

Kissing in Russia.—“This is the National salute—in universal vogue from remote antiquity—rather a greeting than a caress—derived equally from religious feeling and from the oriental custom. Fathers and sons kiss—old generals with rusty moustachios kiss—whole regiments kiss. The emperor kisses his officers. On a reviewing day there are almost as many kisses as shots exchanged. If a Lilliputian corps de cadets have earned the Imperial approval, the Imperial salute is bestowed upon the head boy, who passes it on with a hearty report to his neighbour, he in his turn to the next, and so on, till it has been diluted through the whole juvenile body. If the Emperor reprimand an officer unjustly, the sign of restoration to favor as well as the best atonement is—a kiss. One of the bridges in Petersburg is to this day called the Potzalu Most, or bridge of Kisses (not of Sighs), in commemoration of Peter the Great, who, having in a fit of very vehement passion unjustly degraded an old officer in the face of his whole regiment, kissed the poor man in the same open way upon the next public occasion on this very bridge. On a holiday or *jour de fête* the young and delicate mistress of a house will not only kiss all her maid servants, but all her men servants too, and, as I have mentioned, if the gentleman venture not above her hand she will stoop and kiss his cheek. As for the Russian father of a family, his affection knows no bounds; if he leave his *cabinet d'affaires* ten minutes in the course of the morning and enter the ladies saloon above, he kisses all the family when he enters, and again when he leaves the room; sometimes indeed so mechanically, that, forgetting whether he has done it or not, he goes a second round to make all sure. To judge also from the number of salutes, the matrimonial bond in these high circles must be one of uninterrupted felicity—a gentleman scarcely enters or leaves the room without kissing his wife either on forehead, cheek or hand. Remarking upon this to a lofty looking creature who received these connubial demonstrations with rather a suspicious sang-froid, she replied, “*Où ça ne veut rien dire—pour moi je voudrais, tout autant être battue qu'embrassée par habitude!*”
—*Residence on the shores of the Baltic.*

The following not very flattering remarks on Homopathy are from the *Medico-Surgical Review*, an English publication under the direction of an eminent medical man.

Death of Homopathy in its Native Land.

At the time of my former visit I was anxious to see the homopathic hospital, of which I had previously heard, Leipzig being the head quarters of this doctrine. I expected to have found at least forty or fifty beds filled with patients; but was rather surprised to find that the building (which is a small house in the suburbs) only contained eight, and even of these all but two or three were unoccupied. At my last visit to Leipzig I understood that matters were going on badly with homopathy, which indeed is now but little heard of in Germany and France, and only required to be understood by the public for its absurdity to be apparent, though there will always be credulous individuals who are to be caught by any novelty; when presented under a specious appearance, and backed by an unintelligible name. During its whole progress it never was sanctioned by any individual of eminence in the profession, and was principally taken up as a means of acquiring wealth or a livelihood by persons who had never been previously heard of, or who were known to have failed to acquire practice by the honorable exercise of their profession: by whom every means were taken to puff it into notice, and to keep public attention directed to it; such as repeated histories of cures, the establishment of dispensaries, of which I believe, the only one that remains is the above mentioned at Leipzig, even if it be still in existence, for a few months before my arrival, the house physician having become convinced, during a residence of some time in the dispensary, of the nullity and danger of homopathy, gave up his appointment, and published an exposition of the system pursued, with an account of cases, which clearly shows—what has long been evident to the bulk of the profession and the public—that the so called cures were recoveries from ordinary ailments by the efforts of nature, which were frequently a long time under treatment, whereas by a proper medication and attention at the onset, they might probably have been removed in a few days, and that many of the more serious cases got worse instead of better, for the want of active treatment. It must not be supposed that the homopaths always adhere to the principles of the doctrine. It has not unfrequently happened that persons who attributed their recovery to homopathy, were treated all pathetically without being aware of it. In fact, one practitioner in Leipzig, a professed homopathist, candidly acknowledged that he pursued both plans of treatment, and was accustomed to ask his patients by which method they would be treated, as both were equally good.

Popular Folly.—Mechanics get tinged somewhat with the idea that it is not quite genteel enough for a darling child to be put to a trade—that it would be a little more reputable for him to tend in a store! Now no one will contend that all boys should be apprenticed to a trade, and more than that they should all be merchants, physicians or lawyers. But few will doubt, that many lads are crowded into what are called professions who are as unqualified by nature for these eminent professions, as some of the members of those professions are incompetent to make good mechanics. It is not any gullard that will make a mechanic, as is too often thought. If there is a bright boy in the family, he must be classically educated—if a very stupid one, “why (say the fond parents,) we must apprentice him to some hard working mechanic, and he will probably be able to plod through the world!” With all proper deference to parents so mistaken as these, we as mechanics, must say that a stupid boy will make as competent a professional man as a mechanic. It requires good parts and ready

active mind, to master the principles of a mechanical business. We cannot easily account for the unworkable manner in which mechanism is often executed, when we reflect how general the opinion has been—“the gullard in the trade, if we cannot do any thing else with him.” It is a disgrace to us mechanics, to have it obtain credence that a mechanic can be formed of any “crooked stick of a boy.” We should show a proper pride, by rejecting those boys whose only recommendation is stupidity—and whose parents think they are good for nothing but mechanics! We should return the compliment they pay our pursuits, by saying to them, “your sons are too poor stock for mechanics!”—*Holden.*

SUICIDE.—A young man named Luther Harris, and aged about 21, committed suicide at Marlborough, N. H., week before last, having first written a notice of his death, which he forwarded to the editors of the Keene Sentinel. It is as follows:—

“**Melancholy.**—Died in Marlborough, October first, Luther Harris. He took his own life. He was teacher of the select school at Marlborough when he died, and gave no reason for the act, but appeared to have a reason which no one else has thought of. His body was carried to his friends in Windham. His soul is now in another, another, another world. May it be a warning to others not to take their own lives. His connections were respectable. His father is a minister of the Gospel. His school by this act is broken up and will not soon be started again.”

Editorial Scribblings.

Partly Original—But mostly Stolen.

The Agricultural Report from the West River will meet with every attention.

Came passengers in the Caledonia from Boston Mr. Robert Dawson and Mr. J. W. Lowden, of Pictou.

Literary Society.—Dr. Johnston gave an interesting lecture at the last meeting of the society, on the Gases. Jno. Stiles will read a paper this evening on bridges.

A Shallop, engaged in unloading a vessel which had grounded on the River John B. R., with Goods from Halifax for K. M. Lean, Esqr. unfortunately sunk in the harbour a few days ago with a full load.

There are more newspapers published in America, than in all the world besides.

Colchester Election!—Mr. John Ross has come out in the advertising columns of the Halifax Post, because as he says, the political press in Nova Scotia declined to give the party attacked fair play.

Industry is the great mother of man. The great art of education, consists in knowing how to occupy every moment in well directed, and useful activity of the youthful power.

The editor of the Times is of opinion that “nuthin’ shud be dun in a hurry ‘ceptin’ kerchin fees!”

A Coroner’s Inquisition was taken before David Matheson Esq., on the 2nd inst., at Fraser’s Point, in the County of Pictou, on view on the body of William Fraser. Verdict, that the deceased committed suicide while under temporary insanity. Mr Fraser was a single man, about 35 years of age.

Lane’s Patent Threshing Machine.—Two of these useful machines have been brought to Pictou this week—one for Fisher’s grant; the other for Abercrombie Point.

Fat.—The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland receives a salary of over \$38,900 from the British Government.

President Tyler’s mother was an amiable lady of accomplished manners and good family, of the name of Douglas, a Scotch lady, from the classic banks of the Tweed. Presidents Madison and Monroe were of Scottish descent.

He submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

When we see a female dashed out in all the colors of the rainbow, and strutting along the street with the air of a peacock, we are inclined to think that her vanity preponderates over her sense in an alarming degree.

A tradesman in the city of London lately employed a professional gentleman to recover a debt of thirty shillings. He succeeded and the costs were seventy pounds!

Santa Anna is now become a great man. Several other villains have also risen lately.

McLeod is now a very great man in Canada, if he had only been hung, his name would have been immortal. So says Uncle Sam.

A man respires twenty times in a minute, forty cubic inches of air at a time, making eight hundred inches or nearly four gallons per minute, amounting to two hundred barrels in twenty four hours.

“More rum!” says the toper. “More money,” says the miser. “More beaux,” says the maiden. But there are a few who desire more virtue, wisdom and grace.

Pipes says a lovely woman’s kiss is the extract of tulips. The weather has been so mild in Maine of late, that many of the field flowers of summer have reappeared.

It is announced that Master Humphry’s Clock, is about winding up. It will stop of course.

The demand for lumber at Bangor, far exceeds the supply. This is partly occasioned by the want of water at the mills.

Of eleven Banks which existed at Buffalo one year ago, only one survives; and people are shy of taking the notes of that.

The Human Panorama.—Mankind moves onward through the night of time like a procession of torch-bearers, and words are the lights which the generations carry. By means of those they kindle abiding lamps beside the track which they have passed, and some of these, like the stars, shall shine for ever and ever.

Affection of a Bird.—A lad, who was employed by a farmer at Pockham to shoot birds in his corn field, shot a wood pigeon. On reaching the spot where the bird fell, he was surprised at finding another, hovering close to the wounded one. He took up the dead bird and carried it in his hand some distance, closely attended by the other bird, sometimes following him and sometimes going before, and (to use the lad’s own expression) “making quite a fuss about him.” On reaching the field-gate the lad stopped to re-load his gun placing the dead bird on the gate-post; when the other pigeon flew to the side of his lifeless companion, and, without the slightest attempt to escape, quietly suffered itself to be secured by the boy. The bird was brought home, and put into a small room, where shortly after it was found dead.

A Pirate’s Treasure.—A fisherman, named L. Coanobo, who resides near the old fort a Brataria Island, some ten days ago, came across a relic of the days of “the Pirate of the Gulf.” Having occasion to use some rocks in building a furnace to heat a pitch-pot, he set about removing one of two of the flag-stones, which form an antique fireplace in the interior of the block house. A flag in the centre of the fire place, by its particular smoothness, attracted his attention, and on taking it up he perceived a small tin box covered with rust. On opening it he found thirty Spanish doubloons, a pair of earrings of massive gold, set in polished cornelians, and a flat silver image of the Virgin Mary, which was most probably used as the loup for a cavalier’s sombrero. This discovery caused no small sensation on the island, and set every body to digging for treasure: but nothing else has been found as yet.—*N. O. Cress. City.*

Morals of Hoaxing.—Unable, we presume, to amuse themselves in any more innocent and sensible manner, there are sundry characters among us, who busy themselves in manufacturing the most astonishing news their imaginations can conceive and sending it post-haste to the editor of some newspaper—generally selecting the least respectable—in hopes to see it fly through the land, carrying wonder or terror, they care no which, in its train. To this class belongs the fabrication of the N. E. Boundary News, which, but for its exceeding stupidity and the legible falsehood it bore upon its face, would have carried alarm and consternation throughout the country. The Boston Mail, which was the instrument of spreading this contemptible lie, says:

A Hoax.—We issued the following in an extra sheet on Saturday; and though every body considered it a hoax, yet it kicked up quite an excitement in the city nevertheless. We did not ourselves believe it true. How the author will laugh when he sees his mischief in print.—*Boston Daily Mail.*

“Kicked up an excitement!”—he author will laugh! &c. The publisher of this Hoax, then seems very indifferent about the shame and disgrace of such acts, and thinks only of the excitement it keeps up and the laugh the author has!—*N. Y. Express.*

Death of Dr. Francia.—The late Dr. Francia, dictator of Paraguay, was born in 1758; his father was a Portuguese, who emigrated first to Brazil, and ultimately to Paraguy, where he married a Creole, by whom he had a large family. The late dictator was originally intended for the ‘church, but he went instead to the faculty of the Law. In 1814 he was nominated Dictator, which office he retained till his death, a few weeks since, though for the last three years he has been tottering on the verge of the grave.

Small matters.—The nerve of a tooth, not as large as the finest cambric needle, will some time drive a strong man to distraction. A mosquito can make an elephant absolutely mad. A coral rock, which causes a navy to founder, is the work of worms. The warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect. The deepest wretchedness often results from a perpetual continuance of petty trials. A chance look from those we love often produces exquisite pain or unalloyed pleasure.

Cost of Victory.—In the inaugural address of Dr. Mont last Monday, to his course of surgery, at the University of New York, it was related of Baron Larrey, the friend and surgeon of Napoleon and his soldiers, that after the victory of Austerlitz, he cut off fourteen hundred limbs, and then the knife fell from his exhausted hands. Well considered, what an antidote is this to the love of glory!—lady weighed in the scale of humanity and religion, what a fearful responsibility for the promoters of unrighteous war?

The Right of Instruction.—“Look hea, Pompey,” said a negro yesterday, to a brother darkey, both of whom are working at the “burnt district” look hea, Pompey: what for you put no more water in that mortar?” “Just ‘cause as how I don’t like to do it—dat’s all.” “Well I tell you wot it is; I instruct you to do it—dat’s nuff.” “No, it aint nuff, neider. I’m posed to the doctrine ob instructions. I aint no Wirginny’-strattonist no how—dis child’s a creole, and so be his childers ‘fore em.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Banking!—A dying banker thus addressed his eldest son:—“You may suppose you are going to inherit a large fortune, but you are mistaken. I have no property, and the bank is insolvent to the amount of £200,000. On the death of my father who died of a broken heart, I found the bank was hardly solvent. I at first resolved to close the concern, and pay off the creditors, but I afterwards determined otherwise. I proved my father’s will for a quarter of a million, and set up a large establishment. This gave me the reputation of wealth, and increased the business of the bank. I have lived in splen-

dour, as you know, for many years. All your brothers and sisters are handsomely provided for, and to you, as my eldest son, I now leave the bank. I have appointed you sole executor to my will. You have only to prove my property for any amount you think proper to name, and if you manage your affairs prudently, the bank may last out your time as it has lasted out mine.”

Absurdities.—There are many courses which people pursue that, with a little reflection, will appear absurd to every man of common understanding. The individual himself who is looking for absurdities is generally the one in whom they are first found.

A man wants to see the person against whom he has the greatest reason to guard against himself. Let him take a glance at the looking-glass, and he will see a very fair likeness of the individual he is searching for.

It is absurd to despair when the clouds lour. We should look upward for comfort. When the heaven over our head is dark, the earth under our feet is sure to be darker.

It is absurd to lend money to a man whose friendship you are desirous to preserve.

It is absurd for an infidel to tell you to abandon your bible. Tell him you will do so when he will bring a better book.

It is absurd to exhibit violent passion in your family, foaming and fretting at every little annoyance that may cross you, and at the same time expect them to be placid.

It is absurd, if you have half a dozen children, all of different dispositions and capacities, to give them all the same education; with the expectation that they will all shine in the same sphere.

It is absurd not to go to bed when you are sleepy because it is not a certain hour.

It is absurd to see a man professing Christianity bristling up with anger twenty times a day like a hedgehog.

It is absurd to suppose that a Leghorn hat, loaded with flowers, will cure the headache.

It is absurd to suppose that a gold watch will cure the consumption.

It is absurd for people to say they have no time to read. Every body can find time to inform his mind by the perusal of some book. People who make such assertions are generally those who pay no particular attention to their families. We want to see a man attentive to his children. People who have no time to read are generally those who have plenty of time to fish, to fiddle, to play cards, to be carousing any where but at their own houses, to do nothing, but have “no time to read.” Such men generally have uneducated children and unhappy firesides. They have no energy, no spirit of improvement, no love of knowledge. They live “unknowing and unknowing,” and die unregretted and unwept.

It is absurd to suppose that an editor will stand the humbug of writing puffs and notices of this and that man and this and that society, when, just as sure as it is done, so surely do we see their advertisements in other papers, paid for, in which not a word is said, but the money is pocketed.

The Insurgent Slaves of the Creole.—The leading Southern journals are out in full chorus for a *War with Great Britain*, in case she does not disclaim the conduct of the authorities at Nassau, N. P. and deliver up the slaves who mastered the brig Creole and took her into that port where they obtained a negotiation of their freedom. Now it may be that Britain will surrender the actual mutineers to our Government, and it may be that she will not, but act on the principle laid down by Governor Marcy in refusing to surrender Wm. L. McKenzie to the Canada authorities on a charge of mail robbery: Gov. M. took the ground that the civil or criminal offence charged was blended with or grew out of the political attitude of insurrection, and that he could not give up the fugitives. Such, we believe, has been the uniform rule of our Federal and State authorities. Shall we be able to bring Great Britain to acquiesce in similar demands from us to those we have refused when preferred by her?—Perhaps we may: but in regard to the slaves who were not personally concerned in the revolt, there is no perhaps in the case: England will assuredly never give them up, even though her resistance should involve her in a twenty years’ war with half the world. In the eyes of her Government, her People, and her Institutions, their race is precisely the same as though an Algerine or Moorish vessel, with a crew of twenty Turks or Arabs conveying one hundred and fifty Christian slaves had been captured by her as cargo and carried into a British port. “Slaves cannot breathe in England?” the chains of bondage falls from the limbs which have once pressed her soil. The claims of the two slaveholders who have freighted the Creole are preposterous in her eyes; she will neither give up their human chattels nor pay a farthing for them. If our Government should seriously demand either it will be told, as by Lord Palmerston in regard to the Right of Search on the Slave coast, that “Her Majesty’s Government have decided” the point, and as by Lord Aberdeen in regard to the same matter, “it is for the American Government alone to determine what may be due to a just regard for its national dignity.”—Such is the actual posture of this matter: we have aimed to state it plainly, not to argue it.—*New York Tribune.*

VOCAL MACHINERY OF BIRDS.—It is difficult to account for so small a creature as a bird making a tone as loud as some animals a thousand times its size; but a recent discovery has shown, that in birds the lungs has several openings communicating with corresponding air bags or cells, which fill the whole cavity of the body from the neck downwards, and into which the air passes and repasses in the progress of breathing. This is not all; the very bones are hollow, from which the air pipes are conveyed to the most solid parts of the body, even into the quills and feathers. This air being re-ctified by the heat of their body, adds to their levity. By forcing the air out of the body,