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Weekly Almanack.

Jan.—1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
22 Wednesday - -	7 29	4 55	9 2	1 11
23 Thursday - -	7 28	4 56	10 27	1 45
24 Friday - -	7 27	4 58	11 33	2 19
25 Saturday - -	7 26	4 59	Morn.	2 57
26 Sunday - -	7 25	5 1	0 39	3 43
27 Monday - -	7 24	5 3	1 45	4 43
28 Tuesday - -	7 23	5 4	2 51	5 53

Last Quarter 26th, 8h. 55m. 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.

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The Garland.

THE WRECK.

A few years since, a vessel on her way from England to Boston, having been disabled in a severe gale, was on the point of going down. The seamen had entered the boat, and there was barely room for another person; they offered this place to a gentleman on the deck, who had a wife and two daughters with him. He would not leave them, and they all perished together. The boat with the crew was taken up and they were saved.

The storm is o'er, and the stars look down
From their cold, blue throne in Heaven;
But no hope they bring, for the sinking ship
To the reef and the surge is given.

The life-boat's full, and the hurried cries
Of the sailors sternly call,
"There's room for thee—for one alone!
Quick, quick! or we perish all!"

On the heaving deck, like a rock he stands,
Amidst the swelling waters,
While round his neck are the clinging arms
Of his wife, and weeping daughters.

Not a word he speaks; but his answering look
Declares, "I die with these!"
The boat is gone, and the wreck is seen
No more on the level seas.

'Tis morn; but the face of the subtile deep
Doth tell no tale of sorrow;
And the sparkling waters dance to the breeze,
And smile to the smiling morrow.

THE LAWYER'S PRAYER.

Lines found in the pocket book of D. O. H——, Esq., after his decease.

Ordained to tread the thorny ground
Where few, I fear, are faithful found,
Mine be the conscience void of blame,
The upright heart, the spotless name;
The tribute of the widow's prayer,
The righted orphan's grateful tear:
To virtue and her friends, a friend,
Still may my voice the weak defend:
Ne'er may my prostituted tongue
Protect the oppressor in his wrong,
Nor wrest the *spirit* of the laws,
To sanctify a villain's cause!
Let others with unsparing hand,
Scatter poison through the land;
Inflame dissension, kindle strife,
And strew with ills the path of life,
On such, her gifts let fortune shower,
Add wealth to wealth, and power to power;
On me may fav'ring heaven bestow
The peace which good men only know:
The joy of joy by few possessed,
Th' eternal sunshine of the breast;
Power, fame, and riches I resign,
The praise of honesty be mine,
That friends may weep, the worthy sigh,
And poor men bless me when I die.

ANTICIPATION.

"Nay, nay, Bianca, why shouldst thou
Take thought about thy hair?
For who will look on thee to-night,
Or think if thou art fair?
Thou deck'st thyself for Guido's eye,
And all the rest will pass thee bye.

"It is too bad, indeed it is,
For only one to smile,
When dozens, quite as good as he,
Are scarcely marked the while;
Perhaps 'twill do, my love, for thee,
But never, never, will for me.

"I never saw the lover yet,
For whom I'd give up all;
And dress and dance for him alone
At every rustic ball;
A paragon that one must be,
Who wins so much of love from me.

"Oh, I do love, at such a time,
To see them round me wait,
And watch my every look and tone,
As 'twere the book of fate,—
To know they live upon my smile,
And I look frowning all the while.

"I give my hand to whom I will,
And leave the rest behind,
And though they swords and daggers look,
Such things I never mind;—
I dance with merry, merry heart;
What care I for a lover's smart?

"Bianca, dost thou not regret
Thou canst not do as I?
Oh, if thou should'st, how soon would flash
Poor Guido's jealous eye!—
I'd try it once, if but to see
How much of love he had for me."

"Nay, sister, shouldst thou ever know
The worth of one fond heart,
Soon, soon, would all this girlish pride
And coquetry depart;
Content, like sheltered dove to rest
Within one warm and faithful breast."

Miscellaneous.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

SALT WATER BUBBLES.

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

The Dangers of the New England Coast.

It was a bright and beautiful night in October.—The wind was steady from the southwest, blowing a gentle breeze—the sea was as smooth as a fresh water pond, and its tremulous surface reflected the beams of the silvery moon. The whole scene was well calculated to smoothe and tranquilize the mind, and to fill the bosom of the dreamy youth, or the imaginative poet, with images of peace, of joy, of happiness—as the good ship Endymion, after a passage of one hundred and twelve days from India, bound to Boston, was standing in under all sail, towards the back of Cape Cod—expecting every moment to make the light on the Highlands.

At this time a group of hardy, weather-beaten, rough-looking tars, who composed the starboard watch, were assembled on the forecastle of the Endymion, and were whiling away the time and amusing each other, by recounting scenes and events in which they had participated in by-gone years, when approaching the coast of New England from a foreign shore. They soon came to the conclusion unanimously, that it was the most dangerous coast in the world—"for d'ye see," said old Bob Bunting, "if you are bound for Boston Bay, there are dangers from which ever side you come. If you come from the south, there is Nuntucket Shoals, with all the big and little *rips* without number, on the one hand—and George's Shoal on the other. If you come from the Eastward, there is the rocky and deceiving coast of Cape Sable, with the Seal Islands, which dash to pieces many a gallant ship on the North, and George's Shoal on the South. To be sure if the wind and weather was fair, it would all do very well—for then the skipper, if he could tell the difference between the main truck and a tarpoling hat, would be able to find out what he was about—and could make a good landfall. But the worst of it is, a fair wind on the coast is always attended with foul weather in the winter, or fog in summer—and a westerly wind, which is always clear and cool, is dead ahead—and in bad weather, Cape Ann or Cape Cod are ugly places to run for, and you may not see them until you are hard and fast among the rocks or breakers—and if you miss them both, and find yourself close in with Nahant or Cohasset Rocks, with the wind blowing heavy right on shore, it is anything but pleasant, lads, I'll assure you. And after you have been lying to for two or three days, in thick weather, without being able to get an observation—and then shape a ccurse, you are about as likely to make Boon Island Ledge, and the Isles of Shoals, or the Old Man Shoal and Great Rip, as Cape Ann or Cape Cod—or, perhaps, Green Island, or the Hardings, or Nantasket Beach, would appear all at once right under the jib-boom.

"I remember," continued old Bob, "it was in the brig Nimrod, with Capt. Clear-weather. We had a long passage from Gibraltar—were on short allowance, and all were anxious to get into port. We struck soundings on George's one night, and run for Cape Ann with the wind at North East, and fog and thick weather rapidly coming on. But we kept a bright look out—got sight of the Cape—a glad sight it was, too—and bore up for the entrance of Boston harbor. Our captain was a good sailor, and was well acquainted with the Bay, but as the wind had veered into the South East, and it began to blow very hard, and to rain very fast, so that we could not see more than a mile or two ahead, and a dark night besides, we found that we were in a pokerish situation, and felt rather streaked. We took a couple of reefs in the topsails, and a reef in the courses, and made all ready to claw off if possible, and every man was at his station ready to brace round the yards. The chief mate was on the fore topsail yard looking out—the captain was walking the quarter deck, and I know must have felt rather bad, for he did not want to stand off, and lose a fair wind, to be followed by a stiff Northwester, and perhaps be beating about for a week or two longer—and he was afraid to keep on his course towards Boston light, for fear that the current, or bad steering might shove us out of our course, and that Cohasset rocks, or the Graves might bring us up all standing.

At last, when we got, as the Captain calculated, within about three miles of the light, and it could not be seen, and no prospect of better weather, he made up his mind to run no longer, but down helm, haul on a wind, and try to work out of the Bay. I never felt worse in my life, than I did when I heard him give the order to brace up the yards, and haul her close on a wind. The helm was put down, and the yards were braced fore and aft—and while we were getting on board the fore tack, the clouds seemed to lighten up for a moment, and away broad off on the lee bow, was seen the *revolving light*.

"Light ho!" screamed two or three voices, "Light ho," bawled out the mate from aloft. "Light ho," answered the captain from the quarter deck. "It is Boston light! my good fellows—it is Boston light! Square away the yards again, boys—up with your helm—keep her W. S. W., and we shall soon get a pilot."

"The storm increased after this, and it blowed and rained great guns—but we, nevertheless, kept sight of the light, and stood on—and in Light House channel we fell in with a pilot boat—and no man ever received a heartier welcome than Wilson did that night, when he stepped over the gangway. Dark as it was, he run her up to town. How he found the way through the Narrows, I never could find out—and anchored her off Long Wharf. The next morning the wind came out from the north-west, but-end foremost—and if we had not got in as we did, we should have had to beat about in the bay, nobody knows how long—with but precious little to eat or drink—and perhaps have got wrecked at last."

"What time of the year was it, Bob?" enquired Bill Davit.

"It was somewhere along in November, I believe," said Bob. "At any rate we got in the week before Thanksgiving."

"The coast is sometimes bad enough at that season, in all conscience," said Bill Davit—"but did you ever come on this coast in the *winter* season?"

"No," said Bob—"I never did—nor never will, if I can help it."

"You are in the right on't," exclaimed Bill, "Stick to that, and you'll do—I have—and met with the rubbers too."

"Did you have a tough time? Come Bill, tell us all about it," exclaimed as with one voice several of the crew.

"Well," continued Bill Davit, "you must know"—

But Bill's yarn was cut short before it was well begun, by an order from the mate to haul aft the main sheet—and the promised tale of his sufferings on the Winter's Coast was necessarily postponed for a brief period.

THE VISIT.

In one of the freezing days of our climate, a young physician but recently married, invited his wife to accompany him on a visit to one of his patients.

"You are romancing, James; what! visit a family without an introduction or an invitation, or exchange cards?"

"In this family, my dear Amanda, there is no ceremony of cards,' said James, 'but they will not be less pleased to see you.'

'I never used to go to see our people,' said Amanda, thoughtfully; 'but' continued she, after a short deliberation, 'I'll go with you, James, any where."

They passed from the handsome street of their residence to a public square, and crossing over entered a small alley, in which Amanda saw a row of houses in a manner that showed they were for the labouring class. Crossing the whole range they entered the last house, and at the first door Dr. Ledson gave a gentle rap. A common woman opened it and welcomed him.

Two chairs were immediately set out, one with the back broken off, the other rickety and unstable.

Before the fire were two little children seated on the hearth, making a noise, which the attendant female vainly endeavored to quell. A girl about ten years of age came out of a small pantry bedroom, and smiled as she spoke.

In a large rude chair sat a female. She rocked herself incessantly. She looked up when Dr. Ledson addressed her, but neither smiled nor spoke. Her complexion was sallow by illness, her lower jaw had fallen from its socket, and her teeth chattered with the vain attempt to close the mouth.

At receiving some nourishment at the hand of her companion, she seemed revived.

'I am glad to see you, doctor, though I had hoped to have been released from my wretchedness before now. I do not complain, but my bones have started through the skin, and I suffer,'—she shivered, and stopped an instant. 'I thought it very hard when I lost my baby last summer; but I see it was kind—what would have become of it now? I must leave these, young as they are, to take care of themselves, and my husband is none of the *studiest*.'

She did not weep, she was past that human feeling. Amanda looked on in silence. She had learned more of life's state from this scene than she could have acquired from volumes. She now felt a wiser woman at eighteen, than she would otherwise have been at twenty-five.

It brings down all our vanities and little repinings,—a spectacle of such woe. Even the almost insensibility of the sick, was more touching than ordinary sorrow. It gave a feeling of so much that must have been endured before.

"Is this your sister?" said the woman.

"No," said James, and Amanda smiled as he replied, 'it is my wife.'

'Is it your wife?' said she, showing some vivacity. 'How sweet she looks. Can she sing. Oh, can she sing 'I would not live always?'

How often had Amanda sung that carelessly before. She felt awed and humble now by every syllable that floated on her soft rich tones around the narrow apartment.

The dying looked up so thankfully that she even looked pretty. A light hectic relieved her livid countenance. She said audibly, 'I hear the angels singing now around me,' and then relapsed into a monotonous groan of weariness.

The little girl shook hands beseechingly as the young couple left, and in a subdued voice Amanda whispered, 'we will take care of you.'

Who like the physician, save indeed the minister, is called upon to see human nature in every shadow of a tint? The rich and the poor, the delicate and the coarse, the learned and the ignorant, come before him without disguise.

Amanda thought before, that she had loved her husband; but luxury is a dead sea atmosphere, in which the noble passions sicken and lie motionless. She clung to James' arm as he returned home with a feeling of devotion to him, that she had never imagined before; and in the pleasure she experienced in softening the horrors of her fellow creatures' poverty she found every day new cause to rejoice in having shared her fortune with one who, if he brought no addition of this earth's wealth, had taught her that there is a way of employing it that will awaken delight.—*Passion Flower.*

THE WILD HORSE.

The following picturesque and graphic description we take from that brilliant little sheet, the New Orleans Picayune. It appears in a series entitled "Prairie Sketches."

We were water-bound at "Walnut Creek." The water was too high to admit of our crossing, and for three days we had remained listless and idle on the banks of the stream. The fourth day came, and still the water continued rising; and as we could not proceed upon our travel, three of us, weary of idleness, determined to start in pursuit of buffalo. We discharged the old charges from our fire-arms, and having carefully loaded again, we mounted and rode off. As yet we had seen but one buffalo, and that was an old bull, with flesh as tough as leather. We started at eight in the morning, and rode two hours and a half without seeing a thing that had life, except the innumerable musquitoes, flies and ground insects. We rode through beds of sun-flowers miles in extent, with dark seedy centres and radiating yellow leaves following the sun through the day from east to west, and drooping when the shadows close over them, as if they were things of sense and sentiment. These beds are sometimes beautifully varied with a delicate flower of an azure tint, yielding no perfume, but forming a pleasing contrast to the bright yellow of the sun-flower.

At half past ten we discovered a creature in motion at an immense distance, and instantly started in pursuit. Fifteen minutes' riding brought us near enough to discover by its fleetness that it could not be a buffalo, yet it was too large for an antelope or a deer. On we went, and soon distinguished the erected head, the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. He saw us, and sped away with an arrowy fleetness till he gained a distant eminence, when he turned to gaze at us, and suffered us to approach within four hundred yards, when he bounded away again in another direction, with a graceful velocity delightful to behold. We paused—for to pursue him with a view of catching him, was clearly impossible. When he discovered we were not following him, he also paused; and now he seemed to be inspired with as great a curiosity as ourselves experienced; for after making a slight turn, he came nearer, till we could distinguish the inquiring expression of his clear bright eye, and the quick curl of his inflated nostrils.

We had no hopes of catching, and did not want to kill him; but our curiosity led us to approach him slowly, for the purpose of scanning him more nearly. We had not advanced far, however, before he moved away, and circling round, approached us on the other side. 'Twas a beautiful animal—a sorrel, with a jet black mane and tail. We could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs as he moved; and when half playfully and half in fright, he tossed his flowing mane in the air, and flourished his long silky tail, our admiration knew no bounds, and we longed—hopelessly, vexatiously longed to possess him.

Of all the brute creation the horse is the most admired by man. Combining beauty with usefulness, all countries and all ages yield it their admiration. But, though the finest specimen of its kind, a domestic horse will ever lack that magic and indescribable charm that beams like a halo around the simple name of freedom. The wild horse, roving the prairie wilderness, knows no master—has never felt the whip—never clasped in its teeth the bit to curb its native freedom, but gambols unmolested over its grassy home, where Nature has given it a bountiful supply of provender. Lordly man has never sat upon its back; the spur and the bridle are unknown to it; and when the Spaniard comes on his fleet trained steed, with noose in hand, to ensnare him, he bounds away over the velvet carpet of the prairie, swift as the arrow from the Indian's bow, or even the lightning darting from the cloud. We might have shot him from where we stood, but had we been starving we would scarcely have done it. He was *free*, and we loved him for the very possession of that liberty we longed to take from him, but we wou'd not kill him. We fired a rifle over his head: he heard the shot and the whiz of the ball, and away he went, disappearing in the next hollow, showing himself again as he crossed the distant rolls, still seeming smaller, until he faded away in a speck on the far horizon's verge.

Just as he vanished we perceived two dark spots on a hill about three miles distant. We knew them to be buffalo, and immediately set off in the pursuit.

MAJESTY OF LAW.—The following beautiful eulogy on "the law," is extracted from an article in the Southern Literary Messenger:

"The spirit of the law is all equity and justice. In a government based on true principles, the law is the sole sovereign of a nation. It watches over its subjects in their business, in their recreation, and in their sleep. It guards their fortunes, their lives, and their honors. In the broad noon day and the dark midnight, it ministers to their security. It watches over the ship of the merchant, though a thousand leagues intervene; over the seed of the husbandman, abandoned for a season to the earth; over the studies of the student, the labors of the mechanic, the opinions of every man. None are high enough to offend with impunity—none so low that it scorns to protect them. It is throned with the king, and sits in the seat of the republican magistrate, but it also hovers over the couch of the lowly, and stands sentinel at the prison, scrupulously preserving to the felon whatever rights he has not forfeited. The light of the law illuminates the palace and the hovel, and surrounds the cradle and the bier. The strength of the law laughs wickedness to scorn, and spurns the intrenchments of iniquity. The power of the law crushes the power of man, and strips wealth of unrighteous immunity. It is the thread of Daedalus, to guide us through the labyrinth of cunning. It is the spear of Ithurial, to detect falsehood and deceit. It is the faith of the martyr, to shield us from the fires of persecution; it is the good man's reliance; the wicked one's dread; the bulwark of piety, the upholder of morality, the guardian of right, the distributer of justice. Its power is irrisistible; its dominion indisputable. It is above and around us; within us; we cannot fly from its protection; we cannot avert its vengeance.

Such is the law in its essence; such it should be if none aspired to its administration but those with pure hearts, enlarged views, and cultivated minds."

THE WIFE A COMPANION.—Make a companion of her in the fullest acceptation of the term, and do not consider it beneath your dignity to suit your conversation to her tastes and intellect. The Price-Current may contain matter vastly pleasing to you; but it is very probable that your young wife would as lief hear you discourse of other matters than the price of cotton or the texture of broadcloth. Study diligently the art of pleasing. Cultivate those thousand and one nameless attentions, which are so much prized by the female sex, and learn to take an interest in whatever occupies her attention. Do not affect an air of listless tolerating condescension, when she is pointing out the progress of her embroidery, and shun the treason of yawning as she dwells upon the little details of her domestic government. These hints may seem trifling, but the non-observance of them may be attended with the most perilous results. If we could anatomize the human mind, how frequently would we discover, that the seed from which the upas tree of estrangement had sprung, is of a scarcely perceptible minuteness. A pregnant source of discomfort in the nuptial state is unsettled habits of the husband in this respect. Nothing can be more galling or disheartening to a young wife, after the first few honeymonths have passed, than the frequent absence of her spouse in the evenings. A suspicion is immediately excited in her mind, that the flame of affection begins to burn low, and that she has lost the power of pleasing, and whenever this feeling occurs, the risk is great, that the *wish* to please will soon cease to exist. There is no rule without an exception, but, in general, I would hold that a young husband should have few engagements of an evening where his wife did not accompany him. It is most important to cultivate the habit of domestic sociality, and the fireside will never have any charms if they do not exist at the commencement of a union.—[Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage.]

MODE OF PROPOSAL.—A difference of opinion exists, as to whether an offer of marriage should be made through the medium of a third party—in writing—or directly, and in person to the lady herself. If my advice were craved, I should at once recommend the latter of these courses, and for this reason, *inter alia*, that it will afford you an opportunity most effectually of judging of the true state of your sweetheart's affections. Supposing her views to be mercenary, it is the easiest thing imaginable for her to indite an answer, glowing with all the enthusiasm of a Heloise—but it is a much more difficult task to enact or assume passion when face to face. In a personal interview, there are a thousand indescribable little landmarks which may guide you to a knowledge of the true state of matters. The eye then speaks with more verity than the tongue—you may read a volume in a single glance—and there is a free-masonry in the returned pressure of the hand, which is more pregnent with meaning than a whole portfolio of letters.—*Ibid.*

QUARRELS.—One of the most easy, the most common, most perfectly foolish things in the world, is—to quarrel no matter with whom, man, woman, or child; or upon what pretence, provocation, or occasion whatsoever. There is no kind of necessity in it, no manner of use in it, and no species or degree of benefit to be gained by it, and yet strange as the fact may be, theologians quarrel, and politicians, lawyers, doctors and princes quarrel, the Church quarrels, and the State quarrels; nations and tribes, and corporations, men, women and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts, quarrel about all manner of things, and on all manner of occasions.—If there is any thing in the world that will make a man feel bad, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than he did before one; it degrades him in his own eyes, and in the eyes of others, and what is worst, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other.—The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbours. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally just to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

Christian Consistency.—The character of every Christian must be a consistent, a uniform one. The heavenly spirit which pervades him, discovers itself in all his visible actions. The true bred pupil of Jesus Christ is the same in prosperity and adversity, in ignominy and in honor, in weal or woe, in the circle of admirers and friends, and under the calumnies of enemies, in public and in his closet, in the full flow of his health and spirits and in the cold embraces of death.

PRESSURE OF THE SEA.—If a piece of wood which floats on the water be forced down to a great depth in the sea, the pressure of the surrounding liquid will be so severe, that a quantity of water will be forced into the pores of the wood, and so increace its weight that it will be no longer capable of floating or rising to the surface. Hence the timbers of ships, which have foundered in a deep part of the ocean, never rise again to the surface, like those which are sunk near the shore. A diver may with impunity plunge to certain depths in the sea; but there is a limit beyond which he cannot continue to live under the pressure to which he is subject. For the same reason it is probable that there is a depth below which fishes cannot live. They have, according to Joshlin, been caught in a depth at which they must have sustained a pressure of *eighty tons* to each square foot of the surface of their bodies.

IRON IN OAK.—The frequent effects of lightning upon this monarch of the forest, has excited the attention of the philosophic mind. After citing several examples of the manner in which the oak has been singled out from other trees immediately adjoining, and of equal height, a writer upon the subject says:—"It is well known by chemists that oak contains a considerable portion of iron in its composition. This metal, it may be presumed, is held in solution by the sap, and equally distributed throughout the whole tree; may it not be owing to this circumstance that the oak is so frequently a victim to that power, which in fact it solicits with extended arms, to its own destruction? This is a fact worthy of notice, and ought to be known, in order to prevent persons taking shelter in situations attended with such imminent danger.'

HYDRANGEA.—It may not be known to many of our readers that this flower, which is usually of a pink color, may be made to come out a beautiful rich blue, by the simple means of filling the pot or box with the swamp or bog earth. Common garden loam produces the pink. The discovery of producing the blue was accidentally made by a friend of ours, by whom it was some time since communicatd to us. We have repeated the experiment this season with good success, and now name the fact, that the lovers of variety may take advantage of it. The plant may be shifted very early in the spring.

MURDER! MURDER! MURDER!—Although nothing in the shape of murder has recently occurred in this city, of which the Attorney General could take cognizance, yet are such deeds daily perpetrated as come legitimately under this head. Pure religion is daily murdered with the sword of hypocrasy; patriotism is murdered by *party*; honor is murdered by ambition; and honesty by pretension. Players murder their parts; doctors murder their patients; lawyers murder their clients; and orators murder the King's English. Slander murders reputation; avarice murders charity; and vice murders virtue. Dissipation murders health; serenades murder sleep;—itinerant lecturers murder science; and ladies by tight lacing, murder themselves. Organ grinders murder music; editors murder ideas; teddies murder tipplers; and tyrants murder liberty. Dray-drivers murder horse-flesh; fops murder fashion; affectation murders beauty; and pleasure very often murders feeling. Poets murder fancy; poison murders rats; cooks murder poultry; and politics murder peace.—Painters murder their art; printers often murder their copy; mustachios murder the appearance of the human face divine; and milkmen, on the cold water principle, always murder their milk. Humbug murders modesty in every mood and tense, in every street and at every corner. In fact murder daily stalks abroad, notwithstanding the apathy of the authorities to arrest its progress.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Why, Mr. B." said a tall youth to a little person who was in company with a half dozen huge men, "I protest I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the little gentleman, "I am like a six-pence among six pennies, not readily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

Never give it up, Girls.—Mr. John Ayrentein, lately led to the altar in Philadelphia, Miss Rhoda Grayson, after a courtship of *thirty-four years*. This shows what may be done if we only stick to it.

An honest Hibernian tar, a great favorite with the gallant Nelson, used to pray in these words every night, when he went into his hammock: "God be thanked, I never killed man, nor no man ever killed me; God bless the world, and success to the Navy."

The "Cheap Defence" of Nations.—Dr. Franklin said, "Where I see a house well furnished with books and newspapers, there I see intelligent and well informed children; but, if there are no books or papers, the children are ignorant and profligate."

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

The following Address from a number of the inhabitants of the County of Carleton, and the Reply thereto, are copied from the *Woodstock Times*, of the 14th November.

To LeBaron Botsford, Esq. M. D.

SIR,—The annunciation of your approaching departure from Woodstock fills our minds with sorrow and regret; in justice to ourselves, we cannot suffer you to depart without tendering to you the expression of these our feelings. Since your residence amongst us, your conduct has uniformly been such as could not fail to secure for you the respect and admiration of all. To your skill in your profession many of us are deeply indebted, and for your unceasing attention, and untiring assiduity in the discharge of the many important duties of it, we all feel the liveliest gratitude; and we can only assure you that we part with your services under anxiety the most painful as to how the vacancy your departure will create is to be supplied. We had fondly hoped that the outlay and expense incurred by you in the erection and formation of an establishment, in this place, would have proved the earnest of a long residence, and that we might have therefore long valued, not only upon your services and usefulness, as a professional man, but as a member of our community, upon which your attainments are so abundantly calculated to shed lustre.

Permit us, then, Sir, in taking our leave of you, most affectionately to bid you farewell; and in doing so, let us further be permitted, in the utmost sincerity and truth, to say, that in whatever portion of the globe your lot may hereafter be cast, whether remote from or near to the theatre of your hitherto usefulness, your merits as a man and a physician will never be forgotten; and that you will carry with you the most grateful and affectionate remembrance of a very large portion of this community.

In conclusion, we can only add our most fervent prayer that the change, in its results, may prove beneficial in proportion to your merits—that every blessing may attend you—and that Mrs. Botsford and yourself may enjoy many years of health, happiness and prosperity.

Doctor Botsford, we once more most affectionately bid you farewell.

Woodstock, November 12, 1839.

REPLY.

Gentlemen—I cannot convey to you how gratifying to me is this expression of your feelings: for the sorrow and regret of a respectable and intelligent community, is the highest praise a man can receive at his departure.

For some years I have resided among you, a member of your society, discharging the duties of my profession—and if, during that period, my conduct, as a man, has been such as to secure to me your respect and esteem, rich indeed is the reward; and if, as a physician, my services have been blessed by the Great Disposer of events, happy am I in having been the instrument of good in his hands.

The continued kindness and attention experienced in this place, call for my acknowledgements and warmest thanks—and wherever my lot may be cast, I shall not forget the deep debt of gratitude incurred, much less the friends to whom it is due.

I thank you for your kind wishes for the welfare and happiness of Mrs. Botsford and myself, and in saying farewell, would add my fervent prayer that God may vouchsafe his protection and bless you all with health, happiness and prosperity.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
Your most obedient humble servant.
L. B. BOTSFORD.

Woodstock, Nov. 12, 1839.

Valuable Family Newspaper.

THE Publisher of the New-York Baptist Advocate respectfully informs the Christian public, that he has made arrangements for publishing, every week in the above paper, (to commence with the first number in January, 1840,) ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE, consisting of Views of the most remarkable places and objects mentioned in the Old and New Testaments; also, Views of the principal Missionary Establishments throughout the world—engraved by the first artists in the United States, after original sketches taken on the spot, by Laborde, Forbin, Morier, Le Bruyn, Stephens, Buckingham, Ker Porter, McFarlane, and others. These Engravings will cost from $20 to $50 each, and will always be accompanied with suitable articles illustrative of the same, prepared by the most able and competent authors. The Advocate is published every Saturday, at No. 122 Nassau-street, New-York city. Terms $2 50 per annum, IN ADVANCE. Persons acting as Agents, and Post masters, are allowed fifty cents commission for every subscriber they obtain, and from whom we receive a year's subscription—they remitting two dollars for each subscriber, with the name and post office address.

The paper is established on a permanent basis—being sustained by an association with a Capital Stock of $10,000.

All letters must come free of postage, or they will not be taken from the office. Remittances may be made at our risk, through the Postmasters, who are authorized to enclose and remit payments for periodicals, free of expense.

ROBERT SEARS, Publisher.

CHEAP NEWSPAPER.

THE WEEKLY DISPATCH, an elegantly printed quarto of eight pages, containing all the current news of the week, and a large amount of selected and original miscellany, is published every Saturday at the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets, New York, mailed to country subscribers at 2 dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Any person procuring five subscribers, and remitting ten dollars, in a note of a solvent bank, shall receive a sixth copy gratis. Address H. HASTINGS WELD, Dispatch Office, New York City.

COOKING STOVES,
Franklins, Ploughs, &c

THE subscribers have now on hand at their Warehouse, corner of Mill and Pond streets, a great variety of COOKING STOVES of the most approved patterns, FRANKLINS, CLOSE STOVES, and TIN WARE. An assortment of PLOUGHS, of much improved models, being entirely new articles in this market.

They are also prepared to furnish to order at their Phœnix Foundry, *Ship's Castings, Mill and Engin Work*, of every description.

THOMAS BARLOW & CO.

St. John, Oct. 8, 1839.