# MISCELLANY.

### Astronomical Clock.

We understand that a curious astronomical clock is at present being constructed in the vicinity of Liverpool by E. Henderson, L. L. D., &c., from a series of very intricate calculus and complicated projections, which has engrossed a large share of his time and attention since 1844.—This clock, when finished, will completely throw into the shade the celebrated "horologies" of antiquity and clocks and planetaria of modern times. Hitherto such pieces of mechanism have exhibited very curious results, but they have been inaccurate in their motions, revolutions, and phenomena, so much so that, at the end of a year or two, the machines gave out indications very wide of the truth, and required to be rectified. This in a great measure, arose from the inaccuracy of the calculations, produced from a wrong basis, and such formulæ thrown into wheelwork. The present clock will entirely obviate such errors, as it is calculated so finely that in many of the motions by the wheelwork it will not err one minute in 1000 years. These calculations, we understand, have received the unqualified approbation of the leading scientific men and astronomers of the day; the sun's place on the ecliptic; the day of the month perpetually, and take leap year into account; the moon's age, place, and phases; the apparent diurnal revolution of the moon; the ebb and flow of the sea at any port in the world; the golden number, epact, solar cycle, Roman indiction, Sunday letter, and Julian period; the mean time of the rising and setting of the sun on every day of the year, with its terms and fixed and movable feasts. The week will also be indicated, and the year will be registered for 10,000 past or to come.—The quickest moving wheel will revolve in one minute, the slowest in 10,000 years for the date. To show the very great accuracy of the motions in this complicated clock, a few of the periods may be noted—namely, the apparent diurnal revolution of the moon is accomplished in 24 hours, 50 minutes, 28 seconds, and 375,988,298 decimals of a second, which gives an error of one minute too fast at the end of 14,470 years. The stars will make a revolution in 23 hours, 27 minutes, 4 seconds, and 09,087,284 decimals of a second, which gives an error of one minute too slow at the termination of 589½ years. The sydondical revolution of the moon is done by the wheels in 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, 2 seconds, and 873,544,288 decimals of a second, and this will give an error of one minute fast in 1167 years. The sidereal year is done in 362 days, 6 hours, 9 minutes, 11 seconds, and 23,322,496 decimals of a second, which will make an error of one minute slow 1806 years. The other astronomical motions are too numerous for detail here, but they all bear the same stamp of accuracy. The clock will go one hundred years without requiring to be wound up, which is unequalled in horological science. The clock will contain about 170 wheels and pinions, and upwards of 3000 distinct pieces. It has been constructed for, and space has been given for the clock at, the Great Exhibition, and we understand that if possible it will appear in that gorgeous edifice.—[*Liverpool Albion.*

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PACKING FLOUR.—It has we believe, been a disputable question among millers for many years, whether the quality of flour is affected by the manner of putting it up, or whether flour closely packed will keep from souring as long as if loosely packed. The question is one of considerable importance to millers and dealers, as the annual losses caused by flour souring are heavy. The following particulars of an experiment made in Cincinnati will therefore be of interest:

"In May 1841, ten years ago, Mr. A. E. Armstrong, who was then and is still Flour Inspector, took a tight half barrel and filled it loosely with flour, and put it away in a place possessing no other than ordinary advantages as a warehouse.—Mr. A examined the flour about twice a year, and he informed us that the article did not undergo any change until the fifth year, when it became somewhat rancid, and it did not sour until the ninth year.—At the end of the fourth year it was in perfect order. A sample of the article was exhibited on 'Change, and there was nothing peculiar in the appearance, smell or taste, except that it was a little sour and rancid.

The experiment has satisfied Mr. Armstrong that flour loosely packed would be preserved in good order, much longer than that put up in the ordinary manner. This is certainly a matter well worthy the attention of millers.

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A TOAST.—"Here ish to the heroes what die, pled and died mit the pattles of [illegible]—of whom *I am one.*"

### The Power of Memory.

The following sketch of a learned Italian forcibly illustrates the extraordinary power of memory:

Signor Magliabechi, librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was born at Florence, in the year 1633. Such was the poverty of his parents, that they thought themselves happy in getting him into the service of a man that sold herbs and fruits. Here he took every opportunity, though he could not tell one letter from another, to pore on the leaves of some old book that served for waste paper, declaring that he loved it of all things. A neighboring bookseller, who observed this, took him into his service. Young Magliabechi soon learned to read, and his inclination for reading became his ruling passion, and a prodigious memory his distinguished talent. He read every book that came into his hands, and retained not only the sense of what he read, but often all the words, and the very manner of spelling, if singular. To make trial of his memory, a gentleman lent him a manuscript he was going to print. Some time after it was returned, the gentleman came to him and pretended it was lost.—Magliabechi being requested to recollect what he remembered of it, wrote the whole, without missing a word or varying the spelling. He was consulted by all the learned who proposed to write on any subject. If a priest, for instance, was going to compose a panegyric on a saint, Magliabechi would tell him every author, to the number of a hundred sometimes, who had said anything of that saint, naming the book and the page, and the very words. He did this so often and so readily that he came at last to be looked upon as an oracle; and Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Florence, made him his librarian, the most suitable office to Magliabechi's genius. In the latter part of his life, when a book came into his hands, he would read the title all over, dip here and there in the preface, dedication, and prefatory advertisements, if there were any, and then cast his eyes on each of the divisions, sections, or chapters. After this, he could tell at any time what the book contained.

Though Magliabechi must have lived a very sedentary life, yet he attained the age of eighty-one. He died, July 14th, 1714, after enjoying, during all the latter part of his life, such an affluence as very few persons have ever procured by their knowledge or learning. Though he was not an ecclesiastic, he would never marry. He was quite slovenly in his dress. He received his friends, and those who came to consult him on any point of literature, in a civil and obliging manner; though in general he had almost the air of a savage, and even affected it, together with a cynical or contemptuous smile. In his manner of living he affected the character of Diogenes: three hard eggs, and a draught or two of water, were his usual repast.—When any one went to see him, they most usually found him lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle, in the middle of his study, with a multitude of books, some thrown in heaps, and others scattered about the floor, all around him; and this, his cradle or bed, was attached to the nearest pile of books by a number of cobwebs. At their entrance, he commonly used to call out to them, "Do not hurt my spiders."

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BILLIARD PLAYING.—We have occasionally seen some good billiard playing, but in the whole course of our experience we have never witnessed so extraordinary a feat as the following, an account of which appears in the Concordia Intelligencer. Its locale appears to have been in Natchez:—*Ex. paper.*

"The billiard playing at Pitt's Saloon, on Wall street, Natchez, is hard to beat. The games have an excitement and interest which attract large crowds of spectators who look on with amazement at the astonishing perfection of the players.—The other day a gentleman, who was a stranger in Natchez, looking on so long that he became sympathetic and imbibed the motion of the billiard players to such an extent, that on leaving and going into the street he played on a China tree, cannoned on the Mansion House lamp post, and held himself in the gutter."

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WITTY EXPLANATION.—We have heard a very pretty anecdote of a lady in Burlington, Vt. At a meeting of two or three neighbors, a few days ago, the conversation happened to turn upon the unpleasant propinquity of a slaughter-house to a certain quarter of the town, whereupon one of the ladies present remarked, that the trade of a butcher was certainly a very dirty one, and that it seemed strange to her that men could pursue a calling that must be so offensive to the olfactories.—"O," said the witty Mrs. C., "I suppose they care more for the dollars than they do for the *scents!*"—*Boston Post.*

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☞ If parents would render their children happy and wealthy, they should early inculcate in them a desire for, and a knowledge of, labor, both manual and mental.

### Cheating the Printer.

A man who would cheat a printer would steal a meeting-house and rob a church yard. If he had a soul, ten thousand of its size would have more room in a mosquito's eye than a bullfrog in the Pacific Ocean. He ought to be winked at by blind people and kicked to death across logs by cripples.—[*Ann Arbor Wolverine.*

Amen! such a being would steal the molasses out of a sick nigger's gingercake, take from a drunken man's mouth his last chew of tobacco; walk at night through the rain to deprive a blind sheep of its fodder; travel fifty miles on a fasting stomach to cheat a dying woman out of her coffin, and steal wax out of a dead hog's ears. Such a man ought to be tied to a sheep's tail and butted to death.

[*Florence Enquirer.*

Exactly so, and that isn't all. He would break a surveyor's level to get out the alcohol, and his wife's watch for the mock jewels; bid against a widow at her dead husband's auction, and steal the orphan's shoe strings before day-light.

[*Temperance Banner.*

Yes, thousands of such souls as that man's would rattle in a mustard seed—dance contradances on the point of a wasp's sting—or march abreast through the eye of a cambric needle. A solar microscope would fail to discover them, and when found they would not fill the smallest cranny in creation.—[*Boston Post.*

Yes, and that aint all. Such a fellow would rob a lame goose's nest of the last egg—steal a rat's tail from a blind kitten, for there's nothing low and mean he won't not do. He should be tied up to a broom stick and scolded to death by old maids, and then his bones should be made into buttons to be worn on the breeches of evicts.—[*Rising Sun Mirror.*

That's a fact, and that aint all. Such a scoundrel would steal the clothes from his mother's bed on a cold night, and take his father's coffin to ride down hill on.—A man like this ought to have the seven year itch, and not be allowed to scratch.

[*Saturday Gazette.*

All the above ought to be mere preliminary sufferings—the "prologue to the swelling act" of his final doom. He should be eventually consigned to tophet, where his perpetual punishment would be—to read the newspaper squibs perpetrated at his expense.—[*Sunday Times.*

We will not attempt to add a syllable to this category of mean things, as we have not the words in our vocabulary, but we freely endorse the whole. Our friend Mills, however who can always put the finishing touch to any story, or expression, says: "That man would make a fine use of the family Bible to boil up his grandma's for soap grease."—[*West Greenville (Pa.) Express.*

Such a man would sell his mother's soul for a three cent piece, and if perchance he is in possession of a soul at all it is so infinitely small, it will be enabled to pass in and out of heaven's gate unperceived by Omnipresent eyes.—*Angelica Advocate.*

Don't talk about such fellows' souls!—They have none. According to the philosophy of some people, at the very instant one person dies, another is born, and the soul of the one passes into the body of the other. When such beings as are described above were born, nobody could have died! Give us, if you please, ordinary robbers, thieves, and cut-throats for companions; but from such consummate scoundrels as these, "good Lord deliver us!"—[*Watertown Chronicle.*

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THE TEHUANTEPEC BUSINESS—TOO FAST.—Some of our cotemporaries, supposed to have been largely implicated in the late exploded Cuba speculations, are excessively indignant at the summary proceedings of the Mexican government, in expelling the party of American surveyors, under Major Barnard, acting under the guaranties of the grant of the right of way to Monsieur Garay. It is certainly a matter of regret; but in advance of any treaty stipulations between the two countries, this surveying party assumed all the risks of the enterprise. It is a laudable undertaking, and one which, when completed, will immensely facilitate the communication between the Atlantic States and the Pacific seaboard. The great mistake of the company was, that they were too fast. They should have waited for the treaty. Now, the jealousies of Mexico being excited, the work may possibly depend upon the contingency of annexation. The work meantime, by being a little too fast, is indefinitely suspended.—Fast is the word, but not too fast.—[*New York Herald.*

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☞ If life be a battle how mad must he be who fails to arm himself for the contest! If life be a storm, how infatuated is he who sleeps while his bark is driven amid unknown waters! If life be a pilgrimage, how unwise is he who strays from the right road, nor seeks to return till the twilight shadows gather round his pathway.

### A Dignitary on his own Hook.

The correspondent of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, narrates the following incident attending the inauguration of the great Fair:

Conspicuous among the *corps diplomatique*, and in immediate proximity to the very throne of royalty, was a person in the costume of a *Mandarin*, who had assumed that position as of right, and whom the public and the officials of the exhibition believed to be the "*Chinese Embassador.*"

This dignitary made the acquaintance on the spot, and upon his own introduction, of the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Anglesea, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and many other of the highest persons in the realm; and was regarded with extreme respect by the assembly, until it was remarked that when he joined the procession, which accompanied the Queen, in making the circuit of the exhibition, his diplomatic brethren seemed rather to give the Chinaman the "cold shoulder;" and at length a little inquiry and reflection awakened a remembrance of the fact that there is *no such person* as a "Chinese Embassador" in London; and the discovery of a more superb imposture was at length completed by the circumstance that a gentleman, connected with the Morning Post, recognized in his so *distinctly excellent* a nobleman or other person than the distinguished "Mandarin," who exhibits himself daily in the Chinese Junk, at the small charge of one shilling;" and of whose actual rank and dignity in the Celestial Empire, a malicious rumor alleges in our profound ignorance, to be such as we may infer from the fact that Lucy efficiency first received the country in the capacity of a lady's maid." [illegible] [illegible] was not made [illegible] "commencement of opening the exhibition" was concluded, and the Mandarin [illegible] peace, having [illegible] in his undertaking, and [illegible] not yet undeceived [illegible] building, the warmest [illegible] respectful welcome, and [illegible] their ranks on his way to the [illegible] residence" in the Thames Street.

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WOMEN AND DAYTON.—We know that we have published the fact twice a year, half a dozen times within as many years, but it looked so fresh and funny yesterday as we were running over our exchanges, that we thought we would give it another send-off. It is almost needless to say the humorous yarn was spun by Lucy, the facetious author of "Sparks O' Mallick." The Bloomers may take a hint at it, and partly on their account we give the extract a place:—[*Mo. Rep.*

"I believe a woman would do a great deal for a dance," said Dick Gowling—"they are immensely fond of religious motion. I remember once in my life I made a fool of myself by being a great fool myself. I provincial town where I lived, [illegible] told me she had no stockings to appear in, and without them her presence at the ball was out of the question."

"That was a hint for you to buy the stockings," said Dick.

"No, you're out," said Gowling—"she knew that I was as poor as herself; but though she could not rely on my purse, she had every confidence in my taste and invention, and she consulted me on a plan she had for her poor little ball in paper twice. Now what do you think it was?"

"Tulle in cotton, I suppose," returned Dick.

"Once again, sir—you'd never guess it; and only a woman could have hit upon the expedient. It was the fashion in those days for ladies in full dress, to wear pink stockings, and she proposed painting her legs!"

"Painting her legs!" they all exclaimed.

"Fact, sir," said the Doctor, "and she relied upon me for telling if the cheat was successful."

"And was it?" asked Durfy.

"Don't be in a hurry, Tom. I complied on one condition, namely—that I should be the painter."

"Oh, you old rascal!" said Dick.

"A capital bargain," said Durfy.

"But not a safe covenant," added the attorney.

"Don't interrupt me, gentlemen," said the doctor. "I got some rose pink, accordingly, and I defy all the hosiers in Nottingham, to make a tighter fit than I did on little Jenny; and a prettier pair of stockings I never saw."

"And she went to the ball?" said Dick.

"She did."

"And the trick succeeded?" inquired Durfy.

"So completely," said the doctor, "that several ladies asked her to recommend her dyer to them. So you see what a woman will do to get to a dance. Poor little Jenny! she was a merry minx—by the by, she boxed my ears that night for a joke I made about the stockings. 'Jenny said I, 'for fear your stockings should fall down when you're dancing, had'nt you *better let me paint a pair of garters on them?*'"

### Effects of Kindness.

Mrs. Child a year since published an article respecting the labors of Dorothea L. Dix to ameliorate the condition of the insane and vicious in our prisons. Mrs. Child's article closes thus:—

I inquired whether the amount of good accomplished had so far, equalled her expectations. She said it had; and that her faith in the power of kindness, over the insane and vicious, had been more than confirmed. Among the hundreds of crazy people with whom her sacred mission has brought her into companionship, she has not found one individual, however turbulent and fierce, that could not be calmed by scripture and prayer, uttered in low and gentle tones. The power of the religious sentiment over these shattered souls seems perfectly miraculous. The worship of a quiet, loving heart, affects them like a voice from heaven. Tear and rending, yelling and stamping, singing and groaning, subside into silence, and they fall on their knees or gaze upwards with clasped hands, as if they saw through the opening darkness a golden gleam from their Father's throne of love.

On one occasion this missionary of mercy was earnestly cautioned not to approach a raving maniac. He yelled frightfully day and night, rent his garments, plucked out his hair, and was so violent that it was supposed that he would murder any one that ventured within his reach. Miss Dix seated herself at a little distance, and without appearing to notice him, began to read, with serene countenance and [illegible] voice, certain passages of Scripture, filled with the spirit of tender mercy. His cheek gradually subsided, and at last he became perfectly still. When she paused, he said [illegible] "Read me some more, it does me good." And after a pause, he said [illegible] "I must go away [illegible]," he eagerly replied. "No, [illegible] [illegible]—stay and [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]." By kind words and [illegible] to come accompany she finally obtained permission to depart. "Give me kiss [illegible]," said he. She gave it, and [illegible] expression of the long-extinct [illegible] softened to tearfulness, as he said, "You treat me right. God [illegible] you."

On another occasion she had [illegible] twenty or thirty maniacs in [illegible] and seeing the door all quietly [illegible] entered into the shepherd's fold, she prepared to go further to other duties. In leaving the room, she passed an insane young man, with whom she had exchanged [illegible] words. He stood with hands clasped, and a countenance of the deepest [illegible]. With a friendly smile, she said, "Henry, [illegible] well to day?" "Hush! Hush!" replied he, sinking [illegible] a whisper and gazing earnestly on the spirits around: "Hush! there are angels with us!" They have given him their [illegible].

But let not the journalist suppose that he can work such miracles as these by the professed name of Jesus. Vain is the scripture or the prayer repeated by rote. There must be the meek utterance of a heart overflowing with love: for to such only do the angels lend their voice.—*Christian Citizen.*

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MACHINERY VS. MANUAL LABOR.—A late number of the Scientific American contains some interesting particulars with regard to machinery for manufacturing purposes. In New York city there are now in operation two factories, which are constantly running fifty sewing machines. Those machines are driven by steam power and turn out from ten to twenty pairs of pantaloons each. They are attended by girls, and have been in operation for about a year, manufacture fine coats, every stitch except the button hole, and in a better and stronger manner than could be effected by hand. The profits are enormous, as one girl can sew six overcoats or twenty pairs of pantaloons in one day.

It is about sixty years since mechanism began to be successfully applied to the production of the necessaries or the luxuries of life, and now the labor of machinery in Great Britain alone is estimated as equivalent to that of 600,000,000 of men! The power of production has been increased an hundred fold. What will be effected, then, in an increasing population, making one man do the work of a hundred, is a question which may well arrest the attention of the political economist and the philanthropist.

Its immediate tendency seems to be associationward, to prevent the monopoly of capitalists and the poverty of the masses. Its ultimate effect in this country, will be increased attention to agricultural and literary pursuits and the fine arts.—*Rochester Republican.*

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HOW MUCH IT COSTS TO SUPPORT A WOMAN.—In the suit of Mrs. Forrest against her husband for further allowances, the judge expressed an opinion that $1500 per year, the amount already allowed, was ample, not only for her support, but for extraordinary charges.

### A Western Love Letter.

Apri Thee, 9th 1000 ate 00, & 4ty too.

My deris sweTie ducky—I Take up my pein in ☞ 2 Tell you as how I am had A spell of the aGer and i HoaP theas fue ligns may finD you injoyin The salm blessing 2 U doant U wright onely 1 sweet Lign 2 tell supherin molly awl about Her sweat henry. o my swete henry—my Turkle duv—my Dear little henry how mi poor sole is longing 2 here Ure purty litTle voice i thinK i here U wisseling yanky doodel as i happen 2 B thiNkin on U. jim C ly has Razed a nOO hous and sally duz liv so sugg but she fitEs him sum Times my deer henry doo less U an i keep hous 2 i shant lick you at awl nor lokk at no Lady else so wont daddy sez I must git married kaws ive let it run on 2 long now I no i never hinted nothin about marridg nor doant never meen 2. take your oWn time for thit as the old saying is perkrasternashun is The theef oy time and nothin shood B dun in a hurry but ketchen fleez O mi deer henry U allers wos so deer 2 me an i hoAp U will soon B deerer then I can tealy feel with the immortel sammist,

the rowzes read, the violets blew:
shugars sweat an so B U

So know more at present from Ure suffering MOLLY BUCKTAIL.

Notty Benny, Sister's dead an Jose got the pheaver. S: no moar from ure swete shugar candey; MOLLY ANN.

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ONE OF THE TOWNS!—We find the following in an exchange paper. It is said that the town referred to is situated in the West, but the assertion lacks proof. It was headed "Doings in a town out west:"

In one day, they recently had two street fights, hung a man, rode three men on a rail out of town, got up a quarter race, a turkey shooting, a gander pulling, a match dog fight, had preaching by a circuit rider who afterwards ran a foot-race for a pipe, took all around it, and, as if this was not enough, the judge of the court, after fining his clerk's salary at single hundred dollars, and whipping a person who said he didn't understand the game, went out and helped to lynch his grandfather for hog stealing.

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A GOLDEN MODEL.—The Washington Telegraph says the first application for a patent from California will shortly be presented at the Patent office. The model, which is of a double acting force pump, is all of pure solid gold. The inventor is a native of Washington, but now a resident of Sacramento. The gold of which his model is composed was gathered by himself, and he has exhibited much skillful handiwork, as well as ingenuity, in its construction. Of all the models in the Patent office—more than 15,000 in number—the present is the only one of this material.

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INGREDIENT TO MANY PERSONS.—The last Springfield (Mass.) Journal has the following paragraph, attesting the efficacy of a certain simple remedy for corns, which has lately been successfully applied in England:

CORNS.—Some time since we published from Chambers' Journal a statement that sweet oil would cure corns, if perseveringly applied. A friend of ours, who always had a larger crop of that sort of grain than he could easily walk under, immediately commenced the trial. Three or four weeks have passed, and he is entirely cured. It should be applied night and morning with the finger, until the cure is effected.

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AH HA!—Mrs. Farnham of early California celebrity, arrived at Grass Valley a few days ago, and after having attired herself in a magnificent "Bloomer," sallied forth to view the beauties of the lovely town and the surrounding country.—An escort, we understand, was quickly formed, of about a hundred persons, who followed her in all her perambulations through the vicinity, but so great was the awe inspired, whether by the lady or the "Bloomers" we are unadvised, that all her followers kept at a respectful distance none of them approaching nearer than twenty feet.—*Nevada Journal.*

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A BREAST PLATE FOR SOLDIERS.—In Paris a new kind of cuirass for the use of the army is shortly to be tried. This cuirass is of vulcanized India rubber, about half an inch thick. This thickness, it is stated, is more than sufficient to resist the action of a ball projected from any kind of fire-arm. All the experiments tried have proved entirely successful. The force of the ball is completely broken by the elasticity of the India rubber, and it falls on the ground at the feet of the person against whom it is sent.

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YANKEE DOODLE.—In a curious book on the round towers of Ireland, the origin of the term Yankee doodle was traced to the Persian phrase, "Yankidoonish," or "Inhabitants of the New World." Layard, in his book on 'Ninevah and its Remains,' also mentions "Yanghidunia" as the Persian name of America.

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☞ The United States Balance Float in Dry Dock, lying at Pensacola (Fla.) is said to be nearly completed. It is the largest structure of the sort in the world, being 350 feet long inside the gates, 105 feet wide, 21 feet clear. It is warranted to take up the largest ship in United States navy with armament, &c., on board.

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☞ Forty five pounds of salt are contained in one hundred pounds of the water of the Dead Sea.