St. John Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at the Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Dever & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE:—

12s. 6d., in Advance;—$3 if not paid until the termination of the year;

But as the Proprietor intends to discontinue, as far as practicable, the *Credit system*, and stop the practice of making *good subscribers* contribute for those who *never pay*, he offers the following

Inducements for Clubbing,

by which means parties will be able to procure a valuable Family and Business Newspaper at a CHEAPER RATE than any heretofore offered in this Province. He proposes to send

For $10 IN ADVANCE, 8 copies of the Chronicle, *to one address*, to any part of this or the Sister Provinces, for One Year;

For $20 in advance, 17 copies for One Year;

For $40 in advance, 24 copies for One Year;

Mind! IN ADVANCE, and to one address.

☞ BE THE YEAR.—The rate of advertising by the year is six poundsper column, and *half, quarter, or eighth* part of a column in the same ratio.

☞ No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the discretion of the publisher.

All letters, orders, communications, &c., must be post paid, and addressed to

WILLIAM DURANT.
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

GOODS.

By the "Gipsey," "Charles," and "Richmond," &c., received and for Sale:—

75 BUNDLES Shingle and Clapboard fine Cut Nails, and 25 bags Board fine Cut Nails, at 2½d. per lb.; 35 kegs, 100 lbs. each, 7d's, 8d's, 9d's, and 10d's Horse Nails; 50 kegs 6d's, 8d's, and 10d's Wrought Rose and Clasp-head Nails; 10 casks 2½, 2¾ and 3 inch Boat Nails; 10 casks 4½ and 5 inch Spikes; 700 yards Superfine Scotch Wool Carpeting; 300 do Fine Scotch Wool Carpeting; 25 kegs yellow Paint; 5 boxes Cocoa Paste; A variety of WOODEN WARE.

Also—*By the "Albert" from London:*

A Case containing first-rate CHARTS of the English and Irish Channel, North Atlantic, Nova-Scotia, the St. Lawrence, &c., &c.

6 Ten inch Brass Compasses;

24 Log Glasses; 30 Parallel Rulers;

12 Gunter Scales; Quadrants, Thermometers, Ruled and Plain Log Books, &c.—For sale by the Case. JOHN KINNEAR.

St. John, July 18, 1851.

THE FANCY ARCADE,

CORNER OF KING AND CROSS STREET.

KEEPS constantly on hand for Sale, Gold and Silver WATCHES, a neat assortment of Gold French and English Jewelry, Fans, Perfumery, Scented Soaps, Colognes, Hair Oils, Liquid Ruge Extracts, Musical Instruments, Violin Strings, hair, clothes, tooth, nail and other Brushes, Feather Dusters, gilt Framed and Zinc Mirrors, Steel Pens and Holders, lead and slate Pencils, Drawing Paints, Sun Glasses, Spectacles, Watch Guards, Fob Chains, Steel Beads, and Purse Trimmings, Crossbea Boxes in great variety, playing, courting, and conversation Cards, Alabaster Goods, silk Purses, French Paper Weights, Fire Crackers, Work-Boxes and Writing Desks, Stationery, and upwards of 2000 other different articles.

N. B.—This establishment is well worthy the inspection of Country, Wholesale as well as Retail purchasers, as the Proprietor selects his Stock personally from Foreign Markets.

August 1. J. CROUCH.

GRANITE HALL.

No. 1, Dock Street.

SUMMER OVER COATS, in loose and Plain Sac styles, made of a superior article of Venetian Cloth, cut and made up in the neatest manner, only 25s., or made to Measure at 27s. 6d., and a perfect fit warranted.

July 18. THOS. R. JONES.

NEW BOOKS.

Per Steamer "Admiral."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July;

Fowler's Phrenological Journal do.;

Capt. O'Sullivan, or Adventures Civil, Military and Matrimonial, by W. H. Maxwell, Esq.

The Birthright, by Mrs. Gore;

Blanche of Navarie, a Play by G. P. R. James;

The smuggler a Tale;

Wallace, the Hero of Scotland, by G. W. M. Reynolds;

French without a Master;

Tom Cringle's Log and Cruise of the Midge;

A further supply of Masonry, &c.

July 5. B. O'BRIEN.

German and French Goods.

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received from Germany, Nine Cases assorted TOYS and DOLLS, and Two Cases from France, comprising an elegant assortment of French China FLOWER VASES Fancy PAPER WEIGHTS, PERFUMES, HAIR OILS, SCENTED SOAPS, WALKING STICKS, CRICKET BATS, BALLS, and WICKETS, &c., &c.

☞ Ladies' Madame FREZETTS always on hand

TOYS Wholesale and Retail. WM. MAJOR.

TO LET—*Possession given immediately.*

THE first flat of the subscribers HOUSE, in Elliott Row—comprising two Parlors with Bed rooms, Kitchen and Pantry, a frost proof Cellar, and a well of water in the yard. The premises are in thorough repair, and suitable for a genteel Family. Enquire on the premises.

July 25. R. C. MINNETTE, Jr.

NOTICE.

MR. WILLIAM B. KINNEAR, intending to return to this City in the early part of autumn, has taken the office lately occupied by the Messrs. Jack in Prince William street, where he will attend to professional business, in connection with his Nephew, Mr. H. W. Parrs.

Mr. H. W. Parrs having removed to the above Office, will let the one lately occupied by him, until the 1st May next, to a fair tenant.

July 25.—3t

Perfumed Spirits and Chocolate.

Now landing ex *Albert*, from London, viz:

8 CASES Farina's genuine Eau de Cologne, Lavender Water, Extract de Fleurs, D'Orange, Bergamot, &c., &c., in short bottles;

Tenas fine FRENCH CHOCOLATE, in cakes and the tablet. For sale by

August 1. RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

Chains, Anchors, &c.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale:—30 Wood and Iron Stocked ANCHORS, assorted sizes, 5 to 25 Cwt.;

35 Close CHAIN CABLES, ⅞ inch to inch, 45 to 90 fathoms;

Chain Slips, 1 to 2 inch, on hatches,

100 sheets of SHEATHING COPPER,

Mills.—40 Cases best SHEATHING FELT.

August 2. ALLISON & SPURR.

GRANITE HALL, No. 1, Dock Street.

GREAT BARGAINS in Black Cloth BEAVER COATS,

[illegible] only for a fair article;

[illegible] " " medium article;

[illegible] " " common article;

[illegible] Tweeds and Wool Dye.

July 18. THOS. JONES.

Miscellany.

A Tale for Mothers.

THE CHILDREN AND THE NOVEL

"Well there," muttered Mrs. Lee, in a somewhat petulant tone, as she laid down her babe "thank fortune, as the last one is abed and asleep. Now for a little comfort."

Carefully drawing the blankets around the tiny form, she rested one hand for a few moments upon the heaving breast, stirred the cradle with the other, singing the while a low lullaby.

Assured from its soft breathing, and quiet limbs, that it was indeed asleep, she turned from it quickly, drew her low rocker to the stand, picked up the light, and took, from underneath a miscellaneous pile in her work-basket, an uncut novel.

"What a beautiful title!" said she, all traces of weariness vanishing with electric rapidity from her countenance. As her eye glanced over its pages, the dull look they had worn all day disappeared, and the light of anticipated pleasure flashed in its stead.

"I know that I shall be pleased with it. I feel that I will be interesting," continued she.

"What charming names the author has chosen. None of your John and Hannahs, your Roberts and Margarets—oh, no! here is Adele Rodrigo, poetic Clarence, sweet Florilla, saintly Therese; why there is not an ordinary name in the book. The writer must be one of unusual taste!"

Having hastily cut the leaves, she shaded her brow with one hand, grasped the charming book with the other, as though it were polished gold and she a miser, and commenced, in the phrase of enthusiastic novel readers, to devour the pages.

Rapidly did her eyes run over the first chapter. But then—she turned her head with a quick impatient movement. Did she not hear a noise in the cradle! Yes, a little hand was lifted from beneath the cover.

"Too bad, too bad; he'll be awake all the evening now;" and she glided with a noiseless step to the child's side.

But the eyelids were still closed—the measured breath of slumber stole gently from the half parted lips, and the offending hand rested in quite beauty upon the soft neck.

It was a fair, sweet babe whose little heart had throbbed but one short summer. As it lay there, the spell of sinless sleep upon his brow, it seem the type of all things pure and blest. Eden, with all its loveliness never charmed the gaze of Eve with such a picture. The holier feelings of the mother's breast were touched, as if by a hand from heaven. The angle began to trouble the deep waters of her soul as she stood beside that cradle-bed; and when, after a vigil of several moments, the child still sleeping, she bent her head and imprinted upon its lips the kiss of love, the healing wave flowed for an instant, then ebbed, for the angel was not yet read.

Resuming her seat, Mrs. Lee again took her book. But the fiction seemed to have lost some of its fascination. For some time her glance vacillated between its finely printed pages and her heaped up basket. She even put on her thimble and threaded her needle. But a moonlight scene, where in a bower of honeysuckle, the noble lover draws a trembling girl to his bosom, and pours into her ears the bewitching words of wild courtship, acted like magic on the reader's mind, and she became absorbed in the glowing picture.

The second and third chapters were soon perused, and she was entering with interest upon a fourth, when a sweet voice from the troubled-bed called out, "Mother, mother, mother."

Her ear caught the sound, but it made no impression upon her mind till it had been several times repeated; then turning quickly in no very gentle voice, she exclaimed, "what do you want, Lizzy! I thought you were asleep an hour ago."

"I have been asleep mother," answered the daughter, in a timid tone. I waked up because"

"Because you were a naughty girl and wanted to plague me. Strange that I can't have a minute's comfort," and going hastily to the bed, she drew the clothes around the child, and made her shut her eyes and go to sleep.

"I want a drink, a drink, mother; I can't sleep, I am so thirsty."

The mother looked around; there was neither pitcher nor glass in the room.

"It's always just so. I never forget to bring water but you are sure to want some. Why didn't you drink last night; when I had a whole pitcher full for you?"

"I wasn't thirsty last night. Do please give me a drink, and I'll go right to sleep."

"I'm not going to run down stairs to night; so just turn over and shut your eyes."

And she sat down again to her novel, leaving the thirsty child to its thoughts, or dreams as the case might be.

Lizzie, as she said, wanted a drink very much and so she turned and tossed, and tried to think of every thing but water, while that was all she could think of.

"If I had only one little swallow" murmured she to herself, "I thing I could get along till morning." But she might as well have wanted a pail full; there was no prospect of getting any. By-and-by, she peered upon the stove hearth a tiny cup. "The baby's milk!" said she. "Perhaps that would be as good as water. I wonder if mother would let me have it! She looked toward the parent. She was absorbed in her book; her very being seemed bound in it. The child knew too much to disturb her.

But perhaps she could get it without disturbing her mother, and she did want a drink so much. She hesitated awhile, then crept silently out of bed, stole the cup, ate it eagerly, and lost a swallow. But it tasted better than she thought it would, and her thirst was so much that she drained it. Alarmed at what she had done, she was in such haste to put it back, that it slipped from her trembling hand, bounded on against the stove, falling on the hearth, and rolling down in the ashes.

"Why, Lizzie Lee!" screamed the mother, throwing the book and running to the child.—"I should like to know what you've been about; spill all the baby's milk, I'll warrant," as she took up the empty cup. Then seeing the carpet was quite dry, she seized Lizzie by the shoulder, exclaiming in an angry voice,—"What have you been doing with the milk you little plague?" Tell me this minute what's become of it."

"I was so thirsty, mother," answered the child in a pleading voice, tears starting to her eyes, "I could not go to sleep, and so"——

"So you drank it, did you! you naughty girl," interrupted Mrs. Lee, with increased volume and severity of tone. "I haven't anything else of such one to give you. I'll teach you to be much thirsty another time, you see if I don't. Now, you lie down and shut your eyes, and if I hear another word out of your mouth, I'll whip you." With stamping her foot upon the floor, she left the chamber, and seated herself in the nursery, stunning the ear and bewildering the brain.

Wide awake, quick hearts, and a sustained memory, Mrs. Lee desired to calm the torment she had caused. Hence, in a voice more tuneful than a pitiful infant, but not Williams' lullaby, she commenced that well known, well worn ditty, which, perhaps, would have wrung from Canada, with tears, the hearts of thousands, if she had sung it to other mortals, assuming, meanwhile, that they would not hasten to the front, fill up a foot resource, she took the baby in one hand, Willie in the other, and three merrymakers, passed the chamber. The lullaby echoed with the clear, low voice proper to infancy, but softer and more with the understanding of unconscious childhood, which nurses use being unknown. Shadowed in unison, music in the voice of little children, which, when engaged in fun or pain, [illegible] the ear, [illegible] the heart. Thus the lullaby, [illegible] the child, a little discipline of temper, and all fell down with,

It was a long time before she ventured to sit down and rock the children, and they did not soon close eyes in sleep. They would start and scream, then draw back such long sighs, that the tears which trembled in the mother's eyes would flood down her cheeks.

When, at last, they rested in a sweet, calm slumber, she was at a loss how to put them down to release her weary arms, without the risk of a new confusion. There was no one! Yes, there was the little trembling creature whose tender skin still smarted with the chastisement of an angry mother.

"Lizzie," called the mother, after a long while, in a very low, gentle tone.

The child was quickly beside her.

"Bring your little chair, and sit down close to me and see if you can draw the baby on your lap without waking him."

Lizzie did as directed, and the babe was soon clasped to her heart, her lips breathing childish words of affection over its unconscious form.

Very carefully did Mrs. Lee lay down her little Willie, and for some moments she sat beside him, smoothing gently his fair brow twining his golden locks around her fingers, and pressing the softest and sweetest of kisses upon his still lips.

Then going to Lizzie, she took from her arms the sleeping babe, and placing it in the cradle bent over it, whispering the fondest terms of endearment.

Sitting down beside it, she covered her face, and thought grew busy. By-and-by Lizzie stole quietly to the chair, knelt beside it, and buried her head in her mother's lap. Mrs. Lee's hands toyed with the soft brown curls that fell over it in such rich profusion, and several times pushed them off the forehead; when the child felt the mute pressure of her lips. For some time both were silent. At length Lizzie looked timidly up, saying, in a touching voice.

"I am so sorry, mother, I made you so much trouble. I'll try and never be thirsty again when you are reading."

The mother's heart started; she drew the child to her bosom, embraced it fondly, closely, as though she thought by pressure to still its painful throbbings. Then fastening her to the bed, she sat her down and hastily left the room. She soon returned, a glass of water in her hand. "Drink you, mother," said Lizzie, when she had quenched her thirst, "you will have a good time to read now, for I shall go right to sleep."

With her eyes brimful of tears, the mother bent over her child and kissed her again and again. And Lizzie, telling that she was quite forgiven, and not dreaming that she had been more sinned against than sinning, threw her arms around her parent's neck, and gave back kiss for kiss; then nestling on the warm pillow of her little brother, she closed her weary eyes and in a few minutes was sound asleep.

For a long while the mother knelt beside the low couch, and when she rose and sat down again by the stand, she left the novel where she had dropped it, but took from her basket an unfinished doll, and with rapid fingers plied her needle.

It was long ere she placed her head upon her pillow. When she did, the doll, completed and neatly dressed, lay by the side of Lizzie; the novel, half read, upon the Lehigh in the stove, a handful of light ashes.

OUT OF DOOR OCCUPATION

COMPATIBLE WITH INTELLECTUAL REFINEMENT AND CULTIVATION.

The opinion is too common among females in this country, that intellectual refinement and cultivation are not consistent with any considerable degree of attention to out of door matters; and for a lady to manifest any special interest in or acquaintance with the affairs of the farm, the barn-yard and the stable, is thought by many to be very unbecoming if not really vulgar. But surely it is as appropriate and decorous to study the works and the wisdom of God in the grain fields and among domestic animals, as among the birds and flowers; and no more vulgar to become useful or capable of being so, in these departments, than in the kitchen and garden.

If our educated and accomplished young women would take a deeper interest in these things and spend more of their time amongst them, we should see less of sickly delicacy and more of healthful beauty than now, and if those whose tastes or situations lead them more or less to out of door occupations, would devote a portion of their time to study, and a portion to the cultivation of whatever tends to refine and ennoble them, all classes would be benefited. Many such there are both in our own and other countries, and may their number rapidly increase.

We find an instance of this, that pleases us much, in the March number of the HORTICULTURIST, by its editor, A. J. Downing, in one of his recent series of letters from England. The writer is speaking of a visit he enjoyed at the country house of a distinguished authoress, well known both in England and America; and after describing the scenery, grounds and dwellings, he adds:

"It would be difficult, perhaps, to have a better opportunity to judge of the life of the educated middle class of this country, than in such homes as this. And what impressions do such examples leave upon my mind, you will ask? I will tell you, (not without remembering how many fair young readers you have at home.) The young English woman is less conspicuously *accomplished* than our young women of the same position in America. There is, perhaps, a little less of that *je sais quoi*—that nameless grace which captivates at first sight—than with us, but a better and more solid education, more disciplined minds, and above all, more common sense. In the whole art of conversation, including all the topics of the day, with an touch of pedantry as makes a woman really a companion for an intelligent man in his spacious thoughts, in history, language, and practical knowledge of the duties of social and domestic life, the English women have, I imagine, few superiors. But what, perhaps, would strike one at first, our young women most, in English society, would be the thorough cultivation and refinement that exist here, along with the absence of all false delicacy. The coolness of English women, (even in the highest rank,) for out of doors life, horses, dogs, fine cattle, animals of all kinds, for their management, and in short, every thing that belongs to rural life—their real, unaffected knowledge of, and interest in these things, and the unreserved way in which they talk about them, would startle many of our young friends at home, who are educated in the fashionable boarding school of Madame de Fadeaux, to consider all such things 'vulgar,' and outside of the [illegible]. I remembered the younger members of the family here this morning, in an exploration of the interior of the farm. No sooner did we make our appearance out of doors, then we were saluted by a chorus of half dozen voices, and each had the honor of an introduction to a different occupant, which seemed to be the proprietor of everything on both sides. Then some of the ladies came out of the stable, and a rather rude place it is, too, with their hats and their fine silk aprons, talking about horses as to be sensible and to know what they were about, and then we went to see the cows, and then to the piggery, and then to the poultry yard, where the three eldest, with their mother, [illegible] the cocks and hens, and make them crow, and the turkeys, with their wattles and their gobbles, and the guinea fowls, with their cackle, lively, unaffected women, with a manner and tone very like our companions from home in their parlors and drawing rooms." I have said nothing about the gardens, because you know that it is especially the lady's province there.

"An English woman with no taste for gardening, would be as great a wonder as an angel without wings. And here, these three fresh looking girls, who have not thoroughly entered into these esoteric mysteries, know exactly flowers and dairy maids. By the summer, they will converse with you in these or four languages; are thoroughly well grounded in modern literature; discuss fine music with the eyes of professional masters, and will sit down to the pianoforte and give you an old ballad—or the finest German or Italian music, as your time may dictate. And you meet, of any country, women of their age, who are more thoroughly qualified for the duties of mothers, or for the office which I have described, would never feel ashamed with surprise, and half frightened with admiration, to discover a little disciplined temper, and all evil been with,

meadow and stables, which properly belong to a wholesome country life, and are not in the slightest degree at variance with real delicacy and refinement. I very well know that there are many sensible educated young women at home, who have the same breadth of cultivation, and the same variety of resources, that make the English women such truly agreeable companions; but alas, I also know that there are many whose best ideal is bounded by a circle that contains the latest fashionable dance for the feet, the latest fashionable novel for the head, and the latest fashionable fancy work for the fingers.

"If I have unconsciously run into something like a sermon, it is from the feeling that among my own lovely country women is to be found the groundwork of the most perfectly attractive feminine character in the world. But of late their education has been a little vitiated by the introduction of the flimsiest points of French social requirements—rather than the more solid and estimable qualities which belong to English domestic life. The best social developement in America will, doubtless, finally result from an internal movement springing from the very bosom of our institutions; but before that can happen, a great many traits and refinements will necessarily be borrowed from the old world—and the larger interests, healthier home tastes, and more thorough education of English women, seem to me hardly rated so highly by us as they deserve. Go to Paris, if you will, to see the most perfect taste in dress, and the finest charm of merely external manners, but make the acquaintance of English women if you wish to get a high idea of feminine character, as it should be, to command your sincerest and most lasting admiration and respect."—*Ohio Cultivator.*

THINGS FOR MUSICAL DAMSELS TO MAKE A NOTE OF.—Sit in a simple, graceful, unconstrained posture. Never turn up the eyes or swing about the body; the expression you mean to give, if not heard and felt, will never be understood by those foolish motions, which are rarely resorted to but by those who do not really feel what they play. Brilliancy is a natural gift, but great execution may be acquired: let it be distinct, and however loud you wish to be, never thump. *Practise*, in private, music far more difficult than you play in general society, and aim more at pleasing than astonishing. Never bore people with ugly music, merely because it is the work of some famous composer, and do not let the pieces you perform before people be too long. If you mean to play at all, do so at once when requested: those who require much pressing are generally more severely criticized than others, who good-humoredly and unaffectedly try to amuse the company by being promptly obliging. Never carry books about with you unasked; learn by heart a variety of different kinds of music to please all tastes.

As regards singing, practise two or three times a day, but at first not longer than ten minutes at a time, and let one of these times be before breakfast. Exercise the extremities of the voice, but do not dwell long upon those notes you touch with difficulty. Open the mouth at all times; in the higher notes especially, open it to the ears, as if smiling. Never dwell upon consonants. Be distinct from one note to another, yet carry them on glidingly. Never sing with the slightest cold or sore throat. Vocalize always upon A, and be careful to put no B's before it.—Never take breath audibly. Begin to shake *slowly* and steadily. Practise most where the *voce di petto* and the *voce di gola* join, so as to attain the art of making the one glide imperceptibly into the other. The greatest sin a singer can commit is to sing out of tune. Be clear, but not shrill; deep, but not coarse.

When you intend to sing, read the words, and see that you understand them, so as to give the proper expression. Let all your words be heard. It is a great and common fault in English singers to be indistinct. Study flexibility. Practise both higher, louder and lower than you sing public; and when practising, open your mouth wider than it would be graceful to do in company. Do not change the sound of the letters; sing as like speaking as you can. It is better to sing *quite plain* than to make too many turns and trills: these, when attempted at all, should be executed very neatly. Study simplicity: it is better to give no expression than false expressions. Never appear to sing with effort or grimace; avoid affectation and every peculiarity. Never sit when you sing, if you can possibly help it, but stand *upright*. Give more strength in ascending than in descending. Do not suffer yourself to be persuaded to sing soon after eating.

Accidental sharps ought to be sung with more emphasis than accidental flats. The Italian vowels *a* and *i* have always the same sound, but *e* has two different ones; the first like *ai* in *pain*, the other like *ea* in *tear, wear*, or *swear*. O has also two sounds; one like *o* in *tone*, the other like the *au* in *gaudy*. The voice is said to be at its best at eight-and-twenty, and to begin to decline soon after forty, when, the more you strain and try to reach the higher notes that are beginning to fail you, the quicker you hasten the powers. Children should never be allowed to sing much or strain their voices; before that age, the middle notes only should be dwelt upon, or you run the risk of cracking, as it is termed, the notes. Never force the voice in damp weather, or when in the least degree unwell; many often sing out of tune at these times, who do so at no other. Take nothing to clear the voice but a glass of cold water; and always avoid pastry, rich cream, coffee, and cake, when you intend to sing.

PRUNING FRUIT TREES.

THERE are but four kinds of fruit trees that require pruning farther than to keep the heads of the trees in proper shape. Peach trees should be shortened-in every winter. This consists in taking off from one third to one half of the current year's growth of the surface limbs, as well as all such of the inside as need to be shortened,

The shortening-in or surface pruning very greatly promotes the vigor and productiveness of the peach tree, supplying it annually with plenty of young fruit-bearing wood in the interior of the head, which never can be the case where the trees are permitted to grow in their own way. All dead and decaying branches should be carefully taken away from the heads of all fruit trees. In all cutting and pruning operations, great care should be taken to cut the limb immediately above the bud, and in cutting peach trees the cut should always be made just above a leaf-bud; if made above a fruit bud, the limb cannot elongate from the fruit-bud, and is compelled to die down to a leaf-bud, which often happens to be a foot or two. Where there are three buds together, the middle one is a leaf bud, with but few exceptions; and where the fruit-buds are single, they can be readily recognized by their plump, whitish appearance, while the leaf-buds are slim and pointed.

In our climate, pruning may safely be done in almost any month in the year, but wounds inflicted in the summer heal much sooner than at any other time.—Farmer and Planter.

A FREE SOUTER AND HIS DOG.—"Pasto come here and tell me which you had rather do, live like a slave or die a freeman?" Pasto, according to previous instructions, drops on the ground and shuts his eyes. A Whig noticed the trick, and, said he: "Pasto, tell me which you had rather do, live to see Charles Sumner go to Congress or die for Tom Windsup?" Pasto rose to business, bounded up. The free souter slept in dispute of him to half price since this last manifestation of political tomfoolery.

From Chambers Edinburgh Journal.

THE FLOWERS OF GOD.

"Consider the lilies of the field."

The welcome flowers are blossoming,
In joyous troops reveal'd;
They lift their dewy buds and bells
In garden, mead, and field,
They lurk in every sunless path
Where forest children tread;
They dot, like stars, the sacred turf
Which lies above the dead.

They sport with every playful wind
That stirs the blooming trees,
And laugh on every fragrant bush,
All full of toiling bees,
From the green marge of lake and stream,
Fresh vail and mountain sod,
They look in gentle glory forth—
The pure sweet flowers of God.

They come, with genial airs and skies,
In summer's golden prime,
And to the stricken world give back
Lost Eden's blissful clime,
Outshining Solomon they come,
And go full soon away,
But yet, like him, they meekly breathe
True wisdom while they stay.

"If God," they whisper, "smiles on us,
And bids us bloom and shine,
Does He not mark, oh, faithless man!
Each wish and want of thine!
Think, too, what joys await in heaven
The blest of human birth,
When rapture, such as woos thee now,
Can reach the band on earth!"

Remember of a fallen race!
Most merciful of kings!
Thy hallow'd words have clothed with power
Those frail and beauteous things,
All taught by Thee, they yearly speak
Their message of deep love.
Bidding us fix, for life and death,
Our hearts and hopes above.

THE SUN-SHOWER.

BY FANNY FALES.

Sparkling in the sun-light,
Dancing on the hills,
Tapping on my window,
Singing in the rills;
Comes the pleasant sun showers,
Like a glad surprise;
While I gaze with wonder,
On the changeful skies.

I'll go forth to the woodlands,
Violets are awake,
Gaily sings the red-breast,
Hiding in the brake.
Through the building forest,
Not a zephyr sighs;
Soft the air and dreamy,
As a lover's eyes.

I love to feel the warm rain
Dropping on my brow,
As the glad tears fell from
Eyes that slumber now,
Look! what bright mosaic
Arches all the West!
Resting on the uplands,
On old ocean's breast.

Is it but a portal
To homes in yon blue,
That the wearless angels
This moment enter through!
Looking down the vista
Of the years I've trod,
Mem'ry brings life's sun-showers:—
Thanks to thee, oh God,
That so few its rain-clouds,
Whence no sun-light streamed;
That of all the rainbow,
On its darkness beamed;
Thro' which hopes, like angels,
Passed adown from Heaven;
Through which praise ascended
For a blessing given.

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.—A young lady of wealthy parentage, a fledging from one of our fashionable boarding-schools, a type of modern elegance, was recently united by the silken tie of matrimony to a gem of a beau. The mammas and papas on both sides being surrounded by all the comfortments of luxury, and the many agreeable little paraphernalia bespeaking the possession of "the dust," determined to get a fine "establishment" for the young couple, and accordingly they were fixed in a mansion on Walnut street, at "the west end."

A few days after this, a school companion of our heroine called upon her, and was surprised to find so many servants about the house.

"Why, Mary," said she, "what in the name of sense have you so many people about you for?"

"Oh!" replied madam, "we haven't any more than we want. There is but one cook, one chambermaid, two house girls, one housekeeper, and—a—*child's nurse*. I'm sure there are not too many!"

"Ha' ha!" said her friend, "what do you want with a child's nurse? Oh, that is too funny."

"Well, we haven't any immediate use for *her*, but then, when we were married, Charles said that we would want one, and you know it's *not always best to leave things until the last moment.*"

A PUNISHMENT.—The punishment of Tantalus was to stand in the midst of water, and yet not drink—to be surrounded by fruits which at once being permitted to partake thereof—a punishment so aggravating that the Greek poets have made it one of "the peculiar institutions" of hell. That Tantalus suffered none, is unquestionable—still, it's a punishment that thousands have shared with him. The poor devil who feeds himself with the fumes of the rich man's kitchen, without once being permitted to partake of the substantials; or the shivering beggar who is only separated from untold wealth by a sheet of plate glass and the law against larceny, feel all the aggravating torture that our friend "down below" endured.

Two pedestrian travellers, natives of the north of Scotland taken up their quarters for the night at a Highland hotel in Breadalbane; one of them next morning complained to his companion that he had a very ill-aired bed, and asked him how he had slept.

"Weel, man," replied Donald, "as vera weel, either; but I was mockle better aff than the frogs. 'Ta de' is one of them closed an e'e the hale nicht!"

THE STARS AND THE LAMP.—Men who are always running after unattainable pleasures, and neglecting those within their reach, may be compared to astronomers contemplating the stars through a telescope, regardless of the more useful lamp that burns at their side.

WHAT IS MESMERISM?—Blackwood, for July, has an elaborate article on "What is Mesmerism?" The conclusion is thus expressed:—

"The true explanation of mesmerism is to be found, as we have said, in the weakness or infatuation of human nature itself. No other causes are at all necessary to account for the mesmeric prostration. There is far more craziness, both physical and moral, in man than he usually gives himself credit for. The reservoir of human folly may be in a great measure occult, but it is always full; and all that stillness, whether of mind or body, at any time wants, is *to get its cue*. In soft and weak natures, where the nervous system is subject to cataleptic seizures, mental and bodily prostration is frequently almost the normal condition.

"In those persons of a better organized structure, who yield themselves up to the mesmeric degradation, the physical causes are less operative; but the moral causes are still more influential. In all cases the prostration is self-induced. But in the subjects of whom we have spoken, it is mainly induced by physical depravity, although moral frailties concur to bring about the condition. In persons of superior type, the condition is mainly due to moral causes, although physical imbecility has some share in facilitating the result. These people have much vanity, much curiosity, and much credulity, together with a *weak* imagination; that is, an imagination which is easily excited by circumstances which would produce no effect upon people of stronger imaginative powers. Their vanity shows itself in the desire to *astonish others*, and get themselves talked about. They think it very creditable to be susceptible subjects. It is a point in their favor! Their credulity and curiosity take the form of a powerful wish *to be astonished themselves*. Why should they be excluded from a land of wonders which others are permitted to enter? The first step is now taken. They are ready for the sacrifice, which various motives concur to render agreeable. They resign themselves passively, mind and body, into the hands of the manipulator; and by his passes and grimaces they are cowed pleasurably, bullied delightfully, into *so much* of the condition, which their inclinations are bent upon attaining, as justifies them, they think, in laying claim to the *whole* condition; without bringing them under the imputation of being downright imposters. *Downright* imposters they unquestionably are not. We believe that their condition is frequently, though to a very limited extent, *real*. We must also consider, that, in a matter of this kind, which is so deeply imbued with the ridiculous, a mesmeric patient may, and doubtless often does, justify to his conscience a considerable deviation from the truth, on the ground of waggery or hoaxing. Why should an audience, which has the patience to put up with such spectacles, not be fooled to the top of its bent?

"How, then, is the miserable nonsense to be disposed of? It can only be put a stop to by the force of public opinion, guided, of course, by reason and truth."

LIFE.—Life flows on with some like a summer's river, over which the blithe sun throws splendor and enchantment, as bright as if it were gleamed over by a seraph's wing; while with others it is, at best, but a vale of sorrow and heart-wasting tears,—a joyous morn, perhaps followed by a noon of strife and anguish—a setting sun of peace—a coffin—a shroud—and then the cold, cold grave.

A VALID EXCUSE.—A Spanish priest, once exhorting the soldiers to fight like lions, added, in the ardor of enthusiasm "Reflect, my brethren, that whosoever falls to-day in battle sups to-night in Paradise." Thunders of applause followed the sentiment. The fight began, the ranks wavered, the priest took to his heels, when a soldier, stopping him, reproachfully referred to the promised supper in paradise. "True, my son, true," said the priest, "but I never eat suppers."

OBSCURITY OF LANGUAGE.—The three great causes of that obscurity which so frequently occurs in expressing our ideas, are indistinctness in the object, imperfection in the organ of perception, and the inadequateness of language to paint the precise shade of meaning we wish to convey. Either we do not clearly distinguish the object, of it is in itself dim and confused in its dimensions; or lastly, no language is copious enough to express exactly what we think and feel without addition or diminution.

THE BALTIC.—The waters of the Baltic are said by the modern Swedish geographers, to sink half an inch every year. If so, it accounts for the ancients calling Scandinavia the great Islands. If the waters of the Baltic have sunk at the rate since the days of Mela, Pliny, and Tacitus, much of the low land in the neighborhood must have been covered with the sea, and only the eminences visible.

The science of surgery is being brought to perfection. Dr Warren of Boston recently cut a tape worm forty one feet and eleven inches in length from the stomach of a young lady, while she was under the influence of ether. This is the only case on record of a tape worm having been literally extracted by the knife.

"Sir," said a hydrochondrical patient, while describing his symptoms to Abernethy, "I feel a pain in my side, when I put my hand to my head."

"Then, sir," exclaimed the mild physician, "why the deuce do you put your hand to your head!"

RELIGIOUS ARGUMENTS.—To enforce the doctrines of Christianity by argument at this time of day, puts me in mind of Homer investing the invulnerable Achilles with armor.

CONTRADICTION.—To contradict a man in argument is to knock at his door to see if there is anybody at home.

Egotism is like the human eye; it sees all defects except its own—but woman's egotism is peculiar; it feels its defects, and rejoices in them.

Custom is like the tide; it ebbs and flows, and we can often trace its progress by the filth it leaves behind.

When you are mounted to the zenith of glory, the least wrong step casts you to the Nadir of misery and infelicity.

A BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS, on a visit to her home, the other day, threw the milk intended for tea out of the window, because it had a yellow scum on the top.

ERROR.—People that are sincere in their errors may be set right, but I know of no means of convincing those who only affect to be wrong, except giving them offences.

ELVES AND GOBLINS.—There is somewhere a tradition that elves and goblins had their origin in the factions of the *Guelphs* and *Ghibellines*, corrupted into elves and goblins.

COTTON MATHER.—Old Cotton Mather, addressing the aged people of his flock, told them, "You have given your hair to the devil, and now you bring your brass to the Lord."

A BITTER MALEDICTION ON A WOMAN.—May thy face speedily become like the sea, and the wrinkles follow each other as thick, ay, and as deep too.

DETERIORATED KINGS.—Firebrands smoke most when out of the chimney; so kings, out of place, are apt to be very troublesome.

ACTIVE MEN.—Active men are like millstones in motion, which, if they have no grist to grind, will set one another on fire.

LAW.—Law has been called a bottomless pit, not so much because of its depth, as that its windings are so obscure nobody can see the end.

A friend of ours says he is growing freaker and weaker every day. He is got so now, that he can't raise five dollars.

A PHILANTHROPIST.—A busybody, who is always meddling in the affairs of other people, and neglecting his own.

A BLOCKHEAD.—A fellow perplexed by reading a multitude of books.

TWO EVILS.—Persons deaf and sore from the activity of a busybody, or the waggery of a blockhead.

Among the curiosities on exhibition at the Tr[illegible] Museum, is a peck of potatoes, all of them cross-eyed.