SAINT JOHN OBSERVER.

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THE OBSERVER,

Published on TUESDAYS, by D. A. CAMERON, at his Office, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Flewelling & Reading.—TERMS: 12s. 6d., per annum.

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*

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Partnership hitherto carried on by the Subscribers, under the Firm of SMELLIE & ABERCROMBY, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. The Subscriber, James Smellie, is authorised to uplift and discharge all debts due to and by the Company.

JAMES SMELLIE,
R. W. ABERCROMBY.
St. John, N. B., April 30, 1853.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late XENOPHON COUGLE, Esquire, of Sussex Vale, King's County, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, within Three Calendar Months from this date; and all Persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

MARY COUGLE, *Administratrix.*
Sussex Vale, May 28, 1853.

MARKET SQUARE,
MAY 3, 1853.

J. & H. FOTHERBY

HAVE received per ships *Liberia* and *St. John*, and steamer *Admiral*, an extensive assortment of GOODS, suitable for the season, consisting of
Paisley, Cachmere and Barege Long and Square SHAWLS;
An elegant assortment of DRESS MATERIALS, in Bagadere, Embroidered and Fancy Bobes, Printed and Embr'dered MUSLINS, CACHMERES, Delaines, Lustres, &c.
A large assortment of BONNETS, in all the new styles, with a very beautiful assortment of *RIBBONS, PARASOLS*, &c.
Muslin COLLARS, Habits, Under Sleeves;
Printed COTTONS, Grey and White do. Cotton Flannels, Satinetts, Ticks, Braces, Direms, Drills, Cotton Warps, &c., which are offered at the very lowest prices, wholesale and retail.
☞ The remainder of Stock daily expected.

VICTORIA HOUSE,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
AND
BRITISH HOUSE,
KING STREET.

Saint John, 8th March, 1853.

First Spring Importations!
PER SHIP "MIDDLETON."
5,000 Straw Bonnets!
Newest Spring Shapes!!
J. DOHERTY & CO.

N. B.—*Further Supply per Steamer "Cambria," at Boston, together with RIBBONS, SHAWLS, PRINTS, and Fancy* DRESS GOODS, *to arrive per "Admiral" next trip.* J. D. & CO.

NEW GOODS,
Per Seame "Cambria."

MORRISON & CO.

HAVE now ready for inspection, suited for the season, the LARGEST, MOST VARIED and MOST MAGNIFICENT STOCK of
SILKS, SATINS AND RIBBONS
Ever exhibited in this Province.
MORRISON & CO.,
April 5. PRINCE WM. STREET.

First Spring Importations.

J. & J. HEGAN
Have received per Packet Ship "MIDDLETON,"
CARPETINGS & HEARTH RUGS,
PRINTED DRUGGETS,
Moreens and Damasks,
SHEETINGS,
White and Striped SHIRTINGS,
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.
Prince William Street, 8th March, 1853.

LONDON HOUSE,
Market Square, April 9, 1853.
Per Steamer "Niagara."

A FEW cases of SCOTCH GOODS containing Paisley, Cashmere, and French Barege LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS.
Persian and Silk Striped LAINES;
Brocade and Embroidered ROBES;
French Printed CAMBRICS;
Fancy Printed ORLEANS;
HABITS, Chemizettes, Collars, Sleeves, &c. &c.
T. W. DANIEL.

APRIL 9, 1853.

NEW GOODS.

Per Steamer "*Niagara*," from Liverpool:—
A FURTHER supply of BONNETS;
Bonnet RIBBONS;
Plain and Figured Rich SILKS;
SATINETTS, SATINS, SARSNETTS;
Rich black SILK LACES;
Cambric HANDKERCHIEFS;
COLLARS and HABIT SHIRTS;
GLOVES and HOSIERY;
SILK TRIMMINGS, BRAIDS, BUTTONS, TASSELS, &c. &c. &c.
W. G. LAWTON.

Eligible BUILDING LOT on Queen's Square.

SUCH portion of a Building LOT on Sidney street, fronting on Queen's Square, as may be agreed upon, will be disposed of, subject to a small annual ground rent, with the usual covenants of renewal. This is one of the pleasantest and most healthy situations for the erection of a genteel residence in the city. The Lot has a front of 85 feet on Queen's Square, and 80 feet on St. Andrew's street, from which Street a right of way will be reserved along the rear of lot. No expense need be incurred for excavation. A preference will be given to a party who will erect a brick or stone building.—Apply to R. FOULIS, on the premises. June 21st.

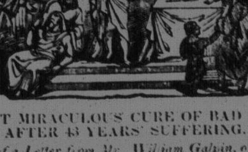
NEW GOODS.

JAMES BURRELL,
Corner of King & Germain-streets,

Has received per *St. John, Bellcarrigg, Miramichi,* and *Eastern City*, from Glasgow, Liverpool, London, and United States, a general assortment of Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS,
COMPRISING
LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS, in Cachmeres, Teba ROBES, Vemeras, DeLaines, Lustres, Circassian Cloths, Black and Coloured SATINS and Gros de Naps;
Printed Muslin *DRESSES*;
Paisley, Satin and Cachmere Long and Square SHAWLS;
BROAD CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Satinetts, Russel Cords, Moleskins, VESTINGS;
Grey and White COTTONS, Fancy and Twilled *SHIRTINGS*;
Tickings, Duck, Linens, Lawns, Hollands, Diapers, TOWELLINGS;
Printed COTTONS, Cotton Warps; Harness, Filled Bordered Book Muslin;
Red and white FLANNELS, Muslins, Bonnet and Cap RIBBONS;
PARASOLS, Sewed Muslin Habit Shirts, Chemizettes and Collars;
Laces, Edgings and Insertions, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, Black Silk Lace;
GLOVES and HOSIERY in great variety, Fancy Neck Ties, and Bracelets;
Hair Nets and Plaits, Boys' Belts, Gents' Silk and Cotton Neck and Pocket Handkerchiefs;
SHIRTS, Shirt Fronts and Collars, Umbrellas, Whalebone Combs, Brushes.
Braces, Stays, Braids, Silk Trimmings, Dress Buttons Puff Combs, Toilette Covers, Counterpanes, Small Wares, &c. &c.
☞ The Subscriber offers the above well selected Stock of GOODS to his numerous friends and the public generally, (and which on inspection will be found well worthy their attention) at the lowest prices for Cash.
JAMES BURRELL.
May 27. Corner of King and Germain Streets

Willard's Butter Machines,
JUST RECEIVED—
25 WILLARD'S BUTTER MACHINES; they are highly recommended to Farmers and keepers of Dairies.—For sale by B. TILTON.
June 7.—News.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.



A MOST MIRACULOUS CURE OF BAD LEGS, AFTER 43 YEARS' SUFFERING.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Galpin, of 70, St Mary's Street, Weymouth, dated May 15th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—At the age of 13 my wife (who is now 61) caught a violent cold, which settled in her legs, and ever since that time they have been more or less sore, and greatly inflamed. Her agonies were distracting, and for months together she was deprived entirely of rest and sleep. Every remedy that medical men advised was tried, but without effect; her health suffered severely, and the state of her legs was terrible. I had often read your Advertisements, and advised her to try your Pills and Ointment; and, as a last resource, after every other remedy had proved useless, she consented to do so. She commenced six weeks ago, and, strange to relate, is now in good health. Her legs are painless, without seam or scars, and her sleep sound and undisturbed. Could you have witnessed the sufferings of my wife during the last 43 years, and contrast them with her present enjoyment of health, you would indeed feel delighted in having been the means of so greatly alleviating the sufferings of a fellow creature.
(Signed) WILLIAM GALPIN.

A PERSON 70 YEARS OF AGE CURED OF A BAD LEG, OF THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. William Abbs, Builder of Gas Ovens, of Rushcliffe, near Huddersfield, dated May 31st, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—I suffered for a period of thirty years from a bad leg, the result of two or three different accidents at Gas Works, accompanied by scorbutic symptoms. I had recourse to a variety of medical advice, without deriving any benefit, and was even told that the leg must be amputated, yet, in opposition to that opinion, your Pills and Ointment have effected a complete cure in so short a time, that few who had not witnessed it would credit the fact.
(Signed) WILLIAM ABBS.
The truth of this statement can be verified by Mr. W. P. England, Chemist, 13 Market Street, Huddersfield.

A DREADFUL BAD BREAST CURED IN ONE MONTH.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Frederick Turner, of Penshurst, Kent, dated Dec. 13th, 1850.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

DEAR SIR,—My wife had suffered from Bad Breast, for more than six months, and during the whole period had the best medical attendance, but all to no use. Having before healed an awful wound in my own leg by your unrivalled medicine, I determined again to use your Pills and Ointment, and therefore gave them a trial in her case, and fortunate it was I did so, for in less than a month a perfect cure was effected, and the benefit that various other branches of my family have derived from their use is really astonishing. I now strongly recommend them to all my friends. (Signed) FREDERICK TURNER.

A WONDERFUL CURE OF A DANGEROUS SWELLING OF THE KNEE.

Copy of a Letter from John Forfar, an Agriculturist, residing at Newborough, near Hexham, May 15, 1850.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—I was afflicted with a swelling on each side of the leg, rather above the knee, for nearly two years, which increased to a great size. I had the advice of three eminent surgeons here, and was an inmate of the Newcastle Infirmary for four weeks. After various modes of treatment had been tried, I was discharged as incurable. Having heard so much of your Pills and Ointment, I determined to try them and in less than a month I was completely cured. What is more remarkable I was engaged twelve hours a day in the hay harvest, and although I have followed my laborious occupation throughout the winter, I have had no return whatever of my complaint. (Signed) JOHN FORFAR.

AN INFLAMMATION IN THE SIDE PERFECTLY CURED.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Francis Arnot, of Breakhouse, Lothian Road, Edinbro', dated April 29th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—For more than twenty years my wife has been subject, from time to time, to attacks of inflammation in the side, for which she was bled and blistered to a great extent, still the pain could not be removed. About four years ago she saw, in the papers, the wonderful cures effected by your Pills and Ointment, and thought she would give them a trial. To her great astonishment and delight she got immediate relief from their use, and after persevering for three weeks, the pain in her side was completely cured, and she has enjoyed the best of health for the last four years.
(Signed) FRANCIS ARNOT.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:—

Bad Legs	Chiego-foot	Sore-throats
Bad Breasts	Chilblains	Skin-diseases
Burns	Chapped hands	Scurvy
Bunions	Corns (soft)	Sore-heads
Bite of Moschetoes and Sand-Flies	Cancers	Tumours
	Contracted and Stiff Joints	Ulcers
		Wounds
Fistulas	Gout	Glandular Swellings
Lumbago	Piles	
Rheumatism	Scalds	Sore Nipples
Coco-bay	Elephantiasis	Yaws

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and by S. L. TILLEY, *Provincial Agent*, No. 15, King-street, St. John, N. B.; A. Coy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alex. Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Petitcodiac; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James G. White, Belleisle.—In Potts and Boxes, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 7s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

Poetry.

THE COURSE OF TIME.
A SPANISH POEM.

O! let the soul its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, with its glories glides away.
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves us naught behind
But grief at last;
How still our present hapiness
Seems, to wayward fancy, less
Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flying minutes glide
Away so fast;
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each dream of future joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like then decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulphing sea
Are doomed to fall;
The Sea of Death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'lets glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our steps at last are brought;
That path, so dread of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Long ere the damps of earth can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Hath passed away;
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;
And came and laid his finger there
And where are they.

Where are the strength that mocked decay
The step that rose so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and wo
When age comes on.

Say, then, how poor and little worth
Are those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake.
Ye disappear.

Literature, &c.

THE BRAIDER.
BY ELLEN GRAHAM.

Concluded.

CHAPTER III.

"Always poring over those musty old books!" exclaimed Hadley as he entered Stevens' office one bright November morning. "It's a mystery you have the least appearance of health, shut up in this dull place from morning till night. Do, Henry, give yourself some exercise and recreation, and leave those stupid volumes and papers to take care of themselves."

"It is true I am here many hours in the day, yet I take exercise regularly. A young lawyer has to apply himself, if he means to succeed."

"Poh, don't be so ambitious; repose awhile on the strength of the laurels you have already won: they are sufficient to satisfy any man, or ought to be. Take my advice, get married, as every sensible man of your age and station ought, and don't spend the best part of your life pursuing a bubble. I have been a Benedict two years, you know, and have never once regretted it. There is Mr. Seabury's niece, who is just the person for you. Handsome, well educated, and rich. Mrs. Hadley declares you were made for each other. In fact, I came to invite you to spend this evening with us, for the lady herself and her uncle are to honor us with their company. Now, don't fail to come, for I have set my heart on this match."

"Oh, I dare say Miss Greenough is very attractive; but my tastes unfortunately differ from most people's; so I beg to be excused from entering the blissful state till I find some one after my own fancy."

"How can you be so foolish? I hope you are thinking of that country girl we met once in that New Hampshire wilderness. I sometimes think you are half crazy on that subject, brooding over it, till you have invested her with every grace and attraction, keeping that miserable old palm-leaf hat as precious as if it was gold. You had much better give it to the first beggar that needs it, as I did mine. But, I beg of you, don't encourage a hopeless passion," said Hadley laughing; "for I dare be sworn that beauty of the backwoods is now braiding hats for some long, gaunt fellow in cowhide shoes; her husband, besides milking cows, making hay and performing various other poetical duties. But I must leave you," said he, looking at his watch; "I ought to have been at my counting-room an hour ago. Good-by till evening."

That day was spent by Stevens in the study of a difficult case; in the evening, he wended his way towards the house of his friend. He was not a little curious to see Miss Greenough, whom every one admired so much. It was said that she was very beautiful—but she was the heiress of Mr. Seabury, that circumstance alone would clothe her with a thousand charms; that her mind was highly cultivated—but the world is always caught with the glitter of showy accomplishments; that she was amiable and lovely in disposition—"yet," thought he with a sigh, "who can tell if art and selfishness are not hidden under a pleasing mask?"

It was quite late when he entered the drawing-room. He heard the last verse of a favorite song sung by the sweetest voice imaginable; saw a graceful figure seated at the piano. He needed no one to tell him who it was. He was completely surprised at the loveliness which met his eye. "Well," thought he, "report has told truth for once."

Stevens thought he detected a slight blush and some little embarrassment in her manner when he was introduced; but it soon passed away, when she conversed in the most charming manner possible. He was delighted; not with mere beauty of features, but the soul that spoke through them, the ever-varying expression that played on her countenance, the witchery of her artless manners and winning simplicity. They seemed to him the impersonation of his ideal; but she was not one to be caught in Cupid's snare unwarily. He knew the price of a heart, and was not soon to yield. But she had thrown an enchantment around him which he could not cast aside. For many days after, when trying to fix his attention on dry parchment or huge folios, instead of characters in black there appeared a bright vision on the page before him—a female face glowing with youth and beauty. Not days only, but for weeks and months afterwards, did the lovely picture rise before his enchanted vision. However, not a word did he whisper, to any one, of this singular appearance; not even when questioned by his friend, who seemed anxious about him, did he even hint that he was other than ever. Hadley was almost driven to despair, thinking that if Miss Greenough did not captivate his fastidious friend, no one ever could. And so the winter passed away, Stevens keeping his own counsel, but seizing every opportunity of seeing the young lady when free from the crowd. The interest she had first inspired increased every day; scarce five minutes passed that he did not think of her. Books gained a new charm from the fact that she had spoken of them in praise. All his plans of advancement and success were not only thought of in connection with her. Sometimes he fancied that she regarded him with a feeling deeper than mere friendship; then again he imagined there was a constraint and reserve in her manner towards him, that plunged him in doubt and anxiety. So time passed away, this new sentiment growing stronger and deeper, till the bright summer months were ushered in amid sunshine and joy; the bright summer, so lovely among hills and fields, yet so unwelcome in a close, confined city. There were many preparing to leave its pent-up streets for the breezy country, and, among others, Mr. Seabury and his niece. It wanted but a few days of their departure. Stevens felt determined to learn, from the lips of the fair being he loved, whether the future contained happiness or sorrow for him. His mind was in a whirl of anxiety, hope and fear, as he entered the drawing-room. He looked about; everything spoke of her taste and elegance; her piano open as she had left it; a crayon sketch of her uncle; her favorite authors scattered upon the table. One book had fallen on the floor; he stooped to pick it up. It was that beautiful, fanciful poem, Lalla Rookh. Many passages were marked and underlined. He turned over the old and much-worn leaves, and what was his surprise to find his own name in his own handwriting on the first blank page! The truth rushed on his mind in an instant. But the door opened, and Miss Greenough stood before. The rich blood mounted to her temples as she saw the volume in his hand.

"So you have found that I am an old acquaintance, Mr. Stevens. That book has betrayed me; I was so careless as to drop it this morning when my uncle called me."

She briefly explained how it was that she had left her early home and become a resident of Boston, Stevens listening and gazing at her, his heart full of strange emotions. He wondered he had not recognised her before; though five years had transformed her from the lovely child to the brilliant woman. Yet there was the same artless simplicity, frankness, and native purity, which contact with the world had not changed.

"I shall ever feel indebted to the unconscious volume," said Stevens, when she had finished, "for it has given me courage to say what I have long wished, yet was fearful of saying."

Sophy's eyes sought the floor; the blood alternately rushed to her temples and retreated to her heart. But let us leave them to the outpourings of a pure and fervent affection, which had long been nursed in secret.

Sophy's uncle was pleased with her choice. Their trip to the country was not delayed; it was arranged that Stevens should join them as soon as his business would permit. They were going to Sophy's old home, which she still remembered with affection, to spend the warm summer days, wandering along the shores of the lake, through field and wood, as in her childhood days.

CHAPTER IV.

"Congratulate me, my dear Hadley," said Stevens, one bright September morning, after his return from M——, "for I am going to be married."

"I wish you joy with all my heart. I am glad to find you have come to your senses. But why have you not told me before? Where have you been for the last two months? And pray, tell me, who is the bride elect?"

"Why, I have just returned from a trip where I met her; you can imagine I was so much occupied I found no time for writing. But, as there's nothing to prevent, we shall be married very soon, just as soon as our house is ready."

"That's right, Henry; and now I advise you," said Hadley, laughing, "to give away a certain beautiful hat, which you have kept very choice here fore, or I shall most certainly inform Mrs. Stevens of your first love, and bring forth that elegant keep-sake as conclusive evidence against you."

"Hadley, nothing could tempt me to part with it; and, as to showing it to my wife, I have had that pleasure already, for it is no other than she who made it. I have been to New Hampshire; found her not married, as you once prophesied, but soon will be, I hope, to your humble servant."

Hadley was dumb with surprise and vexation. He scarcely knew whether to think his friend had lost his wits, or never had any to lose.

"To think," said he to his better half, after pouring into her ear the provoking tale, "to think of such a fastidious person choosing such a wife, when he might have married Mr. Seabury's niece, I haven't a doubt. We are to spend the first evening after their return with the fair bride. I presume she will appear in shoes an inch thick; knit yarn socks, or braid hats, all the evening."

The evening at length arrived which found the young lawyer a married man in his own home. The house he had chosen was in the suburbs of the city. Hadley's mind was filled with anything but pleasant emotions as his lady and himself approached the dwelling.

It was one of the most charming little houses in the world, with the most charming little parlour, and, on going in, the visitors saw the most charming little bride, and a bridegroom who seemed to be very much charmed.

"Why, it's Miss Greenough!" whispered Mrs. Hadley.

"Not Miss Greenough, but Mrs. Stevens," said Mr. Seabury, as he introduced them to the happy couple, who seemed to be quite as much pleased as any one.

"Now, this is delightful," said Hadley, after the whole story had been told.

"So romantic!" said his wife.

"And you'll forgive your friend this once," said the bride, "and I will promise he shan't marry any more braiders of the backwoods, if I can help it."

So ends the tale.

Live for a Purpose.

Perhaps the secret of all success in life, of all greatness, nay, even of human happiness itself, is to live for purpose. The man of aimless objects, however rich he may be, however blessed with health, however favored in his domestic relations, however generally liked, rarely enjoys existence. Nature seems, in fact, to avenge herself on him for his want of purpose in life.

There are many persons, always busy, who yet have no great purpose in view. They fritter away their energies on a hundred objects, never accomplishing anything, because never giving their undivided attention to any one thing. They are like butterflies that flit from spot to spot, never gaining wealth, while the ant, that steadily adheres to a certain circuit around its hole, gradually lays up stores for winter. Such persons are doomed to be dissatisfied in the end, even if they are not sooner, for they will find that, in the race of life, they have been passed by all who had a purpose. It is not only the positive drones, therefore, but the *busy-idle*, if we may coin a phrase for the occasion, that make a blunder of life for want of a purpose.

It is always the boy, who has a purpose, that becomes distinguished at school or college. He makes up his mind to succeed in some particular branch, or branches of knowledge; he concentrates all his energies to win the goal; and generally triumphs, even over class-mates of greater ability. So in adult life, the man who sticks to his pursuit, nay, devotes his whole soul to it, is the man who prospers. Few persons ever succeed who shift from one thing to another, or who give only a divided attention to business. It is having a definite purpose, and keeping, so to speak, the winning post always before the view, that carries a man triumphantly over the race-course of life. No man ever became great without having done this. Newton put his entire intellect into mathematics. Milton devoted his life to preparation for writing Paradise Lost. Sir Humphry Davy gave himself to chemistry, as he has said, as to a mistress. Blackstone, abandoning poetry, concentrated on law. The younger Pitt, from his very childhood, trained himself to be a great debater, that he might become Prime Minister. We might multiply examples. But these are sufficient to establish our point, and show that no man, without a purpose, ever became great.

But it is not only worldly prosperity, it is not even human greatness also, which demands a purpose in life. Without a purpose no man can enjoy true happiness. Something to live for, some great battle to fight, seems to be the necessity of a complete and harmonious existence. The mind and soul hunger after such employment as the palate after food, and if denied it, turn inward and gnaw themselves, as the empty stomach corrodes its coats. It is not so much the victory to be gained as the struggle itself, which our natures appear to require. The man with some great purpose in view, on which he unites all the resources of his mind, carries about with him an antidote against the ordinary ills of life. But they, of either sex, who have no such purpose, fall an easy prey to even trivial sorrow, or, if sorrow passes them by, become victims to morbid fancies. Hence idle rich men, and unmarried women, with nothing to engross their time, are always the most unhappy of their kind.

To be doing something is, in fact, an ordination of nature. That something must be definite also—solid pabulum for the energies to act upon, not mere whipt-cream fit only for children. In a word, it must embody a purpose, which can become the man's great object in life. With such a purpose even the humblest may be happy. Without it, the greatest genius will fail miserably. The man with a purpose is like a gallant steamer that drives straight on towards his harbor, in storm or calm, in darkness as well as in daylight. He who has no purpose is like a rudderless ship, drifting about the ocean of life, sometimes, by chance, reaching a port, but oftener foundering far out of sight of land.—*Phil. Ledger.*

The Management of the Finger Nails.

According to European fashion, they should be of an oval figure, transparent, without specks or ridges of any kind; the semilunar fold, or white half circle, should be fully developed, and the pellicle or cuticle which forms the configuration around the root of the nails, thin and well defined, and, when properly arranged, should represent, as nearly as possible, the shape of a half-filbert. The proper arrangement of the nails is to cut them of an oval shape, corresponding with the form of the fingers; they should not be allowed to grow too long, as it is difficult to keep them clean; nor too short, as it allows the ends of the fingers to become flattened and enlarged by being pressed upwards, against the nails, and gives them a clumsey appearance. The epidermis which forms the semicircle around, and adheres to the nail, requires particular attention, as it is frequently dragged on with its growth, drawing the skin below the nail so tense as to crack and separate into what are called agnails. This is easily remedied, by carefully separating the skin from the nail by a blunt, half round instrument. Many persons are in the habit of continually cutting this pellicle, in consequence of which it becomes exceedingly irregular, and often injurious to the growth of the nail. They also frequently pick under the nails with a pin, penknife, or the point of a sharp scissors, with the intention of keeping them clean, by doing which they often loosen them, and occasion considerable injury. The nails should be cleansed with a brush not too hard, and the semicircular skin should not be cut away, but only loosened, without touching the quick; the finger being afterwards dipped in tepid water, and the skin pushed back with a towel. This method, which should be practised daily, will keep the nails of a proper shape, prevent agnails, and the pellicles from thickening or becoming rugged, or ill-formed; the longitudinal ridges or fibres should be scraped and rubbed with lemon, afterwards rinsed in water, and well dried with the towel; but if the nails are very thin, no benefit will be derived by scraping; on the countrary, it might cause them to split. If the nails grow more to one side than to the other, they should be cut in such a manner as to make the point come as much as possible in the centre of the end of the fingers.—*Durlachor.*

"It's all Right Captain."

As the fleet steamer R. was coming up the Mississippi, not long since, several way passengers came on board at Vicksburg, and among others a giant looking, middle aged Kentuckian, who very soon became the subject of curiosity, wonder and general remark. After travelling a short distance, the party, except our "hero," made their way to the "Captain's Office," and paid their fare to the place of destination. The next day, the clerk made bold to call on the delinquent passenger, who had taken no berth, but had passed the greater part of his time in his chair, and with his usual urbanity of manner, asked the Kentuckian to give him his place of destination, as it would help him in making up his book, intending his question also as a gentle hint for him to pay his fare.

The giant rose from his legarthy and replied:

"I'm going up the river a piece—it's all right, Mr. Clerk."

The clerk not being much the wiser from this answer, again politely asked—

"At what point do you intend to land, sir?"

"Don't land at *no point*, Mr. Clerk. It's all *right* though."

Here the clerk left our hero and went to consult the Captain, who at once lost his wonted good humour, as the clerk related the result of his interview with the delinquent customer. The captain proceeded forthwith to bring the matter to a focus, and accosted the Kentuckian, saying:

"How far are you going to bear us company up the river, uncle?"

"Oh! I'm going a piece up with ye—but it's all *right*, Captain!"

"But, sir," said the captain, "you have neither paid your fare nor given the clerk your place of destination, and you are old enough to know the custom of steamboat men, that when a man refuses to pay his fare, or to give a good reason for not paying, we put him ashore immediately."

"W-e-ll, captain, 'spose 'tis your custom, but it's all right."

Here the captain lost his patience, and resolved to put him ashore forthwith, and accordingly ordered the pilot to land, and told him to make ready to go ashore, to which he very graciously replied:

"It's all *right*, Captain."

The boat landed, and the plank put out, the giant was told to walk, to which he readily assented, saying:

"It's all right."

After getting on terra firma, the captain gave him a short blessing for giving him the trouble to land, threatening him a tip top dressing if he ever saw him again, &c. To which the old man responded again, with an air of triumph, pointing to a fine-looking cottage just above him on the bank:

"It's all *right*, Captain; that's my house. It's all *right*."

SOCIETY OF THE LAST MAN.—About twenty-one years ago, seven young men of this city, then in the early flush of manhood, entered into an association for an annual meeting and supper so long as any of their number should survive. These seven were Dr. Vattier, Dr. James M. Mason, William Stansbury, William Disney, Jr., Henry L. Tatem, Joseph R. Mason and Fenton Lawson. For several years, the pleasure of their meeting was unalloyed with sorrow by death. In 1839 one vacant seat and one unused plate announced the beginning of the wreck which death was sure at last to make of all their number. By and by a second empty plate bore its quiet testimony to the stern reality of the relentlessness of the grave. Soon but four met at the annual commemoration, and another unoccupied chair told its silent story.—A year or two longer, and the dead were more than the living; three survivors remained, four had died; and now another, Fenton Lawson, swells the triumph of the grave. Next October, Dr. Vattier and Henry Tatem will meet alone if death is not too urgent, and how sadly and solemnly, as they look upon the memorials of their departed associates, will they mentally agitate the question which, of the two, will finally sit solitary in the shadowy presence of the dead, and say "to the grave thou art my brother, and to corruption thou art my sister." How awful that last supper when the sole survivor enters the room, and sees there the seven plates and the seven chairs, each of which tells him "what shadows we are, what shadows we pursue."—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Dr. Potter, of Philadelphia, thus good-naturedly alludes to certain well-known "provincialisms" in American manners:

"I am a little afraid that a great many people in this country are rather prone to undervalue this part of education. Certainly we have no admiration for anything finical or affected in manners. We don't want the manners of a village dancing school. But genuine good breeding, gentle manners, ease, modesty, and propriety of bearing, we do exceedingly value. When shall we cease to be described as a spitting nation—as a lounging people? When shall we cease to be known by our slovenly speech, by our practice of sitting with our feet higher than our heads? During an excursion of several months in Europe last year, I met hundreds of English at home, and on the continent, in every sort of situation. I never saw one spit! I cannot remember that I ever saw any one, however fatigued, lounging or sitting in an unbecoming manner! So long as the State shall feel itself obligated to provide "spittoons" for its legislative halls—so long as the directors of our railroads shall find occasion to attach to the inside of their carriages printed requests to the passengers to "use the spittoons" and not the floor, and not to put their feet upon the seats—so long as we shall continue to fill our conversation and our political harangues with the slang of the fish market, let us not be surprised nor angry if foreigners sometimes make themselves witty at our expense. And in the meantime let all those who are entrusted with the care of the young use their utmost efforts to correct these national barbarisms, and to form the manners of the rising generation after a model more elevated and more refined."

SOMNAMBULIC YOUNG LADY.—In Cincinnati a young lady, Miss Julia Knight, while in a state of somnambulism, one night last week, left her sleeping-apartment, and donned the coat, vest, and pants of her brother. This done, she proceeded to a closet in an adjoining room, and took from there a razor and strop. Returning to her own room, immediately opposite her brother's, she seated herself and commenced sharpening the razor in a woman-like manner. The noise produced by this operation awakened her brother, who, on rising and inquiring the cause, was told by her that she was about to shave, and she wished he would retire and not alarm the family by making so much ado about nothing. Suspecting her condition, he cautiously told her that if she would hand it to him he would assist in sharpening it. At this she readily relinquished the dangerous weapon; her brother placed it out of reach, and then proceeded, by gentle means, to awaken her. This he at last accomplished, but such was the surprise of the lady, on discovering her situation, that she immediately fainted, but was restored by the usual appliances.

AMERICAN HYPERBOLE.—Upon a certain occasion, a curt gentleman, who is a physician by profession, was called upon to testify before a jury with regard to a severe whipping given by a woman to a servant child.—The counsel for the prosecution asked him—"Doctor, what, in your opinion, must be the necessary result of such blows as those you have heard the witness swear were given to this child by the respondent?" Just as the doctor had begun to make his reply, the defence objected to the question as leading, and the doctor was told to give no answer. The counsel for the prosecution, bent on getting the doctor's opinion in some shape or other, framed the question in a different manner, and put it to the doctor half a dozen times, but always with the same result. Tired at last of being badgered in this way, the doctor turned short round to the jury, and said—"Gentlemen of the jury, if a jackass had the skin of an alligator for an overcoat, and a piece of boiler plate underneath, and that jackass were to be flogged one-half as bad as that woman whipped that child, all creation couldn't save the jackass from dying?"

The German ladies with all their cultivation, take the most intimate interest in housewifery, and they are remarkable for cheerfulness of temper, for natural and charming manners, and for the intelligence and vivacity of their conversational powers. Who knows but the terrible dearth of subjects of conversation among us might be somewhat mitigated if our ladies spent a part of every morning among the various cares and duties, on the proper performance of which so much of the comfort and happiness of life depends, and which call into action far higher powers than those required for the bald chit-chat of an evening party, or the inanities of a morning call?

The Norristown (Pa.) Watchman states that the following lines were copied from a tombstone upon which there was no name, in an old graveyard in Virginia:

My name—my country—what are they to thee,
What whether high or low my pedigree;
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men—
Perhaps I fell behind them all—what then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou see'st a tomb—
Thou know'st its use—it hides, no matter whom.

CHINESE LANGUAGE.—Who would have thought six years ago that the laws of one of the States of the Union would have to be published in English and Chinese, for general circulation. Yet so it is. The ninth section of an act passed by the California Legislature for the collection of the foreign miners' tax has been printed in the Chinese language, for the information of more than thirty thousand Chinese in the new State. Tong-k a-chuch, a Chinaman, certifies that the translation is "faithful and good."—*Albany Argus.*

All domestic and other servants residing in Paris are ordered to register at the Prefecture of Police, under penalty of imprisonment and expulsion,