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THE YOUTH'S PRECEPTOR.

Devoted to General Information, Tales, Sketches, Amusements, Poetry, Music, Anecdotes, &c.

VOL. I.—NO. 15. HALIFAX, N. S. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1853. PRICE ONE PENNY.

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The Youth's Preceptor.

We have to apologise to our patrons for irregularities and delay in the publication of The Youth's Preceptor. The promising reception which this paper met with in the earlier stages of its existence, induced us to hope that ere this period the subscription list would not only be sufficiently increased to sustain it without loss, but extensive enough to enable us to introduce all the improvements contemplated at the recommencement of its publication. The number of subscribers, however, is not adequate to support its continuation at the price for which it is now furnished—and unless a further increase of several hundred be made to the list, its publication must be discontinued, and the balance returned to those subscribers who have paid in advance.

The efforts which have been made, in the numbers hitherto published, to render this paper acceptable and beneficial to those for whose use it is intended, were repeatedly encouraged by cordial and voluntary expressions of approbation from many of the most respectable and intelligent individuals residing in various parts of the Province; and by an anxious desire for its success manifested on the part of our patrons generally. With such assurances we may still hope that the circulation of the Preceptor will be more extensive, and its character more generally appreciated, as each succeeding number appears; that the wishes of its supporters will be eventually realized, and its influence rendered effective in the cause in which it is intended to co-operate. Meanwhile the succeeding numbers will be issued at convenient intervals until the public estimation of its character can be more definitely ascertained.

When the vast patronage bestowed upon similar periodicals in the United States is considered—the circulation of which is estimated by thousands and tens of thousands, while we must limit our expectations to tens and hundreds—no reasonable objections can be made to the price charged for The Youth's Preceptor, which is comparatively lower than that of any other publication.

The general impression is that such a periodical is required for the youth of this Province; and if suitably supported may be made available in the cause of education, intelligence and sound morality. To sustain it at the low price for which it is now published, the Preceptor would require the patronage of from 1500 to 2000 subscribers—allowing 100 from each of 17 Counties, and 300 from the City and County of Halifax. According to the average population of each county, the above estimate is far below what might be expected; and if the benefits which such a publication is adapted to confer on the rising generation, were more generally appreciated by School Commissioners, Teachers and Parents, THE YOUTH'S PRECEPTOR would soon be extensively and permanently established.

We submit the above for the consideration of the public generally; and if its continuation is desired, the regular publication of this paper will be resumed agreeably to the terms of Pros-

pects, whenever a sufficient patronage is guaranteed. As complete sets of the back numbers remain on hand, new subscribers can be furnished with copies from the commencement of the present volume.

AGRICULTURE. (SECOND ARTICLE.)

Since our last Article on Agriculture we see that Judge Haliburton, at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, characterised the employment as the *most simple, the most natural, the most Ancient, and the most honorable*. We are gratified by the support of his opinion, but we cannot concede to that of its being the *most simple*. We admit that the mere tilling of the ground, whether by the spade or the plough, is simple enough; but it is a very gross mistake to suppose that in these mechanical operations the art of agriculture entirely consists. However, simple as they may be, they need to be learned: and we confess ourselves quite unable to hold the plough or drive the harrow. It is in the scientific department that we shall attempt to instruct our young readers, with an outline of the principles, which we condense, in as plain and simple a manner as possible, from what has been written by some of the most eminent men who have maturely studied the subject.

In the first place we invite attention to the nourishment which plants derive from the air. Every one must have observed not only small plants growing on stones, but even bushes and trees amongst them, in places where little or really no soil exists. These plants cannot derive through their roots the substances which support them and promote their growth. It must therefore come from another source, and it has since been discovered that it is from the air.

The air is composed of two gases, called Oxygen and Nitrogen. These are invisible, tasteless and inodorous; but although we cannot see them or feel them—except when in a current which we call wind—they are as truly material as the water, which we can see, feel, and taste: and which is itself composed of two gases,

each invisible and tasteless by themselves when separated. The proportions in the air are four fifths of nitrogen and one fifth of oxygen; but there are other substances mixed with it—chiefly water in a state of vapor, and Carbonic Acid—which, although a gas, is composed of Carbon—of which coal and charcoal consist, with oxygen.

Now, wood, or woody matter, consists properly of only Carbon, Hydrogen, and Oxygen. And the two latter, when combined, form water. In whatever state these substances may be, and in whatever condition, the plants have the power of separating them from each other, and appropriating them in the due proportions, to suit their own support and health.

We shall now recapitulate what we have in the air.

Nitrogen
Oxygen
Hydrogen } invisible gases,

Carbon a solid substance in itself, when uncombined with another.

Our next essay on this subject will be on the sources from which the Carbon is derived, and the manner that it is absorbed by the plant. In the meantime let us remember that woody fibre, or Lignine, as it is called in Science, an important part of every plant, is composed of charcoal and the elements that form water.

Natural History.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF
QUADRUPEDS, OR OF THE CLASS
MAMMALIA, ON SCIENTIFIC PRIN-
CIPLES. ADAPTED FOR YOUTH.

ORDER III.—CARNIVORA.

(Continued from No 14, page 100.)

Having spoken thus generally of the *Cheiroptera*, or family of Bats, a family throughout which there prevails a marked uniformity, notwithstanding those differences on which minor divisions are instituted, we shall proceed to introduce the next family to the notice of our readers. It is termed *Insectivora*, or the Insectivorous Family; because it comprehends those animals whose food is especially insects, or at least those whose constitution indicates that such form their principal diet, although not perhaps exclusively; since smaller animals and

sometimes even vegetable substances must be likewise added.

Strictly speaking, the Bats, as we have seen, are insectivorous; but, as they possess striking peculiarities of structure, outweighing this characteristic, they form with propriety a separate family; like them, however, the *Insectivora*, "par excellence," have their molar teeth bristling with conical points, are most commonly nocturnal in their habits, and in colder climates pass the winter in a state of lethargy. Their limbs are short, their motions feeble, and in walking their entire sole is applied to the ground. Some lead a life entirely subterraneous.

One of the most familiar examples of this family is that cruelly treated animal the COMMON HEDGEHOG, (*Erinaceus Eusopæus*).

This well known animal frequents woods, copses, and thick tangled hedges, where, closely concealed in some crevice between the moss-grown roots of a tree, among a mass of withered leaves, or in a hole it has excavated, it remains rolled up like a ball during the day, presenting a surface of bristling spines, which constitute an apparatus of defence, should its retreat be discovered. As the dusk of evening comes on, the Hedgehog issues from its lurking-place, and prowls about for food. Often while walking at night-fall among the woods near Bakenell, where these animals abound, has the author watched them tripping along the narrow paths and among the long grass with a noiseless step, and ears attentive to the slightest sound: if pursued, they make no attempt to escape by flight, but instantly roll themselves up, and trust to their panoply of spines for safety; when the danger is over, they cautiously unfold, listen attentively, and, if all seems safe, continue their ramble. This faculty of assuming the figure of a ball of spines is the only means of self-preservation bestowed by the Author of Nature on this little animal: weak and timid, it has only this panoply in which to trust; but it may be said to be strong in its weakness, since this passive mode of defence renders it nearly impregnable to the attacks of its enemies.

The feet of the Hedgehog are plantigrade, and furnished with five toes, armed with very long nails, adapted to the purpose of digging; the ear is rounded; the eye small; the two middle incisor teeth are long and cylindrical, and between those in the upper jaw some distance intervenes, while in the lower they are close together; the true molars are furnished with four pointed tubercles, except in the first, where there are only three. Its food is insects, snails, frogs, fruit, together with succulent roots, for which it burrows with the nose. It is useful in gardens, and often kept at

large in kitchens for the destruction of beetles. Pallas has remarked, as a singular fact, that it will eat hundreds of the blistering fly with impunity, while in other animals a single one is the cause of excruciating torments and death. In the second volume of the Zoological Journal, we have a curious relation of an encounter between a Hedgehog and a snake, from which we are led to conclude that snakes not unfrequently furnish a meal to these carnivorous little quadrupeds. The Hedgehog was, and we believe is regarded in some countries by the ignorant with aversion, who allege, as an excuse for their cruelty towards it, that it is guilty of draining the milk and poisoning the udders of the cows while sleeping in their pasture, an opinion too absurd to be worth the trouble of refuting. This animal is an inhabitant of the whole of Europe, excepting the colder regions of the north; and even in the warmest countries passes the winter in a state of lethargy, covered with leaves and moss. India, Egypt, Turkey, and Africa, present other species, making up a group of about six; and their habits, as far as known, resemble those of the European species.

Differing from the hedgehog in many essential points, but possessed like it of a spiny coat of mail, and the faculty of rolling up, though not into so complete a ball, are three animals peculiar to Madagascar, which form the genus *Centetes*: two of these were known to Linnæus, and placed by him in the genus *Erinaceus*, from which they are now rightly separated. These animals are the TENREC, (*Centetes acandatus*;) the TENDRAC, (*C. setosus*;) and the varied TENREC, (*C. semispinosus*;) which last is scarcely larger than a mole. The first has been naturalized in the Isle of France. All we know of them is, that they are nocturnal, and, although in the torrid zone, pass three months of the year in lethargy. In each jaw there are four or six incisors and two large canine, behind which are placed one or two little teeth, and four triangular and pointed molars. They have no tail, and the muzzle is very pointed.

The next genus of the *Insectivorous Family* which we shall notice is that of the SHREWS, (*Sorex*.) The Shrews form a numerous group, confined to the older continents, and almost entirely of recent discovery. The sole species which was formerly known to naturalists, before strict accuracy characterized scientific studies, was confounded with the mice, a genus belonging to quite a different order, namely, *Rodentia*; and Pliny notices it under the name of *Mus araneus*, from which its present French name, *musaraigne*, is derived. On Pliny's authority it was long retained among the mice, till Daubenton, in 1756, added another to the list and confirmed

the propriety of the genus *Sorex*, which had then been recently established.

The Shrews are yet accounted as *kinds of mice* by persons in general; they have, however, no immediate relation to these animals; and if any of our intelligent readers will take the trouble to examine and compare their teeth together, he will immediately be satisfied upon the subject. The two middle incisor teeth above are crooked and indented at their base; those of the lower jaw prolonged and inclining; five little teeth in the upper jaw succeed; two only in the lower; and after these, in each, three pointed molars; to which, in the upper jaw, a little tubercular molar is added, which terminates the series.

These little animals are easily distinguishable from mice by the conical form of the head also, and the attenuated nose tapering to a long projecting point. They place the entire sole of the foot on the ground, a circumstance which gives the legs the appearance of shortness; the ears are rounded; along the sides of the body are small glands secreting a humor of a peculiar and unpleasant odor. In England there are three species; the one the well known common Shrew, (*Sorex araneus*;) which frequents meadows and sunny banks, where its shrill piercing cry may be often heard in spring and summer. In August numbers of these animals are found dead by the sides of banks and along the pathways, without any known cause to account for this extensive mortality.

The two others are called *Water Shrews*, and frequent the banks of rivers, ponds, and marshes. The larger species is the *Sorex fodiens*, of which we have the following notice in No. 23 of *Loudon's Magazine*, for 1832:—"This curious little animal is not often seen except by those acquainted with its habits; it resembles the common Shrew, but is twice the size; the upper part of the body black; beneath, dirty white; the fur like that of a mole. Water Shrews live in the banks of rivulets and spring-water ditches, and appear to collect their food, which probably consists of the larvæ of the ephemeral flies, from among the loose mud. If cautiously watched, they being naturally shy, they may be seen crouching at the mouths of their holes looking intently into the water. Should a shoal of minnows or sticklebacks pass near, the Shrew plunges amongst them, but seldom succeeds in making a capture; and, retiring to his station, looks out for another chance. They dive with much adroitness, and can remain under water for the space of a minute. Their fur repels the water from their bodies, as while they are submerged, they appear to be almost white. When pursued by the weasel, they drop into the water and pass to the opposite side."

The other species is very similar in

habits and manners to the preceding, and must be considered as a recent addition to our *Fauna*. (To be continued.)

Historical.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF PERU.

(Concluded from No. 11, page 107.)

Lima is scarcely ever visited by tempests, and knows as little of rain as it does of thunder and lightning. But it is remarkably subject to earthquakes.

They indeed happen so frequently, that the inhabitants are in continual dread of being buried beneath the ruins of their houses. Still they have their presages, one of the principal of which is a rumbling noise beneath the ground, heard about a minute before the shocks are felt, and seeming to pervade all the adjacent subterranean parts. This is followed by the dismal howling of the dogs, who seem to give notice of the approaching danger; while the beasts of burden in their passage thro' streets stop suddenly, as if it were by a natural instinct, and assume the attitude which may best secure them from falling. On these portents, the terrified inhabitants flee from their houses into the streets, forming large assembles, in the midst of which the cries of children are blended with the lamentations of the females.

Since the establishment of the Spaniards in Peru, the first earthquake in this capital happened in 1582; another six years later, another in 1609, another in 1630, another in 1651, another in 1678, another in 1687, between which period and that of the great destruction in 1746 six earthquakes shook the city.

This last-mentioned earthquake commenced at half-past ten at night, and the early concussions were so violent that, in the space of somewhat more than three minutes, the greater part, if not all, of the buildings in the city were destroyed, burying under their ruins such of the inhabitants as had not made sufficient haste into the streets and squares, the only places of safety. At length the horrible effects of the first shock ceased; but the tranquillity was of short duration, the concussions swiftly succeeding each other. The fort of Callao was dilapidated; but what this building suffered from the earthquake was inconsiderable, when compared with the dreadful catastrophe which followed. The sea, as is usual on each occasion, receding to a considerable distance, returned in mountainous waves, foaming with the violence of the agitation, and suddenly buried Callao and the neighboring country in its flood. This, however, was not entirely effected by the first swell of the waves; for the sea, retiring still farther, returned with greater impetuosity, and covered not only the buildings, but also the lofty walls of the fortress; so that what had even escaped the first inundation was totally overwhelmed by these succeeding mountainous waves. Of twenty-three ships and vessels of light burden then in the harbor, nineteen were sunk; and the four others, among which was a frigate, named the *San Firmin*, were carried by the force of the waves to a considerable distance up the country. This terrible inundation extended, as well as the earthquake, to other parts of the coast, and several other towns underwent the fate of Lima. The number of persons who perished in that capital, within two days after the earthquake commenced, on an estimate of the bodies found, amounted

to 1300, beside the wounded and maimed, many of whom survived their tortures but a short time.

Leaving the Palace-square of Lima, and passing over the bridge to the suburb of San Lazaro, we get out into the open country of Peru. The wide plain on which the city is built gradually becomes a narrow tract between high walls of rocks, and so upward, rising higher, and higher, by gorges which sink down precipitously to a frightful depth, amid an ever-changing vegetation, so that at last the banana and the sugar-cane are exchanged for the scrubby bushes of the Puna. Upward, upward, higher, higher, by valleys and by table lands which form new starting-points, till, by and bye, amid the most bleak and desolate scenery, in a basin surrounded by rocks, and thirteen thousand seven hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea, is the city of Pasco. There an incessant clatter is going on, strangely different from the solemn stillness that reigns around. The mines are opened in all sorts of public places, and we cannot pass many yards without encountering one. Some not more than twenty feet deep, some fifty, some double, some three times that number.

The miners, with some few exceptions, are Indians. They earn about half-a-dollar a day; but when a rich vein is opened, they are paid in ore, and are at such times handsomely remunerated.

At a distance the town presents an agreeable aspect,—“distance lends enchantment to the view;” but a nearer approach shows us that it is chiefly composed of miners' huts. In the town there are plenty of liquor-shops, eating houses, and cafes. The proprietors of these establishments dispose of cooked food to the Indian miners, being chiefly maize bread and slices of beef dried in the sun. Frequently the peace of the town is disturbed by a quarrel and fight among the miners who have assembled in the liquor-houses, and these quarrels are a very dangerous business, for Sheffield has taken care to supply knives of all sorts, terrible weapons, made on purpose for that market, and a quarrel hardly ever occurs without an appeal to the knife. The Indians have a mighty love for the cocoa leaf. This plant somewhat resembles the vine; the leaves at the proper season are stripped and dried, and packed in bags. They have an aromatic, bitter taste. The miners chew them, and they produce the exhilarating effects of opium without drowsiness or stupefaction, but, like all stimulants, debilitate the body, and produce a nervous disorder in the system, which, in its gradual growth, at last overcomes its victim, and he perishes.

The following particulars of this intoxicating plant may not be uninteresting. They are the substance of observations made by Dr. Poepping in his travels in Chili and Peru. The plant is called the coca, but, notwithstanding the similarity of its name, it in no respect resembles, nor is it in any way connected with, the cocoa-nut tree. The coca is a brush from six to eight feet high, somewhat like a blackthorn, which it resembles in its numerous small white blossoms, and the lively bright green of the leaves. These leaves, which are gathered and carefully dried, are an article of brisk trade, and the use of them is as old as the first knowledge of the history of Peru. It is a stimulant, which acts upon the nerves in the same manner as opium. Unhappily, the use of it has degenerated into a vice which seems

incurable. The Indians of America, especially those of the Peruvian Andes, notwithstanding the civilisation which surrounds them, have a vague sense of their own incurable deficiency, and hence they are eager to relieve themselves by violent excitements from such melancholy feelings. This accounts not only for the use of the coca, but also for the boundless love of spirituous liquors, which possesses scarcely any other people in the world in an equal degree. To the Peruvian the coca is the source of the highest gratification; for under its influence his usual melancholy leaves him, and his dull imagination presents him with images which he never enjoys in his usual state of mind. If it cannot entirely produce the terrible feeling of over excitement that opium does, yet it reduces the person who uses it to a similar state, which is doubly dangerous, because, though less in degree, it is of far longer duration. This effect is not perceived until after continued observation; for a new comer is surprised indeed at the many disorders to which the men of many classes of the people are subject in Peru, but is very far from ascribing them to the coca. A look at a determined coquero gives the solution of the phenomenon; unfit for all the serious concerns of life, such an one is a slave to his passion, even more than the drunkard, and exposes himself to far greater dangers to gratify his propensity. As the magic power of the herb cannot be entirely felt till the usual concerns of daily life, or the interruptions of social intercourse, cease to employ the mental powers, the genuine coquero retires into solitary darkness or the wilderness, so soon as his longing for this intoxication becomes irresistible. When night, which is doubly awful in the gloomy forest, covers the earth, he remains stretched out under the tree which he has chosen; without the protection of a fire near him, he listens with indifference to the growling of the ounce; and when, amid peals of thunder the clouds pour down torrents of rain, or the fury of the hurricane uproots the oldest trees, he regards it not. In two days he generally returns, pale, trembling, his eyes sunk, a fearful picture of unnatural indulgence. He who has once been seized with this passion, and is placed in a situation that favors its development, is a lost man: The author heard in Peru truly deplorable accounts of young men of good families, who, in an accidental visit to the woods, began to use coca to pass away the time, soon acquired a relish for it, and from that moment were lost to the civilised world, and, as if under some malignant spell, refused to return to the towns. We are told how the relations at length discovered the fugitive in some remote Indian village, and, in spite of his tears, dragged him back to his home. But these unhappy persons were as fond of living in the wilderness, as averse to the more orderly mode of life in the towns; for public opinion condemns the white coquero, as it does an incorrigible drunkard among us. They therefore take the earliest opportunity of escaping to the woods, where, degraded, unworthy of the white complexion, the stamp of natural superiority, and become half savages, they fall victims to premature death, through the immoderate use of this intoxicating herb.

The mountains of La Plata, so denominated on account of the amount of silver it contains, are chiefly situated in the provinces which were strictly considered as Peruvian

before 1778. The riches of Peru have become proverbial, and justly so. The mines of Potoci produce an enormous amount. Lumps of pure gold and silver, called papas, from their resemblance to the potatoe, are sometimes found in the sand.

The poor likewise occupy themselves in Caveloros, or in washing the sands of the rivars and rivulets, in order to find particles of the precious metals.

To compensate for the mines which are rendered useless by the irruption of water, or other accidents, rich and new ones are daily discovered. They are all found in the chains of mountains, commonly in dry and barren spots, and sometimes in the sides of the quebreclas, or astonishing precipitous breaks in the ridgas. However certain this rule may be in Buenos Ayres, it is contradicted in that of Lima, where, at three leagues distance from the Pacific Ocean, not far from Tagna, in the province of Africa, there was discovered not many years ago the famous mine of Huantajaya, in a sandy plain at a distance from the mountains, of such exuberant wealth that the pure metal was cut out with a chisel. From this mine a large specimen of virgin silver is preserved in the royal cabinet of natural history at Madrid. It attracted a considerable population, although neither water nor the common conveniences for labor could be found on the spot, nor was there any pasturage for the cattle.

The annual returns from the mines have been gradually decreasing. The yearly returns from the mines of Ceno Pasco once reached the amount of one million six hundred and fifty thousand pounds, but the annual produce is now not half that sum. A government establishment receives and stamps the silver before it is sent to Lima. There it is coined and then returned, and on its return is very often waylaid and plundered by the bandit montoneros.

A wonderful country is Peru—a wonderful people are they who claim it for their own. It seems to contain all the beauties and all the terrors of the world, to inclose within its mountains every climate, to afford the most striking and remarkable contrasts that it is possible to imagine. Here uprise tall grim mountains, capped with clouds, hard, cold stony, but diversified by strips of verdure, hot, barren, arid, but cooled by calm delicious water; here a desert as blank as the Sahara; there the most fertile country in the world, where vines, and olives, and sugar-canes, and bananas, and all sorts of tropical plants are flourishing; here a palm-tree bestowing its grateful shadow; there a heavy snow-drift and the thermometer below freezing point; here the stately palaces, the handsome bridge, the decorated street, the noble costume, the gay groups, the delightful life of Lima, the city of Pizarro; and there the wretched, miserable hovels of the toiling miners, who labor amid the noxious vapors of unhealthy mines, and are yet but a half-savage people.

The Story Teller.

A DAY'S PLEASURE.

"Do not thyself of to-morrow."

"How I wish I could sleep for a whole week," said Mary Herbert, as she threw down her books, and skipped about the room.

"What is the matter, Mary?" said her aunt, looking up, surprised.

"O, aunt Susan, I am so glad! mother has promised to take me to Brooklyn, when she goes to see Mrs. Ellison; and I shall have a fine range in her large garden. We are to go next Thursday, if the weather is fine, and I wish I could sleep away the time till Thursday comes."

"How can you express such a foolish wish, my child?" said her aunt, gravely; "would you be willing to lose so much precious time, merely because you cannot restrain your impatient desire of enjoyment?"

"Well, the time will seem so long; I shall be constantly thinking of next Thursday, and I am sure I shall not be able to study my lessons properly until it is over."

"Had your mother suspected you of such folly, Mary, she would scarcely have promised you the pleasure. She designed it as a reward for past good conduct; but she certainly did not suppose it would lead to inattention and impatience."

"But, aunt, I have so long wanted to visit Mrs. Ellison's daughters; they have so many pretty toys and books, a fine garden, abundance of fruit and flowers, a little pony, and a great dog, our own Hector, you know, whom mother gave to Mrs. Ellison, when first we moved to this crowded city."

"All very great attractions, doubtless, my dear Mary, but none worth the price you are willing to pay for them."

"I don't understand you, ma'am," said the little girl, looking puzzled.

"Can you tell me how much time you usually spend in study every week?"

"Let me see; geography, grammar, spelling, arithmetic, and writing, occupy from nine o'clock in the morning, until twelve, every day; then there is one hour for French and two for music; that makes six hours each day, and thirty-six hours a week."

"What use do you make of the remainder of your time, Mary?"

"Twice a week, I take a lesson in drawing; and reading, sewing, (which I do so hate,) watering and weeding my garden, playing with little Henry, and sleeping, take up all the rest of the time."

"Thirty-six hours of close attention to your studies, will afford you much important information, Mary, besides aiding you in the formation of diligent habits, which will last you for life. And the needlework, which you so much dislike, is not only an essential branch of female knowledge, but will also form a powerful auxiliary in your moral education."

"How? aunt Susan."

"Whenever, my child, a sense of duty compels you to forego your inclinations and control your rebellious spirit, you have gained a victory over yourself, the results of which will be seen in afterlife. When you sit down to your sewing with reluctance, and yet can so far subdue your feelings as to wear a cheerful countenance, while you persevere until your task is finished, in spite of temptations to neglect, you are exemplifying, in a manner, the saying of the wise man, 'Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' The world is a scene of trial. We are rarely enabled to exhibit talents and accomplishments, but we are daily called upon for the exercise of patience, forbearance, obedience, and resignation. The sooner, therefore, we acquire such habits, the better for ourselves; and whenever you put aside your own will, not from a fear of punishment, but from a sense of duty, you are strengthening your moral

character. Your time is now invaluable, because you are not only improving your mental, but also your moral nature. Habits are now to be formed which will occasion a lost year in future. The cultivation of your heart is to be now commenced. Your affections are to be fostered, and your kindly feelings properly directed."

"I am sure, aunt Susan, it requires no study to love one's friends; I have never tried to love my parents, nor did I ever find it a task to love you," said Mary.

"I know that, my sweet child, your affectionate temper disposes you to look upon all around you with regard; but such indiscriminate tenderness, though very lovely in a little girl, would be a source of great sorrow to you in afterlife, if not checked and controlled. If your love was always to be bestowed as lavishly as now, you would encounter many a disappointment, and therefore even your best feelings require daily, almost hourly, training. Now, if you could sacrifice so large a proportion of moral and mental culture, or, to use your own words, if you could sleep for a week, would it not be paying a great price for a day's pleasure?"

Mary hung her head, and made no reply, though her countenance betrayed her consciousness of error: She took the earliest opportunity to quit the room; and, secretly resolving to be doubly attentive to her duties for the coming week, sat down to her tasks. But, like many older and wiser people, little Mary found it easier to make good resolutions, than to keep them. The idea of future enjoyment would intrude upon her more serious thoughts. She found herself imagining the limits of Mrs. Ellison's garden, when she should have been defining the boundaries of a State; and counting the hours which must pass before the visit could be made, instead of proving her arithmetical calculations. But she certainly tried to do her best, and she succeeded better than she had at first expected.

The long week was at length ended, and Mary clapped her hands, with delight, as she exclaimed, "To-morrow, mother, to-morrow, we shall go to Brooklyn."

"Do not anticipate too much pleasure, my child," said her mother, "you may be disappointed."

"How? mother!" exclaimed she, looking very much frightened.

"Why, it may rain to-morrow."

"Oh! no, I am sure it will not rain, the moon now shines as bright as day."

"Very true, Mary, but do you not see the dim hazy circle that surrounds the moon? weatherwise people consider that an infallible portent of rain."

"Oh! I am certain it will be a fine day to-morrow; good night, mother; I shall go to bed early, to-night, so as to be up betimes in the morning." So saying, the little girl kissed her mother, and bounded up stairs to her little chamber.

"O Henry!" said she, as she entered the nursery to kiss her little brother, "how happy I shall be to-morrow; I intend to have a fine ride on the pony, and a good race with our old Hector; and I mean to be plenty of peaches and pears under the trees, I dare say we shall have some to bring home to you, Henry. Oh! I shall be so happy." The little fellow was scarce old enough to enter into Mary's transports, but the dog, the horse, and the fruit seemed to him the very perfection of joy, and he danced about the room with as much glee, as if he too ex-

pected to share the anticipated pleasures of the morrow.

(To be continued.)

General Selections.

PERILS OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Most of my young readers have heard of Sir John Franklin, who sailed on a voyage of discovery to the North Pole, in May, 1845; and of whom, since July of that year, no tidings have been received. They have also heard of the expedition sent out to find him, if possible; and perhaps they will read with pleasure something concerning the voyage of this expedition. I will give them an incident or two, at any rate, from the pen of Mr Snow, who was one of the company.

I was speedily awakened to reality by a sudden noise, like the cracking of some mighty edifice of stone, or the bursting of several pieces of ordnance. Ere the sound of that noise had vibrated on the air, a succession of reports, like the continued discharge of a heavy fire of musketry, mingled with the occasional roar of cannon, followed quickly upon one another, for the space of perhaps two minutes; when, suddenly, my eye was arrested by the trembling of a moderate-sized iceberg not far beneath my feet, in a line away from the hill I was upon; and the next moment it tottered, and, with a side-long inclination, cut its way into the bosom of the sea, upon which it had been before reclining. Roar upon roar pealed in echoes from the mountain heights on every side; the wild seabird arose with fluttering wings and rapid flight, as it proceeded to a quarter where its quiet would be less disturbed; the heretofore peaceful water presented the appearance of a troubled ocean after a fierce gale of wind; and, amid the varied sounds now heard, human voices from the boat came rising up on high, in honest English, strangely striking on the air, hailing to know if I had seen the "turn," and also whether I wanted them to join me. But an instant had not passed before the mighty mass of snow and ice which had so suddenly overturned, again presented itself above the water. This time, however, it bore a different shape. The conical and rotten surface that had been uppermost, when I first noticed it, was gone; and a smooth, table-like plane, from which streamed numerous cascades and jets d'eau, was now visible. The former had sunk some hundred feet below, when

the "berg," reversing itself, had been overturned by its extreme upper weight, and thus brought the bottom of it high above the level of the sea.

Northward, and still northward; thicker and more continuous grew the ice plains, while ever and anon a sound, like the discharge of heavy artillery booming along the lonely seas, announced that one iceberg after another had burst amid this freezing arctic mid-summer.

We were fairly "in the ice," but ice of which most readers have no idea. The water frozen in our ponds and lakes at home is but a mere thin pane of glass in comparison to the ice which now came upon us. Fancy before you miles and miles of a tabular icy rock, eight feet or more solid, thick throughout, unbroken, or only by a single rent here and there, not sufficient to separate the piece itself. Conceive this icy rock to be in many parts of a perfectly even surface, but in others covered with what might well be conceived as the ruins of a mighty city, suddenly destroyed by an earthquake, and the ruins jumbled together in one confused mass. Let there be also huge blocks, of most fantastic form, scattered about upon this tabular surface, and in some places rising in towering height, and in one apparently connected chain, far beyond the sight. Take these in your view, and you have some faint idea of what was the kind of ice presented to my eye, as I gazed upon it from aloft.

A CHAPTER ON BARKING DOGS.

It is an old saying—and there is a good deal of truth in it—that "barking dogs never bite." I say there is a good deal of truth in it. It is not strictly true. Scarcely any proverb will bear picking to pieces, and analyzing, as a botanist would pick to pieces and analyze a rose or a tulip. Almost all dogs bark a little, now and then. Still I believe those dogs bark the most that bite the least, and the dogs that make a practice of biting the hardest and the oftenest, make very little noise about it.

Have you never been passing by a house, and seen a little pocket edition of a cur run out at the front door yard, to meet you, with ever so much bravery and heroism, as if he intended to eat you at two or three mouthfuls? What a barking he set up. The meaning of his bow, wow, wow, every time he repeated the words, was, "I'll bite you! I'll bite you!" But the very moment you turned round and faced him, he ran back into the yard, as if forty tigers were after him. You see he was all bark, and no bite.

Well, it is the same with men and women, and boys and girls, as it is with dogs. Those who bark most bite least, the world over.

Show me a boy who talks about being as

bold as a lion, and I will show you one with the heart of a young rabbit, just learning to eat cabbage. I do dislike to see boys and girls boasting of what they can do. It always gives me a low opinion of their merits.

There is Tom Thrasher. You don't know Tom, do you? Well, he is one of your barking dogs. He is all the time boasting of the great things he is able to do. Nobody ever saw him do any such things. Still he keeps on boasting, right in the midst of the young people who know him through and through, a great deal better than he knows himself. It is strange that he should brag at that rate with everybody knows him. But he has fallen into the habit of bragging, and I suppose he hardly thinks of the absurd and foolish language he is using. According to his account of himself, he can run a mile in a minute, jump over a fence ten rails high, shoot an arrow from his bow twenty rods, and hit an apple at that distance half a dozen times running.

I must tell you a story about this Tom Thrasher. Poor Tom! he got "come up with," not long ago, by some fun-loving boys that lived in his neighborhood. Tom had been boasting of his great feats in jumping. He could jump higher than any boy on Blue Hill. In fact, he had just jumped over the fence around Captain Corning's goat pasture, which, as everybody knows, was eight rails high, and verily believed he could have cleared it just as easily, if it had been two rails higher. That was the kind of language he used to this company of boys. They did not believe a word he said.

"Let's try Tom," one whispered to another, "let's try the fellow, and see how high he can jump."

"Say, Tom," said one of the boys, "will you go down to the captain's goat pasture with us, and try that thing over again?"

Tom did not seem to be very fierce for going. But all the boys urged him so hard, that he finally consented and went. When he got to the goat pasture, he measured the fence with his eye; and from the manner in which he shrugged his shoulders, it was pretty clear that he considered the fence a very high one indeed. He was not at all in a hurry about performing the feat. But the roguish boys would not let him off.

"Come, Tom," said one.

"Now for it," said another.

"No backing out," said a third.

"It's only eight rails high," said a fourth.

Still, somehow or other, Tom could not get his courage quite up to the point. The best thing he could have done, in my way of thinking, when he found himself so completely cornered, was to have said, "Well, boys, there's no use in mincing the matter at all. I am a little dunce. I can no more jump over that fence than I can build a steamboat, or catch a streak of lightning." But that was not his way of getting out of the scrape.

"Let me give the word now," said one of the lads. "I'll say 'one, two, three,' and when I come to 'three,' you shall run and jump."

"Go ahead," said Tom.

And the other boy began: "One—two—three—"

Tom started, and ran. I'm not sure but he had boasted so much about his jumping, that he had almost made himself believe he really could jump over that fence. At any rate, he tried it, and—failed, of course. His

fool struck the fence about three quarters of the distance from the ground, and over he went, head foremost, into the goat pasture. It was fortunate for him that he did not break his neck. As it was, his spirit was broken, and that was about all. He went home a much humbler boy than he was when he came to the goat-pasture; and a somewhat wiser one, too.

After that unfortunate leap, if Tom ever boasted largely of what he could do and what he had done, it was a very common thing for his playmates to say, "Taku caro, Tom; remember that famous leap."

FUN-LOVING ANIMALS.

An interesting work on the "Passions of Animals" has the following concerning their fun-loving propensities:—

Small birds chase each other about in play; but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersets. Some people call it the mad bird; on account of these singularities. The crane expands its wings, runs round in circles, leaps, and throwing little stones and pieces of wood in the air, endeavors to catch them again, and pretends to avoid them, as if afraid. Water-birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and cleave the surface of the water with out-stretched neck and flapping wings, throwing an abundant spray around. Deer often engage in a sham battle, or a trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals that pretend violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the ourang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feint of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey; young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewn by the autumn winds; they crouch and steal forward, ready for the spring, the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion. They bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Bengal saw young jaguars and cougars playing with round substances like kittens. Young lambs collect together on little hillocks and eminences in their pastures, racing and sporting with each other in the most interesting manner. Birds of the pie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play, and mimicry. There is a story told of a tame magpie that was seen busily engaged in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and studied air burying them in a hole about eighteen inches deep, made to receive a post. After dropping each stone, it cried "carrack!" triumphantly, and set out for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in this hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

CINNAMON-FIELDS IN CEYLON.

One morning was, as usual on our first arrival, taken up by visits. In the afternoon we drove through the far-famed cinnamon-gardens, which cover upward of 17,000 acres of land on the coast, the largest of which are near Colombo. The plant thrives best in a poor, sandy soil, in a damp atmosphere. It grows wild in the woods to the size of a large apple-tree, but when cultivated, is never allowed to grow more than ten or twelve feet in height, each plant standing separate. The leaf is something like the laurel in shape, but of a lighter color. When it first shoots out it is red, and changes gradually to green. It is now out of blossom, but I am told the flower is white, and appears, when full in blossom, to cover the garden. After hearing so much of the spicy gales from this island, I was much disappointed at not being able to discover any scent, at least from the plants, in passing through the gardens, there is a very fragrant-smelling flower growing under them, which at first led us into the belief that we smelt the cinnamons, but we were soon undeceived. On pulling off a leaf or twig, you perceived the spicy odor very strongly, but I was surprised to hear that the flower had little or none. As the cinnamon forms the only considerable export of Ceylon, it is, of course, preserved with care. By the old Dutch law the penalty for cutting a branch was no less than the loss of a hand; at present a fine expiates the offence. The neighborhood of Colombo is particularly favorable to its growth, being well sheltered, with a high, equable temperature, and as showers fall frequently, the ground is never parched.

ST. ANTHONY AND THE COBBLER.

We read a pretty story of St. Anthony, who, being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and strait life, insomuch that none at that time did like; to whom there came a voice from heaven, saying, "Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria." Anthony, hearing this, rose up forthwith, and took his staff, and went till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house. Then Anthony said to him, "Come and tell me thy whole conversation, how thou spendest thy time." "Sir," said the cobbler, "as for me, good works have I none, for my life is but simple and slender. I am but a poor cobbler; in the morning when I rise I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbors and poor friends as I have. After, I set me at my labdr, when I spend the whole day in getting my living, and keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as deceitfulness; wherefore, when I make to any man a

promise, I keep it and perform it truly; and thus I spend my time poorly, with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God. And this is the sum of my simple life."

In this story you see how God loveth those that follow their vocation and live uprightly. This Anthony was a great, holy man, yet this cobbler was as much esteemed before God as he.

THE BATTLE OF THE FIDDLERS.

It is reported in the history of Chester, England, that it was besieged by the Welsh in the reign of King John, during the time of its great fair, when the commandant assembled all the musicians who had come to the place upon the occasion, and marched them in the night, with their instruments playing, against the enemy; who, upon hearing so vast a sound, were filled with such terror and surprise that they instantly fled. In memory of this exploit, a meeting of musicians is annually kept up to this day, with one of the Dutton family (their royal master) at their head, to whom certain privileges are granted.

I give this historical incident just as it comes to me, at the same time that I must confess I should not be willing to stake my reputation as a historian upon the truth of it. However, it may have happened; and I have myself heard musicians play, who, I am sure, if they could be brought together in one company, and would consent to march against an enemy, in full blast, would frighten a whole battalion, so that they would take to their heels. At all events, the aforesaid battalion must be men of strong nerve, and deserving ever so much credit for heroism, if they maintained their position in such circumstances. So, on the whole, I think the story may be true.—*Extract.*

LIVING SAXON.

Some of our readers will be surprised to learn that there are animals which, though Saxon while alive, become Norman after they are dead. This strange transmutation converts sheep into mutton, oxen into beef, calves into veal, swine into pork, deer into venison. The reason assigned is, that the Saxon peasants who tended these animals had no acquaintance with their flesh as food—the only exception to the general rule being bacon, which the Saxons ever partook. Thus we see now, in spite of the Norman incursion, Saxon maintained its ground side by side with the new language.

SINCERITY.

Sincerity signifies a simplicity of mind and manners, in our conversation and carriage one towards another; singleness of heart, discovering itself in a constant plainness and honest openness of behavi-

or, free from all insidious devices, and little tricks and fetches of craft and cunning; from all false appearances, and deceitful disguises of ourselves in word or action; or yet more plainly, it is to speak as we think, and do what we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise; and, in a word, really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

SPEED OF RAILWAYS.

The Great Western Express, from London to Exeter, travels at the rate of forty-three miles an hour, including stoppages; or fifty-one miles an hour, without including stoppages. To attain this rate, a speed of sixty miles an hour is adopted midway between some of the stations; and in certain experimental trips seventy miles an hour have been reached. A speed of seventy miles an hour is about equivalent to thirty-four yards per second, or thirty-four yards between two beats of a common clock! All objects near the eye of a passenger travelling at this rate will seem to pass by his eye in the thirty-fourth part of a second; and if thirty-four stakes were erected at the side of the road, a yard asunder, they would not be distinguishable one from another; if painted red they would appear collectively as a continuous flash of red color. If two trains with this speed passed each other, the relative velocity would be sixty-eight yards per second; and if one of the trains were sixty-eight yards long, it would flash by in a single second. Such a locomotive speed is equal to nearly one-fourth that of a cannon ball; and the momentum of a whole train, moving at such a speed, would be nearly equivalent to the aggregate force of a number of cannon-balls equal to one-fourth the weight of the train. That a "smash" should follow a "collision" is no subject for marvel, if a train moving at such speed—or any thing like such speed—should meet with any obstacle to its progress.

THE ORANGE TREE.

The orange grows upon a beautiful tree, with shining, evergreen leaves, which bears a profusion of white flowers and golden fruit at the same time. It is a very long-lived tree, and has been known to flourish upwards of four years, and it is so productive that a single tree will yield upwards of twenty-five thousand oranges. They are mostly received in this country from Malta, Portugal, Sicily, Cuba, and Spain. Oranges do not ripen until the spring, and the finest remain upon the tree until the blossoms of another crop appear; but they are usually gathered for a foreign market between October and December, before they are quite ripe; as if allowed to perfectly ripen, they would spoil in bringing to this country. The orange are

wrapped separately in dried leaf, and packed in chests, each of which contains eight hundred. The rich, juicy pulp of the orange is very refreshing; it is wholesome, and even nourishing for children; and its pleasant acid revives the feverish sick person. In its native country, a single ripe orange, when cut, will fill a deep plate with its juice. While in the southern part of Italy, I was frequently charmed by the orange groves which abound in that country.

Seville oranges are brought from Seville, in Spain. The blossoms of the tree which produces them are used for orange-flowers water; the leaves are employed in medicine; and the rind, or peel, is a grateful warm bitter. The juice called marmalade, and an agreeable wine, are also made from Seville oranges.

THE MICHIGAN DOG.

A young friend of mine, residing at Grand Traverse, in the state of Michigan, relates some interesting anecdotes of a dog belonging to his father's family. I should think this dog had a good deal of benevolence in his character, from the account my friend gives of him. "Some years ago," he says, "we had a rather wayward colt, who was apt, when things did not go to suit him, to show his resentment by breaking his halter. In order to prevent this, he was fastened with a strong rope. One day he was tied in a grass plot, to feed. After some time, it was noticed that the dog was attracted by something in the direction in which the horse was feeding. He immediately returned, barking and howling, in a strange manner. Perceiving that I was attracted by his ado, he started back. I immediately followed him, he leading directly to the colt. I found the colt entangled in his rope, and lying on the ground, nearly dead. I liberated the colt, and after some time he was able to stand, upon which Tiger exhibited his joy in every way he could, licking the feet and legs of the colt, in a very affectionate manner.—Another time Tiger saved the life of a calf. The calf was feeding in a newly cleared lot; and as I was passing by the place, the dog suddenly set up a loud barking. I immediately went there, and found the calf hung between some logs. After some trouble, he was liberated, when the dog seemed highly pleased.—At another time a calf was lost in the snow. Tiger discovered him, barking at him a long time, and no one appearing, he came to the house, and made as much noise as he was capable of, when some one followed him, and got him out of the snow."

Such anecdotes as these make me ashamed of some of my own race; for I think I know some men and women who would not do as much to help a fellow-being in distress.

KNOWLEDGE.

Valuable knowledge can be attained only by personal effort. Every one must traverse the hills and valleys for himself, and it is only by unremitting application and perseverance that the attempt will be crowned with success.—But to the devoted, persevering seekers, success is certain. The state of mind is such as to insure the best use being made of any accessible helps, and of the exercise of ingenuity and application in surmounting difficulties, even in the absence of all foreign aid. Whatever may be his present deficiencies and disadvantages, the person—especially the young person—who is so sensible of the value of knowledge as to apply his heart to understand—to seek for it as for silver, and search for it as for hid treasures—assuredly shall not seek in vain. Knowledge is the prize of application.

ANIMAL-MEAL.

In Sweden, on the shores of a lake near Urnea, a vast quantity of extremely fine matter is found, much like flour in appearance, and called by the natives mountain-meal. It is used as food, being mixed with flour, and is nutritious. But what is this mountain-meal when examined by the microscope? Nothing more than the shelly coverings of certain animalcules! As the animals perish, these coverings accumulate from age to age at the bottom of the waters, and form a deep layer. This, drying on the shore, or on places which are no longer covered by the water, assumes the appearance whence it has its name, each particle being the relic of a microscopic animal.

REASONABLENESS OF HUMILITY.

Our opinion concerning ourselves and our neighbors, agreeably to the rule and temper of Christianity, is generally nearer the truth when we sink our idea of self rather below what seems to be our due, and when we raise the idea of our neighbors a little above what appears to belong to them, for they doubtless have some virtues and good qualities unknown to us, and it is certain we have some secret failings which do not usually come within our own notice.

BE GENTLE TO THE SORROWFUL.

How guarded should we be when we speak to the unhappy, whose sorrow and dejection are apt to dispose the heart to interpret into an unkind and bitter sense, every expression that does not breathe the greatest gentleness and affection.

Key to the Reader.

ARTICULARS—1 Absolution 2 Circuits 3 Sailor.
1. Soldiers. 5. Grinners. 6. House. 7. Parliament.
CHURCHES.—No 23. History No. 27. Eveman.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters have been received from various parts of the Province, relating to the delay of the present No. An answer to all will be found on the first page of this paper.

Poetry.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Draw round the hearth, heap high the blaze,
Let none we love be absent now;
The holiest of happy days,
Should smoothe the sorrow-wrinkled brow,
And bid the merry blither be,
To see their fellows glad berke.
Come, bear the burden cheerly,
"Welcome hither, Christmas tide."

The year is wanting to its close,
Spring, summer, autumn, all gone by,
The winter winds sweep o'er the snows,
Breathing a lonesome still sigh.
Yet, by our present draught with glee;
And if we hear the wind outside,
Echo let the burden be,
"Welcome hither, Christmas tide."

In other climes, across the seas,
The summer ringer is a-doll;
And Christmas walks through vales and leas,
That many a crown of flowers yield.
Within, though winter strip each tree,
Let summer in each heart abide;
The joy-song of Love's harvest be,
"Welcome hither, Christmas tide."

Draw round the hearth, heap high the blaze,
Let selfish thoughts and strivings cease;
Earth heard, as yet, no glad days,
The birth-notes of goodwill and peace.
Its warm each heart, each hand be free,
Our store with those who want, divide;
Then shall the burden fuller be,
"Welcome hither, Christmas tide."

LOVE AND KINDNESS.

Angry looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood
If spoken but in kindness.

Simple love far more hath wrought,
Although by childhood murther'd,
Than all the battles ever fought,
Or oaths that men have utter'd.

Friendship oft would longer last,
And quarrels be prevented,
If little words were let go past—
Forgiven—not retented.

Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
For angry thoughts reveal them;
Hither drown them all in tears
Than let another feel them.

A METHICAL RECIPÉ FOR A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Ain—"Jennett and Jennott."

If you wish to make the pudding in which every one
delights,
Of six pretty new-laid eggs, you must take the yolks
and whites,
Beat them well up in a basin till they thoroughly
combine.
And let your chop the suet up particularly fine.
Take a pound of well-stoned raisins, and a pound of
currants dried.
A pound of pounded sugar, and some candied peel
beside.
Mash them all up well together with a pound of
wheaten flour,
And let them stand to settle for a quarter of an hour.
Then to the mixture in a cloth, and put it in a pot.—
Some people like the water cold, and some prefer it
hot.
But though I don't know which of these two plans I
ought to prefer,
I know it ought to boil an hour for every pound it
weighs.
Were I Emperor of France, or, still better, Pope of
Rome,
I'd have a Christmas pudding every day I din'd at
home;
All my friends should have a piece, and if any d'd
remain,
Next morning for my breakfast I would have it fried
again.
F. J. S.

The Riddler.

ANAGRAMS, OR COMPOUND ANAGRAMS.

1. Bardon is coveted—on 66 11
2. Judge a sire travels make 202 ruts.
3. A repair a employes - 51 03
4. Warrior are afflicted with - 551 soris
5. Facial contortions he has - 1001 graces.
6. Dwellings contain - 5 200s.
7. The J. L. Moore took 2000 in Apr 1020.

The answers to the above are found by turning the
value of the (Arabic) Letters in Numbers for (Latin)
words, and then counting them with the ordi-

ary letters as given in each anagram. The V stands
for U or Y indifferently. Proceed with the trans-
position of the figures and letters in Italics, as in the
ordinary anagram.

CHARADES.—No. 26.

My first's a word we speak, and oft indite;
To mark each man's distinct possessive right;
My next is dissyllabic in its form;
Its very sound can kindle passions warry;
View'd in another sense, it only gives
The daunting tall of many adjectives.
My whole denotes a lofty, glorious theme,
Outshining sage's lore and poet's dream;
Versant with every country, age, and clime,
It speaks the dictates of the voice of time.

No. 27.

The hum of the world is hush'd—"tis right,
And the city now lies sleeping;
But my first, unmark'd by human sight,
'Mid the gloom is slowly creeping.
Ha, ha! with a fierce and lurid glare,
It hath burst from my second's dwelling,
And far and wide in the midnight air
Its sullen roar is swelling.
And see my whole with a fearless heart
Amid the tumult dashing—
How bravely there he bears his part,
With ruin round him crashing!
There is not a quail in his noble breast;
But, firm and undaunted ever,
He toils till the demon's angry crest
Is crush'd by his strong endeavor

Varieties.

A Clergyman riding across a bridge near
where two men were fishing, overheard one of
them swearing most dreadfully. He dismount-
ed, tied his horse, and entered into conversation
with the swearer, asking him many questions
about his employment, and at length what kind
of bait he used. He answered, "Different
kinds for different fish." "But cannot you
catch fish without bait?" "No," said he,
staring at the minister; "they would be great
fools to bite at the bare hook." "But," said
the minister, "I know a fisherman who catches
many fish without bait." "But who is he?"
said the fisherman. "It is the devil; and he
catches swearers without bait. Other sinners
want a bait, but the silly swearer will bite at the
bare hook."

A witty moralist used to say of taverns that
they were places where men sold madness by
the bottle.

A Gentleman seeing a lady holding an act of
parliament before her face to keep the fire off,
said she was like an insolvent debtor;—"she
was taking the benefit of the act."

Rashness borrows the name of courage, but it
is of another race, and nothing allied to that
virtue; the one descends in a direct line from
prudence, the other from folly and presumption.

People are too prone to condemn in others
what they practise themselves without scruple.
Phariseh tells of a wolf, who peeping into a hut
where a company of shepherds were regaling
themselves with a joint of mutton, exclaimed,
"what a clamor would they have raised, if they
had caught me at such a banquet!"

Why is a sow called a sow? Because as how
(a sow) it is.

A Lady passing through New Hampshire ob-
served the following notice on a board: "Horse-
taken in to grass. Long tails, three shillings
and sixpence, short tails, two shillings." The
lady asked the owner of the land the reason for
the difference of price. "Why, you see, ma'am,"
was the reply, "the long tails can brush away
the flies, but the short tails are so tormented
by them that they can hardly eat at all."

The words of a German author to his daugh-
ter are so full of wisdom that the young lady
who should make them her rule would avoid
half the scrapes of her companions. "Con-
verse always with your female friends as if a
gentleman were of the party, and with young
men as if your female companions were pres-
ent."

MUSIC IN MAN.—The universal disposition
of human beings, from the cradle to the death-
bed, to express their feelings in measured cad-
ences of sound and action, proves that our bod-
ies are constructed on musical principles, and

that the harmonious working of their mechanism
depends on the movements of the several parts
being timed to each other; and that the destruc-
tion of health, as regards both body and mind,
may be well described as being out of time.—
Our intellectual and moral vigor would be better
sustained if we more practically studied the im-
propriety of keeping the soul in harmony, by regu-
lating the movements of the body; for we should
then see and feel that every affection which is not
connected with actual enjoyment, is also destruc-
tive of individual comforts, and that whatever
tends to harmonise, also tends to promote hap-
piness and health."

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