

Original Poetry.

MINNIEBEL.

BY FAMELIA S. VINING, WOODSTOCK.

Where the willow weepeth
By a fountain lone,
Where the ivy creepeth
O'er a mossy stone,
With pale flowers above her,
In a quiet dell,
Far from those who love her,
Slumbers Minniebel.

There thy bed I made thee,
By that fountain side,
And in anguish laid thee
Down to rest, my bride!
Tenderest and fairest,
Who thy worth may tell!
Flower of beauty rarest,
Sainly Minniebel.

Weary years have borrowed
From my eye its light,
Time my cheek has furrowed,
And these locks are white;
But my heart will ever
Mid its memories dwell,
Fondly thine forever,
Angel Minniebel!

Gleanings.

HEALTH OF GARIBALDI.

(From the Newcastle Chronicle.)

SIR,—I promised to write and I have been intending to keep my promise ever since I came to Spezzia, but as every one who arrives here in the morning and goes away in the evening writes a statement that contradicts the previous one, I thought I would wait and watch, and inquire, and compare before sending my first letter. The London papers will have given all the reports of the late consultation held on the 29th, and you will have seen the statement drawn up by Pirgoff and Partridge on the 31st. That the ball is in the foot all agree, *where* is still a question. Nelaton, the French doctor, believed that he touched the ball with the probe. Porta, who thrust his fingers into the wound asserts that he did not feel the ball but two splinters forming a sort of cone. This morning the young surgeon who dresses the wound probed with the instrument, and asserts positively that he touched the ball, that it is lodged in the tibia, which is splintered, that the base of the ball is uppermost, and that the point tends towards the outer surface of the foot. This hypothesis is confirmed by the fact that towards the outer maleole there is a hard resisting spot, which is thought to be the point of the ball. This morning Zannetti, one of the celebrated Italian professors, has been telegraphed for; when he arrives I suppose he will probe it again. If he decides that the point touched is the ball, then comes the question of how and when the ball is to be extracted—whether by allowing an abscess to form or by means of an incision. Zannetti's presence will be a great benefit. Garibaldi has faith in him as a surgeon and sympathises with him politically. He will probably urge the removal to Pisa, or to some warm dry climate protected from the winds. Spezzia is certainly the last place for the invalid. Damp and cold, and though I have been here for the last eight days, this is the first day we have seen the sun.

The General lies in a large airy carpeted room with two windows exposed to the south. During the day he remains in a sitting posture reading and writing—the bed sent from England allowing the body to change its position without any inconvenience to the wounded foot. The apparatus for the feet, invented I fancy by Partridge, is the most ingenious I have seen—at the bottom of the bed there is a flat board on which stands a cage; the legs lie in an iron cradle well padded; the foot reaching within an inch of the footboard, which cradle is slung up the centre of the cage by a chain fastened to pulleys, which run up and down. These when the patient moves the cradle only slide, and no offence is given to the wounded member. The dressing is very simple, a peleton is kept in the wound and changed twice a day, a linsed poultice under the ankle, and on the shin *voila tout*. The wound is of a bright red, but looks very healthy, the suppuration is slight and said to be of good quality; the swelling occasioned by rheumatism has almost disappeared from the foot; the knee is still puffy, but every day this affection lessens. The patient suffers scarcely at all during the dressing—he holds up his leg in both hands, is generally merry, and often makes the surgeons and attendants laugh, so that Basso, watchful and alert as a Newfound-

land dog, sometimes calls them to order, lest an unlucky slip should bring grief. To watch the proceedings and to hear Garibaldi give his orders to sling and unslung, &c. reminds one of Garibaldi as he used to stand on the deck of his vessel ordering the manoeuvres for the landing and embarkation of his volunteers? Shall we ever see him stand on one of those decks again? When all goes as well as it can go—when the ball is extracted and the wound healed, how will the leg remain? What will have become of the agility of olden days, the power of being here, there, and everywhere, all in a moment, which was half the secret of his power?—None of the doctors ventured to answer that question; yet it is the one that recurs at every moment as you stand at the bedside of the wounded lion. It is a sad sight any how, one you can never get used to. His face is as bright and serene as ever; the color of the skin is perfect; neither does the eye indicate a trace of illness—the voice too is sonorous and deep as ever; it is the impotence that stifles you as you stand there and contrast what he was with what he is. What he thought of the future no one knows, and I certainly should not like to be the one to ask him.

His heart beats warm to England; all that is English pleases him—he remembers all his Newcastle friends, and returns with affection to the time when he was there with the Commonwealth, and desires to be remembered to all.

I shall write again soon. As for Italian politics, really I must read up the papers ere I can tell you any thing—but with a Ratazzi at the head of affairs, what is there to interest your readers?

JESSIE WHITE MARIO.

Spezzia, Nov. 1862.

INSTRUCTION RIGHTLY GIVEN.—A pleasant incident occurred in a public school some time since. It seems that the boys attending the school, of the average age of seven years, had, in their play of bat and ball, broken one of the neighbour's windows, but no clue of the offender could be obtained, as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him.—The case troubled the teacher; and on one of the citizens visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstance, and wished him, in some remarks to the scholars, to advert to the principle involved in the case. The address referred principally to the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports; the principles of recitute and kindness which should govern them every where, even when alone, and when they thought no one was present to observe. The scholars seemed deeply interested in the remarks. A very short time after the visitor had left the school, a little boy arose from his seat, and said, 'Miss L., I batted the ball that broke the window.—Another boy threw the ball, but I batted it, and it struck the window. I am unwilling to pay for it.' There was a death-like silence in the school as the little boy was speaking, and continued for a minute after he had closed. 'But it won't be right for one to pay the whole for the glass,' said another boy, rising in his seat, 'all of us that were playing should pay something, because we were all engaged alike in the play; I'll pay my part!' 'And I!' 'And I!' A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.

FIGARO relates an amusing story of the London Rothschild. A bill of exchange for a considerable amount, drawn by Anselm Rothschild, at London was presented at the counter of the Bank of England, and refused with the curt reply:—'We discount only our own paper, but not that of private individuals.' 'Ve'y well,' said the offended Nathan, 'I will soon teach you a lesson. Three days after this occurrence, he comes to the Bank with a clerk, and presents a five pound note at the counter, for which, of course, he receives five sovereigns in gold. Carefully inspecting each separate coin, he puts them all into a bag. He then presents another note, and the same manipulation follows until the bag is full, which he hands to the clerk behind him, who gives him another pocket-book, and so the operation continues. This is constantly repeated all day, and what is still worse, nine more of his clerks do precisely the same thing, at the other nine counters of the Bank, keeping the officials exclusively engaged in the redemption of the notes presented by Nathan Rothschild,—the private individual! At last night comes on, and the Bank is closed. Everybody breathes more easily, and treats the affair in the light of a practi-

cal joke. Faces, however, considerably lengthen, when at the beginning of business hours, Rothschild and his nine abettors appear again at the counters, to repeat yesterday's performances. Coolly remarking that he intends to keep this up for three weeks in succession, the matter begins to look rather serious. As all the gold in the vaults would hardly suffice to meet this drain, a notice appeared the next day in the papers, stating, that the Bank of England was quite ready to cash any bills for the house of Rothschild. So Nathan achieved his purpose, and convinced the Bank of England what kind of *private individual* he was.

A SOUTHERN WAY OF CLINCHING AN ARGUMENT.—A few days ago a number of gentlemen, promiscuously thrown together in a railway train proceeding from Liverpool to Manchester, found that one of their number was a native of the Confederate States of America. A conversation very naturally arose upon the struggle now existing in America, and quite as naturally changed to argument about negro slavery. The Confederate gentlemen strongly defended the institution, and attempted to justify it, mainly on scriptural grounds. His chief opponent was a Manchester gentleman, who so roused the anger of the other that it became quite uncontrollable. To the amazement of the rest of the company, the Southerner seized the Manchester gentleman by the throat, and seemed disposed to settle the argument by strangling him. This, of course was not allowed, and they were soon separated. When the American's temper had cooled a little, the Manchester gentleman told him that he appeared to have forgotten that he was not now in a slave state, but in a land where every man was allowed freely to express his opinions, and would be protected whilst so doing by the law. He at the same time stated his intention of giving the other into the custody of a policeman for the assault. Upon this intimation their fellow passengers again interfered, and it was ultimately arranged that the 'belligerent' Southerner should be excused on payment of a sovereign to the fund for the relief of the distress in the manufacturing districts—a penalty which he willingly consented to pay when he saw the consequences to which he had exposed himself by his display of temper.

DISTRESS IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.—Would any one appreciate the extent of the destitution of the manufacturing districts, and from some adequate conception of the need of assistance from afar, let him take the condition of Stockport as a means of enabling himself to accomplish his purpose. There are seventy cotton mills in that town: thirty-six of these are stopped altogether, and there are only seven small concerns, employing 815 hands, which are now in full work. Of a population of 54,000, there are 37,000 who, in a greater or less degree, are dependent on charity for their daily bread, and for every additional want which the advancing winter brings with it. Of the 37,000 only 24,000 are accounted for by the poor-law guardians and the relief authorities—the remainder (observes one of the correspondents of the *Times*) are struggling on still on insufficient wages, or the weekly allowances which still continue to be made at various mills or from their own resources, but certain, sooner or later, to become claimants for aid from one source or other. Of the £11,000 usually spent in weekly wages, not less than £8,000 is now lost altogether. Of the 10,000 ratepayers of the borough, 2,000 have already been excused the payment of rates; and this large proportion will be considerably increased before the next rate is collected. Of the net rateable value of the township (£61,833), the mill-owners are rated at nearly a fifth (£11,966); and the burden of the rates for the next quarter will fall upon them with treble force. Such, in this wintry month of December, is the state of Stockport; and it has its parallel in too many other districts of Lancashire and Cheshire.

THE PATENT COW-MILKER.—We seem quickly to be losing the poetry of rustic life. The mower is no longer required at the scythe, nor the reaper at the sickle; that bent figure at the barn-door swinging to the music of the flail is gone; the whistle of the ploughboy is gradually dying in the distance; and now we are called upon to dismiss the ruddy milk-maid. A machine has been invented for milking cows, and is now on exhibition in the United States' department of the International Exhibition. The teats of the cow just drop into four elastic tubes placed under them, in communication with an exhaust apparatus and a reservoir. The quick movement of two handles creates a vacuum, and the udder is instantaneously

emptied of its contents in four continuous streams. While the operation is distressingly practical, it is very cleanly, and, we believe, agreeable to the cow. The milk is withdrawn at the rate of a gallon a minute. The 'patent' of the cow-milker has been sold to Watkins and Keene, of Birmingham, for £5,000, and a royalty to the original inventors; and it is stated that the firm have already received orders sufficient to cover the expenses of the patent, and that the machine is rapidly being adopted by all the great dairymen throughout the country. A prize medal and honorable mention have been awarded to the patent milking apparatus.

THE BRITISH ARMY.—From a recent official report the following facts are gathered: Scotland is shown to furnish the tallest, and Ireland the shortest men, one of the strongest illustrations being that Irishmen under five feet five inches, are found to be one fourth more numerous than Englishmen or Scotchmen. Formerly, Ireland furnished the largest proportion of the army. Now it is England, the ratio per thousand being in England and Wales, 566, in Ireland 324, in Scotland 407. Scotland gives the most readers, Ireland the fewest, England indemnifying itself by giving the largest proportion of recruits able to write. The rejection of Englishmen is found to be chiefly for weakness of the chest; of Scotchmen for bad teeth, and Irishmen for weak eyes; and it seems that professional men, as students and artists, with shopmen and clerks, are more eligible, by physical qualification, than other servants, husbandmen or mechanics.

TAXES UPON ENJOYMENTS.—In England the tax upon cards and dice produced £13,637 last year; it has been rather a declining tax for the last two years. The tax upon armorial bearings brought in £57,010; ten years ago it produced £70,000. The tax upon hair-powder is constantly falling off; it is now down to £1,116, and we may soon find that all is lost. Race-horses are improving, and produced £6,957 last year. Game certificates and licenses produced £140,984, being some thousands more than ten years ago. Patent medicines, which ten years ago contributed only £37,233 to the revenue, supplied £46,237 last year. Dogs, if they may here be added, were taxed £196,616 last year. The dogs of Ireland enjoy an exemption from taxation, but not for their own merit, for a recent return showed that large numbers of sheep are worried and killed by them.

POISONING.—Of all species of death, the most detestable is that of poisoning, because it can of all others be the least prevented, either by manhood or forethought; and therefore by the Statute 22 Henry III., c. 9, it was made treason, and a more grievous and lingering kind of death was inflicted on the offender than the common law allowed, viz., boiling to death. The Act had its origin in John Stouse, a cook, putting poison into a large pot of broth prepared for the Bishop of Rochester's family and for the poor of the parish. John was ordered to be boiled to death. Lord Colie mentions several instances of persons suffering this punishment, 3 Institutes, 48.

SWEDENBORG AND HIS SPIRITS.—A Swedeborg was crossing the Malabar in company with some ladies, he began, as usual, holding conversations with nobody. 'Why, Mr. Swedeborg, what are you chattering about,' asked one of the party. 'Silence, woman! I am holding conversation with my spirits.' The lady was not shut up in that manner. 'Spirits! Why, how many have you on board the boat?' 'Twelve, madam, who never leave me,' and he angrily turned his back upon the inquirer. The Daikullus (boat-women) exchanged glances. On landing, Swedeborg proffered a coin in payment. 'Thirteen marks, if you please, sir—not one silver less.' 'And why, pray?' demonstrated he. 'Did you not say, sir, that you had twelve spirits on board? Are we poor girls to pull them over for nothing?' The visionary, who feared neither ghost nor devil, paid down the fare demanded sooner than encountered the clatter of two women's tongues.

STEAMERS FOR AUSTRALIA AND THE CONFEDERATE STATES.—Two fine iron steamers, belonging to Leith, which have just been long enough at sea to test them thoroughly, have been sold for foreign service. One is a screw steamer, to be sent out to Australia, and the other is the Britannia, well known in the Newcastle and Leith trade as a fast paddle steamer. She has been bought for a party in the Confederate States of America. Rumour says she is intended for the Government of these States. Being able to steam at eighteen knots an hour, she will have a good chance of running the blockade.—*Scotsman*.