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Weekly Almanack.

JULY—1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
22 WEDNESDAY - -	4 36	7 36	11 4	3 52
23 THURSDAY - -	4 37	7 35	11 40	5 8
24 FRIDAY - -	4 38	7 34	Morn.	6 41
25 SATURDAY - -	4 30	7 33	0 26	8 10
26 SUNDAY - -	4 40	7 32	1 25	9 21
27 MONDAY - -	4 41	7 31	2 39	10 17
28 TUESDAY - -	4 42	7 30	Sets.	11 2

New Moon 28th, 4h. 41m. evening.

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.

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REMOVAL

The Subscriber having removed his Watch, Clock, and Jewellery establishment, to his new stand in that House lately occupied by Mrs. HENDRICKS, corner of King and Cross streets, begs to call the attention of his Friends and the Public in general to his new and varied assortment of

Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, SILVER PLATE, &c.

Just received per ships *Eagle, Phœnix*, and *British Queen*, from London, Liverpool, and Greenock,
—CONSISTING OF—
LADIES' and Gents. Patent Lever and Lepine WATCHES, in gold and silver cases, capped and jewelled; Vertical ditto in ditto; Plain Vertical do.; A large collection of Eight day and Spring CLOCKS, suitable for offices and halls; Ladies' and Gents. solid fine Gold and Gold plated Stone and Pearl set Finger RINGS; plain ditto; Fancy gold Snaps; Cameo and other Brooches, set in fine gold, Gold Lockets and Vinegaretts; Gents. bosom chain Pins; solid gold and gold plated SEALS & KEYS; fine gold top and drop, fancy and plain Ear-rings; Filagree ditto; silver plated Bread Trays; Cake Dishes; Cruet stands with 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 cut glass bottles; Cream Ewers, richly gilt inside; Egg stands, cups and spoons to match; Candlesticks, Snuffer Trays and Snuffers; sterling silver Table, Dessert, Tea, Salt and Mustard SPOONS; Sugar Tongs; Tweesers, Tooth Picks, fine silver and silver plated Pencil Cases; solid and plated Gold and silver Watch Guards; Thimbles, Fob chains, German silver Chains in variety, Pickle Forks, Butter Knives, sterling silver Snuff Boxes, Wood do; 4, 3, and 2 tuned MUSIC BOXES; Sextants, Quadrants, Compasses, Parallel Rulers, Day and Night Telescopes, Barometers, Thermometers, Ladies' Tortoise shell and horn Card Cases.

And a variety of small but useful articles, which together with his former stock he offers for sale wholesale or retail, on reasonable terms for cash or approved paper.

JAMES AGNEW.
Watchmaker, &c.
Corner of King and Cross streets.

FOR SALE, two superior Two Days' Ships' CHRONOMETERS, on moderate terms.

J. A. begs leave further to state that he continues to repair and adjust ships' and pocket Chronometers Watches and Clocks of every description: Also, Astronomical and Philosophical Instruments in the most correct manner and on reasonable terms.

☞ Engraving on Stone and Metals done to order.
St. John, May 19, 1840.

TAR and PITCH.
77 BRLS. TAR; 10 do PITCH,
—for sale low by
July 7. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

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 *Pettcodiac*; 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.

FLOWERS FOR A GRAVE.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Oh! give me flowers upon my grave,
And I will ask no marble there!
The sole memorial I would crave
Of friends' regret, or kindest care,
Should be the buds I lov'd the best,
Ere I departed to my rest.

Then plant one bush of JASMINE there,—
I love it for a dear one's sake,
Whose heart for me hath still a prayer;
That heart, when I am gone will ache!
The Jasmine's starry buds shall shed
Their dews—like tears—above my bed!

And plant one slip of EGLANTINE,
I prize it for the sake of one
Whose heart—now false—erewhile was mine,
Not *false!*—a change hath o'er it gone,
And she hath chosen better lot
Than wed the one she hath forgot.

The VIOLET is very dear
For the chaste beauty of its buds;
And let the FOXGLOVE's bells appear
Among the grass my grave that studs.
And PRIMROSES, so very sweet—
O! let them cluster at my feet!

It is enough! Thou there canst strew
The blossoms of each fav'rite flower;
The Rose-leaf red, the Harebell blue—
DIOSMA, with its golden shower,
For *that* too hath a magic spell
Linked with a name I love full well!

Then give me flowers upon my grave—
Is there a flower I do not love?
Oh no! then, kind one let me have
Their gentle sweets, my lair above;
Let Summer's rain and Winter's snow
Thither all freely come and go!

O! 'twill be sweet to slumber there,
After earth's tempests stern and loud,
Then shall cease, in sad despair,
To woo a sprite, and clasp a cloud;
For all my earthly hopes have had
No issue, but to make me mad!

Miscellaneous.

From the New Monthly Magazine for March.

THE CHALET IN THE ALPS.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

In a secluded spot, in the wild and desolate regions of the Alps, dwelt two families, the only inhabitants of the place.—The two chalets occupied by them, and a few patches of land labored into fertility by hard and incessant toil, with a herd of goats, who sought their scanty food wherever the rare and stunted herbage appeared, were the only symptoms of human habitation visible for some miles. A more dreary spot can hardly be imagined, than that where the chalets stood. Winter reigned there with despotic force during nine months of the year; and the approach of summer was hailed with a delight known only to those who have languished for its presence through many a long and cheerless day, surrounded by the dreary attributes of the gloomy season.

Mountain rising over mountain, covered with eternal snow, and divided by yawning chasms, whose depths none had ever ventured to penetrate, met the eye at every side; the intermediate prospect only broken by the presence of a few hardy tannen and pine trees, whose dark green foliage formed a striking contrast to the snowy mantle, which, like the funeral pall of dead nature, covered the earth for nearly three parts of the year.

The first symptom of vegetation was welcomed in this wild spot, as the first born is by a mother who has long pined for off-spring; and, as the rays of the sun melted the frozen surface of the mountains, and sent a thousand sparkling streams rushing down their sides, falling with a pleasant sound into the deep glens beneath, the hearts of the inhabitants of the chalets became filled with cheerfulness, and the rigors and sufferings of winter were forgotten.

Martin Vignolles, with his wife and two daughters occupied one of the rude and comfortless residences in this solitary spot; and the widow Bauvais, and her son, the other. The husband of the widow had been one of the most bold and adventurous chamois hunters in the Alps; and lost his life in the chase of one of those wild animals, leaving his wife and son, then an infant, wholly dependent on the kindness of their sole friend, Martin Vignolles. Nor did this friend fail them in the hour of need. He became as a brother to the bereaved wife, and a father to the fatherless; sharing with them his scanty subsistence, and cultivating the patch of land which the deceased had labored into fertility.

Years passed away, and the widow's son had now grown into manhood, while Annette Vignolles had just completed her sixteenth year, and Fanchon her sister, her twelfth. The young man was light, agile, and hardy, like most of the children nurtured in the wild regions where he had been born; and where activity of person, and firmness of mind, are continually called into exercise, by the danger and difficulty by which the means of existence are procured. The melancholy of his widowed mother, who had never ceased to lament the husband of her youth, had tinged the mind of her son with a softness, and disposed it to a susceptibility, which though it impaired not his animal courage in the hour of danger, exercised a powerful influence over his affections, rendering him almost a slave to their empire.

Annette Vignolles was a creature of remarkable beauty, and quickness of feeling. She had been from her childhood as a daughter to the widow, and had never known a thought, a wish, or a hope in which the widow's son had not been included.

It was soon after Annette had reached her sixteenth year, that her father, in endeavoring to extricate one of his goats which had fallen from a cliff, missed his footing, and was hurled into an abyss, nearly filled with snow, where a certain but lingering death awaited him, had he not been rescued by the intrepidity of Michael Bauvais; who at the risk of his life descended where no human foot had ever before dared to tread, and saved Martin Vignolles from his perilous position.

This accident was followed by the total loss of the use of Vignolles's limbs; who, from that day became unable to afford the least assistance towards the maintenance of his family. Then it was, that the widow and her son endeavoured to repay the debt of gratitude due to their neighbours. Michael labored for them with unremitting toil and alacrity, and suffered them to experience no diminution of the few comforts, if comforts the strict necessaries of life might be called, to which they had hitherto been accustomed. Anxiously but unavailingly had the widow tried to prevent Michael from pursuing the hazardous profession of his lost father. In all other respects he was the most docile and obedient of sons, he evinced in this a wilfulness that often filled her heart with the most gloomy forebodings—forebodings which infected the mind of Annette with fearful apprehensions, whenever he was absent on those dangerous enterprises. Yet when he returned home, bending under the weight of his spoil, and made light of the fears of his mother, or silenced them by his caresses, the whole circle collected in the chalet of Martin Vignolles felt too happy to chide him; though all never sought their humble couches without offering up fervent prayers for his safety. Often would the widow dwell on the past, not less with a view of warning her son than from that yearning of the heart towards the dear departed felt by all who have known the misfortune of losing the partner of their youth.

"It was just such a night as this," would she say, "that I expected my poor Claude for the last time. Ah! how well do I remember it! I made up a good fire, prepared his supper, and carefully swept the hearth, for my dear husband always liked to see a blazing fire, and a clean hearth. Michael slept in his cradle, and smiled in his sleep, poor innocent, little dreaming of the dreadful misfortune that hung over us. I tried to work; but the needle slipped from my fingers, they trembled so. I opened the door, and stood on the ledge of rock near it, to listen for his step—that step I was never again to hear. The moon was shining, as now, like silver, and the frozen tops of the mountains were sparkling with light, except when a cloud passed over the bright face of the moon, and then a dark shadow fell on them. I knew not why it was, but a cold tremor shook my limbs, and my heart trembled; the branches of the pine creaked discordantly, and the wind, which a minute before had been still, sighed mournfully through the leaves. I looked around, but all appeared so cold and bright, so unfeeling-like to my fears, that I turned from the view, as one turns from a selfish, heartless person, who has no pity for our misfortunes, and I came back to the house to seek comfort in looking again at my sleeping child. Oh! what a long night was that! I thought it was the most miserable I ever should pass; but I have passed many a more wretched one since, for then I *had hope*. I remembered through the weary hours how he looked and what he said. He stood on the threshold he was never more to pass, looking back on us with a smile, which I, at the moment, thought too gay a one when leaving us; but which, when I recalled it to my memory in that night, seemed sadder than a smile ever was before. How often have I thought of that smile since! I followed him a few steps, and kissed him again,—woe is me! it was for the last time,—and he chided me because the tears started into my eyes. But his chiding was gentle, so it ever was; and when he got to the last pine-tree, he turned round and waved his hat to me. Ah! neighbours, who could have thought that I was never more to see him?"

Tears interrupted the widow's melancholy reminiscences, nor did they flow alone: for Annette's, too, coursed each other down her cheeks; not so much, the truth must be owned, for sorrow for poor Claude Bauvais, whom she could not remember, as from the dread possibility of a similar fate awaiting his son.

Annette and Michael loved with no common passion. Their attachment had grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength. All their notions of the past and the future were identified with each other; and the possibility of separation never occurred to either, save when the widow related the melancholy parting with her husband, which, though often repeated, never failed to excite the tears of Annette, and the seriousness of her lover. Love, at all times so engrossing a sentiment when felt for the first time in youthful hearts, was all-powerful with these simple children of nature, whose thoughts, wishes, and hopes were centred in their own narrow circle. Their parents witnessed the affection of their children with satisfaction. They had, from the birth of both, arranged their marriage, and never doubted that the attachment which *they* desired should spring up between them, would prove as warm and ardent as it really was. Motives of prudence had induced them to defer the marriage of the young people, until Michael had attained his twenty-first year: and the misfortune that had befallen the father of Annette, by leaving him and his dependant on the exertions of the young man, rendered the resolution of procrastinating the marriage still more necessary.

(To be continued.)

CHINA.

LIN, the imperial Chinese Commissioner, not content with his voluminous literary labours in the way of edicts at home, has commenced a correspondence with her Majesty the Queen of England, which so far, like the Irishman's reciprocity, is all on one side. LIN talks to her Majesty with an air of the counsellor and the patron, most laughably commingled. 'Our celestial empire,' he informs her 'highness'—a large acknowledgement for a China man, with regard to a station or title out of his own country—'rules over 'ten thousand kingdoms! Most surely do we possess a measure of god-like majesty which we cannot 'fathom! Still we cannot bear to slay or exterminate without previous warning, and it is for this reason that we now make clearly known to you the fixed laws of our land. If the foreign merchants of 'your said honorable nation desire to continue 'their commercial intercourse, they must *tremblingly* 'obey our recorded statutes; they must cut off for 'ever the source from which the opium flows, and on 'no account make an experiment of our laws in their 'own persons! Let then your Highness punish 'those of your subjects who may be criminal; *do not* 'endeavour to screen or conceal them, and thus you 'will secure peace and quietness to your possessions; 'thus will you more than ever display a proper sense 'of respect and *obedience*, and thus may we unitedly 'enjoy the common blessings of peace and happiness!' He adds, 'what greater joy! what more complete felicity than this!' Continuing his objurgatory and mandatory epistle, he thus closes number two:

Let your Highness *immediately*, upon the receipt of this communication, inform us *promptly* of the state of matters, and the measures you are pursuing utterly to put a stop to the opium evil. Please let your reply be speedy. Do not on any account *make excuses* or procrastinate!

A most important communication!

It is to be hoped that the Queen will wheel about and make reply, the instant LIN's letter is received. Should it arrive at midnight, it will be the duty of her Majesty to arise at once and answer it, laying aside for the time being, sleep, and all other considerations. Especially will it behove her to 'make no *excuses*,'—because an excuse is a kind of thing that LIN stands from nobody, no way you can fix it.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

Glass Weaving.—Few are aware that glass is now woven with silk, although its brittle nature would appear to render such a method of manufacturing it impossible. The fact however, is indisputable, the new material being substituted for gold and silver thread, than either of which it is more durable, possessing besides the advantages of never tarnishing. What is technically called the warp, that is, the long way of any loom-manufactered article, is composed of silk, which forms the body and ground work, on which the pattern, in glass, appears as the shute, or cross work. The requisite flexibility of glass thread for manufacturing purposes is to be ascribed to its extreme fineness, as not less than from fifty to sixty of the original threads produced by steam-engine power are required to make one thread for the loom. The process is slow, as not more than a yard can be manufactured in twelve hours. The work is however exquisitely beautiful, and comparatively cheap, inasmuch as no similar stuff where bullion is really introduced, can be purchased for any thing like the price at which this is sold. Added to this, it is, as far as the glass is concerned, imperishable. Some admirable specimens of the manufactured article may be seen at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street, especially two patterns of silver on a blue and red ground, and another of gold on crimson. The jacquard loom by which it is woven is also exhibited at work in the same establishment.

Why is a Temperance Society, like a saw-mill? D'ye give it up? Because it goes by *water* power.

BURKE.—It is not true what Goldsmith says of Burke; he did not give up to party any more than Shakspeare gave up to conspiracy, madness, or lust. His was not the nature of the partisan, but of the poet, who is quite other than the partisan. With the faculty proper to genius, he threw himself into the cause he espoused; and the reflections on the French Revolution and the Impeachment of Warren Hastings were his Othello and Julius Cæsar, wherein himself was lost and the truth of things only observed.

The poet, it is said, has in him all the arts and letters of his time. The Iliad is a panorama of Greek civilization in the Homeric age. So Burke in his speeches comprises his era. Hence he could no more be a Radical than a Courtier. The spirit by which he was wedded to what was venerable was one with the spirit in which he welcomed the new births of reformation and liberty. He was consistent with himself. He had no sympathy with those who, like George Fox, would clothe themselves in a suit of leather, and nakedly renounce the riches together with the restraints of social life. He did not chafe under the splendid harness of old institutions. Herein appeared not the servility but the greatness of the man; and his homage to the English Constitution was like the chivalrous courtesy which man pays to woman, as beautiful in him to yield, as in her to accept.—'*The Dial.*'

Spirit and Matter.—Divined aright, there is nothing purely organic; all things are vital and inorganic. The microscope is developing this sublime fact. Sense looking at the historic surface beholds what it derms matter, yet is but spirit in fusion, fluent, pervaded by her own imminent vitality and trembling to organize itself. Neither matter nor death are possible; what seem matter and death are sensuous impressions, which, in our sanest moments, the authentic instincts contradict. The sensible world is spirit in magnitude, outspread before the senses for their analysis, but whose synthesis is the soul herself, whose prothesis is God. Matter is but the confine of spirit limning her to sense.—'*Orphic Sayings.*'

SIR WILLIAM JONES.—The following epitaph, written by that great and good man, Sir William Jones, a short time before his death, was doubtless intended for himself, as it is an accurate portrait of his character:

"Here was deposited the mortal part of a man who feared God, but not death; and who maintained independence, but sought not riches; who thought none above him but the wise and virtuous; who loved his parents, kindred, friends, country, with an ardor which was the source of all his pleasures and all his pains; and who, having devoted his life to their service and to the improvement of his mind, resigned it calmly, giving glory to its Creator, wishing peace on earth, and with good will to all creatures, on the (*twenty-seventh*) day of (*April*) in the year of our blessed Redeemer, one thousand seven hundred (*and ninety-four.*")

A HINT TO MORE CLASSES THAN AGRICULTURISTS.—Some time about the middle of the last century, a landed proprietor in one of the midland counties resolved to keep his property in his own possession. A little time convinced him, as it had frequently done others, that a landlord is his own worst tenant. He therefore let one-half of his estate to a person who was punctual in paying his stipulated rent. About ten years after this arrangement, he found difficulties increasing so that he was forced to raise money, and having great confidence in his tenant, he consulted him upon the best manner in which it could be done. "Why, by selling that part of your estate which I possess, and reserving that which you still occupy." "Yes, but money is scarce—where am I to find a purchaser?" "Myself." "You, who came in straightened circumstances to occupy, at a high rent, only half of the property upon which I, the proprietor of the whole, was nearly beggared by farming! How are you enabled to purchase a moiety of my estate?" "Simply because you, lying in bed, said to your servants, *Go!* do so and so, while I, rising before mine, said, *Come!* do so and so. All my prosperity rests upon knowing the difference between *Come* and *Go*!"

FIRST SYMPTOMS OF CONSUMPTION.—One of the first symptoms leading us to suspect that consumption is commencing, is the extreme liability of the patient to the frequent recurrence, on the slightest occasions, of a short dry cough. At first there is no expectoration, except a little frothy phlegm; the breathing is slightly impeded, a sense of tightness felt across the chest, and the pulse somewhat accelerated. If on repeated attacks of these symptoms we perceive the patient gradually become emaciated, and the cough more troublesome on every successive attack, we have reason to conclude that these apparently slight attacks of cold are, in fact, the incipient symptoms of consumption.—[Dr. Weatherhead on Diseases of the Lungs.

ITALIAN BEAUTIES.—I have nowhere beheld more beautiful women than in three or four carriages at the evening drive on the Chiaja. I was peculiary struck by the dazzling brilliancy of their complexions, a beauty which, I fancied, was denied to the inhabitants of this sunny clime; but the fairness of the ladies I have noticed could not be surpassed in London. The Duchess di Forli, one of the reigning belles of Naples, is a lovely woman, with hair dark as the raven's wing, and lustrous eye of nearly as deep a hue; her complexion is of a transparent fairness, and her lips are as crimson as the flower of the pomegranate. The Princess Trecazi is another specimen of Neapolitan loveliness; and the Princess Centella might furnish a faultless model for a Hebe, she is so fair, so youthful, and so exquisitely beautiful. The expressive countenance of Italian ladies strike those accustomed only to the less demonstrative ones of English women with surprise. There is nothing of boldness in their physiognomies. It is their mutable character, changing with every emotion, and the changes conveying to the beholder the expression of the feeling of which they are the visible sign, that strike one.—*Lady Blessington's Idler in Italy.*

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of all her present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her occupations, her amusements, every thing on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she had been guided, the sister to whom she had dared to impart every embryo thought and feeling, the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor and counselled, and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate, all are to be forsaken at one fell, stroke every former tie is loosened, the spring of every action is to be changed; and yet she flies with joy in the untrodden path before her: buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations to the happiness to come. Then woe to the man who can blight such fair hopes, who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment, and the watchful protection of home, who can coward-like break the illusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence love had inspired. Woe to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline in which she has been nurtured and yet makes no effort to supply their place.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adoring his domain—in making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasent. Let him, as far as circumstances will permit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasant objects—in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order—a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which in absence draws back the heart by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness and peace. Ye parents, who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful, and happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them; but plant in their minds and souls, in the way proposed, the seeds of virtue and prosperity.

CONNECTION BETWEEN THE WORKS OF CREATION.—The investigations of modern philosophy have shown us the connection of the different sciences; bringing to light the links of the golden chain that runs through the universe, bringing element to element, and system to system. That which, in the fancy of knowledge, was presumed to be detached is found to be closely associated; and that which was supposed to act independently, and within a contracted sphere, has been discovered to be in union or affinity with other and unsuspected regions of nature,—operating on other and sometimes far distant elements, by secret impulses or silent combinations, that present themselves in new forms and modifications. It is probable, reasoning from analogy, that these remote associations lie much deeper, and extend much wider into nature then we have even yet been taught to imagine. It is certain, that the further we go, the simpler become the elements of science, and the more curious and more obvious their combinations. Many complexities have already, in the progress of knowledge, been reduced to simplicity; and many distant departments, as they were once deemed, of general science have been shown in connection; so that, in the case of language, the investigations of etymology exhibit a few words, or it may be only one, as the radix of universal speech, the inquiries of philosophy tend more and more to point to a few simple principles, as the source of all science—the root of the tree of universal knowledge. We may, therefore, approximate this general truth, which partakes at once of a moral and philosophical discovery, that there is in the works of Deity at once infinate diversity and magnificence in their unfolding, and infinite simplicity in their element and origin.—*Eclectic Review for April.*

EXPECTING A LETTER.—I do not think that life has suspense more sickening than that of expecting a letter which does not come. The hour which brings the post is the one that is anticipated, the only one from which we reckon. How long the time seems till it comes! With how many devices do we seek to pass it a little quicker. How we hope and believe each day will be our last of anxious waiting! The post comes in, and there is no letter for us. How bitter is the disappointment! and on every repetition it grows more acute. How immensurable the time seems till the post comes in again! The mind exhausts itself in conjectures; illness, even death, grow terribly distinct to hope in its agony—hope that is fear! We dread we know not what; and every lengthened day the misery grows more insupportable. Every day the anxiety takes a darker shadow. To know even the very worst of all we have forboded, appears relief. Miss Landon.

TURKISH CRIMINAL CODE.—Constantinople letters bring the new penal code for the Turkish empire, drawn up by the Council formed for that purpose. It awards death for treason, but not till after trial, and without any distinction of rank. The Scheik el Islam to be judge of murder in the capital, and to revise judgments for murder in the provinces. Excitement to revolt is punished with five years' imprisonment, and is distinguished from excitement to revolt with insurrection resulting from it—this is death. The Council of Justice to be the tribunal. Police are enjoined to arrest, not strike. Imprisonment is awarded for assault, and forty-five days' imprisonment for false accusation. No functionaries to accept presents, under penalty of being sent to the bagnio. The giver of presents to be punished in like manner. Official presents, afforded *without mystery*, not to be accepted without permission of his Highness. Several articles make severe regulations for officers of revenue.

GOOD AND BAD NEWS.—Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it, joy illuminates it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles springs to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke; Chilo, Diagoras, and Sophocles, died of joy at the Grecian Games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. One of the Popes died of an emotion of the ludicrous, on seeing his pet monkey robed in pontificals, occupying the chair of state. Muley Moloch was carried upon the field of battle, in the stages of an incurable dicease: upon seeing his army give way, he rallied his panic-stricken troops, rolled back the tide of battle, shouted victory, and died. The door-keeper of Congress expired upon hearing the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it, had suddenly expired. Legrave, the young Parisian, died a few months since, when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed, was adjudged to another. The recent case of Hill, of New York, is fresh in the memory of all. He was apprehended for theft, taken before the police, and though in perfect health, mental agony forced the blood from his nostrils, and he was carried out and died.—*Educational Magazine.*

SECRETS OF HEALTH.—With regard to exercise, judge between the two following extremes. A fox-hunter can get drunk every night in the year, and yet live to an old age; but then he is all exercise and no thought. A sedentary schollar shal not be able to get drunk once a year with impunity; but then he is all thought and no exercise. Now the great object is neither to get drunk, nor be all exercise, nor all thought; but to enjoy all our pleasures with a sprightly reason. The four ordinary secrets of human life are, early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and the rising from the table with the stomach unoppressed. There may be sorrows in spite of these, but they will be less with them, and nobody can be truly comfortable without them.

A person asking how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a mountain maiden: "A young friend of hers requested her to go into a cane brake and get him the handsomest reed. She must get it at once going through, without turning—She went, and, coming out, brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked her if that was the handsomest she saw, 'Oh no,' she replied, 'I saw many finer as I went along; but I kept on, in hopes of one much better, until I got nearly through, and then I was obliged to take up with any one I could get—and a crooked one at last."

THE GREATEST MAN.—The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is the calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering.—*Channing.*

AUSTRALIA.—Persons acquainted with the colony of New South Wales twelve or fourteen years ago could not but remark, at the present time, a great change in its aspect. This was, in a great measure, attributable to the number of respectable persons who had arrived on its shores, bringing with them the moral restrictions and principles of their native land, thus infusing life through the body of the population. The number of ministers who had come had also tended, in a remarkable degree, to a change which was converting the land of the living. Another case was the establishment of schools for youth. The great proportion of the inhabitants who, until within a few years, were given up to matters connected with their physical existence, now seemed more devoted to the cultivation of their moral faculties, to which good effect the press had, no doubt, by its influence, in some degree contributed.—*Sydney Gazette.*

From the New-York Herald.

CANADA.—The administration of Governor Thomson, so far as we can judge by the tone of the press, is gaining steadily upon the confidence of the people. He seems to appreciate the capabilities of the country, as well as the wants of the inhabitants, and the various enterprises for internal improvement are fostered and encouraged. The permanent works on the Welland Canal are in state of forwardness, and the project of a Rail Road from the head of Lake Ontario across to the St. Clair river, is under consideration. The adoption of a liberal and enlightened policy on this and other subjects, will greatly swell the business of the Upper Province, and enable the St. Lawrence to compete with the Hudson River in the commerce of Lake Erie. The number of emigrants who have arrived in the Province this year, has been very great, and a large portion of them are calculated to make useful citizens. All apprehensions of a rupture on account of the boundary question appear to have subsided and no fears are entertained at present of any movement on the part of the patriots. The release of McKenzie and the escape of Bill Johnson were severely commented upon in some of the papers; but on the whole, the tone of public feeling has softened down, and the relations of the inhabitants on both sides of the border are generally of an amicable nature. The villanous attempt of Lett and his accomplices to burn the steamer Great Britain at Oswego produced some temporary exasperation of feeling, but it was soon quieted.

A regiment of Highlanders (the 93d) was reviewed at Niagara Falls, a short time since, at which a number of distinguished citizens from the United States, Great Britain, and both Provinces were present. The appearance of the troops was splendid, and the festivities of the occasion were enlivened by a magnificent ball given by Lord Mulgrave.

The arrival of the steamer Unicorn at Halifax gave occasion for great manifestations of joy. By the establishment of Cunard's line of steamers, the time required for communication between Liverpool and Halifax has been diminished at least one third, and the growth and prosperity of Nova Scotia, and the other Provinces must be greatly promoted thereby.

BRITISH QUEEN.—Bets two to one are offered that the *Queen* beats the *Britannia*.—Ib.