The Weekly Observer.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1848.

VOL. XXI.—NO. 17.

The Observer,

Published on Tuesday, by Donald A. Cameron, at his Office, corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Jardine & Co.—Terms: 15s. per annum, half in advance.

At a Court of Common Council, holden at the City Hall of the City of Saint John, on Saturday the 23d day of September, Anno Domini 1848:

Read and enacted the following Law;

A Law in addition to the Law to prevent Nuisances in the City of Saint John.

I. Be *it ordained by the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of Saint John, in Common Council convened,* That no person shall ring any Bell for the purpose of crying or notifying Sales by Auction, or any other purpose within the City of Saint John, on any Side-Walk, or for a longer space of time than one half-minute, at any one time, during which space of time the person so ringing such Bell shall stand and remain in one place or station; and that such person so ringing such Bell shall after the said period of such Ringing remove to a place or station not less than three hundred feet from the place or station where he shall last have rung such Bell; and that while he shall be so removing from one place or station to another, the said Bell shall not be rung; and that the said person so ringing such Bell shall not return to and again ring his Bell at any one place or station, or within ten yards thereof, for the space of fifteen minutes from and after the time when he shall last have rung his Bell at the said place or station, so that the said Bell shall not be rung at any one place or station or within ten yards of any such place or station more than once in the space of thirty minutes.

II. *And be it ordained,* That any person who shall so ring any Bell in the said City, contrary to the provisions of this Law, shall forfeit and pay the sum of Five Shillings for each and every offence.

III. *And be it ordained,* That if any person shall ring any Bell on any of the Streets, Wharves, Squares or Alleys within this City, without having been first duly licensed so to do by his Worship the Mayor, he shall be liable to a penalty of Twenty Shillings for each and every offence.

By order of the Common Council.

J. WILLIAM BOYD,
Common Clerk.

Ladies' Very superior

BOOTS & SHOES.

JUST received at the *Brunswick Shoe Store,* by the Ship "*Arab,*" from Liverpool, the remainder of their Summer Stock, embracing Patterns and workmanship not to be obtained elsewhere, among which will be found,—

Ladies' Prunella Pump BOOTS, patent Vamp'd.
Do. Prunella do. do. patent Leather Cap't,
Do. Cashmere Boots, pump and thick Soles,
Do. Fancy Col'd Boots,
Misses do. do. do.
Girls' Drab Cantoon and Lavender col'd Prunella Boots,
Do. Wellington Figured and Drab Prunella and Cantoon Slippers,
Do. Ties, Slippers, enamel'd and patent Leather,
Ladies' Ties, Clocs and Promenade Slippers, in great variety,
Do. Prunella, patent Leather, Goloshed BOOTS,
Do. Cloth, to Button or Lace do. do.
Infants' Boots and Shoes, of variety in pattern and make,—all of which will be sold Cheap for Cash.

FAULKE & HENNIGAR.

August 29th, 1848.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber.

I. WOODWARD.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

To all whom it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Commissioners appointed under and by virtue of an Act passed in the 9th year of Her Majesty's Reign, intituled "An Act to authorise the widening of Saint John street, and the continuation thereof to Duke-street, in the City of St. John," have deposited and filed in the Office of the Common Clerk of the said City, a true copy of the Report to the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the said City, under the said Act, together with the Plan or Survey by them adopted in furtherance of the said Act, for the Inspection of all whom it may concern.

JOHN DUNCAN,
WM. O. SMITH,
J. H. GRAY,
GEO. A. LOCKHART,
Commissioners for widening and enlarging Saint John street, and a continuation thereof.

June 24, 1848.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the Firm of THOMAS BARLOW & COMPANY, is this day dissolved, by mutual consent. All Debts due to and by the late Firm, will be received and paid by Thomas Barlow, and all persons indebted to the late Firm, or having unsettled Accounts with them, will please call at their office at an early period and adjust the same.

THOS. BARLOW.
GEORGE FLEMING,
JOHN STEWART.

St. John, January 1st, 1848.

THE Subscribers tender their grateful acknowledgments for the patronage received by the late Firm, and beg to intimate to their friends and the public generally, that the Business will be continued in all its branches, at the PHŒNIX FOUNDRY, where they solicit a continuance of the patronage hitherto enjoyed.

☞ Any orders for *Castings, Machinery, Mill-Work, Engines, &c.,* will be promptly attended to.

THOS. BARLOW,
GEORGE FLEMING,

January 1st, 1848.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Valentine C. Troop, late of this City, Grocer, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within six months from the date hereof;—and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

REBECCA TROOP,
Sole Executrix.

Saint John, June 24th, 1848.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of ROBERT RAY, late of this Sailmaker, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within Six Months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to

GILBERT T. RAY,
THOMAS LEAVITT, } *Executors.*
GEO. A. LOCKHART,

St. John, 11th February, 1848.

Steamer ST. JOHN.

THIS fine Steamer is now plying between St. John and Fredericton. Her days and hours of starting are as follows:—

From Indian Town, Tuesday at 10 o'clock.
Ditto, Thursday at 10 o'clock.
Ditto, Saturday at 12 o'clock.
From Fredericton, Monday at 9 o'clock.
Ditto, Wednesday at 9 o'clock.
Ditto, Friday at 9 o'clock.

The ST. JOHN is very comfortably fitted for Passengers, and is well adapted for Freight, as all Dry Goods, &c. will be placed under cover.

Freight going by this Steamer will be received at the Warehouse at Indian Town, at all times, free of expense.

For further particulars, enquire of Captain Akerley on board, or

ISRAEL MERRITT, Agent.
May 2. *Indian Town.*

CHAINS, CHAIN CABLES, PIKES, &c.

Received by the *Unicorn,* from Liverpool, and for Sale—

ONE 7-8 CHAIN CABLE, 60 fathoms,
One 13-16 do. do. 60 do.
One 3-4 do. do. 60 do.
One 5-8 do. do. 60 do.
One 9-16 do. do. 60 do.

Also, *in Casks*—

100 fathoms 5-16 CHAIN,
200 do. 3-8 do.
100 do. 7-16 do.
100 do. 1-2 do.
1 ton 4½ inch Iron SPIKES,
2 tons 6 inch do. do.
2 do. 7 inch do. do.
2 do. 9 inch do. do.
30 casks 4d. 6d. 8d. 10d. and 20d. NAILS,
1 cask 1¾ inch Boat NAILS.

also, *on hand*—

ANCHORS, with Iron Stocks,
ANCHORS, for Wood Stocks.

25th July. JOHN KINNEAR.

New and Cheap

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

JUST RECEIVED—A well selected Stock of PAPERS, in Foolscap, blue and yellow, Fine and Superfine Pots, large and small Posts, ditto NOTE, with Envelopes to match; Cap and Post, Ruled; Blotting, Tissue, Cartridge, Music, Crayon Drawing, Wall, Wrapping, and other PAPERS.

BIBLES, Testaments; Prayer, School, and Miscellaneous BOOKS.

Steel Pens, Quills, Inks and Ink Powders, Slates and Pencils, Lead Pencils, Sealing Wax and Wafers, India Ink, Indian Rubber, Red Tape, &c.

LEDGERS, Journals, Day Books, Cash Books Pass, Memorandum, and other Blank Books.

COPY LINES and BOOKS, ruled and plain.
Bills of Lading; ditto Exchange.

☞ *Book-Binding carefully attended to.*

A. FRASER.

Dock Street, *Saint John,* 13th June, 1848.

Selling off for Cash only.

at very REDUCED PRICES!!!

The Subscriber offers for sale at the

VICTORIA BOOK STORE,

his whole Stock of BOOKS and STATIONERY, comprising—

A LARGE collection of STANDARD and MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

Superfine Laid and Wove Writing Papers, Pocket Books, Card Cases, Albums, Drawing Pencils, Quills, Steel Pens, Wafers, Wax, Office Tape, Parchment, Inks and Ink Powders, Slates, Copy Books, Memorandum Books, Blank Books Picture Frames, Drawing Paper, Artists' Materials, Fulton and Knight's PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY; The Tutor's Assistant, by Lawrie with Key; UNIVERSAL SPELLING BOOK, new edition, 1846; British Primers, Mothers' Catechism, Gray's Arithmetic, Fogo's Geography, &c.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

The latest and best Editions, such as are in general use throughout the Provinces: Primers, Spelling Books, Class Books, Readers, Grammars, Dictionaries, Geographies, Catechisms, Arithmetics, Classical Works, &c.

MAPS OF THE BRITISH PROVINCES IN NORTH AMERICA.

PLANS of the CITY and HARBOUR.

MODERN GEOGRAPHY, designed for use in Schools throughout the British Colonies, by James Paterson, LL. D., Principal of the Grammar School, St. John, N. B.

August 15. *V. H. NELSON.*

RECEIVED

By the ships *Commodore* and *Belmont:*

25 CHAIN CABLES, from ½ inch to 1¼ inch; 24 ANCHORS, from 2 cwt. to 21 cwt. ALEXANDER YEATS.

Dock-street, July 18.

Window Glass and Sugar.

By the Themis, from Liverpool.

EIGHT THOUSAND feet Window GLASS, 7x9, 8x10, 10x12, and 12x14, in 25 and 50 feet packages; six tierces Crushed SUGAR.—

For sale by JOHN KINNEAR,
Sept. 26. *Prince Wm. Street*

Superfine Carpeting.

By the Boadicea *from Liverpool:—*

2 BALES containing 800 yards superfine SCOTCH CARPETING. For sale by

JOHN KINNEAR,
Aug. 29. Prince Wm. Street

Copartnership Notice.

C. D. EVERETT

RETURNS his sincere thanks for the liberal patronage which has been extended to him since his commencement in business, and would now inform his friends and the public that he has taken into Copartnership with him his Son, Chas. A. Everett, under the Firm of C. D. EVERETT & SON, who will continue business in the old stand, and respectfully call attention to the

Spring and Summer Style

of Moleskin, Silk, and Velvet HATS, which they are now manufacturing, and which have been acknowledged to be the easiest fit and most beautiful pattern that has been manufactured for many years.

☞ HATS of all shapes and Prices on hand, or manufactured to order at a great reduction on former prices.

C. D. EVERETT,
CHAS. A. EVERETT,
City Hat Store, East side of the Market Square.

April 29.

The Garland.

THE VALLEY OF PEACE.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

[It was a beautiful conception of the Moravians to give to rural cemeteries the appropriate name of "*Valleys*" or "*Fields of Peace.*"]

Oh, come, let us go to the Valley of Peace!
There earth's weary cares to perplex us shall cease;
We will stray through its solemn, and far-spreading shades,
Till twilight's last ray from each green hillock fades.
There slumber the friends whom we long must regret—
The forms whose mild beauty we cannot forget!
We will seek the low mounds where so softly they sleep,
And will sit down and muse on the idols we weep;
But we will not repine that they are hid from our eyes,
For we know they still live in a home in the skies;
But we'll pray that, when life's weary journey shall cease,
We may slumber with them in the Valley of Peace!

Oh, sad were our path through this valley of tears,
If, when weary and wasted with toil and with years,
No home were prepared, where the pilgrim might lay
Mortality's cumbering vestments away!
But sadder, and deeper, and darker the gloom,
That would close o'er our way as we speed to the tomb,
If faith pointed not to that heavenly goal,
Where the sun of eternity beams on the soul!
Oh, who, 'mid the sorrows and changes of time,
E'er dreamed of that holy, that happier clime,
But yearned for the hour of the spirit's release—
For a pillow of rest in the Valley of Peace!

Oh, come, thou pale mourner, whose sorrowing gaze
Seems fixed on the shadows of long-vanished days—
Sad, sad is thy tale of bereavement and wo,
And thy spirit is weary of life's garish show!
Come here—I will show thee a haven of rest,
Where sorrow no longer invades the calm breast—
Where the spirit throws off its dull mantle of care,
And the robe is ne'er folded o'er secret despair!
Yet the dwelling is lonely, and silent, and cold,
And the soul may shrink back as its portals unfold;
But a bright star has dawned through the shades of the east,
That will light up with beauty the Valley of Peace!

Thou frail child of error! come hither and say,
Has the world yet a charm that can lure thee to stay?
Ah, no! in thine aspect is anguish and wo,
And deep shame has written its name on thy brow!
Poor outcast! too long hast thou wandered forlorn,
In a path where thy feet are all gored with the thorn—
Where thy breast by the fang of the serpent is stung,
And scorn on thy head by a cold world is flung!
Come here, and find rest from thy guilt and thy tears,
And a sleep sweet as that of thine innocent years!
We will spread thee a couch where thy woes shall all cease,
Oh, come and lie down in the Valley of Peace!

The grave! ah, the grave! 'tis a mighty strong-hold,
The weak, the oppressed, all are safe in its fold!
There penury's toil-wasted children may come,
And the helpless, the houseless, at last find a home!
What myriads unnumbered have sought its repose,
Since the day when the sun on creation first rose:
And there, till earth's latest, dread morning shall break,
Shall its wide generations their last dwelling make!
But all that have loved shall be bathed in its light!
We shall rise—we shall soar where earth's sorrows shall cease,
Though our mortal clay rests in the Valley of Peace!

Miscellaneous.

SKETCH FOR THE SEASON.

Autumn! Beautiful mellow Autumn!—Thy golden tresses waving in the fields—

"Piling the Sheaves,
Tasselled with gold, or dressed in deep red
The maples on the hills, or bearing on
Thy basket laden with ripe fruit, as 'twere
To grace thy bridal day."

Thou art indeed, the Queen Season of the year! Let others call thee sad as they mark the decay of thy regal glories. Not so art thou to him who reads thee aright, and listens with a Christian hope to thy eloquent teachings.—The green leaves wither and fall to the earth to mingle with the dust, like those who sleep beneath the sod of the Church yard. The kingly forest-tree is stripped of its leafy glories and the woodbine and honeysuckle which so gracefully entwined their tendrils around its decaying trunk, like the sweet child clasping the neck of its father, no longer expand their fragrant blossoms to the air. The ripe harvest, type of the good man's inheritance hereafter—whose golden fruitage is ready for the reaper, will soon fall and be gathered into the barn.—As the "breath of autumn" withers the plants and flowers, and as the harvest falls by the reaper's sickle, so will death's cold touch cause man to perish—so must he fall by the hand of the sythe-armed king of terrors.

The crimson and yellow tints of the maples which give so mellow and golden a radiance to the landscape around, must soon wither and fade and lose their brilliant hues like the thousand eyes which admire their surpassing loveliness. The little flowers that lift their modest heads in the gardens, and in the recesses of the woods must give up their incense—their delicate cups wither, and their stocks mingle with the earth.

"But soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring
And flourish green again."

It is for this that we love thee, beautiful Autumn, with thy sunshine, thy shade and chilling blasts. If thou art sad and melancholy, there is a sweetness in thy very sadness and sunlight in thy sombre hues. How sweet and consoling is the thought to the christian, that after the autumn of life has passed, and has slept through the winter of death, he shall again wake in an eternal spring beyond the grave, and "flourish in immortal youth" upon the new earth which he is assured will be created for the just.—*Halifax Courier.*

Romance in Real Life.—About eight years ago a respectable girl, in the middle walk of life, then about 16, went to a ball, which took place in her native village, escorted by a sweetheart who was about the same age. During the evening the gay Lothario, in merry mood, caught hold of his partner, and raising her gently from the floor, exclaimed, "I have the prettiest lass in the room!" and certainly, if fine features, and cheeks uniting the lily and the rose, could be called beauty, he was justified in the boast, however galling it might be to many who figured on the happy occasion. At the exclamation the girl modestly shrunk from the invidious honour, and released herself from his grasp, but in the attempt unfortunately fell, and dislocated one of her ankles so severely that it was found necessary to convey her home and send for a medical man, who pronounced the case to be serious. This proved but too true, as several years elapsed before she was able to walk, even on crutches. By the application of skilful remedies, however, she has now recovered from the effects of that unlucky frolic.

Shortly after the above narrated occurrence, the unintentional cause of it went to sea, leaving his widowed mother in a state bordering on distraction. Years rolled on, and no tidings of the young adventurer. At length a rumour reached his distressed mother that the vessel in which he sailed had foundered on the coast of Africa, and that all on board had perished! Long did the bereaved parent mourn the loss of her only son, whose image could never be effaced from her memory; but the stirring scenes of the present soon obliterate the recollections of the past, and that which at one time created such a sensation had been forgotten, when one evening lately there was a gentle tap at the door of the house in which the girl resided, and a weather-beaten youth, in sailor's attire, inquired if Mary ——— was at home. Being answered in the affirmative, and invited in, he was soon in the presence of the fair one for whom he asked. With the bluntness characteristic of a sailor, he at once said, "Mary, d'ye mind me?" to which the astonished girl replied, that she had never before seen him, and begged to know who he was, and the object of his visit. A mutual explanation took place, and in the sequel Mary discovered that the jolly tar was no other than her ball-room partner, although greatly altered in appearance from the stripling with whom she had been wont in former days to associate, and in whose society she had spent the happiest hours of her existence. The evening was far advanced before our hero tore himself away, and immediately proceeded to his mother's house. The poor old woman would scarcely believe him to be her long-lost son, whom she supposed buried in the ocean wave, "full many a fathom deep." The recognition was a happy one. Words cannot afford description—it must therefore be left to the imagination of the reader to fill up a void which the feelings can better give expression to than the pen.

Jack, who, by good conduct, had obtained the command of the vessel, was now determined to make a prize of his former sweetheart. In this he was successful, and is now the doating husband of his ball-room Mary.—*Glasgow Citizen.*

A Lucky Emigrant.—About sixteen years ago a young man named J. B. Graham came down from London to Sheffield, under an engagement as upholsterer to Mr. George Eadon, carver and gilder, Fargate. He was then about twenty years of age, and made himself so useful as a man of all work, and behaved so well, that he soon became a very confidential servant. About ten years ago Mr. Eadon entertained the idea of emigrating to Australia. He was at considerable pains to procure books, maps, and all available information about the colony; and Graham, who had a hearty sympathy with his employer, was fully informed of the whole affair. Circumstances led Mr. Eadon to abandon the project of emigration, but Graham resolved to go alone. He had saved during the seven years he had been with Mr. Eadon about £40, which served for an outfit, and Mr. Eadon entrusted him with a consignment of goods to the value of about £250. He also took with him excellent attestations to character. With these credentials Graham sailed for Adelaide in May 1839. The goods in his care, and his testimonials, soon assisted him to obtain employment. He was engaged to keep a store, with liberty to stow and sell there the goods he had taken out, as well as those of his employer, at £2 a week. He hung up his hammock in the store, and began to do business and save money.—After some time he was tempted to relinquish this engagement for another, which offered him peculiar advantages, and ere long he set up as a storekeeper on his own account. About four years ago a scheme was set on foot for working a rich copper mine that had been discovered 100 miles from Adelaide. Mr. Graham had information on the subject, which gave him confidence enough to embark in it all the money he could raise. He took a considerable number of shares of £3 each, and now owns about one-sixth of the whole concern. This is the Burra Burra Copper Mine, where much of the ore yields from 60 to 70 per cent of copper. It is already an extensive and most profitable undertaking, and is likely to be for many years to come increasingly advantageous. It is worked by several hundred Cornish miners, and preparations are in progress for smelting the ore on the spot. This will render available a great quantity of the less productive ore, which would be worth £10 per ton in England, but on account of the cost of the carriage is comparatively worthless there. Mr. Graham's shares already produce him about £16,000 a year. He is now on a visit to England, and has this week been in Sheffield, where he has received the hearty congratulations of his old friends on the brilliant success which has attended his industry and enterprise at the Antipodes.—[Halifax Eng. Guardian.

Speaking Trumpet.—At the late meeting of the British Association Mr. Whishaw exhibited the Telakouphanon, or Speaking Trumpet; and in doing so, said that speaking tubes of gutta percha were quite new, as were also the means of calling attention by them of the person at a distance, which was accomplished by the insertion of a whistle, which, being blown, sounded at the other end quite shrilly. Attention having been thus obtained, you remove the whistle, and by simply whispering, the voice would be conveyed quite audibly for at least a distance of three quarters of a mile, and a conversation kept up. It must be obvious how useful these telegraphs must become in large manufactories; and indeed in private houses they might quite supercede the use of bells, as they were so very cheap, and by branch pipes could be conveyed to different rooms; and, indeed, if there were no electric telegraphs, they might, by a person being stationed at the end of each tube of three quarters of a mile or a mile, be made most speedily to convey intelligence to any distance. In private houses the whistle need not be used, but a more musical sound be produced. He then amused the auditors by causing the end of the tube, which was of the length of 100 feet, to be inserted into the mouth-piece of a flute held in a person's hand, regulated the notes, and placing his own mouth to the other end of the tube, "God save the Queen" was played at a distance of 100 feet from the person giving the flute breath. Turning to the Bishop of St. David's, he said that in the event of a clergyman having three livings, he might, by the aid of three of these tubes, preach the same sermon in three different churches at the same time. Mr. Whishaw also exhibited the gutta percha sub-marine rope or telegraph, which consisted of a tube perforated with a series of small tubes, for the conveyance of telegraphic wires, and which for the purpose of preventing its being acted upon by sea water or marine insects, was banded or braided round by a small rope, and its being perfectly air-tight would render it quite impervious to the atmosphere.

French and English Women.—A Frenchwoman in the decline of life is one of the most delightful companions in the world. She retains a sufficient desire to please (the real source of coquetry) to the end of her days; and this desire prevents her from being either cross or stupid.—She dresses well; that is to say, a woman of forty does *not,* in France, dress like a girl of fifteen; she takes care in the morning to arrange her blonde so that the coming wrinkles may appear but the shadow of the lace; her figure is well sustained, and by the aid of a little rouge and a little pencilling, her eyes, the only real beauty in a French face, look brilliant, and what is better still, good-natured to the last. Our women in England, at forty, or thereabouts, if they decline to act "miss in their teens," take to long whist and heavy dinners. We cut short half our days by this arrangement, and mistake stupidity for wisdom; as if there was more wisdom required in counting the spots on card-board than in creating mirth, or clipping the hours' wings with diamond scissors.—*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

Quarrels.—Don't quarrel with a neighbour, even though he denies you your just rights. It is better to suffer in peace than to get angry and maintain your ground. There is nothing so much to be deprecated as a quarrel. Toothache is nothing to it. We can only compare it to a writ at your heels—and even this would not come nineteen times in twenty, had there not previously been hard words and hard thoughts. There can be nothing equal to a quarrel. If we were a preacher, once a year we should preach from the text, "Live peaceably with all men." Look at that neighbourhood, family, or church that is cursed with a quarrel, and what does it present? A cage of things unclean. Hatred, envy, bickering, hard words and base insinuations move on the face of all that was lovely—destroying peace, joy, and every virtue. And alas! how difficult it is to end a quarrel when it gets into a church or family. We should rather attempt to dam the waters of the Penobscot in April. Every one feels right with himself—no matter what he has said or done that was wrong—and every one looks on his neighbour as an enemy and a scoundrel. We tell you to keep out of a quarrel. It has a long tail, and before you can find its end, the family or church may be torn in splinters and scattered to the four winds. Reader, avoid a quarrel—run from it as from a pestilence. Give up a few dollars, an inch or two of land, or anything reasonable, rather than have a dispute, that will descend to your children and find no end till the third or fourth generation. We know it is difficult to move on smoothly with certain characters; but if you never suffer your temper to be ruffled, your tongue to be unhung, or your dander to start up, we think you will weather all difficulties, and remain in peace with every body to the close of life. At least you can have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done your duty, which, to reflect upon, is no mean comfort.—["Portland Tribune."

Difference between Reverie and Work.—Who has indulged in all the enchantment of the world of reverie, wherein materials are so plastic, and triumphs are so easy—when man seems to be endowed with the godlike privilege of creation, and his thoughts take shape without an effort, passing from the creative mind into the created act, without the hard obstacle of a medium—who is there, I say, that, having known such intellectual triumph, has not felt humbled and discouraged, when, descending from the region of reverie and intention, to that of reality, and execution, he has become aware of the immensity of labour, of hard resolute labour to be undergone before he can incarnate his ideas into works? The unwritten poems—the unpainted pictures—the unnoted melodies—are, it is often said, transcendantly superior to those poems, pictures, and melodies which artists succeed in producing. Perhaps so; but the world justly takes no account of unaccomplished promises, of unfought victories. What it applauds is the actual victory won in earnest struggle with difficulty; the heroes it crowns are those who have enriched them with trophies, not those who *might* have done so. . . . Would Michael Angelo have built St. Peter's, sculptured the Moses, and made the walls of the Vatican sacred with the presence of his gigantic pencil, had he awaited inspiration while his works were in progress? Would Rubens have dazzled all the galleries of Europe, had he allowed his brush to hesitate? Would Beethoven and Mozart have poured out their souls into such abundant melodies? Would Goethe have written the sixty volumes of his works?—had they not often, very often, sat down like drudges to an unwilling task, and found themselves speedily engrossed with that to which they were so averse?—[Rose, Blanche, and Violet.

Gold.—The following are the principal localities in which gold is worked or found:—It occurs in small quantities in the Wicklow mountains in Ireland, at Leadhills in Scotland, and in some parts of Wales. In France there is a true gold mine, that of Guadette, in the valley of Oysans. It yields native gold in a vein of quartz. It was worked before the revolution by Louis XVIII., then Comte de Provence. The vein being too poor, the working was abandoned. The auriferous rivers are very numerous. We may mention the Ariege, the Gondu, the Ceze, the Rhone, near Geneva, the Rhine, near Strasburg, the Salat, the Garonne, near Toulouse, and the Herrault, near Montepellier. Piedmont contains gold mines, which are worked at the present day with profit. At Macunaga, at the foot of Mount Rosa, veins of auriferous sulphuret of iron are worked with great activity. In Germany, Salzbourg furnishes gold. Hungary and Transylvania possess very important gold mines. The gold mines of Siberia are also very important. The gold is accompanied by the same minerals as found in the auriferous deposits of the New World. Asia contains many gold mines. Africa possesses numerous and important auriferous deposits. America furnished, in modern times, the largest amount of gold. North America produces little, and only in South Carolina. South America, and especially Brazil, Choco, and Chili, are the most productive portions. It is also found in Virginia. Mexico, Peru, and Colombia furnished gold, but that of Mexico is principally drawn from the silver mines.—["Mining Journal."

The Fruits of Glory.—Not only are ten thousand Americans lying dead on sand-wastes and in chapparals, for whom widows and orphans wail in utter desolation, but look at those who still live. Thousands of them only return to drag out miserable lives, scarred, mangled, and diseased—their reward and glory, the poor pittance of charity doled out as to unwelcome beggars. Pitiable sight! Men deprived of a leg, an arm, a hand, an eye, the skeletons of that gay troop which with bright banners and gay plumes left their happy homes but a few months ago to peril life; for what?—for a victory which has ended in defeat—a triumph which brings sadness and gloom upon the nation. Nor are their toils over. Ten thousand American heroes moulder on the fields of Mexico, and ten thousand more must sodden the soil we have purchased at the price of blood, treasure, and shame, before the account of this sacrificial war can be summed up. Mexico conquered and in our hands, might have been ours more easily and as justly as we shall hold what we have purchased. Without war, or shedding a drop of blood, one quarter of the treasure already expended would have bought us more than this miserable conquest. We sought indemnity for the past and security for the future, and we have gotten, what? A wretched wilderness, which will entail upon us half a century of Indian wars—a national debt from which twenty years of prosperity will not recover us.—["New York Sun."

Hazel Eyes.—Major Noah says that a hazel eye inspires at first a Platonic sentiment, which gradually but surely expands, and emerges into love as securely founded as the Rock of Gibraltar. A woman with a hazel eye never elopes from her husband, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort to her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, always is an entertaining, intellectual creature. We never knew but one uninteresting and unamiable woman with a hazel eye, and she had a nose which looked, as the Yankee says, like the "little end of nothing whittled down to a point."

A Reflection.—In marriage, the heart of a widow is like a furnished apartment, where one always finds something left there by a former lodger.

Why Women are Unhealthy.—Many of the physical evils—the want of vigour, the inaction of system, the langour and hysterical affections which are so prevalent among the delicate young women of the present day, may be traced to a want of well-trained mental power and well-exercised self-control, and to an absence of fixed habits of employment. Real cultivation of the intellect—earnest exercise of the moral powers—the enlargement of the mind by the acquirement of knowledge and the strengthening of its capabilities for effort, for firmness, for endurance of inevitable evils, and for energy in combating such as may be overcome, are the ends which education has to attain; weakness, if met by indulgence, will not only remain weakness, but become infirmity. The power of the mind over the body is immense. Let that power be called forth; let it be trained and exercised, and vigour, both of mind and body, will be the result. There is a homely, unpolished saying, that "it is better to *wear* out than to *rust* out;" but it tells a plain truth, rust consumes faster than use. Better—a million times better—to work hard, even to the shortening of existence, than to sleep and eat away this precious gift of *life,* giving no other cognisance of its possession. By work or industry, of whatever kind it may be, we give a practical acknowledgment of the value of life, of its high intentions, of its manifold duties. Earnest, active industry, is a living hymn of praise, a never failing source of happiness; it is obedience, for it is God's great law for moral existence.—[The Physical Training of Girls.

Agriculture.—On a farm of one or two hundred acres, a certain amount of labor must be done by the owner and his family, or they cannot meet the necessary expenses of a comfortable maintenance. The main chance must be minded by themselves. At certain periods of the year every boy that can spread hay, or carry a sheaf, or rake after a cart, must work. All the boys, who can hoe half a row, must work most of the summer. The work must be all done; and then the boys may go to school.

Whoever was a farmer's boy thirty years ago, sees now a vast change in favor of leisure for education, and the facilities for gaining knowledge. At that time, the hard, delving toil on the farm seemed to have no end. If there came a rainy day, there was no rest from toil; the clumsy tools of husbandry were to be mended or ground; the threshing flail, and hand-fan were to be swung, till our eyes were filled with dust, and our hands ready to drop; the younger boys were shelling corn on the frying-pan; and the youngest of all was turning the quill-wheel, or picking wool, or tugging at the churn-handle. At the approach of winter we hoped to get to school; but the hope was long deferred. The fair days were required to cut and bring home vast quantities of fuel; and a boy could drive the team. And when this was done, then came the horrid work of dressing flax. Many boys have a dreary remembrance of that vile employment; and would have kissed the hand of the man who would have ground up the last flaxseed on the earth.

But now, every one of these labors has been turned over to machines, which have reduced the work of months to a few days. Flax is scarcely cultivated. A few cords of wood supply the farm-house. The tools of husbandry have been perfected. Half the labor of the farm is superseded; and three fourths of that which used to be laid on the boys, is no longer required. Horticulture has found favor with the farmer. Fruit-trees and flowers surround almost every rural dwelling. The rearing of fine domestic animals, occupies general attention. The intellectual parts of agriculture has increased, just in proportion as toil has been diminished. The farmer is becoming a botanist, a geologist, a chymist. He reads; he corresponds with ingenious men; he communicates his experience through the public journal; he finds time for occasional journeys; his manners are improved; his taste is refined; his intellect is elevated; and his social character is improved.—*Am. paper.*

Toasts at the Anniversary of the Horticultural Society, Boston, Sept. 22, 1848:—

Horticulture: Its best Exhibitions are in the village garden and the cottage window; and its best Festivals in the humble homes which it adorns and in the humble hearts which it refines and elevates.

The Happiest Man: He who is content with a country home, with fruits and flowers perfected by his care, a friend and a good conscience.

The most useful and glorious of all conquerors, he, who subdues a stubborn soil, and who, by enriching and deepening it, adds to our country a better and more permanent dominion, than he who merely enlarges its surface.

English Beauty.—Life, long and happy, to English beauty! Despite all that has been or ever will be said of its fragility, its danger, its destruction, it is a blessed thing to look upon and live amongst. Talk of its fading! it never fades; it is but transferred from face to face. The bud comes forth as the blossom is perfected; and the bud bursts into blossom but to hide the falling leaves, fragrant amid the decay of the parent flower. Then the beauties of our country are so varied. The peasant girl, gifted with pearl-like modesty; and the courtly maiden, set, as her birthright, in a golden circlet, the intellectual face beaming intelligence; and the English matron, proud as Cornelia of her living jewels. Nor is the perfectness of English beauty confined to any class. In summer time you meet it everywhere,—by the hedge-row, in the streets, in the markets, at the opera, where, tiers on tiers, hundreds upon hundreds of lovely faces glitter and gleam, smile and weep; and then you wonder whence they come, and bless your fortune that they so congregate to harmonise the sight, in sweet accordance with the ear.—*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

Which is the Most Perfect Popular Government?—That, said Bias, where the laws have no superior. That, said Thales, where the inhabitants are neither too rich nor too poor. That, said Anacharsis the Scythian, where virtue is honoured and vice detested. That, said Pittacus, where dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous, and never upon the base. That, said Cleobulus, where the citzens fear blame more than punishment. That, said Chilo, where the laws are more regarded than the orators. But that, said Solon, where an injury done to the meanest subject is an insult upon the whole constitution.—[Apothegms of the Ancients.

Advice to the Fair Sex.—Women should be unacquainted that beauty has any charms but the inward one of the mind, and that a gracefulness in their manner is much more engaging than that of their persons; that meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments, for she that has these is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for educating her children, for an affection for her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms which render wives amiable, and give them the best title to respect.—[Epictetus.

It is stated in "England under the House of Hanover," that the *Morning Chronicle* was established in 1770, the *Post* in 1772, the *Herald* in 1780, and the *Times* in 1788; that they began, in accordance with the taste of that age, with courting popularity by detailing most indelicate private scandal, and with coarse libels on public as well as private characters.