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CHARTER OFFICERS.

At a Common Council holden at the Council Chamber on Tuesday, the 13th day of April, A. D. 1841:

Ordered, That the following persons be appointed Charter Officers for the year ensuing —:

John Boyd, M. D., George J. Harding M. D.—*Visiting Physicians.*

Daniel Jordan, Daniel Ansley, Henry Chubb, Seth Wheaton—*Assessors of Taxes.*

Daniel Jordan, Daniel Ansley, Henry Chubb,—*Assessors of Nightly Watch and Scavenger Tax.*

William Leavitt, Isaac Woodward, Lewis Burns, William D. Faulke, Joseph Hamm, Robert Ray, Thomas M. Smith, Thomas Robson, David Crook, Thomas Leavitt, Gilbert T. Ray, James U. Thomas—*Port Wardens.*

Thomas Robson—*Port or Harbour Master.*

John Reed, George Thomas, John Murray, Abraham Beatteay, Daniel Hatfield, Edward Murray, John Mills, James Reed, James P. Thomas, Thos. Vaughan, William Spears, John Scott, John W. Seely, John Woodley, Alexander Mills, Donald McDougal, William Seely, John Leavitt, sen.—*Pilots.*

Thomas Baldwin, *Collector of Taxes on the Eastern side of the Harbour.*

Samuel Clarke, *Collector of Taxes on the Western side of the Harbour.*

Thomas Baldwin, *Collector of Watch Tax.*

Levi Lockhart, *Collector of Dog Tax.*

Thomas Baldwin, *Collector of Monies arising from Statute Labour Defaulters.*

Samuel Clarke, *Ditto on the Western side.*

Robert James, *Inspector of Fire Wood and Bark at the Market Slip.*

Stephen Gerow, *Ditto North Slip.*

John Paul, *Ditto Lower Cove Slips.*

Linus Seely, *Ditto Carleton Slips.*

Jacob Wilson, William M'Auley, Francis Wilson, Edward Bennison, James Neill, Edward Hippesley—*Measurers of Coals.*

Jacob Wilson, William M'Auley, Francis Wilson, Edward Bennison, James Niell, Edward Hippesley—*Measurers of Salt.*

Benjamin C. Chaloner, *Guager of Wines, &c.*

Samuel Gillespey, Andrew G. Lordly—*Searchers and Guagers of Oil.*

John Knollin, *Fence Viewer.*

John Golding, *Pound Keeper.*

Samuel Clarke, *Fence Viewer at Carleton.*

William Cronk, Richard Irvine—*Pound Keepers at Carleton.*

Levi Lockhart, George Stockford, James Peacock, James Howe, Thomas M'Gaghey, Patrick Kelly, Matthew Morrison, John Golding—*Hog Reeves.*

William Cronk, Richard Irvine, Henry Hasson—*Hog Reeves at Carleton.*

John Kinney, John Dunn, Joseph Wilson, Samuel Gillespey, Andrew G. Lordly, William Dunham, Samuel White—*Inspectors of Pickled Fish.*

Henry Nice, John Christopher, Jr., Joseph O Dunham, Robert Brittain—*Inspectors of Pickled Fish on the Western side of the Harbour.*

Samuel Gillespey, Andrew G. Lordly—*Cullers of Dried Fish.*

William Barlow, Samuel Gillespey, Andrew G. Lordly, James Peacock—*Inspectors of Staves, Lathwood, Hoop poles and other small stowage.*

Samuel Jordan, Alexander M'Grotty, John M. Campbell, David M. Whiting, John Jordan, John G. Tobin, George Cassie, Joseph Sherwood, James H. Fairweather, Thomas Leach, Thomas Fairweather, George W. G. Fairweather, John Sherrard, Jeremiah Gove, Thomas Nixon, Alexander M'Grotty, jr. George H. Robertson, William Shives, Richard S. Dixon, Richard Langtry, Joseph Wetmore, James Stewart, John Quinton, Zechariah Adams, John O'Neil, Joseph Ball, Hiram Edgett, William H. A. Keans, John Gallivan, Edward D. Gore—*Surveyors of Lumber.*

Charles Davies, Thomas Majoribanks, Nathaniel Clinton—*Inspectors of Flour.*

Robert Ritchie, *Inspector of Bread.*

Charles P. Betts, David S. Marshall—*Inspectors of Lime.*

Robert C. Minnette, *City Surveyor.*

Samuel Bulyea, *Looker after Nuisances at Carleton.*

William Hagarty, David S. Marshall—*Fire Inspectors.*

William H. Bowyer, *Warehouse Keeper.*

Jeremiah Vradenburgh, *Surveyor of Highways, King's*; Isaac Johnston, *Queen's*; William Brundage, *Duke's*; John Moore, *Sidney*; John Clarke, *Guy's*; John Chausser, *Brook's.*

Ordered, That unless the several Officers this day appointed as Charter Officers for the ensuing year, do take out their Warrants of Appointment and qualify for their respective situations on or before the 10th day of May next, their Warrants will be withheld, and their appointments considered void; and all persons acting as Charter Officers after this date, and before such qualification as aforesaid, will be proceeded against for the penalty thereby incurred.

By Order of the Common Council,
JAMES PETERS, Jr., C. C.

Steam Boat Notice.

THE MAID OF THE MIST

Will leave every Monday Morning, at 7 o'clock, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS, and return next day. Goes to *Eastport, St. Andrews*, and *St. Stephens*, every Friday Morning, at 7 o'clock, and returns the next day.

A steamer will leave every *Tuesday Evening* for Windsor; and leave again on the same high water that she arrives there.

The North America

Will leave every Thursday Morning, at 7 o'clock, for *Boston*, commencing on Thursday, 15th instant, and arriving here on her return on *Mondays*.

Freight taken as usual. Apply to Captain Mabee, on board, or to

April 20. JAMES WHITNEY.

The Garland.

TO MY CHILDREN.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Where are ye? Are ye playing
By the stranger's blazing hearth,
Forgetting, in your gladness,
Your old home's former mirth?
Are ye dancing? Are ye singing?
Are ye full of childish glee?
Or do your light hearts sadden
With the memory of me?
Round whom, oh! gentle darlings,
Do your young arms fondly twine?
Does she press you to *her* bosom,
Who hath taken you from mine?

Oh! boys, the twilight hour
Such a heavy time hath grown,
It recalls with such deep anguish
All I used to call my own,
That the harshest word that ever
Was spoken to me there
Would be trivial—would be welcome—
In this depth of my despair!

Yet no! Despair shall sink not,
While life and love remain—
Though the weary struggle haunt me,
And my prayer be made in vain;
Though at times my spirit fail me,
And the bitter tear-drops fall;
Though my lot be hard and lonely,
Yet I hope—I hope through all.

Miscellaneous.

THE MAGNANIMOUS LOVER.

A TALE—BY ROSALIE GREY.

'Emily,' said Miss Douglas to her cousin Emily Beresford, one morning as they were sitting together,—'Emily, are you still bent on refusing this splendid match? Lord Mackinnon adores you, you hard-hearted girl! Is it possible that one so young can be callous to the feelings of others?

'Cousin,' said Miss Beresford with a firm voice, but changing colour, 'I *cannot* wed this man; I dare not! I do not love him.'

'O no! because it is your foolish and romantic attachment to his friend, that prevents you from loving him; but I can assure you, you will too late find yourself mistaken in him; he will never marry you; he loves another.'

Emily started from her seat! For one moment she gasped for breath, then exclaimed—'Say these cruel words but once again, and I—but no, it cannot be,—Fitzhenry——

'Is on the eve of marriage to Lady Clara Sinclair,' said Miss Douglas, with a flashing eye and a lip of scorn; 'the rich, the beautiful, and accomplished Lady Clara: what says my fair cousin now?'

'That she will *never, never*, think of him more! that this hand and heart she will solemnly pledge to another. Mackinnon the noble, the amiable, shall not suffer for my sorrow. Yes! I *will* love him, Margaret,' she continued, vehemently clasping her hands, and raising her streaming eyes to heaven,—'that is, if I can.' She pressed her hand on her heart, as if to still its wild beating, whilst her complexion, now pale, now flushed, too plainly spoke the pang she was enduring. The struggle had indeed been a severe one; and now the first moment of excitement was past, Emily Beresford's spirit failed, and she sank senseless on the floor. Miss Douglas raised her cousin, and endeavoured to restore her; but it was many hours ere the wretched girl returned to the conscious misery of her situation: then all seemed a blank, for was not Fitzhenry false?—the only man she ever loved, or could love!

* * * * * * *

'Emily,' said Lord Mackinnon to his fair intended, a week previous to their wedding, 'I have again written to Fitzhenry, intreating him to gratify my wish, and give me this dear hand; and,' he continued, gracefully taking his seat beside her on the sofa, 'I do not think he can again refuse me; I am so anxious you should know my friend.'

Miss Beresford turned pale; poor girl! now she too deeply felt her error in never having acknowledged to Mackinnon that she already knew Fitzhenry. Each time she had intended doing so, a feeling of consciousness has prevented her. At length she said, 'And does Lady Clara Sinclair accompany him?'

Lord Mackinnon stared; Lady Clara! Oh no, I fear that is impossible, she is better engaged; she is going to be married, you know, my love,' he said, smiling tenderly on her.

'Yes! and would there be any impropriety in her accompanying her intended husband?'

'Oh! surely none; but as he finds it out of his power to be here, she of course prefers remaining with him.'

Emily looked up inquiringly in her lover's face: 'I thought—I had heard——

'Heard what?'

'That Mr. Fitzhenry was going to be marrjed to Lady Clara.'

'Fitzhenry! On no, his brother the Colonel is to be the happy man. Clara would not do for a clergyman's wife; besides,' added he, deeply sighing, 'poor Fitzhenry will, I fear, never love again; I heard a rumour that he had been disappointed, and I immediately wrote to him on the subject, conjuring him by our past and still continuing friendship to confide his grief to me; but he replied, in answer, that nothing could restore his happiness now, and that he forebore speaking of his trials, being well convinced the wound was too deep for any friend, however attached, to heal. That melancholy letter! Oh! my Emily,' continued the amiable young man, 'it would have made you so sad, had you read it!'

Poor Emily thought so too; she had listened in mute attention, till her heart was nearly bursting from her exertions to restrain the deep agony she endured. Yet she neither wept nor fainted, but her cousin fortunately entering, she seized that opportunity of retiring. Speedily she rushed along the passage, and on gaining her own apartment, locked her door, and sank on a chair in an agony of tears. Long, long, she wept—'Fitzhenry disengaged! Fitzhenry free! Yet lost to me forever!' Oh! there was frenzy in the thought, and bitterly did she now repent her engagement, which was rendered even more hateful to her by the virtues of its object, for did she not feel that she had basely deceived him? 'Poor deluded Mackinnon! what would be his feelings, when he discovered that the being on whom his soul doated had never really loved him! nay, was secretly attached to another! Would he not think, and justly too, that his rank and fortune alone had induced her to accept his hand? And how he will despise me!' thought she; Fitzhenry too!' but the knock of her maid roused her, and hastily disrobing, she dismissed her attendant, and threw herself on her bed, but not to sleep; indeed she thought she would never sleep again.

* * * * * * *

Algernon Fitzhenry was the youngest son of a gentleman of high aristocratic connexions, but of slender means. He had been bred to the church, and was now in possession of a very small family living, scarcely adequate, indeed, to support the expenses of a gentleman; but he was too strictly conscientious to apply to his father in any emergency, being well aware that all had been done for him that was possible with so large a family to maintain. He therefore thought it his duty to remain single; but he could not prevent himself from falling in love; and as my readers have perceived, Miss Beresford had long been the object of his devoted, yet secret attachment; and though he had never talked of love, still his expressive eyes told a tale that few women could misunderstand! And then his manner, usually so playful and captivating, had of late assumed a pensive cast. In fact he was no longer the same Algernon Fitzhenry, once the admired of all eyes! True! He was the beloved of all hearts, but his fine spirits were quite gone, and his anxious friends grieved over what they considered the wreck of his former self! Little did his attached friend, Lord Mackinnon, imagine that the letter in which had been conveyed the (to him rapturous) intelligence of his engagement, with the name of the fair object of his affections, had implanted a deadly incurable wound in the noble heart of his noble Fitzhenry! The trial was indeed a bitter one; and had it not been for religion, the stay of the afflicted, he would have sunk under this cruel and unexpected blow. At first, he refused all solicitations of Mackinnon to pay him a visit, who, unconscious of his reason for refusing, continued to entreat his presence at the wedding; nay, more, to perform the ceremony himself! Fitzhenry's lacerated heart shrunk from this; but at length, after a more than mortal struggle, he consented; for he falsely imagined his trial would be less, could he but see his beloved Emily ere she became the wife of another. This was perhaps a weakness; but Fitzhenry was a mortal, and my readers must forgive him if he acted as such.

* * * * * * *

'I do not *love* him!' exclaimed Miss Beresford, suddenly rising from the settee on which she had thrown herself but five minutes before, and pacing the room with hurried steps—'I do not love him; and yet this much dreaded, this hated hour is arrived! Oh! the horrors of being doomed to marry a man I can never love; and when my heart is irrevocably fixed on another. Why was I gifted with this fatal beauty? why was I born with the fascinations they tell me I possess, and to the power of which I owe this detested marriage? Oh, happy they, who possessing only mediocrity, may pass through life unsought and unobserved. Would——' But here she paused; for the door opened, and a group of fair girls flew gaily into the room.

'Emily,' said the eldest, approaching her, 'dear sister, not dressed!—and we wait for you. Mr. Fitzhenry is arrived, and Lord Mackinnon. But why these tears? My sweet sister—my own Emily. Has any thing distressed you? Has——'

Miss Beresford started up, and throwing back the long dark curls that hung dishevelled on her shoulders, she exclaimed, as she dashed away the tear that still trembled on her eye-lash, and looked up with a bright and dazzling smile into her sister's face, at the same time gently disengaging herself from her affectionate embrace,—Dearest Annie! do not alarm yourself, it was but a sudden pang, it is over! I will but wreathe these roses in my hair, and I shall then be ready to attend you.'

She approached the mirror, and gathering up her luxuriant tresses, twisted them round her small and gracefully formed head; then throwing a superb lace veil over her, so as almost to shroud her whole person, she turned to her young companions, and motioned to leave the room. The effort was a violent one; but her strong mind apparently shrank not from it; and though her cheek was deadly pale, and her breath beat fainter and quicker, none could guess from her calm deportment, and her erect carriage, that her heart was pierced with sorrow.

Emily Beresford was indeed exquisitely beautiful, hardly above the middle height, slightly and elegantly formed. Her figure possessed that easy grace and dignity of carriage, so rarely to be met with in the English females. Her features were purely classic; not one ray of colour tainted the purity of those chiseled cheeks, not a ruffle sullied that marble brow, the dazzling fairness of which formed a marked contrast to the deep jet of her hair. Her eyes were blue; not the light azure of sunny day, but the deep dark blue of starry night, whose jetty fringes absolutely swept her cheek. Nature had endowed her with the most splendid talents; she was generous, warm-hearted, and forgiving; but at the same time she had bestowed on her pride, the pride of birth, and that conscious shrinking delicacy so often attendant upon poverty, when united with an ancient and even noble family. It was this innate feeling that first caused her dislike to her intended husband, who, highly gifted as he was in heart and mind, had yet greatly erred in urging on a marriage which his penetration of character must have perceived to be disagreeable. But judge him not too hastily. Lord Mackinnon loved, passionately loved; and though his manner with the fair object of his choice was calm, and even at times cold, it was not the coldness of his heart that urged him to this treatment, but the deep respect which he entertained for her virtues.

Lord Mackinnon was no common character: eminently handsome, possessed of an immense fortune, he had long wished to marry, but had never until introduced to Miss Beresford, beheld the woman to whom he could attach himself. He had made himself thoroughly acquainted with her character, and beheld it all he most admired in woman; joined to a few faults which he believed, under a proper guidance, might be converted into virtues. True! he was at first dazzled by her uncommon loveliness; but had not the mind been in unison with the form, he could have forgotten her without a struggle. Such were his ideas of what a female ought to be, that he thought it would be impossible for him to love if he did not respect! After some weeks' residence in the neighbourhood of Bower Hill, as Sir Crawford Beresford's seat was called, and occasionally seeing its fair inmate, he requested the Baronet's permission to pay his addresses to his daughter, which was instantly granted by the triumphant father. Miss Douglas too had been his friend, at least so he imagined; with a handsome showy exterior, she joined a vicious, depraved heart; and jealous to madness of her sweet cousin, to whom she was every way inferior, she had endeavoured but vainly to captivate the rich young nobleman; now baffled in her scheme of aggrandizement, turned her thoughts to the poorer, but far more fascinating Fitzhenry, and she hoped by a false statement of his engagements, she should succeed in deceiving her cousin, and thus induce her to accept the devotedly attached Earl. How far her plans answered we have seen; and her depraved heart revelled in the misery she had caused! She hated Emily, not only on account of her surpassing loveliness, but because she felt her to be as far above her in amiability of character.

Hurried steps are heard in the passage, the saloon door opens, and in another instant, the exquisitely lovely bride enters; quick as thought Lord Mackinnon is at her side. 'Emily, my love, Fitzhenry! dear Algernon!' and the next minute he joined their hands in his. Poor, poor Emily! This was more than her fortitude could well endure; no sooner did she feel the touch of his trembling hand, which deep emotion had rendered cold as her own, than, raising her tearful eyes to his face, she beheld his fixed on her in fearful silence. Was he changed? Oh yes! those deep expressive orbs had lost their speaking look of gladness; that high marble brow appeared contracted by some internal and most agonizing struggle; and where was that witching smile which had so lately charmed all hearts? He did not speak! but Emily too plainly read the feelings of his soul; it was enough—that look! It seemed to thaw the ice in which her feelings had hitherto been buried; and with a shriek of agony, which seemed to burst her very heart-strings asunder, she dropped lifeless at his feet!

In that fatal moment, all was forgotten by Fitzhenry. He hung over her in speechless grief, calling her by every endearing name to revive; till a sudden grasp of the arm recalled him to recollection, and looking up, he met the gaze of Lord Mackinnon. 'Algernon,' said the low deep voice of his friend, and in a moment the whole of the wretched past flashed upon his mind; and striking his brow with convulsive energy, he rushed from the room. In the meantime Emily began to recover,—and was instantly conveyed to her own apartment.

In an hour afterwards, a travelling carriage and four was seen driving up to the door, and Lord Mackinnon slowly entered it, and alone; his face was deadly pale, and his eyes bore traces of recent but unwonted tears. He had sought and obtained an interview with the almost heart-broken Fitzhenry, and most nobly had he acted—he forebore all mention of his own sufferings, though they were deep! It had been his first love, and he felt assured it would be his last; but his friend was dearer to him than even life itself; and there was another dearer yet, for whom he felt he could make any sacrifice, and that beloved being he had resigned—convinced that, by so doing, he could alone ensure her happiness. Nay, he did more! for, on learning that pecuniary difficulties alone had prevented Fitzhenry from avowing his attachment to the object of it, he exerted himself to procure him a living, which (being intimate with men in power) he found not much difficulty in doing; and after pouring out his noble soul to Fitzhenry, he wrung his hand, and hastily quitted the house, not daring to gaze again upon that being who was only *too* dear to him. Shortly after, his regiment was ordered abroad; and in the early part of the Peninsular war, after gloriously distinguishing himself, he fell, covered with wounds—leaving the whole of his immense possessions to his once beloved Emily, now the happy wife of her devoted Fitzhenry.

AN ENTHSIASTIC NATURALIST.

The following passage occurs in a letter of Wilson, the American ornithologist, to a friend, and contains a pleasing portrait of the amiable and enthusiastic spirit of the author:

"That lovely season is now approaching, when the garden, woods, and fields, will again display their foliage and flowers. Every day we may expect strangers flocking from the south, to fill our woods with harmony. The pencil of Nature is now at work, and outlines, tints, and gradations of lights and shades, that baffle all description, will soon be spread before us by that great Master, our most benevolent friend and Father. Let us cheerfully participate in the feast he is preparing for all our senses. Let us survey those millions of green strangers, just peeping into day, as so many happy messengers come to proclaim the power and munificence of the Creator. I confess that I was always an enthusiast in my admiration of the rural scenery of nature; but since your example and encouragement have set me to attempt to imitate her productions, I see new beauties in every bird, plant, or flower I contemplate; and find my ideas of the incomprehensible First Cause still more exalted, the more minutely I examine his works.

I sometimes smile to think that while others are immersed in deep schemes of speculation and aggrandisement, in building towns and purchasing plantations, I am entranced in contemplation over the plumage of a lark, or gazing, like a despairing lover, on the lineaments of an owl. While others are hoarding up their bags of money, without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of Nature's works, that are for ever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks and owls, opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, &c., so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's ark; but Noah had a wife in one corner of it, and in this particular our parallel does not altogether tally. I receive every subject of natural history that is brought me; and though they do not march into my ark from all quarters, as they did into that of our great ancestor, yet I find means, by the distribution of a few fivepenny *bits*, to make them find the way fast enough. A boy, not long ago, brought me a large basket full of crows. I expect his next load will be bullfrogs, if I don't soon issue orders to the contrary. One of my boys caught a mouse in school, a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner, I set about drawing it that evening, and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl, but happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torture are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty."

Rapidity of Vegetation in the North.—The extreme rapidity with which, in the North, vegetation attains its growth, and the shortness of time in which crops arrive at maturity, appear at first very surprising to the natives of other climates; and an English farmer would be almost inclined to doubt the possibility of grain being sown and reaped in the space of six or seven weeks, which is frequently the case in Norway, and other parts of the North. Many with the names of Norway, Sweden, and Lapland, are apt to associate the idea of continual as well as extreme cold; without reflecting that the natural causes, as they create the latter, operate also in producing a greater degree of heat during the summer, not only hardly ever known in England, but even equal to what is often felt in the West Indies. This will not appear so surprising, when the total absence of night is considered, and the continual presence of the sun in some parts for a considerable length of time. Even in the most fertile and cultivated districts of Norway, the sun during the twenty-four hours is absent from the horizon so short a time, setting at eleven and rising about one, that the earth has no time to cool. Thus a northern summer is as remarkable for its heat, as the winter, from the total absence of the sun, is for its intense cold.

Light and Heat.—Light, to a certain extent, follows the same laws as heat. It is received by radiation from the sun, reflected by smooth surface, transmitted and refracted by transparent substances, such as water and glass, concentrated by reflecting from concave surfaces, and dispersed, by reflection, from surfaces which are convex. All these properties of light are rendered, more or less, available in horticulture. Light, however, differs from heat, in the impossibility of retaining it after the absence of the sun; whereas heat can be retained by inclosing heated bodies in non-conducting mediums, and by reflecting it back to the surface from which it is radiated.

Rage for the Telescope.—The interest which the exhibition of the telescope excited at Venice did not soon subside. Sirturi describes it as amounting to almost phrensy. When he himself had succeeded in making one of these instruments, he ascended the tower of St Mark, where he might use it without molestation. He was recognised, however, by a crowd in the street; and such was the eagerness of their curosity, that they took possession of the wondross tube, and detained the impatient philosopher for several hours, till they had successively witnessed its effects. Desirous of obtaining the same gratification for their friends, they endeavoured to learn the name of the inn at which he lodged; but Sirturi fortunately overheard their inquiries, and quitted Venice early next morning, in order to avoid a second visitation of this new school of philosophers. The opticians speedily availed themselves of the new instrument. Galileo's tube, or the double eye-glass, or the cylinder, or the trunk, as it is called, for Demisiano had not yet given it the appellation of telescope, was manufactured in great quantities, and in a very superior manner. The instruments were purchased merely as philosophical toys, and were carried by travellers into every corner of Europe.—*From Sir D. Brewster's Martyrs of Science.*

If you would be known, and not know, *vegetate* in a village; if you would know, and not be known, *live* in a city.—*Colton.*

Children should be inured as early as possible to acts of charity and mercy. Constantine, as soon as his son could write, employed *his* hand in signing pardons, and delighted in conveying, through *his* mouth, all the favours he granted. A noble introduction to sovereignty, which is instituted for the happiness of mankind.—*Jortin.*

The two most precious things on this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live, as not to be afraid to die.—*Colton.*

He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable, with interest, about thirty years after date.—*Colton.*

Most men abuse courtiers, and affect to despise courts; yet most men are proud of the acquaintance of the one, and would be glad to live in the other.—*Ib.*

A companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repeat the money they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companions, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; "'Tis the company, and not the charge, that makes the feast."—*Isaac Walton.*

Irishwomen.—Amid the want so often attendant upon the young and thoughtless marriages of the Irish peasantry, it is wonderful to note how closely heart clings to heart. Poverty, the most severe and prolonged, rarely creates disunion, and still more rarely separation. The fidelity of the Irish wife is proverbial; she will endure labour, hunger, and even ill usage, to an almost incredible extent, rather than break the marriage vow; we have known cases in abundance. "He beat me," said a pretty, weeping girl, not nineteen, who had married from the service of an old friend,—"He beat me, ma'am, long ago; but I never thought more of it since; and yet that didn't hurt me half so much as he's saying that maybe little Ned wasn't his; that's breaking the heart in me intirely, though I know he didn't mane it, and that it was the temper that spoke in him—the weary on him for temper!—I've known nothing but hardship since I married him; but I didn't complain of *that; we both expected nothing else;* and I didn't make a hasty stroke, for it's hard on him to see us a wanting a potato, and he wet and weary—an *ould man* before his time with the slavery—and, though I put little Neddy to bed early to *sleep off the hunger*, yet often he's teasing on the poor child, and wakes him in spite of me, and I know the hungry face of the darlint aggravates his father. I know all that: but *he* ought to know that I'd follow him faithful through the gates of death, if *that* would save him an hour's pain; he ought to know it—and does know it—I'm sure he does; and he kissed me this morning on his fasting breath, leaving the handful of potatoes for me, and saying, the mesther, where he gives his strength for eightpence a day, ordered him a breakfast, which I'm sure ain't the truth. The love's in his heart as strong as ever: but the misery, ma'am, often hardens the man, while it softens the woman's; but its hard to listen to such a word as that. He was my first love, and he'll be my last. None of us can tell what's before us: but I'd go all my trouble over again if it would do him any service."—*Mr. & Mrs. S. C. Hall's Ireland.*

Marine Calculations.—If a mariner knew that his ship had moved after leaving a certain port, 100 miles in a sou'-west direction, it would be easy, knowing the latitude and longitude of the port which he had left, to determine the latitude and longitude of the ship's position; because, after sailing in a sort of diagonal line, a little calculation will show how much "westing," or how much "southing," the ship has made. This he endeavours to do by an expedient which, though clumsy, has been for several ages, and still is in use. The instrument called a *log* is a flattish piece of wood, generally shaped like a quadrant, with a piece of lead at the curved edge to make the log remain vertically in the water. To this log one end of a line, about 120 fathoms in length, is attached; the greater part of the line being wound on a reel in such a manner as to unwind when required with great facility. When this log is thrown into the water it will remain nearly stationary, and the quantity of line run out in a certain number of seconds, will furnish an approximation to the rate of the vessel's motion. The line is, therefore, divided into portions about 50 feet in length, by little knots, and each portion of the line is termed a 'knot;' 120 of these 'knots' make nearly a nautical mile, and 120 half-minutes make an hour; consequently, as many of these knots as are run out while a half-minute glass is going, so many miles or 'knots' per hour will the ship be moving. The process then is this:—the log is 'hove' or thrown into the sea, and when about twenty yards of line have run out (which portion is called stray-line, and is a sort of allowance for the height of the hull, and the first disturbance of the log,) the first knot leaves the reel, and the half-minute glass is turned. Wen the sand has run out, the line is stopped, and the log drawn in, and the number of knots which have been unwound is reckoned. This number, from the circumstance before mentioned, represents with more or less error, the velocity of the ship's motion in miles per hour. The rate of the ship's motion is entered on the 'log board,' together with the 'course,' or the direction of motion, as shown by the compass; and then ensues a demand on the skill and experience of the officer.

A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of maintaining them all. "But you have sons big enough to earn something, and help you, now," said a friend. "The difficulty is, they are too big to work," was the answer.

Deaths in London.—The statistician, curious in death, notes that every ten minutes some one of the inhabitants of this huge metropolis dies.—[Quarterly Review.