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Weekly Almanack.

November—1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
4 Wednesday - -	6 41	4 47	0 34	6 54
5 Thursday - -	6 42	4 46	1 44	7 56
6 Friday - -	6 43	4 45	2 55	8 51
7 Saturday - -	6 45	4 43	4 9	9 39
8 Sunday - -	6 46	4 42	5 27	10 25
9 Monday - -	6 47	4 41	rises.	11 10
10 Tuesday - -	6 48	4 40	4 55	11 55

Full Moon 9th, 1h. 12m. even.

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 October,
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

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.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
Marine Assurance Company,
(Incorporated by Act of the Legislature;)
CAPITAL, £50,000,
With power to increase to £100,000.

THE above Company having been organized, agreeably to the Act of Incorporation, will be ready to commence taking Risks on Vessels, Cargoes, and Freights, on and after Monday next, the 26th instant, on the most favorable terms.

JAMES KIRK, President.
St. John, 20th June. 1837.

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. }

Bank of British North America.

NOTICE is hereby given, that in accordance with an arrangement concluded between the Directors of this Bank and those of the Colonial Bank, this Branch is now authorised to grant Drafts on the Branches of the Colonial Bank,—

Jamaica, { Kingston, Montego Bay, Falmouth, Savannah-la-mar.

Barbados, Demerara, Trinidad,
Antigua, Dominica, Grenada,
Saint Lucia, Saint Kitts, Saint Vincent,
Tobago, Berbice, Saint Thomas,
Porto Rico, Saint Croix,

For sums of sterling money, payable in the currency of the Colony on which they are granted at the current Bank rate of Exchange for Bills on London at 60 days' sight.

ROBERT H. LISTON, Manager.
St. John, N. B., 11th August, 1838.

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.

DWELLING HOUSE
For Sale or to Let.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, or to let for such time as may be agreed on, the three story DWELLING HOUSE on the South side of Queen street, nearly opposite Mr. F. Jordan's. The house has recently been thoroughly repaired, painted and papered, and comprises three parlors, two kitchens, five bed-rooms, pantry, closets, &c. *and may easily be adapted to the use of two families, if required.* There is likewise a stable in the rear. Possession may be had immediately. Apply to

Sept. 22. E. D. W. RATCHFORD.

The Garland.

YE BURNING STARS.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Ye burning stars! that float in ether free,
Answer, oh! answer to my anxious quest!
Reveal, reveal the wondrous tale to me—
Where doth the disembodied spirit flee?
Is't to your distant realms of endless rest?
Answer, oh! answer me!

Thou blazing orb that rul'st the glorious day,
Answer, oh! answer to my anxious thought;
Illume my darkness with thy heaven-lit ray—
Doth the soul wend to thee its trackless way,
When it hath rent the veil that earth has wrought?
Answer, oh! answer me!

The burning stars, the blazing sun's reply
Echoes the human heart:—'To us unknown,
And but revealed to One immortal eye,
Closed from all else, is the great mystery,
The wond'rous mystery of spirits flown!
We cannot answer thee!'

STANZAS—BY THE SAME.

Is it a phantasy, that we shall greet
The loved of earth in that far spirit-land
The weary sigh for? If it be, 'tis sweet,
And vision fair as poet's eye e'er scann'd;
And life were worthless, if we had not this
Bright iris of the soul, and glimpse of future bliss.

But 'tis no dream! To doubt were to destroy
The only balsom for the mourner's wound;
To dash from thirst-parch'd lips the cup of joy,
When the worn pilgrim hath the well-spring found;
The arid waste of life's lone desert past,
To tear away the bowers Hope builds for him at last.

We deify the dead!—and make their tombs
The shrine whereat the bruised heart may pay
Its mournful homage;—memory's rose-leaf blooms,
And sheds sweet fragrance round their sleeping clay;
And wither'd hopes their faded garlands bring
To deck the spot where those we love lie slumbering.

The dead! the lost!—their shadow o'er our path
Steals at the peaceful hush of twilight's hour,
When passion's storms have quench'd their fiery wrath,
And gentle memories reign with fairy power;
Falling like dewy showers on nature's bed,
Reviving hearts like flowers—by the world withered.

And can we think, that those the clouded eye
Beholds in earth's low vale as things of light,
And beacons for us here—'t will not descry
When Heaven hath lit its darkness,—and made bright,
And clear as noon all that is now obscure?—
Ah! yes! those ties of love hereafter must endure.

We shall be known and know;—tho' atheists scoff,
And sceptics doubt, and jeering cynics chide,
When we this 'mortal coil' of flesh throw off,
The bridegroom shall again embrace his bride,—
The child shall meet the parent's fond caress,
And re-unite earth's link of sever'd happiness!

Miscellaneous.

THE DUKE OF KENT'S LODGE.

By the author of "The Clockmaker; or, The Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick of Slickville."

The communication by steam between Nova-Scotia and England will form a new era in colonial history. It will draw closer the bonds of affection between the two countries, afford a new and extended field for English capital, and develope the resources of that valuable but neglected Province. Mr. Slick, with his usual vanity, claims the honor of suggesting it, as well as the merit of having by argument and ridicule reasoned and shamed the Government into its adoption. His remarks upon the cruelty of employing the unsafe and unfortunate gun-brigs that constituted the line of Falmouth packets, until they severally foundered and disappeared with their gallant crews, are too personal and too severe to be recorded in this place, and the credit he claims for having attracted the attention, and directed the indignation of the public to this disgraceful sacrifice of human life, is so extravagant, that one would suppose this obvious and palpable error had escaped the observation of all the world but himself, and was altogether a new discovery. But, whatever praise he may deserve for his calculations and suggestions, or whatever blame is to be attached to the Admiralty for their obstinate adherence to the memorable "coffin-ships," I prefer looking forward to dwelling on a painful retrospect, and indulging in pleasing anticipations of the future, to commenting on the errors of the past.

This route, by its connexion with that of New-York, will afford an agreeable tour, commencing at Halifax, passing through the colonies, and terminating at the Hudson. It will offer a delightful substitute for that of the Rhine, and the beaten tracks on the Continent. As soon as it was announced that Government had decided upon adopting Mr. Slick's designs, I wrote to him informing him of the fact and of my intention to proceed to St. John, the State of Maine, New England, and New York, and requested him to meet me as soon as possible, and accompany me on this journey, as I proposed taking passage at the latter place in a steamer for Great Britain. I left Halifax on the 10th of May last, and embarked on board of the Great Western in July. It was the third, and will probably be the last tour on this continent performed in company with this eccentric individual. During the journey there were few incidents of sufficient novelty to interest the reader, but his conversation partook of the same originality, the same knowledge of human nature, the same humour as formerly; and, whenever he developed any new traits of character or peculiarity of feeling, not exhibited in our previous travels, I carefully noted them as before, and have now the pleasure of giving them to the public. As a whole they form a very tolerable portrait of an erratic Yankee trader, which, whatever may be the merit of the execution, has, at least, the advantage, and deserves the praise of fidelity.

The morning I left Halifax was one of those brilliant ones that in this climate distinguish this season of the year; and as I ascended the citadel hill, and paused to look for the last time upon its noble and secure harbour, the sloping fields and wooded hills of Dartmouth, and the tranquil waters and graceful course of the North West Arm, which, embosomed in wood, insinuates itself around the peninsula and embraces the town, I thought with pleasure that the time had now arrived when this exquisite scenery would not only be accessible to European travellers, but form one of the termini of the great American tour. Hitherto it has been known only to the officers of the army and navy, the former of whom are but too apt to have their first pleasurable impressions effaced by a sense of exile, which a long unvaried round of garrison duty in a distant land so naturally induces, and the latter to regard good shelter and safe anchorage as the greatest natural beauties of a harbour.

After leaving Halifax the road to Windsor winds for ten miles round the margin of Bedford Basin, which is connected with the harbour by a narrow passage at the dockyard. It is an extensive and magnificent sheet of water; the shores of which are deeply indented with numerous coves, and well-sheltered inlets of great beauty.

At the distance of seven miles from the town is a ruined lodge, built by his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, when commander-in-chief of the forces in this colony, once his favourite summer residence, and the scene of his munificent hospitalities. It is impossible to visit this spot without the most melancholy feelings. The tottering fences, the prostrate gates, the ruined grottos, the long and winding avenues, cut out of the forest, overgrown by rank grass and occasional shrubs, and the silence and desolation that pervade every thing around, all bespeak a rapid and premature decay, recall to mind the untimely fate of its noble and lamented owner, and tell of fleeting pleasures, and the transitory nature of all earthly things. I stopped at a small inn in the neighbourhood for the purpose of strolling over it for the last time ere I left the country, and for the indulgence of those moralizing musings which at times harmonize with our nerves, and awaken what may be called the pleasurable sensations of melancholy.

A modern wooden ruin is of itself the least interesting, and at the same time the most depressing object imaginable. The massive structures of antiquity that are every where to be met with in Europe, exhibit the remains of great strength, and though injured and defaced by the slow and almost imperceptible agency of time, promise to continue thus mutilated for ages to come. They awaken the images of departed generations, and are sanctified by legend and by tale. But a wooden ruin shows rank and rapid decay, concentrates its interest on one family or one man, and resembles a mangled corpse, rather than the monument that covers it. It has no historical importance, no ancestral record. It awakens not the imagination. The poet finds no inspiration in it; and the antiquary no interest. It speaks only of death and decay, of recent calamity, and vegetable decomposition. The very air about it is close, dank and unwholesome. It has no grace, no strength, no beauty, but looks deformed, gross, and repulsive. Even the faded colour of a painted wooden house, the tarnished gilding of its decorations, the corroded iron of its fastenings, and its crumbling materials, all indicate recent use and temporary habitation. It is but a short time since this mansion was tenanted by its royal master, and in that brief space how great has been the devastation of the elements. A few years more, and all trace of it will have disappeared forever. Its very site will soon become a matter of doubt. The forest is fast retaining its own, and the lawns and ornamented gardens, annually sown with seeds scattered by the winds from the surrounding woods, are relapsing into a state of nature, and exhibiting in detached patches a young growth of such trees as are common to the country.

As I approached the house I noticed that the windows were broken out, or shut up with rough boards to exclude the rain and snow; the doors supported by wooden props instead of hinges, which hung loosely on the panels; and that long, luxuriant clover grew in the eaves, which had been originally designed to conduct the water from the roof, but becoming choked with dust and decayed leaves, had afforded sufficient food for the nourishment of coarse grasses. The portico, like the house, had been formed of wood, and the flat surface of its top imbibing and rataining moisture, presented a mass of vegetable matter, from which had sprung up a young and vigorous birch-tree, whose strength and freshness seemed to mock the helpless weakness that nourished it.* I had no desire to enter the apartments, and, indeed, the aged ranger, whose occupation was to watch over its decay, and to prevent its premature destruction by the plunder of its fixtures and more durable materials, informed me that the floors were unsafe. Altogether the scene was one of a most depressing kind.

A small brook, which had by a skilful hand been led over several precipitous descents, performed its feats alone and unobserved, and seemed to murmur out its complaints, as it hurried over its rocky channel to mingle with the sea; while the wind, sighing through the umbrageous wood, appeared to assume a louder and more melancholy wail, as it swept through the long vacant passages and deserted saloons, and escaped in plaintive tones from the broken casements. The offices, as well as the ornamental buildings, had shared the same fate as the house. The roofs of all had fallen in, and mouldered into dust; the doors, sashes, and floors had disappeared; and the walls only, which were in part built of stone, remained to attest their existence and use. The grounds exhibited similar effects of neglect, in a climate where the living wood grows so rapidly, and the dead decays so soon, as in Nova Scotia. An arbour, which had been constructed of lattice-work, for the support of a flowering vine, had fallen, and was covered with vegetation; while its roof alone remained, supported aloft by limbs of trees, that growing up near it, had become entangled in its net-work. A Chinese temple, once a favourite retreat of its owner, as if in conscious pride of its preference, had offered a more successful resistance to the weather, and appeared in tolerable preservation; while one small surviving bell, of the numerous ones that once ornamented it, gave out its solitary and melancholy tinkling as it waved to the wind. How sad was its mimic knell over pleasures that were fled for ever!

The contemplation of this deserted house is not without its beneficial effect on the mind; for it inculcates humility to the rich, and resignation to the poor. However elevated man may be, there is much in his condition that reminds him of the infirmities of his nature, and reconciles him to the decrees of Providence. "May it please your Majesty," said Euclid to his royal pupil, "there is no regal road to science. You must travel in the same path with others, if you would attain the same end." These forsaken grounds teach us in similar terms, this consolatory truth, that there is no exclusive way to happiness reserved even for those of the most exalted rank. The smiles of fortune are capricious, and sunshine and shade are unequally distributed; but though the surface of life is thus diversified, the end is uniform to all, and invariably terminates in the grave.

"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres."

Ruins, like death, of which they are at once the emblem and the evidence, are apt to lose their effect from their frequency. The mind becomes accustomed to them, and the moral is lost. The picturesque alone remains predominant, and criticism supplies the place of reflection. But this is the only ruin of any extent in Nova Scotia, and the only spot either associated with royalty, or set apart and consecrated to solitude and decay. The stranger pauses at a sight so unusual, and inquires the cause; he learns with surprise that this place was devoted exclusively to pleasure; that care and sorrow never entered here; and that the voice of mirth and music was alone heard within its gates. It was the temporary abode of a prince—of one, too, had he lived, that would have inherited the first and fairest empire in the world. All that man can give or rank enjoy awaited him; but an overruling and inscrutable Providence decreed, at the very time when his succession seemed most certain, that the sceptre should pass into the hands of another. This intelligence interests and excites his feelings. He enters, and hears at every step the voice of nature proclaiming the doom that awaits alike the prince and the peasant. The desolation he sees appals him. The swallow nestles in the empty chamber, and the sheep find a noon-day shelter in the banquetting-room, while the ill-omened bat rejoices in the dampness of the mouldering ruins. Everything recalls a recollection of the dead; every spot has its record of the past; every path its footstep; every tree its legend; and even the universal silence that reigns here has an awful eloquence that overpowers the heart. Death is written everywhere. Sad and dejected, he turns and seeks some little relic, some small memorial of his deceased prince, and a solitary neglected garden-flower, struggling for existence among the rank grasses, presents a fitting type of the brief existence and transitory nature of all around him. As he gathers it, he pays the silent but touching tribute of a votive tear to the memory of him who has departed, and leaves the place with a mind softened and subdued, but improved and purified, by what he has seen. The affectionate remembrance we retain of its lamented owner may have added to my regret, and increased the interest I felt in this lonely and peculiar ruin. In the Duke of Kent the Nova Scotians lost a kind patron and a generous friend. The loyalty of the people, which, when all America was revolting, remained firm and unshaken, and the numerous proofs he received of their attachment to their king and to himself, made an impression upon his mind that was neither effaced or weakened by time or distance. Should these pages happily meet the eye of a Colonial Minister, who has other objects in view than the security of place or the interests of a party, may they remind him of a duty that has never been performed but by the illustrious individual, whose former residence among us gave rise to these reflections. This paper is designed for the cottage, and not for the palace; and the author has not the presumption even to hope that it can ever be honoured by the perusal of his Sovereign. Had he any ground for anticipating such a distinction for it, he would avail himself of this opportunity of mentioning that, in addition to the dutiful affection the Nova Scotians have always borne to their monarch, they feel a more lively interest in, and a more devoted attachment to, the present occupant of the throne, from the long and close connexion that subsisted between them and her illustrious parent. He was their patron, benefactor, and friend. To be a Nova Scotian was of itself a sufficient passport to his favour. Her Majesty reigns, therefore, in this little province in the hearts of her subjects,—a dominion of love inherited from her father. Great as their loss was in being thus deprived of their only protector, her faithful people of Nova Scotia still cling to the hope that Providence has vouchsafed to raise up one more powerful and equally kind in her Majesty, who, following this paternal example, will be graciously pleased to extend to them a patronage that courtiers cannot, and statesmen will not, give. While, therefore, as protegés of her royal house, they claim the right to honour and to serve the Sovereign of the empire as "*their own Queen*," they flatter themselves her Majesty, for a similar reason, will condescend to regard them as "*the Queen's own.*"

* This was the case when I was there in 1828. Since then porch and tree have both disappeared.

The Prophet of 1770.—Let us suppose ourselves carried back seventy years in the stream of time, and to live again the youthful subject of the young king, George III.—Let us likewise imagine, that, in those days the divine spirit of prophecy had come upon us, unveiling to our sight the events of the future. In seven years from this time the British empire shall be rent in twain (American war, in 1776). In fifteen years men shall rise from the earth, and fly through the air (invention of balloons, 1785). In twenty years the French monarchy, the oldest that ever was and now so flourishing, shall come to an end. A virtuous prince, (Louis XVI. 1793), not yet king, shall in twenty-three years lay down his life on the scaffold; his wife and sister shall share the same fate. In those days news shall travel with the speed of the wind, and what was done at mid day shall be known at the farthest bounds of the kingdom ere the setting of the sun (the telegraph, 1794). In twenty-six years a conqueror shall arise (Bonaparte) who shall water his horses in the Nile, the Jordan, the Tagus, and the Borysthenes. This conqueror shall restore the chair of St. Peter, and throw down what he had restored (dethronement of Pious VII). Finally, he whom the world could not contain, shall die a captive on a rocky island (St. Helena) neither in Europe, Asia, Africa, nor America, but in the midst of the vast ocean; a few feet of earth his empire, a willow his monument. In those days metals shall be found which float on the water, and burn under it (sodium potassium, discovered by Sir Humphry Davy). Ships shall stem the stormiest ocean without sails or oars (steam-ships). Carriages shall run without horses with the speed of the wind (locomotive engines). The ordinary speed of the wind is thirty-five miles an hour; that of the engines on the Great Western Railway is thirty-nine. Men shall be conveyed from India to the mighty Babylon in a month; to America in ten days; from one end of England to the other in ten hours. Bridges shall hang by a chain over the sea, while roads shall be made under it (the Menai Bridge and the Thames Tunnel.) To those days of bloodshed shall succeed days of liberty. The negro shall no longer be bought or sold. The slave shall be set free. The Greek shall be freed from the Turk; the Catholic from the Orangeman. The very beasts in those days shall have laws to protect them. Those days shall be days of great light. Men shall plough without horses, (steam plough); they shall spin without hands (power looms); they shall calculate by wheels (Babbage's machine); the sun shall engrave for them (Daguerrotype); they shall write with the lightning (electric telegraph). One machine shall print in one hour many thousand books, each of which shall take a man many days to read; a man may buy a book for a penny, for a penny he may send it to the ends of the empire. They shall read the rocks instead of a book (geology), and decipher the history of beings which lived and died ere man existed. In the heavens new stars shall be discovered; some, sisters of the earth; some, brothers of the sun (the planets, five in number, discovered since the American war; and the double stars by Sir William Herschel); and of all the colors of the rainbow. In those days, likewise, they shall read the Pyramids (Young's and Champollion's discoveries). They shall find out the mouth of the Niger and the Magnetic Pole; the way to every thing shall have been discovered—but the way to be happy.—*Phœnix (Edinburgh Newspaper).*

EPIGRAM FROM BURGER.

So great his passion for his Bride Louisa,
Sir Robert cannot talk of her enough;
He vows he would do anything to please her,
But absolutely cannot leave off snuff.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Mechanics.

Mr. Wallace exhibited and explained his apparatus for enabling persons to enter places on fire without danger from smoke, by means of breathing through water. A box of tin, containing the water, is placed on the man's back with tubes connected, forming a ring round the body and straps for the shoulders. A hood of Macintosh cloth, glazed in front, is put on the head, and being attached to the side tubes, four gallons of water will enable a person to bear the densest smoke for twenty-one minutes. Several members expressed their high opinion of the Protector, and explained its analogy to some other plans in present use in London and elsewhere. It resembled the diving apparatus in appearance.

Mr. Fairbairn read a paper on 'Iron as a Material for Ship-building.' He went into the subject of the extent to which the strength of iron plates was affected by the rivet-holes, and the general deduction made from his experiment was that there was a loss equal to about twenty-two per cent. A conversation followed as to the comparative strength and safety of iron boats, in which it seemed a general opinion that they were preferable to wood in these respects. Mr. F. was urged by several members to give his paper to the public, from the valuable matter it contained on this question, and seemed himself to be so fully confirmed in the superiority of iron, that he predicted it would entirely supersede wood in the course of four or five years.

Mr. Fairbairn next exhibited a model of an engine for raising water, which he had suggested for the purpose of draining the lake of Haarlem, in Holland, which covered upwards of 50,000 acres. It was his opinion that this could be accomplished by the application of a Cornish engine of from 200 to 300 horse power, attached to a scoop 30 feet square, the one end of which was made to move on a centre. In the bottom of this scoop, which was curved, were several valves opening upwards, on the side nearest to the engine. By the descending stroke of the engine this side was immersed in the water and filled by the valves. The returning stroke, or rather the weights attached to the other end of the beam, raised the scoop, and threw the water into a canal at a higher level than the lake. Such an engine as he proposed would lift seventeen tons of water at each stroke, and make seven or eight strokes a minute. The average depth of the lake was ten feet. The engine was so constructed as to give the dipping of the scoop a longer or shorter stroke as required.

English Submarine Operations.—The endeavours of Col. Pasley to raise the wreck of the Royal George, at Spithead, have excited considerable attention in England; so much, indeed, that several other gentleman have been induced to enter upon the speculation of gaining 'treasures from the great deep.' Their efforts, however, have a two-fold object. Besides the raising of these wrecks, for the value of the material, they seek to clear the roadstead so effectually, that ships may with safety anchor on the spot, which, though in the best part of Spithead, has been useless for more than fifty years. Gunpowder has already accomplished a great deal, and piles of timbers, guns and masts have been brought to land. But the tide soon fills up the craters formed by these explosions. The divers have removed nearly all the wrecks lying upon the surface, and what remains is mostly covered by a mingled mass of mud and sand. Lieut. Symonds has adopted a curious device to remove this obstruction. It is a large rake, made of a strong spar, and furnished with long and sharp teeth. This mud-comb, as it is called, is moved along the bottom by means of hawsers, and so effectually harrows and loosens the mud, that the tides wash it away, in a great measure. The bank is already sensibly diminished, and timbers, planks, and even guns, are beginning to show themselves above the surface of the bottom. The various parties of divers are now engaged upon three different vessels, viz: the Mary Rose, sunk in battle in 1805, the Royal George, and the Edgar, and in consequence of this new application of the rake, hopes are entertained that Shithead may soon be entirely cleared of all obstructions, which can impair its safety as an anchorage ground.

Galvanised Tin and Iron.—This is an article for roofing and other purposes, which is beginning to be extensively used in Europe and also in New-York. It was first introduced to public notice by M. Dumas, some years ago, in a report to the Academy of Science, Paris. It is said to possess all the conveniences of tin plates, with the additional advantage that it does not rust on exposure to the weather, but is as unchangeable as copper, and much cheaper. It presents a brilliant crystaline appearance.

The Debtor.—The man is in debt, he is obliged to look in the face of the people, and perhaps poor people, whom he cannot pay. It is a situation infinitely irritating and mortifying. We are a people, I know, to a proverb, reckless of debt—reckless at least about plunging into it; but no man can be in it, and find the situation an easy one. No man can, without passing, I had almost said, through worse than purgatorial torments, become callous to the demand for payment. It turns the whole of life into a scene of misery and mortification—makes its whole business and action a series of sacrifices, and shifts and subterfuges. Home itself—the last refuge of virtue and peace—the very home that has lost its independence in its splendor, that is not protected from the intrusive step and contemptuous tone of the unsatisfied creditor—has lost its charm. It is no longer a sanctuary: and is but too likely to be forsaken for other resorts. Many a man, not not only in the city, but in the country, has gone down in character and self-respect, in virtue and hope, under the accumulated weight of their overwhelming embarrassments.—*Dewey.*

Napoleon.—The following is a beautiful passage taken from Lord Brougham's Sketches of the Times of George III. It relates to Napoleon's ill-fated Russian campaign, and the disastrous retreat of his legions:

"But the vaulting ambition of the great conqueror at last overshot itself. After his most arduous, and perhaps most triumphant campaign, undertaken with a profusion of military resources unexampled in the annals of war, the ancient capital of the Russian Empire was in his hands; yet, from the refusal of the enemy to make peace, and the sterility of the vast surrounding country, the contest was bootless to his purpose. He had collected the mightiest army the world ever saw; from all parts of the continent he had gathered his forces; every diversity of blood, and complexion, and tongue, and garb, and weapon, shone along his line; the resources of whole provinces moved through the kingdoms which his arms held in awe; the artillery of whole citadels traversed the fields; the cattle on a thousand hills were made the food of the myriads whom he poured into the plains of Eastern Europe, where blood flowed in rivers, and the earth was whitened with men's bones. But this gigantic enterprise uniformly successful, was found to have no object, when it had no longer an enemy to overcome, and the victor in vain sued to the vanquished for peace. The conflagration of Moscow in one night began his discomfiture, which the frost of another completed. Upon the pomp and circumstance of unnumbered warriors, their cavalry, their guns, their magazines, their equipage—descended slowly, flake by flake, the snow of a northern night. The hopes of Napoleon were blighted; the retreat of his armament was cut off; and his doom sealed far more irreversably than if the conqueror of an hundred fields had been made captive with half his force. All his subsequent efforts to regain the power he had lost, never succeeded in countervailing the effects of that Russian night. The fire of his genius burned, if possible, brighter than ever. In two campaigns his efforts were more than human, his resources more miraculous than before, his valour more worthy the prize he played for. But all was vain. His weapon was no longer in his hand; his army was gone and his adversaries no longer quailing under the feeling of his superior nature, had discovered him to be vincible, like themselves, grew bold in their turn."

Jewish Marriage Ceremony.—The editor of the Richmond Compiler was of late present at a wedding celebrated according to the form of the Jewish Ritual. He represents it as striking and beautiful.

A service was repeated in the Hebrew language—a canopy raised, under which the bride and bridegroom, with those who took an active part in the service, met. Here wine was passed to the lips of the betrothed, the ring was placed on the finger of the bride, a wine glass was dashed upon the floor, and the parties were united in that holy union which both Jew and Christian believe to be of Divine origin. Previous to the ceremony the priest mentioned that three significations had been given to the breaking of the wine glass. One implies that sorrow is ever mingled with our joy, and that the cup of sparkling bliss is liable to be dashed into fragments from our lips. Another defines it as conveying the idea, that it would be as easy to re-unite the broken and brittle particles of the glass, as to put asunder those who were then joined together. The third meaning conveyed by the symbol, is the remembrance that it affords the Hebrew of his desolated heritage and his overthrown sanctuary. It was a thrilling sight, there, with so many Gentile faces looking on, to see that canopy reared, and that rite performed, far away from the vineyards of Zion and her holy places, by those who still cling to the symbols of her ancient glory and cherish her ancient faith, after the long lapse of generations.

Vegetable Diet.—There cannot be a doubt that the diet of the Irish is highly favourable to vivacity and talent. It is stated in the Code of Health, that 'vegetable food' has a happy influence on the powers of the mind, and tends to preserve a delicacy of feeling, a liveliness of imagination, and an acuteness of judgment, seldom enjoyed by those who live principally upon animal food. The latter is better calculated for those *who labor with the body*; but the celebrated Franklin ascertained that a vegetable diet, promoted clearness of ideas and quickness of thought, and that a transition from vegetable to animal food produces injurious effects; a friend states that he has more than once selected from his tenant's children a boy remarkable for that smartness of intelligence so common in the Irish youth, while in the capacity of errand boys on the farm, or helpers in the stables, and before they became pampered with better food than their parents' cabin afforded. The lads were at first lively and intelligent, and displayed a degree of shrewdness exceeding what is generally met with from youths of a more exalted walk of life in England. But he invariably found that in proportion as these boys were better fed, they relaxed in activity, became dull and stupid; and he is confident the change in disposition sprung from the effect of change in diet, and was not owing to corruption of mind from their intercourse with the other servants. In fact they lost all that vivacity of manner so inherent to the Irish boys, whether born in the vast bog of Allen, or in the dry and rocky counties of Mayo and Galway. He is therefore inclined to think that the character of the people does not depend so much upon climate or soil as upon food, for no part of the globe can differ more than these parts of the kingdom.

A potatoe diet is found greatly to improve the quality of the blood. Hence 'roasted potatoes' have been successfully employed as a specific against the sea scurvy, when other remedies have failed. This discovery was made in France. It is singular that boiled potatoes do not seem to have the same good effect.—*Sir John Sinclair.*