

THE OBSERVER, published on TUESDAYS, by D. A. CAMERON, at the Office, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Flowering & Reading.—Terms: 12s. 6d. per annum.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. HIS 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 SMELLIE & ABERCROMBY, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. The Subscriber, James Smellie, is authorized to uplift and discharge all debts due to and by the Company.

NOTICE. ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late XENOPHON COUGLE, Esquire, of Sumner Vale, King's County, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, within Three Calendar Months from this date; and all Persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to MARY COUGLE, Administratrix, Sumner Vale, May 28, 1853.

MARKET SQUARE, MAY 3, 1853. J. & H. FOTHERBY HAVE received per ships Liberia and St. John, and steamer Admiral, an extensive assortment of GOODS, suitable for the season, consisting of Paisley, Cachmere and Barege Long and Square SHAWLS; An elegant assortment of DRESS MATERIALS, in Bagdady, Broadbrides and Fancy BONES, Printed and Embroidered MUSLINS, CACHMERE, Delaines, Lustras, &c. A large assortment of BONNETS, in all the new styles, with a very beautiful assortment of RIBBONS, Habits, Under Slaves; Printed Corsets, Grey and White do. Cotton Flannels, Satinets, Ticks, Braces, Diapers, Flannels, Cotton Wares, &c., which are offered at the very lowest prices, wholesale and retail.

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

NEW GOODS. JAMES BURRELL, Corner of King & Germain-streets, Miramichi, and Eastern City, from Glasgow, Liverpool, London, and United States, a general assortment of Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS, COMPRISING LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS, in Cachmere, Teba ROBES, Venetians, Delaines, Lustras, Circassian Cloths, Black and Coloured SATINS and Gros de Naps; Printed Muslin DRESSES; Paisley, Satin and Cachmere Long and Square SHAWLS; BROAD CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doanings, Satinets, Russel Cord, Molekins, Vestings; Grey and White COTTONS, Fancy and Twilled SHIRTINGS; Tickings, Duck, Lins, Wares, Hollands, Diapers, TOWELLINGS; Printed COTTONS, Cotton Wares; Harness, Filled Bordered Flannels; Red and white FLANNELS, Muslins, Bonnet and Cap RIBBONS; PARASOLS, Sewed Muslin Habit Shirts, Chemisettes and Collars; Lace, Edgings and Insertions, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, Black Silk Laces; GLOVES and HOSIERY in great variety, Fancy Neck Ties, and Bracelots; Hair Nets and Plats, Boys' Belts, Gents' Silk and Cotton Neck and Pocket Handkerchiefs; SHIRTS, Shirt Fronts and Collars, Umbrellas, Whitebone Combs, Hair-combs, Brass Buttons, Bracons, Shays, Braces and Silk Trimmings, Dress Buttons, Puff Combs, Toilette Covers, Coloured Cases, Small Wares, &c. &c. The Subscriber offers the above well selected Stock of GOODS to his numerous friends and the public generally, (and which on inspection will be found well worthy their attention) at the lowest prices for Cash.

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

LONDON HOUSE, Market Square, June 28, 1853. RECEIVED per Lisbon, Camrose, &c.—FINEST CASHMERE; Brocaded Silks; Barege ROBES; Crapes and Norwich Checks; Children's Dresses; Parasols, Gloves, Hosiery, Fishing Threads, Onanburgs, GINGHAMS, Linens, TWEEDES and Doonings. Wholesale Purchasers are informed that the remainder of the stock of BONNETS are being sold at a liberal discount off former prices. June 25. T. W. DANIEL.

BRANDY. To arrive ex brig James Reddin, from Glasgow, 200 CASES fine old BRANDY. In Store—10 hds. Brandy, Martell's; 10 hds. 25 cr. casks ditto, different brands; 10 hds. GEVEVA, Anchor brand; 6 hds. 4 cr. casks superior SHERRY Wine; 10 cases, 2 doz. each, CHAMPAGNE, (English importations); 20 hds. SUGAR; 25 bds. New York Moss PORK; 10 cases Paris White; 2 tons London White Lead; 25 bds. Roman Cement (English). For sale by CUDLIP & SNIDER. June 28.

Poetry. A PIC-NIC. BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

The lake is calm. A crowd of sunny faces, And plumed heads, and shoulders round and white, Are mirrored in the waters. There are traces Of merriment in those sweet eyes of light. Lie empty hamper round in shady places The hungry throw themselves with ruthless might On lozels, salads; while Champagne, to cheer 'em, Cools in the brook that murmurs sweetly near 'em.

A SPINNING-WHEEL SONG. (FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE FOR AUG.)

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning; Close by the window young Eileen is spinning; Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother, sitting, Is crooning, and moaning, and drovily knitting— "Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping—" "Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass tapping—" "Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing—" "Tis the wind, mother dear, of the summer wind dying—" Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirling, Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring, Sprightly, and lightly, and aerially ringing, Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers, Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers; A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother, Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other. Pity, easily, swings now the wheel round; Slowly, and lowly is heard now the reel's sound; Noiseless and light to the lattice above her The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover, Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings; Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings; Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing and moving, Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

Literature, &c. BREAD UPON THE WATERS. A SKETCH FROM LIFE. BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

"Ah, Jacob, now you see how all your hopes are gone. Here we are, worn out with age, all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be the inmates of the poor-house. Where, now, is all the bread you have cast upon the waters?"

The old, white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was, indeed, bent down with years, and age trembled in his step. Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and while fortune had smiled upon him he had ever been among the first to lend a listening ear and a helping hand to the call of distress. But now misfortune was his. Of his four boys not one was left. Sicknes and falling strength found him with little, and they left him penniless. An oppressive embargo upon the shipping business had been the first weight upon his head, and other misfortunes came and ere long, and his wife and he were in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were in the face, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken." "Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling finger towards heaven. "Ah, Jacob, I know God is our friend; but we should have friends here. Look back and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not yet returned to you."

"I have, Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from the cold depths of utter want; but I do not expect it as a reward for any thing I may have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have had my full reward in knowing that I have done my duty to my fellows. O, of all the kind deeds I have done to my suffering fellows, I would not for gold have one of them blotted from my memory. Ah, my fond wife, 'tis the memory of the good done in life that makes old age happy. Even now, I can hear again the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I see their smiles."

"Yes, Jacob," returned the wife, in a lower tone. "I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; but, alas! there is a reality upon which we must look—there is a reality upon which we must dwell. We must beg for food or starve."

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features. "Beg?" he replied, with a quick shudder. "No, Susan—we are—"

was by the stopping of a wagon in front of the door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was the keeper of the poor-house.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," he said, "the selection has been made for you into the poor-house. The wagon is at the door, and you can get ready as soon as possible."

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him that went like an ice-bolt to his heart, and with a deep groan he sank back in his seat.

"Come—be in a hurry," impatiently urged the keeper. At that moment a heavy cart rolled up to the door. "Is this the house of Jacob Manfred?"

This question was asked by a man who entered from the cart. He was a kind looking man, about forty years of age. "That is my name," said Jacob.

"Then they told me truly," uttered the newcomer. "Are you from the almshouse?" he continued, turning towards the keeper.

"Yes." "And are you after these people?" "Yes." "Then you may return. Jacob Manfred goes to no poor-house while I live."

The keeper gazed inquisitively into the features of the man who addressed him, and then left the house. "Don't you remember me?" exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old man by the hand. "I cannot call you to my memory now."

"Do you remember Lucius Williams?" "Williams?" repeated Jacob, starting up from his chair, and gazing earnestly into the face of the man before him.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams. That little boy of yours, thirty years ago, you saved from the house of correction; that poor boy whom you kindly took from the bonds of the law, and placed on board one of your own vessels."

"Yes—yes. I am the man you made. You found me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and bad example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet waters of moral life and happiness. I have profited by the lessons you gave me in early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness lighted up in my bosom has grown brighter and brighter ever since. With an affluence for life I have settled down in a town, with such of your work as my hands may find to do. I heard of your losses and your bereavements. I know that the children of your own flesh are all gone, but I am a child of your kindness, and now you shall be still my parent."

"I have a home and a heart, and your presence will make them both warmer, brighter and happier. Come, my more than father—and you, my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and I will not see your old age doomed to darkness."

Jacob Manfred tottered forward and sank upon the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again he sought his wife.

"Susan," he said, in a choking, trembling tone, "my bread has come back to me!" "Forgive me, Jacob." "No, no, Susan. It is not I who must forgive, God holds us in his hand." "Ah," murmured the wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, "I will never doubt His again!"

to state that for the week now passing, it is thought the number will be as large; and thus, unless some sudden and unlooked for change occur, the month of August will be held ever memorable in the annals of that city for the largest proportionate mortality which has ever occurred in the history of pestilences. It will equal the violence of the Black Plague of the Fourteenth Century, and that of the plague of London, in 1665. The latter has been regarded as the severest pestilence of modern times; and yet, out of a population of five hundred thousand, it only slowly six thousand in one year, whereas the present epidemic is destroying at the rate of four thousand per month, out of a total population of not over eighty thousand, and of a population live to every eight deaths, of not over 30,000.—New Orleans paper.

A Good Parson. One of the most zealous and active of the Howards is the Rev. James C. Whittall, who is known by the name of our readers as the sailor-preacher. Having served for a long time before the mast, he has for some years past devoted his talents and energies to the enlightenment and improvement of the minds and hearts of those with whom he has been so long identified. Besides preaching the worthy parson employs himself actively in deeds of practical benevolence and charity. During a pestilence like this, his services are invaluable. We heard of an incident, which occurred a few days ago, illustrative of the character of the man, and of his certain off-hand bluntness with the most lively sensibility to human distress, and the most active philanthropy in aiding the afflicted.

Passing along the levee, a few days ago, Mr. Whittall observed a poor fellow sitting on the ground, apparently quite sick. Hundreds had passed the poor fellow without observing, much less turning aside to render any assistance to the sick man, but the quick eye of the Bethel Pastor discovered the signs of the pestilence in the flushed and fevered face of the man, and stopped to feel his pulse, he next proceeded, without asking the assistance of any one, to roll the wheelbarrow in which the Pastor's residence, where the man was immediately supplied with the necessary remedies, and in a few days recovered. Such deeds as these are worth a thousand elegant charity sermons, preached by dainty clergymen, who fly our city when an epidemic visits it.—N. Orleans Delta.

The Death of Cardinal Wolsey. [From the fifth volume of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.] "On Monday morning, tormented by gloomy forebodings, Wolsey asked, 'what was the time of day.' 'Past eight o'clock,' replied Cavendish. 'That cannot be,' said the Cardinal; 'eight o'clock! . . . No! for by six o'clock you shall lose your master.'"

"The Roman Catholic Bishop, Provost, died in his bed, and his death was the result of a long illness, which he had contracted in his youth, and which he had never been able to shake off. He was a man of a high and noble mind, and a successful promoter of peace, sobriety and morality. The Rev. J. Black, Presbyterian Minister, had left the settlement, but there was a gentleman on the part of the inhabitants of the town, who had been a member of the company that he should be prevailed upon to return.—Montreal paper.

A Drunkard under Chloroform. After a minute or two, a shuffling of feet is heard, the folding doors are thrown open, and a strong, early-looking, bull-headed "navy," is led by his attendant, by a railroad accident, is leg held under the microscope of the table. His face is pale and clammy, his eyes are closed, and he lies on his back. The chloroform apparatus is now applied to his mouth, and the lid is raised, and the patient is placed on the table. His face flushes—he struggles, and some muffled exclamations are heard. In a minute or two more the gentleman who has charge of the chloroform examines his eyes, touches the eyeball—the lid sinks, and the operator steps forward, and in a trice the link is transfixed with the long bistoury. Some intelligence now animates the patient's face which bears a look of drunken jollity. "Ha! ha! ha! Capital!" he shouts, evidently in imagination, "I'm in the moon companions, 'olly good song, and jolly well sung! I always know'd Jim was a good un to chant? I sing! I sing, my wife! I ain't a husky as a broken winded fow. Well, if I must, I must, so here goes." By this time the patient has been bled, and the operator waxes, while the patient shouts,

"Tis my delight 'a moonlight night—"

whose that trading on my toy? None of your tricks, Jim? Hold your jaw, will you? Who can afford to let the man once so much feared. Power had been his bid; to obtain it in the State, he had sacrificed the liberties of England; and to win it, or to preserve it in the Church, he had fought against the Reformation. If he encouraged the nobility in the luxuries and pleasures of the bed he rendered them more subtle and more servile. If he supported learning, it was only that he might have a clergy fitted to keep the laity in their leading-strings. Ambitious, intriguing, and avaricious, he had been as zealous for the present moment as he had been for the future. On the body of this voluptuous man, the aim of his life had been to raise the Papal power higher than it had ever been before, at the very moment when the Reformation was attempting to bring it down, and to take his seat on the pontifical throne with more than the authority of a Hildebrand. Wolsey, as Pope, would have been the man of his age; and in the political world, he would have done for the Roman primacy what the celebrated Loyola did for it in the annals of his Order. Obliged to renounce this idea, worthy only of the middle ages, he had desired at least to save the Papedom in his own country; but here again he failed. The pilot who had stood in England at the helm of the Romish Church was thrown overboard, and the ship, left to itself, was about to founder, and yet, even in itself, he did not lose his courage; the last throbs of his heart had called for victims; the last words he uttered were those of a persecutor. This testament was to be only too faithfully executed.

Rather Inquisitive. We heard a friend relate the accompanying incident the other day with not a little zest, and to the amusement of a good many bystanders. Jumping into an old-fashioned stage-coach last month, in company with mine others, to jostle over ten miles of unfinished road between Pittsburg and Philadelphia, I was very much amused with the following characteristic dialogue between a regular question-asking "down-easter" and a high-heeled southerner. We were scarcely seated before our Yankee began: "Travelling East, I expect?"

"Yes, sir." "Goin' to Philadelphia, I reckon?" "No, sir." "Oh, ah! to New York, I presume?" "Call 'latin to buy goods, I presume?" "Never been there before, I wouldn't wonder?" "No, sir, never." "New York is a wonderful place." "Such is my impression, sir." "Such is my impression, sir, I expect?" "Yes, sir; I am provided with letters of introduction."

"Wouldn't mind showin' you round myself a spell, if you wanted." "I thank you, sir; but I shall not require your assistance."

This last remark of the polite but reserved stranger was a poser; and the "inquirer" fell back a moment to take breath, and change his tactics. The half-suppressed smile upon the face of the other passenger soon aroused the Yankee to still farther exertions, and he began again: "Stranger, perhaps you are not aware how almighty hard it is for a Yankee to control his curiosity. You'll please excuse me, but I really would like to know your name, and residence, and the

Romance in Real Life. The London Times, of a late date, contains the following romance:—"Some years since a young Belgian lady, fresh from her convent education, appeared in society, captivated by a young fellow countryman with well curled hair and patent leather boots, and after an acquaintance of a few weeks, married him. The happy pair sojournd as is often the custom abroad, with the father and mother of the lady. The wife was a gay young lady, and her husband was quite as gay a young lord. At every ball and party in the capital they were present, and, as the married couple are especially selected by the continental gentlemen for what they call "adoration," the young wife, although she got no more of it than she liked, was honored with considerable more than "pleased her husband." The latter remonstrated with the madrone, supported her daughter. The husband settled the matter by putting on his hat and retiring to his parental mansion. The marital feud was now intense; the conjugal couple were only the same mind touching one single subject. This was no; but the Belgian law will allow of no such annulling of marriage contract until the angry parties have renewed their demand for a di-

voice once every year for three years. Our young couple nourished their wrath during this triennial period of probation, hence made fact demand, and were duly summoned last year to hear consent given, that they, who had been one should henceforth and forever remain two.—From different sides of the court, the married pair witnessed the passing of the common portal into the public street. Approximation fired friendship, and the gentleman again offered his hand to the lady in token that there was no longer malice between them. Friendship had no sooner closed the chafed altar of love, and the young couple walked together to their first married home, whence the husband has never since permanently withdrawn.

Advice of an Old Lady. Now, John, listen to me, for I am older than you, or I couldn't be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John, before you have continued four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning. You should take notice whether her complexion is the same in the morning as in the evening, or if you can hear in the evening how she is in the morning. You should take care to surprise her, so that you may see her in her morning dress, and observe how her hair looks when she is not expecting you. If possible, you should be with her when she is in the morning, and particularly if she is lending a hand to get your breakfast ready in good season, she is a prize, John, and the sooner you secure her to yourself the better.

INTERESTING FROM THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY.—Sir George Simpson, who has just returned from his annual tour to the Northwest, has favored us with the following particulars:—"Red River settlement is healthy and prosperous; churches, schools, and temperance societies are in the most successful operation among the inhabitants of that remote region. The Honorable Hudson's Bay Company has discontinued the allowance of liquor to their servants, and substituted a liberal supply of tea and coffee, which change all well satisfied, not excepting the Indians, Indian tribes, some of whom were previously at war. The Bishop of Rupert's Land (Church of England) was upon his annual tour of inspection. The Roman Catholic Bishop, Provost, died in his bed, and his death was the result of a long illness, which he had contracted in his youth, and which he had never been able to shake off. He was a man of a high and noble mind, and a successful promoter of peace, sobriety and morality. The Rev. J. Black, Presbyterian Minister, had left the settlement, but there was a gentleman on the part of the inhabitants of the town, who had been a member of the company that he should be prevailed upon to return.—Montreal paper.

Nothing is easier, nor more delightful to most women, than to pay money. To see the money that pervades all their movements, the light that dances in their eyes when bound on a shopping excursion, one would think that the mere act of passing the Elby lucre from hand to hand has something exhilarating and restorative in it.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—A child upon whom it would seem the examples made amongst the animal productions had not been lost, upon being taken to visit an aunt, recently confined with twins, raised the heartless inquiry of "Which does dear nauty mean to keep?"

One of the latest fashions for gentlemen, is the "barber-pole" pattern for trousers; the stripes ascend spirally round the leg, giving the wearer the appearance of a double-barbered corsicrew.

How TO BECOME A FAVOURITE.—If you wish to make yourself a favourite with your neighbour, buy a dog and tie him up in the garden at night. He won't sleep any all night for thinking of you.

A MODERN BELLE.—"Love in a cottage, indeed?" said Laurette one day to one of her admirers, a sentimental swain. "I do not fancy the picture. A cottage always reminds me of pigs, and poultry, and dirty children, and sluttish women, and coats out at elbows, and broken windows patched with paper, or stopped with old hats—things that I hold in utter abomination. Give me an elegant sufficiency—a handsome home in town, splendidly furnished, in the most fashionable style—a dashing equipage—a well-filled casket of jewels—a magnificent wardrobe—a circle of gay and fashionable acquaintances—a wealthy and indulgent husband—and then, perhaps—I might think of love."

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT is about to have measured the degrees of the meridian from the North Cape, 72 degrees north latitude, to the mouth of the Danube, in 454 degrees of the same latitude; that is, on a line which traverses Europe in its whole length, and forms a fourteenth part of the entire circumference of the earth. This measurement will exceed by three degrees the largest before executed, that which the English carried from the Himalays to the southern port of British India.

An "Old Fisherman" informs the New York Post that when fishing in the middle of the bay, he has placed out sea-weed in the crown of his old straw hat, and found it nearly equal to a bath, and a sure guard against a stroke of the sun; and when sea-weed could not be caught by the boat side, his handkerchief dipped in the water answered nearly as well.

The population of the Danubian Principalities is 4,000,000 or 4,500,000 inhabitants, and the soil could support three times that population.

The Steamship Arabis arrived at New York on Tuesday morning, with one week's later despatch from St. Petersburg, and London dates to 12th inst.

RUSSIA.—The Czar has accepted the ultimatum, and orders were given for the immediate withdrawal of the troops from the Turkish principalities. The funds have materially improved, but the markets continue dull. A revolution is threatened in Turkey, in consequence of the refusal of the Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia to obey the summons of the Sultan to appear at Constantinople. The old Turkish party is clamorous for war. The Circassians have again defeated the Russians. China overland Mail telegraphed. Trade in India dull. Imperialists preparing to re-take Aship. Ship Arab, with Bombay mail, founded at sea, and 179 lives lost. MARKETS.—Beef active with steady prices and no imports; Canadian Butter in demand.—Bread stuffs remain at former prices. Wheat dull; Corn and Flour unchanged. Tallow 1s. decline.

business you follow. I expect you ain't ashamed of either of 'em; so now won't you just oblige me?" This last appeal brought out the southern friend, who, rising up to the extremest height allowed by the coach, and throwing back his shoulders, replied: "My name is General Andrew Washington. I reside in the State of Mississippi. I am a gentleman of leisure, and I am glad to be able to say of extensive means. I have heard much of New York, and am now on my way to see it; and if I like it as well as I am led to suspect, I intend to buy it."

Then was heard a shout of stentorian laughter throughout the stage coach; and this was the last of that conversation.

Wit and Humour. LANCASTER WITCHES.—"How strange it is, Sophy, that you couldn't recollect me! Maybe it's witchery, for that has a prodigious effect upon the memory. Do you believe in witchery?" said I, leaning on my elbow in the grass, and looking up in her pretty face. "How can I believe, who never saw one? Did you?" "Just come from a county in England," said I, "that's chockful of 'em." "Do tell me," said she, "what sort of looking people they are. Little, cross, spiteful, crooked old women, ain't they?" "The most splendid galls," said I, "mortal men ever beheld—half-angel, half-woman, with a touch of cherubina—musician tongues, telegraphic eyes, and cheeks made of red and white roses. They bewitch old Scratch himself, if he was only to look on 'em. They call 'em Lancashire witches." "Did they ever bewitch you?" she said, laughing. "Well, they would, that's a fact; only I had been bewitched afore."—Sam Slick.

A RELIABLE TIMEKEEPER.—"Paddy, honey, will you my watch now?" "And it's about ending your watch are, Mike?" "Troth it is darlin'!" "What's the price?" "Ten shillings, and a mutchin of the creature." "Is the watch a decent one?" "Sure and I've had it twenty years, and it never once mistaken me!" "Well, here's your tin; now tell me does it go well?" "Bedad an' it goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster, or Leinster, not barring Dublin!" "Bad luck to ye, Mike, you have taken me in! Didn't you say it never deceived you?" "An' I did—did it—did I never depend on it?"

A dealer in ready-made linen, in New York, advances his shirt and chemisettes under the melodious appellation of 'Male and Female envelopes.'

Foster, the author of the life of Goldsmith, speaking of an ill-natured man, said that his memory was nothing but a row of hooks to hang up grudges on.

"Ah!" said old Mrs. Doosenbury, "larning is a great thing; I've often felt the need of it. Why! would you believe it, I am now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year, and then is spring, fall and autumn. I learnt the names of them when I was a leetle bit of a gal!" Mrs. Doosenbury knows enough to be an alderman!

"Mother, mother, here's Freddy teasing the baby." "Make him cry again, Freddy, and then mother will give him some sugar, and I'll take it away from him, then I'll squall and he'll mother will give him some more, and you can take that, and we'll both have some."

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Poetry.

THE SHIP OF DEATH.

We believe it is a German poet who, walking silent and thoughtful by the solemn shores of the vast ocean we must sail so soon, thus speaks of "The Ship of Death."—Harper's Mag.

"By the shore of time now lying, On the ink of food beneath, Patiently thou sou'st, undying, Waits for thee the Ship of Death!"

"He who on that vessel starteth, Sailing from the sons of men, To the friends from whom he parteth, Never more return again!"

"From her mast no flag is flying, To denote from whence she came: She is known unto the dying— AZAEL is her captain's name."

"Not a word was ever spoken, On that dark unfaithful sea; Silence there is unbroken, She herself seems not to be."

"Silent thus, in darkness lonely, Doth the Soul, put forth alone, While the wings of angels only Waft her to a Land Unknown."

A Survey of the Physical Sciences.

ASTRONOMY.

The ancients were early drawn to the study of the heavens. The Chaldeans and Egyptians excelled in celestial observations. They named the planets, noticed eclipses, marked the constellations of Orion, Pleiades, Hyades, and Bootes, and divided the day into twelve hours. Speculation naturally arose. It was fruitless. The stars appeared as so many brilliant points revolving in a movable sphere. Astronomy lay in this state till Europe awoke from the dead lethargy of the middle ages. It was the first science that fixed the awakening mind. Purbach and Regiomontanus prepared the way for Copernicus, the herald of the true system. He gave his views to the world in 1543. Kepler, born in 1570, added much to astronomical knowledge. His observations and reasonings were profound. He discovered the ellipticity of the orbits of the planets, and laid down what is known as the three laws of nature. While Kepler was thus engaged in explaining the motions of the planets, Galileo, the martyr of astronomy, invented the telescope. The moon was observed, and a resemblance between the heavenly bodies and the earth indicated. The armed eye gazed upon new fixed stars, and the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn.

With Newton the study of astronomy commenced a new era. The time for establishing the true system on principles had arrived. The motion of the heavenly bodies was compared with the laws of motion as known upon the earth. The great law of attraction was discovered.

During the last fifty years, the progress of astronomy has been rapid. Instruments have been perfected, and their range enlarged. Lord Rosse's telescope has found a record in every daily sheet. Observatories are multiplied. The theory of comets has been explained. A single year's observations at Washington gives us 15,000 stars, most of which are unknown. New planets are added almost monthly to the records of worlds. In this progress, we must notice, in our country, the names of Walker, Bond, Mitchell and Kirkwood.

The science of optics was long neglected. The subtle nature of light seems to have eluded the observations of the ancients. Euclid began its study.

In the eleventh century, Alhazen wrote a treatise on optics. He was acquainted with the anatomy of the eye. Bacon, in the seventeenth century, made some good remarks on the uses of lenses. Spectacles were invented by Amato, a Florentine, in 1313. In the fifteenth century, Maurolicus pointed out the crystalline lens of the eye, and explained in a good degree the nature of long and short-sighted eyes. Baptista Porta, a Neapolitan, invented the Camera Obscura, about the year 1560. It led Kepler to explain the action of the eye in vision. The rainbow was explained in 1610, by Dominis. In 1590, Janus, of Middleburgh, in Zealand, invented the telescope. The news of this was immediately communicated to Galileo, who constructed one and turned it to the heavens. From this time forward, the science of optics rose into notice. Descartes, Gregory, Barrow, Huggins and Newton labored to promote its growth. The theory of light proposed by Newton, for a long time commanded respect. It was the theory of emission. Light is thrown off from all luminous bodies. The theory of Huggins is now ascendant. It is the theory of refraction. Light is a subtle ether, pervading all space, and when thrown into a vibratory state, occasions vision.

This branch of physical science is wholly based on experiment. It was known to the ancients only in some natural phenomena. The Greeks were acquainted with the attractive and repulsive powers of amber, the mineral from which electricity takes its name.

In 1720, Stephen Gray made some discoveries. They respected conductors, non-conductors, and insulated bodies. Du Fay, in 1733, added to these discoveries. He regarded electricity as consisting of two kinds, and distinguished these by the names vitreous and resinous.

The first successful attempt to explain the facts of electricity was made by Dr. Franklin. With him, it took the form of a science, and, since his day, has risen to a proud rank through the labors of Coulomb, Volta, and Faraday. The telegraph is the noblest instance of its application—the invention of Sydney Morse.

MAGNETISM. Magnetism has its beginning in a knowledge of the load-stone. The Chinese were first acquainted with it. There is no room to doubt but that the compass was brought from the East.

Gilbert, in the time of Elizabeth, is the first one who attempted to collect the phenomena of magnetism, and classify them. From that time observation has been adding valuable discoveries.

Columbus observed the declination of the needle in his great voyage of discovery. The dip was first noticed by Norma in 1576. Halley attempted to explain the declination. The earth was regarded by him as a magnet. The daily variation of the needle was discovered

in 1722 by Graham. Oersted of Copenhagen discovered the effects of electric currents on the needle, and led the way to electro-magnetism. Faraday has done much for electricity. His discoveries are of the highest order. As a consequence of these inquiries, we now know upon light, electricity, and magnetism as different functions of the same principle. The magnetic poles of the earth and the sublime phenomena of the aurora borealis and australis are owing to electric currents.

CHEMISTRY. Chemistry, as a science, was unknown to the ancients. It is based strictly on experiments, and has taken its true rank within the last century. Its progress has been a brilliant one, and is owing to the labors of such men as Davy, Beecher, Black, Cavendish, Dalton, Faraday.

Already it has reached a high degree of perfection and utility. The four elements of the ancients have been extended to sixty-one, the laws of chemical attraction explained, the nature of substances brought to view by analysis, and the results applied to manufactures, agriculture, and the arts.

Plastering Machine. A machine for the purpose of superseding manual labor in the operation of plastering walls, has been invented by Isaac Hussey, of Harveysburgh, Ohio, who has taken measures to secure a patent. It consists of a moveable frame upon rollers that can be adjusted to suit any height, and of a smaller frame sliding within it. The latter serves to support mortar box, containing the trowel, which is raised and lowered by means of a drum and endless chain. When in operation the trowel is supplied with mortar by a rod and follower, which are worked by a lever, the quantity being regulated or shut off, as required, by a slide that covers the opening in the box. For plastering ceiling it is only requisite to raise the mortar box to the top of the frame, and for side walls it is adjusted accordingly by turning it to a proper position. For this last named operation the box is shifted by the sliding frame, which is moved back and forth for that purpose by means of the already-mentioned lever. There are also various cords and pulleys attached to the machine for facilitating the operations of the different parts, which are included in the invention and forming part of it.—Sci. Am.

Drying Vegetables for Farm Use. A friend says to us, that he has two or three hundred bushels of potatoes—that he has not hogs enough to eat them, and the distance that he lives from market will not allow of any profit, but a loss at the present prices, should he haul them there; and he asks what he shall do with them? Well, rather than he will give them away, to those who will come after them. After suffering the scourge of the potato rot so many years, and living potatoless, as many have, it is really refreshing to hear somebody complain, that he has more potatoes than he can use. It seems like old times, when, whatever might happen to other crops, we were sure of potatoes enough. The question, however, reminded us of a plan, which might be generally adopted by farmers, for the preservation of potatoes, turnips, apples, and such like perishable articles.

It is drying them. By going to a little expense for fixtures, the labor and trouble would not be much. We all know that our good housewives dry apples, pumpkins, huckleberries, &c., for domestic use. Well, suppose you adopt the same course for preservation of potatoes, turnips, apples, &c., for farm purposes? All that is absolutely necessary to do, to effect this, is to make clean, slice them, and expose them to artificial heat, in a kiln, or some close room, until the water is evaporated.

For domestic uses, we pare apples previous to drying, but for feeding stock, nothing more need be done than slicing them up. So of potatoes or turnips.

The plan of drying potatoes, may be new to some, but it is a thing that is done in some places, to a considerable profit, for navy and domestic uses. Dried potato is getting to be quite a valuable article. Some enterprising Vermonters at Hinesburg, have started a potato drying establishment, and we understand, are doing a good business.

The Burlington, (Vt.) Free Press, in an article on this subject says: "The application of this method to potatoes at the Hinesburg factory is substantially as follows: Being thoroughly cleaned, deprived of the skins and properly prepared, fresh currents of air are moved in contact with the potato pulp by machinery. The air rapidly takes up and carries off the moisture. The material is made to take the shape of tubes, (maccaroni fashion,) and when perfectly dry, is broken in a proper mill into the form of what is called "samp" or "hominny." Indeed it might be easily mistaken for that article made from our common yellow Indian corn.

By the same process it has lost nothing but water. But by that loss it is made to occupy but one-sixth of its original bulk, and what before weighed four pounds, now weighs but one pound. In that condition it can be packed tight casks or in tin canisters, and be transported just as easily as so much dry rice. Years of trial have proved the unchanging character of the preparation.

Now then for the use. For one pound of it take three pounds of boiling water, (or to speak cookery book fashion) put one tea-spoonful of it into about four tea-spoonfuls of boiling hot water. In ten minutes the water is entirely absorbed, and the result is a well cooked dish of mashed potato, ready to be salted and buttered, or dealt with as a like dish made from fresh potatoes might be. The taste differs but slightly from that of fresh potato prepared in the same manner. We speak advisedly, for we have tried. Though we think any one would prefer to crush for himself a fresh mealy potato, if he were in a condition to choose, we have often, within the last five years, had to be content with using potatoes tasting not a whit better than the article we are speaking of—hardly as good even.

It is difficult to comprehend at once the great importance of such a preparation of the potato. To a very large portion of the human family the potato is an article of prime necessity for daily food. All who have been accustomed to use it, feel the deprivation severely if placed beyond its reach for any considerable time. Yet the bulkiness and perishable nature of the tuber in its natural condition, make its transportation for great distances by either land or sea an impossibility. For the want of it, the health of crews on long voyages, and of soldiers or other persons

occupied away from where it can be procured, is often greatly injured. In some districts, where it is relied upon as the chief article of food, great distress is caused by the failure of a crop, because the want can not be supplied except at an insupportable expense. Let the preparation of this "im perishable potato" be made common, and all these evils are substantially done away with. Government ships, whaling vessels, merchant's ships, will all make it a part of their stores. It will not occupy near the room of ship biscuit, and can be kept in store with less risk of spoiling. We are informed that European vessels already make it regularly a part of their stores, when going on voyages across the tropics, and that the discovery ships under the charge of Dr. Kane are supplied with it. Travelers across the continent, and inhabitants of those parts of our own country where the vegetable can not be raised successfully find the prepared article a most convenient one for use.

Few persons have any conception of the amount of nutritive food which can be raised in the form of potatoes, where the soil and climate are favorable. Though one pound, less nutritious than wheat or rye, as a whole, no other crop can equal it. Careful experiments have shown that from the same amount of suitable ground, where there could be raised, on the average, 3,400 lbs. of wheat, or 2,200 lbs. of peas, there could be raised 38,000 lbs. potatoes; or, reducing them all to the absolutely dry state, for 3,036 lbs. of wheat, or 2,080 lbs. of peas, there would be 9,500 lbs. of potato—more than three times the amount of food produced in the shape of grain, and more than four times that in the form of peas. We quote this statement from Chemical Technology of Dr. Knapp, of Glasgow—a recent work of very great authority. The practical results of some experimentalists, on the feeding of cattle with these different articles, place the relative value of the potato at a higher mark still.

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