

ful eyes the result of fretfulness; nor is the sullen look always an expression of obstinacy, nor the lagging walk a sign of idleness. These things, therefore, must not be disregarded. A mother's tender caress is generally a sufficient preventive of a serious fit of naughtiness, which would require correction; and as it is most desirable to prevent the formation of a habit of fretting, it is worth while for a mother to leave any engagement that is not imperative, to ward off the approaching storm.

The plan which some nurses and mothers adopt, of working on the feelings of children, is seriously to be deprecated, as alike injurious and impolitic. Children who are treated with proper kindness are sure to feel a great affection for their parents and nurses, and to evince a real sympathy with their joys and sorrows. Even an infant will crow and smile with delight, if it witness a more than ordinary degree of pleasing animation in the mother's countenance. And what mother has not felt the soothing power of infant sympathy, when her child has raised the corner of its little pinafore to wipe the tear-drops from its mother's cheek? Is it not, then, unjust, unkind, needlessly to work upon these feelings, either for the purpose of displaying your power, or of commanding the child's obedience? I have seen a nurse cover her face, and pretend to weep, when an infant has refused to quit its mother in order to come to her; the poor babe, thinking her in great trouble, has sobbed with grief, and held out its little arms to comfort her. I have seen another turn away in feigned anger, and offer to leave the babe, till its cries have brought her back; this has been done, partly to gain the nurse's object with the child, and partly to exhibit its affection for her. These are too strong stimulants to apply to the feelings of children, and are sure to produce a reaction: the little sufferers will soon become alike indifferent to grief and displeasure. Besides, they will soon discover the duplicity which has been practised upon them, and like every other species of falsehood, it will cause the practisers to be disbelieved, even when they speak or act the truth.

But working on the affections is a small evil, compared with that of working on the fears of children. I have before condemned the plan of speaking to infants in a loud or angry tone, which may silence and subdue them, but it is the silence and subjugation of fear. Ill-informed and thoughtless nurses will often work most seriously on the imaginations of children, in order to obtain their obedience. They threaten to put them in the cellar, or in the closet, or to call the old man or the sweep to fetch them, or, most commonly to put them in the dark. A child so worked upon has been known to scream with terror, if led to a door opening into a dark passage, even when accompanied by his mother, who was gently endeavouring to dispel his alarm. When she took him in her arms, and with a candle showed him that there was nothing to hurt him, he seemed a little re-assured, but clung to her with convulsive energy when she took him into the passage without a candle.

The passion of fear seems to be implanted in the human mind for the purpose of self-preservation, and a child devoid of fear would be exposed to innumerable evils, from ignorance of the nature and properties of the objects with which he is surrounded. "But a foolish nurse no sooner observes that the infant mind is susceptible of terror, than she applies the discovery to the worst of purposes. It is the first, the constant engine of tyranny; and in proportion as it is made to operate, the mind will be enfeebled and debased. In one of the woes denounced against a sinful people in Scripture, it is declared by the Prophet, that they shall be afraid where no fear is. I can scarcely form an idea of a greater calamity; and yet to this calamity is many an innocent being exposed by the injudicious treatment of the nursery."—*Miss Hamilton's Letters on Education.*

PROFIT ON KEEPING FOWLS.

(From a Letter in the Albany Cultivator.)

Having seen frequent articles in your paper where the Poland Top-Knot fowls were highly recommended as layers, I was induced in the spring of 1844 to purchase some eight or ten of them in order to test the differences, if any, between them and the common breed. From observation I soon became satisfied that they were rightly called "continual layers," from the fact that while the latter were continually annoying me with a desire

to sit, the former showed no signs of it, but continued laying during the whole season. I raised a number of chickens during the summer, and in the fall found my number of Top-Knots had increased to 30, including two cocks. The balance of my poultry I disposed of, and more out of curiosity than anything else, I concluded to keep an exact account of eggs received for one year, from Jan. 1, 1845. My number averaged but twenty-six, five of them having died during the year. My receipts were as follows:

January,	135	July,	361
February,	142	August,	311
March,	418	September,	234
April,	549	October,	104
May,	566	November,	51
June,	534	December,	32

Making..... 3,487 eggs.

Reckoning them at 12½ cents per dozen, which price they command three months in a year in our market, they would amount to the sum of \$36.32
Deduct 13 bushels each of corn and barley, at 40 cts.,..... 10.40

Leaving a balance of \$25.92

My yard occupies about one square rod of ground, a part of which is enclosed with rough boards to afford them shelter in stormy weather, and containing their nests and roosts, with an abundant supply of lime, sand, gravel, food and drink, which is always before them. They are not allowed to run out during any part of the season, and their desire for animal food is satisfied with now and then a sheep's pluck, and a supply of sour milk, of which they are extremely fond.

As regards the preservation of eggs perfectly fresh, and with very little trouble, for six or eight months during the year, or from March to December, I would recommend the following, having thoroughly proved it the past season:—For every two galls. water add three pints salt, one quart newly slacked lime, and a table spoonful of cream of tartar. Let the keg stand in a cool part of the cellar, putting in your eggs from time to time, and brine sufficient to cover them. If they are fresh when put in, they will come out so after any reasonable length of time, as fresh and handsome as new laid eggs.

WILD RUSSIANS.—A late traveller in Russia, appears to have been quite struck with the appearance of the Russian labourers, stevedores, &c., in Cronstadt; and gives the following description of this singular class of people:—"Almost every person we saw (says Mr. Bremner) was clad in sheep skins, made into a kind of short, tight surtout, the wool turned in, and the leathery side, intended to be white, shining on the outside, black and filthy as the ungainly persons of their wearers. Every labourer has a beard flowing rough and grisly on his bosom. Knowing that these appendages are subjects of astonishment to strangers, they never pass an English ship without some drollery, such as bleating in long and helpless tones like a goat, with which the beard gives them the title to claim kindred. In fact, the Russian peasants are excellent mimics, and every way very merry, contented fellows. You never see them rowing home at night without a song, if alone, or hearty shouts of laughter, if there be two. They trim their ragged sails with great dexterity, and if the yard-arm become unruly and dash them into the sea, they clamber in again, and shake themselves with all the unconcern and something of the grace of Newfoundland dogs, then set to work anew, as gay as if nothing had happened. There is a curious scene at night on the quay behind the harbour, when all the labourers are mustered on leaving the ships where they had been employed during the day. Such an appearance of hairy, or, if it please you better, woolly gentlemen, we defy the world to match. Here are real beards enough to make cables for the fleet."

NOVEL READING.—Throw away the last new novel; go with me through these dark lanes, blind courts, into the damp cellars and unfurnished garrets, where poverty, vice, and crime are crowded together—where breeds the corruption that pollutes our whole moral atmosphere. Here, reader, is a volume that may excite you; here is a work that you may read—and that, too, with profit to yourself and advantage to others. Forget your luxurious ease; blush for your repinings, your sentimental whimperings, your vapours, and indigestion; and remember that you are men and women; and that it is your duty to do what you can to make this earth a paradise, and every human heart a meet temple for the living God.

WHAT IS SNUFF?—A week or two ago, the French police smelt a fraud in Paris. A maker of snuff was caught in the act of converting ivory black, sal ammoniac, and the refuse bark of tan yards, into prize "rappee," "kanaster," &c. Upwards of 3000 squares of this precious mixture were burning upon his premises! The fraudulent compound is said to be almost as filthy and deleterious as real snuff; but we can hardly believe that,