No. 34.

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COMSTOCK & CO on it without

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RTON, Esq., late Mayor tified, as may be seen be of the following gentler to hereby certify that we is lumbia discovered by J.
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Public generally, in consequence of tensive Trade having been anticipa-sen, a large and suitable Supply of een provided; but the Death of one

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e Purchasers of the Great Saving eir money at this Establishment fan advertisement will not allow

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th Messrs. J. P. Inglis, McCurdy, whose name certificate, that they are and respectability, and a xth day of December, & ERT WHARTON, Ma d jut it up w.th variou e of COMSTOCK & always on the wropper to forget it. Take the test by that, or never oy other to be time of OCK & CO, 71 M.

almer, Kingston. STEAMER LEPE HPES.

dram to be 40 by 135 vi ers. 27, 1841.

NOTICE.
ILDING LOTS on LEAS y application to the Sub EORGE OKILL STUA May. 1841. -A few very rich G PICTURE FRAME

Dutch Metal, T. & J. RIGNEY st 10 h, 1811. IVED AND FOR SAI Tohacco do. Scoboy Snuff, nch Raisins, s do

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house in Brock Street,
White Flannels and St which will be sold at g from the Manufacturers

WM. WILS t. 4th, 1841. received and executed itain, on a moderate comm SALE at T. & J. RIGNE y of Bonchette's MAPS the Disputed Territory. their own Factory, a full of all descriptions, which is below their former pices. eif former stock of Fancy.

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une, 1841. he Werald, ED EVERY TUES JOHN WAUDBY. Store Street, nearly oppositions Hotel, Kingston, Copers will be thankfully received tended to.

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een shillings per annum, (excaple in advance, and seven a pence if sent by mail. x pence it services the ecoming responsible for the ecomy shall receive one grain on for a greater number. discontinued until arrears at ption of the Publisher. ications, to be addressed (posterior to be properly to the ecomposition of the publisher.

From the Token for 1842. "THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN."

Kingston &

BY EPHRAIM PEABODY.

This—such is the language we often hear—is a mechanical age. The soul has left the world. The spirit to do and endure nobly, heroic purpose and achievement, faith, devotion, these are gene. Society is hard, grasping, me-chanical, commercial, with little in its sentiments or pursuits to interest more generous na-tures. The world has become tame and com-

Will well-known journal of Liferature, Scisen Art, and Intelligence, continues to insen the favor of the public as its merits
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table Donald MacLeod, resident in
the factor of Mexico, it has correspontions and there is the sen of the and the first order of talents in Constantino-Africa, and other parts of the world, who will to the New World an interest and value mon-place.

But, is it so? Is the world tame and common-place, in reality, or, does it only seem so, because the heart and eyes of him who thus complains, are sealed up, and he cannot see what is around him? It seems to us, that there was never a time, when the highest and noblest sentiments of humanity were more alive. Doubtless this is—to use the accredited phrase—a mechanical age—an age in which outward good is sought with an ardor, and energy, and enterprise never seen before; but what moves the busy wheels of this visible mechanism? It does not go of itself. There must be some power ion the prolific press of England are in migreen to the readers of the New a drance of their ordinary receipt in inf. All new discoveries and advances names and Arts find an early place in the Each number is embellished by ot go of itself. There must be some power beneath and out of sight, competent to produce these vast results. That power is in the soul of man. If there is more visible activity and accomplishment in the world around us, it is because the visible life of the soul is more intense. Could we see the depths as well as the surface, we should see that passion and affectation have not decayed—that the central fites remain—and endumns of the New World are uncon-need by party politics, and its ample pages as by profane and improper jests, vulgar as or irreligious sentiments. Thus the Unit is made an unexceptionable Famithat, though old volcanoes may be extinct, new ones are ever ready to burst out. Even if the sharp contrasts of one of our best poets are true,

"Ours are the days of fact, not fable." though it be true that "Noble name and cultured land,

Palace, and park, and vassal band, Are powerless to the notes of hand Of Rothschild, or the Barings," it does not by any means follow, that poetry,

enthusiasm, or nobility of sentiment have di-minished. So far from it, there is probably at this moment, in "Alawick," in the midst of its petty traffic, more of living faith, and pure affec-tion and enthusiasm directed toward noble ends, than in the best days of the Percies. These sentiments always flourish, just in proportion as an improved civilization, by furnishing a greater variety of resources, and opening wider spheres of action to the individual enterprise, enables men to become more independent and self-de-

the whole material world, and which lies at the source of all action. It is this which lifts the world out of chaos, and clothes it with light and order. The most ordinary act springs out of the soul and derives its character from the soul. It seems trifling, only because its spiritual origin is forgotten. While on the surface of life all may be calm, it is starting to think what mysteries of passion and affection may be beneath. Though heedless of it, we move in a universe of spiritual life. It is with us as with men that lie dreaming in their beds at sea, between whom & the ocean is but a single plank. Cabined, cribbled, confined in our reverse individual existence. bed, confined in our narrow, individual existence there is all the time rushing by us, its moanings in our ears, its tremblings reaching to our hearts,

in our ears, its tremblings reaching to our hearts, the mystic tide of spiritual life.

"The spirit giveth life." We need not go far, if we will but open our eyes, to see how the most ordinary acts of man are penetrated by a spiritual element. And where this is, nothing can be tame or common-place. Nothing, at first sight, is more worldly and unspiritual than a commercial newspaper. It deals solely with commercial newspaper. It deals solely with the affairs of the day, and with material inter-Yet, when we come to consider them, its driest details are instinct with human hopes, and fears, and affections; and these illuminate what was dark, and make the dead letter breathe

For example; in the paper of to-day, a middle-aged man seeks employment in a certain kind of business. The advertisement has, in substance, been the same for weeks. For a time, he sought some place which pre-supposed the possession of business-habits and attainments. Then there was a change in the close of the advertisement, indicating that he would do anything by which he could render himself generally useful to an employer. And this mor-ning there is another change. He is willing to commence with low wages, as employment is what he especially wants. All this is uninteresting enough. Yet what depths of life may lie underneath this icy surface of business detail. It is easy for the fancy to seek out and make the acquaintance of this man. He is a foreigner, in poverty, with a family, brought to this country by the hopes which have brought so many hither, only that they might be overwhelmed with disappointment. He is a stranger and finds all places of business full. Already his family is parting with every superflu-ous article of dress and furniture; their food grows daily more scanty and meagre; broken down in heart and hope, he seeks, through all the avenues of business, some employment, and cannot find it. The decent pride, and the desire to enter that business for which his previ-ous habits had fitted him, have kept him up for a time—but these are fast departing under the pressure of penury; and this morning's advertisement means, that the day seems near at hand when his children may cry for bread and he have none to give. Not always, by any means, but how often might such advertisements tell tales like this tell tales like this.

Could we but look, through these long lines of advertisements, into the hearts of those who have published them, what a revelation would there be of human life. Here are partnerships formed and closed; young men entering into business, old men going out of it; new inventions and speculations; failures, sales of household furniture and dwellings. These have been standed but the restrictions. hackbacks, Bed Licking and Article Purnitures.

and Corsets, English and French make.

and the Cheapest, but the make assortment of any House in the make assortment of any House in the hold furniture and dwell.ngs. These have been attended by the most sanguine hopes, by utter hopelessness, by every form of fear, anxiety and sorrow. This young man, just entering business, looks forward, with anticipations bright as the morning to his marriage day. This sale of furniture speaks of death diminished fortunes, a scattered family. There is not a sale of stocks. scattered family. There is not a sale of stocks which does not straiten or increase the narrow means of widows and orphans. This long col-umn of ship news—a thousand hearts are this moment beating with joy and thankfulness, or are opposed by auxiety, or crushed down by sor-row, because of these records which to others seem so meaningless. One reads here of his prosperity; another of ruined fortunes; and the laces, Lace Veils, and Muslins of ption, Muslin Collars, Linen Cambridgen's worked Cambric and Lace wrecked ship, whose crew was swept by the surge into the breakers, and dashed on the rocks and Woollen Yarn, Battings and Wad-—how many in their solitary homes are mourn-ing for those who sailed with bright hopes in that ship, but who shall never return. And more than this—could these lines which record the transactions of daily business, tell of the hearts which indited them, what temptations and Article will be marked the Lowest don't Price, our toual plan will be above to of Only One Price. In orstrent mistakes please to observe the struggles would they reveal. They would tell of inexperience deceived or protected, or integri-

Shakespeare wrote.

It is the same with all human labor. "The spritt giveth life." Were it not so, earth would be a dangeron. If toil were only toil, or if it had no object but the supply of one's own bodily wants, to graifly hunger and thirst, or to minister to luxurious appetites, if this were all, the labor of man would be as the labor of brutes. But all the products of man's labor, are but symbols of a sprittual life beneath. To the outward eye, what toilsome drudgery is oftentimes the life of a mother of a family. She labors by day, she watches by night; her years are worn out in disconnected, trifling occupations. And yet, could we look beneath, when the mind is right, we should find all those details bound together elevated, hallowed by the spiritual element blended with them. While, with housewifely care, she took them. While, with housewifely care, she goes from room to room, under the labor of her hands grow up, as under the sunshine and ded with them. While, with housewifely care, she goes from room to room, under the labor of her hands grow up, as under the sunshine and ded with them. While, with housewifely care, she goes from room to room, under the labor of the rhands grow up, as under the sunshine and ded with them. While, which her keeps cover with tearful eye, and lays away again, so carefully, is not a toy; it speaks, in a living language, of a sweet child, the music of whose with law of the shell never charm her heart, again, on earth. It is not mere toilsome care, when, before she her self sleeps, she visits her children's bedside and smooths their pillows. Her heart rans over with love; she folds them about with affections; and which her years on year, so and of the room subscriptions. Year and the products of the part of the products of the products of the part of smooths their pillows. Her heart runs over with love; she folds them about with affections; she drives away every evil thing with her pray-

It is melancholy enough that the places of numan labor should be darkened and degraded by so many unworthy passions, so much sordid worldliness, and doubtful honesty, and unequal

who meet around his distant fireside!

And the thoughts of those in that home, compassing the globe, follow him wherever he goes. Their prayers blend with all the winds which swell his sails. Their affections hover over his dreams. Children count the months and the days of a father's absence. The babe learns to love him and to lisp his name. Not a midnight storm strikes their dwelling, but the wife starts from her sleep, as if she heard, in the wailings of the wind, the sad forebodings of danger and wreck. Not a soft wind blows, but comes to the heavens, because that "he who was lost, was found; and he that was dead, was alive again."

Thus even under the visible is the invisible. Through dead materials forms circulate the currents of spiritual life. Desert rocks, and seas, and shores, are humanized by the presence of man, and become alive with memories and affections. There is a life which appears, and under

wreck. Not a soft wind blows, but comes to her heart as a gentle messenger from the distant seas.

And after years of absence, they approach their native shores. As the day closes, they can see the summits of the distant highlands, hanging like stationary clouds on the horizon. And long before the night is over, their sleepless eyes catch the light glancing across the rim of the seas, from the light house at the entrance of the bay. With the morning they are moored in the harbor. The newspapers announce her arrival. But here again, how little of her cargo is of that material kind which can be reckoned in dollars and cents. She is freighted with human hearts, with anxieties, and hopes and fears. There are many there, who have not dared to ask the pilot of home. The souls of many, which yesterday were full of joy, are now overshadowed with anxiety. They almost hesitate to leave the ship, and pause for some one from the shore to answer those questions of home and of those they love, which they dare not utter. There are many joyful meetings, and some that are full of sorrow.

Surely, in such a world, man should be con-

ty fallen or made steadfast of moral trials, in which noble natures have been broken down to built up. Had we the key and the interpretation of what we here read, this daily chronicle traffic would be a saddler tragedy than any which spirit giveth life." Were it not so, earth would be a saddler tragedy than any which be a function of the struggles against the power of habit, or for a higher life, the deepest remorse or penience, the spirit giveth life." Were it not so, earth would be a saddler tragedy that the spirit giveth life. Were it not so, earth would be a saddler tragedy than any which be a to latvoid be a dungeon. If toil were only toil, or if it had no object but the supply of one's own bodily wants, to gratify hunger and thirst, or to minister to luxurious appetites, if this were all, the labor of brutes. But all the products of man's labor, are but symbols of a spiritual life beneath. To the outward eye, what toilsome drudgery is oftentimes the life of a mother of a family. She labors by day, she watches by night; her years are worn out in disconnected, trifling occupations. And yet, could we look beneath, when the mind is right could we look beneath, when the mind is right could we look beneath, when the mind is right would we should find all these details bound together elevated by the product of man's place of the spiritual life beneath. To the outward eye, what toilsome drudgery is oftentimes the life of a mother of a family. She labors by day, she watches by night; her years are worn out in disconnected, trifling occupations. And yet, we should find all these details bound together we should find all these details bound together. The great then the retirement of high relation of how been then the producted by high anxieties I how many that bear about with them and to the many that bear about with them and to the weight houghts that weigh that weigh them down to the earth through of the structure by the sharpest whould the anity the sharpest and tortured by the sharpest tanion to the act strainly

CANADIAN JOURNAL, POLITICAL, AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL:

KINGSTON, CANADA, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1841.

so much of the suffering of the world must always remain unknown, the last thing spoken of even to the nearest friend, this thoughtfulness of the happiness of others should take the form of a perpetual kindness of spirit, the disposition of the suffering table. perpetual kindness of spirit, the disposition at all times to promote the happiness, and to be lenient to the defects of others. He who has this spirit, does good often when he knows not of it. He is among men like the showers which pass over the were the veil taken away which hides them, the earth, which, falling everywhere, sometimes may fall on the desert, but more often on the soil that needs and is preparing for them. A virtue goes out from him, which hals those, who unwitnessed, but touch the hem of his garments. He whose trouble is unknown to all save himself and god, has his spirit often soothed and brightened by a friendly act or friendly words from one, who is assignorant reall custom and the sense—these are alive all necourages wavering consciences, often when it does not suspect their existence. Such is the power and the reward of true kindness, that it does good often when it dreams not of it. There is, in addition to this, a religious view of the subject, which can hardly fail of suggesting itself to any thoughtful person. The true

Let us follow one of his crew. He is still a youth. Years ago, of a wild and reckless, and roving spirit, he left his home. He had fallen into temptations which had been too strong for his feeble virtue. His feet had been familiar with the paths of sin and shame. But during the resent wayare sickness and reflection have It is melanchely compite that the places of human holes about be adressed and degrated burnal holes about be adressed and degrated we would lines, and doubtful housenty, and unequal great and the places of the pl the present voyage, sickness and reflection have "brought him to himself." Full of remorse for

answer those questions of home and of those they love, which they dare not utter. There are many joyful meetings, and some that are full of sorrow.

mon and familiar scenes and events, the truth, the things, in themselves dead and trifling, if but a soul be present beneath them, producing them, or affected by them, become raised, illuminated, and receive something of that importance, which belongs to the soul which is connected with them.

foreign lands; they bury themselves in the pages of poetry and romance; the every day world around them seems to them stale, flat and world around them seems to them state, hat and unprofitable. But it is only in seeming. At our very doors transpire realities, by whose side, were the veil taken away which hides them, the fictions of romance would grow pale. Around us, all the time, in light and in darkness, is going

herald.

years, out of their own subscriptions! Well might the Commissioner wind up the examination of the bankrupt, by exclaiming, "It is awful to think how so many persons of education and station in society could have been deluded, by

rations, and of the bills and borrowing at an usance defraying all recompense of others of the aristocracy, apparently the proprietors of parishes and almost counties; we have actually seen a peer, the creation of whose title is almost lost in antiquity. in antiquity, in extreme old age figure in the Gazette as a bankrupt; and we know that men whose incomes ought to be fixed and fully adewhose incomes ought to be fixed and fully adequate to their support—including clergymen of reputation—enter into the wildest speculations, wholly ignorant of business, and become partners with proflegate schemers and needs of the present year will probably give for Crack Present in the property of the present year will probably give for Crack Present in the property of the present year will probably give for Crack Present in the property of the present year will probably give for Crack Present in the present in wholly ignorant of business, and become partners with profigate schemers and needy adventurers, for the purpose of deriving profits, the largeness of which is wholly incompatible with safety, prudence, or honesty. City capitalists have of late years become acquainted with the paper, as it is technically termed, of persons whose names ought to be known in that quarter of London by report only; man of family, rank, and title, have ought to be known in that quarter of London by report only; men of family, rank, and title, have lent their names to bubble companies and schemes, for the sake of more easily and profitably dealing in shares and scrip, and for the fees of directors' attendances; and there is no speculation, however absurd, that has not found support from these who wish to make unresemble. port from those who wish to make unreasonable profit of their remaining capital, or to support those appearances which their incomes have long

ceased to warrant. Poverty is a disease almost universally pre-valent even in the upper classes, yet families immersed in society continue to waste their sub-stances in its follies and excesses; and men of the world will sacrifice their honesty sooner than lay down their carriages, or cease to give extravagant entertainments, and rather than relinquish their conventional importance will resort to borrowing until they are compelled to expatriate themselves, and uselessiy or wickedly fret the remainder of their lives in second-rate conthe remainder of their lives in second-rate con-tinental capitals, or gambling and disreputable watering places. Land, or, what amounts to nearly the same thing as possession, power over land, is rapidly passing into the hand of million-cires, and the influence fornerly possessed by an hereditary aristocracy full of kindly feelings for the poor, is silently assigned to the mere owners of money.

dishonest merchants, roue sons of peers, profi-gate and debauched inheritors of large posses-sions, elergymen in the possession of large livings, and that most worthless of all classes of society fashionable men upon town, swell the crowds that pass through that Court, the well frequented roads to which are vice, debauchery, and dis-

1690	185,000	1750	1,035,000
1700	246,090	1760	1,380,000
1710	328,000	1770	1,840,000
1720.	437,000	1780	2,453,000
1730	562,000	1790	3,270,000
1740	776,300 res	ult of censu	s, 3,172,454
The g	rowth of por	oulation in	England a
	as, in the earl		
1	0		

but about 2 per cent, from which it has gradually ent year will probably give for Great Britain about nineteen millions, and that of 1851 twenty two millions. That of the United States in 1850 will not, in all probability, be short of twenty three millions. In France the time required for the duplication of the population is above a cen-

*Principles of Political Economy, vol. 3, p. 25.

IMPORTANT MEDICAL DISCOVERY.—A late number of the London Lancet contains an interesting report of a case in the Middlesex Hospital, the result of which was important to the medical profession. A man was admitted into that hospital about six hours after having taken an ounce of laudanum (containing 26 grains of opium.) At the time of admission he was apparently lifeless; the surface of the body was cold, countenance pale and livid, lips purple, pupils contracted to a mere point, respiration scarcely perceptical to the contract of the con ed to a more point, respiration scarcely percepti-ble, pulse hardly to be felt. The laudanum was removed by the stomach-pump, but, in spite of every exertion, the pulse became more unfrequent, and was at times imperceptible, when recourse was had to electro-magnetism, which was applied by means of a small battery, with coil and contact-breaker. One wire was applied to the neck, and the other to the region of the best to a significant of the state of the to the neck, and the other to the region of the heart or opigastrium, and by these a succession of very powerful shocks was given. The good effects were very apparent. The muscles of respiration were set in action, and the diaphragm contracted powerfully; the chest was more fully expanded, respiration was more perfectly carried on, and a corresponding improvement was observable in the countenance. The pulse improved and became more powerful, becoming

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