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Weekly Almanack.

August—1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
5 Wednesday	4 51	7 21	10 39	4 22
6 Thursday	4 52	7 20	11 13	5 33
7 Friday	4 53	7 18	11 56	6 55
8 Saturday	4 54	7 17	Morn.	8 6
9 Sunday	4 55	7 15	0 47	9 5
10 Monday	4 56	7 14	1 47	9 51
11 Tuesday	4 57	7 12	2 52	10 30

Full Moon 13th, 2h. 36m. morning.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
THOMAS LEAVITT, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
BILLS or NOTES for Discount, must be left at the Bank before three o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK
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.
R. H. LISTON, Esquire, Manager.
Discount Days .. .. *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
NOTES and BILLS for Discount to be left before three o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 1 o'clock.
JOHN BOYD, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.
Committee for July,
A. S. PERKINS, JOHN WARKER, R. KELTIE.
☞ 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

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.

HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT
At Loch Lomond.
THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has opened a House of Entertainment at Loch Lomond, in the premises formerly occupied by Mrs. Tyson, adjoining the Farm of Richard Sands, Esquire, and is prepared to accommodate, in a comfortable manner, BOARDERS or PLEASURE PARTIES from the City, who may wish to enjoy the delightful scenery and aquatic sports of the Lake and its vicinity. The House is convenient either for permanent Boarders or family parties visiting the country for a few hours, is well supplied with excellent Beds; and a plentiful stock of provisions, &c. at all times on hand. He respectfully solicits a portion of the public patronage, which it will be his unceasing study to merret.
☞ Good accommodations for Horses and Carriages.
PETER CLEMENTS.
Loch Lomond, 16th June, 1840.

NOTICE.
THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has, for the better accommodation of the public, fitted out a good, comfortable PACKET to sail between the Ports of SHEDIAC, New-Brunswick, and BEDEQUE, P. E. Island, once every week during the Summer, so as to intersect all the lines of Stages, that is to say—M'Beath's from *Miramichi*; Brown's from *Petticodiac*; and the line of Coach from Nova-Scotia;—and all persons going to Prince Edward Island will find immediate conveyance to all parts of said Island.
The Packet DOLPHIN will sail every *Monday*, from Shediac to Bedeque, and every *Thursday*, after the arrival of the Charlottetown Stage, from Bedeque to Shediac, weather permitting.—Fare, best Cabin, seven shillings and sixpence; forward Cabin six shillings; deck passengers, five shillings. All Letters and Newspapers free between said Ports.
The Subscriber respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage, which it will be his unceasing object to merit.
ANTHONY SIMPSON,
Shediac, May 25, 1840. *Master.*

The Garland.

From the Knickerbocker for June.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

"Look, how they come—a mingled crowd,
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as ye gaze."—BRYANT.

Speak it not lightly!—'tis a holy thing,
A bond enduring through long distant years,
When joy o'er thine abode is hovering,
Or when thine eye is wet with bitterest tears;
Recorded by an angel's pen on high,
And must be questioned in eternity;

Speak it not lightly!—though the young and gay
Are thronging round thee now, with tones of mirth,
Let not the holy promise of to-day
Fade like the clouds that with the morn have birth;
But ever bright and sacred may it be,
Stored in the treasure-cell of memory.

Life will not prove all sunshine: there will come
Dark hours for all: O, will ye, when the night
Of sorrow gathers thickly round your home,
Love as ye did, in times when calm and bright
Seemed the sure path ye trod, untouched by care,
And deemed the future, like the present, fair?

Eyes that beam with health may yet grow dim,
And cheeks of rose forget their early glow;
Langour and pain assail each active limb,
And lay, perchance, some worshipped beauty low;
Then when ye gaze upon the altered brow,
And love as fondly, as faithfully as now?

Should fortune frown on your defenceless head,
Should storms o'ertake your barque, on life's dark sea,
Fierce tempests rend the sail so gaily spread,
When hope her syren strain sang joyously;
Will ye look up, though clouds your sky o'ercast,
And say, "*Together* we will bide the blast?"

Age with its silvery locks comes stealing on,
And brings the tottering step, the furrowed cheek,
The eye from whence each lustrous gleam hath gone,
And the pale lip, with accents low and weak;
Will ye then think upon your life's gay prime,
And smiling, bid Love triumph over Time?

Speak it not lightly!—Oh, beware, beware!
'Tis no vain promise, no unmeaning word;
Lo! men and angels lisp the faith ye swear,
And by the high and holy ONE 'tis heard;
O, then kneel humbly at His altar now,
And pray for strength to keep your marriage vow.

New York, May, 1840.

THE MILLIONS OF THE ANCIENTS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Egypt of old pursued the arts of peace,
And wit and learning blessed the shores of Greece;
Imperial Rome, amid her ruins hoar,
Left proofs of greatness never reach'd before:—
But what their triumphs? Whose sad hands were they
That piled the pyramids, to last for aye?
Who raised the walls, who built each mighty gate
With which high Thebes' girt herself in state?
Who reared old Babylon's most gorgeous fanes?
Who shaped of Luxor the august remains?
What were the millions when Athena's name
For art and learning was the first to fame?
What were the multitudes when Rome was great?
What rights had they, or value in the state?
All slaves and helots! Slaves were they whose hands
Upreared the pyramids on Egypt's sands;
Slaves built the city with the brazen wall
And hundred gates more marvellous than all;
Slaves to be lashed, and tortured, and resold,
Or maimed and murdered for a fine of gold:
Helots degraded, scarce esteemed as man,
Having no rights, for ever under ban,
Were half the world when ancient Homer sung,
And wit and wisdom flowed from Plato's tongue;
Slaves were the swarming multitudes of Rome,
Having no hope, no thought of better doom;
Fettered in body and enslaved in mind,
Their mental eye-balls sear, and dark, and blind,
They crawled mere brutes; and if they dared complain,
Were lashed and tortured until tame again!
And thus the many since the world begun
Have been for ever sacrificed for one,
The weak have died to satisfy the strong,
And earth has groaned with oft-repeated wrong;
And still the many, knowing not their might,
Deep sunk in error's most appalling night,
Have greeted loudest with the voice of praise
The greatest scourges born in evil days;
Sung songs of triumph and their incense burned
To honor most those whom most they should have spurned.

Miscellaneous.

THREE SCENES
IN THE LIFE OF A BELLE.

BY MISS CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

There was a rushing to and fro in the chamber of Ellen Loring, a tread of hurrying feet, a mingled hum of voices, an opening and shutting of doors, as if some event of overwhelming importance agitated the feelings, and moved the frames of every individual in the house. A stranger in the apartment below, might have imagined an individual was dying, and that all were gathering round, to offer the appliances of love and sympathy. But Ellen Loring, the object of all this commotion, was in all the bloom of beauty and health. She sat in a low chair in front of a large mirror, half-arrayed in the habiliments of a ball-room, her head glowing with flowers, and streaming with ringlets, her feet encased in silk cobweb and white satin, her face flushed with excitement, her waist compressed into the smallest possible compass, while the strongest fingers the household could supply, were drawing together the last reluctant hook and eye, which fastened the rich and airy mixture of satin blonde, that fell in redundant folds round her slender person. "I am afraid Ellen, your dress is *rather* too tight," said Mrs. Loring, who was superintending the process with a keen and experienced eye, "you had better not wear it, it may give you a consumption." "Ridiculous!" exclaimed Ellen, "it feels perfectly loose and comfortable, I am sure it fits delightfully. Look, Agnes," addressing a weary looking girl who had been standing more than half an hour over her, arranging her hair, in the most fashionable style. "Look Agnes, is it not beautiful?"

"Very beautiful," answered Agnes, "but I think it would look much better if it were not so very low, and the night is so cold, I am sure you will suffer without something thrown over your shoulders. These pearl beads are very ornamental, but they will not give warmth," lifting them up as she spoke, from a neck that "rivalled their whiteness." Ellen burst into a scornful laugh, and declared she would rather catch her death-cold, than look so old fashioned and old-womanish. Mrs. Loring here interposed and insisted that Ellen should wear a shawl into the ball-room, and be sure to put it around her, when she was not dancing, "for you must remember," added she, "the dreadful cough you had last winter; when you caught cold; I was really apprehensive of a consumption."

"I do think mother, you must be haunted by the ghost of consumption. Every thing you say begins and ends with *consumption*—*I* am not afraid of the ghost, or the reality, while such roses as these bloom on my cheeks, and such elastic limbs as these bear me through the dance."

Mrs. Loring looked with admiring fondness on her daughter, as she danced gaily before the looking glass, called her a "wild thoughtless thing," and thought it would be indeed a pity to muffle such a beautiful neck in a clumsy kerchief. The carriage was announced, and Agnes was despatched in a hundred directions for the embroidered handkerchief, the scented gloves, and all the et ceteras, which crowd on the memory at the last moment. Agnes followed the retreating form of Ellen, with a long and wistful gaze, then turned with a sigh to collect the scattered articles of finery that strewed the room. "Happy Ellen!" said she to herself, "happy, beautiful Ellen! Favored by nature and fortune. Every desire of her heart is gratified. She moves but to be admired, flattered and caressed. While I, a poor, dependant relative, am compelled to administer to her vanity and wait upon her caprices—oh! if I were only rich and beautiful like Ellen. I would willingly walk over burning ploughshares to obtain the happiness that is in store for her to-night."

While the repining Agnes followed Ellen in imagination to scenes which appeared to her fancy like the dazzling scenes described in the Arabian Nights, let us enter the ball-room and follow the footsteps of her whose favoured lot led her through the enchanted land. The hall was brilliantly lighted, the music was of the most animating kind, airy forms floated on the gaze, most elaborately and elegantly adorned, and in these Ellen shone transcendent. For a while her enjoyment realized even the dreams of Agnes. Conscious of being admired, she glided through the dance, gracefully holding her flowing drapery, smiling, blushing, coquetting and flirting. Compliments were breathed continually in her ears. She was compared to the sylphs, the graces, the muses, the houris, and even to the angels that inhabit the celestial city. Yes; this daughter of fashion, this devotee of pleasure, this vain and thoughtless being, who lived without God in the world, was told by flattering lips that she resembled those pure and glorified spirits which surround the throne of the Most High, and sing the everlasting song of Moses and the Lamb—and she believed it. Perhaps some may assert that the daughters of fashion are not always forgetful of their God, for they are often heard to call upon his great and holy name, in a moment of sudden astonishment, or passion, and were a saint to witness their uplifted eyes and clasped hands, he might deem them wrapt in an extasy of devotion.

Ellen, in the midst of almost universal homage, began to feel dissatisfied and weary. There was one who had been in the train of her admirers, himself the star of fashion, who was evidently offering incense at a new shrine. A fair young stranger, who seemed a novice in the splendid scene, drew him from her side, and from that moment the adulation of others ceased to charm. She danced more gaily, she laughed more loudly, to conceal the mortification and envy that was spreading through her heart; but the triumph, the joy was over. She began to feel a thousand inconveniences, of whose existence she seemed previously unconscious. Her feet ached from the lightness of her slippers; her respiration was difficult from the tightness of her dress, and she was glad when the hour of her departure arrived. Warm from the exercise of the dance, and panting from fatigue, she stood a few moments on the pavement, waiting for some obstructions to be removed, in the way of the carriage. The ground was covered with a sheet of snow, which had fallen in the course of the evening, and made a chill bed for her feet, so ill defended from the inclement season. The night air blew damp and cold on her neck and shoulders, for her cloak was thrown loosely around her, that her beauty might not be entirely veiled, till the gaze of admiration was withdrawn.

Agnes sat by the lonely fireside, waiting for the return of Ellen. For a while she kept up a cheerful blaze, as she heard the gust swept by the window; it reminded her that Ellen would probably come in shivering with cold, and reproach her if she did not find a glowing hearth to welcome her. She applied fresh fuel, till lulled by the monotonous sound of the wind, she fell asleep in her chair, nor waked till the voice of Ellen roused her from her slumbers. A few dull embers were all that was left of the fire, the candle gleamed faintly beneath a long gloomy wick—every thing looked cold and comfortless. It was long before poor Agnes could well recall the cheering warmth. In the mean time, Ellen poured upon her a torrent of reproaches, and tossing her cloak on a chair, declared she would never go to another ball as long as she lived—she had been tired to *death*, chilled to *death*, and now to be vexed to *death*, by such a stupid, selfish creature as Agnes. It was too much for human nature to endure. Agnes bore it all in silence; for she ate the bread of dependence, and dared not express the bitter feelings that rose to her lips. But she no longer said in her heart "happy, beautiful Ellen;" she wished her admirers could see her as she then did, and be disenchanted.

"Take off this horrid dress," cried Ellen, pulling the roses from her hair, now uncurled by the damp, and hanging in long straight tresses over her face—what a contrast did she now present to the brilliant figure which had left the chamber a few hours before. Her cheeks were pale, her eyes heavy, her limbs relaxed, her buoyant spirits gone. The terrible misfortune of not having reigned an unrivalled *belle*, completely overwhelmed her. He, whose admiration she most prized, had devoted himself to another, and she hated the fair, unconscious stranger, who had attracted him from his allegiance. The costly dress which the mantua-maker had sat up all night to complete, was thrown aside as a worthless rag; her flowers were scattered on the floor, and every article of her dress bore witness to her ill humor.

"I cannot get warm," said she, "I believe I *have* caught my death-cold," and throwing her still shivering limbs on the bed, she told Agnes to bury her in blankets, and then let her sleep. Can we suppose that guardian angels hovered over the couch, and watched the slumbers of this youthful beauty? There was no hallowed spot in her chamber, where she was accustomed to kneel in penitence, gratitude, and adoration before the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Perhaps, when a mere child, she had been taught to repeat the Lord's Prayer at her nurse's knee, but never had her heart ascended unto Him, who created her for his glory, and breathed into her frame a portion of his own immortal Spirit. She had been educated solely for the circles of fashion, to glitter and be admired—to dance, to sing, to dress, to talk, and that was all. She knew that she must one day die, and when the bell tolled, and the long funeral darkened the way, she was reluctantly reminded of her own mortality. But she banished the dreadful and mysterious thought, as one with which youth, health and beauty had nothing to do, and as suited only to the infirmities of age, and the agonies of disease. As for the judgment beyond the grave, that scene of indescribable grandeur, when every created being must stand before the presence of uncreated glory, "to give an account of the deeds done in the body," she deemed it shocking and sacriligious to think of a subject so awful, and to do her justice, she never heard it mentioned except from the pulpit, (for there are fashionable churches, and Ellen was the belle of the church as well as of the ball-room.) Thus living in practical atheism, laboring to bring every thought and feeling in subjection to the bondage of fashion, endeavouring to annihilate the great principle of immortality, struggling within her, Ellen Loring was as much the slave of vice, as the votary of pleasure. Like the king of Babylon, who took the golden vessels from the temple of the Lord, and desecrated them at his own unhallowed banquet, she had robbed her *soul*, that temple of the living God, of its sacred treasures, and appropriated them to the reveries of life. But the hour was approaching, when the invisible angel of conscience was to write on the walls of memory, those mystic characters which a greater than Daniel alone can interpret.

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(To be continued.)

ADVICE TO EMIGRANTS.

The primary question with a man who has made up his mind to emigrate is, what part of the world he should settle in. Our advice is—in one of the British Colonies. There you have the laws, language, and customs of your youth; you preserve an identity of interest with the parent state, and, under a wise system of Colonial Government, which must ere long be adopted, you are still a citizen of the British empire, and a part of that great Christian kingdom to which it is an honour to belong. Should you go to a foreign country, you break at once the links that bind the heart to distant associations; you tear up the tree from its root, and leave the soil behind; and you know not how soon you may, as the citizen of a foreign state, be engaged in deadly strife with the hallowed land of your birth, engaged in personal hostilities with the once-loved companions of your youth. Believe us when we tell you, that riches, rank, or honours, would never compensate in a foreign land for the estrangement and daily bitterness of feeling to which you would be subject. Life would become an irksome burden; the exile's chain would be hourly felt, and you would curse the day when you were induced to cast off the allegiance due to the inexplicable associations connected with the fatherland, and which time, instead of extinguishing, renders more and more dear. What says every intelligent, noble-minded American, when he sees the Great Western casting off her chain moorings in the magnificent haven of New-York, and, with the swiftness of the eagle and the strength of the lion, bounding across the Atlantic:—"England, revered England, great England! land of my fathers, how I love thy very name! thy age commands my respect, thy power my admiration! I claim to be thy scion, yet feel myself an alien; would that I could return again into thy bosom, become a portion of thy empire, and receive the high appellation of a British citizen!" Let, then, the intending emigrant lay aside any thought of settling any where but in our own colonies, and look with confidence to the establishment of his family in the climate or locality best adapted to his age and health, or where he may find the most numerous acquaintance. To commercial men we recommend the South land; to aged persons, Western or Eastern Australia; to school-masters, clergymen, military and naval officers, and educated persons generally, we advise the older settlements of Canada, New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, and the Cape of Good Hope; and to the young and enterprising emigrant, with but limited means, the younger colonies of either hemisphere.—*Colonial Magazine.*

THE BARBER'S GHOST.—A gentleman travelling, some years since, in the upper part of this State, called at a tavern, and requested entertainment for the night. The landlord informed him that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He persisted in stopping, as he, as well as his horse, were almost exhausted with travelling. After much solicitation, the landlord consented to his stopping, provided he would sleep in a certain room that was unoccupied for a long time, in consequence of a belief that it was haunted by the ghost of a Barber, who was reported to have been murdered in that room some years before. "Very well," says the man, "I'm not afraid of ghosts." After having refreshed himself, he enquired of the landlord how, and in what manner the room in which he was to lodge, was haunted? The landlord replied that shortly after they had retired to rest, an unknown voice was heard in a trembling and protracted accent, saying, "do you wa-a-nt to be sha-a-ved." "Well, replied the man, if he comes he may shave me."

He then requested to be shown to the apartment, in going to which, he was conducted through a large room, where were seated a great number of persons at a gambling table. Feeling a curosity which almost every one possesses after having heard ghost stories, he carefully searched every corner of his room, but could discover nothing but the usual furniture of the apartment. He then laid down, but did not close his eyes to sleep immediately, and in a few minutes he imagined he heard a voice saying, "*Do you w-a-nt be shaved?*" He arose from his bed, and searched every part of the room, but could discover nothing. He again went to bed, but no sooner had he begun to compose himself to sleep than the question was again repeated. He again arose and went to the window, the sound appearing to proceed from that quarter, and stood a while silent—after a few moments of anxious suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly, and convinced that it was from without, he opened the window, when the question was repeated full to his ear, which startled him not a little. Upon a minute examination, however, he observed that the limb of a large china tree which stood under his window, projected so near the house, as on every breath of wind, the to a lively imagination, a noise resembling interrogation, "*Do you w-a-nt to beshaved?*"

Having satisfied himself that this ghost was nothing more nor less than a limb of a tree coming in contact with the house; he again went to bed and attempted to get asleep; but was now interrupted by peals of laughter, and an occasional volley of oaths, and curses from the room where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking that he could turn the late discovery to his own advantage, he took a sheet from the bed, and wrapped it round him, and taking the wash-basin in his hand and throwing a towel over his arm, proceeded to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly throwing the door open, stalked in, exclaiming, in a tremendous voice. "*Do you w-a-nt to be sh-a-ved?*" Terrified at this sudden appearance of the ghost, the gamblers were thrown into the greatest confusion in attempting to escape it, some jumping through the windows, and others tumbling head and heels over others down stairs. Our ghost taking advantage of a clear room, deliberately swept a large amount of money from the table into his basin, and retired unseen to his room.

The next morning he found the house in the utmost confusion. He was immediately asked if he rested well. He replied in the affirmative. "Well, no wonder," said the landlord, "for the ghost, instead of going to his own room, made a mistake and came to ours, frightened us all out of the room, and took away every dollar of our money." The guest, without being in the least suspected, quietly ate his breakfast and departed many hundreds of dollars richer for his adventure.

The Hair.—Gray hairs, the proverbial attendant upon age, exemplify the operation of the principle of defective nourishment and suppressed secretion. Early and vigorous in their growth, the hairs of the head generally the first to show symptoms of decay. Great differences, may however, be observed in different individuals as to the period when the hair exhibits change of colour, or falls off; in some it grows gray at thirty years of age, or even earlier; with others this change does not take place till the less equivocal indications of age are manifested. Many causes which affect but little the general constitution accelerate the death of the hair; more especially the depressing passions, corroding anxieties, and intense thought. Fevers are often destructive to the vitality of the hair, when they do not permanently affect any other part of the body. There is, however, an essential difference in the effect of disease and of old age upon the hair, inasmuch as the former seldom destroys the bulbous capsule, from which the hair is formed: and, accordingly, a new crop of hair is often found to spring up, after a certain time, when the system recovers its vigour. But the death of hair from age is hopeless and irretrievable, for it implies the destruction of every part of the root as well as the shaft; and the consequent separation of the hair is attended with the obliteration of the canal which it occupied, and which penetrated the true skin. The loss of colour in hair begins in the shaft, which first becomes grey, then white, and lastly transparent, giving to it that silvery appearance which is esteemed so venerable a mark of age. Baldness generally commences over the upper parts of the temporal and occipital bones, particularly in the male sex, and thence spreads over the whole upper surface of the head. The hair on other parts of the body suffers corresponding changes with those of the head, and also falls off partially by age.—*Dr. Roget.*

Mr. Pickwick's introduction to Master Humphrey's Clock.—"And this," said Mr. Pickwick stopping short, "is the clock! Dear me! And this is really the old clock!"—I thought he would never have come away from it. After advancing towards it softly, and laying his hand upon it with as much respect and as many smiling looks as if it were alive, he sets himself to consider it in every possible direction, now mounting on a chair to look at the top, now going down upon his knees to examine the bottom, now surveying the sides with his spectacles almost touching the case, and now trying to peep between it and the wall to get a slight view of the back. Then, he would retire a pace or two and look up at the dial to see it go, and then draw near again and stand with his head on one side to hear it tick; never failing to glance towards me at intervals of a few seconds each, and nod his head with such complacent gratification as I am quite unable to describe. His admiration was not confined to the clock either, but extended itself to every article in the room, and really when he had gone through them every one, and at last sat himself down in all the six chairs one after another to try how they felt, I never saw such a picture of good-humour and happiness as he presented, from the top of his shining head down to the very last button of his gaiters.—*Fifth Number of Master Humphrey's Clock.*

PERSIAN GARDENS.—To me there is no luxury in Persia comparable to the gardens, and my custom was at an early hour, on horseback, to ride through extensive grounds, planted with the choicest fruit trees and other produce. These grounds are left open to the stranger, and although belonging to many proprietors, their boundaries are merely a row of trees or a gutter of water. The Persian mode of irrigation is ingenious and complete—their soil most prodigal—their peaches, melons, and grapes of a flavour unknown to Europe. Then they have the olive grounds, very extensive, and the luxury on horseback of inhaling the blossoms (which are very evanescent) in a thicket of flowers (if I may say) for miles around; it must be felt to be understood. I do love to revel in these Persian gardens. What is there to be compared to these living emblems of genuine magnificence! I can explore the streaks of a tulip, and snuff up the fragrance of the violet, with an indescribable pleasure which art can never afford. I can even dissect a bramble, and discover beauties in its repulsive branches,—and no inglorious plant either, since it was once solicited to become sovereign of the forest. I had never such a conception of Eden before, where "all things smiled." It is customary to form parties and to spend days in the gardens, pitching a tent, &c., but this is unnecessary, since the night air gives no humidity. Give a "panabad," or sixpence, to the proprietor, you may remain in his garden all day and choke yourself with fruit, which forms much of the summer food of the Persians. The prince had other large gardens near Tabreez, his occasional resort, but more particularly for that of his household.—(From a very interesting Paper in the Monthly, entitled "Persian Reminiscences."

LOVE OF CHILDREN.—The Duke of Wellington is remarkable for his fondness of children; and when the veteran Blucher beheld the school children assembled in St. Paul's, the unconscious tear trickled down the cheek of the hardy warrior. The great Burke delighted to unbend his mighty mind amid children's play, and would lie his listless length on the floor, while they jumped over him in laughing sport; and, as for the fairer proportion of creation, Euripides hath long declared that they are "all fond of children."

Golden Rule.—A place for every thing, and every thing in its place.

MANCHESTER.—A modern traveller, gives the following description of Manchester, in England:

"Manchester is an immense manufacturing and mercantile town, crowded with warehouses, factories, and shops, but adorned with handsome public buildings, and surrounded by numerous elegant villas. It was celebrated, two centuries ago, for its manufacture of woollen cloths, to which it has successively added fustians, mixed stuffs, hats, iron articles, tapes, laces, linen, silk, and cotton, till at length she has taken the lead, and Manchester has become the centre of the cotton trade, the emporium at which is collected all the products of the neighbouring towns, whence they are sent to London, Liverpool, Hull, and other places, for home as well as foreign consumption. Its commerce is greatly aided by the Manchester and Liverpool railway, the rivers Irwell and Mersey, Bridgewater canals, the Manchester and Ashton-under-line canal, the Bolton and Bury canal and the Rochdale canal; so that by means of these, and the canals and rivers which they join, it has water communication with almost every part of England."

ORANGES AND COFFEE.—Of all the new enjoyments of which the knowledge is acquired by a visit to the intertropical regions, those that reach us through a sense which in the old world is productive of as many painful as pleasurable emotions, are, in my opinion, the most exquisite. Without leaving Europe, a traveller may learn how delightful it is to take his early walk in an orange-grove during the season when the trees are in blossom; the garden of the Tuilleries may give him a faint idea of it, just before the ancient denizens of the *orangerie* have been despoiled of their blossoms, that the distiller may convert them into orange-flower water. But the fragrance of the Tuilleries is as inferior to that of the Moorish gardens of the Alcazar, at Seville, as these last, with all the care bestowed on them, are excelled by some neglected orange-grove in Cuba or St. Domingo. Nor is the rich fragrance of the orange-grove to be compared, for a moment, with the aromatic odours of a coffee plantation, when its hundred thousand trees have just thrown out their unrivalled display of jessamine-like flowers, reminding you of what you may have read, in eastern fable, of the perfumes of Araby the Blest.—*Turnbull's Travels in Cuba.*

HEADACHES.—Headaches from fullness of blood in the veins of the brain, is apt to occur in men of literary pursuits, and in those whose business confines them to the desk, or to a constant stooping position of the head; these, when conjoined with sedentary habits, and intense application of the mind to some harassing occupation, all concur to derange the equilibrium of the circulation. The first effect is to throw the blood in undue quantity to the head; in time this determination becomes habitual; the brain becomes exhausted by the intensity and long continuance of the excitement, and the consequence of this exhaustion is congestion in the veins; and when this state of engorgement has attained a certain height, some accidental aggravation of it produces rupture of one or more of the vessels, and the patient has an apoplectic or paralytic seizure.—*Dr. Weatherhead on Headaches.*

FEMALE BRAVERY AT SARAGOSSA.—At the siege of Saragossa, an eye witness says, "The houses in the environs were destroyed, gardens and olive grounds that in better times had been the recreation and support of their owners, were cheerfully rooted up by the proprietors themselves, wherever they impeded the defence of the city, or covered the approach of the enemy. Women of all ranks assisted; they spontaneously formed themselves into companies, some to relieve and assist the wounded, some to carry water, wine, and provisions to those who defended the gates. The Countess Burita instituted a corps for this service; she was young, delicate and beutiful. In the midst of the most tremendous fire of shot and shells, she was seen coolly attending to these occupations, which were now become her duty, nor throughout the whole of a two months' siege did the imminent danger to which she incessantly exposed herself produce the slightest apparent effect upon her, or in the slightest degree retard her from her heroic purpose. Some of the monks bore arms, others exercised their spiritual offices to the dying, others with the *nuns* were engaged in making cartridges, which the children carried and distributed to the men."—*Mirror.*

The Bible.—We should read the Scriptures daily, with humility, and under a sense of high responsibility. We are ignorant and need instruction: we are dark, and need illumination: we are debased by our passions and sins, and need elevating. The torch of treason cannot enlighten what hangs beyond the grave; the conjectures of the imagination only bewilder; and unless you receive the Bible with the spirit of a child, you will conjecture and theorise, and become bewildered till you find yourself on an ocean of uncertainty, without a chart to guide you, a compass by which to steer, or a haven which you can hope to reach. It is a book which is able to fit you to the highest usefulness—to point out the noblest ends of your existence—the best methods of attaining those ends; which can soothe you when the heart is corroded by vexatious; cares which can humble you, when in danger of being lifted up by prosperity; which can sustain you, when your own strength is gone; and which, after having led you, as the star led the wise men of the east, through life, will at last lead you to a world where the soul shall live and act in her strength, the mind be enlarged to the utmost of its capacity, and where your wishes will only be commensurate with your enjoyments.

A GOOD WIFE.—Matilda, consort of King Stephen, was a woman made for the promotion of both fortunes; in adversity not dejected—in prosperity not elated; while her husband was at liberty, a woman—during his durance, as it were, a man; acting his part for him when he was restrained from acting it himself—not looking that fortune should fall into her lap, but industrious to procure it.—*The Women of England.*

Bendable Stone.—In the Museum of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, one object of curiosity is a bending, or elastic stone. This stone is apparently of granite; is about two and a half feet by six inches in length and breadth, and about an inch thick. This stone, being lifted at one end yields to the pressure, and from the half begins to bend as it is lifted, and as the lifted end is raised, the bend approaches nearer to the further extremity. On the lifting powerbeing relaxed, the stone reverts to its former level.—*Calcutta Paper.*