

General Miscellany.

A Perilous Adventure.

On Wednesday last, the 2d inst., during the prevalence of the excessive high winds which continued with unabated vigour during the greater part of that day, and amidst the extreme fury of the storm, one of the most miraculous "hair-breadth 'scapes" occurred that it has ever fallen to our lot to record. The circumstances are as follows:—A Mr. Hetherington residing on the Lake Shore, near the Highland Creek, on the town line between the townships of Scarbro' and Pickering, accompanied by his son, a lad about 14 years of age, and a man-servant in his employment took a scow and went on board of a small schooner (of which he is the owner) lying at anchor in front of his place, a short distance from the shore, for the purpose of baiting her out. After having done what was necessary on board the schooner they all got into the scow to return to the shore. The wind was blowing off the land with tremendous fury at the time; and notwithstanding every effort made by Hetherington and his companions to regain the shore, each succeeding blast drove them farther into the Lake, and they soon found themselves on the broad blue waters of Lake Ontario, in a miserable scow capable of holding only one cord of wood, tossed hither and thither, at the complete mercy of the winds and waves, which threatened every moment to engulf them in the rolling abyss. By this time a number of persons had collected on the shore. Hetherington immediately made a signal by means of his coat to induce them to follow him with the schooner; but not being accustomed to navigate vessels, none of them had sufficient confidence or courage to venture out, and Hetherington and his companions with their frail bark were left unprotected, save by the hand of Him

"Who plants his footsteps on the sea, And rides upon the storm."

Finding themselves thus situated, with no hope of escape from the fury of the elements the apparently doomed party displayed, nevertheless, great firmness and presence of mind. They placed a pole, which they had with them, along the scow and fastened it at each end by a boat's painter, which fortunately happened to be attached to the scow. By this means they were enabled to keep themselves firmly seated by holding on to the pole. They had also a small paddle with them which they managed to fix in some way so as to serve the purpose of a rudder—and which rendered great assistance in keeping the scow before the wind. In this situation they remained in the greatest terror and anxiety, steering their bark as they best could and expecting every moment to be swallowed up in the huge waves which encompassed them on every side. At last, after eleven and a half hours of tossing and tumbling on the troubled surface of Lake Ontario, the scow and her terror-stricken crew were safely landed at the 18 mile creek on the American shore and thrown by the force of the waves high and dry about fifteen yards on the beach. Thus, Hetherington and his companions were by the hands of an All Wise and merciful Providence, piloted in safety across the Lake in their frail bark, and rescued from a watery grave, amidst one of the most severe gales which has occurred this season. Having found themselves safely landed on terra firma, the party felt truly grateful for their miraculous preservation, and after fastening the old scow which had so majestically borne them over the tempestuous billows, they started with all possible despatch for Niagara, which was distant about 18 miles; and where they reached in safety. From Niagara they took passage in the steamer America for Toronto, and landed home the same evening safe and sound to the great joy and gratification of a disconsolate wife and distressed family, who together with numerous friends had been mourning over the sad event, which as they supposed had just deprived them of their only and support.—Toronto Colonist, Oct. 24.

Boiling Ponds in New Zealand.

On the edge of a great swampy flat, I met with a number of boiling ponds: some of them of very large dimensions. We forded a river flowing swiftly towards the lake, which is led by the snows melting in the valleys in the Tongarirua. In many places in the bed of the river, the water boils from the subterranean springs beneath, suddenly changing the temperature of the stream, to the imminent risk of the individual who may be crossing. Along the whole tract of ground, I heard the water boiling violently beneath the crust over which I was treading. It is very dangerous travelling; for if the crust should break, scalding to death must ensue. I am told that the

Roturua natives who built their houses over the hot springs in that district for the sake of constant warmth at night, frequently met with fatal accidents of this kind; it has happened that when a party have been dancing on the floor, the crust has given way, and convivial assemblies have been suddenly swallowed up in the boiling cauldron beneath.

Some of the ponds are ninety feet in circumference, filled with transparent paleblue boiling water, sending up columns of steam. Channels of boiling water run along the ground in every direction, and the surface of this calcareous flat around the margin of the boiling ponds is covered with beautiful incrustations of lime and alum, in some parts forming flat saucer-like figures. Husks of maize, moss, and branches of vegetable substances were incrustated in the same manner. I also observed small holes or wells, here and there, among the grass and rushes, from two inches to as many feet in diameter, filled with boiling mud, that rises up in large bubbles, as hasty-pudding; these mud pits send up a sulphurous smell. Although these ponds boiled violently, I noticed small flies walking swiftly, or rather running, on their surface. The steam that rises from these boiling springs is visible at a distance of many miles, appearing like the jets from a number of steam engines.

Picturesque Scenery of the Lower Nile.

There is much that is at first amusing even on the lower Nile, though the scenery is, on the whole, somewhat monotonous. The villages of mud huts, embowered in palm groves that line the bank, with their pretty white minarets and their noisy babbling crowd of Fellahs; the glimpses of the vivid green valley and its yellow desert boundary, like life and death in startling juxtaposition and contrast, the sandy shoals covered with pelicans or ibises of brilliant white plumage, large flocks of wild fowls and of pigeons from the villages; the picturesque boats with their gay-colored passengers; the men paddling along on rafts of water melons or pottery; the little thronged cafes under the deep shade of a grove of acamora and palms; the creaking "sakias," or water-wheels used for the purpose of irrigation, all form a sort of slow, moving panorama, which, seen under a brilliant sky, by their lively novelty, served to amuse for a while theedium of our noonday progress. Though the characteristics of the scene have never materially changed, the river must have been infinitely more lively in former times, and the boats innumerable, from the state vessels of the kings and principal personages, with their high prows, hieroglyphic inscriptions, banks of oars, and brilliantly-painted, and richly-ornamented sails, down to the ordinary passage boat for the humbler classes. These sails, unlike the present triangular ones, were square, and more safe and manageable. The crowd upon the banks must have been necessitated, with chariots and horsemen. Each village then was grouped around its elegant temple amidst groves of palm. The extensive villas of the richer inhabitants, in a style half-gay, half-grave, with gardens and vineyards, now unknown to Egypt, studded the plain, which was, besides, in a far higher state of cultivation than at the present day. Then there were the costumes of the different castes, and their infinite variety of avocations, to add to the life and beauty of the picture in the Pharaonic ages.—The Nile Boat.

Hints for Correspondents.

- A contemporary lays down the following pithy code of newspaper by-laws. They are the best we have ever seen drawn up:
1. Be brief. This is the age of Telegraphs and Steamships.
2. Be pointed. Don't write all round a subject without hitting it.
3. State facts, but don't stop to moralize. It's drowsy business. Let the reader do his own dreaming.
4. Eschew prefaces. Plunge at once into your subject, like a swimmer in cold water.
5. If you have written a sentence that you think particularly fine, draw your pen through it. A pet child is always the worst in the family.
6. Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then record it in the shortest possible terms. We want thoughts in their quiescence.
7. When your article is complete, strike out nine-tenths of the adjectives. The English is a strong language, but won't bear too much "reducing."
8. Avoid all high flown language. The plainest Anglo-Saxon words are the best. Never use verbs when legs will do as well.
9. Make your sentences short. Every period is a mile-stone, at which the reader may halt, and rest himself.

10. Write legibly. Don't let your manuscript look like the tracks of a spider half drowned in ink. We shan't mistake any one for a genius, though he write as crabbedly as Napoleon. Finally, to all who obey these injunctions, we will through our columns grant an immortality of a week. A special edict.—Meth. Prot.

Good Advice.

John H. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, in his recent valedictory on retiring from the editorial chair, which he has filled for forty-two years, has the following:

"No man should be without a well conducted newspaper. He is far behind the spirit of the age unless he reads one, is not upon an equal footing with his fellow-man who enjoys such advantage, and is disregardful of his duty to his family, in not affording them an opportunity acquiring a knowledge of what is passing in the world at the cheapest possible teaching. Show me the family without a newspaper, and I venture to say that there will be manifest in that family a want of amenity of manners, and indications of ignorance most strikingly in contrast with the neighbour who allows himself such a rational indulgence. Young men, especially, should read newspapers. If I were a boy, even of twelve years, I would read a newspaper weekly, though I had to work by torchlight to earn money enough to pay for it. The boy who reads will learn to think and analyze; and, if so, he will be almost sure to make a man of himself, hating vicious indulgence, which reading is calculated to beget a distaste for."

Pertness Rebuked.

"What is the difference, my lord," said a pert subaltern, the other day, to a certain dignified maker of jokes—"what is the difference between an ass and an archbishop?"

A pause ensued.
"Do you give it up?"
"I will give it up," quoth the dignitary.
"Well then," quoth the young flippant, "It is that the ass's cross is upon his back, while the Archbishop's lies upon his breast."
"Good, indeed; but let me ask in return, continued his grace, "what is the difference between an ass and an officer—say, in the army."
A longer pause ensued. The subaltern gave it up. "I cannot make it out: The difference? the difference? No I cannot see it."
"Neither can I," said the grave prelate.

Temperance.

Plans for the Season.

The autumn and winter seasons are those in which we expect the greatest activity and efficiency in all our moral, benevolent and religious movements. The temperature, the lengthening evenings, the close of summer's toils and recreations, combine with other circumstances to favour sober, steady, continuous thought and effort. Social gatherings become practicable, and if turned to valuable account in the way of self-improvement or to the doing good to others, we may be sure of gathering precious fruits. We take leave, therefore, to throw out a few thoughts to induce our readers, in their respective neighbourhoods, to take an early start, and strike out plans for the benefitting of themselves and others.

And first, we would propose that in every neighbourhood to which our counsels may extend, an early effort should be made to start the temperance reformer. If there is the germ of a temperance organization, let some friend of the cause take it in hand to get the members together, talk over the condition and demands of the reform, and begin early in the season to work with system and effect. If no organization exists, a little effort will create one, and set it to work holding meetings, distributing tracts, exploring the place and ascertaining its wants, relieving the families of inebriates, &c.

An early effort to improve the autumn and winter seasons, by bringing into every neighbourhood superior means of moral and mental improvement, would be a most laudable undertaking. We will suppose the case of a town of five hundred or a thousand inhabitants, where there is little or no systematic instruction, not much reading, good, bad, or indifferent, and to whose post-offices only a few flimsy newspapers come. Now suppose half a dozen, or even one or two right-minded men should set themselves earnestly at work early this fall, to reform that town in regard to its mental character. Suppose they should introduce interesting, instructive, high-toned family papers, loan them around and persuade the neighbours to read them and subscribe for them. Let them form social gatherings for mental improvement—and now and then get up an instructive lecture in the place. Let them encourage good schools for the young and aid the teacher with their influence, and in all practical ways aim to raise the standard of intel-

ligence and morality, and the results of a single season would repay them for all their trouble.

Our space permits us only to hint at methods, but in addition to that culture which every one owes to his heart and mind, and which should be regularly and earnestly pursued, there are countless ways in which the well-disposed may diffuse light and happiness around them, if they can only be brought to undertake, seriously and with system, to live and act for the good of others.—A few ladies in a place who should unite their influence with the view of creating a better standard of manners, of intelligence, of benevolence, would soon make their mark on society; they would render scandal and small talk contemptible, and encourage and dignify all that is generous and honourable.

The time has come when we should understand that a better, and purer, and happier state of society is to be brought about, not merely by wishing for it, or hoping for it, or talking about it, but by working for it. Let us begin now.—Everywhere at once, let some one be found leading off in an honest, whole-souled effort to do good and augment the knowledge and happiness of our fellow-men.—New York Organ.

Intemperance.

What strange infatuation is it that tempts men to drink alcoholic liquors, when facts, and reason, and nature, and religion, are continually warning them of the inevitable train of disasters and evils consequent thereon?—When our senses warn us of the immediate danger of a precipice close at hand, have we not prudence to avoid it, clinging to life as we do with a cowardly tenacity? And when physicians demonstrate to us the poisonous, deadly influence of ardent spirits upon the system, and all experience illustrates the truth, why have not men sense and consistency enough to forsake the miserably foolish indulgence of drinking the poison? No rational man, who could once feel sensible of the delights of temperance, would, unless by an infatuation as gross as insanity, ever be tempted into its opposite. And no individual who can in truth profess to be virtuous or patriotic, can consistently with that profession, ever give countenance to intemperance in others, by the contagious influence of his own example.

J. B. Gough.

Mr. Gough delivered three lectures in the Cote Street Free Church of this City last week, which were very numerously attended, by highly respectable and deeply interested audiences. Indeed, in several parts of his lectures, the interest was wound up to such a pitch of intensity, as we have seldom or never witnessed before; and we have already heard of several cases in which long cherished and almost inveterate habits and customs have yielded to his eloquence. Oh that all who use that snare and destroyer intoxicating drink, would come and accord a candid attention to his arguments and appeals, and then, if they find them based on truth and philanthropy, go home and turn out that insidious jodel the bottle, which demands more human sacrifices than ever Moloch or Juggernaut did. We think Mr. Gough's forte is to touch the conscience and the heart by cogent reasoning and thrilling appeals. May the impressions for good which have been produced, prove lasting!

We hoped that Mr. Gough would be able to make an extensive tour through Canada, but regret to learn from him that previous appointments in the States prevent him from doing more at this time than visit Montreal, Quebec, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, and one or two places west of that. But he intimates his desire and intention to pay a more general and extensive visit to this country at some future time. Mr. Gough purposes going down to Quebec next Monday evening.—Montreal Witness, Sept. 30th.

Truths for some to Chew.

The Temperance Protector says, and says truly, that the cause of temperance can no more triumph without the aid of the press, than the machinery of our cotton mills can be set in motion without motive power. The temperance cause is too poor to have a temperance paper, too poor to smoke cigars, drink mineral water, buy flash magazines and flashier novels, and squander every week ten times the price of such a paper, in one folly and another. No man, who is not absolutely disabled, a bankrupt or a pauper, is too poor to take a newspaper—and no temperance man, who has the faintest glimmering of his duty to himself and the cause he professes to love, will consent, except through an absolute necessity, to be destitute of a journal devoted to that cause.

National Currency.

- 10 Loafers make 1 Grog-shop;
1 Grog-shop makes 50 drunkards;
50 Drunkards ruin 50 families;
50 Ruined Families fill 1 Poor-house and Jail;
1 Poor-house and Jail make 1 great bill of costs;
1 Great bill of costs makes 1 poor town;
1 Poor town drains the County Treasury;
1 Bankrupt County is a great State tax;
1 Great State tax drains the National Funds.