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Weekly Almanack.

Feb.—1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
5 Wednesday - -	7 14	5 14	7 49	ev 29
6 Thursday - -	7 13	5 16	9 2	1 3
7 Friday - -	7 11	5 17	10 17	1 39
8 Saturday - -	7 10	5 18	11 34	2 18
9 Sunday - -	7 9	5 19	Morn.	3 7
10 Monday - -	7 8	5 20	0 53	4 10
11 Tuesday - -	7 7	5 21	2 13	5 39

First Quarter 10th, 11. 25m. morning.

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.
Henry Gilbert, 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 M. WILMOT, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.
Committee for January:
R. T. HAZEN, JOHN HAMMOND, DANIEL ANSLEY.
☞ 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

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
Office 26, Cornhill, London.

Capital £500,000.

Patron. His Grace the Duke of Somerset, F. R. S.

Directors.
T. Lamie Murray, Esq. Chairman.
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This Company is empowered by act of Parliament to grant Assurances and Annuities on Lives and Survivorships; Endowments; and to purchase and sell Reversionary Property and Life Interests.

By the new principles of Life Assurance and Deferred Annuities, established by this Society, many essential advantages besides that of securing a provision for a family or for old age, are gained by the Assured, and thereby an additional value is given to each Policy.

Arrangements are in progress for establishing a Branch of this Society, at this place, with a local Board of Directors, who will have power to sign Policies and transact all other business connected with the Institution. Until those arrangements are completed, applications for Life Assurances, Annuities, &c., will be received and forwarded to the Board in London, for approval.

Prospectuses, forms of application, and further information, may be obtained from

M. H. PERLEY,
Manager of the Branch.
Saint John, 10th December, 1839.

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.

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.

☞NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of CHARLES HOWE, late of the Parish of Upham, King's County, deceased, are requested to present their Accounts, duly attested, within Twelve Months from the date hereof: And those indebted to said Estate, are required to make immediate payment to

HANNAH HOWE,
Sole Administratrix.
Upham, King's County, November 25, 1839.—6m

☞NOTICE.

THE undersigned hereby intimate to their friends and the public that they have entered into a copartnership business as general merchants, to be carried on in the City of Saint John and at Alexander Wright's present establishment at Salisbury,—in the former place under the firm of WILLARD, BUCHANAN, & Co., and at the latter of ALEXANDER WRIGHT & Co.

The Salisbury establishment will be conducted as heretofore, and in St. John they will open on Monday the 28th inst. in the store adjoining Mr. Thomas Handford's on Gilbert's Wharf, with an assortment of Goods just received per "Oberon" for which see advertisement, and where by unremitting attention they hope to merit a share of public patronage.

ALEXANDER WRIGHT,
ASA WILLARD,
JAMES BUCHANAN.
21st. Oct. 1839.

The Garland.

THE BURNING SHIP AT SEA.

The night was clear and mild,
And the breeze went softly by,
And the stars of heaven smil'd
As their lamps lit up the sky,
And there rode a gallant ship on the wave—
But many a hapless wight
Slept the sleep of death that night,
And before the morning light
Found a grave.

All were sunk in soft repose,
Save the watch upon the deck;
Not a boding dream arose
Of the horrors of the wreck,
To the mother, or the child, or the sire;
Till a shriek of woe profound,
Like a death-knell, echo'd round,
With a wild and dismal sound,
Crying fire!

Now the flames are spreading fast—
With resistless rage they fly,
Up the shrouds and up the mast,
And are flickering to the sky;
Now the deck is all a blaze; now the rails—
There's no place to rest their feet;
Fore and aft the torches meet,
And a winged lightning sheet
Are the sails.

No one heard the cries of woe
But the sea-bird that flew by;
There was hurrying to and fro,
But no hand to save was nigh;
Still before the burning foe they were driven.
Last farewells were uttered there,
With a wild and frenzied stare,
And a short and broken prayer
Sent to heaven.

Some leap over in the flood
To the death that waits them there;
Others quench the flames with blood,
And expire in open air;
Some, a moment to escape from the grave,
On the bowsprit take a stand;
But their death is near at hand—
Soon they hug the burning brand
On the wave.

From his briny ocean bed,
When the morning sun awoke,
Lo, that gallant ship had fled!
And a sable cloud of smoke
Was the monmental pyre that remained;
But the sea-gulls round it fly,
With a quick and fearful cry;
And the brands that floated by
Blood had stained.

From the Dover Chronicle.

Britain's Historical Drama, *Second Series*. By J. F. Pennie. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 450.

This is a series of tragedies, founded on the historical events of this country, and designed to pourtray the manners, customs, habits, and civil and religious institutions of England's early days. The first series, which appeared about four years since, and was well received, commenced with the ancient Britons; each drama illustrating some particular era in British history. The present volume contains three dramas, each also illustrating the manners, and historic personages of the eleventh century. To the task the author has brought a brilliant fancy, a highly poetic imagination, an ear of exquisite melody for versification, and he displays considerable skill in portraying the historical personages of the times.

Added to these qualifications, his research has been truly astonishing. In fact, the notes appended to the dramas form a complete epitome of the manners and customs of the period, and display the most familiar acquaintance with antiquarian learning. That the author of this volume is not better known to the public appears to us to be most singular; he is the author of a splendid epic poem, entitled, "The Royal Minstrel." From his pen has proceeded the beautiful wild poetic Saxon romance of "Rogvald," and several other works, which have been acknowledged to possess very considerable talent. Mr. Pennie is a man of very secluded and retired habits; he has struggled for many years with the rude buffetings of adversity; and has lately been afflicted with domestic circumstances of the most keen and bitter nature. Under all his trials, his spirit has nobly striven with his fortunes; and although with Milton he might truly exclaim "I have fallen on evil days," yet he has unceasingly wooed the tuneful muse, and touched his harp to themes of lofty deed. His genius may be described as truly antiquarian. To describe in glowing numbers, the rude ancestors of our native isle—to sing of chief, of bard, of Druid rites, and magic lore—to picture forth, as with a pencil of light, the deeds of our forefathers, whether Briton, Saxon, Dane, or Norman,—these are his favorite themes; and he touches the subject with the hand of a master. The localities of the home of his nativity appear to us to have had considerable effect in moulding his mind, and forming his peculiar genius. Born at Lulworth, in Dorsetshire, in a country rich with the trophies of the olden time—on whose bleak heaths and barren wilds are found the rude barrow, the grave of the mighty chief of another age,—the cromlech, that mysterious symbol of the primitive worship of the human race,—whose fields and plains are every where surrounded with relics of the aboriginal races,—he has become enamoured of these themes. Near the place of his nativity stood the ancient Phœnician city of Binden, now only a grass-covered hill. A few miles to the west rose the towers of Corfe Castle, frowning in solitary and sullen grandeur on the barren scene around. Near his home, too, rose the lofty hills of Purbeck's ancient Isle, at whose base the ocean ever rolls, crowned with barrows, and relics of the Britons. It is a district particularly calculated to foster the genius of a poet, and our author has caught its inspiration.

But to the present volume. It contains three dramas, the first of which is entitled the "English Slave; or, The Eve of St. Brice," the plot being founded on the historical event of the "Massacre of the Danes by the Saxons in A. D. 1002. In this tragedy the plot and character are well sustained, and the portraits of the rude piratical Danes, and the Anglo Saxons are faithfully given. The second tragedy is styled the "Devoted One;" and we are of opinion that it is the best of the author's dramatic productions. In this drama the plot is founded on the singular supposition, that the horrible Indian superstition of devoting children from their birth to Siva, was practised in this country. Waldimar is the son of an officer of Canute, a Sclavonian, whose nation, it appears from the notes appended, paid adoration to this Indian deity. Hear Erisingild, the mother, speak:—

——"Ere Zeudegats,
Thy father, followed Sweyn to this isle,
He was in battle wounded nigh to death;
Then did I vow to Siva, the Creator,
Preserver, and Destroyer,—attributes
In one Omnipotent,—the Lord of Lords,
If he thy father's days prolonged, and thou,
Unborn, a boy should'st prove, I would to him
Thy life devote; and when revolving suns
Brought in their radiant course the destin'd hour,
Thou, to the death-song of our priests should'st
Thyself from Siva's rock, amid the waves [cast
Of the deep-rolling Ister."—*Act II, Scene* 3.

The effect of this dreadful vow, on the mind of the youth Waldimar, is beautifully wrought up. The drama commencing the day previous to the horrible sacrifice, he thus mournfully describes his situation:—

——"Alas, there is
No beauty in this world for one who waits
The doing of the all-nameless fearful deed!
The groves are decked in flowers, the heavens are bright
With morning dyes, and evening suns go down
In crimson pomp; but not for me the flowers
Put forth their bloom, or suns arise and set.
My thoughts are not of those delightful scenes
That bless the scenes of youth. Yet on me shines,
When thou art present, a bright nameless gleam,
It is not joy or hope; for they can find
No place in my dark bosom."—*Act II., Scene I.*

——"Thus have I been.
Since first I saw the light of heaven, cut off
From those emotions other mortals feel;
And all that is to them on this fair earth
Pleasing and bright, have not a charm for me.
I stand alone, amid a busy world,
Unmoved by all its passions, like a rock
Barren and shunned, around whose rugged sides
The foaming sea-wave breaks, and then retires.
* * * Life's weary day
Of tempest and of gloom is near its close;
And to that sun-light, I must bid farewell,
Which from the storms hath broken forth so brightly
On my last evening hour,—then haste to sink,
Sink broken-hearted in eternal night."
Act II., Scene 3.

The third and last drama is entitled the "Varangian," and the plot is laid shortly after the conquest of England, by William Duke of Normandy. Although these dramas are not intended for theatrical representation, we are of opinion, that with some slight alterations and adaptations to the stage, they would prove excellent acting pieces, and they would tend to elevate the character of the British stage. In conclusion, we cannot but heartily recommend this volume, which contains such a fund of entertainment and instruction to all those who feel an interest in perusing the historical events and characters of their native land, pictured in language overflowing with true poetry, and described with the graphic accuracy of an eye-witness. M.

[We are requested to state that the Author of the above work has appointed Mr. G. Blatch, of this city, his Agent, to obtain orders for copies of the publication.—The volume is dedicated, by *special permission*, to Her Most Gracious Majesty; and is also honoured with the patronage of his Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., and many other distinguished personages.]

TOM TIPP,
THE MAN OF GENIUS.

Tom Tipp was a great genius. His infant years were marked by uncommon precocity of intellect. The same thing, indeed, has been said of sundry other persons; but in Tom's case we have the fact upon unquestionable authority. The first bent of his genius displayed itself by a shrewd discovery in the science of bread and butter. How many full grown people there are who cannot tell which side of their bread is buttered! Yet Tom found this out very soon after he cut his teeth! As he grew bigger he grew more cunning, and was pronounced as bright a child as you would see of a summer's day.

He demolished picture-books, and smashed crockery, in a style that showed he would speedily become a "smart, enterprising young man." These anticipations were soon fulfilled. He played truant, and beat the school-mistress, by the time other boys had mastered half the alphabet. Need I say more? Every body called him a lad of spirit, and predicted he would make a noise in the world.

It is not exactly known at what age he got into debt—that manly exploit, which is sure to mark the career of a man of genius at a very early period. Let it suffice that he ran up scores in various quarters, to the annoyance of his parents and the astonishment of the neighborhood. Other trifling schoolboy pranks may be passed over, "tricks had he in him which gentlemen have." At college, Tom kept up his character: he robbed hen-roosts, badgered the tutors, raised rebellions, set fire to the college, and attained to the glory of a speedy expulsion. A career so brilliant at the outset promised great things, and Tom was set down by all his acquaintance as a lad of undoubted spirit and genius. In truth, he thought as much himself, and was determined to make his fortune as soon as he had sown his wild oats. He had five thousand dollars to begin with.

Two or three years did Tom spend in admiring the smoothness of his pantaloons, as he walked up and down Broadway; two or three more in cultivating whiskers; and two or three more in cocking his hat over his left ear. He now thought himself finished and quite the thing; and all the town called him a likely fellow. At this critical moment, he put his hand in his pocket for a five dollar bill, and, to his great surprise, found his pocket empty. 'Tother pocket was empty too, and his surprise grew into astonishment when a further scrutiny informed him that all his cash was gone. "Five thousand dollars!" exclaimed he in amazement; "and is it all gone?" Echo answered—"Gone!"

Was ever a discovery more *mal-apropos*? An ordinary mortal would have been overwhelmed by it; but Tom instantly bethought himself that he was a man of genius, and this set all to rights. "I have only to make my fortune," said he, "that's all. Yes I'll make my fortune without putting it off any longer; what signifies waiting." So saying, Tom went off to the theatre and thought no more about it.

But a day or two afterwards, a tailor's bill came staring him in the face. Tom put his hand in his pocket again, and was again reminded of his want of cash and his possession of genius. "Pshaw!" said he, "I'll make my fortune—I'd quite forgot to do it; but it seems to be time now." Tom having said this, lighted his cigar with the bill, pulled up his cravat, and sallied forth upon a stroll.

Not many weeks afterwards came a third remembrancer, in the more emphatic shape of a constable, with an awkward looking scrap of paper. Tom got rid of him with some difficulty; for constables are a sort of folks that hold young men of genius in no great respect. "Really," said Tom, "I *must* make my fortune; I may as well do it now and have it over—so let me think of it the first thing to-morrow morning." With these words Tom went off to What's-his-name's, up the street, and called for champagne and oysters.

Tom's fortune-making scheme appeared to be totally forgotten by him for three months longer, and nobody can tell to what extent his forgetfulness would have run, had it not been disturbed by another of those perverse accidents which seem to be designed by the malignant fates to bother gentlemen of genius, likely fellows, and such high-minded sublimities on two legs. Tom was one evening lacing up his pantaloons for a ball. "Not handsome," said he, as he looked in the glass—"but killing genteel." At this moment the cassimere gave way in a most disastrous rent at the knee! "T'other pair, then," said he; but, alas! Tom had not another pair!—"Bah!" he exclaimed, "cash, credit, and pantaloons gone! then I *must* make my fortune, and so here goes!"

At these decisive words Tom sat down to make his fortune; and began to rub his head and think. A man of genius has, of course, the world at his command; and Tom debated at first with himself, whether he would be secretary of state, or minister to the court of St. James. Both officers had some thousands of dollars salary, and Tom was of opinion that either might do till something better cast up. His cogitations, however, were awkwardly interrupted by the recollection that possibly neither of the actual incumbents could be displaced without some loss of time, while tailors were plaguy impatient. So Tom concluded that the safest project would be to make love to the daughter of old Niggs, the tallow-chandler. She had red hair, and was considerably short and thick. "A dumpy thing," said Tom, "but what of that? The old one will cut up heavy when he goes off, besides what he'll fork over on the wedding-day."

Dorothy Niggs was neither coy nor coquettish, and as for Tom, was not he irresistible? To make a long story short, Tom found no great difficulty in gaining her heart, for, let me whisper the secret—it was the first offer she had ever had, although more than—no matter how many years old. Tom considered the business as good as done; so being desirous to despatch matters, because creditors cannot wait forever, and a man of genius without money is constrained to keep his talents, and possibly his person, hidden from the public gaze to the great loss of the community, he waited upon old Niggs, to receive his consent. He sat in his arm-chair reading the Price Current. A sheepskin pocket-book, very much worn, lay at his elbow on a thin quarto volume, entitled Rowlett's Tables of Interest. Tom stated his business, and the old man lifted up his spectacles, but kept fast hold of the newspaper.

"Oh, I understand. Are you in the grocery line?"

"No, sir," replied Tom, in some surprise.

"Beg pardon. I thought I had seen your name in the advertisements.—Hem! hem! where was it? Ah! here it is. 'Thompson & Tipp, Water-street, two hundred hogsheads of molassea.'"

"Altogether a mistake, I assure you," said Tom.

"In the hardware trade?"

"Not at all."

"Perhaps dry goods?"

"By no means," returned Tom, growing a little uneasy.

"Crockery?" "Neither."

"General Commission?"

"Can't say it is."

"You an't in the soap-boiling way?"

"Never was."

"Speculating, I'll warrant."

"Not exactly," replied Tom, beginning to feel quite alarmed at the oddness of these queries; I—I don't do much in the way of business just now."

"Ah! I understand, said old Niggs, with a knowing kind of grin, and at the same time laying down his newspaper. "Property all snug, live on your income! Real estate? hey! or bank stock?"

Tom sat with his head bent considerably forward during these awkward questions. He felt a sort of fidgety embarrassment quite unusual for men of genius in the presence of tallow-chandlers. He fumbled with the tassel of his cane and faltered out a reply.

"Neither, sir; the fact is, that owing to peculiar circumstances, my property has very considerably diminished of late, or rather, I may say, entirely disappeared." The first movement of old Niggs at these words, was to throw back his head with a stare of unutterable astonishment. The next was to let it fall again with a very forcible sniffy expiration of breath through the nose that spoke a whole volume of language. His face instantly assumed the most stubborn and stoical indifference of expresion, while he adjusted his spectacles with calmness, took up his newspaper, crossed one leg over the other, and pretended to study the fluctuations of Russian tallow with might and main. There was no mistaking his demeanor. Tom saw in an instant that it was all over with him. He caught up his hat and rushed out of the room.

Such a catastrophe as this he had never so much as dreamed of. A man of genius to be without cash or credit, and not able to get a tallow-chandler's daughter for a wife! The thought was madness. To-morrow the whole story would be about town! "What is to become of me?" exclaimed Tom, "I won't live another hour in this rascally world! I'll shoot myself! I'll hang myself!" Tom, in his confusion, had quitted the house by the wrong door, and at these words found himself in the back yard. A well was before him. "I'll drown myself;" said he, and jumped in!

Now drowning one's self is no joke, although talking of it may be. Many a man thinks better of his determination to do it, in a short walk to the head of the wharf. Tom Tipp did this in a short jump down a well. Before he had fallen half way, he caught at the rope, and hung dangling for some minutes, till his strength failed, and then he gently slipped to the bottom. Don't be frightened, reader, the water was only knee deep, and our hero landed with no other harm than wet feet.

I would advise all sensible persons not to jump into a well before they have thought twice of it. Tom had not been in the well ten minutes before he was heartily sick of drowning. He would fain have clambered up, but he was not able; and there he was forced to remain, counting the minutes and the hours, till he was positive his legs had been in the water half a century. How long it really was I never learned, but just as he had given himself up for lost, he heard a voice crying wildly, "I'll drown myself! I'll drown myself!" Tom was in such astonishment at these words, that he had no power to speak. Presently some one approached the well, exclaiming, "Poor Tom, dear Tom! I shall never see you again. Cruel, hard-hearted father! I'll drown myself! and break his heart."

"'Tis Dorothy!" said Tom to himself. "She's going to drown herself for love of me, the dear, faithful, kind-hearted soul."

"To lose a lover so devoted! so ardent! so generous! No, no! I cannot live! Ye stars, farewell! Oh, deep abyss, open thy awful jaws, and take a wretched, despairing maid!"

"Capital!" exclaimed Tom, at the bottom of the well, and all so exquisitely sincere! She's an angel! Come to my arms, thou sweet enchantress—one leap and it's done."

But Dorothy did not leap: she was resolved, like Cæsar, to die with "dignity." She slid gently down, perhaps from a misgiving that her purpose might cool before she got to the bottom, in which case it is convenient to suspend the body as well as to supend the resolution. Now it is much easier to slide down a rope than to climb up, so that Dorothy's change of opinion on the subject of drowning, which took place *in transitu*, did not prevent her from plumping souse into the water, and uttering an unearthly scream at finding herself in the arms of a man.

"In the name of heaven, who are you? a man, or a fish?"

"Only your own dear Tom. Do I look like a fish!"

"My blessed stars; and how came you here?"

"Jumped in out of pure despair—meant to drown myself."

"Poor fellow! don't die, I beg of you for my sake don't!"

"I won't indeed—besides this drowning is'nt exactly what it's cracked up to be."

"Mercy on us! what shall we do!"

How long they continued to ask each other questions of this sort, we are unable to state, but a *tete-a-tete* at the bottom of a well must be long enough in all conscience, if it lasts but half a day. So thought our two lovers, who just began to feel serious apprehension of being the subjects of a coroner's inquest, when they heard a noise above. It was the voice of old Niggs, who approached the well, exclaiming in a most rueful tone, "I'm undone! I won't live to endure it!"

"What! more drowning?" said Tom, in greater astonishment than ever.—"What can ail the old fellow?"

"Lost! lost! lost! lost!" exclaimed old Nigg, leaning over and looking down into the well.

"Ah; his daughter!" said Tom, how he takes her loss to heart!"

"My cash! my cash! my cash! I shall never see it again!" bawled out the old man.

"Not in a well," replied Tom.

"Oh! that cursed Cape Flyaway Land Company that I bought into—"

"And this cursed well that I jumped into," said Tom.

"I'll drown myself! I'll drown!" With these words old Niggs caught hold of the rope, and went, hand over fist, down nearly to the bottom, when Tom put a stop to his descent by a tremendous "halloo!"

"Mercy preserve us!" cried the old fellow, "who's there!"

"An unfortunate man," said Tom.

"Land speculation?" demanded old Nigg, fearfully.

"No—a love speculation," replied Tom.

"Oho! I think I know you. Came here to drown?"

"Exactly. And now I think we know one another. You may drown if you see fit, and then I will take your daughter."

"I think I won't," replied old Niggs, "for I've no doubt the company will pay at least fifty per cent. I've thought better of it."

"Good!" exclaimed Tom. "We'll all live and be merry. You would'nt have me tell of this queer affair about town; you know it might set some folks a laughing, eh!"

"For heaven's sake, never mention it, Mr. Tom, and Dolly is yours."

How they all got out of the well we have not time to say, but old Niggs was soon reconciled to the loss of half his money. Tom married Dorothy, kept the secret, and went into partnership with his father-in-law. He has given up his pretensions to the character of a man of genius, but *enlightens* the world by selling mould and dipped candles on the lowest terms for cash, or approved credit.

From the London Observer.

Mr. Charles Green's proposition to Cross the Atlantic in a Balloon.—Mr. C. Green has authorised the following statement of the grounds upon which he founds his assertion of the possibility of making a journey in a balloon from New York, across the Atlantic, to Europe. He states that balloons inflated with carburetted hydrogen, or common coal gas, will retain this fluid unimpaired in its buoyancy, and very slightly diminished in quantity, for a great length of time; while on the contrary the pure hydrogen is so subtle a gas, and capable of so great a degree of tenuity, as to escape through the imperceptible pores of the silk, whether prepared in the ordinary manner or by means of dissolved india rubber.

These facts are the result of observations made during 275 ascents; on many of these occasions, a smaller balloon has been filled at a neighbouring gas-work, and has been brought a distance of five or six miles to fill that in which he intended to ascend, retaining, in many instances, its contents nearly the same in quantity and quality for nearly a week. The æronaut has travelled 2,900 miles with the same supply of gas, and could have continued its use for three months, if necessary. As to making the voyage from America to Europe, Mr. Green dates its possibility from the following facts: On all occasions in which the balloons in which he or other æronauts had gained an altitude beyond the lower current of air, or land-breezes, they found one uniform current of air coming from the Atlantic, and blowing west, northwest, or west by north, while the under winds, from different causes, were blowing from points completely at variance with the above; the ascent of the machine into these upper currents is perfectly easy, and the same altitude may be kept for an indefinite time with equal facility.

In 1836, Mr. Green made a proposition at Paris to cross the Atlantic in a balloon, when he received a letter from Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, confirming his observations as to the directions of the upper currents, and in which that gallant officer states his conviction of the safety of the proposed undertaking, and his readiness to accompany the æronaut from New York to Europe in his balloon. It must be kept in mind that a balloon is not borne along as is a ship, by the force of the wind, having to overcome the impediment interposed by passing through a denser element like the water, but is a body lighter than the air itself in which it floats, and is wafted at the same speed as the air itself travels, as if it were a part of the moving body. The wide expanse of sea offers no impediment to the undertaking, and a machine as large as the Nassau balloon could easily be fitted up for the reception of three persons and victualled for three or four months if necessary.

The machine could be lowered to the earth and ascend as often as it pleased the voyagers, by the adoption of the same plans as those used in the voyage to Germany. Mr. Green, having established the facts of a current of air continually passing round the earth in the direction of west-north-west, the capability of his machine to retain the carbnretted hydrogen gas for an unlimited time, and of its power of sustaining itself in the air for weeks—under these circumstances, and trusting to the faith he has always endeavoured to keep with the public as claim to their confidence on this occasion, offers to take upon himself to traverse the Atlantic from New-York to England in a balloon to be constructed for that purpose, and that he will make the experiment without any reward for his exertions.

James Watt's Boyhood.—A friend of Mr. Watt one day came upon the young James, stretched upon the ground, tracing with chalk all sorts of cross lines. "Why do you suffer this child thus to trifle away his time?" exclaimed the visitor, "send him to school."—"You will do well to delay your judgement, (said the father) before condemning him; be good enough to find out his occupation." The harsh judgement was speedily reversed. The child of six was solving a problem in geometry. "James (said Mrs. Muirhead, one day, to her nephew,) I never saw any boy more given to trifling than you are; can't you take a book and employ yourself usefully? There have you been sitting a whole hour without speaking a single word. Do you know what you have been about all this time? You have done nothing but shut and open and open and shut the lid of the tea-kettle: and first you have put the saucer in the steam from the spout, and then you have held the silver tea-spoon in it, and then you have done nothing but pore over them, and bring together the drops formed by condensation, on the surface of the china or the clear spoon. Arn't you ashamed of spending your time in that way?"—*M. Arago's Eloge.*

Sensation.—I O U are the vowels which create more disagreeable sensations in the eyes of honest men than all the rest of the alphabet put together.

THE FUTURE

If we were to prophesy that, in the year 1930, a population of fifty millions, better fed, clad, and lodged, than the English of our time, will cover these islands: that Essex and Huntingdonshire will be wealthier than the wealthiest parts of the West Riding of Yorkshire now are; that cultivation, rich as that of a flower garden, will be carried to the tops of Ben Nevis and Helvellyn; that machines, constructed on principles yet undiscovered, will be in every house; that there will be no highways but railroads, no travelling but by steam; that our debt, vast as it seems to us, will appear to our great grand children a trifling incumbrance, which might easily be paid off in a year or two; many people would think us insane. Yet, if any person had told the parliament which met in perplexity and terror after the crash in 1720, that in a century the wealth of England would surpass all their wildest dreams; that the annual revenue would equal the principal of that debt which they considered as an intolerable burden; that for one man of £10,000 then living, there would be five men of £50,000; that London would be twice as large and twice as populous, and that nevertheless the mortality would have diminished to one half of what it then was; that the post office would bring more into the exchequer than the excise and customs had brought in together under Charles II.; that stage coaches would run from London to York in 24 hours; that men would sail without wind, and would be beginning to ride without horses—our ancestors would have given as much credit to the prediction as to Gulliver's Travels.—*Edinburgh Review.*

The Jews' Love of Judæa.—The most interesting circumstance which presents itself to my mind, in recalling what I saw of the Hebrew nation in the East, is the universal diffusion of the love, the undying love, of the Jews for their own Judæa, the Canaan of their fathers. We could see without emotion thousands of poor Israelites, who from the remotest parts of Europe have made their way—by long and weary pilgrimage—through privations incalculable, and sufferings without end—often shoeless, and almost clotheless—friendless, penniless, that they might see the city of David, and lay their bones in the bosom of Jerusalem! What multitudes are there among them who have sold their last possession—having gathered together their little, their insufficient all—and have started, marching towards the rising sun, from the Vistula, the Dnieper, and the Danube, on a journey as long as perilous! How many have perished, exhausted, on the way! How many that have landed at Joppa, or crossed the Taurus at Antioch, have been unable, from over-exhaustion, to reach their longed-for goal! How many have sunk in sight of the Mount of Olives! And how many have closed their eyes in peace and blessedness, when the privilege has been vouchsafed to them of treading within the walls of Salem.—*Dr. Bowring.*

Science Illustrating Scripture.—It is impassible not to notice the attacks which have been made against science, on the charge of irreligion. It has been so said against Galileo and Copernicus, but as we may be mistaken in the interpretation of the book of nature, may we not be equally so in the Word of God? It is not consistent to impute unto others opinions which they do not entertain, and I am well satisfied that the opinions of the most celebrated geologists, against whom these imputations are directed, are sincere in their belief of the Christian religion. Those who are afraid that science will go against scripture, show the want of the thorough confidence I have in it. The illustration of revealed religion is under obligation to geology, and particularly with respect to the opinions which have been entertained of the origin of man. Some have supposed that man had existed *ad infinitum*; others conjecture that he was progressive in his formation; but geology confirms the views given in scripture, by illustrating that man is of comparative modern date in the works of the Creator.—*Speech of the Marquis of Northampton at the British Association.*

The Gentleman at Church,
May be known by the following marks.

1. Comes in good season, so as neither to interrupt the pastor or the congregation by a late arrival.
2. Does not stop upon the steps or in the portico, either to gape at the ladies, salute friends, or display his colloquial powers.
3. Opens and shuts the door gently, and walks deliberately up the aisle or gallery stairs, and gets to his seat as quietly, and by making as few people remove as possible.
4. Takes his seat either in the back part of the seat or steps out into the aisle when any one wishes to pass in, and never thinks of such a thing as making people crowd past him while keeping his place in the seat.
5. Is always attentive to strangers, and gives up his seat to such, seeking another for himself.
6. Never thinks of defiling the house of God with tobacco spittle, or annoying those who sit near him by chewing that nauseous weed in church.*
7. Never, unless in case of illness, gets up and goes out in time of service. But if necessity compels him to do so, goes so quietly that his very manner is an apology for the act.
8. Does not engage in conversation before commencement of service.
9. Does not whisper, or laugh, or eat fruit in the house of God, or lounge in that holy place.
10. Does not rush out of the church like a tramping horse the moment the benediction is pronounced, but retires slowly in a noiseless, quiet manner.
11. Does all he can by precept and example, to promote decorum in others, and is ever ready to lend his aid to discountenance all indecorum in the house of God.

* I am aware that through the inveteracy of habit some persons entitled to the character of christian gentlemen, may use even tobacco in church, but think they do not defile the house of God, but use the spittoon, or if there be none at hand, refrain from the use of the nauseous weed until they retire.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

The editor of the Oswego Gazette, the lucky recipient of a large junk of wedding cake, after appropriately acknowledging the donation, *confidentially* inquires—"who will get married next?"