

# The Weekly Observer.

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## THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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## Weekly Almanack.

AUGUST—1834.	SUN	MOON	FULL
Rises, Sets, Rises, SETS.	Rises, Sets, Rises, SETS.	Rises, Sets, Rises, SETS.	Rises, Sets, Rises, SETS.
20 WEDNESDAY - - -	5 10	6 50	8 24
21 THURSDAY - - -	5 12	6 48	8 24
22 FRIDAY - - -	5 13	6 47	8 45
23 SATURDAY - - -	5 14	6 46	9 5 11
24 SUNDAY - - -	5 16	6 44	10 11
25 MONDAY - - -	5 17	6 43	11 17
26 TUESDAY - - -	5 19	6 41	12 23

Last Quarter 27th day, 7h. 7m.

## NEW-BORN.

### FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11  
to 12 o'clock.

JOHN M. WILMOT, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.

Committee for August:  
JAMES HENDERICKS, WILLIAM JARVIS, JOHN KINNEAR.

All Communications, by Mail, must be post paid.

## The Garland.

### SABBATH MUSINGS.

Yet is it so? It is the time high heaven  
Hath hallow'd to itself, that know no time  
The world's solicitudes, and fix his thought  
On things that import eternally!  
There comes a moment—rest!—'tis God's own hour.  
Keep silence, earth, in all your busy throng!  
Ye that unwearily do his dust,  
In true devotion at the shrine of God,  
Exalt your souls to be His worshippers  
Who made the gorgeous ore, whose hand profuse  
Sprinkled Golconda's gems, and o'er Peru  
Scattered the countless treasures ye desire.  
To His, subservient, the favouring breeze  
Waits safe their arrosies from farthest Ind;  
Not for his foes, the furious tempest wafts,  
And lides their forms, that sweep down the deep!  
Then vouch for God, and let this holy hour  
Bear up more earnest of praise and prayer.  
And ye of sterner toil, whose rugged brows  
Bend to the penalty, and sweat for bread,  
Unchain the spirit from earth's drudgery,  
And lose awhile the memory of care.  
Mid the half-irrow'd field bestay the plough,  
Bid the twin rollers of the soil go free,  
And sigh that doth both patient servitude,  
From closing sabbath to its blest return,  
Within the stall, or at some cooling stream,  
Or by the upland, court a day's repose;  
While ye, in noisier road, by faith reclined  
On the far top of glorious Calvary,  
Shall soothe away the bitterness of life,  
In hope through Him that hath redeem'd the world.  
Or, perchance, the poor artisan,  
Whose stony arm is doom'd to be overtaught,  
In constant turmoil for a scanty fare,  
Let him forbear the anvil and lock up  
Himself, ere he be weary there.  
And he that fearless meets the impetuous surge,  
And fishes o'er the limitless main,  
To earn a pittance for his needy home,  
Let him remember now to honor God,  
And, as he heaves the dizzy shrouds,  
Still let his courage, or adjust the sail,  
Heave his in holy orisons.  
And praise and thanksgiving, sacred to heaven.  
Though destined o'er the dreary deep to roam,  
He adoring one shall know no timid fears;  
He hears sweet music in the wild war's foam,  
And calmly looks aloft when death appears.  
For there's a port above where perils cease—  
The bark that anchors there shall ne'er unmoor;  
The weary sailor takes his last release,  
And treads in ecstasy a golden shore.  
It is the Sabbath! let the nations hush  
In lowly reverence—while th' eternal hills,  
Voiced with an earthquake, roar—amen! amen!

[New-York Mirror.]

## Recollections.

From the London Quarterly Review.

The Despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, K. G., during his various campaigns in India, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, the Low Countries, and France, from 1799 to 1818. Compiled from official documents, by Lieut. Colonel Gurdur, Esquire, his Grace's Knight of the Bath. Vol. I. London: 1834. 8vo.

In 1832, Lieut. Colonel Gurdur published a volume of the "General Orders of the Duke of Wellington, during his Portuguese, Spanish, French and Belgic campaigns from 1809 to 1815"—a volume which we believe to be of more practical use, not only to military students, but even to experienced officers, than all the theoretical works that ever have been written on military economy. It is, indeed, an admirable code of regulations—founded on the broadest principles, but descending into the most exact details—for the equipment, subsistence, discipline, and police of an army, for all that tends to its own comfort and honour—to the protection of its friends and allies—and to the defeat of its enemies. The deserved success of that work has induced the gallant and intelligent editor to undertake another, somewhat similar in its nature, but of a wider scope—a collection, as far as he could obtain them from authentic sources, of all the despatches and letters, official, semi-official, and private, of the Duke of Wellington, from his first appearance in India, as Commander-in-Chief of the 33d regiment of infantry, down to the period of the Army of Occupation in France, from 1799 to 1818.

"The Duke," says Colonel Gurdur, "is now presented to the world for the first time, as the historian of his own brilliant career."  
These two publications form a work unique in its kind, and, if continued as begun, will afford the most—we had almost said the only—complete and authentic view that has ever been given of the military life of any great commander.

The publication now before us is written, for the most part, by the Duke of Wellington's own pen; but without any design of contributing either to biography or history. It is not liable to the imputations of egotism or partiality which attend memoirs, nor to the suspicion which naturally attaches to relations composed after the events—it gives us the despatches of the time—the letters of the day—the notes of the moment—official, public, private and confidential—written in the closest and in the field—before the battle—during the conflict—after the victory: we have the events fresh and fresh, to use a familiar phrase—we learn, in unreserved confidence, the General's designs, his apprehensions, and his hopes—we see, in exact detail, his means, his forces, and his measures—we trace, as they arise, the successive events and the successive application of the Commander's re-

sources, material and mental, to the exigencies as they occur—and, what is the most important merit, and to the reader the greatest charm of all, is that we are satisfied that all is real—all sincere—all true—no distortion of facts—no colouring of motives—no palliation—no exaggeration. We witness the scene exactly and literally as it passed: there can be neither misrepresentation nor mistake so far as the Duke is concerned; he may have been, in a particular case, misinformed; he may have entertained expectations which were not realized; he may have formed an erroneous opinion; but, at least, the information, the expectation, the opinion, are laid before us exactly and undistorted as they appeared or belonged to him at the moment. This would be, indeed, a severe test to try any man by, even in the ordinary and untrifling course of private life. Let any of our readers examine his own mind, and endeavouring to recollect his original impressions on any particular subject, observe the variations which time, and distance, and distance have operated in his own opinions—and he will have comprehended the Duke's conduct, and his conduct will be as just as the Duke's.

## TAKING THE VEIL.

How many strange, wild, and romantic associations are connected with "taking the veil"! The romances of our earlier days—the tales, that professed to reveal the mysteries of the cloister, crowd upon your memory: you see standing before us the creature of our imagination—the inflexible lady abess—the trembling nun—we hear the authoritative question, and the timid reply—we see the midnight procession, and hear the anthem of sweet and holy voices—and a crowd of mysterious and half-forgotten dreams and visions float before us. Of some of these early visions I had learned to doubt the reality. I had already caught occasional glimpses of those mysterious creatures who inhabit convent walls, without finding any realization of my vision of charms more than mortal; I had learned to know that nuns grow old, and that the veil does not always shadow loveliness; but, having understood that the victim about to sacrifice herself was scarcely seventeen, I dismissed from my mind all the realities that warred with my romantic illusions, and recurred to the dream of my earlier days.

At the hour appointed, the abess entered the room on the other side of the grating, accompanied by all the nuns, and by several ladies, friends and relatives of the novice. She entered a moment after, and immediately knelt down, with her face toward the grating, so that I had a near and distinct view of her. She was attired in the novice's robe of pure white, and wore a crown of flowers upon her head. She seemed scarcely more than sixteen. Her countenance was gentle, sweet, and interesting; there was an expression of serenity, but not of address in her face; and a face fairer than usually falls to the lot of Spanish women, was sensibly colored with a fine carnation—the glow of youth and health and happiness yet lingering on her cheek; and connecting her with the world of light and life and freedom, about to close upon her forever.

The administrator now entered by the chapel, and placed himself in a chair close to where I was stationed, and at the side of an opening in the grating of about a foot square. The novice then rose, and walking forward to the grating, presented him a paper, which he read aloud; this was the act of renunciation of all property, then she recited the vows, and, as she recited the novice retired and hid her face behind the grating, and her hand a long lighted taper, which she held in her right hand. The preparatory service then commenced by reading and chanting; and this, although monotonous, was pleasing and impressive, according with the solemnity of the scene that had introduced it; and in this service the novice joined with a clear sweet voice, in which nothing of emotion could be distinguished. When this was concluded, the novice again rose, advanced to the grating, and pronounced slowly and distinctly the three vows that separate her from the world—of chastity, poverty, and obedience. Her voice never faltered; nor could I perceive the slightest change of countenance; the color only, seemed gradually to forsake her. The lady abess, who stood close by her side, wept all the while. Ah! if each tear could have told why it flowed, what a history might have been unfolded. Indignation was the feeling produced in my mind. I wished for the cannon of the constitutionalists, to throw down those most odious of prisons; and even to the priest who stood by me in his crimson and gilded surplice, I could not restrain myself from saying, half audibly, "Que ignominie!"

When the vows that could never be recalled had been pronounced by this misguided child, she stepped back, and threw herself prostrate upon the ground—this is the act of confirmation of her vows—symbolical of death, and signifying that she is dead to the world. The service was then resumed, and she continued slowly to tell, and the priest read; while the nuns who stood around their new-made sister, responded, "dead to the world—separated from kindred—bride of heaven!" and the nun who lay prostrate being supposed, at the same time, to repeat to heaven in secret, the vows she had already pronounced aloud. When this was concluded, a slow organ peal, and a solemn swell of voices rose and died away; and the abess then raised the nun from the ground, and embraced her. I saw no tear upon any cheek, excepting upon the cheek of the abess, whose face was so full of benignity, that it half reconciled me to the fate of the young initiate who had vowed obedience to her. Who she had embraced every one, she again knelt for a few moments, and then approached the grating along with the abess; and the priest handed to the abess, through the opening, the vestments of a nun. Then came the last act of the drama: the crown was lifted from her head, the black vestment was put on, and the grating and the rosary, and the black hood was drawn over her head—she was now a nun, and she again embraced the abess and the sisters. Still I could not discover a single tear, excepting on the cheek of the abess, who continued to weep almost without ceasing to the very end; the countenance of the young nun remained unmoved. The crown was again replaced upon her head, to be worn all that day; the sacrament was administered, and one last embrace by friends and kindred terminated the scene.

I had then seen what I had so long felt so much anxiety to see—"taking the veil"; and I found it, at the same time, a stirring and a melancholy spectacle: stirring, because it filled the mind with indignation against those whose cruel and invidious counsel had misled an innocent girl; and melancholy, because it pointed to a life uncheered by life's sweetest charities, unless by its holiest ties; life without interest, without change, without hope; its sources of enjoyment dried up, and its wells of affection frozen over.—Letter from Spain.

A NEW WAY TO CATCH FISH.—We were much pleased with a story told us the other day respecting the method sometimes adopted to catch trout in the lakes in the back part of this state. A steel trap is taken and a piece of pork is tied upon a plate, the trap set and lowered down in the water. His troutship, who is not always eager to bite, but often prefers smelling and nibbling, comes up to reconnoitre a little before he makes the fatal grab, and while, according to his custom, he is turning the pork over with his nose, he springs the trap upon himself, and is drawn up and nabbed like an unlucky rat, by the head and shoulders.—Maine Farmer.

Level of the Baltic.—The Commercial Gazette of St. Petersburg, of May 28, has the following:—"It has been remarked that during the last 20 years, the water in this port has become considerably lowered; and affords a new proof of the correctness of the observations made by the ancient inhabitants of the shores of the Baltic, that the bottom of this sea is continually rising, that the level and body of the water is gradually diminishing, and that the land is increasing on every side. According to the researches of the ancient naturalists, phenomena of this nature most frequently occur in the countries near the North Pole. We can quote as examples the lakes of Denmark, which have sunk so low that some of them are almost entirely without water. Sweden and Norway, 2500 years ago, formed one island. The town of Pites, in 15 years, became distant from the sea 70 miles, and the water receded from Loulea one mile in 25 years. The ancient port of Lodisa is now four miles from the sea, and that of Westervall two miles. At the time the foundation of Tornea large vessels could come up to it, now it is in the middle of a peninsula. The islands of Ergose and Grosse, in the Gulf of Teste, have been for many years joined to the continent. In 1610, Palsin, in Mecklenburg, and other islands have become part of the main land. It was upon these facts, connected with other observations, that Linnæus and Celsus concluded that the depth of the Baltic Sea diminished four inches in every century, and that in 2000 years it would entirely disappear. Although more accurate observations made in modern times do not confirm the diminution to be so rapid as this, they concur with the generally received opinion that the bottom of the sea in the northern hemisphere rises in a degree, though the level of the water is not sink. It is difficult to decide which of the two opinions are most correct, but it is incontestable that the main land washed by the Baltic is enlarging, that the rivers and lakes diminish in depth, that banks are forming in the sea-ports, and that sooner or later the inhabitants of the shores of this sea will be driven to dig canals, and perhaps to lay down iron rail-roads, in order to maintain their commerce.—London paper.

IMPORTANCE OF CEYLON.—I have visited every quarter of the globe—but I have seen no place so lovely—romantic—so admirably situated—whether as regards the poet, the painter, the merchant, or the statesman, as Ceylon; that its intrinsic worth may be appreciated in England is the author's food wish, not less on account of the fascinating spot to which these remarks have reference than for the sake of England herself. A time will come (may the day be distant) when Great Britain will cease to hold her empire on the continent of India, and when the nations of Europe will contend for maritime superiority in the east; we have before us the examples of the Portuguese and Dutch—they neglected Ceylon: the one made it the cradle of idolatrous superstitions, the other the temple of trading cupidity. We are now in the fair course to shun both extremes—our missionaries (the pioneers of civilization) are extending the beatitude of the Gospel among the dark, benighted heathen—our merchants, freeing themselves from the pernicious shackles of monopolies, are making peaceful commerce, as she does these influences, Ceylon, his fair to be one of the most important colonies of the British empire. That to England may belong the glory of re-peopling, civilizing, and Christianizing this romantic isle, is earnestly hoped by one whose earliest days were spent in exploring paths where no white man's foot before trod, and where the untraced savage and the beast of the forest now dispute for pre-eminence.—Martin's History of the British Colonies.

NINETY YEARS.—Ninety years hence not a single man or woman now twenty years of age will be alive. Ninety years! alas how many of the lively actors at present on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years! What are they? "A tale that is told," a dream; an empty sound that passes on the wings of the wind away and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advances in age; like the degrees in longitude, man's life declines as he travels toward the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is so short during? Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the now blooming beauties fade and disappear, all the pride and passion, the love, hope and joy pass away in ninety years, and be forgotten?—"Ninety years?" says Death, "do you think I shall wait ninety years? behold to-day and to-morrow, and one is mine. When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled with the dust, and be remembered not."—Thomson Journal.

A SCENE AT SEA.—A melancholy story is told by a correspondent of the Albany Evening Journal, recently from Europe. It appears that before the vessel in which he took passage left the port of New York, application was made to her Captain by a young Englishman, for the station of second mate. He was unable to obtain the berth, and afterwards shipped as a common sailor. Before he was many days at sea, it was ascertained that he was a "land lubber," and no sailor at all, and the officers of the vessel, as well for mischief, as in punishment for the imposition practised upon them, frequently ordered him to the very highest point of the main-mast to do some trifling service, while they laughed at his awkward attempts to gain the proud eminence. It appears from the following passage in one of the letters, that the unfortunate Englishman lost his life on one of these occasions.

"We all rose this morning with light hearts, in hope to reach Cape Clear, which according to our reckoning, we passed at eight o'clock, but to our great distance to allow us to see land. A distressing incident has thrown a shade over the brightness of feeling, produced by the anticipation of seeing the coast of Ireland. I have already mentioned the unsuccessful attempt of one of the sailors (poor Ben) to climb the main-royal-mast. It appears that the day after his disgrace, he renewed, of his own notion, the effort and was successful. This morning he went aloft with three others, on the fore-royal-mast, to unfurl the fore-royal-sail. He again endeavored to climb the uppermost ropes without the aid of ratlines; but his foot slipped, and laying hold of a slack rope, to save himself, the weight of his body was thus thrown upon one arm. Unable thus to sustain himself, he fell backward. His head struck the fore-topmast, and in his further fall his back was, undoubtedly, broken across one of the yards, from whence he fell into the sea. The body was seen to rise once by the side of the ship, and then sunk for ever! The ship was going at the rate of ten miles an hour. No effort, of course, could have been made to take up the poor sailor, had there been any doubt of his death. I have given this painful incident as described to me by some of the passengers. I was in the cabin at the time it occurred, and thus was spared so painful a scene. How forcibly was Washington Irving's description of the fore-topmast recalled to my recollection, when each of the passengers began to reproach himself for the levity he had exhibited, at the expense of the poor sailor, a few days before. For myself, if I had not already recorded the incident to which I allude, I should not have mentioned it. Poor Ben! instead of looking out anxiously for land, he has all been employed in endeavoring to obtain some clue to his history. He

was enlisted under the name of Benjamin Pope, of Pennsylvania, but in fact was an Englishman, who, in order to effect his return to his friends and country, undertook the perilous employment of a common sailor."

KRIM GHERI KATTI GHERI.—Have any of our readers, in turning over the pages of the Edinburgh Almanac, ever been surprised in noticing as an office-bearer in one of our pious beneficiary institutions, a person with the singular title of Krim Gheri Katti Gheri? If they have, they will most probably be glad to learn who this strange gentleman is. Mr. Krim Gheri Katti Gheri happens to be sultan of the kingdom of Caucasus in Tartary; and, what is still more curious, his wife, the sultana, is an Edinburgh lady, the daughter of Colonel ——. The history of young Krim may be soon told. While about fifteen years of age, he became acquainted with some missionaries who had taken up their station near the Caucasus; on which occasion he embraced the Christian religion, left his native country, and proceeded, under their protection, to St. Petersburg, which he shortly after quitted for Scotland—and here he soon acquired the English language, habits, and manners. While resident in Edinburgh, he became acquainted with the above lady, to whom he was married, and carried her along with him, though against the consent of her relations. As Krim is finally descended from the ancient Khans of the Crimea, the throne of the present sultan, Mahmud, will be his on the extinction of the reigning family. He has some; and should any of them hereafter ascend the Ottoman throne, the singular fact will be presented of a prince of a descent from an Edinburgh family, holding his court at Constantinople, and reigning over the Turkish empire.

THE BLIND BOOKSELLER OF AUGSBURG.—Perhaps one of the greatest curiosities in the city of Augsburg is a bookseller of the name of Wimprecht, who had the misfortune to be born blind, but whose enterprising spirit has enabled him to struggle successfully against the melancholy privations he was doomed to sustain, and to procure by his industry and intelligence a respectable and comfortable support for a large family dependent upon him. His library consists of more than 5000 volumes, which are frequently subject to change and renewal, but as soon as he requires a new stock the particulars of each book are read to him by his wife, and his discrimination permits him to fix its value; his touch enables him to recognize it at any period, however distant, and his memory never fails him in regard to its arrangement in his shop. His readiness to oblige, his honesty, and information on books in general, has procured him a large custom, and, under such extraordinary natural disadvantages, he has become a useful and happy man, and himself a wealthy member of the society to which he belongs.

An Economical Substitute for Copying Machines.—In the common ink used for writing, dissolve with it one drachm of loaf sugar to each ounce of ink; moisten a sheet of unsized paper to copy with, and put it between two sheets of the same paper to absorb the superfluous moisture; then put the moistened paper on the writing, when by passing a ruler once or twice over its surface, you will have a perfect fac-simile struck through the copy paper, without injuring the original in the least.—N. York Daily Ad.

A THEATRE CONVERTED.—It is well known that theatrical property is declining in almost every place. In this respect, no exception is made of the shrewdest holders, that it was sold on Saturday evening, June 7, for the sum of £2780. It is to be converted into a Wesleyan Methodist Chapel.—London paper.

Do your best on every occasion.—Sir J. Reynolds, (says Boswell), once asked Dr. Johnson by what means he had obtained his extraordinary accuracy and flow of language. He told him that he had early laid it down as a fixed rule, to do his best on every occasion and in every company; to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could put it in; and that, by constant practice, and never putting any careless expressions to escape him, or attempting to deliver thoughts without arranging them in the clearest manner, it became habitual to him.

Greatness.—"I lament," says Sir W. Jones, in the prospect of public duties in India, "the necessity which compels me to renounce the pursuit of polite literature; but why do I say lament? Let me rather rejoice that I am now entering upon a career which will supply ample and better opportunities of relieving the oppressed, of assisting the miserable, and of checking the despotic and tyrannical. If I am asked who is the greatest man, I answer, the best. And if I am required to say who is the best, I answer he that has deserved most of his fellow creatures."

## SUMMARY.

From the Montreal Gazette, August 2.

ADDITION OF SLAVERY.  
Yesterday being the day fixed, by the Slavery Abolition Act, for the emancipation of the slaves in the British West India Colonies, was observed as a festival, with becoming solemnity, by the few sons of Africa within the city. Pursuant to notice they met in the public hall, above St. Anne's Market, and after a psalm and prayer fervently delivered and heartily joined in by the brethren, an address was delivered, breathing in strong terms, the feelings of gratitude which they experienced for the great and generous boon that day conferred upon 800,000 of their fellow-men. The sentiments of devotion and attachment to the Mother Country were strongly expressed, and several allusions in the address were received with warm and enthusiastic cheers.

The colored brethren dined together in the St. George Inn, and by toasts and songs beguiled away the evening. The ships in port carried their colors in honor of the day.  
The first of August is a proud day in the annals of England. She can now declare that liberty reigns throughout her dominions, and though the experiment is fearful, she has proclaimed to the world, that slavery no longer exists, where her flag flutters in the breeze. The day has at length come when England, and not America, is entitled to the undisturbed honor of being "the land of liberty," and when the celebrated words of Curran become true to the letter:

"I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced,—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter what solemnities he may have devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disembodied, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."

QUINCY, JUNE 30.—Dreadful Fire and loss of Life.—On Saturday morning last, about 2 o'clock, a most dreadful fire took place at the Union Mills, about a mile from Oldham, belonging to Len Birch, Esq. The cause of this great calamity appears to have thus originated:—A machine-maker, whose lathe, &c. were turned by Mr. Birch's engine, and whose shop adjoined the cotton-mill, was very busy, and was permitted, in consequence, to have the use of the engine during the night. Some part of the millwright work, by which his lathe, &c. were turned, wanted oil or grease, and as the speed was great, the shaft-necks or bearings became heated, and thus set fire to the place. Although the fire-engines and military were soon on the spot, they were found both to be perfectly useless, the fire in the mean time made such rapid progress. As to the cause of such waste of life, the following may be depended upon:—A young man, in rather an early part of the fire, by the falling of some part of the building and machinery, had got entangled by the legs, and he could not extricate himself. This being seen by the bystanders, excited, as may be supposed, their feelings in the highest degree, and, throwing aside all fear and all prudence, every one seemed foremost to assist in saving the poor fellow from a roasting death. Whilst thus industriously employed, a wall unexpectedly fell, and buried fifteen in the ruins, besides many others being seriously injured. At three o'clock on Saturday, only seven bodies had been dug out; since that time seven more have been found—some presenting a spectacle too horrible to behold; some without hands, others without both head and legs, and some without either head, legs or arms. But I must drop a narrative like this. The parties thus suddenly snatched away are chiefly young persons. The destruction of the property is most complete. The amount of damage has not been ascertained; the property, both machinery and buildings, were insured, and it is believed fully.—There were many hands employed, all of whom, who have escaped, will have to find fresh employers, which the hands will regret, inasmuch as this mill was by the house generally deemed a first rate mill for the employe.

ESSEX, June 7.—Last week, on the arrival of a French lady, named Augustine Renier, in one of the Calais steamers, off the Custom house, her bulky appearance excited the suspicion of a revenue officer, named Pennington, who intimated his suspicion that she had smuggled goods concealed about her person. The lady denied the accusation, declared she was en route, and that the officer was a rude fellow. He however handed her over to a female searcher, a Mrs. Probert, who delivered the fair foreigner of 145 yards of lace, 6 foreign lace veils, a pelamine, 17 pieces of net, 13 scarfs, six ruffles, nine pairs of silk stockings, two pair of silk gloves, 28 pair of mittens, 21 pair of colored silk gloves, 15 pair of thread gloves, six collars, two remnants of foreign muslin, and 28 silk purses, all of foreign manufacture, which she had concealed about her. The value of the goods seized is about £110, and the Custom-house authorities intend proceeding against Madame Renier, for penalties amounting to treble the value of the goods seized.

Considerable alarm has for some time prevailed in Bath, owing to the sudden disappearance of a member of the Society of Friends, extensively engaged in the corn and flour trade, who is said to have decamped to America with £10,000 of his creditor's money.

The value of the provisions exported from Waterford, during the year ending the 30th of April last, amount to £1,816,409, which is less than that of the preceding year by £278,988.

LARGE WROUGHT IRON VESSEL.—There is now John Harrington near St. Mary's Bridge in this town, perhaps the largest vessel that ever was put together in this kingdom of wrought iron. The dimensions are as follows:—Diameter, 47 feet; depth 20 feet 3 inches; weight between 50 and 60 tons. It will contain 218,947 imperial gallons, or 980 tons of water, which will be a pressure on the bottom of 88 lbs. on the square inch.—Derby Mercury.

Moves of Troops at and to Foreign Stations.—From our peculiar sources of information we are enabled to state the following movements, which may be relied on as correct:—The 2nd Fusiliers, 7th Highland Light Infantry, 9th and 95th Regiments, are ordered home. The 5th Foot and 1st Battalion 60th Rifles are to proceed from Gibraltar to Malta. The 42d Highlanders to Corfu. The 30th Regiment to Bermuda. The 47th, 59th, and 68th Regiments to Gibraltar. We believe New South Wales will be the destination of the 25th.—Liverpool United Service Journal.

A London horse slaughterer has lately made a discovery in a court of justice, which has excited the stomachs of some of the metropolitan high livers. In answer to a question why horse's tongues were never to be seen among the cat's meat daily hawked about, he said "they was by far too valuable," as properly trimmed, cured and dried, they made most excellent reubler tongues, and under that name were eagerly sought for by all those who could afford to buy so rare and valuable an article of food. The breakfast table of the rich epicure had often borrowed its greatest attractions from its appearance on the board.

## RURAL AFFAIRS.

PRESERVATION OF NEW MADE HAY.—It has been recommended by some agriculturists, in housing new made clover hay, especially if it happen not to be thoroughly dry, to mix layers of the hay, while depositing it in the mow, with layers of straw reserved for that purpose. In this way the strength of the clover is absorbed by the straw, which itself will eat greedily, when thus managed. Another way to preserve clover, or indeed any other kind of grass, is to salt it, when stacked away in the mow. From four to eight quarts to the ton is recommended, to be scattered, layer after layer as even as possible, so as to impregnate the whole mass.—London paper.

POTATOES.—I had a quarter of an acre of potatoes growing very flourishingly, and I took a seventh and had them cropped down to the earth. I had another parcel I did not crop at all—and the third cropped long after the blossom showed itself, the result was, that those that were not cropped proved to be the smallest, those cropped earliest, the largest and best, and those cropped the latest, partially benefited. This plan of cropping is particularly desirable if you have a long dry season, otherwise, the rapid growth of stalk and leaves will completely exhaust the potatoes that should be forming in the trenches. I have used various other manures, and find all long manures good; but the more salt or its properties you use, the better. The stable manure is particularly good, from the saline matter it contains.—Farmer's Register.

An intelligent agriculturist who planted a large breadth in the county Wexford, in drills, partly with cut seed, partly with entire potatoes, partly with the manure ever, and partly with the manure under the seed, informs us that all the entire seed with manure under care, as well as two drills of cut seed manured the same way, but all that had the manure over have perished. He concludes that the safest way is to use entire potatoes for seed, and to have the manure under the seed.—Waterford Mirror.

New Principle for making Butter.—A lot of butter consisting of sixteen tubs, appeared in the Waterford market on Tuesday, made in the county Tipperary, upon a new principle, being seasoned, we understand, with saltpetre and brown sugar, in place of salt. Its quality was very prime, and such as to obtain 82s. per cwt., while the general run of prices for first quality was from 75s. to 78s.

BRITISH NEWS. A more important... The noble Earl... The noble Earl... The noble Earl...

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DEADLY AFFAIR AND UNUSUAL SLAUGHTER IN KERRY.

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UNITED STATES.

UNITED STATES. New-York, Aug. 9.—Cholera.—Some cases have occurred in this city...

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THE OBSERVER.

THE OBSERVER. ST. JOHN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1884.

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COLONIAL.

COLONIAL. From the Quebec Gazette. July 29.—We are glad to hear...

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CANADA FLOUR, Nails, Butter, and Hams.

Received, per Schooner Bachelon, from Quebec 400 B...

FOR SALE, 50 P...

Best received by the Subscriber: 30 B...

Flour, Corn, &c. 15 B...

The Subscriber has received, By the Saba...

BRITISH MERCHANDISE, 230 B...

IRISH MESS PORK, 40 B...

TEAS! TEAS! TEAS! 54 C...

MOLASSES, 90 P...

FRESH TEAS, 15 T...

PRIME RICE, 15 T...

JOHN WALKER, 15 T...

BALE WHITE SHIRTING COTTONS, 1 B...

QUEBEC FLOUR & PORK, 350 B...

THE SUBSCRIBER, 80 B...

RUSSELL'S CARPETS, 1 B...

CHAIN CABLES, 1 B...

ANGUS MCKENZIE & CO., 1 B...

EMIGRATION, 1 B...

THE SUBSCRIBER, 80 B...

JAMAICA RUM, 25 P...

SAINT JOHN Mills and Canal Company, 1 B...

NOTICE is hereby given, that a Subscription has been opened for One Thousand Shares of Stock...

CO-Partnership Notice, 1 B...

NOTICE, 1 B...

THE SUBSCRIBERS having entered into Partnership, their Business will be continued under the Firm of...

DEMERRY RUM, A few Puncheons just received, and for sale by...

JUST RECEIVED, And on sale very low by the subscriber: 10 P...

WHITE PINE TIMBER, 500 Tons of the above, with small stowage, deliverable at an export, for sale very low, on application to...

MACKEREL, 200 brls. No. 3 1/2 Mackerel, in shinning order, just received and will be sold low by early application...

ALWIVES, 100 Barrels in prime Shipping order, now landing ex schr. William Henry, from Halifax, for sale low for Cash...

LANDING, Ex schooner Maria & Ensign, from Cape Boston, 150 barrels of MACKEREL; 80 barrels ALWIVES; 200 barrels HERRINGS...

TEA, 30 Chests Congo tea, of excellent quality, just received, and for sale by...

FLOUR, RICE, & CIDER, 105 B...

IRISH MESS PORK, 40 B...

TEAS! TEAS! TEAS! 54 C...

MOLASSES, 90 P...

FRESH TEAS, 15 T...

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GREGG & HALL, Offer the following GOODS for sale at a low price and liberal credit:

3 GANGS of RIGGING, for Vessels of 200 to 250 tons.

IRON, SPIKES, &c. Per John Bentley, from Liverpool: 300 L...

IRON, SPIKES, &c. Per Elizabeth, from Halifax: 50 barrels Prime PORK...

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JOHN S. MILLER, Silt, Cotton, Linn, and Woollen DYE, GRATEFUL for the support and patronage he has experienced during the last Ten Years that he has conducted the above business in this City...

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