

the Hamilton shales are found Calamites, a genus abundant in the Carboniferous rocks, though the species may perhaps be different. These Calamites in the Hamilton shales, having lost their interior by decay, are found compressed into flat stripes and converted into crystalline coal, as they generally are under similar conditions in true coal measures. The circumstances of the case, therefore, might occasionally deceive even practical observers, had they not other guides in the Crustacea and Mollusca of the formation, and a traced out and ascertained place for it in the order of superposition, in which by prior extended examinations its constituent strata had become known. It has been well ascertained by the geologists of the United States, that the place of these shales in Northern New York and Pennsylvania is about 2500 feet beneath the Carboniferous rocks; and before the institution of the state geological surveys, the formation had been very extensively and very expensively examined by boring excavation, and by surface explorations in search of coal seams, but of course without success; and it is with a view to aid in preventing a repetition of useless expenditure in Canada that the present paper and its illustrations are submitted to the Canadian Institute.

\*What I call the Carboniferous limestone, under No. 10, is intended to represent whatever there may be in Canada of those deposits which in the New York series of rocks compose the Heiderberg series, with the exclusion of the Onondaga salt group; and it may be here remarked, that the line of division between the Upper Silurian and Devonian rocks is given as merely approximate. The true position of this line seems as yet not quite certain, but it is supposed to be somewhere about the middle of that portion of the Heiderberg series, which lies above the Onondaga Salt group.



Ladies' Department.

MARY'S DREAMS.

The moon had climbed the highest hill Which rises o'er the source of Dee, And from the eastern summer ebel Her silver light on tower and tree, When Mary laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea, When, soft and low, a voice was heard, Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me." She from her pillow gently raised Her head, to ask who there might be, And saw young Sandy shivering stand, With visage pale, and hollow e'e. "O, Mary dear, cold is my clay; It lies beneath a stormy sea, Far, far from thee I sleep in death; So, Mary, weep no more for me!" Three stormy nights and stormy days We tossed upon the raging main; And long we strove our bark to save, But all our striving was in vain. Even then, when horror chilled my blood, My heart was filled with love for thee; The storm is passed, and I at rest; So, Mary, weep no more for me! O, maiden dear, thyself prepare; We soon shall meet upon that shore Where love is free from doubt and care, And thou and I shall part no more!" Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled, No more of Sandy could she see; But soft the passing spirit said, "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

STRANGE CREDULITY—A \$3,000 SWINDLE.

About two weeks ago, as a gentleman farmer, living in Melville county was riding towards his

tion told him that she had seen him on the road a few days before, and that his appearance had made such an impression upon her mind, that she was compelled to call and see him. She told him that she was an astrologer, and that she was well acquainted with its mysteries. She saw at once that he was an extraordinary person, and knew that he had been born under a particular planet, and that great things might be expected of him. She took from her apron a book which seemed to contain a number of diagrams, figures, &c., and read from it in an unknown tongue, a few "hocus pocus" sentences, after which, closing it and putting it back into its hiding place, she went into the kitchen, bought a few pounds of butter of the wife of the gentleman, for which she paid liberally and went on her way.

A day or two afterwards, the woman called again reiterating what she had said on her first visit, the farmer paying but little attention to what she said, looking upon the whole affair as an attempt to humbug him. Not at all discouraged, the woman called again the next day, and wound up her conversation by saying that she knew where three hat-crowns full of gold had been buried on his farm, and that if he would do as she directed, they would recover it; but that it was necessary to allay the spirits that stood guard over it; that a large sum of money must be present with them at the incantation. She thought five thousand dollars would be required, but was not sure as to the amount; and she proposed if he would go into it and furnish the money, that she would give him two-thirds of the treasure while she would reserve the other one-third for her share.

Up to this time the farmer appears to have had no confidence in the woman; but as she took his hand, and traced the mysterious lines therein, telling him the great things in store for him, he began to place some confidence in her, especially as she had told him some things that had occurred in his life, that he supposed had never been known. About this time he sold a large lot of cattle, for which he received in cash about \$4,000. The next day the woman called again, and said \$3,000 was the amount required to be present to allay the the spirits.—The farmer then produced the package of money received for the cattle, and the two sat down to a table, and counted out \$3,000 in bank notes excepting four small gold coins. The money was then folded up and put in a handkerchief; the woman all the time making strange motions and talking strange talk. The next day, and the day after, the woman called again, each time counting the money as before, making the signs, &c., but leaving the money with the farmer, wrapped up in the handkerchief. At the next visit, she required him to take a solemn oath, that he would not tell any living soul the object they were in pursuit of, that she was going away to absent for a short time, he was not to look at the package of money, at any time excepting when she was present; and after making an earnest prayer, she took hold of him while she held the package of money in her hand, and swung him around so that they came together back to back. She then gave him the handkerchief, as he supposed all right, and told him that she would return on the 15th, 16th, or 17th of August, and then they would go in company and secure the hidden treasure. On the 15th he hardly expected to meet her, and was not disappointed that she did not come. On the 16th he sat up at night expecting her arrival.

After waiting till near midnight on the 17th, he began to suspect that all was not right, and he feared all this might be a trap to rob him. So strong did this suspicion fasten upon him, that he took up his gun, loaded it, and went out into the shrubbery surrounding the house, where he could see all who approached, without being seen, and remained there until two o'clock in the morning. But no one came. As the time had elapsed that was set by his fair visitor, he considered himself absolved from his obligation, never doubting in the least, but that his money was safely deposited in his handkerchief. Unrolling it carefully, what was his dismay at seeing, not a roll of bank bills, and four pieces of gold, as he had left it, but a package of brown paper and four cents, in lieu thereof. Even the handkerchief had been changed; instead of being his own, it was one precisely similar.

One of the strangest things in all this strange transaction is, that a counterfeit \$5 bill that was placed in the package of money, was taken out of it, and returned to the farmer, and he found it was

facts from the most undoubted authority, and we have given them just as they occurred. We can sympathize with our friend, the farmer, in the loss of his money, for he is not the first of the masculine gender who has been, and is not the last who will be, duped by a pretty woman.—Chicago Journal.

MARRIED MEN.—So good was he that I now take an opportunity of making a confession which I have often had upon my lips, but have hesitated to make from the fear of drawing upon myself the hatred of every married woman.—But now I will run the risk—so now for it—some time or other people must unburthen their hearts, I confess, then, that I never find a man more loveable or more captivating than when he is a married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect, in my eyes as when he is a husband, and the father of a family, supporting in his manly arms wife and children, and the whole domestic circle; which, on his entrance into the marriage state, close around him and constitute part of his home and world. He is not merely ennobled by his position, but he is actually beautified by it, then he appears to me as the crown of creation; and it is only such a man as this is dangerous to me and with whom I am inclined to fall in love. But then propriety forbids it. And Moses and all European legislators declared it to be sinful, and all married women would consider it a sacred duty to stone me. Nevertheless I cannot prevent the thing. It is so, and it cannot be otherwise; and my only hope of appeasing those who are excited against me, is my future confession that no love affects me so pleasantly; the contemplation of no happiness makes me so happy as that between married people. It is amazing to myself because it seems to me that I, living unmarried, or matchless, have but little to do.—But it is so and always was so.—Miss Bremer.



Youth's Department.

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

BY SYLVICOLA.

Far on thy throne of fading light, By Angel's pinion only prest, Retreating from the verge of night, To where the sunbeams gild the west. Fair Queen of evening's tranquil hour, Thy reign 's as gentle as thy ray. For day's last beams around thee pour, To kiss thee ere they pass away. Beloved Star, how fair art thou, But Oh! thou leavest us too soon; Stay till we see thy golden brow Appearing o'er night's sable noon. Thou'rt gone, beloved Star, and Oh! May I as calmly sink to rest, As lovingly reflect the glow, That guides me onward to the blest.

Point Levi, Quebec, Sept., 1854.

DIRECTIONS FOR A SHORT LIFE.—We copy the following directions for a short life from an old almanac:—

- 1st. Eat hot bread at every meal.
2nd. Eat fast.
3rd. Lie in bed every morning until the sun is two hours high.
4th. Add the morning dram.

A minister while preparing his next Sunday's sermon, stopped occasionally to review what he had written, and, as a matter of course, to erase some portions which on consideration seemed to require improvement. While doing so, he was accosted by his little son, a child, about three years of age, "Father does God tell you what to preach?" "Certainly my child." "Then what makes you scratch

more dependent on casiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale. Guard against false associations of pleasure with expenditure—the notion that because pleasure can be purchased with money, therefore money cannot be spent without enjoyment.—What a thing costs a man is no true measure of what it is worth to him; and yet how often is his appreciation governed by no other standard, as if there were a pleasure in expenditure per se.—Let yourself feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is a real want; and it is worth while to feel it a little in order that you may feel the relief from it. When you are undecided as to which of the two courses you would like best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save also a good deal of trifling indecision. Too much leisure leads to expense; because when a man is in want of objects, it occurs to him that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditure in order to pass the time.

PROPER USE OF EXERCISE.—Those who are able can scarcely take too much exercise of any kind, so that it is kept within the bounds of fatigue. Walking, riding, rowing, fencing, and various games, as fives, tennis, rackets, &c., are all to be recommended to those who are able to enjoy them. Horse exercise is particularly beneficial when it can be borne partly from the exhilarating effect of rapid motion on the spirits, but principally by the complete oxygenation of the blood it leads to, by the gentle exercise of voluntary inspiration it induces.

Reading aloud and singing, when not carried to excess, are most beneficial exercises, and can be practised by the most infirm. They tend to produce deep inspiration, equal expansion of the lungs and give free access of air to the smaller divisions of the air passages, thereby decarbonising the blood more rapidly. The lungs, diaphragm, and walls of the chest are gently but freely exercised and the air tubes are freed from obstruction. Like all other organs those of respiration acquire power by exercise, and that which at first produces breathlessness is soon performed almost unconsciously, and without fatigue. In all these cases, and in all gymnastic exercises, care must be taken not to hurry the circulation so as to produce either breathlessness or muscular fatigue.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then, Is relished by the wisest men.

PHASES OF SOCIAL EXISTENCE.

A POEM OF THE IMAGINATION.

When I'm rich I ride in busses, When I'm poor I walks and cusses; When I'm rich my tailor's civil, When I'm poor a dunning devil. Tra-la, la, la, la!

When I'm rich I bet on horses, When I'm poor for browns I tosses; When I'm rich friends asks assistance, When I'm poor they keeps their distance. Tra-la, la, la, la;

When I'm rich cigars I use, When I'm poor it's quids I chews; When I'm rich the girls all kiss me, When I'm poor they cut and quiz me. Tra-la, la, la, la!

SING A SONG.

Here is a trifle which we find floating around, and which may be said or sung, as suits the taste of the reader:

The world goes up, and the world goes down, And the sunshine follows the rain; And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown, Can never come over again, Sweet wife, No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold, And the night will hallow the day; Till the heart which at even was weary and old, Can rise in the morning gay, Sweet wife, To its work in the morning gay.

A DRAM INTERPRETED.—A beautiful Yoke! was paying his addresses to a gay lass of the country, who had long despaired of bringing things to a crisis. Yoke! called one day, when she was alone at home. After settling the merits of the weather,