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

Weekly Almanack.

February—1841.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
17 Wednesday - -	6 43	5 17	4 49	9 53
18 Thursday - -	6 41	5 19	5 23	10 32
19 Friday - -	6 40	5 20	5 59	11 4
20 Saturday - -	6 39	5 21	6 12	11 31
21 Sunday - -	6 37	5 23	Sets.	Morn.
22 Monday - -	6 36	5 24	7 0	0 8
23 Tuesday - -	6 34	5 26	8 7	0 38

New Moon 21st, 6h. 11m. 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
Lewis Burns, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Mondays and Thursdays.

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

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

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

BANK OF
British North America.
THE Branch is now prepared to grant Bills at three days sight for any sum not less than Five Pounds Sterling, on the different Branches of the Provincial Bank of Ireland, viz:

Dublin,	Kilkenny,	Omagh,
Cork,	Ballina,	Dungannon,
Limerick,	Tralee,	Bandon,
Clonmel,	Youghal,	Ennis,
Londonderry,	Enniskillen,	Ballyshannon,
Sligo,	Monaghen,	Strabane,
Wexford,	Banbridge,	Dungarvon,
Belfast,	Parsonstown,	Mallow,
Waterford,	Downpatrick,	Moneymore,
Galway,	Cavan,	Cootehill,
Armagh,	Lurgan,	Kilrush,
Athlone,	Ballymena,	Skibbereen.
Coleraine,		

A. SMITHERS,
St. John, December 1, 1840.—3m *Manager.*

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

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.

EMIGRANT AGENCY OFFICE,
Fredericton, September 26, 1840.
NOTICE is hereby given, That the Office of the Assistant Emigrant Agent will be kept in the lower part of the Phœnix House, immediately opposite the Army Hospital; and that the hours will be the same as at other public offices—from 10 till 3 o'clock; where Immigrants and others can transact business connected with that Department, and advice and assistance will be afforded to persons wishing to obtain land for settlement, or who may desire employment in this Province.
Persons having Landed Property to dispose of can have a description of the same entered in a Book to be kept for that purpose; and applications for servants or labourers that may be received at this Office, will be registered in a similar manner.
EDMUND WARD,
Assistant Emigrant Agen
☞ Letters forwarded to be post paid.

Flour.
THE Subscriber having erected a set of Grist Mill Machinery at *Black River*, of the best English manufacture, with five run of French Burr Stones, is now Grinding FLOUR of an excellent description from sound and sweet American Wheat, which he will supply to Bakers and Families at the lowest market rates, for prompt payment.
A constant supply of FLOUR, *Horse Feed* and *Bran* kept on hand at his Store, South Market Wharf. ROBERT D. WILMOT

MUSICK! MUSICK!!
Sacred Musick's
"The Language of the Skies."
UNION HARMONY, Fourth Edition, for sale at W. Reynolds', W. L. Avery's, and Nelson, Fraser & Co.'s Book-stores; and also at the stores of Zebulon Estey, Henry Blakslee, Jas. E. M'Donald, and George Chadwick, in Saint John.
15th December, 1840.

Newspaper on a Novel Plan.

A Journal on a plan entirely new, will shortly be published at Liverpool,
IN CONNECTION WITH THE "NEW-YORK ALBION,"
TO BE CALLED
"THE EUROPEAN."

ITS novelty will consist in being published on the days on which the steamers severally sail, so that it may always bring the very latest news. Another feature will consist in its combining every kind of intelligence, political, commercial, and general; and it will be ready for delivery to the subscribers, immediately on the arrival of the vessels. Copies for the South and West will be forwared by the first mail. There is *no single publication* in Great Britain which occupies this ground, and "The European" will combine all the matter of interest to American readers, of half a dozen British Journals. A comprehensive summary of all the current political, parliamentary, and general news of the day, will be given on one page, while on another will be presented an accurate digest of the Money Market, Cotton Market, and Financial and Mercantile affairs at large. The proposed publication will indeed supersede a number of Price Currents, Circulars, Shipping Lists, &c., and will put the merchant, the politician, and the man of leisure, in possession of all the European intelligence that can interest him, a few minutes after the vessel shall be in port. The subscription for this publication will be at the low price of $4 per annum, to the public generally, but those who do or shall take the *Albion* also, will be charged only $2 per annum each, in addition to the regular Albion subscription. Advantage will be taken of Mr. Cunard's steamers whenever a priority of sailing promises a priority of arrival.
☞ Orders for one or both papers will be received at the Albion Office, or by any of its agents.
New-York, January, 1841.

THE
HALIFAX MORNING POST,
AND
Parliamentary Reporter.
By J. H. Croskill, No. 13, Hollis-street, Halifax, N. S.
IT is now four months since the publication of this paper was commenced, and during that short period it has become established in character and circulation, in Nova-Scotia and in many portions of New Brunswick.
It transmits regularly, by every mail, to all places in both Provinces, the latest and most important intelligence on all subjects interesting to the Colonies or the empire at large. Four hours after the arrival of the Cunard Steamers from England, there is issued from this office an *extraordinary sheet*, containing the news, which is thus sent, by the same conveyance that carries the English Mail, to the towns at a distance from the Capital,—to New-Brunswick, to Prince Edward Island and to the United States of America: So that the Subscribers to this paper receive the English News, free of extra charge, earlier than it can be obtained, through any of the ordinary channels.
New Brunswick.—Once a week the Morning Post publishes a letter, replete with wit and information from a talented correspondent in St. John—whose graphic sketches of society, and humourous descriptions, are universally admired, while they are increasing the esteem in which the Morning Post is held in New Brunswick, and extending its circulation among her inhabitants.
To furnish a correct Report of the sayings and doings of the Parliament of Nova-Scotia, is one of the chief objects of this paper.
Immediately after the close of the Session, the proprietor of the Morning Post will commence the publication of a series of Original Tales, Poems, Essays and Sketches,—his desire being to encourage native genius, and to extend and beautify the walks of colonial literature. He trusts that this new and novel feature in the journal under his control, will secure for it as extensive and permanent circulation, as, it is humbly conceived, a paper on which so much labour is expended, is justly entitled to.
The Morning Post is mailed to Country Subscribers at *the low price of Fifteen Shillings per annum*, in advance; or it will be sent to any address, for one year and a half, on the receipt of a pound note in advance, —free of postage.
The Sam Slick papers, third series, are now being republished in the Morning Post.
Halifax, February 1841.

British and Foreign Newspaper Office, India Club House, and Colonial Reading Rooms, Chichester, England.
P. L. SIMMONDS, Newspaper and Advertisement Agent and Corresponent, supplies with promptitude and regularity, and upon moderate terms, all the London, Provincial, and Foreign Periodicals and Newspapers. Advertisements, orders, and communications received for every Newspaper published.
Terms: A quarter's payment in advance, or a respectable reference in London.
Agent for all the Canadian, Nova Scotian, New-Brunswick, Newfoundland, Bahama, and West India Papers, which, with the Newspapers from the other British Colonies and Foreign Parts, and the principal London, Irish, and scotch Journals, are regularly filed at Mr. Simmond's News Offices and Reading Rooms.

Pictorial Illustrations
OF
THE BIBLE.
A FRESH supply of the above work is just received, and can be obtained at the various Book Stores in the City, and at the store of
G. & E. SEARS,
January 12, 1841. *King street.*

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.

JUST PUBLISHED,
Ninety-six Pages Octavo.—Price 2s. 6d.
AN ACCOUNT
OF THE
River Saint John,
WITH ITS
TRIBUTARY RIVERS & LAKES.
BY EDMUND WARD,
Assistant Emigrant Agent, Fredericton.
WITH A MAP OF THE PROVINCE.
The object of this work is to make the British Public, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring Province of Nova Scotia, acquainted with the superior fertility of that of New-Brunswick, particularly the portion of it to which the above work refers; it is therefore offered at a price that will merely pay the expense of printing and binding.
To be had at Mr. Beverley's Book Store, Fredericton, and at the Stationary Stores of Mr. D. M'Millan, St. John, and of Messrs. M'Kinlay, Halifax, and at the Sentinel Office
Fredericton, Jan. 29, 1841.

The Garland.

THE QUEEN.

Joy to the Ocean Queen!
Peril and pain are o'er;
And shouts are heard between
The cannons' lordly roar.
To hail the Royal stranger
A nation's welcome springs,
Saved, in the hour of danger,
By the Hand that ruleth Kings.

Joy to the Ocean Isle!
Glad bells the tidings sped,
And lighted up a smile
Far as the echoes fled.
They brighten starlike glances,
In the Peer's proud hall of night;
And the Peasant mother dances
Her infant in delight.

Forth the good tidings flew,
Borne by each snow-white sail;
And tribes of every hue
The glad event shall hail.
Far as floats the British Lion,
Glad faces shall be seen,
To hail the Royal Scion,
To cry, "God save the Queen."

Yes; nor let idle tone
Pollute that solemn prayer!
The Heavens are His Throne,
Who makes our rule his care.
Kings rule by his direction:
Still may His hand be seen
To compass with protection
Our country and our Queen!

FRAGMENT.

Man, man, thou art too vain. Look round and see
Mountain o'er mountain rising, till thine eye
Fail to observe the ether-circled tops,
Whose every atom is a work of might
And mystery as complex as thyself.
Gaze on the flood of waters rolling on
In strength and freshness. Billow after billow
Spreading in sudden fury to contend
With wind and cloud, or hushed in glossy rest,
Scarce ripples loud enough against the ship
To lull the drowsy sea-boy to his sleep.
Is there a bubble of the foamy spray,
Is there one drop of that great briny world
That is not, like thyself—a miracle?
The throb that marks the current of thy blood
With constant and unerring beat is not
More curious or regular in its course
Than the vast tides that form the ocean's pulse.
Cast thy proud glance upon the concave span
Where suns shine out with pure eternal light,
And starry myriads dwell in endless space;
Where Godhead flings such flashing lustre round,
That Reason shrinks before the blinding ray,
While Knowledge gazes with an idiot stare
Upon the illumined scroll, and owns 'tis traced
In characters it cannot comprehend.
Watch the mute creatures that obey thy nod—
The steed that bears thee, and the hound that follows—
There shalt thou meet an instinct hedging close
Upon thy vaunted attribute of mind;
An instinct so allied to human wit
That pale Reflection knows not where to set
The delicate boundary of soul and sense,
But wonders at the brute embodied spirit
That often mocks the claim of baser man,
And shames him in his high supremacy.
Philosophy and science stand ye forth;
Array your crucibles of magic flame,
Unroll your parchments of long-gathered lore,
And see if ye can shape with chemic craft
A blade of grass, or tell us where the wind
Goeth or listeth. Man thou art too vain:
Exert thy cunning brain and dexterous hand,
With all the daring energy and skill
That mortals love to boast, yet wilt thou find
The particles of dust thou treadest on
Too much for thy weak power to analyze.
Eliza Cook.

Miscellaneous.

THE DEBTOR'S WIFE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

'If she cannot check the tempest's course
At least she'll point a shelter from its force.'

'Why, George, how pale you look this evening, said Mrs. Mordaunt, as her husband entered the elegant little boudoir in which she was sitting engaged on some fancy work; 'but 'tis always thus when you stay too late in the city. Its very air seems to affect you with gloom and ennui.'

'Do not abuse the city,' said Mr. Mordaunt with a melancholy smile, 'my dear Mary, since it affords you many luxuries. See,' he continued, unfolding a paper, 'here is an Opera Box at Mrs. Mordaunt's service for this evening, but I suppose she will not use it, as it was given by a citizen.

The lady smiling met the lips that jested thus with a kiss, and the next hour saw Mrs. Mordaunt seated beside her husband, in one of the best boxes at the Opera. In the course of the entertainment several friends whom Mordaunt knew in the house visited their box, and at the commencement of the Ballet, he quitted his station beside his wife with two young men; saying he should just take a turn in the lobby; leaving her under the care of Lord Star, for the brief interval of his absence:—Lord Star was a nonenity for which our forefathers would have found no name, but we moderns, more cunning at invention, have called the thing a dandy. After waving about a well scented cambric handkerchief, and displaying a hand, which from its snowy whiteness and jewelled fingers, might have been mistaken for the gentler sex, Lord Star declared, 'Pon honor, he was very partial to music—very—nothing he liked to hear better, except the conversation of a fine woman.'

Having given his quiescent companion this important information, the Lordling was silent, for the best of reasons—he had no more to say.

Two hours had passed since Mordaunt quitted his wife; the entertainments were drawing to a close, and she began to feel vexed and uneasy, when the box door opened, and her husband and his two friends entered. The flushed cheek and wandering eye of Mordaunt told the mortified wife that his absence had not been unemployed; and his boisterous and sudden elevation of spirits made her heart swell with vexation and disgust.

Mordaunt insisted that his companions should accompany them home to supper; and with seeming reluctance on their part, from the lateness of the hour and the fear of keeping Mrs. Mordaunt up, they consented. The repast was prolonged to an early hour of the morning, in talking over the merits of the opera; and as Mordaunt, from apparent courtesy, lighted his guests to the door, his wife fancied she heard them enter the little library that served for their breakfast room, in which the private papers and money of Mordaunt were kept.

'George! I do not like those men whom you introduced me to last night,' said his wife to Mordaunt, as they sat at their morning repast, 'and I am sure they stayed some time with you, after you left the dining-room; besides, they had evidently led you into no good while you left me at the opera with that stupid exquisite, Lord Star! I hope in future you will avoid such companions.'

'My dear Mary! how many times have you hinted this since last night,' replied her husband. 'I have assured you we only went to look at the club house, of which my friends are members, and certainly had a bottle of champagne. Now don't be jealous, Mary, since I was not in the company of ladies.'

The next six months from the evening of the opera, saw a sad change both in the manners and the house of Mordaunt. One by one, though almost imperceptibly, its elegant ornaments glided away, under the pretence of being repaired, or exchanged for those of newer fashion, though Mrs. Mordaunt protested she was contented with the old ones. The beautiful time pieces vanished as if by magic from the marble chimney shelves; the handsome jewels, with which, in the first years of their marriage, Mordaunt had delighted to deck his wife, grew in his eyes vulgar, or out of date, they must be re-set; and for this ostensible purpose they were taken away.

Gloom and sullen ill temper sat on the brow of the husband; anxiety and melancholy on that of the wife. There seemed, too, an estrangement between them without any apparent cause, a coldness, a distrust for which she at least could not account. Under one pretext or other Mordaunt was little at home; and his wife began to feel, though she was ashamed to acknowledge it, even to her own heart, that she was neglected. Oh! hour most fatal to female virtue; when the heart of woman is made to feel this fatal truth. Then let her pray that the guardian angel who watches over her destiny, forsake her not, or she is lost for ever.

One evening as she sat at a late hour awaiting the return of Mordaunt, whose protracted absences now grew too frequent to create alarm, she was startled from her melancholy reverie by a loud knocking at the street door, and the servant entering with a letter. It was from Mordaunt: he told her in a few hurried lines, he was arrested, and requested she would follow the bearer, with what cash and valuables she could collect in the house, to the place of his confinement.

Too probably at some period of life many of my readers may have witnessed the interior of a lock up house. There, may be seen congregated under one roof, the dashing spendthrift, sent in, probably at the suit of some fashionable tailor for his three years' bill. Look with what impatience he bestrides the narrow pathway of that grated apartment, waiting with curses on his lips, the arrival of some Shylock, whose 'monies,' borrowed at a thousand per cent., are to release him from his 'durance vile,' and send him forth again into the world to plunge yet deeper in sin. There too is the distressed but honest tradesman, shading his burning brow with his livid hand, and fearing to lift his eye, lest it should encounter those who have known him in happier scenes. There may be seen the fashionable female, whose lapse from virtue renders her hardened to such a scene, taking with easy nonchalence, her turtle soup and port wine, and ever and anon enquiring as she lifts her eye from the newspaper if her 'man of law is come?' In the opposite corner behold the pale and anxious wife with the little basket of refreshments, whispering that consolation which she herself needs, to an imprudent, perhaps erring husband. To such a scene were the footsteps of Mrs. Mordaunt guided by the bearer of her husband's letter.

And how had Mordaunt's misery and disgrace arisen? He was not extravagant; not a gamester, in the usual acceptation of the word. That is he did not frequent the gambling house or the race-ground—but he did what was far more ruinous, lived on false credit, and was a Bill-accepter, that fearful tide, which has reduced half the mercantile families of England to beggary.

We will not pursue the story further. Nor follow the wretched Mordaunt in all the degrading stages and vicissitudes of error, till he became a temporary exile in a foreign land. We will not tell how false friends dropt from him in the bitter hours of adversity—like leaves from the tree beneath the blast of Autumn; all save one, who still clung closer to him amid the storm, as the ivy twines fonder round the oak when tempests assail it. And who was that faithful one? The maiden may anticipate—the young Bride may surmise—but the long wedded Wife who peruses these pages need go no further than her own bosom for reply.

Ten years have passed away since the commencement of our tale. In a lovely cottage in the most fertile part of Devonshire—retired from the tumults of the world, Mordaunt and his faithful Mary found 'that peace which the world cannot give.' Time has somewhat blanched, but cheerfulness and gratitude beam in her eye. She feels that she has been the means, under the hand of Providence, of snatching her misguided husband as a brand from the burning. Had she forsaken him, when other friends fell off, what now had he been! an outcast—a wanderer—beyond the reach of virtue even to have been recalled. But guided, sustained, supported, by those counsels a wife only can bestow, he has passed through the valley of evil, and entered on that path alone, even in this world, can lead to peace,—the path of Rectitude and Honor.

The Jews.—The following extracts are taken from *Der Orient*, a German newspaper. They seem to betoken a movement among the continental Jews in relation to the late crisis in Syria:—

"We have a country, the inheritance of our fathers, finer, more fruitful, better situate for commerce, than many of the most celebrated portions of the globe.—Environed by the deep-delled Taurus, the lively shores of the Euphrates, the lofty steppes of Arabia, and of rocky Sinai, our country extends along the shores of the Mediterranean, crowned by the towering cedars of Lebanon, the source of a hundred rivulets and brooks, which spread fruitfulness over shady dales, and confer wealth on the contented inhabitants. A glorious land! situate at the farthest extremity of the sea which connects three quarters of the globe, over which the Phœnicians, our brethren, sent their numerous fleets to the shores of Albion, and the rich coasts of Lithuania, near to both the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf; the perpetual courses of the traffic of the world, on the way from Persia and India to the Caspian and Black Sea; the central country of the commerce between the east and west.

"Every country has its peculiarity; every people their own nature. Syria, with its extensive surrounding plains, unfavourable to regular cultivation, is a land of transit, of communications, of caravans. No people of the earth have lived so true to their calling from the first as we have done. We are a trading people, born for the country where little food is necessary, and this is furnished by nature almost spontaneously to the temperate inhabitants, but not for the heavy soils of the ruder north.

"In no country of the earth are our brethren so numerous as in Syria; in none do they live in as dense masses, so independent of the surrounding inhabitants; in none do they persevere so steadfastly in their faith in the promises of the fathers, as on the beautiful shores of the Orontes. In Damascus alone live nearly 60,000.

"The Arab has maintained his language in his original country; on the Nile, in the deserts, as far as Sinai, and beyond the Jordan, he feeds his flocks. In the elevated plains of Asia Minor, the Turkoman has conquered for himself a second country, the birthplace of the Osman; but Syria and Palestine are depopulated. For centuries the battle-field between the sons of Altai and of the Arabian wilderness, the inhabitants of the West and the half-nomadic Persians, none have been able to establish themselves and maintain their nationality; no nation can claim the name of Syrian. A chaotic mixture of all tribes and tongues, remnants of migration from north and south, they disturb one another in the possession of the glorious land where our fathers for so many centuries emptied the cup of joy and wo, where every clod is drenched with the blood of our heroes when their bodies were buried under the ruins of Jerusalem.

"The power of our enemies is gone, the angel of discord has long since mown down their mighty hosts, and yet ye do not bestir yourselves, people of Jehovah! What hinders? Nothing but your own supineness.

"Think you, that Mehemet Ali or the Sultan of Stamboul will not be convinced that it would be better for him to be the protector of a peaceful and wealthy people, than with infinite loss of men and money to contend against the ever-repeated, mutually provoked insurrection of the Turks and Arabs, of whom neither the one nor the other are able to give prosperity to the country?

"Our probation was long, in all countries, from the North Pole to the South! There is no trade, no art which we have not practised, no science in which we cannot show splendid examples. Where will you find better proclaimers of civilization to the wild tribes of the East?

"People of Jehovah, raise yourselves from your thousand year's slumber! Rally round your leaders; have really the will, a Moses will not be wanting. The rights of nations will never grow old; take possession of the land of your fathers; build a third time the Temple on Zion, greater and more magnificent than ever. Trust in the Lord, who has led you safely through the vale of misery thousands of years. He also will not forsake you in your last conflict."

Expedition to the Niger.—The expedition which is now fitting out in England, for Africa, is an important one to the cause of humanity, and deserves the good wishes of every friend of the human race. The expedition is to consist of three iron steam-vessels—the Albert, the Wilberforce, and the Soudan. They will take with them surgeons and men of science, botanists, surveyors, geographers, geologists, and agriculturists. They are provided with seeds, implements, medicines and presents furnished from private as well as public sources. The expedition is intended to proceed to the mouth of the Niger, and ascend that river, and lay the foundation of commerce with the African tribes; extend among them the principles of Christianity and the blessings of civilization; and in this way give a mortal blow to the odious and unnatural traffic in slaves.

The greatest obstacle to the success of this expedition, will probably be found in the unhealthiness of the climate, which has proved so fatal to Europeans. But the nature of the diseases of the African coast has been studied with much attention within a few years, and every possible precaution will be taken to preserve the health of the persons who will embark in this noble enterprise.—*Boston Merc. Journal.*

The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, with Selections from his Writings: By Washington Irving.—This is another valuable addition to the Harpers' Family Library, in two volumes, forming Nos. 121 and 122 of that excellent collection. With Irving the writing of Goldsmith's Life must have been eminently, if not technically, a 'labor of love;' for no two authors with whom we are acquainted have so many qualities in common, both of head and heart, as Goldsmith and his biographer. The genius of each consists not in the power nor the brilliancy of his writings; but it is quiet, loving, humorsome and mildly radiant as the beams of the setting sun. The spirit of gentleness, of humanity shines through all their works; they dwell always upon the sunny hill-side of Life—and take no account of its chill shadow-land,—or, if they do it is only to light it up with the mellow, beaming splendor of their own genius. What Mr. Irving says of Goldsmith at the commencement of his memoir, is equally applicable to himself.

"There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings. We read his character in every page, and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works; the whimsical yet amiable views of human life & human nature; the unforced humor, blended so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed at times with a pleasing melancholy; even the very nature of his mellow, and flowing, and softly-tinted style, all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author. While the productions of writers of loftier pretension and more sounding names are suffered to moulder on our shelves, those of Goldsmith are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle with our minds, sweeten our tempers, and harmonize our thoughts; they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing they make us happier and better men."

The biographical sketch, thus introduced, is compiled mainly from the copious work of Prior, who presented many and exceedingly interesting particulars of Goldsmith's life, though in a crude and undigested form. Parts of it, too, are reprinted from a memoir which Mr. Irving wrote some years ago. It is an admirable and interesting performance. —*New-Yorker.*

Moore's Description of Niagara Falls.—When we arrived at the inn in the neighbourhood of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening; and I lay awake almost the whole night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I considered as a sort of era in my life; and the first glimpse I caught of that wonderful cataract gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever awaken again. It was through an opening among the trees, as we appronched the spot where the full view of the Falls was to burst upon us, that I caught this glimpse of the mighty mass of waters folding smoothly over the edge of the precipice; and so overwhelming was the notion it gave me of the awful spectacle I was appoaching, that during the short interval that followed, imagination had far outrun the reality; and vast and wonderful as was the scene that then opened upon me, my first feeling was that of disappointment. It would have been impossible, indeed, for anything real to come up to the vision I had in these few seconds formed of it; and those awful Scriptural words, "The fountains of the great deep were broken up," can alone give any notion of the vague wonders for which I was prepared. But in spite of the start thus got by the imagination, the triumph of reality was, in the end, but the greater; for the gradual glory of the scene that opened upon me soon took possession of my whole mind; presenting, from day to day, some new beauty or wonder, and like all that is most sublime in nature or art, awakening sad, as well as elevating thoughts. I retain in my memory but one other dream—for such do events so long past appear—which can in any respect be associated with the grand vision I have just been describing; and, however different the nature of their appeals to the imagination, I should find it difficult to say on which occasion I felt most deeply affected, when looking on the Falls of Niagara, or when standing by moonlight among the ruins of the Coliseum.—[Moore's Preface to his Poems.

Warmth During Childhood.—The importance of warmth to children is well described in the following extract from the writings of a celebrated physician:

"Instinct leads mothers to keep their infants warm, though philosophers, by more or less specious reasoning, have at different times, and in different countries, induced them to abandon this guide, by persuading them that an external cold would fortify the constitutions of their children, as it does those of adults. Mortality from cold is not confined to children whom the misery of their parents cannot guard from the rigor of the weather, but it operates to a great extent, without being perceived or suspected, in families enjoying affluence, and in which it is believed that the necessary precautions are taken, because, cold being relative, it is difficult from our own feeling to judge of its effects on others. Children may not feel the cold, but they have an uneasiness and indisposition which arises from it; their constitutions become deteriorated by passing through the alternations of health and disease, and they sink under the action of an unknown cause. The constitution is altered without the cause being suspected."

The late John Walker, Esq.—This truly estimable, venerable, and universally esteemed gentleman, was gathered to his fathers at Irongray Church yard, on Friday last, in presence of as sincere a band of mourners as ever assembled round the grave of a private citizen in this or any other district of country. The train of carriages, forty-five in number, extended from the bottom of Bank Street ot the NewBridge, and hundreds came to the doors of their respective dwellings to take a last sad look as the mournful procession passed along. Mr. Walker died on the 4th curt., and had entered we believe, the 84th year of his age. A span so protracted, with the whole faculties of mind and body vigorous and unimpaired, fall to the lot of so few, that grief is calmed by the consideration that a true Christian had run his course; but up to a very recent period, the deceased's health and spirits were so buoyant and good, that his friends wished him an added length of years, crowned as they were, and had always been, with the highest respectability of conduct and character,—rectitude that shrunk from no trial—dispositions kindly in the highest degree—piety alike sincere and unostentatious—and manners befitting the true gentleman. While some of his brothers went abroad and made fortunes, the deceased remained contentedly at home, and farmed skilfully, for nearly fifty years, the extensive lands of Clouden,—a locality the more endeared, that it adjoined closely the place of his nativity. But he was also a merchant in company with his son, and so distinguished himself by the probity of his dealings, calmness, courtesy, temper and judgment, that it may be doubted whether he ever made an enemy or lost a friend. Descended from an ancient and respectable family, he moved in the best society in town and country, and for the long period of half a century, entertained his friends at his own happy home with an unpretending ease and frankness of manner that were never exceeded, and but rarely equalled.

The celebrated Jeanie Deans, alias Helen Walker, possessed for many years a cottage on Mr. Walker's farm of Clouden, and at her death it fell to his lot to lay her head in the grave, in the church-yard of Irongray, where he himself now reposes amidst kindred dust. For long her resting place was undistinguished, save by a "peculiar stone in the dyke," and when the late Sir Walter Scott determined to erect a monument to her memory, Mr. Walker, perhaps alone of those who survived a heroine whose story, though embellished, is true as regards the principal incidents, was enabled to point to the exact spot.—*Dumfries Courier.*

Honey a Cure for the Gravel.—The following, which appeared originally in the *Liverpool Courier*, may prove serviceable to some of our readers:—"About twenty-seven years ago (says a correspondent) I was much afflicted with the gravel, and twice in serious danger, from small stones lodging in the passage; I met with a gentleman who had been in my situation, and had got rid of that severe disorder by sweeting his tea with half honey and half sugar. I adopted this remedy, and found it effectual. After being fully clear of my disease about ten years, I declined taking honey, and in about three months I had a violent fit of my old complaint; I then renewed my practice of taking honey in my tea, and have not for the last seventeen years had the smallest symptom of the gravel. I have recommended my prescripton to many of my acquaintance, and have never known it to fail."

According to the old German custom, the sons were to walk to church after their father, but the daughter before the mother, to show that their eyes should never be off them.