

SELECTIONS.

THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS—HORRORS OF WAR.—Sad stories are told in some of the letters from Algiers, of the horrors of war. A correspondent of the Paris National, describing Marshal Bugead's invasion of Kabyle, says that the battle lasted from five in the afternoon till the following morning. Several villages were taken, some of which had a population of 6000, and the writer adds:—"The troops, excited by the heat of the combat, rushed headlong into the villages, and completely sacked them. Jewels, rich stuffs, carpets, provisions of all kinds, a quantity of arms, and a profusion of gold and silver, fell into the hands of our soldiers. The booty was immense. Numerous jars filled with olive oil were broken, and their contents allowed to flow about the streets, and the fire from the burning houses gaining this liquid, a horrible spectacle presented itself. All the inhabitants who came within reach of our soldiers, were put to the sword. In the midst of this frightful melee a Kabyle chief of athletic form was seen forcing his way to the Marshal, and having come up, entreated him, in terms of humble supplication, to put a stop to the devastation, and he and his people would immediately make submission. In the accents of his voice, and in the expression of his countenance, there was so much sincerity as well as grief, that the Marshal ordered the three cannon to be fired, and the destruction and plunder at once ceased. This was the greatest regret of the Marshal, who said last evening, when on the terrace, that he wished he had been more violently attacked, in order that the destruction might have been more complete, and the lesson more severe. This is no calumny; it is the truth, and nothing more than the truth."

HOW TO PROMOTE HEALTH.—Do not expect, sir, some wonderful announcement—some fascinating mystery! No. It is simply the plain little practice of leaving your bedroom window a little open at the top while sleeping, both in winter and summer. I do not come before you as a theorist or an experienced teacher, in thus calling loudly upon every family to adopt this healthy practice. I am the father of ten children, all in pure health, and have (thank God) never lost one, although their natural constitutions were not robust. But, in addition to the salutary effect of the practice in my own family, wherever I have advised others to try its effects, it has invariably been found to be both pleasant and beneficial.—*Correspondent of the Sun.*

TO KEEP AWAY THE MOTH.—Before folding up and putting away your winter blankets, furs, and other articles, sprinkle them, or smear them over with a few drops of the oil of turpentine, either alone or mixed with an equal bulk of spirits of wine. No stain will be left, and if spirits of wine be used, the odour is not disagreeable.

BORROWING.—"Mother wants to know if you won't please to lend her your preserving kettle—cause as how she wants to preserve?" "We would, with pleasure, boy; but the truth is, the last time we loaned it to your mother, she preserved it so effectually that we have never seen it since." "Well, you needn't be so sassy about your old kettle. Guess it was full of holes when we borrowed it, and mother wouldn't a troubled you again, only we seed you bringing home a new one!"—*Galt (Canada) Reporter.*

SCHOOLBOYS AT A BALL.—When Dr. Parr, the eminent Greek scholar, was head master of the grammar-school at Norwich, he received many civilities from the resident gentry of the neighbourhood, in part requital of which he bethought himself of giving a ball to his county acquaintance. The scene of the festival was a large school-room, which was separated by great folding-doors from a dormitory in which about sixty boys took their nightly repose. On the evening of the ball, they had been all sent to bed earlier than usual, but the doctor had not duly estimated the mercurial temperament of boyhood, in flattering himself that sleep would keep them quiet on such a night. No sooner had the dancing commenced, than the whole school slunk out of bed, and in a compact mass crowded against the folding-doors, to obtain through a key-hole alternate glimpses of the outer revelry. Now, the doors were not strong enough to withstand such unusual pressure, and at length with a crash gave way, pouring into the hall-room head over heels, a perfect cataract of half-naked urchins! The disturbance of the moment, the rage of the doctor, the consternation of the ladies, and the gambols of the detected boys, are all beyond description.—*Dolman's Magazine.*

THE CHARTER OAR SAYS.—A forlorn and heart-stricken editor out West, who has recently been snubbed and pilted by his fair one, thus pathetically laments the fatality that attends all his matrimonial demonstrations:

"We never loved a charming critter,
But some one else was sure to get her."

A STEAM HORSE.—Elihu Buritt the "learned blacksmith," gives the following quaint description of a locomotive:—"I love to see one of these huge creatures, with sinews of brass and muscles of iron, strut forth from his smoky stables, and saluting the long train of cars with a dozen sonorous puffs from his nostrils, fall gently back into his harness. There he stands; and clamping and foaming upon the iron tract, his great heart a furnace of glowing coals, his lymphatic blood boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his sinews; he pants to be gone. He would "snake" St. Peter's across the desert of Sahara, if he could be fairly hitched to it; but there is a little sober tobacco-chewing man in the saddle, who holds him with one finger,

and can take away his breath in a moment, should he grow restive and vicious. I am always deeply interested in this man, for, begimmed as he may be with coal diluted in oil and steam, I regard him as the genius of the whole machinery, as the physical mind of that huge steam horse.

A LIFE PRESERVER FOR THRASHERS.—Take a piece of the finest sponge, large enough to cover the mouth and nostrils, hollow it out so as to fit closely; tack a tape string round the outside, long enough for the ends to tie over the top of the head; soak the sponge in soft water and squeeze the water out with the hand, then when ready to commence work tie it on tightly and evenly so as to cover the mouth and nostrils completely. You can breath and talk through the sponge almost as freely as without it—(though it will trouble those who use the "filthy weed.") and you can thrash where the dust from the machine rises like a dense fog around the head, and the lungs will be as free from harm as if you was hoeing corn. I have thrashed with a machine for the past four years, and always suffered much from the dust inhaled into the lungs, until last year, when I tried the sponge: and I can truly say it has been a life-preserver to me.—*Ohio Cul.*

RUSSIAN BAPTISM.—It is always performed by immersion. In the rich houses, two tables are laid out in the drawing room by the priests; one is covered with holy images, on the other is placed an enormous silver basin, filled with water surrounded by small wax tapers. The chief priest begins by consecrating the font, and plunging a silver cross repeatedly in the water; he then takes the child, and after reciting certain prayers, undresses it completely. The process of immersion takes place twice, and so rigorously that the head must disappear under the water; the infant is then restored to its nurse, and the sacrament is finally administered. In former times, when a child had the misfortune to be born in the winter, it was plunged without pity under the ice, or into water of the same temperature. In the present day, that rigor has been relaxed by permission of the church, and warm water is substituted for the other; but the common people still adhere scrupulously to the ancient practice in all seasons. On these occasions numbers of children are baptized at the same time on the ice, and the cold often proves fatal to them. It sometimes happens, also, that a child slips through the hands of the priest, and is lost, in which case he only exclaims, "God has been pleased to take this infant to himself: hand me another;" and the poor people submit to their loss without a murmur, as the dispensation of heaven.

LONDON FREE BATHS AND WASH-HOUSE ESTABLISHMENT.—The Second Annual Report of the Committee of Management of the Free Baths and Wash-house Establishment, in Glasshouse Yard, East Smithfield, is a most interesting document, and shows how much good may be done by small means, if well applied, in promoting that first step to real social improvement—habits of cleanliness amongst the working classes. The second year of this Association ended on the 31st of May last, during which year the bathers were 34,843; the washers and dryers of clothes 33,445 (who washed 254,446 articles); and the ironers 11,296—making a total of 84,584 persons. Their poverty is evident from the small average number of articles (less than seven) washed by each individual, although one person often washed for a whole family. These facts prove that the benefits of the charity can rarely have been misapplied, and that the endurance of dirt by the very poor is more from necessity than choice. It is gratifying to find that the extensive good done by the bathing, washing, and ironing, has cost (for working expenses) only £317 2s. 5d., and that the thorough cleansing of several hundreds of rooms, staircases, courts, &c., the greater part of which were filthy in the extreme and densely inhabited, has cost only £155s. Allowing one farthing a head as the expense of 11,296 ironers (£11 15s. 4d.) the total expenses of the 73,288 bathers and washers were £305 7s. 1d., or one penny ahead. At this cost of one penny each, 31,843 warm baths have been given, every bather having an ample supply of clean warm water, a clean towel, and a small piece of soap; and 38,415 persons have had a sufficiency of hot and cold water, and (except partially during May, owing to the want of funds) of soda and soap to wash more than a quarter of a million of articles, the greater part of which, when washed, were dried and ventilated in a chamber by means of a purifying current of heated air.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA.—The *Bombay Times* gives us some useful facts concerning India. The British, or British and East India Company's armies in India, numbered, on the 1st of January, 1847, considerably above 300,000 men, and the yearly amount of military charges for their support is stated to exceed \$70,000,000, or more than half the whole public revenue. The public debt of India, which is over and above the British National debt, Canada debt, &c., is four hundred millions of dollars, one-fourth of which has been incurred within the last ten years. The gross annual public income of India is estimated at \$125,000,000, and the expenditure at \$135,000,000. Before the Afghan war, the British armies in India numbered 168,477, exclusive of about 25,000 troops from Britain—British regiments. There are thousands of European officers, and their appointments is a source of effective patronage to men of power in England. In a few years 110,000 men have been added to the East India Company's army, being about as many as the whole British military forces upheld elsewhere. Seven hundred British officers have been appointed to native regiments since 1837. The *Bombay Times* considers that the forces in India are courageous and well disciplined, but its facts do not indicate that India is well governed. It is asserted that the reason why India does not supply England with cotton are, the distance, the want of carriage, and its expense, the want of roads for carts, and the want of a great artery like a railway. The growers are too poor to send their cotton to a distance.—*Tribune.*

The number of post-office money orders issued in the United Kingdom last year was 3,515,697; the aggregate of the sums for which they were issued was £7,071,056 16s. 3d. The commission to the post-office on these orders was £59,550 2s; and the cost of managing and compensation, £29,474 19s. 6d., leaving a balance in favour of the office of £31,328.