

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO

As a wife and mother, woman can make the fortune and happiness of her husband and children; and even if she did nothing else, surely this would be sufficient destiny. By her thrift, prudence and competence in old age, no matter how small their beginning, or how adverse a fate occasionally be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirit, shaken by the anxieties of business. By her tender care she can often restore him to health, if disease has seized upon his overtasked powers. By her council and her love, she can win him from bad company, if temptation in an evil hour has led him astray. By her example, her prospects, and her sex's insight into character, she can mould her children, however diverse their dispositions, into good and noble men and women. And by leading in all things, a true and beautiful life, she can refine, elevate and spiritualize all who come within reach, so that with others of her sex emulating and assisting her, she can do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or reformers that ever legislated. She can do as much, alas! perhaps even more, to degrade man, if she chooses it.

Who can estimate the evil that woman has the power to do? As a wife she can ruin her husband by extravagance, folly, or want of affection. She can make a devil and an outcast of a man, who might otherwise have become a good member of society. She can bring bickerings, strife and perpetual discord into what has been a happy home. She can change the innocent babes whom God has intrusted to her charge, into vile men and even viler women. She can lower the moral tone of society itself, and thus pollute legislation at the spring head. She can, in fine, become an instrument of evil instead of an angel of good. Instead of making flowers of truth, purity, beauty, and spirituality spring up in her footsteps, till the whole earth smiles with loveliness that is almost celestial, she can transform it to a black and blasted desert, covered with the scorn of all evil passions, and swept by the bitter blasts of everlasting death. That is what a woman can do for the wrong as well as for the right. Is her mission a little one? Has she no "worthy work," as has become the cry of late? Man may have a harder task to perform, a rougher path to travel, but he has none loftier, or more influential, than woman's.—*Woman's Advocate.*

"SLOW-COACH" ARGUMENTS.

"It is a very curious fact that the same sort of complaints which have been made in England and the United States, within the past thirty years, respecting the introduction of railway communication, were also made when coaches were first introduced. In a pamphlet called the 'Great Concern of England Explained,' published in 1673, the writer very gravely attempts to make out that the introduction of coaches was ruining the trade of England. The following is an example of his method of reasoning: 'Before coaches were set up travellers rode on horseback, and men had boots, spurs, saddles, bridles, saddle-cloths, and good riding-suits, coats and cloaks, stockings and hats, whereby the wood and leather of the kingdom were consumed. Besides, most gentlemen, when they travelled on horseback, used to ride with swords, belts, pistols, holsters, portmantoes, and hat-cases, for which, in these coaches, they have little or no occasion. For when they rode on horseback, they rode in one suit, and carried another to wear when they came to their journey's end; but in coaches they ride in a silk suit, silk stockings, beaver hats, etc., and carry no other with them. This is because they escape the wet and dirt, which, upon horseback, they cannot avoid; whereas, in two or three journeys on horseback, these clothes and hats were wont to be spoiled; which done, they were forced to have new very often, and that increased the consumption of manufactures.'"

ADAM'S LIFE.—Gumbo, why was do fust day ob Adam's life de longest eber known? Because it had no Eve.

A CHARACTER. "Old Bumblebee"

(says an American paper) was the cognomen of Mr. T., of Newburyport. He gained the title from the fact of his catching a bumblebee one day as he was shingling his barn, and attempting to destroy the insect with his hatchet, cut off the ends of his thumb and forefinger, letting the insect go unharmed. Other mishaps happened to the same old codger in the same barn. In one of his abstractions he shingled over his spare hatchet; and cutting a small aperture in the building to let a little daylight in, this man actually set in a wooden pane as being economical and not likely to be broken! Uncle T., in one of his oblivious freaks, nailed his left arm so firmly betwixt two boards of a fence he was putting up, that he had to call help to get extricated from his self-imprisonment. He once put a button on the gate instead of the post. But the rarest freak of all was when he ran through the streets with his hands, about three feet asunder, held before him, begging the passers-by not to disturb him, as he had got the measure of a doorway with him.

During the last week the Newfoundland-er of the 26th ult, we experienced an extraordinary prevalence of the North-erly and North-east winds, with cold almost as great as that of winter.—Large quantities of ice have been driven along from the Northward; on Saturday last several icebergs crossed the narrows and there are a number at present off the harbor. One of these has been the cause of an unfortunate accident to a vessel called the Grace Darling, bound from Cat Harpor to this port. She came into collision on Thursday night with this iceberg—one of enormous size, off Cape St. Francis, and had her masts, bowsprit, &c., carried clean away—the hull not much injured. There were over thirty men on board—every one of whom has, providentially escaped injury. We have not heard how the collision occurred.

The same paper of the 22d says:—Though the result of the Seal Fishery has been unfavourable, the preparations for the Cod Fishery are now going forward actively, and another fortnight or thereabouts, will find the outfit for this branch of our industry pretty well completed. The reduction of prices consequent upon the peace will be much in our favour. The diminished cost of supplies will enable the fisherman to enter on his pursuits in the present season with much more hopeful anticipations. The prices of oil must be prejudiced by the return of peace, but fish will not suffer from this cause; and with a fair voyage conjoined, if so it should happily be, with the restoration of the potato, we may reasonably hope for more comfort to our working population than they have known for many seasons past.

—THE IMMORTALITY OF PANTAGRUELISM
The Emperor of the French has enrolled his baby in a Grenadier regiment. He has, moreover, issued orders to his army to pay military honours to the baby whenever it passes. Poor child! it had a cross of the Legion of Honour hung round its neck instead of a coral, and it is to be defrauded of those quiet hours of babyhood in which nurses sing—

Slumber, my darling,
The moment will come
When thy rest shall be broken
By trumpet and drum.

France has seen no such royal infant since the days of Pantagruel recorded in the grave and voracious pages of Rabelais. The baby whose giant father carried off the bells of Paris to hang at its coral is the only fitting prototype of the baby grenadier which is to be lulled by the clash and bray of regimental music.

THE RESURRECTION FLOWER.

Among the curiosities of the floral kingdom none is more truly extraordinary than that which is termed the Resurrection flower, a specimen of which has been recently brought to this country from the East, by Dr. I. Deck. From Professor Torrey we learn that, although the flower is very rare indeed, every where, and has been but seldom seen in this country, yet Bishop Wainwright procured two while he was travelling in Egypt, and Dr. Torrey himself possesses a specimen. The history of the flower possessed by Dr. Deck he states as follows:—"More than eight years ago, while on a professional engagement in exploring some lost emerald and copper mines in Upper Egypt, he was of medical service to an Arab, who, in return, presented him a stem, on which were two seemingly dried up seed vessels of some plant. He was assured, many years previously, the treasure had been taken from an Egyptian mummy, a female high-priestess, and was esteemed a great rarity, as few had been obtained in the last century. The Doctor was further informed that, if properly cared for, the flower would never decay. Of the truth of its being discovered on the breast of an Egyptian priestess, there are many doubts, for the Arabs are proverbial for exaggeration; but that it will comparatively speaking, never decay if properly cared for, seems to be confirmed, by the extraordinary fact that, for more than eight years it has accompanied Dr. Deck in all his wanderings, has been displayed and expanded to the gaze of the curious more than a thousand times without any diminution of its extraordinary properties has been examined by some of the most eminent philosophers and travellers of this country and of Europe, and as yet no positive position has been assigned to it in the botanical kingdom. Baron Humbolt, to whom Dr. Deck presented the twin flower acknowledges that, in his extensive travels in all parts of the world, he had met with nothing like it in the vegetable kingdom and nothing so truly wonderful.

Its origin, its location, and the plant bearing it, are entirely involved in mystery. The attractive oriental tale of its being found embalmed is rejected, because no similar flower has been found by those who have had the most experience in unrolling the ancient dead, and also because there has never been discovered any thing bearing the remotest resemblance to it, upon Egyptian sculptures. Those who are conversant with the wonderful features of the Egyptian religion and priestcraft, know how quickly every thing was seized upon and deified which could be made symbolical of their tenets, and were thus transmitted to posterity figured as hieroglyphics; and it is but natural to presume, that this simple flower with its brilliant halo so typical of glory and resurrection would have ranked high in their mythology.

On examining the flower in its unexpanded state, it resembles both in shape and colour a dried poppy-head with the stem attached. Upon being immersed a moment or two in a glass of water, and upright in the neck of a small vial, in a few moments the upper petals began to burst open, gradually, yet visible to the eye; they continued to expand until throwing themselves back in exquisite order, there was presented a beautiful radiant starry flower, somewhat resembling both the passion-flower and the sun-flower; and yet more splendid than either. The unfolding still continued until the petals bent backward over what might be termed the base of the flower, presenting, in bold relief, in its centre, its rosette of the most exquisite form and ornamentation, and thus assuming a new charm, entirely eclipsing what a moment before seemed its absolute perfection.

The drawings were made at the moment when the flower presented the phases illustrated but language and artistic skill can but feebly portray this extraordinary specimen of the floral kingdom. After remaining open for an hour or more, the moisture gradually dissipates itself, and the fibres of the flower contract as gradually as they expanded, and it resumes its original appearance, ready to be unfolded again by the same simple process the number of times seeming to be only limited by the will of the possessor.

Dr. Deck suggests that the flower is a native of the Holy Land, and as a type or variety of the long lost Rose of Jericho called also the Rose of Sharon, and the "Star of Bethlehem," and highly venerated for its rarity and peculiar properties by the pilgrims and Crusaders, and eagerly sought after by them as a priceless emblem of their zeal and pilgrimage, and worn on their escutcheons in a similar manner as the scollop-shell and palm branch. This idea is strengthened by the fact, that the resemblance of the flower both opened and closed, are sculptured upon tombs of two of the Crusaders buried in the Temple Church of London, and also in the cathedrals of Bayeux and Rouen in Normandy, where some of the most illustrious Crusaders are interred.

Its botanical position is difficult to assign, as it presents some peculiarities of the highest and lowest classes. The opinion most sanctioned is that the flower is the pericarp or seed vessel of the plant that it grows in desert or sandy places and falls in due course of existence from the parent stem. Retaining its seed in an arid soil and atmosphere, it is for months and years wafted about by the wind but from lack of moisture keeping closed. Eventually it falls upon some damp spot, near some well or oasis when it opens, deposits its seeds, and thus by a most exquisite adaption of means to an end, exhibited in this beautiful phenomenon of nature the work of reproduction is commenced and concluded.—*Harper's Magazine.*

CURIOUS FACTS.—Serpants are said to obey the voice of their masters; the trumpeter-bird of America follows its owner like a spaniel; and the jacana acts as a guard to poultry, preserving them in the fields all the day from birds of prey, and escorting them home regularly at night. In the Shetland Isles there is a gull which defends the flock from eagles; it is therefore regarded as a privileged bird. The chamois bounding among the snowy mountains of the Caucasus, are indebted for their safety, in no small degree, to a peculiar species of a pheasant. This bird acts as their sentinel; for as soon as it gets sight of a man it whistles, upon hearing which, the chamois, knowing the hunter to be not far distant, sets off with the greatest speed, and seeks the highest peaks of the mountains. The artifices which eagles and plovers employ to delude their enemies from the nest of their young, may be referred to as a case in point, as well as the adroit contrivance of the hind for the preservation of her young; for when she hears the sound of dogs, she puts herself in the way of the hunters, and starts in a direction to draw them away from her fawns. Instances of the effect of grief upon animals are also no less remarkable. The writer already cited says: "I knew a dog that died for the loss of its master, and a bullfinch that abstained from singing ten entire months on account of the absence of its mistress. On her return it immediately resumed its song." Lord Kames relates an instance of a canary, which, while singing to its mate hatching her eggs in a cage, fell dead; the female quitted her nest and finding him dead, rejected all food, and died by his side.—*New-York-Rev.*

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