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Office in Prince William-street, near the Market square, over the Marine Assurance Office.
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Weekly Almanack.

April—1840.		Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
1 Wednesday		5 40	6 28	5 2	10 20
2 Thursday		5 38	6 29	Sets.	11 8
3 Friday		5 37	6 31	8 18	11 44
4 Saturday		5 34	6 32	9 42	ev. 25
5 Sunday		5 33	6 33	11 4	1 9
6 Monday		5 31	6 34	Morn.	1 57
7 Tuesday		5 29	6 45	0 18	2 53

New Moon 2d, 10h. 42m. 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 March.
A. S. PERKINS, JOHN WALKER, ROBERT ERLTIS.
☞ 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

☞ NOTICE.

FIELDS & HARRISON have, by Deed of Trust, assigned over their Property and Effects to the subscribers, for the benefit of such of their Creditors as will come forward within Three Months from this date and sign the Trust Deed, now at the Store of Thomas Wallace. All persons indebted to said Firm, either by Note or Book Account, are requested to make immediate payment to either of the subscribers.
JOHN DUNCAN,
THOMAS WALLACE.
St. John, N. B., 28d January, 1840.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of JAMES REID, late of the Parish of Hampstead, Queen's County, farmer, deceased, are requested to render their Accounts, duly attested, to the subscribers, within Three Months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to
MARGARET REID, *Administratrix*,
WILLIAM PENDER, *Administrator*.
Hampstead, Queen's County, 4th March, 1840.

In Chancery.
Between—Charles Hill Wallace and others, surviving Executors of the last Will and Testament of the Honorable Charles Hill, deceased, Complainants.
and
Robert Story and others, the Heirs, Legatees, &c. of the said Charles Hill, Defendants.
Pursuant to the decree of the Honorable Court of Chancery made in the above cause on the 14th day of November last,
ALL persons having any just claims or demands against the Estate of the above named Charles Hill, either under his last will and testament, or otherwise howsoever in respect to said Estate, are required to come before me the undersigned Master at my Chambers in the Provincial building, at Halifax, before Wednesday the first day of April next, and submit and prove their respective claims against the said Estate, otherwise they will be excluded from all benefit under the said decree. Dated at Halifax, this 24th day of December, 1839.
J. W. NUTTING, Master in Chancery.
James W. Johnston, Sol. for Complts.
James F. Gray, Sol. for Defds.

By Robert F Hazen, *Esquire, Mayor of the City of Saint John, and one of the Justices of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas in and for the said City and County of Saint John.*
To all whom it may concern, Greeting:
NOTICE is hereby given, that upon the application of Mark Dole, of the said City, gentleman, to me duly made according to the form of the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided, I have directed all the Estate, as well real as personal, within this Province, of Cyrus Stockwell, late of the said City, Hotel Keeper, (which said Cyrus Stockwell is departed from and without the limits of this Province, with intent and design to defraud the said Mark Dole, and the other Creditors of the said Cyrus Stockwell, if any there be, of their just dues, or else to avoid being arrested by the ordinary process of the Law as it is alleged against him,) to be seized and attached, and that unless the said Cyrus Stockwell do return and discharge his said debt or debts, within Three Months from the publication hereof, all the Estate, as well real as personal, of the said Cyrus Stockwell within this Province, will be sold for the payment and satisfaction of the creditors of the said Cyrus Stockwell.—Dated at the City of Saint John, the fourth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty.
ROBERT F. HAZEN,
Mayor, &c.
M. H. Perley, *Attorney for Petitioning Creditor.*

STOVES, STOVES.

Just received and landing from schrs. James Clark and Banner, from Boston:
50 ASSORTED STOVES—consisting of Rotary, Nos. 2 and 3; [patterns,
Great Westerns, No. 2 & 3—a new and improved Prophecy, and Premium, Nos. 2 & 3,
James's, No. 3; Cooking Stoves, Nos. 1, 2 & 3
Parlour Franklins, Nos. 1, 2 and 3,
Vermont Parlour Stoves, with Dumbs to match,
And a variety of other patterns, suitable for every situation required.
31st December. EATON, BURNHAM & CO.

VALUABLE WATER LOT,
FOR SALE.
THAT valuable BUILDING LOT owned by the Subscriber, situated at the corner of the North Market Wharf and Nelson-street—having a front of 30 feet on the former, by 50 feet on Nelson-street.—Apply at the Counting House of
JOHN V. THURGAR,
Corner of Water and Duke streets.
11th February, 1840.

The Garland.

THE FIRST OF MARCH.

The bud is in the bough
And the leaf is in the bud,
And Earth's beginning now
In her veins to fill the blood,
Which, warm'd by summer's sun
In th' alembic of the vine,
From her founts will overrun
In a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom
That shall decorate the flower,
Are quickening in the gloom
Of their subterranean bower;
And the juices meet to feed
Trees, vegetables, fruits,
Unerringly proceed
To their pre-appointed roots.

How awful is the thought
Of the wonders under ground,
Of the mystic changes wrought
In the silent, dark profound;
How each thing upward tends
By necessity decreed,
And a world's support depends
On the shooting of a seed!

The Summer's in her ark,
And this sunny-pinion'd day
Is commissioned to remark
Whether Winter holds her sway:
Go back, thou dove of peace,
With the myrtle on thy wing,
Say that floods and tempests cease,
And the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fann'd the sleeping Earth
Till her dreams are all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth
For their overhanging bowers;
The forest seems to listen
For the rustle of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten
In the hope of summer eves.

Thy vivifying spell
Has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell,
And the mole within its cave;
And the summer tribes that creep
Or in air expand their wing,
Have started from their sleep,
At the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices
From the valleys and the hills,
And the feather'd race rejoices
With a gush of tuneful bills;
And if this cloudless arch
Fills the poet's song with glee,
O thou sunny first of March,
Be it dedicate to thee!

THE CHRISTIAN'S LIFE-BOAT.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

When guilt's dread delusion and passion's control,
Assail the frail bark of the tempest-tost soul,
And pleasure's gay convoy is scattered and gone,
And she drifts o'er the wild waves, deserted and lone;

What power can preserve her from wreck, while within
She shrinks from her burden of sorrow and sin,
As the lightnings of conscience reveal her dark path
Towards the gulf of destruction and billows of wrath?

Nay, fear not, O vessel! though tempests deform
The vexed ocean of life, there's a hope midst the storm;
The life-boat of mercy unpurchased and free,
An ark of salvation for lost ones like thee.

In that life-boat, the sinner from endless despair
Finds a refuge, and Christians repose from their care;
For its charter the love of a Saviour is given—
Its passport is Faith, and its harbor is Heaven!

Miscellaneous.

From the Ladies Companion for March.

THE OLD MAID—AUNT RUTH.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Reader dear, when thou beholdest one of those unappropriated ladies, one of those "better halves" of creation, who has dared to take the responsibility of going through the world alone in her blessedness, art thou for asking the reason? Art thou curious to deal out the wherefore of such an anomaly? I know thou art. And yet it is a vain fantasy; for ten to one thou wilt stray very wide of the truth, seeking incidents and heart breaking catastrophes, when the cause may be found in the most common-place circumstances imaginable. Some may, and probably many do, remain "single," after the example of good Queen Bess, simply because their "proud stomach" cannot brook any will but their own; others for any and every reason but the lack of an offer. But wherefore ask why? Did'st thou never behold an ambitious vine, springing in its loveliness, at first imploringly and gently spreading out its delicate tendrils for support, but none appearing, how it daily grew sturdy in its helpless solitude, the stock becoming more and more consolidated, knots and excressences making their appearance, till it stands alone, asking and needing help from none? Did'st thou never see this? Then why ask a reason for the solitary state of many of the beautiful of creation? Such is the fact, and that is enough.

I plead guilty to having suffered much from this kind of idle curiosity, especially in the case of *Aunt Ruth*, whose sketch I am about to give thee, and the result may serve as a caution to all who are looking to find aught that is strange or marvellous in these things.

Aunt Ruth was somewhat small in stature, with black glossy hair, and sparkling eyes, a round, pretty forehead, a neat nose, and small mouth. I like to be explicit in these things, for, indeed, her little person was so pretty that it increased the mystery of her blooming solitude. I have often heard those who were familiar with my good Aunt in her younger days, tell of the conquests she achieved, and how every girl in the village, if she married at all, must be content to take up with one of the discarded lovers of Aunt Ruth. Many were the middle aged men pointed out to me, who at one time imagined themselves ready to die "all for the love" of Aunt Ruth. True, they were now sturdy, robust men, who looked entirely guiltless of such folly, but such had been the fact.

Perhaps Aunt Ruth might have been a little too prim-looking for a belle, even in her "palmiest" days, but then her bewitching smile must have done great execution. Even now, when I dare not "guess" at her age, she is exceedingly loveable, and would be entirely so, were it not for a certain air of precision and nicety, which must always have characterised her. She is now the very pink of maidenly neatness and propriety. I should be utterly horrified to behold a hair upon her head misplaced; and a crimp upon the skirts of her dress or a spot upon her muslins would alarm me with serious fears for her health, or the sanity of her mind. Her pocket-handkerchief has always a peculiar fold, and her ruffles a particular stiffness, that make them look as if belonging to Aunt Ruth and no one else.

She is in great demand by all the married ladies, not one of whom, I verily believe, but rejoices at her state of "single blessedness," for the little hands of the good spinster are just the things for certain delicate kinds of needle work; and then nothing can exceed her admirable taste in such matters. Aunt Ruth, in return, will glance at the careworn faces of the married ladies, and at their multifarious cares, and perplexities, and, with as much of a shrug as her fine taste will venture upon, declare, "well it must be confessed, I am one of the wise ones."

She is secretary to most of our charitable societies, and missionary societies; indeed is an active member in every thing of the kind, except the Maternal Association, and it was at one time seriously considered whether she could not be a member of this, for the sake of having her for secretary, for her penmanship is exquisite, looking like her own self, small, neat and firm.

Now, dost thou ask, why is she single? Gentle reader thou must have divined the reason. It is simply this. Aunt Ruth was always so *nice*. Many and many were her admirers, and "offers," but somehow they did'nt exactly suit. She could'nt always tell why, to be sure, but she did'nt like them, and that was enough. One was as illiterate as a Hottentot, or as clumsy as a bear; another had carrotty hair, and a sheepish look—one was too sentimental, another too matter-o-factish, etc. etc.; and so the dear creature went on multiplying objections until considerable past twenty, and every body prophesied she would "go through the swamp and at last take up with a broken stick." The old ladies shook their heads and looked grave, the young ones curled their pretty lips, tossed their heads, and one after another married the rejected lovers of the fastidious maiden, and settled down into sober, every-day matrons.

At length the village circle was enlivened by the addition of another to the number of beaux, and, of course, one more to the list of Aunt Ruth's admirers. This was in the person of a black-eyed, dashing young sailor, all animation, wit, and humor, and retailing his nautical yarns with the best grace imaginable. Henry Jackson walked, and sang, and talked with aunt Ruth, and, for once, she seemed exactly suited.—There could be no mistake about it. Whatever Henry Jackson might choose to say or do, he was sure to suit Aunt Ruth.

But, alas, with all his recklessness, he somehow lacked the courage to tell a lady that he loved her. Had it been otherwise, this sketch had never been written, and Aunt Ruth, instead of being as she is, the pink of maidenly precision, might have been humdrum Mrs. Jackson, and a slattern into the bargain. Henry knew every rope in a ship, and knew how to manage the taughtest wind that ever blew, so that his snug little bark could ride it out in safety; wouldn't mind hoisting his colors, trimming his sails, and heaving to, to fire a salute to the commodore himself, when occasion served, for all these things were familiar to him; but somehow, all his daring forsook him, and he could never give his lips the right pucker to say, "I love you." So he was forced to resort to pen and ink to say what every body knew before.

Now, Aunt Ruth was nice in all matters. She shuddered at the least infringement of maidenly decorum. No wonder, therefore, she delayed some days to answer the epistle of her lover. To do so earlier, might argue an indelicate precipitation. Unhappy maiden! the letter was destined to be her only solace through the rest of her solitary pilgrimage.

Henry waited, and wondered, puzzling in vain to conceive the cause of her silence; for, frank and ardent himself, he could scarcely be expected to sympathise with the scruples of a maiden so exceedingly particular. At length, from waiting and wondering, his pride became piqued, and to convince his "lady love" that if rejected, he was inconsolable, in sheer revenge he offered himself to a village rival, with fewer charms indeed, but also with fewer scruples than Aunt Ruth.

In the mean time the unconscious maiden feasted on the honied words with which the warm-hearted sailor had clothed the language of his love letter, little dreaming of the storm that was gathering around her.

Propriety at length became fully satisfied, and she was seated at her desk to pen a response. Aunt Ruth must have weighed every word; the one chosen must have been just the thing, neither too warm, nor too cold; and every letter must have been made just as it should be. While thus occupied, a young gossip came in with the astounding intelligence that Henry Jackson and Lucy Cobb were published. Aunt Ruth turned slightly pale, and her small foot beat time to her thoughts. When her reporter had left the room, she took the paper on which she had been writing, and slowly, and thoughtfully, tore it piece by piece, carefully wiped her pen, arranged her papers, and closed the escrutoire, and from that day never *appeared* to think any thing more about it.

It was observed, that from that time Aunt Ruth began to wear a pocket, in which it was supposed the precious letter was deposited; for, more than once, she has been detected conning the characters upon a sheet of paper somewhat worn and discolored by age, which she afterwards deposited with a saddened smile and a suppressed sigh, in her pocket. Still further, she has been seen gluing strips of paper upon the severed angles of a decaying document, which she concealed in her own quiet way. It must have been the long-treasured letter.

Great hath been my curiosity to behold it—to luxuriate in its delicious periods. But in vain. When we have been inmates of the same chamber, and I have been witness to all the ceremony of a "Maiden Lady's" toilet—have witnessed the removal of one garment after another, each one being carefully folded before it was laid aside, and then the identical pocket deposited beneath her pillow; how I have longed to lay sacrilegious hands upon it! But no; Aunt Ruth's propriety had become contagious, and I could not—dared not do it. No, no, it were a cruelty.

But the luxury of perusing the precious relic was reserved for two saucy urchins, of twelve and fourteen, brothers. By some unaccountable fatality, the strings of Aunt Ruth's pocket one day broke from their allegiance, and dropped it upon the floor. The two boys held their breath till she was fairly out of sight, and then pounced upon the prize. Scissors, thimble, pinball, and all the etceteras of an old maid's pocket, were unceremoniously tumbled on the floor, and the sacred letter dragged out in a trice. Attracted by the noise, I found them kneeling in the midst of Aunt Ruth's treasures, and reading the letter with all the glee and eagerness of unsentimental boyhood. The honied words that had been like the dew of Heaven to the heart of Aunt Ruth, were gabbled over amidst shouts of merriment.

Scarcely had I discovered them, when she made her appearance. I will not attempt to describe the mingled apprehensions of her face. One instant she paused to take in the whole evil, and then rushed upon them. I had never before seen her flustered. The rogues took to their heels, bursting out into a shout and laugh, such as boys only can utter. Since that I have overheard them repeating something to each other with a chuckling laugh, at which Aunt Ruth will color, and look uneasy, and I grow seriously angry with them for their unfeeling merriment.

From Bentley's London Miscellany for February.

THE BROKER—MR. NIBBLE.

In our schoolboy days with what a joyous heart we beheld our kites raised by the wind! To manhood grown, we now daily witness this pleasant pastime practically reversed by "children of a larger growth," who, more cunning, now "raise the wind" by means of "kites,"—for that name, innocent reader, is the technical or cant term for a bill or promissory note, the art of circulating which is called "kite-flying."

The extent to which this agreeable amusement is indulged in by thousands in the commercial world is incalculable. Necessity is the mother of *the* invention.

The plumber is *led* to accept the cheesemonger's bill for accommodation, and the cheesemonger (whose credit is probably as decayed as an old Cheshire, and who has not a *mite* to bless himself withal) is obliging enough to "put his name" to a "bit o' paper" for the same purpose.

This amiable reciprocity, in the elegant phraseology of the money-market, is called "pig upon bacon!"

The *draft* of the publican (who finds it as easy to draw bills as beer, and being on the verge of going to "*pot*," is compelled to resort to these illegal *measures*") is accepted by a half-ruined hop-merchant, who has nothing in his *pockets*."

The indigent poulterer, who, from his confined views of probity, might appropriately exclaim with Shakspeare's witches,

"Fair is *foul* and *foul* is fair,"

keeps the "*game* alive" by drawing upon a bird of the same feather, and for a time feathers his nest, at the expense of every *goose* from whom he can get *trust*,—and most frequently the issue is, that he takes the benefit of the act; proving in the language of the Alley, a lame duck, and—"pigeons" his creditors.

The tailor (celebrated for his fine drawing) gives a bill upon some worthy woollen-draper of the same "pattern;" and should the bill at maturity fall on the "*ninth*," of course he "cuts"—according to his cloth. It don't "fit," and he is probably "sewn up;" for a *suit* at law is not in his line.

The timber-merchant draws upon the carpenter and builder, (who proves himself a *joiner* in the transaction by his acceptance,) and "out of debt, out of danger," and "right reckoning makes long friends," not being of the number of his "*saws*," impudently answers, when pressed for payment, "that he is really *bored*, and has no *brads*."

The farmer issues a scrap of paper upon some hay-sale man, who proves a "man of straw."

The sage, who hath never dreamt of such proceedings in his philosophy, will, we are confident, upon perusing this veritable catalogue, begin himself to draw—certain inferences, not at all calculated to raise the delinquents in his estimation.

We have as yet, however, only imperfectly attempted to describe the manufacture of the commodity: we now proceed to unveil the system employed in the circulation. Nothing is easier than the invention of a lie (and these documents are nothing more than palpable lies, pretending to a value which in truth they have not;) but in the circulation lies the difficulty. Learn, then, sapient and curious reader, there is a set of men known to the initiated as purchasers of these precious scraps, nay, who make a living by discounting these same "kites," ludicrously disproving the axiom, "*ex nihilo nihil fit*."

Mr. Nibble is one of the most notorious of the tribe, who so amiably offer succour and assistance to the unfortunate for a "consideration."

He lives in a dark room, which he calls an office, up three pair of stairs in an obscure alley, in the most obscure part of this foggy city. Two well-worn chairs, one hungry lad,—a sort of human "*mule*," between an errand-boy and a clerk, one ricketty table with drawer, one brass candlestick, one cheque-book, writing materials, and one iron chest, form the inventory of the moveables" in his gloomy abode.

A "dim religious light" struggles through the dirty panes of glass, and adds to the chilling effect produced by the uncomfortableness of a dingy apartment, with a cold, rusty grate, whose iron jaws appear grinning with an expression of despair and famine!

As for Mr. Nibble, what pen can describe his person? His lank, attenuated body, in truth, somewhat resembles the three long, meagre, red-ink lines in his own journal, while "*£ s. d.*" may, perhaps, as appropriately indicate his head—for there is nothing else in it! His shabby suit of an undefinable color "harmonises" with the surrounding objects. In fine, the place, as well as the occupant, appears, like mortal comfort—at a very considerable discount!

A timid tap at the door disturbs the slumbering silence of this *sanctum*; and a shabby little man, like a small tradesman *reduced*, glides softly into the office.

"Good morsin', Mister Nibble."

Mr. Nibble gravely answers this salutation by a freezing inclination of the head; his dull, cold eyes scanning his visitor from top to toe.

"We done a little business together afore," continued the man.

"Oh!—ay—yes—Mr. Brown——"

"Smith," correctively interpolates the tradesman.

"Ay, Smith! Thirty at two months? Let me see, was that draft honored?"

"Punctoo-al-ly! I'm happy to assure you on it, sir," replied Mr. Smith with confidence. "And I've a trifle here, Mister Nibble, is as good—as good as as that ere any day, and no mistake."

And he presented the trifle—a bill for forty pounds at three months—for the inspection of the acute Nibble.

"Umph!" mutters he, turning it about. "Smith on Bubble—backed by Liggins. Won't do, sir! Money is now at such a premium that I *do* believe it would be difficult even to raise it on a bank-note. Six per cent. on the best paper, and a heavy commission; exchequer at a ruinous discount; banker's acceptances touched with caution; for it's impossible to know in these serious times who's who. Must decline."

"Dear me!" says the discomfited Mr. Smith, taking back the bill, and scratching his ear,

"The infallible resource,
To which *embarrassed* people have recourse."

"Then you won't discount this for me?"

"No, sir," coolly replied Mr. Nibble, "I can't—I've got a heavy bill to provde for myself."

"It's unfortunit—wery," soliloquizes Mr. Smith. "P'r'aps, do you happen to know any body as is likely to——"

"Why, let me see," says Nibble, paradoxically closing his eyes, "why, yes, there's Grabb; but then he won't do it unless you'll make a sacrifice."

"Well, but I don't care standing anything—in reason," cried Smith, eagerly grasping at the shadow of a chance. "What do you think, now?"

"I dare say (you see the paper's so very unmarketable) he *might* do it for ten pounds!"

Smith opens his eyes, and fairly whistles. "No, by goles!" cries he, "that is coming it too strong."

"I've done," says Nibble mildly, extending his skinny palms, and dropping his long and melancholy head with an eloquent shrug. "Good morning, Mr. Smith. Excuse me, I have business. Samuel!"

The elderly errand-boy starts to the door, and Mr. Smith is "let out," only to be "taken in" ten minutes afterwards by the accommodating Mr. Nibble, who boldly ventures on his own responsibility to advance ten pounds on the unmarketable commodity, promising at the latter end of the ensuing week to give him a cheque for the remaining twenty!

Alfred Crowquill.

From Blackwod's Magazine for February.

ALGIERS.

The invasion of the Algerine territory by the French is one of the most remarkable evidences that nations are not to be taught either common justice or common sense by suffering. We there see France, after five-and-twenty years of national misery, taking the first opportunity to rob and shed the blood of her neighbors. She had no more cause of war against the Algerines than against the Antédeluvians; but it appeared to her imbecile Government that she wanted 'glory,' and to her insane people that glory was to be found in cutting the throats of Turks and Moors, unfortunate enough to live in a territory, where she expected to find land cheap, dollars at the sword's point, and triumph for nothing.

Providence, it is true, often lets fools and villains take their way; but perhaps there never was an instance, not excepting Napoleon's own, where the punishment of the original culprits followed with such distinct, complete and immediate vengeance on the crime.

Within a twelvemonth, the Government which had formed this atrocious project was utterly extinguished: Charles the Tenth and his dynasty driven from their throne, and exiled from the land for life; his Ministry, the Polignacs and their associates, thrown into a long and severe imprisonment—a fate singular among all the changes of European cabinets—and after narrowly escaping the scaffold, also exiled for life; Marmount, the chief military councillor of the King, forced to fly from France, and never daring to return; Bourmont, the commander of the invasion, never venturing to set his foot on the French soil since, and still a fugitive through the world; the invading army, of 30,000 strong, some of the finest troops of France, long since destroyed in Africa by the climate and the warfare of the Arabs, scarcely a man of them having returned.—And after the sacrifice of probably twice the number of lives in a disputed possession of nine years, they are now fighting within cannon-shot of Algiers!

The war has begun in earnest. While Abd-el-Kader lives, France will probably have to carry on a continued war, more or less open. If he shall fall, the spirit of other chieftains will be formed while the animosity survives; and it will survive, grounded as it is in the nature of things, in the native repulsion between French and Mahometan manners, in the habitual hatred of the native for the invader, and in the strong religious antipathies which have already enabled the African leader to proclaim his assault on the French as the 'Holy War.'

Even the fullest possession of the Algerine territory could never be of real value to France: it has no harbors, and can therefore never be a station for any thing beyond a privateer or a pirate. In the event of an European war, it must be abandoned, or France must consent to lock up 50,000 troops there, with the certainty that famine, the Arabs, and perhaps an English expedition, will perform in Algiers the second part of the Egyptian campaign. But the great points of criminality subsist, even if the policy were however successful; and those are, that the invasion was made absolutely without any cause but a determination to plunder, and that the conquest has been retained in direct and unquestionable defiance of the most solemn, public and repeated declarations that no conquest whatever was intended, and that, as in the instance of Lord Exmouth's expedition, the moment that satisfaction was obtained, the whole armament was to be withdrawn.

It argues a deplorable state of moral feeling to find that no man in France has the honesty of heart to protest against this iniquity; that the legislature can find no warning voice, that the journals are fierce in their wrath against any idea of abandoning Algiers, and that all France madly seems to regard the national crime as a national glory.

DEATH FROM KREOSOTE.

The Boston *Traveller* states that Erasmus D. Stevens, a young man who kept an Apothecary's shop in Merrimac street, died in that city, from the effects of Kreosote, which he had used to subdue the toothache.

Kreosote, or pyroligneous acid, or *essence of smoke*, is a very powerful poison, and therefore never should be used in curing tooth-ache, without being greatly diluted. Its immediate effect upon a nerve is paralysis, and a single drop of it highly concentrated, when applied to the tongue, will instantly paralyse the whole nervous system, and consequently destroy the life of the strongest man. Prussic acid, the effect of which is similar, is sometimes used to cure the tooth-ache, and sometimes with the same result. Hence it is very imprudent to use them at all; but if used, they should always be prepared by a skilful apothecary. We recollect a case of narrow escape from death, in the use of prussic acid. A young physician, afflicted with tooth-ache, diluted some, as he thought, sufficiently, and applied it to the tooth upon a bit of cotton. He instantly fell upon the floor as if struck by lightning, and continued insensible for fifteen or twenty minutes. On recovering, he was very weak for three or four days, his complexion being exceedingly pale.

In such cases, the patient should be made to swallow a half teaspoon of Cayenne pepper, infused in a wine glass of boiling water, taken about blood warm. A teaspoon of this put into the mouth will cause the patient to swallow, though insensible. At the same time a blister should be applied to the back of the neck, to stimulate the spinal cord, the great trunk where the nerves are distributed throughout the system. After this, high and nourishing food, well seasoned with Cayenne, black pepper, horse radish or mustard, and a bath of steam, or of water as hot as the patient tient can bear it, will soon restore the strength.

In all these cases the blood retreats from the surface to the internal organs, a fact proved by the paleness of the skin. But though this is an *effect*, and not a *cause*, and proceeds from the sudden cessation of nervous action, whatever that action be, yet it serves to indicate the cure. Therefore we say that whatever will throw the blood upon the surface, and stimulate the capillaries—(small blood vessels upon the skin,) to propel the blood forward when thrown there, must be useful; and for this purpose stimulants must be applied to the stomach, and steam or water to the skin. Furthermore, the cause being the sudden cessation or great diminution of nervous action, whatever will excite this action is necessary; and hence the utility of a blister to the nervous trunk.—*N. Y. Empire State.*

The Royal Wedding Cake.—The Loudon Times gives the following description of this important piece of the appliances of the Royal nuptials:—

"It is described as consisting of the most exquisite compounds of all the rich things of which the most expensive cakes can be composed, mingled and mixed together into delightful harmony by the most elaborate science of the confectioner. The Royal cake weighs nearly three hundred pounds weight. It is three yards in circumference, and about fourteen inches in depth or thickness. It is covered with sugar of the purest white. On the top is seen the figure of Britannia, in the act of blessing the illustrious bride and bridegroom, who are dressed (somewhat incongruously) in the costume of ancient Rome. These figures are not quite a foot in height. At the foot of his Serene Highness is the effigy of a dog, said to denote fidelity; and at the feet of the Queen is a pair of turtle doves, denoting the felicities of the marriage state. A Cupid is writing, in a volume expanded on his knees, the date of the day of the marriage; and various other Cupids are sporting and enjoying themselves as such interesting little individuals generally do. These little figures are well modelled. On the top of the cake are numerous bouquets of white flowers, tied with true-lovers' knots of white satin ribbon, intended for presents to the guests at the nuptial breakfast. This elegant emblem of the felicities of marriage will be placed on the breakfast table of the Queen, at Buckingham Palace, at the breakfast which is to succeed the ceremonies in the Chapel Royal."

Lady Jane Grey.—A new historical romance, with the above title, by Thomas Miller, has been published in England. It is said to possess considerable merit. The following is the description of the execution of Lady Jane Grey, whose fate forms a sad incident in English history:

"With her own hand did Lady Jane Grey bind the handkerchief around her eyes—those eyes which no one could ever look upon without feeling a strange sensation about the heart. Before, however, binding up her eyes, the headsman knelt before her, and begged her foregiveness. She breathed a few low sweet words, the purport of which was, that she forgave him with all her heart. She then drew the folds of her tunic gracefully around, and knelt down beside the block. Saving a low stifled sob, or a deep prolonged sigh which broke forth in spite of the attempt made to check it, not a sound was uttered among the spectators, but all was silent as the grave. The lady put forth her fair white hand (in which she held her handkerchief,) to feel for the block; the lieutenant guided her to it, when she laid down her head, and let fall the handkerchief as the signal that she was ready.

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A sound was heard—one deep muffled blow that sent the blood back into every heart there present; then burst forth those simultaneous groans which come unawares from the breast, and all was over."

National Propensities.—When a celebrated Scotch nobleman was once ambassador to the Court of France—Louis was always very anxious to learn from him the character of our nation, *tria juncta in uno*—"Well, my Lord," cried the King, "how would an Englishman be found after a hard-fought field?" "Oh! sleeping away the fatigues of the day," replied the Ambassador. "Very prudently," rejoined his Majesty. "And the Irishman?" "Oh, he'd be drinking away the fatigues of the day." "Good! good!" laughed out the Royal Louis. "And now, though last not least in glory's annals, your own countrymen—the bonny Scot?" "Why, your Majesty, I ken Sandy's humor— he'd be just darning his hose, perhaps, and thinking of the siller he could save."

Let all crusty old bachelors, and fretful, peevish, married men, read this. It is the advice of a Persian poet:

"When thou art married, seek to please thy wife, but listen not to all she says. From man's sight side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib straight. And wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since, then, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults and blame her not: nor let her anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved."

Business-like.—A gentleman in the country lately addressed a *billet-doux* to a lady in a neighbouring town, adding this curious postscript:—Please to send a speedy answer as I have *somebody else, in my eye.*