

THE CARLETON PLACE, CANADA WEST, DECEMBER 27, 1855.

FOR A. As bright as morning's golden sun, When rising with unclouded power; Be all the days, the dreams and joys, Which fortune shall around their shower.

Unhappy as a gloomy lake, At daylight's mid and balmy close; To thy mild morn' some of dream, Which merrily round thy vision throws.

And never may night's gray portal be, To thy mild morn' some of dream, But rather bring joy to those rays, Which glittering stars so freely shed.

And as thou gaze'st thine of him, Whose memory loves to dwell with thee; Who ever sees thee brightly in smiling mood, But that thy portrait he may see.

HENRY KEMPVILLE.
Ottawa Lodge, Nepean.

THE RUSSIAN GUARDSMAN.

A TALE OF THE SEAS AND SHORES OF THE EAST.
BY BENJ. FRANKLIN POORE.

CHAPTER I.

It was Alexis Orloff who had sent the petition, although few of his acquaintances would have recognized the once dashing guardsman in the occupant of that dirty cell, in the slave market at Constantinople. Nor had he been fully conscious of his situation until the day before, when a regiment of soldiers, in the Hippodrome, passed by the place of his captivity, with a fine band. The familiar sounds roused the young soldier's martial pride; his flushed cheek became ashy pale; and intelligence once more gleamed on his wan features. Recalling the circumstances of his peril, of his capture, and of his present situation, he was hesitating what steps to take, when a Greek entered with his dinner—a greasy wooden bowl filled with boiled rice. The revolting food aroused the young man to the necessity of extricating himself from his position.

"Tell me," he asked, "why I am confined here?"

"Because," replied the Greek, in a sullen tone, "a Turk picked you up at sea, and wishes to sell you to some one in Asia Minor. We, Greeks, know full well that here 't might makes light.' You will find it out."

"But I am a Russian—a Russian officer?"

"Never mind. You purchaser will obtain a ransom for you, and that is what you will be bought for."

"This is outrageous. Can you not take a message to the Russian ambassador? See, here is a ring that has escaped the notice of your captors—take the message and it shall be yours."

"It was a diamond, and the poor Greek eyed it with wistful eyes.

"No, no," he at length replied, "I dare not. But I can do for you what I did for a young Pole, last year, who was in your present plight."

"And that?"

"I can give you writing materials, and you can draw up a petition to the sultan, which my wife will hand him in the morning as he goes to his bath."

"Surely he will not detain me?" said Alexis. "Bring me the pen and paper, my good fellow, and the ring is yours."

The man left him within an hour he returned with wretched writing apparatus, and the document was sent, whose receipt we have described.

Every moment now seemed an age, and Alexis paced his pathway, once so bright, while every joy had withered like the gourd-like beauty which the prophet saw, and passed away like a dream. Ambition, love, happiness—all true bliss, without alloy, had faded away, and trouble's bitter current poured like a winter's flood through his brain. Then came stealing back, unbidden and noiseless as a dream the fondness of his love, and his proud heart trembled as he remembered how he had been repulsed—misunderstood. Then came appearing before him the face of his grandfathers; and it was late, before sleep, which he had vainly sought, unfolded him in her holy arms.

It was late the next morning when Alexis awoke, and he found his mental activity revived by the night's rest. The Greek assured him that his wife had handed the petition to the sultan—nor was it long after, as Alexis was gazing from the window into the courtyard of the prison, he espied an unusual commotion. It was caused by the arrival of Mustapha, wearing the well known household dress of the seraglio, and the dealers looked around him.

One offered some gawdy-eyed hours from Candia; another had slaves from Nubia; and others Greeks, of either sex. But the guardian, so obsequious just before when in the presence of the sultan, waved them away with an imperious gesture, and demanded the owner of the young Russian, picked up at sea.

Half an hour more, and Alexis was in the seraglio, putting on a becoming Greek costume, which he selected from a wardrobe kept by the sultan for those nocturnal excursions in which Oriental rulers indulge.

The guardian was apparently well satisfied with the striking change in the personal appearance of his purchaser; and, after the toilet was completed, he conducted him to a structure which realized the brightest dreams of Oriental splendor. It was a large circular pavilion, with walls of the purest marble, surrounded by a glazed dome, and having two minarets windows, opening upon the Bosphorus. A white marble fountain in the centre threw its feathery spray high up towards the dome, and the silver foam fell into a large deep basin, in which sported gold and silver fishes. Around the fountain, with the space for a walk intervening, was a thick row of gigantic orange trees, mixed with large camelia bushes—the golden fruit and verdant foliage of the former contrasting beautifully with the rich clusters of waxen flowers, of every color, with which the latter were laden. Then there was a broad walk, paved with variegated marbles, reaching unto the walls, against which were trained every conceivable variety of rare climbing plants, sometimes waving their long wreaths of tropical vegetation in graceful festoons; then the marble like serpents, until they floated in mingled masses, waving in the soft perfumed breeze.

It was a paradise, and Alexis stood entranced near one of the windows, gazing alternately on the scene without and the loveliness within, while the odor of the flowers cast a sort of somnolence over his senses. The rustling of silks startled him from his reverie, and turning Zalahah stood before him.

"I congratulate Major Orloff on his release from captivity," said she, with a smile like the glorious full moon rising from the sea in a dark night. And as her ripe beauty flashed before Alexis, a thought that the features were familiar haunted him.

"I respect the justice of the sultan—for I am told that he is my deliverer; and I thought to see him here."

"You will not see him now. Tell me, and the sultan's voice trembled, "do you not remember a maiden named Elissa?"

The question brought the blood tingling the young man's cheeks, and he replied with a sigh.

"Alas, I fear that she—"

"But we have heard strange news about Elissa, and you will hear more about her," said she, "with me, madame."

"Alexis endeavored to appear composed; his color changed rapidly, and his voice unsteady.

"A curious fortune threw us together; and a sad fate separated us."

The sultan fixed her full eyes on him with a look of lurking suspicion; but her scrutiny met with an expression of such perfect integrity and honorable bearing, that all her doubts were immediately dissipated.

"Forgive me," she exclaimed, "for I had my suspicions. I—"

She was interrupted by an exclamation of joy from Alexis—for while she spoke the "colored" came round the Seraglio Point, and near Saunra had come to pull down the cross, and detrate the Moslem crescent to its former station. Carefully and cautiously had they approached, and now they were quietly slumbering within range of the squadron heavy batteries, little dreaming of the sad fate that awaited them.

"Stay! I beseech you," entreated Zalahah. "Here is a purse containing gems of great value."

"Woman!" interrupted Alexis. "I do not want your wealth."

The scene was one which only an artist could describe. The sultan, a fond, dotting old man, had looked the means of making her daughter happy, and was about to entrust it to a young man whose look was evidence of his honor, whose manner showed his interest in the girl's heart. But he after many uncomprehending adventures, had so completely misunderstood her that he imagined her a discarded favorite all probability seeking to purchase his life.

For a moment there was a dead silence;—no one still proffering her purse—the other returned it with scorn.

Again looking at the sultan, Alexis saw captain deeking her side, and enter his cut which came directly towards the seraglio. Other glances showed him that the window of the pavilion, which were lunged like dice were only fastened by common bolts within.

"Keep you pure, madame," he exclaimed, "for the least death is in the market!"

In a moment more he had passed through window and reached the quay as the "Nicola" cutter passed close by—so close, that he would be sprang into the stern-sheets, crying "To the ship!—to the ship! Pull for your lives, men, and thus save mine!"

There was a rush of the guard to the quay but they dared not fire on the man who carried the sultan's daughter. The deed of the "Nicola," unscathed, and was folded in grandfathers' arms.

"We have sworn by our country's liberties, by the virtues they've dragged thro' our altars, by our massacred patriots, our children and wives, that we will never be slaves again. We will die free! That living, we shall be victorious. Our dying, our death shall be glorious."

Dr. John Van der Meer, a Dutch physician, fact a prisoner, paced his room in the citadel. Fact a prey to utter wretchedness—his situation has been recognized by the ablest lineator of human passions as the most miserable that it is possible to conceive. Tortured in soul, he paced his room like a tiger in a cage, with compressed lips and contracted brows. His blood-shot eyes glow through his sockets with an unnatural wildness; occasionally he would stop before a window glower forth, as if looking for a deliverer. He looked in vain! The "Dolphin" had taken anchor from the other side of the island repairs, and the only strange vessels in the bay were the Samotee feluccas, which brought the revolutionists. Mards had been carrying the tidings of Sicily's independence to sister isles.

Neither was Elissa happy. Whether sailing by day through the beautiful garden her solitary residence, or sitting late into night at the window overlooking the bay, thoughts would ever revert to Alexis. Intending she gaze through a glass at the detested every thing that she remembered of her husband, hoping to see his manly form—and then, disappointed, she would reproach herself for her treatment of him. A fear that she misunderstood him gradually ripened into a duty—and that came a horrible idea that, dented by the sting of her reproach, he sought death. His voice, so sweet and truthful, echoed in her ears, and his reproachful look, when she doctored the purity of his heart, haunted her memory. Could she but see him again, she thought and but her assurance that he meant not to sully her; less fame, happiness would again be hers. This was her only hope, the only solace, aching heart, except when she released, and over again, the sweet memories of her present enjoyment. His every kind word look; his gallant rescue of her uncle; a incident of their brief intercourse; we turn brought up by the magic lantern of recollection. Alas! each scene vanished as it faded from her mind.

The sounds of constant rejoicing, during day and evening, came floating on the clear from the town—for the Sicots gave themselves up to revelry, thinking little of a reverse of fortune. Nuptials were celebrated with music song; the merry dancers wore their many tresses to the sound of the viol and the tambour sleep were slaughtered for free banquets; the coffee houses were crowded to overflow. Long bowled beneath the Turkish eye, the scendants of Socrates and Themistocles, lost all forethought; and, instead of preparing retain their independence by erecting fortifications, they abandoned themselves to pleasures. No other modern nation possesses such a tility and buoyancy of spirits—traits of character which, perhaps, alone kept them from destruction during their long oppression. The same feeling—it may be believed they know them best—never reigns long at a time in the bosom of a modern Greek. A sad vanishes in a moment, and the most melancholy events leave but a transitory impression on the mercenary surface of their temper. It is no sooner ruffled by some external movement than it smoothes itself by its elasticity. Tears which there are but a drops that form the rainbow of hope were struck by the after sunshine of smiling joy, and now that the veil of Moslem terror momentarily drawn away, all abandoned themselves to revelry and mirth.

A fortnight passed, and the Greeks flatter themselves that all danger was over, Elissa's hopes of again seeing Alexis grew firmer. One cloudless night, she remained seated in the town, and long after the sound of merriment in the houses, casting a dreary shadow in the heavens, casting a dreary shadow since all around, and gleaming softly the tender green brought that swayed to

fro in the cool sea-breeze. Gently did the pale light fall on Elissa, tingling her pallid countenance with a visionary lustre, as she gazed forth upon the water.

She started, and joy beamed from her eyes, clasping her hands, she exclaimed: "The 'Nicola'!" At length Alexis came.

It was not the Russian man-of-war, however, but a larger vessel, that came gliding into the harbor of Scio—its lofty masts and spars, with their net-work of cordage, loomed up far into the blue sky. In her wake, as if a faro, came another; and that in its turn was followed by a third, a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth—their light sails all furled, coming majestically up to the anchorage, before the citadel.

A sound was heard on board of this formidable squadron, save the occasional creaking of a block, until the line was directly opposite the town, when a heavy plunge in the water, beneath the bows of the foremost frigate, was followed by similar sounds from the others. It was the Turkish fleet come to punish the devoted Sicots for having revolted, and Osman Bey, with the army which he had assembled near Saunra had come to pull down the cross, and detrate the Moslem crescent to its former station. Carefully and cautiously had they approached, and now they were quietly slumbering within range of the squadron heavy batteries, little dreaming of the sad fate that awaited them.

Elissa had been roused from her slumber by the cannonade; nor was it long before she could hear the distant screams of her bereaved Sicots, while they sought their residence on their way to the mountains. Many a bolt of the impending festivities, her beauty gone, rushed towards her crazy heights—their fears excited by the brutal indignities committed on their sisters, or their friends, before their eyes. Nor was it long ere infuriated murderers, in hot pursuit, knocked at her gate, demanding admittance. A prey to the most horrible apprehensions, she managed to secret herself, and saw her domestics slaughtered at the gate which they obeyed to guard. Ransacking the house, the demons departed without having discovered her, and she determined to escape.

But having left the house, and nearly reached the gate, she saw another party of Turks approaching, with all its regular horrors, seemed now inevitable, till on the moment she adopted an expedient. She flew towards the heap of slaughter, besmeared herself with the still oozing blood of her domestics, and falling on her face among the slain, lay motionless as death.

The Turks entered the gate, passed onward to the houses, and as soon as they had reached the mountain range, they left the scene of devastation, one of them perceived a diamond ring sparkling on the finger of Elissa, and stopped to obtain it. Lifting her apparently lifeless hand, he attempted to draw it off; but as he could not, he drew his knife and began to slice the flesh from her finger. This was the last time she was to see the light of day, and she awoke from the swoon into which her agony and her effort to conceal it had thrown her, and she found herself cold and benumbed, surrounded by corpses. Her beautiful abode of the previous day, now a hideous pile of ashes slacked in blood, from which rose burning fragments.

Necessity arising, he walked with a No time was left for deliberation, and she fled towards the mountain range, taking a path strewn with mutilated corpses. Deeper and deeper she plunged into the recesses of the mountain forest, fearful lest the moon should betray her. Her face was swarthy, her eyes glared with horror, and her garments were stained with blood—yet fear never her limbs, and she sped onward like a startled fawn. At length she had hopes of escape, but in a few moments, she heard the tramp of a horse approaching on the pathway she had taken, and she fled towards the mountain range, dropping on her knees at the side of the path, she addressed a silent prayer to the Father of all, and waited the approach of the horseman.

The horseman, however, was a female, whom Elissa immediately recognised as having seen pass her house almost daily, with her berries for the market.

"Approach Elissa," she said, "I have been in search of you, and feared that you had perished in the flames."

"Me!" exclaimed Elissa, rising—for she was unable to comprehend why the fortune-teller should take such an interest in her welfare.

"Ay, girl, you. This is no time for explanations, and I have no time to loiter. I have a husband, and had all the blood upon my hands, and I have a duty to perform. I have a husband, and had all the blood upon my hands, and I have a duty to perform. I have a husband, and had all the blood upon my hands, and I have a duty to perform."

"Hold me fast around the waist, and do not be alarmed. Zorob is a sure footed beast."

Setting off at a round trot, they crossed the mountain; and descending into a deep valley, Elissa gave a gasp of surprise, as she beheld a shelter of cove, the "Dolphin"—her masts and spars all replaced, and her canvas hanging loose. In a few moments they reached the beach; and there was captain Maxwell with his boat.

"Huzza!" he shouted. "Hasten aboard, Madam Elissa, and we will soon be away from this doomed island."

Elissa slid from the horse into the captain's arms, and he carried her, like a child into the boat. Her deliverer remained standing by the horse, a joyful smile playing on her glistly features.

"O, come—come with us!" said Elissa, in an entreating tone; but the fortune-teller shook her head.

"No," she replied. "Joy in happiness will never be my lot; but may it be time. Should you become the daughter-in-law of Consul Orloff, say to him that his unworthy second wife preserved your life! May every bliss attend you."

(To be continued.)

POPULAR CHEMISTRY.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

Why are human bodies sometimes destroyed by spontaneous combustion?

Because of a new arrangement of the muscles, tendons, viscera, &c.; or new products originating from their degeneration.

Numerous instances of this mortal catastrophe are recorded. M. Julia de Fontenelle, in a paper lately read to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, describes fifteen cases, from the details of which the following general results are obtained: 1. Generally those who have died of spontaneous combustion, have indulged in excess of spirituous liquors. 2. The combustion is always general, but in some cases it may be partial. 3. It is rare amongst men; and the women have in almost every case been aged. 4. The body and viscera have always been burnt, whilst the feet, hands, and crown of the head have almost always been saved. 5. Although it is known a requisite to burn a corpse, this particular kind of incineration occurs without inflaming the most combustible substances of any ordinary kind near it. 6. It has not been known, in any case, that the presence of fire is necessary to commence this kind of combustion. 7. Water, instead of extinguishing the flame, appears to give it more activity; and when the flame has disappeared, the combustion proceeds within. 8. They occur more frequently in winter than in summer. 9. The care of general combustions has never been effected; but sometimes that of particular ones. 10. These seized with combustion, experience a sensation of strong internal heat. 11. It is suddenly developed, and consumes the body in a few hours. 12. Those parts not

reached by the fire, are affected by gangrene. 13. A putrid degeneration ensues, which causes gangrene. 14. The residue of this combustion is composed of greasy embers, and an unctuous matter. A curious case of the combustion of both kinds only, in which the patient recovered, is related in the "Medical Journal," 1840.

CHARCOAL.

Why do various woods afford different quantities of charcoal?

Because of their durability; those most abundant in charcoal and earthy matter are the most permanent, while those that contain the largest portion of the gaseous elements are the most perishable. Among British trees, the chestnut and oak are the most permanent, and the chestnut affords rather more charcoal than the oak.

The benches of the theatre at Heracleum were converted into charcoal by the lava which overflowed that city; and during the lapse of seventeen hundred years the charcoal has remained as if it had been formed but yesterday; and it will probably continue so to the end of the world.

The incorruptibility of charcoal was known in the most ancient times; the famous temple at Ephesus was built up in wooden piles, which have been charred on the outside, to preserve them.—Watson's Chemical Essays.

A new process for manufacturing charcoal, to fill all the interstices in the heap of wood to be charred, with powdered charcoal; the product equal in quality. The effect is produced by preventing much of the access of air, which occurs in the ordinary method. The volume of charcoal is increased one-third, and its weight a tenth.—Bulletin Universel, 1830.

Professor Silliman in his Journal, 1830, says, that in the United States, wood is charred in brick kilns, with openings at the top and sides, under regulation; and the charcoal so obtained is exceedingly good, and more abundant than by the old mode of burning.

Wood has also been charred at low temperatures. Thus, on making extracts, in wooden vessels, with steam of very moderate pressure, all the apparent effects of burning may be produced, but the carbonization of the wood is not so complete as by flame. This fact is practically illustrated in the Philosophical Magazine, 1830.

The application of charcoal to various purposes of domestic economy has been already noticed.

Why does heated charcoal produce combustion?

Because the mutual cohesion of its particles is so weakened, that is, the particles are so repelled and separated from each other, so that their attraction for the oxygen in the air around is allowed to operate, and they combine with that oxygen, so as to produce the above phenomenon.

Why does charcoal increase in weight on exposure to the air after burning?

Because it is a very hygroscopic substance, and therefore absorbs air and moisture in considerable quantity.—Brandt.

Why do saltpetre and charcoal pieces of burnt biscuit, &c. &c. as charcoal in distilling the putrid flavor of the water, and rendering it comparatively fresh.

Why does fresh charred wood, or charcoal, improve the flavor of spirits?

Because it destroys the empyreumatic flavor which the spirit may have contracted in distillation.

CUNPOWDER.

Why do mixed nitre, sulphur, and charcoal, or gunpowder, explode with heat; whereas, if the sulphur and charcoal are mixed together moistly without any change.

Because, by the change of temperature, and the consequently altered relative attractions of the different substances, a new chemical arrangement of them takes place with the intense combustion and expansion which constitute the explosion.

The proportions of the ingredients of gunpowder vary. The following are those usually employed:—

Common Shooting Shooting Minors Powder. Powder. Powder. Saltpetre 75.0 78 76 65 Charcoal 12.5 12 3.5 15 Sulphur 12.5 10 9 20

The latter contains the smallest quantity of saltpetre, as it requires less quickness or strength. The ingredients are perfectly mixed, moistened, beaten into a cake, which is afterwards broken up, granulated, dried, and for the finest powder, polished by attrition.

Why is iron included from powder works?

Because it is liable to cause sparks by a blow. Brass and copper has been recommended in its place, but Col. Abutt has remarked that brass can inflame powder, and has made experiments on the subject before a committee, the result of which is as follows:—

Inflammation of the powder takes place when the blow is given by iron against iron; iron against brass; brass against brass; iron against marble; lead against lead; or against wood, when the blow is produced by a leaden ball shot from a fire arm. As yet, powder has not been inflamed by the blow of an iron hammer against lead or wood.—Bulletin Universel.

WHAT A SCHOOL TRUSTEE SHOULD BE.

The time is now coming when another election of these functionaries must take place, and the subject is of too much importance to be neglected, if a word of advice as to the duties of electors, and the requirements of candidates, can be of any service. The position of a School Trustee is very important. It is his business to assess the city for school purposes; he is who must examine into the educational wants of his fellows; on him also devolves the duty of appointing teachers, and examining these when appointed and looking to the progress of the children under their care. Now that for the performance of such onerous and honorable services, varied qualifications are requisite. In the case of a Councilman, no more appears to be expected in Toronto, than that he should be ready to pander to insolent fire-brigades, or to nominate incompetent people for policemen. Neither intellect, nor reflection, nor principle, seem to be thought necessary to the proper discharge of Corporation duties; and men seem content if at the end of the year, no new blunder has been committed, no new job perpetrated no new fire originated by those who should put fires out and no new riot committed at by those who are sworn to keep the peace. It is, however, manifestly far otherwise with School Trustees. On them sacred responsibilities rest, and they should ever be persons worthy of implicit confidence, and capable of wise and careful action. The mere matter of assessing, demands the exercise of sound judgment; for while it is of primary importance that the full amount needed be forthcoming, it is also important that no more rate should be laid on than the good of the city requires. No tax is more cheerfully paid than that for our Schools; but for this very reason those who send the Collectors to our houses, should be careful about the amounts which they authorize him to collect. A School Trustee therefore, should be a good

and honest man of business. If he is not, he is unfit for the office. New School-houses have likewise to be built, and much care is required in deciding on a plan, and seeing that the public work is well performed. Here again the business man is necessary. But intelligence of another sort than that which is generated at the desk is also needed; the Trustees must know enough of school architecture to provide for the convenience of the teachers, and a child's education depends on the accidents, which enervate him; the officers should likewise have taste and refinement enough to care for, and create these little accessories, which so greatly tend to imbue the young with self-respect to banish coarseness, and to develop elegance. Education is not all done when a lad can read, write, and cipher; we wish to make him feel that these are graces to be cultivated as well as utilities to be acquired. Further, the Trustee has to choose instructors, and he cannot possibly do this unless himself be instructed. A man of small education cannot judge of the tutorial qualities of one who has much. He may be able to say that people are as ignorant as he is; but he cannot tell whether or not the candidate for a teachership, be competent to teach. To judge properly of such a matter, a Trustee would almost need to be himself a teacher; but since we cannot elect this class of men, we have a right to expect that those who do sit in judgment on the qualifications of others, should themselves possess some knowledge. An ignorant uneducated School Trustee is an absurdity. Far better put in a straw man than such a one. The stuffed figure would at all events do no harm. Again: how can an uneducated man examine a school? How can he tell whether the method of the teacher be good, and the scholars adequate? He may count the books, but he cannot possibly comprehend what is in them. He cannot discern between good and bad between something and nothing. Probably many of the children know more than he does. Undoubtedly the master is better informed otherwise; he is not fit to be there. The result is that such a person may practise what is commendable and may measure what should be praised. His report is not worth a boy's lead. The Scotch Provost, when the boys read Cicero he may hold the book upside down, and be in raptures with the translation. A school Trustee should be a man of much respectability in every way. The children look up to him, and he should be a little of the system when they see among the magistrates those with whom in private they possibly might not associate. People may tell us that our standard is too high; but we answer that this is impossible. A school Trustee cannot be too good a man; and if there be an important office it is his; and if there be a duty laid on the citizens which should be conscientiously discharged, it is that which is involved in the choice of such officers. Our system is yet in its infancy, and all depends on the first start. It seems almost ridiculous to add, that party spirit should have no place in this business. The question for voters to ask is, who is the most capable, and who is the most disinterested? Why do we suffer on three pieces of burnt biscuit, &c. &c. as charcoal in distilling the putrid flavor of the water, and rendering it comparatively fresh.

Why does fresh charred wood, or charcoal, improve the flavor of spirits?

Because it destroys the empyreumatic flavor which the spirit may have contracted in distillation.

CUNPOWDER.

Why do mixed nitre, sulphur, and charcoal, or gunpowder, explode with heat; whereas, if the sulphur and charcoal are mixed together moistly without any change.

Because, by the change of temperature, and the consequently altered relative attractions of the different substances, a new chemical arrangement of them takes place with the intense combustion and expansion which constitute the explosion.

The proportions of the ingredients of gunpowder vary. The following are those usually employed:—

Common Shooting Shooting Minors Powder. Powder. Powder. Saltpetre 75.0 78 76 65 Charcoal 12.5 12 3.5 15 Sulphur 12.5 10 9 20

The latter contains the smallest quantity of saltpetre, as it requires less quickness or strength. The ingredients are perfectly mixed, moistened, beaten into a cake, which is afterwards broken up, granulated, dried, and for the finest powder, polished by attrition.

Why is iron included from powder works?

Because it is liable to cause sparks by a blow. Brass and copper has been recommended in its place, but Col. Abutt has remarked that brass can inflame powder, and has made experiments on the subject before a committee, the result of which is as follows:—

Inflammation of the powder takes place when the blow is given by iron against iron; iron against brass; brass against brass; iron against marble; lead against lead; or against wood, when the blow is produced by a leaden ball shot from a fire arm. As yet, powder has not been inflamed by the blow of an iron hammer against lead or wood.—Bulletin Universel.

WHAT A SCHOOL TRUSTEE SHOULD BE.

The time is now coming when another election of these functionaries must take place, and the subject is of too much importance to be neglected, if a word of advice as to the duties of electors, and the requirements of candidates, can be of any service. The position of a School Trustee is very important. It is his business to assess the city for school purposes; he is who must examine into the educational wants of his fellows; on him also devolves the duty of appointing teachers, and examining these when appointed and looking to the progress of the children under their care. Now that for the performance of such onerous and honorable services, varied qualifications are requisite. In the case of a Councilman, no more appears to be expected in Toronto, than that he should be ready to pander to insolent fire-brigades, or to nominate incompetent people for policemen. Neither intellect, nor reflection, nor principle, seem to be thought necessary to the proper discharge of Corporation duties; and men seem content if at the end of the year, no new blunder has been committed, no new job perpetrated no new fire originated by those who should put fires out and no new riot committed at by those who are sworn to keep the peace. It is, however, manifestly far otherwise with School Trustees. On them sacred responsibilities rest, and they should ever be persons worthy of implicit confidence, and capable of wise and careful action. The mere matter of assessing, demands the exercise of sound judgment; for while it is of primary importance that the full amount needed be forthcoming, it is also important that no more rate should be laid on than the good of the city requires. No tax is more cheerfully paid than that for our Schools; but for this very reason those who send the Collectors to our houses, should be careful about the amounts which they authorize him to collect. A School Trustee therefore, should be a good

and honest man of business. If he is not, he is unfit for the office. New School-houses have likewise to be built, and much care is required in deciding on a plan, and seeing that the public work is well performed. Here again the business man is necessary. But intelligence of another sort than that which is generated at the desk is also needed; the Trustees must know enough of school architecture to provide for the convenience of the teachers, and a child's education depends on the accidents, which enervate him; the officers should likewise have taste and refinement enough to care for, and create these little accessories, which so greatly tend to imbue the young with self-respect to banish coarseness, and to develop elegance. Education is not all done when a lad can read, write, and cipher; we wish to make him feel that these are graces to be cultivated as well as utilities to be acquired. Further, the Trustee has to choose instructors, and he cannot possibly do this unless himself be instructed. A man of small education cannot judge of the tutorial qualities of one who has much. He may be able to say that people are as ignorant as he is; but he cannot tell whether or not the candidate for a teachership, be competent to teach. To judge properly of such a matter, a Trustee would almost need to be himself a teacher; but since we cannot elect this class of men, we have a right to expect that those who do sit in judgment on the qualifications of others, should themselves possess some knowledge. An ignorant uneducated School Trustee is an absurdity. Far better put in a straw man than such a one. The stuffed figure would at all events do no harm. Again: how can an uneducated man examine a school? How can he tell whether the method of the teacher be good, and the scholars adequate? He may count the books, but he cannot possibly comprehend what is in them. He cannot discern between good and bad between something and nothing. Probably many of the children know more than he does. Undoubtedly the master is better informed otherwise; he is not fit to be there. The result is that such a person may practise what is commendable and may measure what should be praised. His report is not worth a boy's lead. The Scotch Provost, when the boys read Cicero he may hold the book upside down, and be in raptures with the translation. A school Trustee should be a man of much respectability in every way. The children look up to him, and he should be a little of the system when they see among the magistrates those with whom in private they possibly might not associate. People may tell us that our standard is too high; but we answer that this is impossible. A school Trustee cannot be too good a man; and if there be an important office it is his; and if there be a duty laid on the citizens which should be conscientiously discharged, it is that which is involved in the choice of such officers. Our system is yet in its infancy, and all depends on the first start. It seems almost ridiculous to add, that party spirit should have no place in this business. The question for voters to ask is, who is the most capable, and who is the most disinterested? Why do we suffer on three pieces of burnt biscuit, &c. &c. as charcoal in distilling the putrid flavor of the water, and rendering it comparatively fresh.

Why does fresh charred wood, or charcoal, improve the flavor of spirits?

Because it destroys the empyreumatic flavor which the spirit may have contracted in distillation.

CUNPOWDER.

Why do mixed nitre, sulphur, and charcoal, or gunpowder, explode with heat; whereas, if the sulphur and charcoal are mixed together moistly without any change.

Because, by the change of temperature, and the consequently altered relative attractions of the different substances, a new chemical arrangement of them takes place with the intense combustion and expansion which constitute the explosion.

The proportions of the ingredients of gunpowder vary. The following are those usually employed:—

Common Shooting Shooting Minors Powder. Powder. Powder. Saltpetre 75.0 78 76 65 Charcoal 12.5 12 3.5 15 Sulphur 12.5 10 9 20

The latter contains the smallest quantity of saltpetre, as it requires less quickness or strength. The ingredients are perfectly mixed, moistened, beaten into a cake, which is afterwards broken up, granulated, dried, and for the finest powder, polished by attrition.

Why is iron included from powder works?

Because it is liable to cause sparks by a blow. Brass and copper has been recommended in its place, but Col. Abutt has remarked that brass can inflame powder, and has made experiments on the subject before a committee, the result of which is as follows:—

Inflammation of the powder takes place when the blow is given by iron against iron; iron against brass; brass against brass; iron against marble; lead against lead; or against wood, when the blow is produced by a leaden ball shot from a fire arm. As yet, powder has not been inflamed by the blow of an iron hammer against lead or wood.—Bulletin Universel.

WHAT A SCHOOL TRUSTEE SHOULD BE.

The time is now coming when another election of these functionaries must take place, and the subject is of too much importance to be neglected, if a word of advice as to the duties

ment both of a science and an art. The fine arts, (as far as they relate to painting and sculpture, which are sometimes confounded with art,) in general, rest on the application of the laws of form and labor, and what may be called the science of the beautiful. They do not rest on any arbitrary theory on the modes of producing pleasurable emotions, but follow fixed laws, more difficult perhaps, to seize than those regulating the material world, because belonging partly to the sphere of ideal and our spiritual essence, yet perfectly appreciable and teachable, both abstractedly and historically, from the works of different ages and nations. (Cheers.) No human pursuits have brought to bear upon them—We have seen, accordingly, many material progress have been made, and many of the most sublime and beautiful monuments of art have been erected; but from the moment that science has touched them with her magic wand, they have sprung forward and taken strides which amaze and almost awe the beholder. Look at the transformation which has gone on around us since the laws of gravitation, electricity, and the expansive power of heat have become known to us! It has altered our whole state of existence—one might say the whole face of the globe! We owe this to science, and science alone; and she has other treasures in store for us, if we will but call her to our assistance. It is sometimes objected by the ignorant and the uneducated, that the theories which have been superseded by others as a proof that the present knowledge may be also unsound, and after all, not worth having. But they are not aware that while they think to cast blame upon science, they bestow, in fact, the highest praise upon her. For that is precisely the difference between science and prejudice: that the latter keeps stubbornly to its position, whether disproved or not, while the former is an unrelenting movement toward the fountain of truth—driving for evidence, and not contented with mere conventional prejudices—feeling no false shame at her shortcomings, but, on the contrary, the highest pleasure when freed from an error, at having advanced another step towards Divine Truth, a pleasure not even intelligible to the pride of ignorance. We also hear, not unfrequently, science and practice, scientific knowledge and common sense, contrasted as antagonistic. A strange error! For science is essentially practical, and must be so, as she sees and knows what she is doing while mere common practice is condemned to work in the dark; applying natural ingenuity to unknown powers, to obtain a known result. For it is genius, or that special creative power, as it is called, which reveals common sense as worthless without knowledge. But nobody will tell me that the same genius would not take an incomparably higher flight if supported with all the means which knowledge can impart, or that common sense does not become in fact, only truly powerful when in possession of the state of mind which judgment is to be exercised. The spirit of the laws by which the Almighty governs, governs our bounden duty. Of these laws our great academies and seats of education have, rather arbitrarily, selected only two spheres or groups (as I may call them) as essential parts of our natural education, and to which we refer, as the source of all our knowledge, which form the subject of mathematics, and the laws regulating the expression of our thoughts through the medium of language, that is to say grammar, which finds its purest expression in the classical languages. These laws are more important branches of knowledge; their study trains the intellect, and, besides, they are not the only ones; there are others which we cannot disregard—which we cannot do without. There are, for instance, the laws governing the human mind and its relation to the Divine Spirit—the subject of logic and metaphysics. There are those which govern our highly nature and connect with the soul the subject of psychology. Other parts of the country will, I doubt not, emulate your example, and I live in hopes that all these institutions will some day find a central point of union, and thus complete their natural organization, and be able to assist at the foundation of your institution, I wish it growth, vigor and prosperity, with all my heart. His Royal Highness resumed his seat amid enthusiastic cheering.

How to Drive a Nail.—In driving a cut-nail into hard wood, its entrance will be much facilitated by dipping it into oil, or what will answer nearly as well, wet it with water or with saliva. Experienced carpenters are in the habit of putting a nail into the mouth to wet it, before attempting to drive it into hard wood. When a nail is to remain permanently, salt water or salt water soluble in oil, as the former will rust the nail and cause it to take a firmer hold. In all cases it is best to insert a nail so that its widest diameter shall stand parallel with the grain of the wood. This is generally done in thin boards where there is danger of splitting, but it should always be done even if nailing into a solid piece of timber. The best mode of nailing is to place by setting the wide part of the nail across the grain, yet a slight opening is produced near the nail, which admits air and moisture, and hastens decay around it.—Boston Post.

NIGHT.—Night levels all artificial distinctions. The beggar on his pallet of straw scores as proudly as the king on his bed of down. Night—kind, gentle, soothing, refreshing night—the earthly paradise of the slave, the sweet solace of the care-worn soul, the nurse of romance, of devotion; how the great panting heart of society yearns for the return of night and rest! Sleep is God's special gift to man; but for the great rest he has fixed time for repose. Quiet, they have said; but instead of calmly awaiting the approach of events they fret, and repine, and starve sleep, and evade the tardy hours; as if every to-morrow were big with the fate of some great hereafter. The torrent of events goes roaring past, keeps eager expectation suspended on tiptoe, and drives timid slumber away.

There is something strangely beautiful in the contemplation of night—when the smiling stars seem to do homage to their pale faced queen, and the clouds float silently through the tranquil sky, and the wind speaks in soft whispers, and the fearful of waking the sleepers. Such is the sweet repose of a blameless conscience. But when the lines of evening slant dimly away, when the cheerless curtains of darkness are drawn, when airy shadows loom up and trail along the vaulted arch—like grim ghosts trailing darkness through the heavens,—such is the fearful scene that hangs over the broken slumbers of a soul to which there is no peace.

NORFOLK.—Within a space of three months out of an average population of six thousand, every man, woman, and child (almost without exception) has been stricken with the fell fever, and about two thousand have been buried—being not less than one-third of the whole. Whites, and one out of three of the whole abiding community of Norfolk, white and black. What a hideous summing up! Besides this we learn that one half of the resident physicians perished, and not less than thirty-six in all, these men will be truly appreciated in a more civilized age, when Force and Wrong are so widely worshipped, and Science and Mercy come in for fuller share of public esteem.

A GREAT TRAVELLER.—The celebrated Dr. Barth, the German traveller, who has recently returned from Africa to Europe, travelled 12,000 miles in that strange and pestiferous part of the globe. His explorations of Central Africa rank as high, and are as important, as the Pacific, and those of Humboldt to the knowledge of America.

THE CARRIER-BOYS' ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE "HERALD."

While swift another year departs,
On time's untiring wing;
And mirth and joy illumine your hearts,
I would, my greeting bring.

"A merry Christmas," as of yore,
"A happy New Year," too;
And if I wish you these, what more,
Could PRINTER'S DEVIL do?

How often through the fading year,
I've listened, early on my round,
To furnish you the news.

Ah! if you knew the toilsome care
The Printer's art implies;
To give you an 'impression' fair,
And carefully 'revise.'

How solid 'matter,' he would choose,
Or joke, to make you laugh;
And scan the very latest news,
By ship or telegraph.

There's not a man above the clay,
Excepting one or two;
But would at once the Printer pay,
And give the Devil his due.

The Press has had no idle life,
As daily it unfurled;
The features of a mighty strife,
Which fascinates the world.

Great Powers have sought in peaceful strife
To stay a mighty wrong;
And guard a peaceful nation's walls,
From an aggressor strong.

In vain the cannon's sullen roar,
Has shook Earth's rocky bed!
And left beneath a foreign spear,
Full many a lowly head.

Gone are the mighty heroes slain,
Who fell in trench and field;
Who conquerors' eyes in death remain,
And scarce to death would yield.

Gone from that deadly mound,
By no shot or shell;
And not by ghastly wound,
The Chief Commander fell.

Gone from the battle-field,
Where crowds are going still;
Gone are the tyrants' yield,
Another grave to fill.

'Twas not a foeman's hand
Laid the Field-Marshal low,
Ah, Death! thy fearful brand,
Dealt the unsparing blow!

At length, the haughty foemen yield,
Drive from the black'd town,
Defeated both in fort and field,
Sebastopol is Ours!

The struggle which has shook the earth,
Has staid! the passing year;
And dark'd many a happy hearth,
And nurtur'd many a tear.

We can but look with joy and pride,
On Britain's mighty deeds,
And gladly render, side by side,
Assistance when she needs.

Our happy land by fortune's smile,
Has warmly been protect'd,
Protected from all foreign wile,
And all our labors bless'd.

Industry claims our need of praise,
While plenty fills our store;
And commerce crowds our busy ways,
And through our bustling bore.

The "Iron Horse" is on his way,
Through towns and cities fair;
And lightning messengers convey
Our errands every where.

The products of our land can bear
Inspection far and wide;
Our skill and genius do compare,
With all the world beside.

We do despise the idle boast,
Of him who would declaim;
But he who fires our scorn the most,
Denies his country's name.

Oh, Canada! thy sons are proud,
To own no land but thee;
Thy name they first learn'd to lip,
Upon their mother's knee.

No stripes from slavery's scorpion thong,
Thy banner ere shall bear,
But be thou freedom's champion, long,
As thou art freedom's heir!

The story of the passing year,
I cannot, all repress;
And I'm assured, that, patrons dear,
The whole is known to you.

You've watch'd the sea of politics,
And heard the billows roar;
And some of you have seen strange sights,
You never saw before!

Of good or evil—right or wrong,
In ebb, or flowing tide;
If you've not watch'd the current strow,
The devil won't decide.

The passing year has had its joys,
And sorrows,—not a few;
The purest metals have alloys,
Our pleasures have them too.

Our life is but a medicine cup,
And, all the drugs must drain;
And those who really drink them up,
A life immortal gain.

A homily I would not preach,
It is the clergy's right;
We all admit they wisely teach,
And, all, their counsels bring.

Adieu, and, 'trous! fare-you-well,
"God keep us all from evil,"
And bring us to be w' hisself,"
So prays, your friend, the Devil.

NORFOLK.—Within a space of three months out of an average population of six thousand, every man, woman, and child (almost without exception) has been stricken with the fell fever, and about two thousand have been buried—being not less than one-third of the whole. Whites, and one out of three of the whole abiding community of Norfolk, white and black. What a hideous summing up! Besides this we learn that one half of the resident physicians perished, and not less than thirty-six in all, these men will be truly appreciated in a more civilized age, when Force and Wrong are so widely worshipped, and Science and Mercy come in for fuller share of public esteem.

ARRIVAL OF THE "ASIA." Halifax, Dec. 18.

The Royal Mail Steamer "Asia" arrived at this port this afternoon, with dates to Saturday, 8. The "Asia" will be due at Boston on Wednesday afternoon.

There is no feature of special importance in the week's news.

In the Crimea, matters were in the same agitation, and from Asia there is no additional intelligence.

Peace rumours were quite abundant, but there is nothing to indicate that they are founded on facts, upon the strength of those, however, an advance in Consols had taken place.

The Liverpool Cotton Market had advanced slightly.

Breadstuffs generally quiet, but with little speculative demand. Western Canal Flour, 42s. 6d. Provisions quiet and no charge of moment on the quotations of the previous week.

The weather had been favorable for agricultural purposes.

Consols had advanced to 90, and the Bullion in the Bank of England had increased £87,900.

FURTHER BY THE "ASIA." Halifax, Dec. 18, 1855.

The "Asia" arrived here at 6 1/2 this morning.

The "Hermann" sailed from Southampton on the 5th.

The ship "Constitution" of and from New York, was totally destroyed by fire in the Mersey, the day after her arrival, together with her cargo. Passengers and baggage landed safely.

The English papers are filled with peace rumours, but their assertions are totally at variance with the contrary facts. The London "Times" and "Standard" organs (the London "Press") assert that peace is at hand, and that Austria is about to address an ultimatum to Russia, summoning her under threats of breaking off negotiations with her, to accept such conditions of peace as the Western Powers are now willing to assent to, by which they will not agree to another successful campaign. The Berlin correspondent of the London "Morning Chronicle" says Austria maintains the validity of the treaty of December 2, and hence all attempts of the other German states to exercise a pressure on the Western Powers, with a view to a pacification, have been paralyzed. The state of affairs stands thus: Austria made a proposal to France, of the ultimatum she is to propose to Russia. France has submitted this to England, and both Governments have it now under consideration. The terms are a great advance upon any yet offered, but they are the terms of Austria, and not Russia. Austria does not guarantee to join the Allies, if the ultimatum be rejected, but only to suspend relations with Russia.

The London "Times" says positively that a treaty with Sweden has been signed at Stockholm, while the "Post" as firmly denies it.

Letters from St. Petersburg indicate no desire for Peace. The overland trade was profitable and money abundant.

Advices from the Crimea state that a weak fire was still kept up by the belligerents, but nothing of importance had occurred. The North side of Sebastopol was rapidly assuming gigantic dimensions. The preparations for destroying the docks are nearly completed. The bulk of the Russian army retains its former position. The French have been reinforced by 12,000 troops. The English and Sardinians are also reinforced; so are the Russians. The Russians continue to threaten Kerch, which has been reinforced.

The Imperial Commercial bank of Odessa has failed.

A despatch from the Baltic dated the 6th, states that the united squadrons under Admiral Dundas, were then passing the Belt, homeward.

A Russian Grand Council of War is to be held at St. Petersburg to settle a plan for the defence of the coast from the Gulf of Botnia to the extremity of Volynian.

There is an unconfirmed rumor that the Russians have taken Kara.

The English Parliament is prorogued till 31st January.

Advices from Manchester are rather more favorable.

BREADSTUFFS.

Prices generally a trifle lower. Western Canal Flour, 42s. a 42s. 6d.; Ohio, 44s.; White Wheat, 13s. a 12s. 6d.; Red, 13s. 3d. a 12s. 6d.; closing dull with a downward tendency. Corn declined 6s. a 1s.; Yellow, 4s. 6d. a 4s.; Mixed, 4s. a 4s. 6d. Several other circulars quote Flour and Wheat 2d under the above rates.

WINTER MANAGEMENT OF SHEEP.

The Patent Office Report for '53, states that a valuable article on the Management of the Merino sheep, by Geo. Campbell, Esq., of West Westminster, Vt., from which we extract the following remarks on the winter management of sheep, which will be read with interest.

Much of the success of the wool grower depends upon the winter management of his flock. Sheep are animals which pay their owners better for good care and keeping than any other stock usually kept on a farm; but if fed with a starchy food, or neglected, if suitable conveniences are wanting, they pay as poorly as any. The annual loss to the United States, resulting from a want of suitable sheds for the convenience of the winter management of sheep is immense. The promptings of self interest would seem sufficient to induce our farmers to adopt a better system of winter management. No intelligent farmer at this time will attempt to deny the principle that warm enclosures are an equivalent to a certain extent, for good and variety of well conducted experiments have conclusively demonstrated the fact.—A large proportion of food will be required.—The other extreme, too close apartments, would be objectionable from the impurity of the air, and should be avoided. Sheep have very little reason to fear this cause. The majority of those in our State, suffer from the want of shelter and a suitable quantity of variety in their food.—Many flocks are brought to their winter quarters in fair condition but are fed so sparingly that the growth of their wool is almost wholly arrested during the winter season, the fodder given them being only sufficient to sustain the vital functions. Under such circumstances the food consumed by them is in fact nearly lost. The owner has received no return in the increase of wool nor in bodily weight and he will suffer further from a large percent. of actual deaths before the time of shearing.

With such a course of management the profits of wool growing will necessarily be small. If neither self interest nor feelings of humanity will induce the farmer to provide for his dependent flock, he will find it for his advantage to keep some other domestic animal, and I know of nothing more suitable for such men than the hardy goat. While I protest against the starving system, it would seem hardly necessary to caution against the opposite extreme, to high feeding, which is also detrimental to the health and long life of the animal. While preparing sheep for the butcher, high feeding is necessary and proper, but for store sheep and breeding ewes an over amount of fat, produced by high keeping, is decidedly injurious; and aside from the attending expense to produce this state of things, it has a tendency to shorten the lives of the sheep and to make the offspring.—The forcing system of feeding brings animals to maturity early, but it is productive of premature death.

The proper and most profitable mode of feeding, for breeding and store sheep, is that which will develop in them the highest degree

of bodily vigor. Sheep fed in this manner would endure the fatigue of a long journey, while those high fed would fall from excess of fat, and the scantily fed from muscular debility. Every wool grower will find it in his interest to provide warm, capacious and well ventilated sheds for his flocks, with convenient access of pure water. The feeding racks should be made with good bottoms, in order that the chaff and seed, the most valuable part of the hay, may not be lost. Such racks will also answer for feeding out roots and grain, and will avoid the necessity of having an extra lot of troughs for that purpose.

The different ages and classes of sheep should be properly assorted. A classification, however, must be left to the judgment of the breeder. The size of the flock and his conveniences for keeping will determine the extent of the classification. It will be necessary, in all flocks of considerable size, to place the strong and feeble in separate flocks. The breeding ewes should constitute another division, and so on with the lambs, keeping each class and age by themselves.

DEATH OF MR. PATTERSON.—We regret to see announced, the death of Mr. Patterson, editor and proprietor of the *Commercial Freeholder*.—Mr. Patterson wrote with a great degree of earnestness, and a true friend to those causes he espoused. His illness continued for a period of about two years. He had gone to Montreal for the benefit of medical advice, but death was in his cup. He died on last Sunday week. He has left a wife and family to mourn his loss. Mr. Patterson was only 50 years of age at the time of his death. His remains were followed to the grave by a large number of friends, among whom were many members of his own craft, by whom he was much respected.

DEATH OF MR. LEWIS JOHNSON.—We omitted to mention the death of Mr. Johnson, an old inhabitant of farmerville. Mr. Johnson was much respected by all who knew him. He was a member of the Masonic order, and was buried by the members of Brockville lodge and other brethren in the country with the usual ceremonies of the craft, on Sunday the 12th inst. There was a large number of friends present on the occasion, and a funeral sermon was preached to a crowded congregation by the Rev. Mr. Jones. The proceedings were solemn and affecting, and will not be long remembered by all who witnessed them.

DISCOVERY OF DIAMONDS.—A short time ago, says the *Union Democrat*, three diamonds were found in Scorpion Gulch, near Brydne's Ferry, and on the slope of Table Mountain. The claim has for some time been worked for gold, and the diamonds were picked up merely out of curiosity, as pretty pebbles. Upon one of them being exhibited to an eminent jeweller of the city, it was pronounced fine and valued at sixty dollars. The claim is now called the "diamond claim," and the precious stones will hereafter be saved. The party working the claim think that in washing their dirt they may have lost many valuable diamonds in the lalings which fall into the river.

FILIBUSTERING TURNED TO GOOD ACCOUNT.—A late California paper informs us that a company of disappointed filibusters are about to Singapore to offer their services to the authorities there in ridding the place of tigers. As these creatures are very numerous on the island and the reputation will probably be a profitable one. The excitement of the thing, however, is supposed to be the principal inducement to our restless, go-ahead Americans. Tiger-hunting is certainly a pleasant occupation, as being interesting, and much more useful to mankind. We are not at liberty to mention names, but we may hint that a certain notable Colonel, who recently kicked up a moss not long since from the flag, and who is brave almost to foolhardiness, and an unerring shot with the rifle—is the leader of the S. F. Tiger Killing Co.

POLITICAL REMOIRS.—The Toronto correspondent of the *Montreal Herald* states that rumours are afloat in and about the seat of government of an approaching general election. There is a fair prospect of a contest throughout the country to test the popularity of the present administration at the polls.—That something is in the gentle breeze of politics that now faintly ruffles the surface of public opinion cannot be a doubt. It is also supposed that parliament will meet about the middle of February, and that an attempt will be made to "bogus" the representation movement.

NEW WRITING METHOD.—Hold a blank book in the left hand; walk to and fro from one end of the room to the other, and write at the same time. Practice daily. The effort required to steady the hand while writing gradually increases, and the hand and fingers undergo more perfect control. The muscles are strengthened and trained in this way effectually. From my experience I believe that the poorest scribbler can in this way improve their penmanship much quicker than by the ordinary method of sitting or standing still while writing. Upon this principle Demosthenes put his stones into his mouth as he walked up hill declaiming, to improve his delivery.

FATAL AFFRAY.—A man by the name of Patric Donahue was killed at a grocery about 70 miles up the Gattineau. He was attempting to get into a horse against the will of the driver, John Landers, when the latter struck him on the head with an axe handle and killed him.—Landers is in goal at Aylmer awaiting his trial.

The Paris correspondent of the *Atlas* states that the Princess Napoleon has presented to the Princess Royal of England the fan once belonging to Marie Antoinette, and to the Prince of Wales a small watch, of which the case is composed of a single ruby split in half.

FARMERS.

Adam was a farmer while yet in Paradise, and after his fall, commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Job, the honest, upright and patient, was a farmer and his endurance has passed into a proverb.

Socrates was a farmer and yet wedded to his calling the glory of his immortal philosophy returns in the farmer and divides with Prometheus the honor of subjecting the ox to the use of man.

Burns was a farmer, and the Muse found him at the plow and filled his soul with poetry.

Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy the quietness of rural life.

To these may be added a host of others who sought peace and repose in the cultivation of their mother earth; the enthusiastic Lafayette, the steadfast Pickens, the scholastic Jefferson, and the fiery Randolph, all found in the consolation from life's cares and troubles in the green and verdant lanes that surrounded their homesteads.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Keep as much as possible in the grand and common road of life; patient education or habits seldom succeed. Depend upon the value of the cultivated mind than on the quantity of its acquisitions.

To these may be added a host of others who sought peace and repose in the cultivation of their mother earth; the enthusiastic Lafayette, the steadfast Pickens, the scholastic Jefferson, and the fiery Randolph, all found in the consolation from life's cares and troubles in the green and verdant lanes that surrounded their homesteads.

to the most homely objects. Literature gives women a real and proper weight in society, but then they must use it with discretion, if the stocking is blue, the petticoat must be long as my friend Jeffrey says; if the want of this has furnished food for ridicule in all ages.—*Sydney Smith.*

A woman named Mary Brennan was found dead this morning in a tavern in St. Paul Street. Drink was the cause.—*Ediot.*

"An honest man in the noblest work of God, but a woman is the pretties.

A CURIOUS CLOCK.—At the southeastern London Bridge Station stands a clock, whose pendulum is some five miles off, that is, at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. It was made present to the company by the Government, for permission to lay down its telegraph wires over their line, and is kept going by the wires of the telegraph attached to the clock of the Observatory.

A preacher of Nashville, some time since made the following distinction between a coquette and a flirt: "A flirt is a creature with a heart, but without brains; a coquette is a creature with brains, but without a heart."

A person who was recently called in court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether the doctor did not make several visits upon the patient was "not dangerous." "No," replied the witness, "I consider the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits!"

AUSTRALIAN EXPEDITION.

An expedition has been fitted out in Australia to explore the Victoria river. The party is composed of eighteen persons, and will be absent three years. It is believed they will bring back much to add to the treasury of natural and geological knowledge.

Montreal is again to be the military headquarters in Canada. Two regiments of English militia are to be sent there in spring.

It is estimated by Septimus Piesse that the total revenue derived from various sources, besides the duties on spirits and tobacco, which he estimates at £1,000,000, cannot be less than £2,000,000 per annum.

DISCOVERY OF A NEW COMET.—The *Nantucket Enquirer* states that a telescopic comet was discovered last week in the neck of Cetus. It is rapidly moving towards the west; has a long tail, but not a sharp nucleus, and its light is strikingly intermittent. It is the same discovered in Berlin by C. Bruhns on the 12th of last month, it has described an arc 114 deg. in thirty days, with only a slight change of declination.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL HIS RETURN TO THE CRIMEA.

The Ministerial organs inform us that Sir Colin Campbell is to return to the Crimea, after a brief residence in this country; and in doing so, they ingeniously seek to leave the impression, that the idea of not returning, never for a moment entered his mind. These organs, if properly instructed by their masters, know full well that the very reverse is the fact. We distinctly state, that, in waiting on Lord Hardinge, the Commander-in-Chief, immediately on his arrival in England, he not only intimated to his Lordship his determination not to return to the Crimea, but that all the solicitations and entreaties of Lord Hardinge to consider the resolution to which the Gallant Officers had come, completely failed of effect. In a day or two afterwards, however, Sir Colin Campbell was invited to dine at Windsor Castle, where the most marked and gracious attentions were showered upon him by the Sovereign, and the importance of his return to the discharge of military duty in the Crimea, dwelt upon in such a manner which could not fail to make the desired impression on a soldier's mind. In less than a week thereafter, the Gallant Officer received a letter from Her Majesty, requesting him to sit to a photographic artist, for his portrait in his Highland regimentals. And, as if all this had not been sufficient to prevail on Sir Colin to return to the Crimea, he is to be placed at the head of a *corps d'armee*, consisting of 10,000 or 12,000 men, and will, consequently, though nominally under Sir William Colingford, have practically confided to him an independent command.—*London Advertiser.*

BIRTH.

In Beckwith, on Monday, the 24th inst., the wife of Mr. Thomas Cavers, of Twin Sons.

MARRIED.

By the Rev'd. P. Gray, on the 21st inst., Mr. John Stewart to Miss Catherine Kennedy, both of the Township of Beckwith.

At the residence of the Rev. Father, in March, on the 21st inst., by the Rev. Romanus Ralph, Mr. Richard Abbott, of the *Canadian Amherst*, to Miss Mary Ann, second daughter of Thomas Morgan, of the township of March.

At the residence of the bride's Brother, by the Rev. G. Beaton, Dr. John G. Booth, of Elizabethtown, an unmarried Englishman, formerly of Brockton, now of Beverly.

In Ogdenburgh, on the 6th inst., Mr. Napoleon Thompson, Printer, Prescott, to Miss Ida Mary Aquatone, of Ogdenburgh.

DIED.

At Edwarsburgh, on Tuesday, 4th inst., Colonel Hugh Munro, aged 70 years. The deceased was an honorable, upright man, an Elder of the Presbyterian Church for 34 years, and died in the Lord.

In Monrovia, Illinois, on the 19th November, Isaac Chipman, in the 68th year of his age. Mr. Chipman was formerly a resident of New York, and had resided in the State of Illinois for many years.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.

Weekly Edition, between 80,000 and 90,000.

In issuing their Prospectus for 1856, the Post take it for granted that the public are tolerably well acquainted with the character of a paper of some thirty years' standing. The object has always been, as it remains to be, to publish a weekly paper for the family circle, which shall not only amuse, but also instruct and improve, those who may read it. To accomplish this object, the best articles are selected or condensed from foreign and domestic periodicals, and original articles of an instructive character composed, when possible.

Letters from Foreign Lands; the most interesting portions of the Weekly News of the World; sketches of Life, Adventures, and Character; Selected original Articles upon Agriculture; Account of the Produce and Stock Markets; and a large Note List are included among the solid information to be constantly found in the Post.

But the mind requires a wider range—it has facilities which delight in the luminous and lively, the imaginative and poetical. These facilities must also have their appropriate food, else they become enfeebled, and, as a consequence, the intellect becomes narrow and one-sided, and is not able to take an enlarged and generous view of human nature and its destiny. To satisfy these Heaven-implanted cravings of our mental beings, we devote a fair proportion of the Post to FICTION, POETRY, and HUMOR.

Among our contributors in the first two of the above departments, are several of the most gifted writers in the land. We also draw

freely for Fiction and Poetry upon the best periodicals in this country and Great Britain. We design commencing a new story by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Deserted Wife," "Miriam," &c., in our first paper for January next.

ENGRAVINGS, illustrative of important places and actions, of Agricultural and other new inventions, with others of a Humorous character, a refined character, are also freely given.

The postage on the Post, to any part of the United States, paid quarterly or yearly in advance, at the office where it is received, is 25 cents a year.

TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE.

Single Copy.....\$2 a year.

20 Copies.....\$20 a year.

DEACON & PETERSON.

No 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Sample Numbers sent gratis to any one who requests.

THE HOME MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The Seventh Volume of the Home Magazine, an elegant, illustrated monthly periodical, will begin in January, 1856. Six volumes of the work are already before the public, and if the united voice of the press, from one end of the country to the other, the testimony of thousands of families, and the Home Magazine has circulated, are significant facts, then it is a periodical that just meets the wants of the people.

In a literary point of view, it is claimed for the Home Magazine, that it is equal to any of its contemporaries, and it differs from most of them, in regarding the moral purpose of an article as its highest merit. It does not eschew the light, the graceful, and the elegant literature; only the rapid and frivolous. During the year 1855, the writer will be assisted by many favorite writers.

A New Story by Mrs. Alice B. Neal will be commenced in the January number.

A New Story by T. S. Arthur will succeed this.

A New Story by Mrs. Mary A. Denison.

A series of Original Stories and Sketches, by the Editor, illustrative of life and character, will also be among the attractions of the coming volumes.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—These will be rich, varied, and numerous, embracing a series of exquisite Steel Engravings; views of remarkable places foreign of eminent personages, scenes in Foreign Lands; Illustrations of Natural History, and scenes in History; Domestic Needle-work Patterns, and Articles of the Toilet, &c., &c., extending to many hundreds during the year.

FASHIONS.—This department will receive due attention, and all lady readers interested in matters of costume, will find drawings of prevailing fashions, (mostly), besides a great variety of minor articles of costume, with an endless variety of patterns for needlework.

TERMS.—One Copy, for one year, \$2, Two Copies, \$4. Four copies \$8.

Where twelve subscribers beyond four at the same rate—that is \$1.25 per annum.

Where twelve subscribers and \$15 are sent, the getter up of the club will be entitled to an additional copy of the Magazine.

Specimens furnished to all who wish to subscribe or to make up clubs. Address T. S. ARTHUR & CO., 103 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

CLUBBING.—Home Magazine, and Godey's Lady's Book, one year, \$3.50. Home Magazine, and Harper's Magazine, one year, \$3.50. Home Magazine, and Saturday evening Post, \$3.00.

OUR THREE JOURNALS.

LOWEST RATES FOR 1856.

On the rank with the best, On a par with the cheapest.

CLUB PRICES.—The following rates have been adopted for the New Volumes of Our Three Journals. Subscriptions for one and all may commence now.

PRICE FOR LIFE ILLUSTRATED, A YEAR.

Single Copy.....\$2 00
Three Copies.....5 00
Five Copies.....7 00
Seven Copies.....9 00
Nine Copies.....12 00
Twelve Copies.....15 00
Fifteen Copies.....20 00
Twenty Copies.....25 00

FOR LIFE ILLUSTRATED, HALF A YEAR.

Single Copy.....\$1 00
Three Copies.....2 50
Five Copies.....3 00
Seven4 00
Nine5 00
Twelve7 50
Fifteen8 50
Twenty10 00

ANOTHER PROPOSITION.—Life Illustrated will be sent to new subscribers for three months in copy of the other two for twenty cents each! Canadian subscribers for Life must send 25 cents a year to pay American postage. At these rates we are confident of the cooperation of all who are acquainted with the excellence of our paper. We rely on the friends of progress to increase its circulation in their respective neighborhoods, according to their own estimate of its merits. We will furnish a good paper, they will obtain subscribers. Reader, every one will subscribe on your recommendation. Will you try it? Begin now. We wish everybody to have the reading of LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

TERMS FOR THE PHRENOLOGICAL AND WATER-CURE JOURNALS.

LOWEST PRICE BY THE YEAR.

Single copy.....\$1 00
Five Copies.....4 00
Ten7 00
Twenty10 00
Fifty Copies.....25 00
Single Copy.....\$2 00
Ten3 50
Twenty5 00

The postage on these Journals is only six cents per estimate of its merits. We will send gratuitously when desired. Large numbers may be sent in Checks or Drafts, payable to Fowler and Wells. Eastern funds preferred, though bills on any Specie-paying Bank, Postage stamps, small Gold or Silver coins, received at par.

Besides giving you the PHRENOLOGICAL AND WATER-CURE JOURNALS at the exceedingly low Club rates named above, we will add, by way of inducement, to remunerate you for kind services in getting up clubs, A PREMIUM WITH THE JOURNALS.

READER, TO YOU.—For every Fifty dollars you send us, we will send one Hundred Journals one year, or Two Hundred Journals published at this office, Ten Dollars of any Journal one year, or One Hundred copies half a year, and Five dollars in Books.

For Fifteen dollars Thirty copies will be sent one year, or Sixty copies half a year, and Two Dollars in Books.

For Ten dollars Twenty copies one year, or Forty copies half a year, and one Dollar in Books.

Agents and co-workers in every neighborhood may now form Clubs and send in as soon as ready. We hope for large accessions to our lists, and promise in return, to furnish each subscriber a full equivalent for his expenditure.

Please Address, FOWLER AND WELLS, 378 Broadway, N. Y.

For Three Dollars, Life Illustrated, Weekly, the Water-Cure Journal, and the Phrenological Journal will be sent a year to one address.

WANTED.

BY the Subscriber, 3300 Saw-Log, consisting of Pine, Spruce, Birch, Elm, Oak, Soft Maple, White Ash, Hickory & Butternut.

ALSO—500 Cord of Pine or Cedar Shingle Blocks, for which the highest cash price will be paid.

J. T. BECKWITH.
Smiths Falls,
Dec. 21st, 1855.

W E, the undersigned Merchants, in the Village of Pakenham, do hereby agree to shut our places of business on Christmas and New Year's days.

Our friends and customers will please take note of this.

(Signed) HULLIARD & DICKSON, McARTHUR & BROWN, JAMES L. BANGS, ABEL HARTNEY, A. B. HARRIS, J. DUNNET.
Pakenham, Dec. 21, '55.

WANTED.

A SECOND CLASS TEACHER, FOR School Section No. 2, in the Township of Almonte, to whom a liberal salary will be given.

Apply to PETER CAMPBELL, THOMAS LYNES, Trustees.
Almonte, Dec. 18, '55.

NOTICE.

ANY Person having information upon the location of abandoned Lands in the Township of Pakenham, who wish to purchase the same, will please send the name of the land, and the name of the person who has the same, to the undersigned.

The Post Office is at Pakenham, N. B. The following is a list of the names of the lands, and the names of the persons who have the same.

1. Section No. 2, 2 1/2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

2. Section No. 3, 3 1/2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

3. Section No. 4, 4 1/2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

4. Section No. 5, 5 1/2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

5. Section No. 6, 6 1/2, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

6. Section No. 7, 7 1/2, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23

