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Weekly Almanack.

JULY—1834.		Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
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Last Quarter 26th day, 2h. 26m. evening.

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The Garland.

THE CANADIAN WOODSMAN.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

(From the New-York Emigrant.)

Son of the Isles, talk not to me
Of the old world's pride and luxury;
Why did you cross the western deep—
Thus, like a lone, lone maid, to weep
O'er comforts lost and pleasures fled—
Mid forests rude to earn your bread?

Did you expect that art should vie
With nature, here, to please the eye—
That stately hall, and fancy cot,
Would grace each wild concession lot—
That, independent of your hearth,
Men would admit your claims to birth?

Believe me, youth, the truly great
Stoop not to mourn o'er fallen state;
They make their wants and wishes less,
And rise superior to distress—
The globe they break, the sheef they bind,
But elevates a noble mind.

No tyrant custom binds the soul,
That once has spurn'd its base control;
Necessity, that makes the slave,
Has taught the free a course more brave,—
With bold, determin'd heart, to dare
The ills that all are born to share.

Contented in my rugged cot,
Your lordly towers I envy not;
Amid these forests dark and wild
Dwells honest labour's hardy child—
His independent lot I clasp,
And breathe a purer, freer air!

Then smile not at my homely cheer,
The wealth the world can give, is here;
Beneath my axe the forest yields
Its tangled maze, to fertile fields;
Indulgent heaven has bless'd the soil,
And plenty crowns the woodsman's toil.

No more by wealthy upstarts spurn'd,
The bread is sweet in freedom earn'd—
This goodly breadth of well tilled land,
Thus purchas'd by my own right hand,
With conscience clear, I can bequeath
My children, when I sleep in death.

Miscellanea.

"Various:—
That the mind of desultory Man,
Studious of change, and pleased with novelty,
May be indulged."

LAY SERMON TO YOUNG WOMEN.

The means of improvement in regard to your sex are chiefly reading and conversation. The first gives you knowledge, and the latter teaches you how to use it; and much cicumspection is requisite in both cases. Now, I must confess that I am seldom pleased with the books which I see in the hands of young ladies whom I esteem, and for whose well being I am anxious. They often are ruin for you, as from them you get so much that is nothing but froth and fume. I can never help being pleased when I see one of my own volumes in a young lady's hand whom I like, and yet I cannot say very much for them either; only thus much I can say, that these dreamy stories about ghosts and apparitions and persecutions are not half so apt to poison the mind as those of another class which I shall describe. Ladies' novels, for instance, with the exception only of those of two at present living, are all composed in a false taste, and at the same time convey so little instruction that it would be better for you never to open them. What benefit can a young mind receive from contemplating scenes which, though interesting, have neither nature nor probability to recommend them? You may see, perhaps, virtue rewarded and vice punished; but while these necessary acts of justice are painted, you see nothing of the reality of life, none of the characters with which you are acquainted; and it is far from being a safe amusement for young ladies who have their feelings and imaginations wrought upon the fictions of romance, even though the book should hold up nothing but the fairest sides of fair characters. The mind by these is apt to become too highly toned for the common incidents of life; and the readers of such works are apt to be wound up to such a pitch as to be precisely like those who never enjoy themselves save when they are under the influence of intoxication. Another bad thing in these books is, that they always bring virtue into trying and critical situations, so that you must have the delineation of the other,—all its modes of attack, and the most insinuating infusions of its poison. Vi[illegible] cannot be exhibited in too detestable colours wh[illegible] the intention of the author is to make resistance meritorious. Where [illegible] is no allurement there is no temptatio[illegible] too frequently happens that the wor[illegible] the piece is the most engaging. It is [illegible] normly so with the greatest and most ac[illegible]d novelist that ever was born; and hence, in [illegible] and of a young reader especially, all the distinctions between virtue and vice are broken down. Think, then, what mischief may be wrought in a youthful female mind by such pernicious representations of character. If the agreeable but wicked hero of the piece be reformed, there is a dangerous desire excited to make proselytes; and if he be published, the tears which should have been shed for his guilt fall for the misfortunes of the guilty. I recommend therefore, to your attention those works which give a real picture of such characters as have existed in the world, and do exist, both for your profit and amusement; for whenever your author loses a sight of nature and probability, you lose all hold of him and interest in his work. It is good to indulge in reading history; for though the incidents are often surprising, and such as one durst not exhibit in a novel, and likewise many of the characters above the capacity of ordinary readers to comprehend, it nevertheless has this to recommend it, that it gives a faithful and true picture of the passions which have agitated mankind, and the events which have resulted therefrom in real life, especially from the ambition of princes and the selfish intrigues of courtiers and flatterers. But in history, though we often see vice successful, it is as near amiable; and, from the nature of its composition, and the greatness of its objects, the series of events, the dignity of the actors, and the issue of all worldly events, which he does and must exhibit, you will receive lessons on human affairs well calculated to promote your knowledge and humility. There you see the rapid decay of all worldly grandeur, beauty, and ambition; so that the whole of history, to a contemplative mind, is one huge *memento mori*—a good lesson still keep before your eyes. Romances, on the other hand, give a transient and false view of human life; the figures are overcharged with coloring, the whole is intended to please, and there is nothing in the back-ground to teach us that all is vanity. The personages of romance are indeed conducted through most difficult and distressing scenes; their virtue is exposed to the greatest risks, while the art of the author must, at all events, preserve it from contamination. Many delicate sentiments may be introduced, and much heroic love displayed, and, when you least expect it, the seas, and interventions of all sorts, which a little while before seemed altogether insurmountable, diappear at once; the stratagems of rivals, and the opposition of parents, are all exhausted; and the marriage of the hero and heroine closes the grand outrageous fiction. Some of these works may be exceedingly amusing to you, though I confess they were never so to me; but I maintain that if you read such books, you will never be instructed. What are regarded as fine sentiments are of no use if arising out of unnatural and improbable adventure; and I farther assure you, on the credit of a poet, that I never knew a young lady the better of her reading when she read for excitement alone.—*The Ettrick Shepherd's Lay Sermons.*

Portrait of a Favourite Daughter.—Her mother was of Spain—a beautiful Spanish lady, whom the admiral married at Valentia, or at Seville, and she came with him to England where she shortly afterwards died. Her daughter, every one said, was very like her. Certainly she wanted that rare pink and white which adorn our beauties—there was a tint of olive some might not like; but then her skin was smooth and polished as the finest marble, and her figure had a waviness and delicacy which I cannot describe—a sort of graceful pliancy about it that I never saw in any other. Her feet and hands were so extremely beautiful, it scarcely looked natural—they seemed modelled by art. * * * * * She used to dress, too, in a way of her own—she rarely wore colours, but was always in black or white; and her dresses were not trimmed, and sticking so oddly out and about as those of the best dressed young ladies we visited; one did not know how they were made. They used to flow like a drapery round her limbs, confined by a band round her waist, where usually would be a clasp of very rich jewels and gold. On her arms she sometimes wore a rich bracelet or so, and a splendid gold chain now and then round her neck; but never any thing in her hair, which was braided about her head in a manner quite her own, which I used to think very charming; and she had a way of wrapping a great mantle of delicate lace, at times, about her, that was very striking. I was told she had it from her mother, as well as the pattern of her black satin shoe, which certainly was most prettily fancied. Miss Thornhaugh was all gaiety and good humour—but as wild and as wanton as a bird. She never much heeded what other people thought or did, but went her own way, perhaps one should say, wilfully—but it was such a pretty wilfulness, that I, for one, could not quarrel with it. * * How she loved the old admiral, her father! and as for him, he adored her—he loved her as the apple of his eye—she was the light of his footsteps—the fountain of joy to his soul—she was to the stern old seaman, after all the dark and rugged passages of his life, like some strain of wild and sweet music filling the intervals of the storm. His features, on which the severity of the quarter-deck had traced those lines firm to rigidity—almost harsh in their stern dignity—would relax and soften, at her approach, to a sweetness quite remarkable; and his voice, which, when a little raised, we could none of us hear without an undefinable sensation, would melt to her into the modulations of a lover. As for denying her anything in the world she wished for, or thinking anything in the world she could say or do could be amiss, that never entered into his head. She played with all his fancies, which were some of them whimsical and odd enough; she smiled him out of his anger, for when there was reason he could be very angry. She coaxed him to follow her ways, when others found it impossible to bias him.—*The Admiral's Daughter.*

WISDOM.—Every other quality besides is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs. Now, it is the prerogative of wisdom to preside over every inferior principle, to regulate the exercise of every power, and limit the indulgence of every appetite, as shall conduce to one great end. It being the province of wisdom to preside, it sits as umpire on every difficulty, and so gives the final direction and control to all the powers of our nature. Hence it is entitled to be considered as the top and summit of perfection. It belongs to wisdom to determine when to act and when to cease; when to reveal and when to conceal a matter; when to speak and when to keep silence; when to give and when to receive; in short, to regulate the measure of all things, as well as to determine the end, and provide the means of obtaining the end, pursued in every deliberate course of action. Every particular faculty or skill besides needs to derive direction from this; they are all quite incapable of directing themselves. The art of navigation, for instance, will teach us to steer a ship across the ocean, but it will never teach us on what occasions it is proper to take a voyage. The art of war will instruct us how to marshal an army, or to fight a battle, to the greatest advantage, but you must learn from a higher school when it is fitting, just, and proper to wage war or to make peace. The art of the husbandman is to sow and bring to maturity the precious fruits of the earth; it belongs to another skill to regulate their consumption by a regard to our health, fortune, and other circumstances. In short, there is no faculty we can exert, no species of skill we can apply, but requires a superintending hand; but looks up, as it were, to some higher principle, as a maid to her mistress for protection, and this universal superintendent is wisdom.—*Robert Hall.*

A lady who died in England in 1816 bequeathed to 6 of her horses an annuity of £50 each. These happy and well-fed horses died at the respectable ages of 28, 29, 31, and 33. The last but recently departed this life, having enjoyed his annuity more than 17 years, and received about £800.

Industry and Economy.—Idleness is an inlet to most other vices; while, by industry, the powers of the mind are turned to good account. Usefulness of character depends much on diligence. Early to accustom children to industry, application and perseverance, is a necessary part of education. If indulged in idleness when young, application to business will afterwards be irksome. They should early be made sensible of the value of time; they should be made to understand that no economy is so essential as the economy of time; and that as by squandering pence we are very soon deprived of pounds; so, by wasting minutes, we shall not only lose hours, but days and months. We must endeavour to inspire children with the spirit inculcated in the following precept; "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

For a young woman to have been properly instructed in the management of the family is far more essential to her than all the elegant arts on which so much time and expense are by some bestowed. If she has been made acquainted with every particular circumstance of a servant's duty, takes an active part in family concerns, combines frugality with plenty, retrenches superfluous cost and decoration, and thus is fitted to meet adverse as well as prosperous circumstances, she will be useful and respectable in her father's family, and particularly so in a married state. When domestic economy is viewed in this light, is there a woman that would disdain to rank it among her accomplishments? or a sensible man who would not prise it in his wife.

Whatever may be our occupation in life, there is in an industrious, upright liberal benevolent mind, an inherent dignity that will meet with esteem from all whose opinion deserves to be regarded.

And as frugality and industry are by no means necessarily connected with an avaricious disposition, the most opulent parent ought not to be ashamed to adopt, in the economical education of his children the excellent motto, "waste not, want not." Early habits of care, and early aversion and contempt of waste, are interesting lessons for children to learn. The most industrious and frugal are frequently the most liberal and benevolent. And it is upon this principle, that children should be taught not only to save, but that they are responsible for making a right use of what they save, or possess.

While encouraging children in industrious habits, let us not forget or neglect to encourage industry at their books, and to afford them opportunities of mental improvement, to qualify them rightly to enjoy the necessary intercourse with mankind.

Temperance Anecdote.—An amiable lady, the wife of a sea-captain, accompanied her husband several times across the Atlantic. On one of these voyages, the captain became dangerously ill. At the same time, the vessel was overtaken with a severe gale, which blew for several days, with tremendous violence. For a while the brave sailors endured the greatest hardships and privations without complaining. At length, however, they became discouraged, and refused to obey orders. The alarmed mate immediately made the captain's wife acquainted with affairs; and begged that the captain might, if possible, come on deck: for, added he, if possible the sailors will break open the spirit room, and, if they do, all—all is lost, and not a soul on board can be saved. Ordering the mate on deck, the lady seized the husband's pistols, and placed herself before the door of the spirit room. Soon the crew, as this came rushing down together; but before they reached the bottom of the stairs their attention was arrested by the sight of this female, and they came suddenly to a stand. Pointing her pistol at the foremost, and raising her voice, she assured them the first man, who dared take another step, should be laid dead on the floor! And then, in a mild and winning tone, she said—"Come my lads, you have done bravely, the blow is almost over, run to your duty, the ship shall be saved, and you shall not lose your reward." Filled with admiration of the conduct of the female, rather than with the fear of death, the sailors bowed respectfully, gave three cheers, and returned on deck. The gale soon abated, and the ship was saved.

Ladies, shall the ship be saved? or shall she sink? If saved at all, you must guard the spirit room.—*Tracy's Temperance Address.*

A Valuable Hint.—A writer in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, Dr. Comstock of Lebanon, (Con.) furnishes an interesting article on the mode of extracting foreign substances which have been introduced into the ear. He says that he once knew an instance of a lady in whose auditory passage a *bug* had flown, whose anguish proceeding from the motion and noise of the insect, was beyond all former experience or present endurance. She described the noise while the insect was in her ear, as exceeding the falling of a mountain, or the crash of thunder, whilst its motion gave pain unutterable. The writer recommends the feather end of a quill from a raven, goose, or eagle, smeared in honey, should be introduced into the ear, which will immediately stop the hum of a bug, or the buzz of a fly, and extract it. If the substance to be extracted is a cherry stone, or shot, or kernal of corn, *candied* honey may be preferable to that directly from the hive, because more tenacious and adhesive, and there may be cases where something more adhesive than honey can be used with propriety. But by dipping the feather end of a quill into the latter, introducing it into the ear, and turning it round, every substance which lies loosely in the passage may be extracted. This will supersede the use of forceps, and do away the barbarous term, and more barbarous operation, of *auricular lithotrity.*—*Bost. Merc. Jour.*

A ROUGH DENTIST.—I was much amused the last morning watch that I kept. We were stowing the hammocks in the quarter-deck nettings, when one of the boys came up with his hammock on his shoulder, and, as he passed, the first lieutenant perceived that he had a quid of tobacco in his cheek. "What have you got there, my good lad; a gum-boil? your cheek is very much swelled." "No, sir," replied the boy, "there's nothing at all the matter." "O, there must be; it is a bad tooth, then. Open your mouth, and let me see." Very reluctantly the boy opened his mouth, and discovered a large roll of tobacco leaf. "I see, I see," said the first lieutenant, "your mouth wants overhauling and your teeth cleaning. I wish we had a dentist on board; but, as we have not, I will operate as well as I can. Send the armourer up here with his tongs." When the armourer made his appearance, the boy was made to open his mouth, while the chaw of tobacco was extracted with his rough instrument. "There, now," said the first lieutenant, "I'm sure that you must feel better already; you never could have had any appetite. Now, captain of the afterguard, bring a piece of old canvas and some sand here, and clean his teeth nicely." The captain of the afterguard came forward, and, putting the boy's head between his knees, scrubbed his teeth well with the sand and canvas for two or three minutes. "There, that will do," said the first lieutenant. "Now, my little fellow, your mouth is nice and clean, and you'll enjoy your breakfast. It was impossible for you to have eaten anything with your mouth in such a nasty state. When it's dirty again, come to me, and I'll be your dentist."—*Peter Simple, in the Metropolitan.*

England's Colonial Commerce and Future Prospects.—Our Colonial commerce is capable of rendering us independent of the whole world,—of giving profitable employment to our half-starved population, thus renovating the social fabric at its base, and making England more secure in her dominion over the ocean,—more powerful for the protection of the oppressed,—more thoroughly efficient for disseminating the boundless blessings of religion. Babylon, Ninevah and Rome fell from their high estate, leaving no traces of their past glory but in their name; their empire was territorial, their government that of the *few*, their knowledge unaided by the press, their precepts unguided by the gospel; not thus is it with the British empire,—her dominion is maritime,—her government that of the *many*,—her people's voice heard in every corner of the earth through the press,—and her endeavours for the spread of the gospel every where crowned with propitious prospects. Have we then cause to think the British empire has passed its meridian, and now hastens towards the twilight of existence? No! unless knowledge, unless Christianity be the stepping stones to annihilation. On our empire the sable curtain of night is never complete, for while the bright luminary of the heavens is temporarily unillumining the skies of Albion, it is but to shed light and life on another section of our wondrous social frame; may this astronomical phenomenon be typically that of our national history,—may the sun of Britain's glory never set in eternity, until the great globe itself shall have passed away,—and may our maritime dominion (under the auspices of Him alone to whom power and dominion belong) become more and more consolidated, forming unto Christianity that prophesied kingdom, whose branches and roots will extend over the habitable earth for the exaltation and happiness of man.—*Montgomery Martin's History of the British Colonies.*

The Chamber of Death, Reflections in.—It is ill to break upon the solitude of the dying, though it is good to enter into the solemn temple of death: it is a sad but a useful lesson to lift the pall; to raise the coffin lid; to gaze upon all we loved, upon all that was bright, and pure, and beautiful, changing with a slow but certain change to decay and corruption. The most careless cannot move along the chamber of death without being affected by the king of terrors. The holy quiet that ought to characterize a funeral procession is too frequently destroyed by the empty pomp and heartlessness which attend it; but, in the death chamber, there is nothing of this; the very atmosphere seems impregnated with the stillness of the time when there was no life in the broad earth, and when only "God moved on the face of the waters." Our breath comes slowly and heavily to our lips, and we murmur forth our words as if the spirit watched to record them in the unchanging book of immortality.—*Mrs. C. S. Hall.*

Reflections on Trees and Children.—Trees and children are, of all living things, those whose growth soonest makes one feel one's age; children especially. To sit under the shade of a pine of one's own planting, is nothing to being overtopped by a girl whom one used to dandle in one's arms, and fondle on one's knee. How short a time ago it seemed to me since Annie, Nannie, Nanette, (for by all those names the little lassie was wont, and still continued to be, called) a damsel of some four years old, used to climb into my lap, and throw her arms about my neck, for a story. And here she was a young woman, and beg gayest of the gay, the wildest of the wild!—the *Mitford.*

GOLD is said to be the Sovereign of Sovereigns.

Lord Byron said, that "Love, like the measles, was most dangerous when it came too late in life."

COQUETRY is the daughter of Gaiety, and the mother of Mortification.

The climate of British America is too salubrious for doctors to make fortunes.—*Macgregor.*

A Remarkable Train of Occurrences.—Three of the most important events connected with the transient state of human existence, were brought under notice at the Hotel, in Thirsk, last Thursday, in the following singular order. Three carriages arrived there for the night, the first of which contained a dead body, the second a new married couple, and the third a lady, who in the course of a few hours after her arrival, presented her lord with a daughter, the first pledge of their affection.

Dunning and Lord Mansfield.—Dunning, whose debauched habits often made him late at court of a morning, on one occasion came snuffling into the King's Bench at half past nine. Lord Mansfield was very vexed. "Do you know what our it is Mr. Dunning?" Mr. D. pulling out his watch, "half-past nine, my lord." "I have been here an hour, Mr. Dunning." "Then, my lord we have been equally irregular; you half an hour too soon, and I half an hour too late." On another occasion Dunning had been strongly contesting a point of law, and urging Lord Mansfield to revise his opinion. "Mr. Dunning, I apprehend I sit here by his Majesty's gracious permission, to decide what is the law—at this rate I had better go home and *burn* my books." "You had better by half go home and *read* them," said Dunning aside, but pretty loud.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

SUMMARY.

MR. JEFFREY.—To some it may appear strange that Mr. Jeffrey, after two or more expensive elections, should abandon the path of honorable ambition; or, to speak more emphatically, voluntarily abdicate as the legal and judicial sovereign of Scotland. The powers of the Lord Advocate are almost illimitable; nor is the patronage connected with the office insignificant or inconsiderable. The salary we have heard stated at £4000 per annum, to say nothing of Scottish appeal cases in the House of Lords, a moiety of which are sure to be entrusted to so high an officer. Living in London may be very expensive; but even with this drawback, the income mentioned, and the chance, nay certainty, of professional employment, must exceed by far a single gown and a salary of £2000. But neither emolument nor distinction, we strongly suspect, weighs in the estimation of the Lord Advocate in comparison to learned and lettered ease. In the latter quality he is surpassingly rich, and may be sufficiently, though not equally so in the former, and after a long, brilliant, and most laborious career, it is time something like a breathing time should arrive at last. The duties of his present office, onerous and perplexing in a high degree, were forced on him at a late period of life, and were alien, rather than akin to his early pursuits. That he will make an excellent judge we have no doubt whatever; and though his hand, during session-time, may be full of work, the vacation will enable him to unbend, recreate, and resume, if so disposed, that felicitous pen which, for nearly twenty years, was perpetually dropping golden thoughts. In his beautiful review of Campbell's Specimens of the Poets, he gives a hint of a work which he would like to execute; and our hope is, that he will yet enter on the task *con amore*, and thus produce, apart from the mass of other men's writings, something "which the world will not willingly let die."—*Dumfries Courier.*

There are forty-two ships of war, of various sizes, now building at the several dock-yards in England and Wales, including three steam-vessels, of four guns each.

Moon, the printseller, of Threadneedle-street, has obtained permission from Sir Robert Peel, to engrave Wilkie's celebrated picture of John Knox. Moon has paid Wilkie five hundred guineas for the copyright, and for watching and superintending the progress of the engraving, which will now proceed with all possible dispatch compatible with the importance of the subject.

The literary executor of the late Lord Woodhouselee has just put forth the first and second volumes of his "Universal History, from the Creation of the World to the beginning of the Eighteenth Century," which is to extend to six volumes, and forms a valuable portion of Murray's Family Library. The reputation of this work has been so great and so general, that nearly the whole impression is subscribed for by the London booksellers.

One of the most extraordinary marches ever known was that of Napoleon's Imperial Guards, from Meudon to Bamberg in 1806. The distance is 420 miles, and was performed, arriving in good condition, in thirteen days, the advance being at the rate of thirty-two miles a day.

UNITED STATES.

MAGNIFICENT DONATION.—It is remembered, no doubt, by our readers, that Mr. Rich, formerly American Consul at Malaga, and now proprietor of a large book establishment in London, was some time since applied to for a list of the principal public libraries in each state of the Union. The object was to present to each, on the part of the British Government, a splendid collection of volumes from the Record Commission at London. These works, valued at £300, and all in folio and bound, have arrived. We have been highly gratified with the inspection of those received by the New-York Society Library, where the public may have an opportunity of seeing this literary curiosity on applying to Mr. Forbes, the librarian. Among the works included in this munificent donation, are several very ancient records of such extreme rarity and value that they are seldom or never met with in circulation, though their titles and the general nature of their contents are familiar to most persons. Of these, the most curious, perhaps, is, 1. The celebrated *Doomsday* Book in four volumes, whose cognomen, from its singularity, every person almost has heard of. It is the great Survey of all the estates and Census of all the land-holders of England, from feudal lord to *collared* vassal, minutely particularizing the names of each and the inventory of their property. It was made by order of William the Conqueror soon after his arrival, and was intended, no doubt, as a classification of his Saxon and Norman subjects, or rather a confirmation of titles to those whose estates were not confiscated, and a division among his Norman followers of such spoils as he had plundered. In this remarkable and antique book the inhabitants of the United States, as most of us are of English descent, may trace out the early glimmerings of their genealogy and family pedigree—whether of Saxon, Danish, or Norman extraction. 2. Rymer's Fœdera, six volumes, folio, as its name implies, comprises all the diplomacy and foreign relations of Great Britain, from the time of the conquest, treaties, bulls, letters, &c. Rymer, the celebrated antiquarian, who collected these valuable materials, and published them in the beginning of the last century, was distinguish- permitted by [illegible] men of letters of that time. He was public archives, [illegible] then King, free access to all [illegible] in nine volumes. 3. The S[illegible] of Great B[illegible] lumes. 5. The [illegible] 4. The Public Rolls, [illegible] eleven volumes. [illegible] Acts of Parliament of Sc[illegible] lumes, including the [illegible] Writs of Chancery [illegible] liamentary Writs. 8. A large number of [illegible] Records. 9. Catalogues in folio, of the Harleian [illegible] manuscripts, and of the Cottonian and Lansdowne [illegible] lections; several volumes. Our space will not per[illegible] mit us to enlarge upon the liberality of the motives which prompted this truly magnificent acquisition. It reflects the highest honor on the British Government. The New-York Society Library, among its excellent and rare works, amounting to 22,000 volumes, possess in this association the most precious body of historical materials for reference and research, which can be any where found within the same compass. Though not of any apparent obvious utility, their value as legal and ecclesiastical records, and authentic historical data, it is scarcely possible to estimate.—*New-York Evening Star.*

A Warning.—Mr. John Vandervleet died at his residence in Cherry-street, New-York, on Monday 30th ult. from the effects of drinking cold water, while in a state of excessive perspiration. He had just returned from an excursion, and, while overheated, drank a tumbler of cold spring water.

The bodies of the two unfortunate young firemen, Eugene Underhill and Frederick A. Ward, who perished while zealously engaged in the arduous duties of their profession at the fire in Pearl-street yesterday morning, were recovered from the ruins last evening, but so crushed and scorched that they could scarcely be recognized.—[N. York Post.

The army of the United States, as now constituted, consists of dragoons 363; artillery 1778; infantry 3225; unattached soldiers and recruits 678—total 6054. Militia force, according to the late returns, 1,346,113.

Died, in Rockingham, N. C. Mr. James Saunders, aged 120 years, a native of Virginia. He was born in the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne, of England; and lived to see the four Georges, her successors to the throne, "gathered to the tomb of their fathers."

Honorable intent to Kill.—The National Intelligencer of the 21st ult. contains sundry notes, constituting a correspondence between the two *honorable* Representatives from M[illegible], of which the following is the purport. The [illegible]*norable* Harry Cage having taken exception to so[illegible] remarks in the house that fell from his colleague, the *Honorable* F. E. Plummer, requests him to give [illegible] an opportunity to *murder* him at his shortest convenience. The *honorable* Mr. Plummer replies, that he has no particular objection for honor's sake to comply, but that it is extremely inconvenient to him to be murdered until he has served his constituents to the end of the Session, and then has made some arrangement of his private affairs at home. He promises, however, as soon as Congress adjourns, to oblige his *honorable friend* by taking the shortest possible course home, when he shall have the felicity of shooting at him. The *honorable* Henry Cage, however, protests, that it is contrary to all law and order for his *honorable friend* not to be willing to be murdered on the spot, and at the shortest notice, and therefore must decline performing the intended act of kindness. The *honorable* Mr. Plummer, very much afflicted at this unexpected withdrawal of his honorable friend, expostulates, and assures him, that he has made inquiry of highly honorable gentlemen, experienced in honorable murdering, (not being himself very skilful in the science,) who have decided that he has not claimed any thing in the least, exceeding the rights accorded by the laws of honor to gentlemen invited to be murdered. Here end the loving epistles.—*St. Louis Observer.*