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ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, MAY 26, 1840.

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Weekly Almanack.

May—1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
27 Wednesday - -	4 21	7 32	1 46	7 42
28 Thursday - -	4 20	7 33	2 9	8 45
29 Friday - -	4 19	7 34	2 37	9 40
30 Saturday - -	4 18	7 35	3 13	10 30
31 Sunday - -	4 17	7 36	Sets.	11 20
1 Monday - -	4 18	7 37	9 49	ev. 9
2 Tuesday - -	4 17	7 38	10 38	0 56

New Moon 21st, 2h. 36m. 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 BOYD, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.
Committee for May,

☞ 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

APRIL, 1840.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

W. G. LAWTON

Has just received from *London* and *Liverpool*, a variety of Fashionable GOODS, suitable for the season, comprising the following articles:—
SILKS, SATINS, Bombazetts and CRAPES; Orleans Cloths, Saxony and Victoria Twills; Mousseline de Laines, Parasols and Umbrellas, A great variety of Fancy HANDKERCHIEFS, RIBBONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES and SHAWLS, NETS, Laces, Edgings and Quillings, Tweeds, Buckskin and Broad CLOTHS; Gentlemen's Plain and Fancy STOCKS, Muslin Worked Trimming and Collars, A large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES—all warranted in good condition, Printed COTTONS and FURNITURES. Grey, white and striped SHIRTINGS, Regatta Shirtings, Homespuns and Checks, Plain and Fancy Moleskins, and Sattinetts, A variety of fancy Trowser Stuffs and Vestings, Padding, Canvas and Osnaburghs; Ducks, Linens, Diapers and LAWNS, A great variety of Jeans for Children's Dresses. MUSLINS of all kinds, with a general assortment o small Wares of every description; the whole o which are offered at the lowest Market prices.

Victoria Book Store.
By late Arrivals—
CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL, for 1840; Ditto Educational Course; SCHOOL BOOKS, in great variety, Writing Papers, assorted; Wrapping do. do. QUILLS and STEEL PENS, Writing Inks, Ink Powders, Ink Stands, &c. A few copies of the *Great Western's LETTER BAG*, by the author of *Sam Slick*.
7th April. V. H. NELSON & CO.

Annapolis Academy,
NOVA SCOTIA.
MR. FORBES, Principal of the above Institution, having moved to a more commodious house, can accommodate an additional number of Young Gentlemen, as Boarders, who, under his superintendence, will be instructed in such branches as belong either to Classical or Mathematical learning. The system combines domestic as well as public instruction, and strictest attention to morals and comfort of pupils. Terms for the Classical course, of Latin, French, Greek and Mathematics, from £26 to £30 per annum;—and for the English course of Arithmetic, Geography, History and Grammar, £25 per annum, including Washing. Each pupil is expected to bring his own Bedding.—References of the highest respectability.
Annapolis, 21st April, 1840.—6†p

REMOVAL.
THE Rev. J. G. MACGREGOR most respectfully intimates that his Select Classical Academy is now removed from behind St. Stephen's Church, and will be opened on Monday the 4th instant, in a new, commodious, and well aired apartment—perfectly retired—erected for the purpose, on the hill, on a new lot immediately adjoining the dwelling house of Mr. Paterson. A few pupils can be admitted to join a young Class for Grammar—or one reading Cornelius Nepos—or one reading Virgil.
St. John, May 2, 1840.

DR. BOTSFORD begs leave to inform the public, that he now occupies the House adjoining Mr. P. BESNARD, in Horsefield street, where he may be found by those who require his Professional assistance. April 28.

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 20th 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 JOHN PERKINS, late of the City of Saint John, Master Mariner, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within six months from this date; and all persons indebted to the said Estate, will please make immediate payment to the subscriber.
EDWARD J. M'MULLIN,
St. John, N.B. May 1, 1840. } 3m. *Administrator.*

The Garland.

From the London Literary Gazette.

THE KIND OLD FRIENDLY FEELINGS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THE kind old friendly feelings!—
We have their spirit yet,
Though years and years have passed, old friend,
Since thou and I last met!
And something of grey Time's advance
Seems in thy fading eye,
Yet 'tis the same good honest glance
I loved in times gone by—
Ere the kind old friendly feelings,
Had ever brought one sigh!

The warm old friendly feelings!—
Ah, who need yet be told
No other links can bind the heart
Like those loved links of old!
Thy hand I joyed in youth to clasp,
The touch of age may show,
Yet 't is the same true hearty grasp
I loved so long ago—
Ere the last old friendly feelings,
Had taught one tear to flow!

The kind old friendly feelings!—
Oh, seem they e'er less dear,
Because some recollections
May meet us with a tear?
Though hopes we shared—the early beams
Ambition showed our way—
Have fled, dear friend, like morning dreams
Before Truth's searching ray—
Still we've kept the kind old feelings
That blessed our youthful day!

SPRING.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

SPRING is bursting from each bud,
Spring is blooming in each flower;
Dancing on the chrystal flood,
Blushing in the verdant bower;
Every bright and joyous thing
Heralds the return of Spring!

But, the Heart, whose bloom is past,
Ne'er a *second* Spring can know;
Cold eternal Winter's cast
O'er its waste unmelting snow;
Nature's smiles can bloom impart,
And make all verdant, save—the Heart!

Miscellaneous.

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

BY CHARLES P. ILSLEY.

CHAPTER I.

"This will never do—this will never do!" repeated Frederic Rodney despondingly, as he arose from his chair and threw aside a late medical review, over the pages of which he had been poring for the last hour. "Four months and over," he continued, as he walked to and fro his neatly carpeted office—"four months and not a single patient as yet. A promising beginning truly. I fear this is no place for me, I must order a barrel of camomile and start for the West. A young physician stands no chance here, unless he has a diploma from over the sea. If I could only cross the water—walk through a London or Paris hospital, I might——Come in! come in!" he hastily exclaimed, as a light rap on the door disturbed his soliloquy.

The door opened and a little child poorly clad, entered the office, and stammered out a request that the doctor would visit her mother, who, the child stated, "was very sick indeed." Never was a summons more cheerfully obeyed. He had received a call at last, a first call—and though the appearance of the young messenger was anything but promising, what cared he? The ice was broken and he had a patient!

Hastily arranging himself he inquired of the girl the address of the sick woman, which he immediately transferred to the slate attached to the outside of his door—inscribed in bold characters—"AT MRS. MORGAN'S, THIMBLE ALLEY." He then bade the child lead the way and with a light heart followed.

Frederic Rodney was a young physician who had recently established himself in the city of———. Poor and friendless he entered the profession, and it was only by dint of the most persevering effort that he was enabled to maintain himself during his preparatory studies. But he was endowed with a resolution which no difficulty could overcome, and bravely did he conquer the obstacles that beset his path.—Despite of the manifold disadvantages under which he labored, when he received his diploma, he was the acknowledged superior of the class, and received the marked and flattering commendation of the professors. "Go on as you have begun," said the aged and talented President, as he tendered him the coveted parchment—"remit not your persevering and praiseworthy efforts. Be not satisfied with present attainments; study, young man, study, let this be the watchword and fear not that success will attend you."

Rodney was not one to rest satisfied with mere mediocrity in his profession. He allowed himself no unnecessary relaxation, but devoted all his strong healthful energies to his noble calling—a calling, we regret to say, disgraced by too many unworthy followers

With sanguine hopes he rented an office, neatly furnished it, stuck out his 'shingle;' and sat himself down amidst a small but choice selection of medical works, patiently waiting for a summons to the bedside of disease. Months, however passed away without once having his professional services called into requisition, and he began to think of starting for the far West, that general receptacle for loafing adventurers.

It was in the midst of a despending soliloquy, having reference to this subject, that he was unexpectedly called upon to visit a patient. The house to which he was conducted was quite as unpropossessing in its appearance as was his little guide. It was a miserably delapidated building situated in an obscure alley, evidently the abode of the most abject poverty.—The interior of the dwelling was not a whit more inviting than the exterior. The chinks in the walls—the uneven floor—the broken and stuffed windows, and the scant furniture—all spoke of destitution and suffering. Rodney cast but a glance around the room, when his attention was directed to the flock bed on which was stretched his patient. A slight examination was sufficient to acquaint him with the nature of the case. The wretched woman was suffering under an attack of the typhus fever of the most virulent character. The black, swollen tongue, and the sunken, pallid countenance, convinced him that the disease had arrived at the crisis which required the most effective measures. He shook his head doubtfully as he took her hand and felt her rapid pulse.—The chance of saving her he felt was very slim. So long as there was life, however, there was hope, and he immediately resorted to those means which the urgency of the case demanded. He neglected nothing that he thought would have a tendency to benefit his patient, and after prescribing the proper medicines and leaving directions as to their application to the person in attendance—a sister of the sick woman—he took his departure.

Rodney was young and had not seen enough of the world to render him hardened to such a scene of wretchedness and want, and although he expected no remuneration for his services, his sympathies were warmly enlisted in behalf of the poor woman. His attentions, therefore, were unremitted, and he was rejoiced to see that his exertions were not put forth in vain. The disease gradually yielded to his skilful treatment, and it was not long ere he pronounced the woman out of danger. When he made his last visit, the invalid was profuse in her thanks for his attendance upon her, and very unexpectedly to him offered some money for fees, which she said a young lady had given her a day or two before, together with a number of delicacies, so acceptable to the sick, the appearance of which had struck Rodney as somewhat strange in such a place. Who the lady was she could not tell; but she was very beautiful and very kind, God bless her! said the woman with much feeling. Rodney declined the proffered money and left his patient showering down blessings on his head.

Frederic rejoiced not less than the poor convalescent did in her recovery. He had mastered one of the most fatal disorders to which mankind are subjects and his humane heart thrilled with a new pleasure as he reflected that he had been the instrument under God, of relieving the suffering of one of his fellow creatures. It is indeed a noble—a God-like calling—to visit the sick and the suffering, and minister to their necessities—Frederic felt it to be so, and though his profits were small his pleasure was great.

At the time of which we are writing, the typhus fever prevailed to a great extent in ————. It was principally confined to the lower class of its inhabitants, who, from their exposure—their manner of living, and unhealthy situations, were peculiarly subject to its attacks. By degrees, however, the disease spread, and carried its ravages into the dwellings of the wealthy, causing much alarm. Our physician soon had many patients on his list—although his practice was entirely limited to those whose circumstances were such as to afford little hopes of reward. The recovery of his first patient, who had hastily been 'given over' by another physician, from an idea, probably, that it was an *unprofitable* case, was the means of establishing his skill at once among those who were knowing to the facts.

It is not our intention to depict the scenes of suffering Rodney was compelled to witness. They were many and distressing. It is a melancholy spectacle to behold a fellow-creature brought low by disease—the brightness of the eye dimmed—the bloom of the cheek faded—the elasticity of the nerves destroyed, and pain and weakness and despondency taking the place of health, strength, and buoyancy of spirit—it is a melancholy spectacle, even though the sufferer be surrounded by all the comforts that wealth and affection can command—yet if one would realize all the horrors of sickness, he must enter the small tenements of the poor in large cities, where even when disease is absent, a distressing scene awaits him.—The small close room,—the miserable accommodations—the hard uncomfortable bed—the unavoidable neglect—the absence of those soothing attentions, which, if they do not benefit the patient, serve to soften the harshness of disease—these are some of the evils which attend upon the sick poor.

It was into scenes like these that Rodney was daily introduced, and often was his heart pained by the sight of wretchedness he could not alleviate. Frequently in making a visit he was surprised to notice little articles—trifling luxuries—not usually found except by the sick couches of those in prosperous circumstances; and whenever he alluded to them, he was told they were furnished by a benevolent lady, who had kindly brought or sent them to the sufferer. Who the kind lady was he could not ascertain. Her name was unknown, but she was invariably described as being both young and lovely. At first these articles did not excite more than a passing notice; but when he had repeatedly met with them, his interest was excited—more particularly as he could get no clue to the name or residence of the fair donor; she was generally accompanied, he was told, by a servant who bore the articles, and after making a few kind enquiries she left her gifts—sometimes one thing, sometimes another—and then departed.

"She is an angel," said a poor woman to Rodney one day, in reply to some remark he made respecting her—"she is an angel, sir—and I do not know how I should have got along in my sickness without her assistance. I am indebted to her for this comfortable bedding; this sick dress and most of the little niceties you see, sir, are her gifts. When my wood was all gone, and my poor child sat shivering over the embers, what should come along but a nice load of wood, all sawed and split, ready for use, which the truckman said he had been ordered to leave at my door. He would not tell from whom it came, but when the young lady called I knew from her eye that she was the donor. Ah, sir, the Lord will assuredly bless those who thus remember the poor! Here, sir," she continued, is your fee, with many thanks for your goodness."

"And was this the gift of the young lady, too?"

"It was, indeed, sir. Long has been the time since I have hoarded so much silver of my own."

"Then keep it—you are perfectly welcome to what little service I have rendered you."

"But she told me it was to pay the doctor with"—said the woman earnestly, still holding out the money—"She said you was very kind to the sick—which I know to be a truth—and received but little pay from your patients—will you not take it, sir."

"No, no, my good woman," replied Rodney, his cheeks slightly glowing at the compliment paid to him by the unknown—"keep the money—you have most need of it. I cannot consent to take from you the gift of your generous benefactor."

CHAPTER II.

"Who can she be?" said Rodney to himself, as he sat musingly in his office—"Young, lovely, and so benevolent!—Strange that I never met with her. Go where I will, the footprints of the angel are visible, yet I find her not."

The truth was, the fair unknown had made a decided impression on our young physician. Filled with a generous enthusiasm himself, with sympathies keenly alive to the miseries of others, his heart instinctively warmed towards those who exhibited the same noble qualities. More particularly was he favorably inclined toward her whose secret charity evinced a purity of benevolent spirit, a spirit which seeking not the praise of the world, found its sole reward in the consciousness of doing good. Real charity consists not in an ostentatious display of its gifts. The truly benevolent shrink from observation, permitting not the right hand a knowledge of the doings of the left.

"Charity ever
Finds in the act reward, and needs no trumpet
In the receiver."

It was not the manner alone with which the fair unknown bestowed her gifts, that excited the admiration of Frederic. Superadded to her goodness of heart were other points of attraction that won his interest—She was young and beautiful—these, with the mystery that shrouded her, were enough to awaken a lively sentiment in his bosom.

Rodney rather avoided than courted society—fashionable society. It was too hollow and artificial to enthral one who had to grapple with the stern realities of life. Not that he was of reserved disposition, for he delighted to mingle freely in the social circle, where he could enjoy that intercourse which springs from congeniality of mind—where warm, unstudied heart-feelings are indulged in, undisturbed by those conventional rules which chill and restrain confidence. He had formed a lofty estimate of female character—not as developed in the ball room, or in the crowded soiree, but as exhibited in the domestic circle, in all its natural loveliness. He loved to look upon woman, not as a mere plaything with which to while away an hour, but as a purer order of being, whose office is to minister to our higher and better natures, as well as to be a solace to those who require her gentle sympathies. And such had he found her—possessing all those pure and noble qualities that shed such an influence on the heart and mind—improving the moral sense and exalting the intellect. By the couch of suffering, too, he had found her, amidst scenes of wretchedness and want—an angel of mercy ever—soothing the pillow of sickness, and relieving the necessities of the distressed.

In his contemplations of the fair unknown he fancied her endowed with all these estimable qualities. He had traced her in the abodes of poverty, extending consolation and affording relief, and he willingly believed that one whose character shone so bright in this respect, beamed with equal lustre in the other relations of life. Therefore it was that she was ever in his thoughts, and an embryo passion kindled in his heart towards one he had never seen, and of whom, save through her acts, he knew absolutely nothing. He knew he was nursing what, after all, might prove—undoubtedly would prove, a sheer delusion;—yet, delusion as it might prove, he cherished it. He would have ridiculed the sentiment in another; still he sought not to banish the vagary from his mind, but suffered it to grow and strengthen, until at length it pervaded his whole being. He did not attempt to conceal from himself that he was deeply in love with an abstraction! He was not quite so infatuated, however, with his ideal charmer, but that he found it difficult at times to restrain a laugh at his own expense.

"I am a fool!" said he one day—"a very fool to be haunted with this one idea perpetually—to build up hopes on such a sandy foundation. What is this fair stranger to me? That she belongs to the wealthy class her own munificent acts prove, and should chance ever make her acquainted, she would in all probability scorn the love of one who has nothing but a fervent heart and an empty hand to offer her. Away with the idea!" and our hero sat down to his readings, fully resolved to banish the lovely stranger from his mind.

He had scarcely formed this reasonable resolution, when a servant entered his office and handed him a note, immediately departing. Frederick hastily broke the seal and read—

"Will Doctor Rodney call professionally at Mr. W. W. Danvers, number 23, Park Row, Mitre street, as soon as he can make it convenient?"

"Friday, P. M."

"Mitre Street! Park Row!" said the young physician as he perused the billet, which was written in a beautiful hand—evidently a lady's—"Here is some mistake—Mitre street—why, all our wealthiest men—our nabobs—live there, and Park Row is the very hot-bed of aristocracy. This is not intended for me."

He turned to the superscription. There it was plain enough—Doctor Frederick Rodney, 14, Calvert street." Frederick was at fault. Why should he be sent for—perfect stranger as he was, and so comparatively unknown in his practice.

"Ah! I see how it is"—after considering a short time and re-perusing the note again and again—"some of the help have heard of me—I may have been consulted by some mother, or sister, or aunt, among my poor patients, hence this call."

With this humble conclusion our hero hastened to obey the summon—not forgetting, however, to insert in *very* legible characters on his slate, the name of the street and number where he might be found.

Had there been any quackery about our hero he would probably have hired a coach or a chaise, and driven post haste to Park Row, for the purpose of making a sensation; but as he was really unpretending he plodded along on foot. We will not take it upon ourselves to say, that he felt not a slight degree of importance as he emerged from the moving throng that crowded the side-walk, and ascended the marble steps of the very aristocratic looking mansion, number 23. He paused a moment at the door, for not until then did he perceive that the bell knob was muffled, affording conclusive evidence that it was not in the kitchen his services were required.

Hastily pulling out the note to assure himself for the hundredth time that he was not mistaken, he glanced his eye over it, and then with some hesitation, gently rapped for admittance. The door was opened by the bearer of the note, who ushered him into the drawing room, whence he was shortly summoned to the sick chamber.—He now learned for the first time, that his patient was the owner of the mansion. The invalid was sitting in a sick chair, while a young lady, who was introduced to Frederick as his daughter, was bathing his head.

Mr. Danvers immediately stated, that in the absence of the family physician, he had sent for Doctor Rodney, by the advice of a young female friend, who strongly recommended him to his notice. Frederick acknowledged his obligations to his unknown friend, who had so kindly interested herself in his behalf, shrewdly guessing at the time, that Mr. Danvers' young friend and his invisible charmer, were one and the same person.

Rodney found his patient in a really bad state. His pulse was very quick, and he complained much of pains in the head and back; in fact, he exhibited all the symptoms of a high fever, the nature of which, Rodney could not in the then early stage of it decide. He had his fears, however, that it was an attack of the prevailing epidemic, although Mr. Danvers effected to think light of his illness. After a full examination and consideration of his case, and leaving proper directions, Frederick left the room.

In the drawing room he met Miss Danvers, who sought with much anxiety the opinion of Frederick, respecting her father's sickness. He frankly stated to her his fears, and required of her the strictest attention to the prescriptions he had left—intimating that should her father grow worse, if it might be agreeable to her, as well as to him, to call in a more experienced physician.

"Not at all," was her reply to this suggestion—"My father as well as myself, have the utmost confidence in your skill, and until you advise it, we shall not think such a course necessary."

(To be continued.)

PLATINUM.—This metal has been recommended to be used in England and America as an additional basis for a sound circulating medium. It has been used for this purpose in Russia for eight or ten years, and is found in various parts of the world—and in considerable abundance in the Ural mountains. A writer in the National Intelligencer, speaks of it as a material for coin, in the following terms:

"Platinum is the heaviest body known, its density being about 21, while gold is 19, and silver only 10. Its color is a beautiful silvery white. When unadulterated it is quite soft, but the usual addition of alloy renders it sufficiently hard for the purposes of coinage, and it retains its peculiar properties even when largely diluted with other metals. It is very malleable, ductile, and laminable, is susceptible of a high polish, and, when alloyed with certain metals, becomes as elastic as steel. It resists exposure to weather and all corrosive agents much better than gold or silver, and indeed its unalterability is not surpassed by any substance whatever. Its low equivalent number, 98, (gold being 200) and the utter impossibility of successfully counterfeiting it, peculiarly recommend it for coinage. Its peculiar properties confer on it an intrinsic and positive value from its use in the arts; so that its value is inherent and independent of any act of Government authorizing its use for coinage. In value it is intermediate between gold and silver, and in Russia it has hitherto preserved an exact medium between the value of gold and silver.—It would constitute a most suitable material for coins of the different denominations from one to five dollars, and seems to have been expressly designed by Him "who hath made all things well" to fill up this hiatus, and supply this acknowledged deficiency in our monetary system. It possesses every claim to entitle it to rank as a precious metal, and will be found admirably to fulfil all the conditions requisite to fit a metal for coin. Its specific chemical and physical properties invest it with an immunity from falsification and reduction, which the discovery of an exceedingly lucrative process for the reduction of our existing coin renders more desirable than any of its other qualities—and the more so as it is to be apprehended that the general diffusion of chemical knowledge wil not suffer a knowledge of the process to remain as circumscribed as at present."

From the N. Y. New World.

NARRATIVE OF A TOUR THROUGH ARMENIA, KURDISTAN, PERSIA, AND MESOPOTAMIA, with an introduction and occasional observations upon the condition of Mohammedanism and Christianity in those countries. By the Rev. HORATIO SOUTHGATE. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This work has been looked for with much interest by the religious community, and it will not disappoint their expectations. It will be remembered that Mr. Southgate's mission was performed under the direction of the Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. The route he travelled was one well calculated to repay the labors of an attentive traveller; and the volumes will be found replete with new and valuable information. The introductory view of the "ground-work of Mohammedanism," is especially worthy of notice. The translation of the "Mussulman Catechism" gives a very complete view of the Mohammedan religion. The following is an extract from this curious specimen of Heathen theology:

OF THE LAST DAY.

Faith in the last day consists in believing with the heart and confessing with the tongue that there shall indeed be a last day, even that of the Resurrection, when Almighty God shall destroy and annihilate this world, and shall cause to perish all men and creatures which are found in it, excepting only certain things proper to be preserved. Such are, for instance, the Throne of Glory, and the Foundation on which it rests, and the Ministering Spirit, and the Table of decrees and the pen with which they are written, and Paradise and Hell with all that they contain.

After this God shall restore all creatures which he had annihilated; he shall awaken them with the sound of the angelic trumpet; and having re-imparted to them vitality and intelligence, shall gather them into one place, where he shall examine them and demand an account of their past lives. To each one of them shall be given a book containing the record of his good or bad actions, according to his character. They who receive the first are the good, who will hold the books in their right hand; the others are the wicked, who will hold their books in their left hands and behind their backs. Thereupon the Most High God will judge them in righteousness and equity, weighing in the balance all their works both good and bad, and rendering to every soul according to what he has done, whether it be good or evil.

Through His goodness and mercy some shall enter Paradise, whilst others shall descend into hell. But no one of the Faithful shall abide eternally into the tormenting fires of hell.—They shall enter into Paradise after having undergone punishment proportionate to their transgressions. The Faithful once introduced into heaven shall dwell there forever, while the Infidels, precipitated into hell, shall never go out therefrom.

In order that faith in the resurrection may be salutary and complete, it is absolutely necessary that it be contemplated with alarm. Let him, then, who shall look upon it with indifference or a feeling of security, him, too, who shall deny or doubt thereon, or who impious enough to say, either with the mouth or with the heart, "I fear neither the resurrection nor hell, and I care not for paradise," let such a one be esteemed an Infidel.

O God, save us from Infidelity!

We commend Mr. Southgate's work very cordially to public attention. It is written with much ability, and is illustrated with appropriate maps and engravings, that enhance its value.

Interment of a Sister of Mercy.—At an early hour on Tuesday, the solemn pealing of the Convent bell, "mournfully and slow," told the sad tale of a departed sister. The sounds came over the ear with a peculiar impressiveness, associated, as they were, with recollections of life "passing unto death." The ceremony was commenced on Saturday morning, at the Convent of Mercy, Peter's Cell, with a solemn office and high mass for the dead, in which the Rev. William Bourke officiated, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Nash and Bergin, as deacon and sub-deacon. The sub-deacon bearing the emblem of salvation—the cross, together with the deacon, supported the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, dressed to pontificals. These were preceded by the chanters, who intoned the beautiful and awe-inspiring service of the dead. The tone was taken up alternately by the clergymen assisting. The coffin was borne by the Very Rev. Doctor Cussen, the Rev. Messrs. Walsh, Raleigh and Nash, and followed by the sisters, attired in the dress usually worn on festival days, each lady bearing a lighted taper in her hand. In this order they slowly paced the various walks of the enclosure. Upon arriving at the ground, the consecrated resting place of both bishops and kings—the coffin, unornamented as the pure and solid virtues of its lifeless tenant, and indicative of her humility of soul, was lowered into the vault set apart for it. This is not the place to write panegyrics of the departed Miss Potter. To her devoted exertions our City is indebted for the "Institution of Mercy," a public charity, acknowledged by the philanthropist of every creed not to be exceeded for benevolence or utility by any in the kingdom.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

DEATH OF AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.—On Monday morning, Mr. Richard Le Keux, a mathematical instrument maker, chartseller and stationer, who had resided in High-street, Wapping, for the last fifty years, died, after three days' illness, at the age of eighty-five years. The deceased, who had amassed wealth to upwards of £100,000 sterling, was noted for his eccentricities and his penurious habits, and a great number of curious anecdotes of this extraordinary miser are related in the district. He was of French extraction, and educated in Christ's Hospital, to which institution it is said he has left the great bulk of his fortune.—*London Paper.*

MARRIAGE PECULIARITIES.—Wonderful are a married woman's privileges! Kant's wife could tell him promptly, "That's not true!" Where is there a man that dared say that of him?

Married people's disputes remind me of a story told in Leibnitz's Miscellanies. There were two brothers; the elder, Joseph Reinold, lived in Flanders, and was a Catholic; the younger, William Reinold, lived in England, and was a Protestant. They carried on a long and warm controversy as to the merits of their respective faiths, in letters, till they began to think it would be as cheap to see each other, as to pay so much postage. William went over to Flanders, and the controversy was renewed verbally. They fought so well, and the truth proved so powerful on both sides, that each of the brothers renounced his former religion, and adopted his brothers; so that the Fleming wrote a treatise against Cardinal Bellarmine, and the Englishman a defence of the Catholic Church, both of which are to be found in the Gottingen library. It is pretty much so in family quarrels; if the husband adopts the wife's views, she takes up the opinions he has abandoned, and defends them strenuously.

THE SPECULATOR.—His wealth is imaginary, and nowhere. He contracts debts and calculates on miracles to pay them.—He trusts everybody; and everybody trusts him, while the ball can be kept up; and when it falls to the ground, they all roll away and perish together. The idea of owing more than he can ever reasonably expect to pay, does not rob him of a wink of sleep, or disturb his repose for a moment—"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," is his maxim, he lives as if the world were at his command; he despises the sordid maxim of cutting his coat according to his cloth, for the cloth belongs to others; he goes the way of all flesh, and when his books are examined by the assignees, it is found though he lived like a prince, and spent his hundreds of thousands, he never was worth a farthing, when his debts were paid.—*N. Y. Sunday Morning Atlas.*

Paying of debts is, next to the grace of God, the best means in the world to deliver you from a thousand temptations to sin and vanity. Pay your debts, and you will not have wherewithal to purchase a costly toy, or a pernicious pleasure. Pay your debts, and you will not have what to lose to a gamester. In one word, pay your debts, and you will of necessity abstain from many indulgences, that war against the spirit, and bring you into captivity to sin, and cannot fail to end in your utter destruction, both of soul and body.—[Delany.

GOOD ADVICE.—Never send any thing to be printed until you have read it over carefully, at least twice, after having written it—once to see whether you have written any thing wrong or unwise—and once to see whether the spelling and grammatical construction are correct, and whether the letters are sufficiently plain for the printer's boy to read.—Many people, from the neglect of this rule, print what they are sorry for afterwards.—Many don't get their pieces printed at all—and many wonder why omissions are made by the editor; yet they wonder still more to see their articles in print as they wrote them—sentences begun and not finished; or things mixed up so strangely together that nobody can decipher the meaning. Some well educated men send perfect nonsense to an editor to be printed, because they will not give themselves time to know what they write.

The late arrivals of vessels from England bring information of the death of Madame d'Arbly, the celebrated novelist. She was the daughter of Dr. Burney, who was the author of a treatise on music, which gained him considerable reputation. He was strongly opposed to novel reading, and without being aware of his daughter being an authoress, he procured one of her novels, Evelina, which she had published anonemously, and was so charmed with the interest and moral of the story, its fine delineation of the character and beauty of its style, that he could not lay it down till he had finished its perusal. He carried it to his daughter, recommending her to read it to profit by its contents.—The mutual feelings of pride and gratification when the secret was revealed, can better be imagined than described.—*Bytown Gazette.*

A FLOATING MARKET.—One of the most striking singularities at Brunei is the floating market, composed of a multitude of canoes, which ply along the lines of buildings, and from one side of the river to the other. In most places the buyer must go to the market, but here the market comes to the buyer, and he realizes all the advantages of choice and competition without stirring a step from his door. The medium of exchange is usually large pieces of bar iron, without any stamp or superscription upon them, every man being at liberty to have a mint under his own roof.—*Voyage of the Himmalch and the Morrison.*

ORNAMENTAL FENCE.—An article in the New England Farmer, taken from the Monthly Visiter, recommends a kind of fence which we think would be very ornamental. It is a stone and sod wall, made by building a stone wall about six inches high, and then putting on a layer of sods, grass down, then another layer of stone, &c. It should be eighteen inches wide at the bottom, that the width may be narrowed to eight at top. The sods should reach out full with the stones, and when the wall is completed sow grass seed upon them. The next season the grass will entirely cover the wall, and present a beautiful appearance. Such walls are in use in some parts of the State of New York, and are said to be cheap as well as durable.

Advertising is to trade what steam is to machinery—the grand-propelling, go-ahead power; and yet there are some persons so blind to their own interests, as to ponder over a cent which would yield them a hundred to a thousand per cent.—*Boston Mercantile Journal.*