACCO,
5 casks Round PEASE,
10 dozen Manilla Bed Cords and Clothes Lines,
50 dozen Corn BROOMS,
50 bags Mocha and Laguayra COFFEE.—For sale at lowest rates. JARDINE & CO.
29th September, 1840.

CAPS, HATS, &c.
EVERITT & SEELY
Have just received per 'Junius,' from London.—
2143 CAPS
OF various descriptions, viz: Gentlemen's, Youths' and Babes' South Sea Seal, Otter, Neutria, Sable, Musquash, black and grey Lamb Skin, Plush, sealette, and Cloth; 95 pair FUR GLOVES and GAUNTLETS, assorted.
Also, per 'Samuel,' from Liverpool:
A general assortment of Gentlemen's, Youth's, and Children's Waterproof HATS;
Which, together with a large lot of Hats on hand, both of English and their own manufacture, will be sold wholesale and retail on liberal terms.
East side Market Square,
St. John, N. B. September 15, 1840.

SALT, COALS,
Chain Cables and Anchors.
Ex ship *Ann Hall*, from Liverpool:
120 CHALDRONS best Orrel COAL,
6000 Bushels SALT,
7 Chain CABLES, } Assorted.
15 ANCHORS, }
For sale by JAMES KIRK.
Sept. 8, 1840.—4w

Carpeting, Glassware, Slops, &c.
Per late arrivals from Liverpool, Glasgow, and Northumberland—
3 BALES, comprising very double best Scotch CARPETING, Scotch white ground BLANKET RUGS.
2 bales well assorted WINTER SLOPS
3 do. Linen Sheetings, Towelings and Diapers,
50 casks Fine GLASSWARE, comprising Tumblers and Wine Glasses, assorted.
For sale by J. & H. KINNEAR.
Sept. 22.—4w

TEAS.
A FEW chests and half-chests superior Souchong, Hyson, Gunpowder, Young Hyson and Twankay TEAS, remaining of *Clifton's* Cargo.—For sale by
Sept. 29. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

City Hat Store.
C. D. EVERITT returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the Public for their liberal support since he commenced business in this city, and informs them that he has this day taken WILLIAM SEELY into Co-partnership, at the old Stand, east side of the Market square, under the firm of
EVERITT & SEELY,
where they solicit a liberal share of Public patronage
C. D. EVERITT,
WILLIAM SEELY.
St. John, August 29, 1840.

E. L. JARVIS & CO.
Offer for sale the following very recently imported GOODS,
220 TONS IRON, assorted, "Banks best" and common English, Russian and Swedish—including all sizes and dimensions in general use;
5 tons STEEL, of various kinds,
1000 kegs PAINTS, assorted best and X White Lead; black, blue, green, yellow, red and brown Paints;
100 boxes Window GLASS, various sizes,
12 casks Putty, containing three or four cwt. each;
4 do. Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil,
12 do. Paris Whiting and Pipe Clay
1 ton Patent Shot and Bullets,
250 kegs GUNPOWDER—Blasting, F, IF, HF, and Cannister,
5 tons Hollow Ware, of various kinds;
3 cases Saws, do. do.
2 casks Joiners' Planes and other Tools,
1 dozen Smiths Bellows, best quality—24 to 36 in.;
2 do. do. Anvils, assorted sizes,
3 do. do. Vices, do. do.
1 ton Composition Spikes, do. do.
6 do. Iron do. do. do.
7 rolls Sheet Lead,
100 kegs Nails, assorted—4d to 30d, clasp and rose; 5 to 10 lbs. Horse and ox,
22 packages Ironmongery and Cutlery, of various descriptions; Harness Mounting, Patent Leather, Roan Skins, Curled Hair, Hair Seating, &c.—all put up to order expressly for this market.
South Market Wharf, 14th July, 1840

Brandy, Jamaica Rum, Teas, &c.
7 HHDS. and 10 quarter casks best Cognac BRANDY—*Outard, Dupuy & Co's. Brand;*
15 puns. very old Jamaica RUM,
10 do. Demerara Rum,
6 casks Hollands GIN,
50 chests Congo and Souchong TEAS,
15 chests and boxes Gunpowder and Hyson Teas,
11 boxes bright Havana SUGAR,
15 kegs No. 1 Richmond TOBACCO,
60 boxes Mould and Dipt CANDLES,
200 do. best yellow SOAP,
20,000 best Havana CIGARS,
28 bolts best bleached CANVAS, from No. 1 to 6
Together with a general assortment of GROCERIES, WINES, &c.; all of which will be sold very low for Cash or approved paper, by
JOHN KIRK, *Reed's Point.*

BEEF, PORK, BREAD, &c.
Received by late Arrivals.
60 BRLS. Canada Prime, } BEEF.
35 ditto Cargo. }
110 brls. Prime PORK; 40 do. Prime Mess ditto,
100 bags NAVY BREAD.—For sale at lowest rates. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.
Sept. 29. 1840.

The Garland.

THE NIAGARA AND ITS WATERS.

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

Hail! Sovereign of the World of Floods! whose majesty and might
First dazzles—then enraptures—then o'erawes the aching sight:
The pomp of Kings and Emperors, in every clime and zone,
Grows dim beneath the splendor of thy glorious watery throne.

No Fleets can stop thy progress—no armies bid thee stay—
But onward—onward—onward—thy march still holds its way;
The rising mist that veils thee, as thine herald, goes before,
And the music that proclaims thee, is the thundering Cataract's roar.

Thy Diadem is an emerald green, of the clearest, purest hue,
Set round with wave of snow-white foam, and spray of feathery dew,
While tresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thy ample sheet,
And the Rainbow lays its gorgeous gems in tribute at thy feet.

Thy reign is of the ancient days—thy sceptre from on high—
Thy birth was when the morning stars together sang with joy,
The Sun, the Moon, and all the orbs that shine upon thee now,
Saw the first wreath of glory which twined thine infant brow.

And from that hour to this, in which I gaze upon thy stream,
From age to age—in winter's frost, or summer's sultry beam—
By day, by night, without a pause, thy waves, with loud acclaim—
In ceaseless sounds have still proclaimed, the Great Eternal's Name!

For whether, on thy forest banks, the Indian of the wood,
Or since his days, the Red Man's foe, on his father land has stood—
Whoe'er has seen thy incense rise, or heard thy torrent's roar,
Must have bent before the God of All to worship and adore.

Accept, then, O! supremely Great! O! Infinite! O! God!
From this pimeval Altar—the green and virgin sod—
The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would pay
To thee! whose shield has guarded me through all my wandering way.

For, if the Ocean be as naught in the hollow of Thine hand,
And the Stars of the bright firmament, in Thy balance, grains of sand,—
If Niagara's rolling flood seem great—to us who lowly bow—
O! Great Creator of the Whole! how passing great art Thou!

Yet, tho' thy power is greater than the finite mind may scan,
Still greater is Thy mercy, shown to weak dependant Man:
For him thou cloth'st the fertile fields with herb, and fruit, and seed—
For him the woods, the lakes, the seas, supply his bounty need.

Around—on high—or far, or near—the Universal Whole
Proclaims Thy Glory, as the orbs in their fixed courses roll—
And from Creation's grateful voice—the hymn ascends above,
While Heaven re-echoes back to Earth, the chorus, "God is Love."

Miscellaneous.

MR. LASKEY'S NEW WORK,

"ALETHES; OR THE ROMAN EXILE."

This work, as stated in our last paper, will be published early in November.—We make a few extracts from the book, having been favoured with a perusal of the first 120 pages. It is an interesting tale, founded on historical events in Roman history during the reign of Marcus Aurelius; and we think will be perused with pleasure. The Author has our best wishes for the success of his publication.

The following passage depicts, in vivid language, the amiable qualities of woman:—

"Woman has been the same in all countries and in all ages of the world, possessed of the same animated spirits—the same buoyant and intense hopes; and her burning and absorbing desires to be happy, have been indigenous and indestructible with her existence.

It is not distinguished wealth, or the ascension to a throne that augments her amount of happiness. The supreme principle, the key that unlocks a heaven to her soul is SYMPATHY—a corresponding sentiment—a oneness of thought, feeling, desire.—Although situated in the most exalted spheres of human duty, even antecedent to the time that Deborah governed Israel, a period of more than three thousand years ago, to the present refined age,—in Judea or Egypt, at Palmyra or Babylon; in Italy, Russia, Sweden or Britain, she has governed the State with skill, equal and often superior to that of man; has led forth conquering armies—endured excessive fatigues and privations—executed projects of revenge which mortal power could not oppose—has forgiven like an angel, and sympathized with all the springs of the human heart; and could resign the pomp and glory of state for the quiet enjoyments of domestic life.

Man may speak of his sorrows—his spirit may relax its energy and agonize at the misfortunes which beset the pathway of his existence; but his sorrows and misfortunes are twofold more tolerable than those of woman. Confine him to the room of sickness, and let him watch alone at the couch of the afflicted, in the dim light of the lamp through the sleepless hours of night, to administer to every necessity, to discharge a thousand indispensable duties—let him do this for the brother of his heart, the parent of his being, or the wife of his bosom, and even his most refined nature will weary, and his spirit grow impatient of its task, and admit the approach of an irresistible feeling of selfishness, which, though he endeavour to reject, must remain to distinguish his nature in this one instance at least. But woman, placed in the same situation, knows no weariness, acknowledges no recollection of herself. In the solemn stillness of the midnight hour, she sits beside the couch of sickness like a creature sent from the abode of angels—her eye unslumbering—her mind energetic, and dwelling even joyously on the duties before her—her frame unwearied, and gathering new strength from the high consciousness of the moral obligation which confines her to the room of sickness.

And this is not all—her youth is one of burning hopes—she has always been accustomed to find every wish anticipated and every reasonable want gratified by affectionate parents. She lives in the softest sunshine, amid blooming and balmy flowers; and to perfect her bliss, Love comes with his elysian dreams, and she erects a shrine for his ardent worship. All her tastes, all her pleasures, all her desires unite to consecrate it to his divinity. The flame burns upon it like a star of heaven, pure,—radiently and inextinguishably. She bows the knee—the magic of the flame is upon her heart; and she becomes in existence a creature of another sphere—of glorious light—of beatific fancies."

The change of the seasons, from the beauty and blandness of summer, to the "sear and yellow leaf" of autumn, is thus portrayed:—

"Wherever now we turn our eyes, they are met by fading objects. A few weeks ago summer was abroad with her music and her flowers, her joyful life and her sunny skies. Here in the garden sprung the pink, the rose and the polyanthus; there grew the clematis, the dahlia and the geranium; and yonder arose the myrtle, the orange and the apple. The very stones beneath our feet assumed a vegetable hue; the valleys were like gardens, and the hills with bloom were clothed to their highest tops. The pearly sky blended far and wide, and seemed like a universe of beauty, robed in light and unfolding its mingled hues; while beneath, the tranquil water reflected it upon its glossy bosom. Every gale was fragrant, and the pure wave that it awoke died away upon the sunny shore. Far and wide stretched the waters of lake and sea, which we loved to look upon, hour after hour, as they slept; or as the zephyr sighed pensively, or the wind swept over them, awakening wave after wave, that pursued each other in beauty onward and onward till they passed away leaving no trace behind.

Forms of beauty and loveliness decked the earth and delighted our hearts. The bright and glorious sun showered gently but steadily down his burning rays. Green valley, waving field, woody hill, barren mountain; silver rivulet, majestic river, boundless sea, and transparent lake, reflected back his quickening effulgence. And his declining beams cast down effusions of purple and violet light; and hill, mountain and forest, were tinged with his gold.

Twilight spread her veil over the world and prepared it for holier meditations. Then the spirit-stirring language of heaven fell upon our hearts; and we felt that the forms of our departed friends were around us, to tell us of the unseen world, and to invite us away from the grossness of earth, to a being of higher conceptions, holier aspirations."

* * * * * *

"These were the rosy hours of summer.—They have now passed away, renewing the conviction that the pleasures of life are uncertain and transitory as the beauty of the summer-cloud.

"And now the footsteps of autumn are around us.—Slowly and sadly he comes like the spirit of mourning from starless worlds. The beautiful verdure has disappeared from the field. The songs of a thousand birds are no more heard; and the forest is desolate. The halcyon serenity of nature penetrates the inmost soul, and infuses into it a spirit of hallowed poetry.—Who can say that it is not so? And who will own that autumn has no influence over his mind? For my part, I cannot now go forth into the tangled woods and gaze upon their fading loveliness without feelings of melancholy at the grandeur and solemnity that pervade them. The leaves that once adorned their boughs are now yellow and strew the ground like a crimson carpet beneath a crimson canopy above."

All have experienced the loss of loved and valued friends. The author portrays the grief of the heart in such trials, in the following expressive manner:—

"In the first violence of our grief for the dead, for the decease of those whom we have long known and dearly loved, there is often something that may be censured, as well as much that may truly be revered and admired. We suppose that we can never grieve too much for the loss of those who have suffered death—who have gone down into the grave, to mingle their bodies with the dust that surrounds them. We recall their past conversations, their looks, their smiles, their many kindnesses, their good qualities. As we ponder upon these things, we return the dead to the stage of mortal action, and surround them again by their friends. Pleasant hours are recalled, and pleasant scenes reacted. But in the midst of our imaginary happiness, the truth of their final separation from mortal intercourse, forces itself upon our hearts, and our enthusiastic delight is repaid by a new return of anguish. Again we sigh and weep for the dead, as we realize that we can look no more upon them. We now think of the corruption of the grave, and of the reptiles that devour the once lovely form; and that in a little while, their deeds and their names will soon be obliterated forever from the memory of mortals."

* * * * * *

"Perhaps there is no period in the history of the human feelings, when the heart is more easily affected or disposed to yield itself up to the sympathy of another, to the influence of compassion for its sorrow, than when reflected with the loss of a valued treasure, with which it had assured itself of a full and permanent happiness. It now listens to the voice of friendship with sincerity and eagerness; and acquires a new affection for the monitor, who brings healing balm and words of consolation for its wounds and its sorrows. And it is a blessing to those, which only they can fully appreciate, who have drunken at the fountain of consolation, that the sublime truths, the glories of the christian religion, should be unfolded to the mourner who has no hope beyond the grave, and no conception of an immortal and eternal existence. But the bereaved heart, now convinced that, after a few years, it shall be united to the object in which its affections had centred,—is instantaneously transported from its despondency to a condition of rational and refined happiness. For death, even when he visits the children of men in his mildest forms, is awful, impressing the mind, at least, for a season, with a conviction of the uncertainty of human life, and the vanity of our nature. And it seems to me that he is almost dead to every tender feeling, who can witness a fellow creature borne away by his friends to the cheerless grave, without taking any interest in so sad a spectacle. But when death crosses the threshold of our youth, and marks as his prey the object of our fondest hopes—some brother, sister, or friend, whom we have long and dearingly loved—when we behold that loved one withering away in his grasp, when our minds are associated with the dreariness, and forgetfulness, the dissolution and the *forever* of the grave,—then rushes the full tide of the soul's deep and passionate feelings back upon our agonizing hearts; and then it is that the past scenes of bliss and joy crowd in quick succession upon our minds; and better then we know how tenderly we loved, and how requisite that loved one was to our happiness. We murmur like the mateless dove for the loss of one so precious, for a blank is created in our existence, which, we almost persuade ourselves, time can scarcely fill up."

From the Literary Gazette.

NEW AGRARIAN SYSTEM.—We regret our want of power, without diagrams and engravings, which our *Gazette* could not contain, to afford any adequate idea of the important system which Mr. Pinkus has developed under the above title. It applies to the entire agriculture and cultivation of the earth which we inhabit, and from which all mankind derive their sustenance.

At the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park, we attended and witnessed the working of a model of certain machinery, by means of which this extraordinary revolution is proposed to be brought about. It consists of a stationary steam engine, which communicates by pipes laid a few inches under ground, and branching in all the necessary directions, with the machine for performing every kind of husbandry and agricultural labour,—ploughing, harrowing, planting, reaping, draining, levelling, cutting down wood, &c.

The whole power of the stationary engine is transmitted and taken up in a given time without any loss in the transmission. The only mechanical parts of the locomotive here used are those which, in simular machines, sustain but little wear and tear, or mechanical disarrangements. By it, spade labour may be applied so rapidly and cheaply as to dispense with the use of the ploughshare altogether, thus deriving the well-known benefit of spade labour in thoroughly pulverizing and tilling the soil. For opening trenches, in the stiffest soils, its power is efficient; in bog or marshy lands it is equally so; and for making tiles to effect drainage, or for mixing and spreading soils, it is the moving power. Not only in Great Britain and Ireland may the value of landed property be greatly enhanced by the application of this invention, but, in those colonies where the value of an estate is estimated not so much by the number of acres as by the amount of labour which is brought to bear on lands, it will increase their value in a fourfold proportion; and a not less important object may, by its introduction, be attained in those colonies where slave labour is mainly depended upon. So effectually will it compete with such labour, and so reduce its value, that it is hoped, it will be found to be one of the most effectual means of any yet suggested, of conducing to the annihilation of that iniquitous system—slave traffic.

For the present, we must content ourselves with this annunciation; for it would lead us to a very prolonged discussion, to touch on the mighty changes which the adoption of such a mode of raising produce must cause. The land of Britain, estimated at 3,000,000,000 acres, of which 40,000,000, capable of feeding 20,000,000 of people, are as yet uncultivated, offers an immensity for experiment. A million of horses might be dispensed with; the cost of which would be a saving of £30,000,000 per annum. In the meantime, this steam power, which has done so much for our manufactories, (though applied to a total value of only £350,000,000,) has never been made to serve the infinitely more important use of agriculture. What may come of it as yet we cannot foresee; but if the plan can be carried into effect on a large scale, it must be prodigious—incalculable!

DUBLIN, SEPT. 21.—Mr. J. O'Connell, M. P., opened the proceedings of the weekly meeting of the Repeal Association, held this day in the Corn Exchange Rooms, by reading a letter from Mr. O'Connell, in reply to that recently addressed to him by the Right Rev. Dr. Blake, Bishop of Dromore. The latter was inserted in the minutes. It concluded thus: "One great object of the repeal is to secure good and rational government. Its natural tendency must inevitably be to secure that species of administration of the affairs of Ireland; and, therefore, it is as clear as noon-day, that the effect of the repeal is utterly inconsistent with the 'fallacious and corrupt rule' which the objection suggests. Instead of adding one, we should, by the repeal, be able to abolish every existing fallacious and corrupt rule, and govern the country by maxims of justice, equity, honesty, and common sense. Permit me then to repeat our watchwords of peace, concord, and fraternal affection. Hurrah for repeal! I cannot conclude this letter without appealing by its means to the Protestants of Ireland to dismiss foolish fears, idle jealousies, past animosities, and present prejudices, and to rally indiscriminately with their Catholic fellow-countrymen for the peace, prosperity, and constitutional freedom of their native land. Why, oh why, should the love of fatherland, the ennobling attachment to the land of their birth, the exalting impulses of liberty, be banished from their hearts and affections? Are they not Irishmen as well as we are? Is not Ireland their country as well as ours? Why should not their country once again take its station amongst the nations of the earth? Why should they and their country be depressed and left in the attitude of a grovelling inferiority? You, my loved lord, and men like you, prove the safety, the security, the integrity of our struggle. You prove that in a contest which you countenance there can be nothing of force or violence, of injustice or injury; that no property will be injured—no life sacrificed. Innocent and holy is the strife. It is for the protection and prosperity of Ireland to extinguish grinding oppression, to banish withering poverty, to increase manufacturing industry, to extend commercial activity and wealth, and to promote agricultural interests, to give to Irishmen a country and to Ireland a name amongst nations, to spread abundance and comfort among her people, and to crown them with prosperity and constitutional freedom. Hurrah for repeal! I have the honour to be, my beloved and most respected lord, your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

TRACTS FOR THE GREAT.—The committee for sending tracts monthly to the higher classes, called the "Monthly Tract Society," have recently presented to her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Queen dowager, a copy of the several tracts already circulated by the Society, bound in one volume. They were very graciously received, and an immediate acknowledgement sent in writing.

A good trade is a thousand dollars to a young man; it is worth more than money as an inheritance, for this may fail; that never will, if he be industrious.

EXETER.—There is at present an eccentric lady, in the happiness of a "green old age," residing in this neighborhood. When young she was remarkably beautiful, and many chivalrous youths eagerly sought her hand. Among these was a gallant officer; but she told him plainly that she "could not like him." He importuned her, however, till she consented to go to church. The happy morning arrived, the church doors were opened; the bride kept her word, the clergyman was at the altar, and the nuptial ceremony was begun. But when the minister put the vital question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" the young lady replied, audibly, "No; I will not." The clergyman thought she had made a mistake in the excitement of the moment, and said, "You are wrong, miss, you should have said, I will." "I am not wrong, sir," was the prompt answer, "for I will not." The clergyman asked if she meant to persist in this, and she said, "I do mean to persist: I have frequently told him I would not before; *but he would not take No for an answer*, and now I suppose he is satisfied." Then, looking at the gallant officer, she said, "Good morning, sir," and left the church. She was afterwards wooed by a lover of meaner pretensions—a member of the gentle craft; but she had no property, and as his stock-in-trade, lapstone and awl, was of little value, there was a difficulty as to their getting settled. At length, however, they borrowed £5, and having been lawfully united, they commenced trade in a stall. The lucky husband was soon enabled to change his line of business, and from a cobler and hawker of old books he became the largest book-seller in London. In fact he was none other than the celebrated Lackington. At length the great book-seller died, leaving his widow in good health, and with a weighty dowry. Since his death she has been the wife of *three* husbands, but is now once more a widow. Yet she has cast aside her weeds, and jocosely observes, that she expects to be like the woman of Samaria, who was the wife of *seven* husbands! She is now as active, pleasant, and amiable as ever.

THE EGYPTIAN GUN CARRIAGE.—On Wednesday morning a stupendous carriage for the long gun in St. James's Park, constructed in the carriage department, and cast by Messrs. Hall, of Dartford, was placed in its destination, St. James's Park. It is divided into five compartments. The first contains the insignia of the Order of the Garter, the second is filled up with a shield and a crown, with the initials G. R. III. in the shield. In the centre compartment Britannia is represented seated, with a shield at one side and a lion couchant at the other. The perspective is filled up with a view of the ocean and the Pyramids of Egypt in the distance. The fourth department contains an enormous crocodile, the 'slimy monster' of the Nile. The fifth contains the emblems of oriental (or rather, we should say, oriental and accidental) personification—the sabre and the sceptre crossed, and the coronet of feathers, which, to our minds, is associated only with the ideal figure of America. The reverse of the carriage is precisely similar; at the end is this inscription:—"This gun taken in Egypt by the British army, 1801." The wheels, which are placed on a separate truck, are exceedingly massive; the radii are shaped like the branches of the palm tree. A sphinx lies on the same carriage, intended to lay at the foot of the gun. The weight of the carriage alone is seven tons, eight hundred weight, two quarters, and seven pounds. Those who are acquainted with works of this description consider it an excellent production. We consider the design, however, devoid of that freedom which, in the present state of art, might easily be attained.—*Woolwich Gazette.*

SIR ALEXANDER BURNS, SON OF THE POET BURNS.—My excellent friend Sir Alexander Burns, received me with the kindest welcome, with all that unaffected goodness, simplicity of manner, and warmth of heart, which mark his character. My residence in India has denied me personal knowledge of the great ones of the earth. They have not been the worse for it; nor, thank Heaven! have I. But I have seen and conversed with Mountstuart Elphinstone, and with Reginald Heber, two sublime and, as far as the world can read them, faultless characters, most singularly resembling each other, and apparently, made different only by circumstances of early position and initiative steps in life. I have seen and conversed with Sir John Malcolm and Sir James Mackintosh. The most *outre* egotism in the former, and a more refined, but scarcely less concealed self-estimate in the latter, could not reduce them to the level of common men. I have seen in my time a stupendous amount of India big-wiggery, in all shapes and in every possible variety; and the less we say of it the better.

But of the great minds which I have been allowed to study, and which I can be allowed to name, one distinguishing characteristic was their simplicity and naked truth; and in this essentiality of greatness Sir A. is most especially modelled after them. At his early age he has done more, and been more under the world's eye, and borne the inspection well too, than either Elphinstone or Malcolm had done at his time of life; and, in the absence of all that is artificial, that indicates self-seeking or self-love, he surpasses the latter, and equals the former; and, should his life be spared, the highest pinnacles of Indian greatness await him, as they fell to the lot of those to whom I liken him. These observations are not the overflowing of attached friendship; they would have been suppressed, and my friend's great services left to speak for themselves, had justice been done him in the past year; but that justice remains yet to be done; and until it is so, whilst the palm of merit is awarded to others as inferior to him as pigmies to giants, it is the historian's duty to tear pretensions to tatters. But this is enough.—*Kennedy's Army of the Indus.*