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## Weekly Almanack.

| February—1836. | Sun Rises. | Sun Sets. | Moon Rises. | Full Sea. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 24 Wednesday - - | 6 49 | 5 11 | 1 10 | 4 31 |
| 25 Thursday - - | 6 47 | 5 13 | 2 19 | 5 44 |
| 26 Friday - - | 6 46 | 5 14 | 3 19 | 7 7 |
| 27 Saturday - - | 6 44 | 5 16 | 4 13 | 8 16 |
| 28 Sunday - - | 6 42 | 5 18 | 5 0 | 9 12 |
| 29 Monday - - | 6 40 | 5 20 | 5 40 | 9 57 |
| 1 Tuesday - - | 6 39 | 5 21 | 6 13 | 10 37 |

First Quarter 24th day, 7h. 7m. morning.


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## The Garland.

### THE DESERTED BRIDE.

(By George P. Morris, Editor of the New-York Mirror.)

'Love me!—No—he never loved me!'
Else he'd sooner die than stain
One so fond as he has proved me
With the hollow world's disdain.
False one, go!—my doom is spoken,
And the spell that bound me broken!

Wed him?—Never!—He has lost me!—
Tears!—Well, let them flow!—His bride?—
No!—The struggle life may cost me,
But he'll find that I have pride!
Love is not an idle flower
Blooms and dies the self-same hour.

Titles, lands, and broad dominion,
With himself to me he gave;
Stoop'd to earth his spirit's pinion,
And became my willing slave!
Knelt and pray'd until he won me—
Looks he coldly now upon me?

Ingrate!—Never sure was maiden
Wronged so foul as I. With grief
My true breast is o'erladen—
Tears afford me no relief!
Every nerve is strained and aching,
And my very heart is breaking!

Love I him?—Thus scorned and slighted—
Thrown, like worthless weed, apart;
Hopes and feelings scor'd and blighted—
Love him?—Yes, with all my heart!
With a passion superhuman—
Constancy, 'thy name is woman.'

Love no time can change or fashion—
Love?—Idolatry's the word
To speak the broadest, deepest passion
Ever woman's heart hath stirr'd!
Vain to still the mind's desires,
Which consume like hidden fires!

Wreck'd and wretched, lost and lonely,
Crush'd by grief's oppressive weight,
With a prayer for Clifford only,
I resign me to my fate.
Chains that bind the soul I've proven
Strong as they were iron-woven.

Deep the wo that fast is sending
From my cheek its healthful bloom;
Sad my thoughts as willows bending
O'er the borders of the tomb.
Without Clifford, not a blessing
In the world is worth possessing.

Wealth!—a straw within the balance,—
Opposed to love, 'twill kick the beam:
Kindred—friendship—beauty—talents?—
All to love as nothing seem;
Weigh love against all else together,
As solid gold against a feather.

Hope is flown—away disguises—
Nought but death relief can give—
For the love he little prizes
Cannot cease, and Julia live!
Soon my thread of life will sever—
Clifford, fare thee well—for ever!

## Miscellanea.

### THE HUMAN HAND.

(FROM KIRBY'S BRIDGEWATER TREATISE.)

The physiology and anatomy of the *Human Hand*, that wonderful organ, have been explained and reasoned with great ability in a seperate treatise, by the eminent comparative anatomist to whom that subject was assigned; I shall not, therefore, here say anything on its structure and its uses: but as it has not been treated of as a *moral* organ; as being in intimate connexion with the heart and affections; as their principal index and premonstrator; and as the mighty instrument by which a great part of the physical good and evil which befalls our race is wrought, I may be permitted to make a few observations upon it as far as these are concerned.

God made the body in general a fit machine, not only to execute the purposes of its immaterial inhabitant the soul; but, in some sort, he made it a mirror to reflect all its bearings and character; to indicate every motion of the fluctuating sea within, whether its surges lift themselves on high elevated by the gusts of passion; or all is calm, and tranquil, and subdued. None of the bodily organs, by its structure and station in the body, is so evidently formed in all respects for these functions as the hand. The eye indeed is, perhaps, the most faithful mirror of the soul's emotion; yet though it may best portray and render visible the internal feeling, it can in no degree execute its biddings; but the hand is the great agent and minister of the soul, which not only reveals her inmost affection and feeling, and, in conjunction with the tongue—and these two in connexion are either the most beneficient or maleficient of all our organs—declares her will and purpose; but is also employed by her to execute them. Thus Heart and Hand, the principle and the practice, have been united, in common parlance, from ancient ages. The earliest dawn of reason in the innocent infant is shown by the signs it makes with its little *hands;* by them it prefers its petitions for any thing it desires, and, in imitation of this, God's children are instructed *to lift up holy hands* in prayer. Love, friendship, charity, and all the kindly affections of our nature, use the hands as their symbol and organ; the fond embrace, the hearty shake, the liberal gift, are all ministered by them. Joy, gladness, applause, welcome, valediction, all use these organs to represent them. Penitence smites her breast with them; resignation clasps them; devotion and the love of God stretches them out towards heaven.

But the hands are not employed to express only the kindly affections of the soul. Those of a contrary and less amiable character use them as their index. Anger threatens, and more violent and hateful passions destroy by them. They are indeed the instruments by which a great portion of the evil, and mischief, and violence, and misery that our corrupt nature has introduced into the world are perpetrated.

The hand also, on some occasions, becomes the spokesman instead of the tongue. The fore-finger is denominated the *index*, because we use it to indicate to another any object to which we wish to direct his attention. By it the deaf and dumb person is enabled to hold converse with others so as not to be totally cut off from the enjoyment of society; and by it we can likewise mutually communicate our thoughts when separated by space however wide, even with our Antipodes.

The Deity himself, also, condescends to convey spiritual benefits to his people by means of the *hands* of authorized persons, as in confirmation and ordination; and the blessed Friend, and Patron, and Advocate and Deliverer of our race, when he was upon earth, appears to have wrought most of his miracles of healing by laying on his hands; in benediction also, when children were brought unto him he laid his hands on them; and at his ascension he lifted up his hands to bless his disciples.

To enumerate all the modes by which the internal affection of the soul is indicated by the hand would be an endless task. I shall, therefore, only further observe, that the greater part of the instances I have adduced are natural, and not conventional or casual modes of expressing feeling, as is evident from their being employed, with little variation, in all ages, nations, and states of society.

How grateful, then, ought we to be to our Creator for enriching us with these admirable organs, which, more than any outward one that we possess, are the immediate instruments that enable us to master the whole globe that we inhabit, not merely the visible and tangible matter that we tread upon, and its furniture and population, but even often to take hold as it were of the invisible substances that float around it, and to bottle up the lightning and the wind, as well as the waters! Thus by their means do we add daily increments to our knowledge and science, and consequently power; to our skill in arts and every allied manufacture and manipulation; to our comforts, pleasures, and everything desirable in life.

### MILITARY ANECDOTES.

*Presentiment of Death.*—Sir Thomas Picton forthwith made every preparation for the approaching campaign [ending at Waterloo, where he was slain.] He had a presentiment that it would be his last; and he did not hesitate in expressing to his friends the force of this impression. The calmness of his manner, when he alluded to the subject, made them, at first, hope that this anticipation might be the result of impaired health; but when it was known that he expressed this conviction in the most serious manner to the different branches of his family, and that he was arranging his affairs with all the exactness and attention of a man who knows that he has but a short time to live, the fact then became apparent. He never, however, betrayed for one moment the slightest dread of the fate which he believed awaited him: and the following incident will illustrate the composure with which he anticipated death. He was walking during a fine evening, a few days before his departure, with Sir John and Lady ——, when they came to a churchyard, in which a grave was dug for the reception of some humble individual. The party was induced to ascend the newly thrown-up earth and look down. Sir Thos. Picton, after commenting upon the neatness with which it had been dug, observed, "Why, I think this would do for me;" at the same time that he jumped in and laid down at full length along the bottom, with an observation, that it was an exact fit. He scrambled out, when he was surprised to find Lady —— much affected, as she declared this incident was ominous of his fate. Picton only smiled, and tried to persuade her out of such melancholy reflections. After having made every preparation, he left Wales and repaired to London, where he made a short stay among his numerous friends. Twice he expressed the conviction which had taken such strong hold of his mind, that he should die. In the one instance he observed to an intimate friend, "When you hear of my death you will hear of a bloody day:" prophetic words, which were but too faithfully verified. The second instance was when bidding adieu to the Hon. Colonel Pakenham, who was, at the time, prevented joining the army by a severe wound. "God bless you!" said the general, as he shook him warmly by the hand; "if we never meet again, you will, at all events, *hear* of me." He had, in fact, determined to win all the honours that the most daring courage could obtain, or to fall in the attempt; and this determination he frequently expressed: he resolved not to leave an excuse for any neglect either to his name or memory. Mr. Wynne, during a debate in the House of Commons, when, reverting to this period of Sir Thomas Picton's career, observed, "He had heard that nearly the last words which the gallant Picton uttered before he left this country were to express a hope, in the presence of two members of that house, that, if he should fall, which he seemed to anticipate, he might not be forgotten, but receive the same distinctions that had been conferred upon other officers who had died in the service of their country." It will be seen that he never for one moment shrunk from the resolution which he had formed; but that, wherever danger was greatest, there he was foremost, until he found that heroic death which he neither sought nor shunned. His was not the daring of rashness or despair. If he exposed himself, it was not from any weariness or discontent of life; the lingering impression, that death was in his path, could not turn his steps, or make him seek to avoid it.—*Life of Sir Thomas Picton.*

*General Sir W. Medows.*—"At the seige of Bangalore, Lieutenant Ayres, of the 38th Regiment, having made his way through a small aperture in the walls, Medows, who was present, exclaimed, "Well done, little gentleman! And now, Whiskers,' continued he, addressing the grenadiers, 'try, if you can follow and support him.' Bangalore having surrendered, he was sent to attack the almost inaccessible fortress of Nunnydroog. Just before the assault took place, a report prevailed that there was a mine near the breach. 'If there be a mine,' said Medows, it is a mine of gold!' This pleasantry restored the confidence of his men, who soon afterwards carried the fort. His hilarity scarcely ever deserted him; one day, while on a reconnoitring party, he observed a twenty-four pound shot strike the ground, on his right, in such a direction, that, had he proceeded, it would in all probability have destroyed him; he therefore stopped his horse, and, as the ball dashed across the road in front of him, gracefully took off his hat and said, 'I beg, Sir, that you will continue you promenade; I never take precedence of any gentleman of your family.'"

*General the Marquis Cornwallis.*—"Napoleon Bonaparte, in his conversations with Barry O'Meara, declared that Lord Cornwallis, by his integrity, fidelity, frankness, and the nobility of his sentiments, was the first who had impressed upon him a favourable opinion of Englishmen. 'I do not believe,' said the ex-Emperor, 'that he was a man of first-rate abilities; but he had talent, great probity, sincerity, and never broke his word. Something having prevented him from attending at the Hotel de Dieu, to sign the treaty of Amiens, pursuant to appointment, he sent word to the French Ministers that they might consider it completed, and that he would certainly execute it the next morning. During the night he received instructions to object to some of the articles; disregarding which he signed the treaty as it stood, observing that his Government, if dissatisfied, might refuse to ratify it, but that having once pledged his word he felt bound to abide by it. There was a man of honour!' added Napoleon, 'a true Englishman.'"

*Lieut. General Sir John Cope* "was not destitute of courage, but apparently possessed little or no skill as a commander. His name was long a by-word for contempt, and his defeat became the subject of numberless songs, English and Scotch. Some of these still exist, and to the inspiring tune of one of them, 'Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wanking yet?' a Scotch regiment marched exultingly to the charge, at the celebrated attack on the French army, made by the troops under Lord Hill, at Arroyo Molino."

*Lieut. Colonel Sir Charles M'Carthy,* "a native of Ireland, was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Sierra Leone, in 1815. By affording protection to the Fantees, a native tribe, who had been oppressed by the Ashantees, the King of the latter, in 1823, moved towards Cape Coast with a great force, and sent to Sir Charles, threatening to make his head an ornament to the great war drum of Ashantee. On mentioning this intimation to some officers in a jocular way, it created a laugh, but Sir Charles, with a presentiment of evil, seriously observed, 'You need not laugh, it may so happen.' Two days before his death, he said, in an ironical manner to two Ashantee prisoners who had been brought before him, 'I hear your master wants my jaw bones for his big drum; very well, I am going to give them to him to-morrow.' On the day preceding the action, the rain poured in torrents among the soldiers, already reduced by several days' severe marches through morasses and tangled forests. When the engagement was at the hottest, the ammunition became exhausted; and the Ashantees, ten times the number of the British and their allies, received a reinforcement of five thousand men. A total rout ensued. Sir Charles M'Carthy received a wound in the breast from a bullet, and while resting against the trunk of a tree, was cruelly butchered by the enemy. This fatal event occurred on the 21st of January, 1824. His loss was deeply felt by the colony, to whom he had endeared himself by the benevolence of his mind, and his mild endeavours to propagate christianity."

*Lieut.-Colonel Vassall,* "born about 1770, rose in the army to the command of the thirty-eight foot, which he led in 1807, at the storming of Monte Video. The troops were ordered to the assault, though exposed to a heavy fire; on marching towards the breach, which the men having missed, they would have retreated in confusion, but for the encouragement of Col. Vassall, who continually cried out, 'My brave men, do not flinch; every bullet has its billet! Push on! follow me, thirty-eighth!' Having got within the breach he was still continuing to advance, when a grape-shot broke his legs, and he fell, exclaiming, 'Push on, my good soldiers! charge them! never mind me! somebody will pick me up! its only the loss of a leg in the service!' He continued to cry out, all the time the action lasted, 'I don't care for my leg, if my regiment does its duty; and I hope they will!' He joined in the cheer with which the men hailed the surrender of the town, and insisted on being carried to the head of his regiment. He died on the 7th February, 1807, and, as his corpse was being carried through the room in which Col. Brownrigg lay mortally wounded, that gallant officer exclaimed, 'There goes a brave soldier, and I shall soon follow him!' At eight in the evening both were buried with military honours. Lieut. Colonel Vassall, by his conduct in his last moments, deservedly gained the title of a hero. He left behind him a wife and three children."

*Colonel Harvey Aston.*—"In 1799, while absent from his regiment, having been informed of a quarrel between a Lieutenant and Majors Picton and Allan, he declared, in a private letter, that he considered the two latter had acted towards the Lieutenant with illiberality. This having come to the ears of the Majors, they demanded a Court-Martial, which was refused, and the Colonel himself was called upon for an explanation. He answered that he could not be called to account for his public conduct by the officers of his corps, but added that he should be ready to give satisfaction to any one who could allege any thing against him as a private gentleman. He was accordingly challenged by Major Picton, and a meeting followed, when the Major's pistol flashed in the pan, and Col. Aston fired in the air. The next day satisfaction was demanded of him, in offensive language, by Major Allan, with whom he accordingly went out, and having received his antagonist's fire without showing signs of being hurt, the Colonel, in an erect posture and with the utmost composure, levelled his pistol, to shew he had power to discharge it, and then laying it across his breast, said, 'he was shot through the body—he believed the wound was mortal—and he therefore declined to fire—for it should not be said of him that the last act of his life was an act of revenge.' He languished for a week in excessive pain, which he bore without a murmur, and died deeply regretted by all who knew him."

A Foreigner's Opinion of English Politics.—England has, for the last five years, been painfully labouring through various changes of a political and social crisis, which has not yet attained its last stage, and the character of which has become, with the progress of time, more and more dangerous. Each session of Parliament, prorogued, in appearance, in the midst of the reciprocal concessions of the two parties into which the country is divided, left to the following session an account to settle, which from year to year became larger, though a part of the debt had been invariably liquidated in favour of the Reformers, notwithstanding the increasing alarms and continually augmenting opposition of the Conservatives. In spite of their utmost efforts to restrain the long-repressed ardour of their adversaries in pursuing the inclined path of innovation, they have been compelled to follow them in it, to yield, and let themselves be dragged behind the chariot-wheels of their opponents, to the great detriment of their credit, their moral force, and their dignity. We are perfectly aware that resistance had become very difficult, and even we ourselves hailed with applause certain concessions, independently even of the circumstances that rendered them necessary; we thought them wise and fortunate concessions, and we have no wish at present to disapprove of them; all we mean is to state a fact, and that is, that the Conservative party in the two Houses of Parliament has lost all the battles in which it has been engaged for some time back, notwithstanding the courage, more or less fortunate, with which it defended some points of its invaded territory.—*Journal des Debats.*

State of the People.—The carrying Parliamentary Reform showed that a large body of members, even in a boroughmongering Parliament, were resolved to give the people more power, and lay a good foundation whereon to build. But they who carried it had no small interest in the measure; they shut out their political adversaries from office, and secured it to themselves. By the destruction of close boroughs, they made it impossible for the Tories to govern as they had been wont to do; they raised up a power hostile to the Court, and a power more likely to favour the Whig party than the Tory. When the Horse (says the fable) could not beat the Ass by the force of his own hoofs, and after he had tired himself out with kicking against that obstinate and stupid, but not ill-conditioned brute, he asked the Man to help him, which he did, and the long-eared and long-lived creature was overcome by the coalition. But then the Man kept in the saddle, and has ruled the Horse ever since. So the Whig has overcome the Tory by the help of the Man of England, and still more by Him of Scotland and Him of Ireland, and he is now, I fear, struggling might and main to fling his new rider out of the saddle: indeed, my opinion is, that he did so some time ago, and will not let him mount again. In a word, to come from Æsop to 1835, I fear much that the Liberal party—their leaders, certainly—but even the bulk of the party, care little for reforms, except as the means of keeping themselves in and the Tories out, and will give their ally, the people, only as much as is wanted for that purpose; will not quarrel with the Court, will not face the nobility, and, above all, will not give up any share in the "*saddle.*" When I see any measures carried which really increase the people's comforts by giving them cheap food, cheap drink, cheap government, I shall retract my opinion.—*Isaac Tomkins's Thoughts on the Aristocracy of England.*

Tory Farmers of the High-priced Days.—Then might be seen a very different class of tenants,—spruce, neat, well-dressed, dandy gentlemen, with yellow top-boots made by the Hoby of the day, and blue coats, with bright metal buttons, dashing to market on their bits of blood, or driving their ladies in green gigs picked out with orange. Who so gay, who so blithe as they? They were England's boast, the very pith and sinews of society; who selling their corn at five and six pounds the quarter, did not value any man a straw, because they were just as independent as the squire himself. Their fathers, to be sure, had boarded their labourers; their fathers rose early, held the plough, returned at twelve o'clock to their boiled pork and greens and-home brewed beer, went forth again till the evening, and slept soundly all night after a substantial supper and a tumbler of punch. But the new generation, they would have contemplated such a style of living with horror. They drank their port and sherry at home; at the ordinary, or, at all events, on social occasions, they would join particular friends in champaign. In the hunting-field, moreover, they lure off the bell for the excellence of their horses and their own fearless riding; and as to business, they devolved that upon their bailiffs and head men. They would as soon have thought of grasping a piece of red-hot iron as of handling the stilts of a plough. And, when you looked further, you saw them free of speech, free of action, loose and immoral in their lives, loud jesters, cock-fighters, fond of their rubber, jovial companions, sometimes great men for the ladies—everything, in short, the reverse of what their predecessors had been, except in their loyalty. For I believe that, when prices were high, no class of men could be more devoted to the monarchical principle than the tenantry of England in general, as was evinced by the promptitude with which they took up arms in corps either of volunteer infantry or of yeomanry cavalry. In every other respect, however, they were changed, certainly not for the better. They came to church, no doubt, but it was to see and to be seen. The parson they held in small estimation, and his discourses in still smaller; and, though they paid their compositions freely, it was because money was no object to them, and they knew quite well that they had an excellent bargain of their tithes.—*Gleig's Chronicles of Waltham.*

The late Spencer Perceval.—Perceval had the most extraordinary rise. From no practice at all, he was, at the age of thirty-nine, appointed by Addington Solicitor-General; the next year he succeeded Law, as Attorney-General; and then, on the dismissal of the Talents, was made the Duke of Portland's Chancellor of the Exchequer, on whose death he became Premier; and, what is singular, had no adequate capacity for any one of these situations. He had no oratory, but a barking, snappish manner; a little, plain person, and an inharmonious voice: he had quickness, but it appeared to me principally the quickness of temper; his turn was sarcasm and biting cavil, which certainly had the effect of keeping people in subjection. He was an inveterate tory, and thought all nobility was monopolized by the house of Perceval.—*Sir Egerton Brydge's Autobiography.*

Morning in the East.—However beautiful the awakening of nature may be in other parts of the world, its balmy delights can never be so highly appreciated as in the climes of the East, where its contrast to the subduing heat of burning noon renders it a blessing of inestimable value. The freshness of the morning air, the play of light and shade, which is so agreeable to the eye, the brightness of the foliage, the vivid hue of the flowers opening their variegated clusters to the sun, rife with transient beauty, for evening finds them drooping, the joyous matins of the birds, and the playing gambols of wild animals emerging from their dewy lairs, exhilarate the spirits, and afford the highest gratification to the lover of sylvan scenes. Every tree is tenanted by numerous birds: superb falcons look out from their lofty eyries, and wild peacocks fling their magnificent trains over the lower boughs, ten or twelve being frequently perched on the same tree. The smaller birds, the sparrow-hawks, green pigeons, blue jays, &c. actually crowd the branches, the crow-pheasant whirs as strange footsteps approach, and wings his way to deeper solitudes; while flocks of parroquets, upon the slightest disturbance, issue screaming from their woody coverts, and, spreading emerald plumes, soar up until they melt into the golden sky above. At the early dawn, the panther and the hyena may be seen, sculking along to their dens, the antelope springs up, bounding across the path; the nylghau scours over bush and briar, seeking the distant plain; the porcupine retreats grunting, or stands at bay erecting his quills in wrath at the intrusion; and innumerable smaller animals, the beautiful little blue fox, the civet with its superb brush, and the nimble mungoose, make every nook and corner swarm with life. Gigantic herons stalk along the river's shores; the brahmanee ducks hover gabbling above, and huge alligators bask on the sand banks, stretched in profound repose, or watching for their prey.—*Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan.*

Speed of Fishes.—As to their *motions*, in their element, birds of the most rapid and unwearied wing must yield the palm to them; the eagle to the shark, and the swallow to the herring and salmon. The form of fishes, generally speaking, is particularly adapted for swift and easy motion; and the resistance of the fluid in which they move seems never to impede their progress. While birds that undertake long flights are often obliged to alight upon vessels for some rest and renovation of strength, fishes never seem exhausted by fatigue, and to require no respite or repose. Sharks have been known to keep pace with ships during long voyages; and, like dogs they will sport round vessels going at several knots an hour, as if they had plenty of spare force. The tunny darts with the rapidity of an arrow, and the herring goes at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.—*Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise.*

*To Clean Prints.*—The clear solution of chloride of lime, diluted with twice its bulk of water, will effectually, and expeditiously, remove stains from prints and printed paper, instead of the ordinary process, which is expensive and tedious. First soak the print in clear water, till it lies smooth; then remove it into a dish, large enough to hold it flat, filled with the solution, diluted as above; the stains will disappear in a few minutes; then again soak the print in clear water, to free it from the chloride of lime, and then dry it between sheets of blotting paper. By this process we have bleached twelve prints and letterpress, belonging to an extensive book, which had been damaged by rain and sea-water.

Napoleon.—Napoleon knew how to break men like dogs. He would trample upon them, and again show them a piece of bread and pat them, so that they came frisking to him: and no monarch ever had so many absolute instruments of his absolute will as Napoleon. I do not speak only of his immediate servants; princes and sovereigns showed themselves equally well broken.—*Niebuhr's Conversations.*

The Dog an African Luxury.—Only people of rank and power can keep a European dog in Fantee, so much are these animals esteemed for the table. A wretched little native breed, with long ears, sits in rings in the market-places, and is bought for soup, at the rate of half an ankie, (half a crown.) Of course, the fat, portly dogs of English masters are greatly preferred; and it is not possible for a white man to retain them for more than a month.—*Mrs. Lee's Stories of strange Lands.*

Reputation, Popularity, Fame.—Reputation is a bubble upon the rapid stream of time; popularity, a splash in the great pool of oblivion; fame itself but a full-blown bladder, or at best a baloon. There is no sacrifice in declining them; for in escaping these you escape the impertinences and the intrusions which never fail to follow in their train.

National Preacher.—The January No. of this work, (published at 151 Nassau-st.) contains three excellent discourses by the Rev. Dr. Mathews, Chancellor of New-York University. Subjects—"The religious influence of mothers," "The adorable Saviour," and "Critical periods in the sinner's life." The first closes with this touching historical allusion:

"In the days of Rome's greatest splendour, there stood on one of her seven hills, a temple dedicated to "Female Fortune;" and over its magnificent portal was written the name of Volumnia; for whose honor the temple had been built, to perpetuate her memory as a matron who had saved Rome by her influence over her son. Not far distant from it, arose a column, on which was inscribed "Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi;" in acknowledgment of her worth, as the mother of two sons, whom she had trained up to be the ornaments and defenders of her nation. Such was the respect paid to mothers who "acted well their part" in pagan Rome. And will not Christian communities ever delight to "honor those whom God so greatly honors," by committing to their hands what is most precious in the happiness of all coming generations? They surely will. And let every mother bear in mind that she may here obtain for herself a memorial far more enduring and precious, than the richest temple or column which Rome ever saw; and a still more enduring memorial in heaven, where, with her sons and daughters around her, her crown gathering brightness from theirs, she may bow before the throne of God and the Lamb, and proclaim to his praise, *Behold here am I, and the children thou hast given me!*

*Directions for the right use of Temporal and Spiritual Blessings.*

| Temporal Gifts. "Using this world as not abusing it."—1 Cor. vii. 31. | Spiritual Gifts. "Set your affections on things above."—Colos. iii. 2. |
|---|---|
| Wish for them cautiously. | Prize them inestimably. |
| Ask for them submissively. | Covet them earnestly. |
| Want them contentedly. | Seek for them diligently. |
| Obtain them honestly. | Ponder them frequently. |
| Accept them humbly. | Wait for them patiently |
| Manage them prudently. | Expect them hopefully. |
| Employ them lawfully | Receive them joyfully. |
| Impart them liberally. | Enjoy them thankfully. |
| Esteem them moderately. | Improve them carefully. |
| Increase them virtuously | Retain them watchfully. |
| Use them submissively. | Plead for them manfully. |
| Forego them easily. | Hold them dependantly. |
| Resign them willingly. | Grasp them eternally. |

Duration and Utility of Wisdom.—To encourage us to shake off the superincumbent load of indifference, ridicule and opposition, and to make efforts to extend virtue and happiness, let us reflect that a useful thought may outlive an empire. Babylon and Thebes are now nowhere to be found; but the moral lessons of the contemporary wise and good, despised and disregarded, perhaps, in their day, have descended to us, and are still to be found. As the seminal principle of plants, borne through the wide spaces of the air by their downy wings, find at length a congenial spot in which to settle and vegetate, these seeds of virtue and happiness, floating down the current of time, are still arrested from age to age by some kindred mind, in which they germinate and produce their golden fruit. No intellect can conjecture in how many instances, and to what degree, every fit moral precept may have come between the reasons and passions of some one, balancing between the course of happiness and ruin, and may have inclined the scale in his favour. The consciousness of even an effort to achieve one such triumph is a sufficient satisfaction to a virtuous mind.—*The Art of Being Happy.*

Died, on the 1st Nov., at his residence, Eaton-place, Captain the Hon. Sir Henry Duncan, Knt. C.B. This gallant officer was the second son of Viscount Duncan, who defeated Admiral de Winter, commanding the Dutch fleet, off Camperdown, and brother to the Earl of Camperdown. Sir Henry Duncan was a meritorious officer, and highly esteemed. He died of apoplexy, and has left a widow and family.

Same day, of apoplexy, Wm. Motherwell, Esq. editor of the Glasgow Courier. Mr. Motherwell was the author of several works, among which his lyric productions are most eminent. He was a man of fine genius and a feeling heart.

**There are, it is said, five million quarters of wheat now lying in bond at London.**