The Weekly Observer.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1849.

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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.

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.*

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of JAMES WOOD, late of the City of Saint John, Cabinet Maker, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within three months from the date hereof, and all Persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment, to

THOMAS MARJORIBANKS, *Executor.*
ANNE MARJORIBANKS, *Executrix.*

St. John, August 7, 1849.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any demands against the Estate of CORNELIUS McMONAGLE, late of Smyrna, State of Maine, U. S., deceased, are requested to present them within Two Months from this date, duly attested, at the Office of C. W. STOCKTON, Esq., Attorney at Law, or to the Subscriber; and all persons indebted to the said Estate, will make immediate payment to the said C. W. STOCKTON, or

JOHN McMONAGLE,
Sole Administrator.

Sussex Vale, June 19, 1849.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of WILLIAM SCOTT, Esquire, late of the Parish of Sussex, King's County, Farmer, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within Three Months from this date; and all those indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to the subscribers.

ROBERT SCOTT, Jun. } *Executors.*
WILLIAM O. A. SCOTT, }

Sussex, 7th May, 1849.

NOTICE is hereby given, that all Persons having claims against the Estate of the late GEORGE F. GOVE, formerly Merchant of this City, are requested to forward the same, duly attested, within Six Months from this date, to JOHN GARDNER, Peters' Wharf, St. John; and all Persons indebted to the said Estate, are requested to discharge the same forthwith.

JOHN GARDNER,
E. LLOYD.
Executors of the late GEORGE F. GOVE

St. John, 17th February, 1849.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that I have appointed Messrs. W. & G. RITCHIE to act as my Attornies, and to settle the affairs of the Estate of the late JAMES ROBERTSON, deceased; and all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to them, and all persons having any claims against the said Estate, will please hand them in to my said Attornies for adjustment.

CHARLOTTE ANN ROBERTSON.
Sole Executrix of the Estate of the late JAMES ROBERTSON.

Dated ninth day of February, A. D. 1849.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of STEPHEN HUMBERT, Esquire, late of the City of Saint John, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within six months from this date, and all Persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment.

MARY HUMBERT, *Administratrix.*
JOHN HUMBERT, } *Administrators.*
STEPHEN GEROW, }

St. John, February 21, 1849.

Now Landing,

AND FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.

Ex Brig Sarah, from New York:

50 BARRELS Genesse Superfine FLOUR
Ex Schr. Charles, from Halifax:
10 casks Pale SEAL OIL;
4 kegs Bermuda ARROWROOT;
15 dozen Painted PAILS.
Ex ship Jenny Lind, from Glasgow—
2 barrels Office INK;
1 barrel BLACKING.

June 19. JARDINE & CO.

JULY 11th, 1849.

Received at the LIVERPOOL HOUSE, Prince William Street, ex "Themis":—

150 BS. Black, Drab, and White Brown, LINEN THREAD;
150 Lbs. Linen FISHING THREAD.

—ALSO—

100 Pieces Fine White Bleached LINEN; Selling at *Cost of Importation*—Wholesale and Retail. VAUGHANS & LOCKHART.

CUT NAILS.

100 BAGS by the *Arab*, from Liverpool consisting of—
1¼ tons LATH, 1¼ tons SHINGLE,
1½ tons BOARD, 1 ton assorted sizes.

—ALSO—

57 Slabs SPELTER; 10 doz. BED CORDS.—
For sale by JOHN KINNEAR,
July 17. *Prince Wm-street.*

FLEWWELLING & READING,

No. 10, KING STREET,

Have just received per "Lisbon," from London, "Peruvian," from the Clyde, and late arrivals from the United States:—

24 HDS. Martell and Hennessey's Dark and Pale BRANDY,
10 quarter casks Old PORT WINE,
40 kegs Hall & Son's F and FF Gunpowder,
25 dozen Lazenby & Son's PICKLES, assorted
25 doz. " " Mushroom Ketchup,
5 doz. " " Essence of Anchovies,
5 boxes Sperm CANDLES, 10 brls. Currants,
3 kegs Coleman's F, SF & DSF MUSTARD,
5 cwt " STARCH,
18 dozen Robinson's PATENT BARLEY,
18 dozen " " GROATS,
1 cask NUTMEGS,
10 barrels Day & Martin's BLACKING,
2 chests Old Hyson TEA, 1 chest INDIGO,
40 chests Fine Congou TEA,
50 boxes TOBACCO, assorted, 6 tierces RICE,
1 barrel SNUFF, in bladders,
4 casks Saleratus, 10 bales Wicking,
2 casks Epsom SALTS, 1 cask SULPHUR,
1 cask ground RICE, 1 barrel Castor OIL,
20 barrels Cider Vinegar, 1 barrel Pecan NUTS.

May 1st.

May 5th, 1849.

VICTORIA HOUSE,
Prince William Street.

The Subscribers have received their

Spring & Summer Stock,

Per the ships *Pilgrim* and *Lisbon* from LONDON *Infanta, Harriott, Harmony,* and *Thomas,* from LIVERPOOL, and *Ant* from the Clyde—of which the following are a part:

RICHEST French and British SATINS and SILKS, in Brocade Figures, Stripes, Shades Shot and Plain, in newest and most beautiful colourings and patterns;
Paramattas, and PATENT CRAPES,
LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS, in all the newest and most elegant designs in California, Napier, Chamelions, Madonnas, Chemese, Brilliants, Cashmere, French Delaines, Bareges, Balzarines, Llamas, Alpacas, Lustres, Coburgs, and Orleans CLOTHS;
French and British Printed MUSLINS;
French and British Garment Cambric PRINTS, 7-8, 9-8 and 5-4;
FURNITURE PRINTS;
French and British Plain and Fancy Linen and other GINGHAMS and LAWNS;
Newest work and patterns in Collars, Habit Shirts, Chemizettes, and Cuffs;
Infants' WORKED ROBES and CAPS;
Ladies' and Children's BONNETS, in all the newest and handsomest shapes and patterns, in plain and fancy styles;
Youth's and Children's Plain and Fancy Tuscan and Straw HATS;
Newest and Richest styles in French and British BONNET and CAP RIBBONS;
NECK TIES; PARASOLS, newest styles;
An immense variety of the newest and most elegant designs in Long and Square SHAWLS;
Limerick White Lace VEILS and CAPES;
Black Chantilla Lace FALLS and VEILS;
Fancy Colored LACE VEILS;
Thread Laces, Half Laces, Edgings and Footings
Machinery Laces, Edgings and Footings;
Black Thread and Silk LACES, Sewing Silk, Fringes and Gimps;
Illusion, Brussels and Paris white and colored Plain and Fancy NETS;
BLONDES and BLONDE QUILLINGS;
Drawing Room Window Nets and Muslins;
Ladies' plain and fancy French Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs;
Gent's French Cambric and India Silk ditto ditto;
Gent's Satin and Silk Neckerchiefs, STOCKS, Opera TIES, and Braces;
Ladies', Gent's and Children's Silk, Lisle, Vigonia and Lambs' Wool HOSIERY;
Ladies', Gent's and Children's Kid, Silk and Lisle GLOVES;
French and British STAYS;
West and North of England Extra Superfine BROAD CLOTHS, in Black, Blue, and Medyle colours;
SUMMER CLOTHS, in Cashmeretts, Zephyrs and Tweeds, in black and all fashionable medley colours;
PANTALOON CLOTHS, in Single and Double Milled Cassimeres and Doeskins, in all the most fashionable and fancy colorings and patterns;
Russell Cords, Lastings, Gambroons, Cantoons, Nankeenets, and Moleskins:
VESTINGS, newest and prettiest styles, in plain and fancy Marseilles, Cashmeres, plain and fancy French Satin, Silk and Genoa Velvets;
Colored and Black GERMAN VELVETS;
WHITE MUSLINS, in Jaconets, Cambrics, Checks, Plaids, Cords, Stripes, Nainsooks, Mulls, Books, Tarlatans, Lappets, and colored and white Lenos;
IRISH LINENS, Lawns, Diapers, Damask Table Linen, Napkins, Towels and Towelling, Brown Holland, Brown Undressed Linen, Plaid Linen, Drills and Duck, Osnaburg, Linen and Cotton Tickings, Marseilles Quilts, Counterpanes and Toilet Covers, Sheetings, Grey Cottons, Cotton Warps, White Shirtings, Power Loom Twilled Striped Shirtings, Power Loom Ginghams,
WHITE FLANNELS, in Saxones, Welsh, Lancashire, and Swansking;
Red, Blue and Yellow FLANNELS;
Morceens and Damasks, with Fringes,
LACE, and Tassels to match,
Tailors' Trimmings and Small Wares, &c., &c.

☞ *CASH Only—No Second Price.* ☜

JAMES DOHERTY & CO.

May 1st, 1849.

SPRING GOODS!

Received per *Infanta* and *Portland* from Liverpool, and *Lisbon* from London—

AN assortment of Gents' Silk and Paris HATS, Broad CLOTHS, Kerseys, CASSIMERES, CACHMERETTS,
Doeskins, Drills, Cantoons and Moleskins,
Stocks, Braces, Vests and Drawers,
Blue and White Cotton WARPS, Flannels,
Furniture Prints, Morceens, Damask, Dimity and Fringes,
Grey, White and Printed COTTONS,
Sheetings, Shirtings, Muslins, Linens, Lawns,
Cambrics, Canvas, Duck and Holland,
HOSIERY and GLOVES of all kinds,
Gimps, Fringes and Artificial Flowers,
Fancy SHAWLS, Hats, and Neck Ties,
Worked Collars and Habit Shirts,
PARASOLS, Umbrellas, Nets and Laces,
Fancy Bonnet and Cap RIBBONS,
A variety of new DRESS MATERIALS, in Mohairs, Glacies, Checks, Coburgs, Silks, Satins, Orientals, &c. &c.
Which, together with Four Thousand Pairs of BOOTS and SHOES, are offered at the very lowest market prices. W. G. LAWTON.

LONDON HOUSE,
MARKET SQUARE.

SPRING IMPORTATIONS.

From London, Manchester, and Glasgow, per "Lisbon," and "Infanta,"

—CONSISTING OF—

RICH Fancy, and Plain DRESS GOODS, in different styles and qualities of Brilliants, Glacters, Mohairs, Delaines, Coburgs, Orleans, Organdies, and Colored Muslins;
Black and Colored Shot GROS DE-NAPS and SATINS;
SHAWLS and Handkerchiefs, Laces, GLOVES, and HOSIERY;
RIBBONS, PARASOLS, UMBRELLAS,
Grey, White, and Printed CORLONS,
Sheetings, Shirtings, Muslins, ments,
Lawns, Towelling, Osnaburghs,
Canvas, Duck, &c.
BROAD CLOTHS, Kerseymeres, Doeskins,
VESTINGS, Drills, Cantoons, and Moleskins,
COTTON WARPS,
FISHING THREADS, &c. &c.

With the usual assortment of Small Wares—all of which are now offered, Wholesale and Retail, at very low prices.

April 24, 1849. T. W. DANIEL.

The Garland.

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Let us love one another—not long may we stay,
In this bleak world of mourning some droop while 'tis day,
Others fade in their noon, and few linger till eve;
Oh, there breaks not a heart but leaves some one to grieve!
And the loneliest, the purest, the truest that met,
Have still found the need to forgive and forget!
Then, oh! though the hopes that we nourished decay,
Let us love one another as long as we stay!

There are hearts, like the ivy, though all be decayed
That it seemed to clasp fondly in sunlight and shade;
No leaves group in sadness, still gaily they spread,
Undismay'd 'midst the blighted the lovely and dead;
But the mistletoe clings to the oak, not in part,
But with leaves closely round it—the root of its heart;
Exists but to twine it—imbibe the same dew—
Or to fall with its lov'd oak, and perish there too!

Thus let's love one another 'midst sorrows the worst,
Unaltered and fond as we lov'd at the first:
Though the false wing of pleasure may change and forsake,
And the bright love of wealth into particles break,
There are some sweet affections that wealth cannot buy,
That cling but still closer when sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet, though all else pass away;
Thus, let's love one another as long as we stay!

Miscellaneous.

OCTOBER.

In casting our eye forward through the month before us, we are startled to see that it is the last of those in which we look for fine weather, that it ushers in November, a name associated with gloom, and fogs and often with the rigours of winter. The bright but calm suns which shine over us this month are the last of the season. The autumn winds up its account of harvests and out of door pleasures, and as the last swallows take their flight, travellers return from many a ramble amid the vineyards of foreign lands. The last birds of summer, that are migratory, depart; and in come other birds to winter with us. It is come to that—the very creatures of the air and the field undeceived by suns that still shine, and leaves that still hang on the tree, are thinking of winter, and resorting to their winter quarters. And wanderers return from mountains and sea-coasts, and begin to think of their winter quarters; to anticipate, with a feeling of luxury, fire-sides, long, quiet, evenings, and books.

It is a month to still walk abroad during the short, bright hours of day, to enjoy the tranquil splendour, the greenness, and the freshness of the atmosphere, and to feel thankful for all the good and the beauty that the summer has brought us. The very butterflies do so. You see them, or at least a few of them, still hovering over the flowers in the garden, or setting on the warm wall, basking in the glow of the noon sun. They lift their wings with a feeling, as it were, of happiness that knows no care. Confined, it may be, in this extent, but it is not the happiness of man that can be desolated by a thousand circumstances. They know nothing of speculations and failures, of corn-laws that tempt factors and factors that, falling, pull down bankers after them. They know nothing of rents and taxes, or of bills that may come against them. Who has not been tempted, seeing their basking beauty, to look down from the height of his intellectual house of cards, from the splendid misery of modern social life, and say, "I'd be a butterfly!"

But this is the month of forest splendour. Generally towards the end of October, the trees put on their last grandeur. They burst forth into all the richest and warmest colours and for a while cast a glory on the landscape that is unrivalled. Then how delightful to range freely through wood and field; to see the wind driving the many-tinted leaves before it; to tread on their rustling masses in the still glades and feel the profound language of the season—of all that is solemn and pure, and yet buoyant in the heart! The vines on the plains and hanging slopes are yielding up, amid songs and shouts, their purple vintage. Orchards are cleared of their fruits and towards the end of the month the people are busy in the potato field. Once more the peasant is released from the cares and toils of harvest, is busy turning up the soil with the plough, getting in the wheat for the next year, and ditching and banking, in meadow and field. Timber trees are felled, and others planted, and the farmer repairs his gates and fences; and all wise people lay in plenty of fuel for winter. Winter! Winter! it is continually crowding into our minds, though we do not see it with our eyes. But in the brightest hours, the very seeds are on the wing, to fly away and bury themselves each in a suitable spot for the resurrection of the next spring.

THE THISTLE DOWN.

Lightly soars the thistle down,
Lightly doth it float;
Lightly seeds of care are sown,
Little do we note.

Lightly floats the thistle down;
Far and wide it flies,
By the faintest zephyrs blown
Through the shining skies.

Watch life's thistles bud and blow,
Oh 'tis pleasant folly!
But when all on paths they sow,
Then comes melancholy.

But away with melancholy. The thistles then will fly, and the thistles will spring up where we hoped for roses; but never mind; let us pay the penalty of our permitting them to grow, and go onstrong in the sense of the great Providence which wheels round the mighty world, and all its seasons, who causes the dark day to follow the bright one, and the bright to follow the dark, and if he suffers the thorn and the thistle to grow, gives us strength to cut them down and consume them out of our paths. The summer is over and gone, but the summer of fireside, and books and social parties, approaches. How many a new book is preparing, how many a beautiful print; how many a meeting with old and new friends, like flowers of the summer of social life that are not yet blown. Let us rejoice in their possession; for when they go, then comes real night and winter. We have no hope of their return, as we have in that of everything that comes and goes with the season; as we have in

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

And is the swallow gone?
Who beheld it?
Which way sallied it?
Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go:—
But who doth hear
Its summer cheer
As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!
From its shrouding clay
It steals away,
Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go?
'Tis all unknown;
We feel alone
That a void is left below.

And now farewell, October, and farewell Autumn, November will come ragged in its garb, and comparatively barren; but October will go out with a pageant and a feast. The woods will be hung with tapestry of all glorious colours; the dark and glossy acorn will be scattered in profusion on the ground; the richly tinted and veined horse chestnuts will glow in the midst of their rugged and spiny shells; which burst open in their fall; and hosts of birds will be enjoying a plentiful feast of beech nuts in the tree tops. Farewell, then, to October, in the midst of the great banquet of bountiful nature. Man and his domestic creatures have their ample stores laid up in the winter garners; yet there is still plenty abroad for the wild as well as the tame.—*William Howitt.*

THE DOG AND THE OTTER.—Even when young the otter is a most powerful and severe biter, closing its jaws with the strength of a vice on whatever it seizes. Every courageous dog who has once battled with an otter, retains ever afterwards the most eager and violent animosity against the animal. The scent of an otter renders my otherwise most tractable retriever quite uncontrollable. The remembrance of former bites and wounds seem to drive him frantic, and no sooner does he come across the fresh track of one than he immediately throws aside all control, and is off in pursuit. It is not often that an otter commits himself so far as to be found during the day-time in any situation where he can be approached; but one day in this month I was out for a quiet walk with my retriever, looking at some wide drains and small pools for wild ducks, when suddenly the dog went off, nose to the ground, in so eager a manner that I knew nothing but a fox or an otter could have been the cause of his excitement; and I soon found in a nearly dry open drain, the quiet recent track of a very large otter. For a long time he would not show himself, till suddenly the dog rushed into a thick juniper bush, and the next moment dog and otter were tumbling over each other into a deep black pool. The otter escaped from the dog in the water; but the hole being only about six feet square, though deep, I took my retriever out by main force, and waited for the water to become clear again. When it did so, I looked for the otter some time in vain, till at last, having stooped down close to the pool, I was startled by seeing his face within a few inches of my own, his body being almost concealed by the over-hanging bank. I tried to make him leave his cover, but in vain; so I sent the dog in again, who soon found him, and after a short scuffle, the otter left the pool, and went off along a wide but shallow drain, and there the battle began again. The dog, although unable to master the otter, which was one of the largest size, managed to prevent his escape, and at last I contrived to end the contest by a well-applied blow from a piece of railing, which I had picked up.—*St. John's Field Notes.*

A CHARACTER.—A person of rather singular habits died a few weeks ago at Peterhead. He was a labouring man, in dress and fare poorer than a mendicant, who lived quite alone, no person in the neighbourhood being allowed to penetrate to his fireside for many years. One day the neighbours were struck by the non-appearance of "Jamie" at his door, where he used to stand and chat with the passers-by, and about mid-day some of them made an attempt to investigate the mystery. The door, however, was firmly barricaded. After attempting in vain to make themselves heard, it was resolved forcibly to effect an entrance. This accomplished, a strange spectacle presented itself. The poor man was found seated at a table with a small basin of meal before him, which he had been eating, and in the act of which he had expired. He was quite stiff and cold. It is supposed he had lived so long on meagre diet that the constitution had at last given up the struggle for existence. As it was believed that the deceased had money, a search was instituted, at sight of the proper authorities, and after having almost given it up in despair, finding nothing save an accumulation of every indescribable odd and end—a "routh o' auld nick nackets"—a cheque for £200 was at length discovered, and afterwards, in one of the most out-of-the-way places in the whole domicile, in an old backet, there was a further discovery of £320 in silver, of which there were £200 in half-crowns and £50 in sixpences, the remainder being coins of a miscellaneous nature. The house had a most wretched appearance, containing nothing save two or three rickety chairs, an old deal table, and a few culinary utensils. There were, however, two or three bolls of oatmeal, bought, undoubtedly, at a time of extreme cheapness. The deceased was a quiet, inoffensive individual.—*Aberdeen Banner.*

A LONG LEASE OF A PULPIT.—In the year 1782, when Napoleon was in his teens, and America was still a British Colony, a young minister of the Gospel, who had not quite attained his majority, made the perilous descent of the Bottlebank, Gateshead (then even steeper than now), on the "Leeds Times" coach, and was borne along Tyne Bridge to Newcastle, there to commence the pastoral charge of a Christian congregation, and, as it proved, to prominently assist in laying the foundation of valuable institutions which continue to this day a blessing to the inhabitants. Napoleon has begun and ended his career—the American Republic has long ago celebrated its Jubilee—the "Leeds Times" has been superseded by the railway-train—penny postage and the electric telegraph have come into operation—and on Sunday, the 19th day of August, 1849, after a lapse of sixty-seven years, the same minister of the Gospel, revisiting Newcastle, ascended the pulpit (which he had occupied upwards of 60 years), and, opening the sacred volume, read (without spectacles) the 22d chapter of Luke's Gospel, in a firm and audible voice. He then took for his text the 41st and 42d verses, and preached to a congregation, not one of whom had heard his first discourse from that pulpit. At the close he gave out the hymn of his friend and tutor, Dr. Enfield, concluding with the aspiration—

Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear;
Oh may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

Such had ever been the burden of his discourses and the rule of his life, and it formed a fitting close to possibly (although far from certainly,) the last service which the venerable William Turner may conduct in Hanover Square Chap l.—*Gateshead Observer.*

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE IN PALESTINE.—The Rev. Moses Margoliouth has favoured us (*Liverpool Standard*) with the following extract from a letter he has just received from Jerusalem, dated the 2d inst.:—"Sir Moses Montefiore arrived here a few days ago; his object for coming here is not known. He expressed himself grieved to find that his people only sent in petitions to inn for pecuniary aid, and nothing more. He has, however, behaved very kindly to them; he is distributing money to them very liberally. Yesterday (the 1st inst.) he gave to every single individual—even to infants of the age of six months—of the Judea Polish Congregation a Spanish dollar. To-day he does the same to the Barbary Jews; and to-morrow he will distribute in the same manner to the Spanish Jews. He gives it with his own hands, and manifests great pleasure at seeing so many of his people about him. It is supposed that he intends to return in the spring, when he will establish schools, an hospital, factory, &c., &c.; but this is only one of the many conjectures. He is to leave this holy city on Monday next, the 6th. He has shown the same kindness and liberality to his brethren throughout this country; he does not altogether exempt the poor Christians and Turks from participating in his generosity. He is called by them the King of the Jews."

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.—From Capt. Luce, of ship Margaret, who had obtained a few items of recent intelligence respecting the Pitcairnans, but we are glad to obtain something additional from Mr. Buffett, (one of the three foreigners residing there,) who came as passenger on board the Dover, Capt. Jeffrey. At present the inhabitants enjoy remarkable health, and are generally prosperous. They number 147, the respective sexes about equally divided.—During the last five years, only two cases of death have occurred; one of those was a small child, who died in consequence of a burn, while the other was a youth, whose death was the result of an injury received in his foot. The number of births in this period has been twenty-five, one-sixth of the entire population. Mr. Nobbs still officiates as school teacher and conductor of their religious services.—Nearly every family maintains family worship, and "grace is said" at their meals. The Pitcairnians are, in the fullest sense of the term, Democratic Republicans. Females as well as males, all vote for Chief Magistrate, being entitled to exercise the legislative franchise at the age of sixteen years!

The current year Mr. Simon Young is Chief Magistrate, and Arthur Quintal, Chief Counsellor. When cases of difficulty arise, requiring an appeal to the goddess of justice, she presides over a regularly constituted court. Trial by jury is by no means an unheard of method of deciding cases among the people of Pitcairn's Island. Pecuniary fines are the usual punishment inflicted. From all that we are able to learn from the visitors, and a correspondence of some years with them, it is our full belief, that they are living as comfortably, quietly and peaceably, as the same number of people in any part of the world.—*Honolulu (Sandwich Island) Friend.*

PEACE CONGRESS.—WAR.—Mr. Miall said—it had been suggested that the Congress had no practical object. He thought it very clear that the Congress had shown that it had not reckoned without its host. (Cheers.) What was war? It was not spontaneous combustion. (Hear, hear.) Armies were not organised without thought. Soldiers were not made so without drilling. Gunpowder was a manufacture, not a growth. Cannon-balls did not hang on the trees of the forest. (Great cheering.) War was the product of man's will. It was simply the elements of nature made to subserve man's evil passions. (Cheers.) The way to put down war was to get at the will of man; to get at that will by means of his reason, his understanding, his conscience, his affections. (Cheers.) This is what the Congress wanted to do. They wanted to drive the monster—war—home to his lair, and there to transfix it with reason and with love. (Cheers.) War would never cease till men were indisposed to prosecute war as a means to attain their object. The masses had no interest in the promotion or prosecution of war, and therefore the Congress, addressing itself to the masses, would find their task by no means an impossibility if they were faithful to their principles, their character, and their duty. (Cheers.) The result was no contingency; it was as certain as any problem in mathematics. (Cheers.) Their work was simply to get at the will of those who make war, and to get at that will so as to transform it by the medium of public opinion; to make governments coincident with public opinion; surround them with such an atmosphere of public sentiment as to make it impossible for them to give expression to any will of their own inconsistent with the public will, and with the principle that war was an utter absurdity, a deep crime against God and against man.

M. DE LAMARTINE.—This distinguished poet, statesman, and historian, the most eminent man of the French Revolution, who alone prevented it from being drenched with seas of blood, has, nevertheless, been one of its first victims. He is completely ruined; and, after making efforts, almost as great as those of our own Sir Walter Scott, to save his patrimony, it is at length to be inevitably consigned to the auctioneer's hammer. Amongst the *ventes d'immeubles* of the Paris papers is to be seen, "*A vendre la terre de Milly, appartenant à M. de Lamartine,*" &c. This is the place where M. de Lamartine was born, where he passed his earliest years, and which he has immortalized in his *Confidences.* At one time it was thought that the place could be saved. One of the principal publishers of Paris agreed to pay off the whole of the debts affecting the property, M. de Lamartine agreeing, in return, to supply the publisher in question with a certain number of volumes. The arrangement was complete, the money was about to be paid down, when the revolution of February occurred. The publisher offered to keep to his bargain, but informed M. de Lamartine that in doing so he should be irretrievably ruined, upon which M. de Lamartine at once tore up the bond. The debts continue as great as they were before the revolution, while the value of the property has greatly diminished. Creditors are clamorous; and, in short, the place must be sold for whatever it will fetch, and that will not be nearly the amount of the debts affecting it.

BALMORAL.—Balmoral has been much improved since Her Majesty's last visit. The pleasure grounds about the house have been laid out anew in an exceeding tasteful style, and are now in complete order and luxuriance. A large addition has also been made to the castle itself—an entire wing having been joined to the north side. The effect has been to give it in an increased degree, an "Abbotsfordian" appearance. Almost immediately on alighting, the Prince and the royal children entered the house. Not so with Her Majesty. She remained a moment, apparently to survey the altered appearance of the mansion, and then skipped lightly away to a particular flower-pot, perchance to discover how some favourite rose had thriven in her absence, or to ascertain if the seed she had last year deposited there had germinated. In a very short while after the Queen was walking about with her children, and welcoming those members of her suite who had not made equal speed with her own carriage, as they successively arrived. In reply to some remarks from a spectator, an old man who is employed in some capacity about the grounds, and who wears a peculiarly "knowing" expression on his face, said, "O, man, she's an active cratur; it would be mething wonderful though she went to the top o' Craig Gowan the night yet."

DEATH OF A MILLIONAIRE.—The Hon. George Tibbits, of Troy, died in that city on Tuesday, aged eighty-seven years. During his life-time his wealth was estimated at about two-millions of dollars; many, however, believed that it amounted to full three millions. Mr. Tibbits commenced the world as a hod carrier, but subsequently ascended fortune's ladder to some purpose. He was a man of strong common sense, and of rigidly economical, not to say penurious, habits. He had been a resident of Troy for full half a century, and once represented the district in Congress, where he acquitted himself very creditably. He leaves numerous descendants, children and grand-children, but property enough, if fairly divided, to enrich them all.—*New York Paper.*

VICTORIES OF THE PRESS.—Much already has been accomplished, more than people are aware—so gradual and silent has been the advances. How noiseless is the growth of corn. Watch it night and day for a week and you will never see it growing; but return after two months, and you will find it all whitening for the harvest. Such and so imperceptible in the stages of their motion, are the victories of the press.

HUNGARIAN WOMEN.—And here I must pay a just tribute to the personal charms of those women who devote their lives and fortunes to the moral and intellectual elevation of their country. When beauty fires patriotism we may indeed be prepared to witness deeds of heroic valour. And what beauty is that which acts as a talisman on a brave people in arms for their dearest rights? No fading moonlight countenances, blanched by privation and sorrow—no waning cheeks lit up with the paroxysm of despair—no polished marble, with its cold, repulsive indifference—no figure of the drawing-room, tortured into shape by some heathen milliner no withered relics of conventional endurance.—There is a wild, daring, *piercing* beauty about these women, sprung directly from the Caucasian mountains, by the side of which your soft, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Saxon maid looks like a faint lithograph by the side of Corregio's incarnations.—Such women, deeply imbued with a sense of their country's wrongs and a female purpose to avenge them, are now lashing the frenzy of the men to deadly combat.—*E. J. Grund.*

MUSIC.—That spell of musical enchantment which causes the heart to swell with joy or grief—which brings the smile to the cheek, or the tear-drop to the eye—can be subjected to no laws for its production. The plaintive wail of the fife at a soldier's funeral, with the roll of the muffled drum, will often awaken in the soul emotions which the most complete and skilful orchestra, and the most scientific compositions, might fail to excite. Such phenomena are, unquestionably, connected with the instinct of our nature which makes sound the vehicle of feeling. Each animal has its own peculiar cry, expressive of its passions or desires—every passion, however violent, has its own voice or sound—every emotion, however gentle—every mood even, however shifting and variable, whether of joy or sorrow, mirth or melancholy—all have their peculiar notes and accents. And the skill of a musical composer, therefore, lies chiefly in his knowledge of human nature, and his power of giving expression to the fitful and even changing emotions by which that nature can be affected.—*Thos. Purdie.*

THE BEE.—That within so small a body should be contained apparatus for converting the "virtuous sweets" which it collects into one kind of nourishment for itself, another for the common brood, a third for the royal, glue for its carpentry, wax for its cells, poison for its enemies, honey for its master, with a proboscis almost as long as the body itself, microscopic in its several parts, telescopic in its mode of action, with a sting so infinitely sharp that, were it magnified by the same glass which makes a needle's point seem a quarter of an inch, it would yet itself be invisible, and this, too, a hollow tube—that all these varied operations and contrivances should be inclosed within half an inch of length, and two grains of matter, while in the same "small room" the "large heart" of at least 20 distinct insects is contained—is surely enough to crush all thoughts of atheism and materialism.—*Quarterly Review.*

A LETTER TO ROYALTY.—The following is a literal copy of a letter sent by Adam Bryden, a farmer residing at Howick, to the late King. There was some delay in the delivery, but it reached the royal hand:—"Dear Sir,—I went thirty miles yesterday on foot to pay your taxes, and, after all, the bodies would not take them; saying that I was too late, and that now they must be recovered by regular course of law. I thought if you was like me money would never come wrong to you, although it were a few days too late; so I inclose you £27 in notes and half-guineas, which is the amount of what they charge me for the last half year, and fourpence halfpenny over; you must send me a receipt when the coach comes back else they will not believe that I have paid you. Direct to the care of Mr. Andrew Wilson, Butcher in Howick. I remain, dear Sir, your very humble servant, ADAM BRYDEN. August 6, 1829.—*P. S.* This way of taxing farmers will never do; you will see the upshot.—To His Majesty, George Rex, London."

Importance of Health to the Labouring Classes.—Of all the members of society, the labouring man is the most dependant. Health is his only wealth, his capital, his stock in trade. When disease attacks him, the very source of his subsistance is dried up. He must earn his daily bread by daily toil; and, unlike many who occupy a higher position in society, he cannot do his work by deputy, nor postpone the doing of it till his health is re-established. Day by day the expense of sickness is added to the loss of income: and too often he recovers only to find his place occupied by another, and the first hour of convalescence spent in an anxious, and too often a fruitless, search after employment.—*Dr. Guy.*

ITALIAN EXILES.—An influential committee has already been organized in London for the purpose of collecting and administering a fund for the relief of such Italian patriots as the ebb of the revolutionary wave may cast upon our shores. The varied ranks and professions of the distinguished individuals whose names are upon that committee indicate how generally the sympathy with regenerating Italy is diffused through English society. The address of the committee is said to proceed from the pen of Mr. Charles Dickens. The funds raised are proposed to be applied to the relief of the more immediate and urgent wants of the exiles, to the provision of the means of enabling them to reach other countries as they may desire, and generally to their assistance and protection.

THE SLAVE AND THE LASH.—In a cask of tallow imported from South America, and purchased at Liverpool by Mr. Crook, tallow chandler, of this town, there was found on Monday last a scourge consisting of twenty-six thongs or lashes, fastened to a bamboo. The bamboo thus serving for the handle was about a foot long, and girded round with brass at one end. The thongs attached to it measured about a foot and a half in length. We wonder how many poor slaves' backs and sides have bled and smarted under this cruel scourge. It could a tale unfold that would harrow up our own and our readers's souls, were we to question it. But we refrain.—*Preston Chronicle.*

AGRICULTURE AND CAPITAL.—It is not surprising that little improvement is made in agriculture in the greater part of France, for the land is so much subdivided that two-thirds of it are in the hands of men who have not the necessary capital for improving it. To borrow money at 10 and even 15 per cent. is not the way to employ capital with advantage, and, unless the mortgage be altered, few persons will be induced to attempt the cultivation of the waste lands, and those now under cultivation will produce only half of what would be obtained from them if the owners had the means of rendering them fully productive.—*Galignani.*

ON LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.—The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I had laid down for myself in relation to such matters:—"1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe *nothing* of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to enter into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is exercised towards others. 5. Always to believe that, if the other side was heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—*Carus's Life of Simeon.*