The Saint John Observer.

D. A. CAMERON, PROPRIETOR. | A Family Paper, devoted to News, Literature, Miscellaneous and General Intelligence. | OFFICE, CORNER OF PRINCE WM. AND CHURCH STS.

Terms, $2 50 per annum. | SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1855. | New Series.----Vol. III. No. 15.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Building and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber.
I. WOODWARD.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary*

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON Fire and Life Insurance Company,

Established in 1836.

Empowered by Special Acts of Parliament.

OFFICES—37, Castle Street, Liverpool; 20 and 21 Poultry, London; 61, King Street, Manchester 66, Wall Street, New York; 3, Bridge Street' Sydney; and Elizabeth Street, South Melbourne'

Capital, £2,000,000 Sterling.

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The undersigned, as the authorised Agent of the above Company, continues to issue the policies of the Company, which will protect the assured from loss by fire upon every description of property usually covered by fire policies.

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JOHN KINNEAR, PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

Is now receiving for Sale:—

300 BOXES 7x9, 8x10, 9x12, 10x12, and 10x14 Window GLASS;
100 Rocking and other CHAIRS;
50 boxes CLOTHES PINS;
TUBS, PAILS, and other Wood WARE;
12 William CABS, falling Tops.

Also—*In Warehouse and in Store:*—
250 boxes Window GLASS, from 12x16 to 18x24;
100 do. half white, 10x12, a superior article.
Aug. 15.

LANDING ex schr. "Billow" from New York, and schr. "Pearl" from Boston:—
6 Iron Hitching Posts;
4 Pig Troughs; 3 Clothes Irons;
1 Force PUMP; 12 Boys Sleds;
16 Jack Screws; Piano Stool Screws; Hammers, Padlocks; Flush, Drawer, and Chest Handles; Handled Auger Bitts; Corner and Plastering Trowels; Fish and Chalk Lines; Carpenter's Pencils, Chalk Line Reels, Caulking Irons, Callipers. For sale by
Aug. 15. JAMES N. C. BLACK.

FLOUR LANDING.—100 Brls. American Superfine FLOUR, ex "Wanderer."
100 bbls. American Superfine Flour, ex Alamode from New York.
Aug. 15. THOS. HANFORD.

Corn, Corn Meal, and Rye Flour.

Ex Ships "*Kennebec*," and "*Thomas H. Perkins*," from Philadelphia:—

300 TONS Buck Mountain Steam Coal
100 tons superior White Ash Nut COALS, for house use;
500 brls. kiln dried CORN MEAL;
100 do. Rye FLOUR;—For sale low from the vessel on arrival, by
July 3. CUDLIP & SNIDER.

Agricultural Implements!

THE Subscribers are now receiving by steamer, and Brig Alamode—a large and well selected Stock of HAYING TOOLS, &c., comprising: North Wayne SCYTHES, Hay Rakes, Hay Forks and CHURNS.

—DAILY EXPECTED:—
A Supply of Scythe SNATHES, Stones, &c.
For sale Wholesale and Retail, as low as any in market. FLEWWELLING & READING,
June 12, Dock Street.

Flour & Corn Meal.

Daily expected to arrive, Ex *Regulator* from New York.

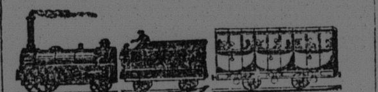
125 BARRELS Extra Superfine FLOUR;
25 do. CORN MEAL.
For sale by JOHN. V. THURGAR.
June 19, 1855.

FLUID and CALCINED MAGNESIA—in white glass bottles, very cheap; for slae at JOHN KINNEAR'S.
Aug. 8. Prince Wm. Street.

Bread, Beef and Pork.

—IN STORE—
60 BRLS. Navy BREAD;
30 do. Mess BEEF;
16 barrels Prime PORK.
GEORGE THOMAS,
Sept. 26. Lovett's Slip, Water-street.

Steam Boat and Railroad!



FALL ARRANGEMENT.

PORTLAND and BOSTON.

TWO TRIPS PER WEEK!
MONDAYS and THURSDAYS.

The new, fast and spacious Steamers
ADELAIDE, Capt. Winchester,
AND
EASTERN CITY, Capt Field.

will on and after Monday, the 27th August inst., make

TWO TRIPS PER WEEK;

leaving Saint John every MONDAY and THURSDAY Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for *EASTPORT, PORTLAND*, and *BOSTON*, connecting with the Cars at Portland for Montreal and Quebec, and from Portland to Boston, Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Toronto, Michigan, Chicago, St. Louis, and all the principal places West, by the great Western route.

RETURNING,

Will leave T Wharf, Boston, every MONDAY and THURSDAY Mornings, at 9 o'clock, and PORTLAND the same evenings, at 5 o'clock, or on arrival of the 12 o'clock Train from Boston.

Passengers can obtain through Tickets at the office of the Boston and Maine or Eastern Railroad, at the same Fare as by the boats from Boston.

These are the only new Steamers on this route, combining all the modern improvements in regard to strength, speed, and safety, and are built sufficiently strong to take all the Freight that offers, without injury to the Boats, or to the comfort of the Passengers, and do not require *continued puffing* to maintain their reputation as the Best and Fastest Boats on the route.

The new and fast Steamer QUEEN will connect with the above Boats at Eastport, for St. Andrew's, Robbinstown and Calais.

State Rooms secured at the office of
L. H. WATERHOUSE, Agent,
August 22. *South Market Wharf*

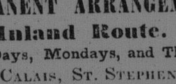
PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT.

Inland Route.

Regular Days, Mondays, and Thursdays.

Eastport, Calais, St. Stephens, St. Andrews, Portland, Boston, New-York, Quebec, Montreal, Albany, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls, via the Portland and Montreal, and the Worcester, Western, and New-York Central Rail Roads.

The fast and superior Sea-going Steamer



"ADMIRAL,"

750 Tons, - - - Captain M. SMALL.

WILL leave her landing, next Wharf to the Custom House, every MONDAY and THURSDAY Morning, at 8 o'clock, for PORTLAND, touching at EASTPORT. Passengers forwarded from Portland every trip by the first Train of Cars, on Thursday and Friday, for any of the above places.

This being the only Regular Inland Route, commends itself to the travelling public, avoiding the rough weather and danger passing Cape Ann.

The speed of the "Admiral," will ensure the passengers being in Portland in time for the first morning Cars, consequently, can be in Boston some hours in advance of any other line.

RETURNING—Leave PORTLAND every TUESDAY and FRIDAY Evening at 5 o'clock, or on arrival of the 12 o'clock Train from Boston, and arrive in St. John early in the afternoon of Wednesday and Saturday, in time to meet the Steamers for Fredericton, and all parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

For the comfort of the passengers, the owners of the Admiral do not allow her to be heavily laden with freight.

Through Tickets from New-York can be had at the office of Wm. Macaulay & Co., Agent, 133 Water Street; and from Boston can be had at the Eastern and Boston and Maine Railroad Depots, also at 23 Commercial Wharf, and Favor's Express Office, 10 Court Square, at Gunnison's Express Office No 32 Railroud Exchange Court Square.

Plans of the Boat can be seen and State Rooms secured, on application to
GEORGE THOMAS, Agent.
Aug. 1. Lovett's Slip, Water Street.

SHEFFIELD HOUSE, MARKET SQUARE.

Perfumery, Soaps, &c.

WE have opened a Choice Assortment of English and French PERFUMERY, Soaps, &c., from some of the most nored makers of the day—consisting of

LUBIN'S celebrated extracts of Violet, Geranium, Caroline, Sweet Briar, Moss Rose, Jenny Lind, Patchouly, Musk, West End, New Mown Hay, Napoleon 3d, Boquet d'Eugenie.

LEWIS & CLEAVER'S Extracts in variety—Bandolines, Ceophanes, Philocomes, Bear's Grease Crystal Cream, Castorine, Rose Marrow, Castor Oil Pomade, Marrow Oil, Fawn's Marrow, Hair Oils, Violet Powder, *Toilet Puffs and Boxes* Tooth Powders, *Shaving Creams*, Honey Shaving Squares, Eu de Colognes, Liquid Glue.

SOAPS—Brown Windsor, Honey, Sand, and other Fancy Soaps; Honey Soaps in boxes, &c. *Wholesale and Retail*, at extremely low prices.
ROBINSON & THOMSON,
July 11.—2w. Proprietors.

SHEFFIELD HOUSE, MARKET SQUARE.

Brass and Enamelled Preserving Kettles.

WE have opened an assortment of six defferent sizes of Brass and Enamelled PRESERVING KETTLES, at remarkably low prices

Also—A lot of Pinking Irons and Punches.

☞ *Wholesale and Retail.* ☜

ROBINSON & THOMPSON,
July 25.—3w. *Proprietors.*

RAISINS.—100 Boxes, 50 half do., and 50 quarter do. Just received in prime order, and for sale low by
FLEWWELLING & READING,
July 25. Dock Street.

Poetry.

THE BROOK AND THE FLOWER.

BY GEORGE T. CAMPBELL.

A beautiful flower on a moss-bank grew,
And a rivulet passed that way;
The sweet flower nodded, and bright stars smiled,
While the little brook sang its lay.

The flower had wedded the tiny stream,
And nodded, and smiled, and sung:
And numerous plants on the moss-bank grew,
That had from the union sprung.

But winter came; the rivulet chilled;
The wind on the moss-bank sighed,
And the faint flower low on its loved one's breast
Had sank, and withered, and died.

The sun returned—its beams came down,
And again was the rivulet free;
But the flower smiled not from its moss-grown bank,
Where once was its joy to be.

But their offspring smiled on the troubled brook,
From the moss-covered bank above,—
And they sang while the dews of night came down,
Of the brook and thee flower's love.

A Story for the Ladies.

A SKETCH.

How Mr. Easy Kept House while his Wife went to the Sewing-Circle.

Mr. Easy was one of the most good-natured, idle, happy, don't care sort of men that the sun ever shone upon. It didn't trouble him an iota whether there was a war in the kitchen or the Crimea, if he had but a newspaper, a cigar, and a lounge as *tall* as himself, whereon he could recline at full length and see the blue smoke curl up and waft away—he didn't care where—if Mrs. Easy wasn't in the mood of talking. The whole family of little Easies might dance around, spin tops, play ball, overturn the coal-hods and take his best hat for an ottoman, without his ever turning his eyes in that direction.

But a very different kind of person was Mrs. Easy; she cherished the idea that nature intended her to be *somebody*, and that the only obstacle to her rapid rising in the estimation of mankind generally, was the supineness of her slothful and *easy* husband. When the thermometer indicated less than seventy degrees, the house was comparatively quiet; and if Jimmy did pull Benny's hair and set him to crying, and then in his efforts to run away, fall over his father's boots and upset his mother's work-basket, why, Mrs. Easy never pusued him further than the door and then on her [illegible] would give her lord and master a look that would make him place the newspaper a little closer to his face to conceal his merriment.

On Wednesday afternoon, just after the dinner-table had been cleared and everything arranged orderly, Mr. Easy was occupying his favorite place on the lounge, and his wife was engaged in sewing the last button on a garment for Jimmy, when Mrs. Easy suddenly exclaimed:—

"I wish I could go to the sewing-circle this afternoon; Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Holbrook and almost everybody I know is going—and they are to choose officers, too, and I heard they talked of nominating me for president."

"Well, do go," said the husband, laying down his paper; to her utter astonishment having noticed her remark without her repeating it.

"I don't feel very well, and I will stay at home and see to the children and have everything first-rate when you get back."

"First-rate!" repeated the wife, a little excited; "you have kept house before, and when I got home it looked as though there had been a fire here, and I said then I would never leave you again with the children."

"Well, my dear, you know experience is a good teacher; so just try me this once, and see if you don't find things in good shape when you get back."

The wife hesitated a few moments, and then the desire to spend the afternoon with her friends, and the idea, too, that when she returned she might be an officer in the society, prevailed over her fears of household disorder. So, after giving her husband various instructions how to proceed for the next six hours, (of which he heard not a word though a nod now and then caused his more ambitious half to believe that he treasured up the whole of them) she went to her chamber to dress for the occasion.

Half an hour afterwards Mrs. Easy entered the sitting-room, and her husband thought he never saw her look more attractive then she did in her closely-fitting boddice and brocade skirt, and he firmly resolved to do his best to merit her approbation when she returned.

"I want a piece of bread and butter," said Jimmy, about half an hour after his mother had left. His father was still on the lounge with the newspaper before him, and not being accustomed to attend to the wants of the children, he already forgot the responsible trust he had assured; so Jimmy, finding his request unheeded, proceeded to help himself, and going to the closet he climbed to the top shelf in search of the article he desired, but making a mistep down came Jimmy, bread, butter, Mrs. Easy's favorite soup-tureen, and several other dishes.

"Come down, Jimmy!" said his father—the crash having brought him to his senses.

"I *am* down," replied the boy, trying to extricate himself from among the fragments.

"I should think you were down, and all your mother's china with you!" said Mr. Easy with sorrow depicted on his countenance; "but there there, Jimmy, don't cry; I'll buy some more before your mother gets back—so, you be a good boy and run out to play; here's a cent for you," and the father took his pocket-handkerchief and rubbed the butter either in or off the boy's face and left it shinning like an apothecary's bottle by gas light; then gathering up the broken ware and putting it into the swill-pail, he swept the remainder of the butter into the dust-pan, and again seated himself on his favorite spot. But his troubles were not yet ended—for Jimmy's mishap and outcry had awakened Ella, the youngest, who had been sleeping in the cradle. She vociferously demanded where was ma.

"Oh, Lord," said her father, half musingly "she is gone down to Mrs. Norwood's to the *sewing-circle*. If it was a *man* who invited them, I hope he will have to keep house every Wednesday afternoon as long as he lives."

"Gone down to Mrs. Norwood's," repeated Benny to whom Jimmy has told the story of his misfortunes and who was now viewing the ruins.

"I'll go right straight down and tell her that Jimmy's broke a whole lot of dishes, and the baby's crying' and pa won't give us nothing to eat."

"Come back!" shouted the father, while the perspiration stood in drops on his face. But the boy knew that his pa never used the rod, so the call had no other effect than to make him increase his speed in the direction of Mrs. Norwood's house. The parent did not wait to give a second call, but started in pursuit of the fugitive. He was just decending the steps that led from the outer door to the pavement, when, owing to the butter on the soles of his boots, he slipped and fell, reaching the street without any muscular effort on his part. Mr. Easy groaned aloud; but he had no time to ascertain if any of his bones were broken, so away he hobbled, much to the amusement of a group of shavings-boys, who were on the corner opposite. In spite of all his exertions, the distance widened between him and his undutiful son; so he hired one of the boys to overtake Benney and bring him back. Away went the boy on his errand, while the *housekeeper*, forgetting he had left the baby at home alone, stopped in at the nearest shop to rest. Presently he heard an outcry in the street, and on going to the door, he beheld his son (who had some of his mother's blood in his veins) in mortal combat with the boy who was trying to force him home against his will. Benny had already received a black eye, the blood flowed freely from his nostrils and his clothes were considerably the worse for the afternoon's wear. Away went Mr. Easy to the rescue, and triumphantly captured his son, whose garments fluttered in the wind. The group of shavings-boys voluntarily escorted them to their threshold and made the air resound with vocal music—thus giving more publicity to the affair and increasing Mr. Easy's troubles, which seemed to have no end.

Ella, who had seen between two and three years of life, [illegible] inquiring mind; and when she saw herself the sole occupant of the room, and found that if she did cry there was no one to here her—she climbed up the side of the cradle, tipped it over and started on a voyage of discovery on her own account. Her first attempt was to obtain a drink of water, in doing which she upset a brimming pail and then stooped to quench her thirst from the brook she had made. Next she proceeded to investigate an escritoire upon a small table in the corner of the sitting-room. The large black marks the ink made on the paper pleased her very much, but in continuing this occupation, the ink bottle was soon upside down on the carpet, the dark liquid spreading rapidly. Though Ella's education was limited, she had learned to discriminate somewhat between right and wrong; her last act she concluded must be of the latter class, and to make amends, she endeavored to scrape up the ink with her hands. At that moment a fly lit on her nose, and with the same hand she routed him. After this, it would have been difficult to determine to which of the five races she owed her origin. The next scene of action was in the kitchen-closet, where a pitcher of milk was partly drunk and the remainder poured into a pan of flour. Ella began to knead the contents, but she preferred more room, so she dragged the pan into the centre of parlor, the door of that apartment being ajar.

A few moments after Mr. Easy entered with his sons, determinc to shut them up for the rest of the afternoon. But what was his horror to find his kitchen afloat, the sitting-room carpet stained beyond all probability of restoration, and the parlor strown with flour and literally covered with paste. His first idea was of a voyage to Australia, and of leaving each one to his fate; but then came the thought of his poor wife.

"If I have such a hard time in taking care of the children for a few hours," said he, "what must be poor Susan's trials, staying here all the time, and not only taking care of them, but attending to all her other duties I always thought women had a very easy time, but I give up that idea now, and only wonder that so few are in the insane asylums. From this time forth I am *easy* no longer, but I will be industrious and frugal—and if at home the domestic whirlwind blow Olympus-high, I shall not attribute it to her—but remembering this day, seek for the true cause."

After musing and resolving what to do, he set himself about restoring order once more; but it seemed to him to look worse when he had done, than when he begun, for as he hadn't thought to wash the children's hands and remove their soiled clothes, they had been going about leaving their *marks*. Neither did his brain suggest to him that if he let the paste dry on the parlor carpet, it could be removed without injury; but he undertook to wash up the floor in the same manner as he had done the water and the ink from the other rooms, and with the same cloth too. As he thought hot water might be the best, he went to considerable trouble to obtain it; and, after carrying into execution his threat of shutting up the boys, he went on with his work. We leave the reader to judge how much the beauty of the carpet had increased an hour afterwards, when with tried muscles and an aching heart he arose from his humble position.

But we will not follow Mr. Easy *too* minutely through all his troubles on that eventful afternoon. While Jimmy and Benny were prisoners in the bed-room, they amused themselves by playing ball around the room, and circus on the white counterpane. In a short time the wash-bowl and pitcher were in fragments, the looking-glass cracked, and the counterpané dangling on the floor!

Mr. Easy in his anxiety to keep the youngest one quiet, gave her whatever she desired. As he found she was Mrs. Easy in miniature when thwarted, he gave her bread and butter to spread for herself, silver spoons to drum with, scissors to cut a newspaper—and when his back was turned. she cut her curls and strewed them about the floor. Then she called for the sugar-bowl, which he considered perfectly harmless, but the room was soon thronged with flies. By this time, Jimmy and Benny, after promising good behavior, had gained their liberty, and wished for a drink of molasses and water. This request was granted, and they were permitted to mix it for themselves; their father having taken a seat in despair, and made up his mind to await patiently the result of all this chaos, when his better-managing half should return. But a scream from the kitchen brought him to his feet again, to behold Ella dripping with molasses, a large vessel of which Benny had upset on her head, in his eagerness to get a tumbler of the sweet beverage. Ella, with blinded eyes, grasped the first object that came in her way, which happened to be her father, with his Sunday pants on. Alas! poor Mr. Easy! on finishing his *cleaning* operations, he found his pants so bedaubed with flour-paste and ink, it would have been hard to tell if he were a baker or a printer; so as his best ones were the nearest at hand, he doffed his *floured* garb, and now what a misfortune! Mr. Easy was mad! stark mad! and at that moment he caught a glimpse of the rod of correction which on the shelf, and which he had often thought it was all nonsense to use; but he was now of a very differen mind, and he plied it dexterously until it become too short; and then ended the tragic farce by putting them all to bed supperless. As he had not much appetite himself, it did not occur to him that they might not be similarly inclined.

After the children had cried themselves to sleep, and the house was once more still, Mr. Easy pondered in his mind whether it would [illegible] for him to see his wife, or his wife to [illegible] house first; and he came to the conclusion that the former would be the better mode of proceeding. He knew she intended to stay in the evening, so as it began to grow dark, he crept softly down stairs, went to a clothing store near by, and purchased a new pair of pants and a few other articles to match; then going to his room, he made an entire change of apparel. "I will lounge about no *longer in a thread-bare coat*," he mentally exclaimed, as he surveyed himself in the glass, and saw the change in his appearance; "but I will throw off these idle habits I have indulged in, and be a man among men; nor will I burden my wife with so many cares, until from necessity she is compelled to neglect the culture and habits of our children."

With thoughts like these he again went into the street, and stopping at the next door, rang the bell, which summons was answered by a young girl.

"Nancy," he said, "my wife has gone out, and I am going too. Will you sit with the children a little while? They are asleep, and will be no trouble to you."

Nancy was a great favorite with the Easy family, and they were with her, so mutual favors were often done by each to the other. In a moment more, Nancy was ascending the stairs that led to the Easy family, while the husband was on his way to the sewing-circle.

Ladies, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Easy," said Mr. Norwood. Mrs. Easy, who was really a pretty smart woman, and who now held the highest office in the gift of the ladie's present, looked up to see who this namesake of hers was. But who can picture her astonishment when she beheld her astonishment when she beheld her own masculine property in a new suit standing before her. It was the first time since their marriage that he had ever voluntarily entered company to spend a social evening with her, and she longed to ask him a thousand questions:—How he had got along—who was taking care of the children—why he came—and what made him buy those clothes. But Mrs. Easy had too much good sense to manifest the commotion within, and when he took a seat by her side, she treated him with that respect which is ever due from a wife to her husband. But when all eyes were turned in another direction, she whispered in his ear:—

"Did the children behave good?"

"Can't you go home pretty soon, Susan?" was the reply. "I have something to say to you."

At first Mrs. Easy felt alarmed, and then she thought it could not be anything serious, or he would not be there. But Mr. Easy seemed so different from what he generally was, she was puzzled as well as pleased. He was so polite and gentlemanly, and he had so many new ideas to advance, she thought he hadn't read so many newspapers for nothing, and she really felt proud of him, and she resolved not to scold so much in future, nor try to convice him of her superiority, but on the other hand make him believe *he* was *somebody* and she was *his wife*.

As soon as etiquette would allow, Mr. and Mrs. Easy took their way home.

"Come to your chamber, Susan," said the husband, as he saw her place her hand on the knob of the parlor-door, and he remembered the scenes of the afternoon. "I wish to tell you something," and he led the way to their room, while the wife marvelled more than ever what it could mean.

"Susan," he began, "I want to talk with you, if you will listen."

She bowed assent and then placed the lamp she had lighted on the table. Mr. Easy had the next twenty minutes' conversation without interruption from her; at the end of that time Susan did not know whether to shed tears of joy or of sorrow, whether to speak no word of reproach or to so far unsex herself as to curse him for the loss of carpets, and for the ruin and chaos that met her vision when she looked around on her suit of rooms. A few moments of silence, and she obeyed the better voice within, and only put her arm around her husband's neck, laid her head upon his shoulder and said, weeping:

"I will believe you, and trust this afternoon's experience will prove no loss. If you will but become industrious and energetic, it is all I ask; I shall then be able to have leisure to teach the children in such a manner they will remember the lessons when I am not here to enforce them."

Mr. Easy was up with the sun the next morning, and away to his business; and when some neighbors entered, after dinner, they were surprised not to find him on the lounge as usual, but a frown from the wife put a stop to all inquiries, and so the matter dropped.

In a few years Mr. Easy became a landlord instead of a tenant; but to this day the neighbors have not discovered the secret of his reform, and she wouldn't tell even me; but I overheard them talking about it the other evening, and discussing the expediency of getting their now meaningless surname changed. How ridiculous in her not to tell all she knows! and now I have found it out, I'll put it in the paper out of spite; which, I suppose, is the most effectual way of informing all my friends of the cause of the rise and progress of the Easy family.

Involuntary Disclosures of Language.

There have been always those who have sought to make light of the hurts which man has inflicted on himself, of the sickness with which he is sick; who would fain persuade themselves and others, that moralists and divines, if they have not quite invented, have enormously exaggerated, these. But are these statements found only in scripture and in sermons? Are there not mournful corroborations of their truth imprinted deeply upon every region of man's natural and spiritual life, and on none more deeply than on his language? It needs no more than to open a dictionary, and to cast our eye thoughtfully down a few columns, and we shall find abundant confirmation of this sadder and sterner estimate of man's moral and spiritual condition. How else shall we explain this long catalogue of words, having all to do with sin, or with sorrow, or with both? How came they there? We may be quite sure that they were not invented without being needed, that they have a correlative in the world of realities. I open the first letter of the alphabet; what means this 'ah,' this 'alas,' these deep and long-drawn sighs of humanity, which at once we encounter there? And then presently follow such words as these: 'affliction,' 'agony,' 'anguish,' 'assassin,' 'atheist,' 'avarice,' and twenty more—words you will observe, for the most part not laid up in the recesses of the language, to be drawn forth and used at rare opportunities, but occupying, many of them, its foremost ranks. And indeed, as regards abundance, it is a melancholy thing to observe how much richer is every vocabulary in words that set forth sins, than in those that set forth graces.

And our dictionaries, while they tell us much, yet will not tell us all. How shamefully rich is the language of the vulgar everywhere in words which are not allowed to find their way into books, yet which live as a sinful oral tradition on the lips of men, to set forth what is unholy and impure. And of these words, as no less of those which have to do with the kindred sins of revelling and excess, how many set the evil forth with an evident sympathy and approbation, as taking part with the sin against Him who has forbidden it under pain of his extremest displeasure. How much wit, how much talent, yea, how much imagination must have stood in the service of sin, before it could have a nomenclature so rich, so varied, and often so Heaven-defying as it has.—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

The Baby Elephant.

These baby elephants are very interesting objects. They are perfectly formed throughout, and differ from their parents only in size —but that difference is so amazing that it becomes ludicrous; and when you see the "baby" walking to-and-fro *under* its mother, you cannot resist the impulse to laugh at the oddity of the comparison. And then the bulky mother's care of her "baby" is so human-like and affectionate! Give the baby an apple for instance. The mother elephant first takes it in her trunk, examines it closely, and then returns it to her infant to eat, having satisfied herself apparently of its innocuousness. And so with everything else. The watchful care, the jealous fondness, the assiduous and untiring attention of the parent monster is eminently worthy of imitation by many a being who makes profession to a much greater share of intelligence.—*True Flag.*

To Apprentices.

The only way for a young man to prepare himself for usefulness is to devote himself to study during the leisure hours. First, be industrious in your business. Never complain that you are obliged to work; go to it with alacrity and cheerfulness, and it will become a habit that will make you respected by your employers and the community. Make it your business to see and promote your employer's interest; by taking care of his, you will learn to take care of your own. Second, attend to your studies. Few apprentices can complain of a harder master than Benj. Franklin had, yet Benjamin Franklin laid the foundation for greatness while an apprentice. Success depends not upon the amount of leisure you have, but the manner in which it is improved.

To Restore Ivory,—To bleach a card-case, expose it to the sun in a close glass shade, previously washing it in spirits of wine and water, with a small quantity of soda in it. Allow it to dry very slowly in a cool place before exposure to the sun. But, under any circumstances, carving in ivory is apt to split, and become unglued. For an ink spot try a little salt of sorrel