

POETRY.

FOR THE SENTINEL.

AN EVENING REFLECTION.

Flow on deep river, guardian of thy woods!
Beneath whose lonely shade I sit and feel
The breeze refreshing cool my fever'd cheek;
'Tis meet thy silent course should still inspire
Thoughts of Eternity: for on thy breast,
The dazzling lamps of heaven reflect their beams;
But in thy depths—shut out from human eyes—
The secrets rest of many a thousand years:
And ever as thy murmurs rise and fall,
Where some bold headland intercepts thy way,
Or where embay'd thy dark blue waters rest
In calm repose beneath the silver moon;
Methinks I hear thee in thy ceaseless course,
With deep thro' noiseless majesty declare,
The power of Nature's matchless God: nor more
The tempest raging from its boisterous source,
Or the dread earthquake bursting from its caves,
Can speak 'mid Nature's loud convulsive groans,
That Man is but a worm, and time a point.

Ye rocks and mountains, rivers, woods and plains!
Nature's mute children, great in eloquence,
Ye plead no common theme, no vulgar cause;
Before your strong appeal deception flies,
And truth resumes her empire o'er the mind.

The conscious child of sorrow fed with tears,
And cradled in the whirlwind, there might rest,
Cold river, in thy ample bosom laid,
And drink oblivion's cup and thirst no more
For earthly good: Ev'n dull forgetfulness,
—Where memory only points to scenes of woe—
Were height of bliss, and over cheerily bough
With Nature's final throes. But yet 'tis said,
That painful dream infest the sleep of death,
When 'tis compell'd by opiates not prescribed
By Nature's laws, and adverse to her rules.
And thus the "flaming sword" of justice guards,
That Eden, which despair's last desperate thought,
Points to the madden'd wretch, and drives him back
To combat with the world: oh fearful odds!
The world like some base tyrant misman'd father,
Strikes down its child, then whips him for his fall:
While passion, deadliest foe to peaceful thought,
Rites unchecked by heaven, and only holds
Its lash, as skill'd physicians stop the scourge,
Lest haply some poor tortur'd wretch might die,
And cheat the hungry law of its full sentence.

Grief is man's heritage and ne'er withheld.
Not surer flows this river to the sea,
Than flow our sorrows onward to the grave—
But most, where headlong torrents once have worn,
A deeper channel to convey their surges—
Some never feel the dews of passion's power—
As you shall spot close to the river's marge,
Well pav'd with rocks, throws of the refulgent stream;
So the heart cast in apathetic mould,
And harden'd by the world, repels its griefs;
Or selfish throws them in some other breast,
Already swollen and trembling with its own.

In vain amid our deepest woes we seek
The "friendship of Heaven": ah! well 'twas said
That "emity with Heaven," and bears its curse—
Yet oh! thou sacred source of fond delight!
Thou I arraign not, rather let me hear,
My witness to thy worth; thy heavenly fire,
In earthly vessels burning unconsum'd,
Destroys each mean desire, each selfish aim,
Refines the soul and moulds it for the skies.
Beneath thy mild and soothing influence,
The thorns and briars of life's dreary waste,
As touched by magic lose their venom'd points—
And spring up blooming flowers: such is night grow
In Paradise, ere sin's transforming blight,
Laid waste its beauty to the desert winds.
Nor should'st thou less be valued, that deceit,
Of counterfeit thy office and thy name—
As Satan clothes him in a dress of light,
More plausibly to work his dark designs.
But when adversity's cold hand applies
Its painful touch, when sorrow or disease
Strikes at the root of happiness, oh! then
False friendship flies where interest leads her on,
And marks some healthier victim for her prey.

Here on this spot three thousand years ago,
Perchance the child of Nature may have trod—
Or steer'd his light canoe along the stream—
Oh! who can tell what virtue stamps the soul,
Ere life refin'd with its ten thousand wants,
Makes savages of men? We hold the forms
Of faith and science glittering in our hands,
The Indian sees, admires, and finds at last
"Knowledge of good and evil" dearly bought.

'Twas written by a sage inspir'd of heaven,
That all is vanity beneath the sun:
But is there not beyond its golden orb,
Some resting place from sorrow, some fair world,
Where hope's bright bow, here blending light and shade,
(Of tears and sunshine form'd,) no more is seen
To span the spacious arch—in glory lost!
In that bright home of many mansions plac'd,
The soul shall lose remembrance of its woes;
Without one painful trace to mark their form,
As a name written on the ocean wave.
Thus, as our guardian spirit, FAITH assumes
Her office where philosophy gives o'er—
And up the steep acclivity of heaven,
Leads the glad soul and shows the glory there—
And on the threshold of that blissful clime,
Resigns her valued freight to God and dies!

April 28, 1840.

CROWN LAND DEPARTMENT.

IN COUNCIL, May 2, 1840.

The undermentioned applicants for the purchase of Crown Lands, may have the tracts applied for by them on the following terms, if payment be made before the 6th day of July next, and five shillings additional will be charged on each purchase, for postage, &c.

RESTIGOUCHE.
James Doyle, 3s. per acre, down.
James Calderwood, 3s. per acre, by instalments, or 2s. 6d. per acre, down.

KENT.
Clement Thibault, 3s. per acre, down.
Hypolite Vanour, do. do.
Hypolite Henri, do. do.

WESTMORLAND.
Patrick Blanch, 2s. 6d. per acre, down.
Edward M'Sweeney, 5s. per acre, down.
Wm. Hopper, 3s. per acre, down, (for 100 acres, only.)

CHARLOTTE.
L. Bartlett, Sen. 3s. per acre, down.
M. & G. Gleason, do. do.

KING'S.
M. Murphy, 2s. 6d. per acre, down.
John Murphy, do. do.
C. Parlee, 3s. per acre, down.

SUNBURY.
Adam Noble, 3s. per acre, down.

CARLETON.
James Monaghan, 3s. per acre, down.
James Bradley, do. do.

GLOUCESTER.
Joseph Maillet, Jun. 2s. 6d. per acre, down.
Thomas Falle, 3s. per acre, down.
John Marks, do. do.

The lands applied for by the undermentioned persons, will be offered at Public Auction at this Office on Monday the 6th day of July next, (see advertisement.)

John Walton,
Joseph Crandall, Jun.
James Lamb,
Wm. Hopper,
Wm. Ellis,
Andrew Ellis,
Thomas Gregory,
C Johnston.

The Petitions of the undermentioned persons are referred for want of survey.
Tranquill Doucet, Gloucester.
Michael Ache, do.
Peter Thibedeau, Kent.
Stephen Richard, do.
James Carruthers, do.
Angus McLeod, do.
T. Oliver Arnold, Jun. Westmorland.
Matthias Summers, do.
John Neish Charlotte.
Alexander Hunter, do.
William Hunter, do.
James Maywood, do.
James M. Belding, Kings.
William Gray, do.
James Lawson, Queen's.

E. & Hugh O'Brien, Westmorland.
The answers to the Petitions of the undermentioned Persons are as follow:
Wm. McLeod referred to the Quarter Sessions of Northumberland, for a report as to the value, and whether advisable to be granted.
Wm. Loggie, Jun. do. do.
Hamilton Flemming, complied with.

Richard Dunn, a copy of Mr. Dunn's Petition to be furnished to the Tobique Mill Company for their answer, and in the mean time, the grant to be stayed.

Thomas Emery, Jun. complied with.
B. Wolhaupter to stand over.
Michael Mullin complied with.
Edward Hunter, do. do.

John Corcoran, to have a grant of the vacant tract of the land, without any further payment.
A. McLaggan not complied with.
Patrick Blanch, the former order in favor of A. Simpson, to be rescinded and the Petitioner to have the land at 2s 6d. per acre down.

E. and Hugh O'Brien, a survey to be made at the Petitioners' expense.
John Hamilton, Petitioner is allowed the 100 acres surveyed for him, and 50 acres of lot No. 3, with a front proportionate to the quantity.
Tobique Mill Company, not complied with.
Benjamin Tibbits, (for licence on Tibique,) not complied with.

Daniel Irvine, complied with on paying up the arrears due by Hugh Lackey.
B. Atherton, complied with, on giving an approved bond for double duty, to be paid on the 1st July next.

Charles Connell, complied with on payment of the Bond for \$285 15s.
Joseph Cunard, complied with.

R. R. Ketchum, complied with, on the Petitioner giving approved Bonds payable on the 21st February, 1841, for 20s. per ton duty, subject to the claim of the Tobique Mill Company.

John McKean, the surrender accepted and payment of the arrears required forthwith.
Daniel Parent, not complied with.
George H. Hart, do. do.
James Taylor, referred to the Surveyor General to report on the circumstances.

Trustees of Duncan Barber, not complied with.
L. B. Rainsford, to stand over until the money is received, the Bond being as yet unpaid.
William Todd, Jun. and George W. Porter. Ordered, that the Petitioners be allowed to take away the Timber on giving approved Bonds for the payment of double duties on the 1st July next.

A licence to cut 250 tons white pine Timber on the right hand Branch of the River Tobique, on the berth applied for by Charles Connell, James Taylor and Jacob McKean, will be offered at auction at this Office, on Monday the 6th day of July next, for competition between them only. Upset price, 2s. per ton.

The 300 acres in the Clarence Hill Settlement which was purchased by the late John M'Master, will be granted to his heirs on their making application for the same at this Office.

The Petitions of the undermentioned persons for licence to cut Timber and Logs on Crown Lands are complied with, on payment of the duty before the 6th day of July next.
Thomas Dunfield, Salmon River.
James Taylor, Shugomoc.
B. Beveridge, Tobique.
R. Ramsay, White's Brook.
B. Sloot, Tobique.

Thomas Pickard, Tobique.
James S. Segee, Jardine's Brook.
James Taylor, Carleton.
A. Ritchie, Restigouche.
J. Murchie, Benjamin River.
W. F. Ferguson, Nepisiguit.

W. F. Hammond, Nackawicac.
James Burnes, Molus River.
Jacob McKean, Tobique.
B. B. Jewett, Gaspeau.
T. C. Grant, Howard Settlement.
C. Campbell, Gulguc.
J. Trafton, Canoeac.

H. Montgomery, Jacques River.
Joseph Connell, Wakefield.
John Smith, North River.
Henry B. Allison, Cain's River.
John D. Cantillon, S. W. Miramichi.

S. Davidson, Petticoadie.
Henry Sypher, Newcastle River.
Jonathan White, Richmond River.
James R. Cliff, Nackawicac.
W. C. Pendleton, Salmon River.

The undermentioned tracts of vacant Crown Land will be offered at Public Auction at this Office on Monday, the 6th day of July next. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, noon.

TERMS—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of Sale, and the remainder within ten days after.

100 acres, Westmorland, Parish of Botsford in rear of the Grant to John Walton, and A. Bass. Upset price, 3s. per acre.

100 acres, north side north branch Petticoadie, between D. Wheaton, and R. Walker, Westmorland. Upset price, 3s. per acre, the purchaser to pay Robert Harrison for the improvements thereon.

200 acres, Westmorland, on the Shemogue Road, as surveyed by Deputy Palmer, next to the grant to John Carter. Upset price, 3s. per acre.

50 acres, Westmorland, east end of lot No. 17, Coverdale River. Upset price, 3s. per acre.

100 acres St. John in rear of grants to M. Moran, and James West, near Quaco. Upset price 3s. per acre, the purchaser to pay his proportion of survey.

100 acres, Saint John, north of the grant to Patrick Deering, north of Quaco. Upset price, 3s. per acre, the purchaser to pay his proportion of survey.

150 acres, King's lot No. 27, and east part of No. 26, south side Shepody Road. Upset price, 3s. per acre.

300 acres, Sunbury, at the Forks on the north side of Three Tree Creek. Upset price, 3s. per acre.

JOHN S. SAUNDERS,
Surveyor General.
Crown Land Office, May 4, 1840.

BYNUM AND GARLAND.—By accounts from Washington, it seems that the House of Representatives will be disposed to endure the presence of these worthy gentlemen. The committee instructed to investigate the cause of the late disgraceful brawl between them, recommends no action by the House, in regard to the matter. It might, at least, have suggested the expediency of their "pairing off."

ANNETTE, OR, THE GALERIEN.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Annette Moran, was the prettiest girl at a village in the department of the Isere, famed for the beauty of its female inhabitants. She was the only person who doubted this fact; and her evident freedom from vanity, joined to her unpretending simplicity and mildness of her nature, rendered her beloved, even by those of her own sex, who might have felt inclined to contest charms less meekly borne by her possessor. Among the many candidates for the hand of Annette, Jules Dejean was the one who had won her heart. Their marriage had been long agreed on, and they only waited to have a sufficient sum laid by, the fruits of their earnings and economy, to enable them to commence their little ménage. Annette might be seen, every evening, busily engaged in spinning the yarn that was destined for the linen of her future establishment, while Jules sat by her, reading aloud, or indulging with delight, in anticipation of their marriage. How often did he endeavour during the period of their probation, to persuade his Annette, that they already had sufficient funds to commence housekeeping. Charles Vilman and his Marie, with many other notable examples, were produced to prove that a couple might marry and be happy with less than five hundred francs, and Annette, half convinced, stole a timid look at her mother, who answered him, by shaking her head, and saying, "Ah! that's all very well, because Charles and Marie have no children as yet, so that they are as free to work as if they were single. But people are not always so fortunate as to be married three years without having any family; and when a young woman has one child in her arms and another beginning to walk, she can attend but little to her work."

This reasoning never appeared quite conclusive to the comprehension of the lovers, though it brought a brighter tint to the cheeks of Annette, and a roguish smile to the lips of Jules, and neither of them seemed to think it was peculiarly fortunate, for married persons who loved each other, not to have children, though they did not dispute the point with *la bonne mere* Moran.

About this period the cure of the village died, and his place was supplied by a young clergyman, who came from a distant part. The regret felt by all his flock for the good old pastor, was heightened by seeing in his successor a man whose youth excluded the hope that his advice or experience could replace that of him they had lost. Nevertheless, the urbanity and kindness of Le Pere Languard soon reconciled them to him, and he became popular. Le Pere Languard was a young man of prepossessing appearance, and some natural abilities; but with passions so violent and irregular, that they rendered him most unfit for the holy profession he had adopted. Like pent-up fires, they raged but with the more violence because they were concealed; and hypocrisy and artifice were called in to assist him in hiding feelings that he took more pains to conceal than to suppress. Some irregularities had marked his conduct at the cure he had left, and these had been represented to the bishop of his diocese, but that prelate refused credence to any statements against the young priest, and looked on him as a persecuted son of the church, whom he was called upon to protect against its enemies. Le Pere Languard had no sooner seen Annette than he became enamored of her, and it required all his powers of duplicity and affected sanctity, to veil his passion, while in his heart he cursed the profession that rendered this duplicity necessary. When he became acquainted with the affection and engagement of Annette and Jules the most un governable jealousy was added to the stings of unlawful passion; he abandoned himself to plots for breaking off the marriage, and a thousand fearful and horrid thoughts passed through his ill-regulated mind.

At times actuated by the stings of conscience he would throw himself on the earth, and with burning tears bewail his wretched fate, and having humbled himself to the dust, he would pray for power to conquer this fatal and unallotted love; but some innocent proof of affection given by the lovers in his presence would soon excite afresh all the evil in his nature, and he would look on them as did the serpent in paradise, envying the happiness of our first parents, until overpowered by the feelings that consumed him he would rush into solitude, and abandon himself to all the violence of his disposition.

He used every effort in his power to insinuate himself into the good graces of Annette, and by the softness and impassioned earnestness of his manner, he succeeded in exciting an interest in her mind—the more readily accorded, that her whole heart being engrossed, and the passion that filled it being fully reciprocated, left her disposed to think well of, and feel kindly towards all the world. Often did Annette in the innocence of her mind, and with the complacency, which a mutual affection engenders, observe to Jules, what a pity it was that Le Pere Languard, a good looking, amiable young man, with so much sensibility, should be forever excluded the pale of conjugal ties. "To live without loving," said the pure Annette, appears to me to be impossible, and though he may like all his flock, as I do my friends and companions, still that is so different, so cold, and unsatisfying a feeling in comparison with that which you dear Jules, have awakened in my breast, that I cannot but pity all who are shut out from entertaining a similar one. Jules felt none of this pity or sympathy for Le Pere Languard, for with the instinctive perception of quick-sighted love, he had observed the furtive glances of the young priest, directed to Annette, his disordered air, and changing countenance, his agitation, and tremulous voice, when addressing her, and he liked not the flashing of Languard's eye, whenever, as the affianced husband of Annette, he availed himself of the privileges that character gave him, on holding her hand in his, or encircling her small and unyielding waist with his arm. The purity and reserve of Annette imposed a restraint on Le Pere Languard, that but increased the violence of his passion, and as the time approached for her nuptials, it became more ungovernable.

According to the usages of the Roman Catholic religion, persons about to be united, confess to their priest the night previous to the marriage ceremony, and receive the sacrament the next morning, prior to its celebration.

Annette went to the church, which was about two miles distant from her home, accompanied by a female neighbour; and on arriving was told that Le Pere Languard could not receive her confession until a later hour in the evening. Her companion becoming impatient to return to her home, quitted Annette, who informed her that Jules would conduct her back to her mother. Her friend left her in the twilight in the church, reposing on a bench, and met Jules on the road, whom she advised not to interrupt the devotions of his fiancée, as it would be some time ere she would have finished. He loitered about, and at length becoming impatient, proceeded to the church; where he found Annette, and concluding that she had not returned by another route, he hastened to the house of her mother. She had not arrived there however, and the most fearful apprehensions filled his mind. He returned again to the church, and knocking loudly at the house of Le Pere Languard, which joined it, and demanded when Annette had left the sacred edifice. The priest replied through the window, that she had

left the confession at nine o'clock, and that was all he knew. Agonized by the wildest fears and suspicions, Jules aroused all his friends in the village, and they proceeded in every direction, calling about on Annette, and the night was passed in search for the luckless maiden.

Morning, that morning, which was to have crowned his happiness for ever, by making Annette his own, saw Jules, pale and haggard, distraction gleaming in his eyes, and drops of cold perspiration bursting from his forehead, approach with his friends the bank of the river, which they proposed to draw with nets, as being the only place as yet unexplored.

While we leave them employed in this melancholy office, we must return to the female friend who had left Annette at the Church.—She sought an interview with the servant of the priest, whom she closely questioned, as she maintained that the unhappy girl had decided on returning by a certain route, and had she done so, she could not have failed to meet Jules, and consequently suspicions of foul play were excited in her.

The servant stated that Le Pere Languard had given her a commission to execute at the village the evening before, and had told her she might remain there until twelve o'clock. This unsolicited permission struck her as something extraordinary, and she did not avail herself of it to its full extent. She returned about nine o'clock, and having left herself in, was eating her supper, when she heard a violent struggle in the room above that where she was sitting, and a sound of stifled groans. She ran up stairs, and finding her master's door fastened, she demanded if he was ill, as she had been alarmed by hearing a noise. He answered that he had merely fallen over a chair; but there was a trepidation in his voice which announced that he was agitated.

This was all the servant could state; but it was enough to point the suspicions already excited, still more strongly to the priest.

The river was drawn, and close to its bank was found the corpse of the beautiful and ill-fated Annette; her dishevelled hair, and torn garments, bore evidence to the personal violence she had sustained, ere she had been consigned to a watery grave, and the livid mark of fingers on her throat, induced a belief that her death had been caused by strangulation, ere she had been plunged into the river. Fragments of her dress, found attached to the briars, and locks of her beautiful hair caught in them, gave indications of the route by which her corpse had been evidently dragged along, and were traced even to the door of the priest's house; but when the servant came forth, with a fragment of the kerchief Annette had worn, and which she had found in the ashes where the rest had been consumed, there was no longer a doubt left in the minds of the spectators, of who was the perpetrator of the horrible deed.

The murderer fled, pursued by the villagers; but having rushed into the river, he gained the opposite side in safety ere they arrived to see him again resume his flight. He passed the frontier, entered Piedmont, and there overcome with the sense of his guilt, and nearly dead with fatigue, he gave himself up to the civil authorities.

He was soon after claimed by the French, tried, and condemned to the galleys for life; where he still drags on a miserable existence, not daring to lift his eyes from the ground, lest he should meet the glance of horror his presence never fails to excite in all who see him, and know his crime.

Jules, no longer able to remain in a spot now rendered insupportable to him, gave up his little fortune to the mother of his Annette, enlisted at Grenoble, and soon after met his death gallantly fighting at Algiers.

The house of Le Pere Languard has been razed to the ground by the inhabitants of the village; and a monument has been erected to the memory of the lovely but unfortunate Annette.

THE SLAVE SHIP ULYSSES.

An account has been going the rounds of the press, of the capture of the Portuguese Slave Ship Ulysses, off the Isle of Pines, with 556 Slaves on board, by the British Schooner War Skipjack. The following extracts from a letter, dated at Kingston, Jamaica, published in the Youth's Cabinet, give a detailed description of the inhuman proceedings relating to the Slaves on board this vessel, which we cannot read without a shudder. This however, is only one of numerous cases. Who can read this account and say that all Christendom ought not to rise up as one man, and put a stop to this unholy traffic in human flesh?

"When we boarded the Slave, her deck, and rooms where the slaves had been confined, were nearly ankle deep in filth, and so dreadful was the smell that it could scarcely be endured for a moment. But the poor slaves seemed to forget this, and all their past sufferings; for all appeared to know that they were now free. Joy beamed in every countenance. They laughed, they wept, they leaped in ecstasy and filled the air with exclamations, and, prostrating themselves, they even kissed our feet, to show their love and gratitude for having been rescued from the cruel oppressor and from the wailings of hopeless bondage.

"We made prisoners of the crew, 16 in number, and 16 others calling themselves passengers. Fourteen of these had been captains of slaves, and had been taken. We soon put things to rights so as to make the captives as comfortable as possible, and sailed for Jamaica—the land of the free."

"From the Capt. Mr. —, the mate, Mr. R. Lurridge, and other officers of the Skipjack, I have been kindly furnished with some additional facts. The Ulysses was on her 8th voyage, and has often been chased by Men of war, and once by a steamer, but has ever, till now, escaped. She took her cargo of 556 slaves, from the river Nana, from Popo, Sargos, Whydar and Bodgerly. From the time they left Africa, till the slaves were landed at Montego Bay Jamaica, it was just 50 days, during which time but 8 died, besides the 15 lost at the time of the capture. The allowance of the slaves was a pint of ferrency, (a sample of which I send you,) and a pint of water per day, with an occasional morsel of pork or beef. They were not allowed on deck at all, except to eat their allowance, and then but a small number at once. The slaves had no clothing whatever, except a few men, who were made "overseers" over the rest, each of whom was furnished with a "cat," and flogged those who did not please the Spaniards. When the slave was boarded, the slaves reached down her sides as far as possible to help the men up; and, as the Captain remarked, they could scarcely work the ship, so many were clinging around their legs; and as the mate said nothing could exceed the joy of the slaves when we took possession.

"One of the first inquiries, after reading the above account, would be, where did they stow away such an immense number as 556 slaves, besides the crew, &c. numbering 36? Especially would this enquiry be made, as it is generally known that slaves are, for the most part, quite small vessels, I went on board the slave two or three times, and took the dimensions of her as accurately as I could; which I will now give.

Girls' Room, 14 feet by 15, containing 117 persons.
Women's Room, 19 feet by 20, containing 107 persons.

Mens' Room, 20 feet by 32, containing 216 persons.

Boys' Room, 13 feet by 15, containing 93.

Whole No. on board when the Ulysses was taken, 553. To these add 23, who were lost or drowned, making 556.

Such were the accommodations provided for 556 naked human beings for a voyage of fifty days.

The height of these rooms, including the beams on which the deck rests, is 2 feet 10 inches. The beams are very near each other, and 5 inches thick, so that except a little space between the beams, they had 2 feet 5 inches as the height of their dismal den, where they were literally wedged together, during a voyage of 50 days. Then let us consider the suffocation they must have endured from the little air they could get, and their consequent burning thirst, and small allowance of water; and who can but weep at the thought. And who can think of this and not see and feel through all his soul, the abomination and horror of that foul system, which is commenced and generally continued at such an expense of human woe and cruelty.

Also let us think of the awful suffering occasioned in enslaving so many—the fathers robbed of their wives and children—children torn from the embrace of their mothers, and every relation and feeling dear to the human heart, severed and mangled; and who that has a heart to pray, can refrain from exclaiming, How long, O Lord, how long, shall this nefarious traffic continue? And what Christians can cease to pray that every slave may fall into the hands of the British cruisers, and that slavery, that curse of curses, may soon come to an end?

My God I feel the mournful scene,
My bowels yearn for Africa's slain;
And faint my pity would regain.
And snatch the captive from the chain.

Scripture and Geology.—Appleton & Co. of New York, have just published in one handsome volume, a work composed of several lectures by John Fye Smith, Tutor at the Dissenting Protestant College in Homerton, England, on the interesting and important subject of "The Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science." In this work the author displays much learning and a happy faculty of reasoning. He examines and comments freely on the different theories and explanations in relation to this subject which have been advanced within a number of years past. The principle which he has adopted for interpreting the language of scripture in relation to the creation, may be gathered from the following extract:

"We have thus seen it placed beyond the possibility of doubt, that it is the manner of the scriptures, and most copiously in the earliest written parts, to speak of the DEITY, his nature, his perfections, his purposes and his operations, in language borrowed from the bodily and mental constitution of man, and from those opinions, concerning the works of God in the natural world, which were generally received by the people to whom the blessing of revelation was granted."

In an enquiry into the meaning of the word which we render earth, he says, "considering all the evidence of the case, I can find no reason against our considering the word, subsequently to the first verse, and throughout the whole six days, as designed to express the part of our world which God was adopting for the dwelling of man and the animals connected with him."

He then goes on to say:
"I must profess that my conviction that we are not obliged by the terms made use of, to extend the narrative of the six days to a wider application than this; a description, in expressions suited to the ideas and capacities of mankind in the earliest ages, of a series of operations, by which the Being of omnipotent wisdom and goodness adjusted a portion of the earth generally, but as the particular subject under consideration here, a portion of its surface, for more glorious purposes: in which a newly formed creature should be the object of these manifestations of the authority and grace of the Most High, which shall to eternity show forth his perfections above all other methods of their display."

Dr. Smith supposes the portion of the earth referred to, to have been a large part of Asia, lying between the Caucasian ridge, the Caspian sea, and Tartary on the north, the Persian and Indian seas on the south, and the high mountain ridges which run, at considerable distances, on the eastern and western flank. It was here, probably, that man was created, and for many years afterward, his race was not extended beyond these limits. He also supposes that this region was first, by atmospheric and geological causes of previous operation, under the will of the Almighty, brought into a condition of superficial ruin, or some kind of general disorder, perhaps by a subsidence of the region, from the same cause by which earthquakes are produced, viz. a vast movement of the igneous fluid mass below.

This book, whatever may be thought of Dr. Smith's theory, will be found well worthy the attention of the philosopher and the Christian. It is for sale by Messrs. Crocker & Brewster.

The Latest Fracas at Washington.—We fully approve of the sentiment contained in the following paragraph from the United States Gazette:

"We have arrived at a time when brute force and brutal manners are introduced into our halls of legislation, as a substitute for the dignity and argument displayed by our fathers. For the last eight or ten years, the downward tendency of morals has been most shamefully obvious, and no where is it more conspicuous than in the legislative chambers of the States and the Nation. This new, this most recent of the recorded violations of decency, should be met at once with the loud voice of condemnation, and the open, unanimous voice of punishment. There need be no delicacy in punishing such acts. Men who violate the sanctity of the legislative hall, have no right to plead their own feelings and prospects in mitigation of punishment. It may be that the reporter has, unintentionally, mis-stated some of the facts, especially as to the origin of the quarrel. As it stands, it seems that Mr. Bynum gave the open, unqualified lie to Mr. Garland, and when he struck, he drew a sort of bowie knife, and prepared for action."

A Somniferous Charge.—Judge Perham, of Maine, was trying a prisoner accused of felony; while delivering his charge, and minutely recapitulating and commenting on the evidence, the jury and the counsel fell asleep. The Sheriff, who had charge of the prisoner, being soon after seen to nod, a spectator, who happened to be awake, and apprehending the prisoner might escape, suddenly exclaimed—"Wake the Sheriff." "Never mind," said the judge, who was a wag in his way, "the officers may have their nap out, for the prisoner is fast asleep also."