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Office in Prince William-street, near the Market square, opposite Sands' Brick Building.
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Weekly Almanack.

October—1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
7 Wednesday	6 4	5 31	1 44	8 45
8 Thursday	6 5	5 29	2 54	9 31
9 Friday	6 6	5 27	4 6	10 9
10 Saturday	6 8	5 25	5 20	10 46
11 Sunday	6 9	5 23	rises.	11 25
12 Monday	6 10	5 21	5 42	Morn.
13 Tuesday	6 11	5 20	6 18	0 3

Full Moon 11th, 2h. 35m. evening.

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.
R. H. LISTON, 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 September,
N. MERRITT, WILLIAM JARVIS, JOHN KINNEAR.
☞ 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

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 90 days' sight.
ROBERT H. LISTON, MANAGER.
St. John, N. B., 11th August, 1838.

REMOVAL.
THE Subscriber wishes to intimate to his friends and the Public that he has removed from his late residence, corner of King and Germain streets, to the Store lately occupied by Mr. P. Duff, King street, where he intends to carry on his former business in all its various branches, thankful for past favours, and still hopes to continue a share of public patronage. P. M'CULLOUGH.
St. John, N. B. July 14.

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.

CHAINS & ANCHORS.
Ex ship 'Jane Walker,' from Liverpool:
17 CHAIN CABLES, assorted sizes,
31 ANCHORS, ditto ditto.
For sale by JAMES KIRK.
August 11, 1840.—8

Sugar, Molasses and Treacle.
200 CASKS best Porto Rico SUGAR,
30 do. common Bastard ditto,
30 casks good MOLASSES.
100 casks very superior TREACLE,
On sale at the lowest market rates.
Aug. 11.—3 JOHN KERR & CO.

Nails! Nails! Nails!
AT REDUCED PRICES.
THE subscriber continues to manufacture CUT NAILS, of various sizes—and has now on hand a large quantity, which are offered at the following reduced prices, viz.:
10d'y, 12d'y, 20d'y, 24d'y Rose Heads, } 3½d. a lb.
2, 2¼, 2½, 2¾ inch Sheathing,
3, 3½, 4 inch Floor Brads,
4d'y, 5d'y; 6d'y, 8d'y Rose Heads, 4d. per lb.
Lath and Finishing Nails, 5d. per lb.
The quality of these Nails is very generally approved, and at the prices at which they are now sold they are decidedly the cheapest Nails ever offered in this market
W. H. SCOVIL,
7th April, 1840 *North M Wharf*

The Garland.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

BY ISAAC P. SHEPHERD.

I ask not Fame; 'tis fleeting
As breath of balmy eve;
With glory's phantoms cheating,
'Twill nought but sadness leave;
A surer good I would possess,—
A joy that liveth ever;
That when is past the world's caress,
Despair may seize me never.

I ask not gold; it bindeth
To earth the spirit down;
Its hireling slave ne'er findeth
Save but a demon's frown.
It is the Tantalus of hell,
Immortal minds tormenting,
And wise are they who break its spell
Ere life's last hour repenting!

I ask not power; it stilleth
The soul's best thoughts of God;
Wide earth with woe it filleth,
And sways an iron rod.
Soft beauty's charms I would not crave,
For which are millions sighing;
They pass away, as sinks the wave
Along the sea shore dying?

I ask not friends; there liveth
But few who bear the name;
For boasted Friendship giveth
A swift, unstable flame:—
If want is far, and hopes are bright,
Men smile, with others smiling;
But when comes near misfortune's night,
They pass away reviling!

'Tis not of earth, the treasure
That satisfies the soul;
Its value nought can measure
From north to southern pole.
The seraphs round the holy throne
Its keeping well might covet,
For none of all the treasures known
In Heaven, is prized above it!

'Tis found were tears are flowing
Down contrite sinner's cheeks,—
Where hearts of love are glowing
While Jesus gently speaks.
The Star that rose in Bethlehem
Points where is Heaven's best token,
Beneath the cross there lies a gem,
THE PEARL OF PRICE unspoken!

Miscellaneous.

ANNIE DEER.

(Continued.)

It was in the month of March, and the weather somewhat boisterous; and Mr. Deer, when he heard the wind whistle and roar down the chimney, he thanked God that some man had been struck with the very provident idea of insuring vessels risking themselves on that treacherous ocean. Annie Deer's mind ran in the same way, but it went no further than wishing that there was really some meaning in the name by which Life Assurance Societies designate themselves. But she felt too bitterly, poor girl, that there is no ensuring that fragile thing, human life, especially when trusted to the mercy of winds and waves. Her daily walk was upon the edge of the little promontory looking over the vast, melancholy sea: and at length, a few days after the ship had dropped down the river, she beheld a gallant vessel coming on with a furious and not very favorable gale: and, watching it with deep interest, saw it take refuge in their little bay, and come to anchor, to let pass the storm. About four in the afternoon, the wind lulled, but shifted more to the southwest, so that no ship was likely to get out of the Channel. About half past four, as she was looking out of the drawing-room windows of her father's house, she saw something like a boat tossed up from time to time by the bounding waves which the tempest had left behind it. In half an hour after, she was pressed in the arms of William Stanhope, and two or three hours more of pure happiness were added to the few which they had known through life. At ten o'clock he took his departure; but at that hour the moon, though she was shining, was red and dim, announcing that the presence of the commander might soon be wanted on board his vessel.

Annie Deer retired to her chamber immediately afterward. She retired not to repose however, but, on the contrary, to pay for the happiness which she had that night experienced by many a tear. She prayed, too, and prayed fervently, not without hope in the efficacy of prayer, but with that trembling timidity, that doubt of our own worthiness, under the weight of which the footsteps of the Apostle, though miraculously upheld, sunk through the surface of the yielding waters. All remained calm; and, towards eleven o'clock, she remarked the clouds passing over the moon, taking a different direction from that which they had done in the morning; and she thought, with mixed hope and apprehension, that ere the morning, perhaps, he whom she loved might be far away upon that voyage, which was destined either to give them comfort and independence, or to separate them for ever. She lay down to rest; but, towards twelve o'clock, the wind began to rise, increased in violence every moment, and swelled at length into a hurricane. The casements rattled; the wainscot shook and creaked; the house itself seemed shaken.—Loudly roaring round and round, the spirit of the storm appeared clamouring at the gates for admittance. It could be heard as it whistled through the branches of the trees. It could be distinguished as it rushed and raved amid the ruins of the castle up above. It could be felt as it swept, with sighing and melancholy sound, over the level sands of the bay, interrupted only by the sudden plunge of the waves, as they poured headlong upon the resounding shore. Annie Deer rose from her bed, and listened, and wept, and prayed through the livelong night.

But what boots it to tell a long and a sad story, when a few words will serve our purpose! With the morning light Annie Deer gazed from her window, but the ship was gone, and the storm continued; and, as she looked, without any particular effort to hear, the sound of a few distant guns caught her ear, and made her heart sink low. The tempest lasted the whole day. During the night it decreased, and the next morning there were found on various points of the coast the spars and timbers of a gallant vessel, on some of which were painted "The Earl Spencer." The gentlemen at Lloyd's announced the loss of an outward bound Chinaman. The owners of the Earl Spencer cursed the luck that had lost them a good voyage, and applied to the underwriters. The underwriters cursed their luck still more furiously, but paid the money. Mr. Deer thanked God that he had ensured to the full amount of his loan, and Annie Deer sat down with widowed heart, to pass the rest of her life with very little interest in the things thereof. Her mother marked the varying color of her cheek, and the languor of her look, and the frequent tearfulness of her eye: and kissing her tenderly, let fall a drop on the pale forehead of her only child. Annie Deer met with sympathy from one kindred being in her melancholy path, and it was all she hoped for, all she asked in life.

Such was the first part of the story of Annie Deer. Now all stories, into whatever imaginary divisions they may be separated by the teller, have at least two parts; there is no getting rid of the beginning and the end. Having told the former, we must now turn to the latter, which is destined to be shorter. Mr. Deer went to London, and was indemnified by the underwriters for the money he had advanced; and he returned to his dwelling looking really sad for the loss of poor William Stanhope. He called upon the childless widow, and tried to comfort her, but she was not to be comforted. He spoke some soothing words to Annie, but Annie only wept the more; and Mr. Deer himself had a kind of perception that they had all suffered a loss which money could never repair. As the house was dull, and the village was dull, and every thing about the place looked more or less gloomy since the loss of the Earl Spencer and poor William Stanhope, Mr. Deer betook himself one day, merely for the sake of relaxation, to the county town, purposing, as the pleasantest and most habitual way of amusing his thoughts, to look into all the accounts and proceedings of the very respectable firm in which the greater part of his fortune was still embarked. His partner was out, however, when he arrived; and Mr. Deer, strolling out into the town, was met by Mr. Pocock, the silversmith, and Mr. Pocock's retired brother John the common councilman and orator.

Now Mr. Deer and Mr. John Pocock were severally sixty-three years of age and upward, and the enmities of sixty-three years are pertinacious things. Mr. Deer, therefore, would willingly have avoided Mr. John Pocock; but that gentleman, on the contrary, put his arm through his, talked to him very civilly, and, leading the conversation to the affairs of Mr. Deer's house, gave him a hint, with perfect kindness of intent and manner, that his partner might be getting on too fast. Mr. Deer was agitated, alarmed, irritated; and if he had done what his heart bade him, he would have told his companion to mind his own business, and to meddle with no body else's affairs, for that he, John Deer, was rich enough to buy out him, John Pocock, and all his relations. He refrained, however, and answered as civilly as the nature of the case would allow; but returned to his partner's house, and instantly set to work to investigate the matter thoroughly.

Sad and alarming was the result of his inquiries. He found that, during the five or six years of his absence, his partner, although he had contrived to make a fair show in their half-yearly accounts, had, in fact addicted himself to banking, farming, and such vices. Immense sums were risked at that moment in hazardous speculations, and Mr. Deer saw himself inextricably implicated in transactions which he would not have meddled with for the world of his own free will.

The matter went on as simply as it is possible to conceive. His partner, seeing that Mr. Deer was now convinced that he had trusted once too far, grew angry, resisted the interference which might have saved him, hurried recklessly on in the wrong course, and ere four months were out, the house of Deer and Co. were bankrupts to the amount of more than a hundred thousand pounds. By the wise and strenuous efforts which Mr. Deer had made during these unhappy four months to retrieve the affairs of his firm, they were enabled to pay very nearly twenty shillings in the pound. But the beautiful house under the castle was advertised for sale; the rich furniture and plate were disposed of by auction; and Mr. Deer retired to a small cottage next to that of the widow Stanhope.

Amid all this distress, no one was so kind as Mr. John Pocock. Though at his period of life much locomotion was not agreeable, he drove over two or three times a week, to console, advise, and expostulate with Mr. Deer, whose mind had fallen into a painful state of despair, and who in body had sunk at once into an old man. He wished Mr. Deer to rouse his spirits, and to resume business at once upon his own account, and he offered most liberally to advance him any sum of money for that purpose; but Mr. Deer felt, and Mr. John Pocock was soon convinced, that such a course was impracticable. The bankrupt's health gave way more and more each day. He became fretful and impatient. A very small pittance, which belonged to his wife, supported him and his family in penury for some months, but he saw it drawing to a close with agony of heart. Pity pained him, consolation seemed an insult; and he would gaze upon his daughter by the hour together, as she sat painting little screens, working little purses, or busying herself in any of those employments which she fancied and hoped might prove the means of supporting her father and mother in their old age. At length the money came to an end, and on that very night Mr. Deer was struck with palsy which confined him to the marble seat of impotent age all the rest of his days.

Annie Deer then found how little could be procured by those means to which she had trusted for support. Mrs. Deer bore all patiently, and she and her daughter consulted and deliberated long with Mr. John Pocock as to what they could do in the terrible strait to which they were reduced. His kindness was unfailing. He looked at the afflicted wife, he looked at the beautiful but destitute girl till the tears rose in his eyes, and, insisting upon their taking a small sum as a loan till he could devise some plan for their future life, he left them, promising to return on the following day, and declaring that he would not come back without some feasible plan for their support. It was night on the promised day before he made his appearance; but then he came in his own chariot, and then there was a briskness in his look and a smartness in his whole aspect, which led Mrs. Deer and her daughter to believe that his meditations on their behalf had not been without result. His hair was nicely powdered and adjusted to a line, his pigtail was tied up with a new piece of riband, and his best blue coat and white waistcoat shone without a speck. Mr. Deer was somewhat better, and sitting in a chair by the fire. Poor Mrs. Stanhope had come in to cheer them as far as her sad heart would allow; and the sight of Mr. John Pocock with a gayer air, blew up the last spark of hope that lingered in their hearts. Mr. Pocock looked at Mrs. Stanhope as if he could have wished her away; but he was full of what he had to say, and would not delay it.

"My dear Mr. Deer," he said, advancing into their little circle, "and you, Mrs. Deer, and *you*, my dear young lady, must give me your attention more than all. Misfortunes may happen to every one, and very sharp misfortunes have happened to you. Now I see but one way on earth of remedying them, and making us all happy and comfortable. I am an old man, Miss Annie, sixty-four years of age in April, which will be next month; but if you will accept the hand of an honest man, who loves you dearly and respects you much, he will do all he can to make you and yours happy.—His fortune is of his own making, and he may well do with it what he likes; he will be not only proud to have you for his wife, but proud to have a wife who will devote herself to make her *parents* as well as her *husband* comfortable.

Annie Deer had turned as pale as death; Mrs. Deer threw her arms around her child's neck and wept bitterly; her father said not a word, but, like the parent in the most beautiful song we possess, he looked in her face till her heart was like to break. Her eyes did not overflow, but they turned towards Mrs. Stanhope, and her lips muttered, "Oh, William, William! Sir," she continued, turning to Mr. Pocock, "I have loved, deeply loved another, and I love his memory still, and ever must love it."

"I will not be jealous of that, my dear young lady," he replied; "your love for the dead will never interfere with your duty towards the living. Nor do I expect you to love me otherwise than as a young woman may love an old man who is kind to her. Believe me, Miss Annie," he continued, taking her hand, "I am not a selfish man; and I do not make this proposal altogether for my own gratification."

"I know it is not, I know it is not," replied Annie Deer, and she wept.

"Oh, Annie," cried Mrs. Stanhope, "do not let the thoughts of our lost William prevent you from doing your duty towards your parents in such a terrible situation as this!"

The tears streamed from Mr. Deer's eyes, and he cried in a feeble voice, "Annie! Annie, my child, do not make yourself miserable for me!" That tone and that look were worth all the persuasions in the world; and the fatal consent hung upon the lips of Annie Deer, when the door behind her opened, and Mrs. Stanhope, who sat with her face towards it, started from her seat, and with one loud scream fell senseless on the floor. Annie turned to see what was the matter, and, she too, would have fallen, had she not been caught in the arms and held to the heart of William Stanhope.

"Good Heaven! what is the cause of all this?" he exclaimed; "every body seems frightened at me; the servants run away; my mother faints! Have you not received my letter?"

The scene of confusion that ensued, explanations, histories, inquiries, replies, fresh mistakes, and fresh *eclaircissements*, though they were all comprised in the space of about an hour, would occupy a great many hours in the detail. At the end of that time, there were only two things which wanted explanation; the first of which was, what had become of two letters, one of which William Stanhope had sent from St. Helena on his way to India, telling that he had been shipwrecked; that when his vessel went down he had been saved in the last boat, and had been picked up by an outward-bound Indiaman; that he had preserved the bills in which all his little capital was invested; and that he intended to employ them in India, in the hope of covering, in some degree, the terrible loss he had sustained. The second letter had been written from London, three days before his re-appearance; and went to inform Mr. Deer that the loss of his vessel had proved, as far as he was concerned, the most fortunate chance that could have befallen him; that he had arrived in India at a happy moment; had made one of those successful speculations which were then not uncommon, and which the good name he had acquired while a mate in the service had now enabled him to extend far more than his own limited capital would have permitted; that, contented with one happy chance and a moderate fortune, he had returned to England, and was coming down to claim the hand of his fair bride, a far richer man than his most sanguine hopes had ever led him to anticipate. The loss of the first of these letters William himself easily accounted for, by acknowledging that he had entrusted it to a private hand; and every one who has had any thing to do with private hands must be well aware that they are in general furnished with very slippery fingers. The loss of the second was justly accounted for by a surmise of Mr. John Pocock, who suggested that, as postmasters—whether legally or not we do not know—take upon themselves the infamous task of handing over the letters of bankrupts, public and private alike, to the assignees; exposing to the cold eyes of mercantile inquisitors all the secrets of domestic life; the anguish of the child's heart for the parent's misfortune; the agony of the parent for the downfall of his child; the sweet communings and consolings of kindred affection; the counsel and the comfort, the care, the apprehension—as this evil and iniquitous practice, we say, is or was tolerated in the land, Mr. Pocock suggested that the letter of William Stanhope had very likely been sent to the assignees. And so it was. The letter had been so sent. The assignees were absent. And thus, for three long days, the letter was withheld from the only eye that should have seen it.

All that remained was the explanation between Mr. Pocock and William Stanhope, and that might have been very well omitted if the former gentleman had pleased; for William had remarked nothing further than that he was a good looking old gentleman, and seemed to take a great interest in Mr. Deer's affairs. But Mr. Pocock, who had at first felt a little uneasy at the re-appearance of the young sailor, had soon made up his mind, like a sensible man as he really was, to make the best of what he could not avoid, and rejoice in the renewed happiness of others, though it brought a little disappointment to himself. He was resolved, however, to extract the gratification of a speech from the matter, and therefore, as soon as every thing else was settled, he got upon his legs and proceeded: "Captain Stanhope," he said, "you have come just in time to prevent the completion of what, perhaps, might have been a very hard bargain on all parts.—The fact is, that I saw no earthly way of arranging the affairs of our good friend Mr. Deer, but by marrying his daughter. I had just made a bargain with her not to oppose her thinking of you with regret when we all believed you dead; and, God knows, I shall as little oppose her thinking of you with affection now that we see you are living. As you deprive me of the title of a husband, Captain Stanhope, I shall only demand that you will grant me the name of a friend; and, though I am a tolerably spruce old gentleman," he added, twitching his pigtail, "yet, as you have not found me a dangerous rival, you will doubtless not fear me as a dangerous acquaintance."

Captain Stanhope shook him by the hand, and willingly ratified the treaty he proposed. The days of Mr. Deer passed happily thenceforward to their close, and his daughter became the wife of Captain William Stanhope. Restored to affluence and comfort, she was the same gentle, unassuming, affectionate being she had ever been; and—though the good people of the little town where she continued to live called her, with great reverence, Mrs. Captain Stanhope—to her husband and her family she never changed her name, but remained *Annie dear* to the last day of her life.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

DANCING GIRLS.—The success which foreign dancing girls meet with in this country, is indeed astonishing. A Celeste, an Augusta, or a Fanny Elssler, come among our *plain republicans*, and by their activity, voluptuous attitudes, and skill in "ballet dancing," an accomplishment well calculated to give pleasure to the enervated votaries of luxury in the east, absolutely enchant our grave and sober citizens. All classes, both sexes, young and old, flock around them. They become fashionable—and in a few months they realize many thousands of dollars—return to Europe with their pockets well lined, and laugh at the gullibility of the Yankees.—The following extract from Blackwood will apply to this country as well as Great Britain, and is worth reading:

"This woman, whose sole merit is that she dances well—of all merits the least meritorious—is actually *feted* throughout Europe, received at the table of emperors and empresses, huzzaed by courts, presented with a purse of diamonds by one super-opulent fool, and with a chariot, with solid silver spokes to its wheels, by another—demanding for a few nights of pirouetting and bounding at the Italian opera, a sum which would feed the peasantry of a province for a month; amassing money which might raise the drooping sculpture, painting, music, and literature of an empire.

What was the engagement which Taglioni had the modesty to demand at the Theatre of Drury Lane? *One hundred pounds* a night for herself three nights a week, and £600 to be paid for the services of her father as ballot-master; £900 to her brother and sister to dance with her; with two benefits to herself, guarantied to her at £600; one half a benefit to her brother, guarantied at £200—in all £6000! All this is monstrous; it actually disgusts the mind to think of such sums lavished on a parcel of jumpers—even the effrontery of the demand is offensive. Here a knot of the meanest of mankind—the very dross of Parisian life—actually think their caperings worthy of being paid at a rate which the liberality of nations has scarcely ever offered to their greatest benefactors. The noblest poet, the most profound philosopher, the greatest mechanical inventor, the most gallant soldier, all would be regarded as exorbitantly overpaid by half the sum which those vulgar contributors to the cupidity of the Italian opera think themselves entitled to demand, and by the prodigal folly of fashion, actually obtain. Of course it would be ridiculous to suppose that all this was filial piety on the part of the Terpsichore herself. The family of the *danseuse* was her shadow—the £6,000 was virtually the payment for the saltatory exploits of one exhibitor."

Such has been, and for ought we know, still is, the excitement in this city in favor of the celebrated *danseuse*, and posture-maker, Fanny Elssler, that the sum of $1964 *premium* were paid for boxes, during the first six nights of her performance—or to speak more correctly, *exhibition!*

CUMMING OF DUNPHAIL.—The Cummings were among the greatest and bravest of all the Highland clans; and King Robert Bruce, who wished to exterminate them, created Randolph, his own nephew, earl of Moray, and being in a generous mood, granted him this estate. Old Cumming of Dunphail, not seeing the eligibility of that arrangement, resisted the transfer, and sustained a long seige within this castle. Alister Bane, a young man of extraordinary enterprize and courage, preserved the famishing garrison alive by seizing opportunities occasionally to throw in sacks of oatmeal across a deep fissure in the rocks, which we were shown. The enemy vainly endeavoured to detect the place of his concealment until they brought a bloodhound to the spot, which tracked him through the woods. Here we traced every step of the ravine ourselves, till we reached the fatal cave where he was overtaken, the entrance being no larger than that of a dog kennel; and his enemies lighted a fire that he might be smoked to death. The young hero, seeing his fate inevitable, attempted to come forth, saying, 'Let me out to die like a Cumming, sword in hand!' But Lord Randolph cruelly thrust him back, and replied, 'No! die like a wolf as you are!' The head of Alister Bane was cut off, and carried to a rock opposite where old Cumming stood, expecting the arrival of his son with provisions, and there the enemy threw it at his feet, exclaiming in an insulting tone, 'Here's beef for your bannocks!' The wretched father recognized his son, and exclaimed, in an agony of grief, 'This is a bone to pick that you shall rue!' Discouraged, however, and subdued by so frightful a calamity, the old man struggled no longer, but yielded to his fate, and was put to death, with his forty faithful clansmen. Their heads were stuck up in *terrorum* at Elgin, and their mutilated bodies thrust into a cairn near the spot where they fell, which was shown ever afterwards as 'the tomb of the headless Cummings.' A few years since the parish clergyman caused the skeletons to be dug up, & carefully buried in a distant churchyard, at the risk of destroying the evidence of this melancholy tale. Not a single skull was found on that occasion, and I am always glad when proof can be brought that tradition really has spoken the truth.—*Shetland and the Shetlanders.*

SCOTS GREYS.—The services of the Royal North British Dragoons have been of a character calculated to call forth the admiration of every reader of their regimental record. Deriving their origin, as a corps of cavalry, from the commotions in Scotland during the reign of King Charles II., their first habits were of a painful and perilous nature. Habituated to fatigue, privation, danger, and the observance of strict discipline, they became a valuable body of men to the government. After the Revolution in 1688, their services against the Jacobites in Scotland were of an important character; and while serving under King William III. in Belgium, they were admired for their warlike appearance and gallant bearing in the field, and for their orderly demeanour in cantonments. During the war in the reign of Queen Anne, their splendid career under the renowned Marlborough, exalted the reputation of the corps, and procured it a celebrity which has since been preserved untarnished. In Scotland, during the rebellion in 1715 and 1716; in various parts of the Continent from 1742 to 1748; in Germany under the Marquis of Granby, during the seven years' war; in Flanders under his Royal Highness the Duke of York, at the commencement of the French Revolutionary war; and on all other occasions, the Greys have been distinguished as a hardy, patient, obedient, and valiant body of men, inferior to no troops in Europe in the qualities which constitute good soldiers, and thereby verifying their motto—*Second to none.* Their gallantry at the glorious battle of Waterloo, on the 18th of June, 1815, rivalled the deeds of the renowned warriors whose achievements have been recorded by Ossian, and other ancient bards of Caledonia. The Scots Greys had the proud distinction of capturing the colors of the French *regiment du roi* at Ramilies—the white standard of the French household troops at Dettingen—and the color and eagle of a French infantry corps at Waterloo. Their patience and forbearance when employed in supporting the laws, and preserving tranquillity at home, form a striking contrast. Their reputation having become established, their title has long been associated with ideas of valor, loyalty, good conduct, and usefulness to the crown and kingdom.

WET FEET.—How often do we see people tramping about in the mud, with leather soaked through, and how often do such people when they return home, sit down by the fire side and permit their feet to dry, without changing either stockings or shoes. Can we then wonder at the coughing and barking and rheumatism and inflammation, which enables the doctors to ride in their carriages? Wet feet most commonly produce affections of the throat and lungs; and when such diseases have once taken place, 'the house is on fire'—danger is not far off, therefore let us entreat our readers, no matter how healthy, to guard against wet feet.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL DECOCTION.—The "Laird of Logan" relates a pleasant story, illustrating the miseries of printers. An old and respectable printer in Glasgow, was sadly bothered with an apprentice who could or would not be initiated into that portion of grammar which treats of the proper disposition of letters in words. One day he presented such a shockingly inaccurate proof, as made his master, after staring with amazement, take the spectacles from his nose, and give the ill-disposing "imp" the following recipe:—"My man! just gang hame this night, and tell your mither to boil Fulton and Knight's Dictionary in milk, and take it for your supper, as that seems the only way you'll ever get spelling put into ye."

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THIS PLACE.

Christian Friends,—The Temperance cause has now arrived at a peculiar crisis. The question is not now, whether Total Abstinence shall proceed. It has gained a hold upon the public mind, which, we think, no force can resist. It has attained a velocity, which no human power can arrest. It becomes, therefore, a matter of the utmost consequence, that this mighty instrument should be wielded for beneficial purposes, and for no other. This will most certainly be accomplished, if the respectable part of the community come forward, and take into their hands the direction and management of it. There is nothing, we conceive, in the nature and object of the Society to prevent this. Its nature is one of pure benevolence; and its object is in entire accordance with the purport of the angelic hymn, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will to man." If, in its attainment, partial injury is anywhere inflicted, it is a circumstance which is unavoidable in the accomplishment of a general good. The evil, if such there be, is only incidental and temporary; the good is essential and permanent.

We are aware that objections have been raised against our Society, which carry weight with those, who only superficially consider the subject; or whose dispositions are characterised by timidity, and a dread of every thing new. In such minds our cause is associated with every thing that is sectarian in religion, or revolutionary in politics. Against such wholesale condemnation we do most earnestly protest,

We find in existence in our country, an evil of a physical nature, that evil we desire to combat; and we endeavour to apply to it a physical remedy. The evil we speak of is Intemperance, and the remedy we apply to it is Total Abstinence. We unite together, for that object, persons of all ranks and all parties. And we think we are justified in so doing, as much as if we were engaged in supporting an Infirmary, a Mendicity Society, a Compassionate Society, or a Mechanics' Institute. The one might, we think, as well be called sectarian as the other, Or, take it in its moral and religious bearing, (and, no doubt, it affects both morals and religion,) we think it no more sectarian than the Bible Society, or any other institution, which combines different religious parties to disseminate the principles of our common Christianity. We scarcely need to say that we tolerate no advocacy that can be injurious to that most precious of all blessings. We have nothing in common with Infidelity, Socialism, or Chartism. The Society now numbers among its zealous supporters, some of the most eminent prelates of the English church; a considerable number of its clergy, and lay members, as well as a very large proportion of ministers of other religious denominations, with the members of their respective congregations. With regard to the political bearing of the question, we do not allow of any reference to party politics in our meetings or our publications. Neither do we admit of any attack upon the laws and constitution of our country, when not hostile to the cause of Temperance. Our object is simple and well defined—the promotion of Temperance in every suitable manner. Such an object, we conceive, must recommend itself to every reflecting mind, and we do not comprehend how our mode of attaining that object can be thought liable to objection, except by those who are unwilling, for the sake of others, to relinquish a hurtful indulgence. In calling it a hurtful indulgence, we are supported by the testimony of the highest medical authorities now living, who have solemnly recorded it as their opinion that the use of intoxicating drinks is always pernicious to persons in health, and can only in very rare cases be deemed indispensable as medicine. Can we, then, be wrong in aiming at the abolition of a practice, which is found to entail such incalculable misery upon our fellow-countrymen? which fills our jails, our hospitals, our lunatic asylums, our union houses? and banishes from their country, their families, and their friends, the unhappy victims of intemperance, led by it into the commission of various crimes?* Is this an object worthy of self-denial? or one, for which we should renounce a pernicious habit? We think no Christian can seriously lay his hand upon his heart, and answer that question in the negative. Our religion is pre-eminently one of self-denial. We cannot be Christians, if we do not deny ourselves for the sake of Christ and our brethren. "If we have not the spirit of Christ, we are none of his." If we will not take up the yoke and bear the burden of Christ, we cannot be his disciples. We, therefore, finally request that you will dispassionately consider the claims of the Total Abstinence Society upon your adoption, and how far those claims are in unison with the requirements of the Gospel! This investigation has issued in a satisfactory result in numberless instances, and we think that, when carried on, in a suitable spirit, with prayer for divine direction, it will do the same in all. We do not propose it to your acceptance in the place of the Gospel, but as auxiliary to it, and as an instrument for the removal of the principal obstruction to its triumphant progress throughout the world.

DECLARATION OF THE SOCIETY.

(Signed by Members on admission.)

"We agree that we will not use Intoxicating Liquors as a beverage, nor traffic in them. That we will not provide them as an article of entertainment, or for persons in our employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community."

*One of the learned judges at the late assizes in Durham, declared from the bench that nearly all the cases of robbery, murder, and manslaughter, contained in the calendar, were occasioned by intemperance, and perpetrated by those who had prepared themselves for the commission of crime by the use of intoxicating drinks.