

## ENIGMA.

I am a word of 11 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, a very useful animal.

“ 6, 5, 8, a color.

“ 5, 7, 6, part of the human body.

“ 11, 7, 9, 6, the ladies' pride.

“ 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, is a root,

And my whole is a root.

Montreal, Sept. 15, 1853.

P. R. Mc.

The following account of the depth at which the ocean has been sounded will give some idea of the vast valleys that exist in its bed. The sounding was performed in the Atlantic in  $36^{\circ} 49'$  S. lat.,  $36^{\circ} 6'$  E. long., in a voyage of the British ship *Herald*, from Rio Janeiro to the Cape of Good Hope. The depth at which bottom was reached was 7,706 fathoms, or 12,412 yards, being nearly *eight miles*. The highest mountains on the surface of the globe do not exceed five miles, and the highest peaks of the *Sierra Nevada* are not more than 4,660 yards, so that the bed of the ocean has depths which far surpass the elevation of the highest points on its surface. The time required for this immense length of line to run out was about *nine hours and a half*.

## EDITORIAL.

“Oscar” will see that we have kept our promise. We insert two answers to his Charade in the October number, which were sent from different sources, and differ widely in their manner of solving it.

This number contains Mrs. Traill's eleventh chapter of “The Governor's Daughter,” &c., in which she relates some curious things of the reptiles of Canada. “Lady Mary's Nurse” is a perfect treasure, a woman of practical information, and quite an observer of matters and things.

Poetry from *Chambly* has been received. Mrs. Hayward, our valued correspondent, proposes to send a series of original articles on the Seasons in Canada. The first appears in this number. The charming autumn weather which she describes so beautifully continues to shed its softening influence around our city, and almost cheats us into the belief that the storm-clouds have passed away to the North. The heavy shades piled up with gayer colors, blending and fading away in the sunset of our autumnal evenings, harmonize finely with the indescribable feelings which come, as if wafted to us on the heart-touching tones of its mournful winds, or the soothing music of its sighing breeze. The season is in unison, too, with refined and purifying emotions; suggestive, it is true, of decay and mortality, yet shadowing forth in a comforting manner the great doctrine of resurrectional beauty and glory, for the spiritual as well as the natural world.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.—In answer to various inquiries, the Publisher begs to say, that all moneys sent by Mail, if the letter containing the same is marked “Money,” will be at the Publisher's risk.