

THE OBSERVER, Published on Tuesday, by D. A. CAMERON, at his Office, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Flowering & 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 Secretary, I. WOODWARD, St. John, Nov. 11, 1846.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership. THE Partnership hitherto carried on by the Subscribers, under the Firm of SMELLY & ABERCROMBY, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. The Subscriber, James Smelly, is authorized to uplift and discharge all debts due to and by the Company.

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

MARKET SQUARE, MAY 3, 1853.

J. & H. FOTHERBY

HAVE received per ships Liberia and St. John, and steamer Jamaica, an extensive assortment of GOODS, suitable for the season, consisting of Paley, Cashmere and Barege Long and Square SHAWLS.

An elegant assortment of DRESS MATERIALS, in Bagades, Embroidered and Fancy Ribbons, Printed and Embroidered MUSLINS, CACHEMERES, Delaines, Lustras, &c.

A large assortment of BONNETS, in all the new styles, with a very beautiful assortment of RIBBONS, PEARLS, &c.

MULLIN COLLARS, Habits, Under Sleeves; Printed Cottons, Grey and White do, Cotton Flannels, Nainette, Ticks, Bracons, Dinemas, Drills, Cotton Warp, &c., which are offered at the very lowest prices, wholesale and retail.

The remainder of Stock daily expected.

NEW GOODS, For Sale "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. PRINCE Wm. STREET, April 5.

First Spring Importations.

J. & J. HEGAN

Have received per Packet Ship "MIDDLETON," CARPETS and HEARTH RUGS, PRINTED DRUGGETS, Silks and Damasks, SHEETINGS, &c.

Also a large Stock of SHIRTINGS, CLOTH, CASHMERE, Tallors' Trimmings, &c. Prince William Street, St. John, 1853.

NEW GOODS.

Per Steamer "Niagara," from Liverpool—FURTHER supply of BONNETS; Bonnet RIBBONS; Plain and Figured Rich SILKS; SATINETS, SATINS, BARSNETTS; Rich black SILK LACES; Cambria HANDKERCHIEFS; COLLARS and HATS; HOSIERY; GLOVES and HOSIERY; SILK TRIMMINGS, BRAIDS, BUTTONS, TASSELS, &c. &c. &c. W. G. LAWTON.

VICTORIA HOUSE,

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, AND BRITISH HOUSE, KING STREET.

Saint John, 4th 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.

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 Mixed LAINES; Brocades and Embroidered ROBES; French Printed CASHMERE; Fancy Printed OULEANS; HABITS, Chemisettes, Collars, Sleeves, &c. &c. T. W. DANIEL.

GILCHRIST & INCHES

ARE NOW OPENING AT THE GOLDEN FLEECE, Prince William Street, Spring and Summer Stock, Received per Packet Ship Liberia. St. John, April 10, 1853.

PERFUMERY.

THE Subscriber has just received a fresh supply of Lohr's celebrated PERFUMES, consisting of "Jockey Club," "Bouquet de Caroline," "Van de Adelaide," "Patechomy," &c. &c., all of which are warranted genuine.—Also, a small assortment of ESSENCE and CONFECTIONARY BOXES, suitable for Christmas Presents.

THOMAS M. REED, Head of North-Wharf.

FINE GROUND GINGER.—One Ton

of the above article, ground here for customers, and warranted pure. J. W. FLOWELL & READING.

NEW GOODS.

JAMES BURRELL,

Corner of King & Germain-streets, Has received per St. John, Bellona, Min-nick, and Eastern City, from Glasgow, Liverpool, London, and United States, a general assortment of Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS,

LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS, in Cachemeres, Teba ROBES, Venetas, Delaines, Lustras, Cinnamon Cloth, Black and Coloured SATINS and Gros de Naps; Printed Muslin DRESSES;

Pateley, Satin and Cashmere Long and Square SHAWLS; BROAD CLOTHS, Cashmere, Doveskin, Satinets, Russel Cord, Mollakra, Varsenus, Grey and White COTTONS, Fancy and Twilled SHIRTINGS;

Tickings, Duck, Linens, Lawns, Hollands, Diapers, TOWELLINGS; Printed Cottons, Cotton Warp; Harness, Filled Bordered Book Muslin;

Red and white FLANNELS, Muslins, Bonnet and Cap RIBBONS; PARASOLS, Red Muslin Habit Shirts, Chemisettes and Collars;

Laces, Edgings and Insertions, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, and HOSIERY in great variety, Fancy Neck Ties, and Brasellets;

Blue Neck and Flats, Boys' Belts, Girls' Silk and Cotton Neck and Pocket Handkerchiefs; MILLINERY, Shawl Fringes and Collars, Umbrellas, Wholesale and Retail;

Braces, Stays, Bands, Silk Trimmings, Dea's Buttons, Collar Bands, Toilet Covers, Counterpanes, Small May 27.

Corner of King and Germain-streets

EIGHT DAY CHRONOMETER; 18KANT-1 BAROMETER.

second-hand, good as new.—For sale by GEO. THOMAS, June 7.

Poetry.

[From the Liverpool Standard.] THE REUCAL. BY MARION PAUL AIRD.

A wreck—a foundering wreck! A shuddering cry— "Who'll board the dawning deck Of your ship in agony?"

The wave rolls mountains high, The leaping, foaming tide, Like a wreath of foam on high— "The tempest's sport and pride.

You flag for succour pleads, A suppliant—aid the strife; From the mouth of death it intercedes Like a death-doomed soul for life.

Who'll breast the angry wave, And wrestle with the storm, And snatch from the depth of an ocean grave Each hunger-stricken form?

The Captain spoke his fears— "His impotence to save, And loudly called for volunteers; Out spoke a seaman brave—

"Launch the boat!"—a hero cries— "I'll brave the warning tide, My life for theirs, a brother dies— "On the boiling surge I'll ride.

The life-boat mounts the wave, Like an angel-form appears Amid the storm that here braves, As the sinking wreck he saves.

With toil, and thirst, and hunger dimly, From the sinking ship he drew With baviour hand, each dying one, Of that tempest-stricken crew.

The last, from the laboring bark, Was brought, like a night stone In that wilderness of waters dark, It sunk with a gurgling moan.

Then a shout of gladness rose, Like a song of victory! As he came like a conqueror 'mid his foes, And set the captive free.

'Twas a wreath for that hero brave, Who nobly, 'mid the strife, For brother-men, 'mid wind and wave, All worthless cast his life.

Literature, &c.

[From Goley's Early's Book.] EFFIE STANLEY. BY LOBERTIA.

Concluded. CHAPTER III. It was New Year's Eve. The city resounded with joy and hilarity. Merely chimed the sleigh-bells, as prancing steeds sped onward with their

gayly, while gay laughter and happy voices told that young hearts beat high as they anticipated the delights of the coming year.

The fancy stores were crowded with eager customers busily employed in selecting beautiful and costly gifts for the morrow, while without, wrapped in surprise and admiration, at the endless variety of beautiful things, stood some little half-clad folk, low viewing with earnest eyes, the tempting display in the brilliantly-lighted window.

Why does he turn away from that curiously carved top, and miniature drum, and the countless articles before him calculated to suit his taste, and gaze so long and wistfully at a wax doll that stands in the corner? Ah! he thinks of the dear little sister at home; and of the untold delight that doll would bring her; and then his lip quivers, and the big tears roll down his young cheeks, for he knows that poverty denies her not only every childish toy, but often bread enough to eat.

"Oh! with sadness and sorrow come these days of waiting to marry a lonely heart? Ye who, blessed with wealth and friends, had gladly the joyous festival, when closely round you your own loved ones gather, remember, oh! remember the suffering poor!"

And the gay throng that crowded the sidewalk was Clarence Hamilton, passing onward, his attention was suddenly arrested by a young girl, whose scanty attire seemed scarcely sufficient to protect her from the evening cold. As the light fell upon her face, he recognized it at once. It was the same that three months before he had beheld radiant with hope, but now so helplessly sad, so touchingly mournful was his expression, that his desire to know something more of the fair being, who from the first had so strongly interested him, became intense; and turning he followed the young stranger, as she passed rapidly along the

pavement, until he was suddenly arrested by the salutation of a friend just returned to the city. Leaving the disappointed Clarence, let us follow our old friend Effie, as, with the noiseless speed of a bird on the wing she glides swiftly from street to street, then threading several narrow alleys, leaving wing save business, she pauses, at length before a building far more miserable in appearance than that in which we first found her located.

Up the rickety flights of stairs, she hurries with the same breathless haste, pausing not until she reaches the third story, then, softly raising a latch, she enters her home.

Let us glance for a moment within that wretched room. Upon a narrow couch, pale, wasted to a shadow, evidently in the last stages of consumption, lies that wretched mother, so cherished, so idolized by her only child.

It could have been stern necessity, indeed, to have called that child away even for a moment, at such a time, and stern indeed it was.

Depending solely upon her weak, for support, she could not produce of those weary stitches to supply every want, Effie was compelled to leave her helpless parent alone, and carry home the fruits of her nightly labor, that with the scanty pittance due for her lodging she might be able to procure the necessaries of life.

Had indeed been the lot of our friends, since that day, a struggle alone with this cold world. Mrs. Stanley's health soon failed, so that she became utterly unable to assist in her mutual support, and though Effie toiled night and day, yet pining want stared them in the face; they had been compelled to remove from their first home, to the still more wretched one in which we find them.

Yet Effie felt that here she could endure anything, if her cherished mother only might be spared.

But ah! fond daughter, do not secret mightiest steal over your spirit, as day by day you see that fond mother sinking?

That hectic flush, that lacking cough, do they not whisper that she, so loved, is passing away? But let us turn to another scene.

Within a magnificent mansion, on the same New Year's Eve, was assembled a gay crowd of wealth and fashion.

Amid the brilliant throng of fair faces and fair forms that graced the room, Ida Leslie shone pre-eminently. Admirers crowded round her, eager to pay their compliments to the belle of the evening.

But Ida, though her beautiful lip was wreathed with the sweetest smiles, within was secretly chagrined as she beheld Clarence Hamilton, whose attentions she rejected above all others, evidently perfectly indifferent to her charms.

Talented and accomplished, possessed of a fine person, and withal of a princely fortune, Clarence Hamilton was an object of special attraction to the fair sex.

Ida Leslie, in particular, had resolved to attach him to her train of admirers, and that night, as she robed in satin, and sparkling with jewels, she stood before the mirror in her own dressing-room, and gazed upon the image of her future husband, her cheek flushed, and her eye beamed with triumph, as she thought of Clarence Hamilton, and of the brilliant conquest that she felt confident would be hers.

Al! Ida Leslie, untold loveliness alone, though it may charm for a while, yet, if the graces of the heart are wanting, transient indeed is its power. Clarence Hamilton thinks not of you, proud beauty, as he stands in that brilliant crowd, he thinks of the thought resting upon his lips, "I would give my life, that his heart is far away. Visions of the pale, sweet face, which a few hours before he had gazed upon, engross his thoughts, he had cast from the first had been so indelibly impressed upon his memory, and all around him in the air, he thought he heard the voice of the angel, who had said, "Midnight over the city. From the hall of meritiment still comes the sound of music, and of the tread of merry feet as they glide in the dance, but over the lowly home of Effie, the Angel of Death is hovering.

A welcome messenger he comes to the worn spirit, tired of earth's changes, and pointing to plume the wing for his heavenward flight, but to the lonely one who must be left behind, what bitter sorrow is in the summons!

"Effie, my precious one," faintly murmurs the dying mother, "I leave you—but not alone. Father—keep her! Effie, dearest—weep—not—I am—going—home—home. Once—more—my child!"

It was a long embrace, but at length the arms relaxed their hold; a tranquil calm crept over the cheek; the angelic light that beamed from those eyes was fading, falling; but the soul, as it passed, shed its holy, heavenly brightness upon the peaceful brow. The weary spirit had gone to its reward, and a piercing shriek Effie sank upon the floor, O, stricken orphan, the depth of the anguish that wrings thy soul we may not know! God help thee in thine agony.

CHAPTER IV. Three days passed away, and in that lonely room, by its solitary window, sat the lonely orphan. To Effie, what a world of anguish had been concentrated in those few hours! Her father, her mother, and to whom that mother was the only friend in the wide world, may know her feelings, as she sat by that lifeless form, forcing back the scalding tears, lest they should fall upon the rich satin that she had so lately worn, and the aspect that previous days had so lately seen, and the thought that her task was ended, now that those cold remains were laid beneath the sod, now that she might weep, she could not; her anguish was too great for tears!

That mother whose loving care had been bestowed upon her from infancy, was she, indeed, gone forever? That sweet smile, was its radiance never more to gladden her heart on earth? That loving voice, was it forever hushed?

There was nothing to live for now; the object that had bound her to life was gone, her last hope blighted out, and the despairing glance of that traitor eye told of the anguish that wrung her soul. Hour after hour passed on, but all unheeded; the shades of darkness fell around, but still, immovable as a statue, her head resting upon her hand, sat the lonely orphan.

Softly the moonlight fell upon the earth, and with pitying eyes, the pure star looked into that lonely chamber, and something in that heavenly radiance at length brought relief. Still gazing upward into that glorious sky she saw, but the aspect of despair had vanished; tears, gushing tears, rolled freely down her cheek, and in those blessed tears the anguish of the crushed spirit passed away. From the starry heights above, that angel-mother seemed to whisper, as of old, sweet words of love, and like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" was a sense of His protecting care who has promised to be a "Father to the fatherless."

The heavy load was lifted from her heart; a tranquil calm stole over her spirit, and gradually she sank into a sweet, refreshing slumber.

Again, 'twas midnight. The moon had disappeared below the horizon, but the stars shone on so peacefully as ever. Naught was heard in the deserted streets, save the heavy tread of the watchman, who, suddenly on the ear across the feebleness of his feet.

Soon all was hushed and confusion; the pealing of bells, the rattling of engines, and the shouts of the firemen, all mingled in one wild uproar. The fire was the most, and the firemen were crowded into the street, where hundreds were miserably crowded into dwellings, and the cries of the inhabitants, as they rushed from their burning homes into the streets, added to the excitement of the scene.

Rapidly the flames advanced; they have reached, yes, they envelope the building, in the third

story of which our Effie slumbers. Notwithstanding the deafening tumult, she remains insensible, wrapped up in that heavy, deathlike sleep.

At length, she is aroused, and starting wildly up, she comprehends the danger, she endeavors to flee; but the excitement is too much for her, she overthrows her frame, her strength fails, and swooning, she falls helpless upon the floor.

Oh! is there no one to save? must she perish in the flames?

Below, just escaped from the burning building, an Irish woman rushes hither and thither, ejaculating in the greatest distress, "Sure, and there's a sweet young lady up stairs that'll be burnt intirely if she ain't got out!"

A noble form moves quickly towards her, and hurriedly inquiring the location of the room, enters the burning building, notwithstanding the remoteness of bystanders. It was Clarence Hamilton.

Up, up those stairs, at the peril of his own life—another life was at stake—and that was enough. He gained the room, he knew not how, and hastily laid himself upon the floor, the flames of the floor fell full upon his face. "That face! oh, unexpected bliss! the object of his daydreams, the angel of his early visions."

With a thrill of joy he clasped the inanimate form! not a moment was to be lost, he reached the foot of the first stairway, almost at a bound; the next! O heavens! the flames had reached. There was no other way, and with his precious burden he rushed through the flames and suffocating smoke, and, on, on, he stepped across by an unseen power, he stood on the threshold, he gained the street just as the burning roof fell in, and the whole became a solid mass of flame.

Rushes of applause rent the air, but he heard little of it, he had received his reward.

Hastily entering a carriage, he was soon at his own home, and just as he laid the fainting girl upon the sofa, Mrs. Hamilton, a noble-looking woman, clad in widow's weeds, entered the drawing-room. As Clarence briefly narrated what had transpired, she immediately approached the young stranger, and with maternal care applied the usual remedies to restore her to consciousness. As she did so, her eye fell upon a small miniature in a plain gold setting, attached by a silken cord to Effie's neck.

As Mrs. Hamilton took it in her hand to examine it more closely, an involuntary cry burst from her lips. "Emily, Emily Woodworth, my dearest friend, is it possible? How came this here? Can this be my daughter, but Effie whom she used to speak so often in her letters? But how came she in New York, and in such a condition, too?"

"Where, where is her mother? Poor, poor Emily, she has been gone, but your child shall be cherished for her own, I signed Mrs. Hamilton, as her son informed her that an Irish woman had told him that the young girl was an orphan, her mother having been buried only the day before."

"Poor child, how she must have suffered," said Mrs. Hamilton, as she remarked the pale, and face of the still unconscious Effie, "but you have found a home at last."

Clarence spoke not of his sat watching with intense anxiety the face of Effie, as she lay so still and motionless, but he had been told by a friend, that she had been lately rescued. Effie had often heard her mother speak of Mrs. Hamilton, expressing a wish that her beloved friend was still in New York, unaware that she had been lately rescued.

But to return to Effie. Long did the two hang over her, watching in vain for the least sign of returning consciousness; but at length she slowly opened her eyes, and murmured half audibly, while a tremor ran through her lips, "I thought I was heaven. Father was there, and mother; and oh! the angels sang sweetly, so sweetly! Then something dreadful came, a fire! yes, there was a fire! the flames were all around me," she continued shuddering.

Clarence and Mrs. Hamilton soothed the bewildered mind of the poor girl, and with her cool hand resting upon her throbbing brow, at length the wearied orphan slept.

Six months passed away and brought a glorious evening in the month of June. With a silvery radiance the moonlight fell upon the beautiful grounds of a stately mansion. Amid the clustering roses and intertwining fountains that embellished the grounds, walked Clarence Hamilton, Effie Stanley, the more despondent seamstress, and with the features of a fair young girl who leaned upon his arm. Surely we should know that sweet face to be Effie Stanley's.

How beautiful she looked in the still moonlight; she gazed upon the sea, and being of a few months since. Her large, dark eyes were suffused with bright tears; but they were not tears of sorrow; a rich glow came and went upon her cheek, as the low tones of her companion fell upon her ear, while she gazed upon the sea, and being of a few months since. Her large, dark eyes were suffused with bright tears; but they were not tears of sorrow; a rich glow came and went upon her cheek, as the low tones of her companion fell upon her ear, while she gazed upon the sea, and being of a few months since.

The flowers might have told strange tales of what had then, might have breathed within their hearing, they might have whispered that a bride had been won beneath that starry sky, and that the lifelong affections of two loving hearts had been forever pledged.

A few months later, and a gay party were gathered within the splendid mansion of Mrs. M., one of the elite of the city. The parlors were already filled, when suddenly the doors were thrown open, and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton were announced. All eyes were fixed upon the lovely face of the young girl, as she came gracefully forward, leaning upon the arm of the proud husband.

What was the astonishment and chagrin of Ida Leslie, also recognized in the young wife of the wealthy, talented, aristocratic Clarence Hamilton, Effie Stanley, the more despondent seamstress, who, of late, had been so strangely insensible.

But not even the whispered insinuations of Miss Leslie could prevent the universal admiration with which the fair bride was greeted. The beauty and elegance of her manners, and above all the attentiveness and warmth of her nature, won all hearts; and Ida had the mortification to find the beautiful Mrs. Hamilton the friend of every tongue.

Years have passed away, but Ida Leslie is yet unmarried; why it is, no one can tell, that, among all the admirers who have been captivated by her charms, not one, after a more intimate acquaintance, has appeared anxious to carry off the prize, and Ida, with all her beauty, seems destined to a life of single blessedness.

Effie still lives; the idol of her husband's heart, the brightest ornament of the circle in which she moves. But, though surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth can bring, those dark hours of poverty are not forgotten, and remembering how bitter was once her own portion, she freely bestows her wealth upon the suffering. In her poor and needy eve find the warmest sympathy, and many a lonely child of poverty, whose wants she has relieved, breathes with blessings the name of her who has brought gladness to their hearts.

"I make it a rule," says a missionary among the Swedes and Norwegians in Illinois, "to visit some families every day, and by Divine grace I do it, no matter what the state of the weather. I talk and pray and read, and run and write, from morning until evening."

The Bahama Banks.

Among the remarkable natural curiosities of the globe, may be included the enormous plain covered with sand, of an extent almost equalling the sterile deserts in Africa and Asia, which lie under water, to the eastward of Florida and the Gulf Stream, and which are known by the names of the Little Bahama, the Great Bahama, and the Salt Key Banks.

The Little Bahama Bank extends from Maranilla Reef, in lat. 37° 50' N. and lon. 70° 11' W. West to the island of Abaco, the southern extremity of which is in lat. 25° 34' N. and lon. 77° 16' W. It is about 75 miles across from east to west and is bounded by the Atlantic Ocean on the east, and the Gulf Stream on the west, and occupies a space of 800 square miles.

The Little Bahama Bank is nearly level, the water varying from one to three fathoms in depth. It is lined on the eastern side with a multitude of small islands and rocks; and a few islands and rocks occasionally appear in different parts of the Bank—among which the most conspicuous are Great Bahama, and Abaco—neither of which are inhabited.

The Great Bahama Bank is about 530 miles in length—extending from N. lat. 24, and W. lon. 82° 30' to S. lat. 25, and W. lon. 72, and is about 100 miles, thus covering a space of about 50,000 square miles. On the eastern extremity of this Bank are a number of low islands, the principal of which are Hetera, New Providence, St. Salvador, and Exuma. On the western edge are the islands of the Gulf Stream, are the Isles, the Bennis, and a variety of small islands and rocks, which have no permanent inhabitants.

The usual routes for vessels bound from the northern ports in the United States or from Europe, to Matanzas, Havana, New Orleans, or other ports in the Gulf of Mexico, is to pass by the way of Abaco, or over and around the Great Bahama Bank. In running for Abaco, care should be taken to avoid the dangers extending some distance from above in the vicinity of Elbow Key, which is some fifty miles to the northward and eastward of the "Hole in the Wall," and is a noted place for shipwrecks, as all insurance records can tell. After passing the southern point of Abaco, called the "Hole in the Wall," as named from a singular appearance caused by the action of the waves on the rocks probably for many centuries, the navigator should proceed westerly about 40 miles, which will bring him up with Berry Islands, a cluster of beautiful islands covered with trees and verdure, but uninhabited, excepting temporarily by a few individuals from New Providence, in search of fish and turtle, with which the islands abound. Passing round the westernmost of these islands, the vessel does not draw more than 12 feet of water, the navigator leaves the New Providence channel, and steers in a southern direction for the Great Bahama Bank, which is at once known by the singular appearance of the water, which in consequence of the line which connects it with the bottom is composed of a mass of mud and ooze of milk! The surface is smooth, and the depth not more than three fathoms, and in some places when about half way over the Bank, near what is called the Middle Ground, the water is simply of particles of fine sand, or coral, or shells, particularly in the fair channel way and being destitute of marine vegetation, affords but slight temptation to the great variety of fish, which are to be found in tropical climes—and it is seldom that fish of any kind are seen in crossing the Great Bahama Bank, although in the neighborhood of the Keys, they are caught in great abundance. Birds also appear to have abandoned this spot, yet many varieties of marine birds are always seen about the neighboring islands, or sporting on the surface of the Gulf Stream. The currents in the deep water in the neighborhood of the Bank are very strong, particularly in the western side, which bounds it on the westerly side. On the Bank the currents are inconstant, and irregular—and depend on the strength and continuation of the wind. A regular tide is perceptible, but there can be no doubt that the depth of the water varies at the different times, according to the prevalence of the wind.

The channel across the Bahama is reasonably wide, say several miles; and with a fair wind, it is seldom that a vessel with draught of water less than twelve feet meets with difficulty. If the wind is ahead, or becomes light and baffling, it is proper to anchor immediately—otherwise a vessel is apt to depart from the direct course, and may get involved among the shoals, which extend long way off the shore keys on the East, or to the Middle Ground on the West of the channel. As the soundings on either side are nearly equal, it is difficult for the helmsman to judge when entangled among these shoals, to extricate himself, and often his attempts serve to involve him farther in difficulty. Instances occur every year, of navigators being compelled to submit several days of delay, and perhaps to lose overboard a portion of valuable cargoes, in order to extricate themselves from these dangerous shoals. A floating light located in the centre of the ship channel, near the Middle Ground, would be of immense importance to vessels engaged in the trade to Cuba and the Gulf of Mexico.

In some of the eastern islands which line the Bahama Bank, particularly Exuma, salt is manufactured in considerable quantities. Many of the inhabitants are engaged in catching turtle, and supplying other islands or seaports in the Gulf of Mexico, and in Southern states—and also in collecting a coarse variety of sponges, which grow in vast quantities in the shoal water on the Bahama Bank.—Boston Journal.

Politeness between Brothers and Sisters.

By endeavoring to acquire a habit of politeness it will soon become familiar, and sit on you with ease, if not with elegance. Let it never be forgotten that genuine politeness is a great fosterer of charity, which it always acquiescently irritates, by preventing harsh returns and rude contradictions; it softens the boisterous, stimulates the indolent, suppresses selfishness, and, by forming a habit of consideration for others, harmonizes the whole. Politeness begets politeness, and brothers may easily be won by it to leave off the rude ways they bring home from school or college. Sisters ought never to receive any little attention without thanking them for it, never to ask a favor of them but in courteous terms, never to reply to their queries in unreasonableness, and their wishes to be ashamed to do such themselves. Both precept and example ought to be laid under contribution, to convince them that no one can have really good manners abroad who is not habitually polite at home.

Prince Albert lately laid the first stone of a building intended for the reception and maintenance of idiots at Earlswold, near Reigate. It will be an extensive and handsome building, the estimated cost of which is £25,000. It will accommodate for 100 adults, many of whom will have separate rooms; also for 150 boys and 70 girls, and an infirmary for 50 persons. In the evening a public dinner was held at the London Tavern, Lord Walsingham in the Chair, when the total amount of the subscriptions was no less than £10,000.

Starching Linen.

To those who desire to impart to shirtbosoms, collars, and other fabrics, that fine and beautiful gloss observable on our new linens, the following recipe for making Gum Arabic Starch will be most acceptable, and should have a place in the domestic scrap-book of every woman who prides herself on the neatness of her household. Her acquisitions from a dress of her own, her husband's, and her family's dress; and if she does not take pride in these things her husband is an "unfortunate man."

Take two ounces of fine white gum-arabic powder, put it into a pitcher, and pour over it one quart of boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire; and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and put it by for use. A table-spoon of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner, will give the linens a whiter, black or restored—a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good, much diluted, for thin white muslin and bobbinet.

Pitcairn's Island.

The friends of the Rev. G. H. Nobbs, chaplain of Pitcairn's Island, will be glad to learn that, by the late accounts of him, he was in good health, and