From the Boston Miscellany.

CATOCHUS.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

It was a breathless night in June. My windows were all open, and yet the flame of my candle scarcely flickered. I had become deeply interested in the pages of a new book, and was heedless of the lapse of time, or the circumstances around me, until suddenly a moth fluttered into the flame, and the crackling of its filmy wings attracted my attention. Upon glancing at my watch which lay beside me on the table, I found to my surprise that it was already after midnight. I determined thereon to read no more, and shutting my book, walked across the room to draw the curtain, intending immediately to go to bed, but the moonlight shone so plesantly in at the window, that I was forced to sit down and lean upon the sill, and gaze out upon the scene. There were a few thin, whitish clouds hanging around the horizon, like the distant wings of an enormous spirit, but otherwise the sky was perfectly cloudless. Above, the moon was shining peacefully, and below, the world of green lay dreaming in its misty shroud, half obscured, save where the curving river glancing in the moonlight, shone like a burnished belt of steel. There is a strange fascinotion in sitting in the moonlight—and for almost an hour I sat leaning out into the air. All was quiet save the monctonous musical gurgle of the frogs in the pond, and at intervals the rustling of green leaves as a tremulous breath of wind swelled gently and then died away, or the prolonged bark of some far off dog. I had fallen into a vague reverie, when I heard the bell strike the hour of one. I arose and went to bed. But no sooner had I left the window than I felt a sharp pain shoot through my head, which, after recurring at intervals through the next half hour, finally settled into a raging headache. My brain throbbed violently and seemed loose in my head, so that every motion added to the pain. It was as if an iron hand compressed my temples with its griping fingers. I lay thus tossing restless and sleepless for several hours, and finally fell asleep,

I dreamed that I was lying beside a waterfall, half asleep. The water rushed hissing down beside me as if an ocean were loosened, and hurried, boiling fiercely, down a rocky declivity. The air was drizzled with spray, which fell over me like hot sparks: and the trees above me, seen through it, seemed at times human skeletons, which bent their long bony arms down to my face, and then slowly rising, uplifted themselves into the air and became natural trees again. A thousand circles intertangling and interlacing, dilated and contracted incessantly, then slowly the motion decreased, and they kept creeping around more and more gently, until they swam into a broad sea of smooth glassy water, and fading out of my sight, left the air above me calm and clear. Soon a small eye seemed placidly looking at me that grew larger and larger, until it filled the wide ring of the horizon; then it changed into a face which looked close into my eyes,—gradually the features became distorted into a hideous mask, and grinned, and then a thousand similar faces crowded one upon another, until the air seemed full of them; they were huddled together, and tossed about without body like the waves of the ocean. Now I suddenly seemed to be crawling on my hands and knees over slimy and slippery rocks, which were covered with damp green seaweed. As I groped along, the seaweed began to change into snakes, until the rocks seemed alive with the nauseous crawling reptiles that rubbed their slimy sides against my limbs and cheeks, and cast over me a dreadful chill of horror:—all my flesh seemed to creep, and the very scalp to move on my skull. In the midst of my horror and torment, I heard the wild ringing of a bell. I suddenly and convulsively opened my eyes, and heard the breakfast bell ringing. For a moment I experienced the most grateful relief from the torment of this nightmare, which has more than once thus affected me—and no one can tell the glad gush of feeling which came over me when I found all this horrible scene was but a dream. I lay thus for a moment, thinking of the change, and then resolved to spring from the bed and dress myself immediately; but what was my surprise and horror when I found I could not move. My body and limbs seemed rigid as marble, and of an intolerable weight. I could neither turn my head, nor stir hand nor foot. My eyeballs were fixed upon a white wall above my head, and I could neither turn them nor draw down the lid. In vain I strove to move—I was perfectly stiff and torpid, and without the power of motion. There seemed to be some appalling disconnexion between the will and the muscular system—between the mind and the body, as if my living soul was chained Mezentius-like to a dead body. There was no pain only a fearful sensation, as if the whole air had congealed into a firm, transparent amber, which held me strictly imprisoned.

Suddenly, like the swift track of a falling star, the thought shot across my mind that I was dead. Yes, that could be the only solution to this dreadful enigma, I was sure that I was dead, but Oh God! was this death? Had we been always mistaken, and did the soul remain thus to haunt the body, without the ability to cast it off? Was death only a suspension of power over this fibrous mass, and these finely organized senses, and nicely adjusted muscles? Only the breaking of one link in the subtle chain, that connected all the faculties and powers with their instruments? Perhaps the soul was never freed until the body had rotted off, little by little, into a mass of corruption, and exhaled or fallen to dry dust: and I was destined to inhabit this living house, and feel it slough away from me and perish, ere I could emerge into the light and beauty of a renewed life. This I had never dreamed of, and all the joy and luxury of existence, all the sense of light and sunshine and fresh air, all the thousand fold delights with which God has strewn this pictured world, were not worth such a price. Upon these lips the worm should feed, and I could not drive him away; these eyes, through which the soul had looked upon a mild, and glorious world, as through clear glasses, would change until they were loathsome and corrupted. Oh God! the agony of such a thought. Nothing I had ever imagined equalled it in terror! And when I recalled the dead faces of those whom I had loved and buried, and remembered the benign and placid smile which shone on them, like the last foot-prints of the freed and rejoicing spirit as it fled heavenward and which seemed to betoken the recognition by the soul of a diviner sense, as it was leaving its clay tenement—and then thought that, perchance, even at the very moment while I was bending over to take a last, farewell look, with this feeling in my heart, they were enduring the same fierce, burning torments—the same feelings of horror and despair that gnawed me like a burning worm! It seemed to me as if all the joys I had ever known on earth would not counterbalance so dreadful a doubt.

I heard my name called from below—I made another effort, but my tongue was torpid and dull as lead. Still I could not resign myself to the thought that I was dead. I inwardly declared that I would move—I strove with almost superhuman exertions but in vain, I could not take my eyes from that spot on the wall, which had become accursed because I must see it. Sideways through my eyes I felt the pleasant sunshine glowing into the room; and over my head the busy flies hummed and buzzed incessantly, and crept now and then across my face.

How long and tedious seemed the moments; they were years to my excited mind—and no one came. An age of torment seemed to have passed when I heard a light tap at my door—I could not answer it. Again I heard a louder knock; I knew it was my sister, for she spoke and called me by name. The door opened and she came forward cautiously, and again spoke as she approached the bed. She looked a moment at me and touched me. I did not speak, but lay motionless with my eyes strained at that infernal spot. She paused a moment, and then, uttering a piercing shriek, ran to the door and called my mother. Instantly the horror of the cry brought the family to my bedside. They lifted my hand, and it fell again on the coverlid. They felt of my heart—there was not a flutter of a pulse, for all that it seemed to me as if hell itself could not be worse than the torment I was enduring. I heard quick, convulsive sobs, and felt a soft hand smooth my hair from my forehead. Some one said, "he must have died in a fit, and yet how calm his face is." 'Yes' was the answer, 'he probably suffered no pain, and died almost immediately—perhaps in his sleep.' Then the voices grew more distant and murmuring, and some one left the room. Soon the door opened and the face of the family physician intercepted the damned spot for a moment. Now, thought I, he will know that I am not dead, and will relieve me from this situation. He felt of my heart and pulse for a moment, and then I heard him say, in answer to the anxious inquiries—'Yes madam, I am sorry to say he is entirely gone. My art can avail him nothing.' The voices then became lower, and I listened in vain. It was a long, dark pause—then the shutters were closed, and persons trod lightly across the floor, and spoke to each other in an under tone, as if the place were sacred. That silent awe which pervades the chamber of death and hushes the voice as if the senseless clay could hear, had passed over their spirits like breath stain upon glass. I heard the low, confused murmur of voices drone through the darkened room. Now and then the door opened, and some one bent over me and gazed at me while scalding tears fell upon my face. Then the room was emptied of all persons, and I was left alone in the darkness and stillness. I listened for voices, for anything was better than this dreary stillness—but in vain, a spell was on the house: its rapid footsteps, its bustle and noise were gone—every step was careful and slow, and every voice a whisper. So went on hour after hour and I still lay helpless, and longing for the moment when I should be able to move and loosen myself from the close, deadly grasp which almost pressed the life out of the body. As I lay thus, I suddenly heard a bird's gush of song from the tree beneath my window—how joyously it warbled, unconscious of the agony so near it—and how my heart sickened within me as I heard it.

Soon persons came and wrapped me up in white linen, and swathed my limbs and made the horrible funeral preparations. Some one says—'how ghastly his eyes look,' and then gently pressed down the lids over the balls of my eyes. Never till that moment did I dream that that accursed spot, on which my gaze had been riveted for so many hours, could become dear to me. The thought that we are viewing any object, however mean, for the last time, always rises it in importance, and gives it a factitious charm; and now this spot to me was the straw to a drowning man, the silver line of sunlight in a prisoner's dungeon—the last link with this visible earth. I strove in vain to keep open the lids—slowly they yielded to the pressure of the fingers, and gradually the range of vision became more and more confined, until all was utterly out. Never before had the fear of being buried alive suggested itself, but now it came like a gulphing wave. I thought that I should be laid down alive in the charnel house among decaying corpses, and stifled from the clear breath of heaven, famish, if indeed I were not dead then. All the frightful stories of such occurrences that I had ever read came to my mind, and the hope of ultimate recovery grew feebler and feebler.

The night came, and how dreary and unending it seemed. One after another I heard the hours struck by the clock, until at last, from pure exhaustion, I lost my sensation. It must have been late morning when I returned to consciousness. I felt hands upon me—they were lifting me into my coffin! I heard them screw in screw after screw until the lid was fastened, and only the narrow space over the face remained open. I felt the sides of the coffiin jar and rub against my arms, and I despaired that I should ever recover my power of motion.

The coffin was lifted and placed upon a table. Some one asked when I was to be buried!—'This afternoon,' was the answer—'he has been now dead two days.' I had then been unconscious for the length of a whole day. Now the time, instead of a weary length, seemed to fly with lightning like rapidity. The past seemed endlessly long—the future was fore shortened to a breath, a moment. The clock ticked faster and faster, and time seemed to pour itself away in rapid moments, as a rising thunder cloud empties its fierce, heavy drops more and more rapidly.

It was afternoon—the company gathered—the shutter creaked beside me, and the window was opened. I felt the warm breath of the spring air steal over my face like a delicious odor. I heard the birds singing among the branches, and the gentle rustling of the swaying trees, as the wind stirred among them. I thought of all the gladsome earth—of the blue sky—of the rippling brooks, half sunlight, half shadow—of the early evening clouds, whose hues shift like the colours on the dove's neck—of the stars, of of the moon, of the swelling and heaving ocean, and clung to the memory of them with a mute despair, loving them the more the nearer I came to losing them.

At last the dim, whispering hum about the room ceased—the clock ticked loudly, and the clergyman's voice repeated those first sentences in the service for the dead—'I am the resurrection and the life,' &c.

His voice ceased—I gave myself up to despair. I tried to resign myself to the dreadful thought that I was to be buried alive. Some one lifted the lid to screw it down ere I should be removed. I heard a faint exclamation from some one bending over me—'Good God! he must be alive yet; there are drops of perspiration now upon his forehead! Bring a mirror and place it to his lips, he may breathe yet. It seemed that the extremity of my agony had wrung out a cold dew upon my skin. No sooner had the words been spoken, than there was a wild hurry, and suppressed exclamations of fear and doubt, and surprise about the room. What a moment of agony was the next! The fearful anticipation, lest after all, there should be no sign of breath, was worse than all before. The mirror was brought, and I knew by the sudden and fearful cry, that of Catochus, was at last known.

I was bled instantly: between my lips a few drops of brandy were forced, and my limbs and head were fomented with heated cloths, with such effect, that in two hours I regained my power of motion and sat up, though weak from loss of blood and entirely exhausted by the dreadful suffering through which I had passed as through a fiery ordeal. Believe me, those pains I would not suffer again; if the price should be a showering of all the wealth and glory that the world can bestow. Such suffering does not leave a man where it finds him. I arose from my bed an altered man,—with my moral and mental constitution completely changed.

The main incident of this story, however improbable it may seem, is founded upon fact, and has occurred within the range of the writer's experience. Catochus is only a peculiar form of Catalepsy, in which the patient retains the use of his various senses, while the power of motion is entirely suspended, and presents an appearance which may easily be mistaken for death. In removing some bodies from the vault of a neighbouring city, on the occasion of erecting a new church, it was discovered that three bodies had assumed such a situation as could only be accounted for on the supposition of their having been buried while in a state of suspended animation or stupor, they having turned over in their coffins upon the recurrence of consciousness. The occurrence of such a fact alone, together with the known existence of diseases which assume the semblance of death, should induce the extremest caution, and make it a matter of duty to apply, before burial, such tests as to leave no shadow of doubt and no room for mistake with regard to the actual fact of death.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount Days Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of Business from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—John Duncan, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—Saint John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq. Manager, Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the discount Days.

SAVING'S BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President, Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's.—Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esq. President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—James Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

FURRING ESTABLISHMENT.

J. M'GEE,

HATTER & FURRIER.

IN returning thanks for past favours, most respectfully announces to the public, that he has resumed Business near his old Stand, South side King Street, directly over the Store of Mr. D. Collins, Saddler; where all orders in the above line will meet with personal and careful attention.

Ladies Fur Capes, Muffs & Boas, Gent's Fur Caps, Gauntlets, Gloves, &c. &c., altered to the newest fashion. J. M. also begs leave to state that he has engaged from a first rate establishment in New York a female Furrier to superintend the making of the work.

☞HATS repaired and altered to fashion. Nov. 3, 1842.

Lost.

A PROMISSARY NOTE, drawn by Mr. CHARLES HUMPHREYS, in favour of Mr. JAMES HINDS, for £12. 14s. or thereabouts. All persons are cautioned against negotiating or receiving the same as the Subscriber (the *bona fide* holder thereof,) has arranged with the drawer for the payment of the amount.

ANGUS McAFEE.

St. John, Sept. 14, 1842.

Cabinet Making, &c.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has commenced business in the above line, at his Shop, St. James' Street, Lower Cove; where every description of Furniture will be made to order, at the shortest notice.

ANDREW GIBSON.

St. John, 1843.

N. B. Furniture repaired on reasonable terms.

WILMER & SMITH'S

EUROPEAN TIMES,

AND

UNITED STATES, CANADA, WEST INDIA & SOUTH AMERICAN INTELLIGENCER.

THE object of this Publication is to present a striking and faithful abstract of all events occurring in Europe or elsewhere, interesting to the citizens of the United States, Canada, the West Indies, and South America, made up the hour at which the Steamers and Packets sail.

The leading feature of the EUROPEAN TIMES will be a carefully digested abstract of General News, Correct Returns of the principal British and Continental Markets, Arrivals and Sailings to and from all Ports of the above countries,—Vessels Spoken at Sea, Wrecks, Casualties,—in short a glance at every circumstance in which the Merchant, the Manufacturer, the Trader, and the Citizen generally can take an interest.

The Value of such a Publication must be tested by its accuracy. No pains will be spared to make it in that respect unexceptionable. Editors of Newspapers and the Commercial Community, who are now obliged on the arrival of a Packet Ship or Steamer, to wade through files of Newspapers, extending, not unfrequently, over Fourteen or Sixteen Days, for information in which they are most interested, can hardly fail, in this COUP D' ŒIL of News, to find their labor abridged, and their wants and wishes immediately gratified.

The EUROPEAN TIMES is not intended to supersede, so much as to accompany, the more ponderous files of the London Daily and other Journals, to which it will act as a kind of pilot balloon; the condensation of every item of news will be apportioned to its relative importance, leaving the leviathans of the press until time and opportunity enable their readers to meander, without inconvenience, through their ample and voluminous pages.

The European Times will be Edited by a Gentleman long connected in an editoral capacity with the Liverpool Press. Parties who are desirous of bringing New Inventions, New Books, Works of Arts, or subjects of general interest, under the eye of the American public, may address him personally, and depend upon his services.

The price of the European Times will be Four Dollars per Annum. All Orders to be addressed with remittances or reference for payment, to Messrs. Wilmer and Smith, Express Newspaper Office, Church Street, Liverpool.

Subscriptions will be received at all the Offices of Messrs. Harden & Co. in the United States.

Communications for the Editor may be addressed to Mr. John Dignan, 5 South John Street, Liverpool.

January 27.

N. ADAMS'

BOOT & SHOE SHOP,

North Side of Union Street, between Charlotte and Sydney Streets.

THE Subscriber begs leave to return his thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen of St. John, for the liberal share of patronage he has received since commencing business; and wishes to inform them that he still continues to carry on businessas usual, and by strict attention to all orders which he may be favoured with, he hopes to merit a continuance of their patronage.

N. B.—A general assortment of Ladies and Gentlemens Boots and Shoes constantly on hand, at the lowest prices for cash.

July 7, 1842.

☞REMOVAL.☜

THE Subscriber, grateful for the patronage he has hithorto received, and anxious to merit the same indulgence for the future, has removed to that central and well finished House next to St. Stephen's Kirk, in King's Square—where he will ever be ready to entertain those who may favour him with a call, at a moments notice; and will keep on hand the best the market affords, and good liquors. There are good stables connected with the establishments and a careful hostler is engaged. In addition to this the Quaco (Mr. Nugent's) stage puts up at this house, and will leave for Quaco every Wednesday morning, and return on the Tuesday evening following.

To Farmer's frequenting the market, he would say, that from the close proximity of his House, and the accommodations he can afford them, they cannot do better than to give him a call.

N. B. A few constant Boarders wanted.

Sept 30. JAMES CHRISTIE.

Only One Dollar!

With a Circulation double that of any paper in the Union—the strongest possible evidence of its value and popularity.

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Every Week containing Thirty-Six Columns of new and interesting Reading matter! The cheapest Newspaper In The World.

THE publisher of the Messenger feels justified in asserting that his paper which has been ong established on a firm basis, shall continue to be what it really is, calculated for all classes of society—the Merchant, Manufacturer, and Farmer, the Man of Leisure, and, in fact, All will find plenty of amusement and instruction in its columns. With the means at his control, and the extensive arrangements made both at home and abroad to secure the services of the most eminent writers of the day, who are to furnish communications on a variety of subjects the Publisher is confident of arranging each week a Literary feast that will be sure to gratify the taste of the most fastidious. A full and comprehensive view of the events continually occuring in all parts of the world—the local as well as Distant News, Sales of Stocks, Bank Note Detector, Mercantile Prices Current. Original and Selected Tales, Treatises on Agriculture, Science and the Mechanic Arts, Poetry and Anecdotes, embracing Wit Wisdom, and Originality, all of which are to be found in the columns of the Messenger constitute n THE CHEAPEST AND BEST PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE WORLD!!

As a Family Newspaper the Messenger presents superior attractions. Slang and vulgarity never poluted its pages; and nothing is published that can bring a blush to the cheek of modesty. As a strenuous advocate for the cause of Education—for rearing the rising generation in a manner that will tend to make them good citizens of a free Republic—for advancing morals and religion, it should be in the hands of every parent that has any regard for the welfare of their children. As a publication for circulation in the country the Messenger has no superior. Combining, as it does, with other matters, the current news the d otay, divested of all tautology, the reader is enabled to ascertain facts without their being interwoven, or wading through a dul mass of superfluous matter.

Alexander's Messenger is published every Wednesday, on a beautiful White Sheet, of the largest class. Single copies are forwarded to Subscribers every week during the year for two dollars in advance—or Ten Persons, Clubbing together, can have it for the same period by forwarding the Publisher a Ten Dollar Note free of Postage, which is less than any paper of the same size can be furnished by any other Office in the Country. The agent or Postmaster forwarding the money, will be presented with an additional copy of the paper for One Year.

☞For Forty Dollars in current notes, sent to us in one remittance, he will forward Forty one copies of the Messenger and will present to the agent of Postmaster forwarding the same a Complete set or Walter Scott's Popular Novels, which are now beyears past, since its commencement, we are bold to say, that no paper has ever been distributed to the same number of patrons with fewer causes of complaint—in fact we have the most careful and trustworthy Clerks now in our employ, and no inducements are withheld to make them attentive and systematic in the discharge of their various duties: therefore, persons subscribing for the paper at a distince may rely on receiving it regularly and punctually by the due course of the Mail.

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Postmasters are authorized, and generally willing to forward money to newspapers free of expense, where the letters are signed by themselves. Persons wishing to transmit will therefore, when it can be done, wright just what they want the postmaster to say for them, by so doing they will only have the trouble of signing.

Human Hair.

Cleanliness of the Head and Hair.

Strange it is that persons who attend strictly to personal cleanliness, baths, &c. should neglect the Head—the hair—the most essential—the most exposed—and the most beautiful when properly cared for, of all the gifts of the Creator. Perfectly free may it be kept of dandruff or scurf with the certainty that the hair cannot fall out, by the use of the Balm of Columbia. Ladies, will you make your toilet without this article. I answer fearlessly, no, if you have once tried and experienced its purifying effects—its sweet perfume.

A hundred articles have been put forth on the credit of this—the only first—the only real valuable article. A mass of testimony from all classes to these facts.

Look out.—Counterfeits are abroad look always for the name of Comstock & Co. on the splendid wrappers and never buy it without the same.

From the Boston Chronicle, January 16.

☞We see by an advertisement in another column that Messrs. Comstock & Co., the agents for Oldridge's Balm of Columbia, have deputies to sell that article in Boston and elsewhere.—We know a lady of this city whose hair was so nearly gone as to expose entirely her phrenological developements, weich, considering that they betokened a most amiable disposition, was not in reality very unfortunate. Nevertheless she mourned the loss of locks that she had worn, and after a year's fruitless resort to miscalled restoratives, purchased, some months ago, a bottle of Oldridge's Balm, and she has now ringlets in rich profusion, glossy, and of raven blackness. We are not puffing—none of the commodity has been sent to us, and, indeed, we do not want any, for though we were obliged to wear a wig a year ago, we have now, through its virtue, hair enough, and of a passible quality, of our own.

NEW SERIES OF THE

LITERARY GARLAND,

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature

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Beautiful Engravings on Steel, Music &c

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WHEN some four years ago, the publication of the *Garland* was first announced, the Pubishers stated that they could not be very lavish in their promises. They did not then know how far they could rely on public support, nor were they aware of the resources within their reach. It has now, however, triumphantly surmounted all the obstacles which encompassed its earlier youth, and won for itself a name in the Provincial annals as the first literary plant, the roots of which have found a nutritious soil.

The next volume of the *Garland* will begin a second series, so much improved in all its outward adornments as to vie with the most beautiful magazines on this continent or in the world. It will denote the rapid stride in intelligence and enterprise, which within the last four years, has marked the Provincial character and fortunes. The Publishers will spare neither labour nor expense in their endeavours to make it deserving of encouragement, and worthy to minister to the tastes of those who patronise it. Nor do they fear but that they will receive support commensurate with the efforts made to merit it.

The contents of the *Garland* have generally been written expressely for it and by contributors in the Province. The number of these contributors has exhibited a steady increase, while the sterling excellence of the articles has at all times been such as to reflect an unexampled lustre upon the literary character of the country; and the work, taken as a whole, has met with the fullest approbation of those best qualified to judge; and from both press and people, the most flattering assurances of satisfaction have been unceasingly received.

The greater number of the contrsbutors, already known with favour to the public, will continue to enrich and enliven the pages of the Garland; and the improvement of its external appearance, as well as its, more extensive circulation, will naturally call new competitors into the field, and the Publishers, being no longer in fear of inability to redeem their promises, unhesitatingly pledge themselves, that no effort shall be, on their part, wanting, to call forth whatever there is of talent in the country, and to develope, the literary resources, of the Province."

The first number will be embelliseed with a beautiful engraving on Steel, from the burin of a distinguished artist, and on such a subject as will give due effect to the painter's genius. It will be followed by similar Engravings in rapid succession, executed in the best style of the art.

The Musical Department will continue under able management. It will, however, be more diversified with an intermingling of songs with the more strictly musical composition which have hitherto been the most prominent feature in this elegant department. The gentleman who has hitherto superintended the music of the Garland, is one of our most distinguished Professors, and under his superintendance it will remain.

The current volume will be completed with the November number; but the first of the new series will be issued only in the January following, being prepared in time to be delivered generally throughout the Province on the first day of the new year. The arrangement has been considered better than the former mode, as by it the whole of each term of subscription will be comprised within a single year. The following numbers will be publisped regularly on the first day of every month, and will be delivered, wherever practicable, on the days of publication.

The Work will be printed on paper of the finest quality, with type of the most beautiful and newest pattern. Each number will contain at least forty-eight large super-royal ocavo pages, but that number will frequently be exceeded. The twelve numbers will form at the close of the year a handsome illustrated volume, containing a large quantity of interesting and valuable matter well calculated for preservation.

The terms will be, as hitherto, three dollars a year, exclusive of postage, making the charge for delivery at any Post office in the Province only three dollars and a half. Payments will be expected in advance, when the volume has been commenced, and the amount will be considered due, after the delivery of the first number, by those with whose names the Publishers are favoured in the interval from the present time until January next.

Persons desirous of acting as agents will be entitled to a copy of the Garland, on procuring six subscribers, and remitting the money.

LOVELL & GIBSON, *Publishers,*
St. Nicholas Street, Montreal.

☞*The assistance and influence of friends of Literature in the Province are respectfully solicited, to extend the circulation of the Garland.*

Montreal, July, 1842.

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MUSEUM open on MONDAY'S WEDNESDAYS, and FRIDAYS, from 12 to 4 P. M. Price of Admission 1s. 3d.

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For a lady or gentleman . . . 10s

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Thenames of Donors, and persons having yearly admission are recorded at the entrance of the Museum. June 27th 1842.

THE LOYALIST,

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AFTERNOON,

BY JAMES DOAK,

At his Office, in Mr. J. M. Robertson's Building, corner of Market Square and Water street.

TERMS—Twelve shillings and six-pence per annum, payable half-yearly in advance; 2s. 6d. extra when sent by mail.

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