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WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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HALIFAX, N. S. AUGUST 4, 1863.

MORE ABOUT GOLD.

According to our promise in last No. we resume the subject of Gold. Continuing with accounts of its existence in Asia, Africa, California and Australia.

In Asia, especially in the southern districts, there are many mines, streams, rivers and wastes, which contain this metal. But little or no gold comes from thence to Europe, because the inhabitants place their fortune in treasure, and love to hoard it up. Africa and Spain were the sources of the greater portion of gold possessed by the ancients. What now comes from Africa is always in dust, showing that it is obtained by washing the alluvial soils or sands of mines; for which three or four districts are remarkable. Mungo Park—the celebrated African traveller—stated that the gold spangles are usually found in ferruginous small gravel buried under rolled pebbles. Previous to the discoveries in California, Brazil, Choco, and Chili were the regions which furnished most gold. That of Mexico is in a great measure contained in the argentiferous (silver bearing) veins, which traverse the rocks of gneiss and mica slate. The rivers of the province of Caracas, to ten degrees north of the line, flow over golden sands. Peru has been found not to be rich in gold ores; the mines called *pacos di oro* consist of ores of iron and copper oxides, containing a considerable quantity of gold.

The accident, in 1848, which first revealed the treasures of California, was the widening of the tail race of a saw mill. The wheel was taken out to allow the water to move freely, and a great body of earth having been carried away by the torrent, laid bare many shining particles, which, on examination, proved to be gold; and several little lumps were picked up. Captain Suter, the owner of the mill, with his surveyor, Mr. Marshall, commenced a

search together and collected an ounce of the ore from the sand, without any difficulty. The captain, at the same time, with his knife, picked out a lump of an ounce and a half from the rock. The news spread, and there ensued such a stir in the States as was quite without a parallel—numbers of every age and occupation pushed for the land of promise.

In Australia the discovery of gold to the westward of Bathurst, about 150 miles from Sydney, was made known by a dispatch from the Governor to the Colonial Secretary, on the 18th September, 1851—stating that many persons, with only a tin washing dish, had obtained from one to two ounces per day. On the 25th May following he wrote that lumps had been obtained varying in weight from one ounce to four pounds: and again, on the 29th May, he wrote that gold had been found in abundance, that people of every class were proceeding to the locality, that the field was rich, and from the geological formation of the country, of immense area. On the 17th July a mass of gold, weighing 106 pounds, was found imbedded in the quartz matrix, about 53 miles from Bathurst, and much more; justifying the anticipations formed of the vast richness and extent of the gold field of that colony. This magnificent treasure, the property of one Dr. Kerr, surpassed the largest mass found in California, which was 23 pounds, and the largest found in Russia, which was 70 pounds, now in the Museum of St. Petersburg.

One party of persons got at the same time £400 value in ten days, by means of a quicksilver machine; and a party of three, who were unsuccessful for seven days, obtained in five days more fully 200 ounces. So early as 19th August, 1851, Governor Sir C. Fitzroy reported to the Home Government that gold to the value of £70,000 had been already collected; and on the 21st that 3,614 ounces had that morning arrived at Sydney from Bathurst, worth upwards of £12,600.

In August, 1851, Lieut. Governor C. J. Latrobe announced to Earl Grey, from Melbourne, the discovery of large deposits of gold in that district of the colony, and

in a parliamentary blue book, issued 3d February, 1852, it was stated that 79,540 ounces of gold, worth £257,855 7s., had been previously forwarded to England, and that the gold fields of the colony of Victoria rivalled the first discovered gold fields of New South Wales.

That we may not detain our young readers too long at a time, on one subject, we shall continue this in another article, which we trust they will find fully as interesting as the present, or the preceding one in our last number.

POWER OF SMALL THINGS.

Trifles are not to be despised. The nerve of a tooth, not as large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a man to distraction. A mosquito can make an elephant absolutely mad. The rock which causes a navy to founder is the work of a worm. The warrior that with good death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect. Small pleasures make the sum of human happiness. The deepest wretchedness often results from a perpetual continuance of petty pains. A single look from those we love often produces exquisite pain or unalloyed pleasure. The first glass of wine that was drunk led to all the horrors, miseries and crimes that have sprung from drunkenness, and darkened the earth for centuries.

Mosquitoes.—Everybody is interested to know how to drive away mosquitoes. Camphor is the most powerful agent. A camphor bag hung up in an open case-ment will prove an effectual barrier to their entrance. Camphorated spirits applied as perfume to the face and hands will prove an effectual preventative.

THE EFFECTS OF AGITATION.—It is a remarkable fact that trees which are regularly shaken every day in the green house grow more rapidly and are stronger than others which are kept unagitated.

HARMLESS CURE FOR WARTS.—Dissolve a pennyworth of sal ammoniac in a gill of soft water, and wet the warts frequently with the solution.

Learning is wealth to the poor, honour to the rich, and a support and comfort to all classes in old age.

THE TWO BEARS.

The story I am going to tell I got from a Frenchman. The moral of it is, that truth and honesty are the best policy.

Some half-a-dozen years ago, there lived in a village in the south of France, a hearty, honest fellow; not over bright, but kind and good. His name was Tristapatte, or Sorrypaw, we might translate it. He had a wife and two small children, who clattered about the house in wooden shoes, and he loved them very tenderly. His wife had been Miss Lagingole. She had a good-for-nothing brother, who ran away from school, was lost for several years, and at last reappeared in his native village, leading a dancing bear, and playing on a fife and tabor. He spent the night in Tristapatte's house. The bear was chained up in a neighboring stable; but poor Mme. Tristapatte could not sleep for thinking of the nearness of such a monster; and she would not let her children go out of her sight for fear some dreadful accident should happen to them. What was her horror, therefore, when the next morning, her husband told her that he was going away to travel with his brother-in-law and the bear! The poor woman was beside herself with grief and fear. "Oh, my dear husband!" she cried, "I know that dreadful bear will pick your bones!" "Nonsense," said Lagingole. "Oh! brother Lagingole," cried Mrs. Patte, "if he will go with you, promise me, at least, that no harm shall ever come to my dear husband, that no cruel bear shall ever eat him up. O! O! O!" And the poor woman began to cry at the thought of such a thing. Lagingole promised very readily. It is easy enough for people to promise who never intend to be careful to perform; and the three set off together from the village—poor Patte playing on the drum and fife, and Lagingole leading the bear behind him, and poor Mrs. Patte with her little children following a great way off, and crying, "Oh! brother Lagingole, take care that my dear Patte is not eaten by a bear."

After several adventures, Lagingole embarked his bear, and fife, and tabor, and poor Patte, in a ship that was sailing for the East. They met with a dreadful storm. The bear died of sea-sickness, and, at last, Lagingole and Tristapatte were cast penniless ashore. It was some-

where in the East, among the Mussulmans, but I cannot tell you where. They landed in the dominions of Shahabaham, not far from the residence of that despot, whose grand vizier, Marrico, being speedily informed of the arrival of strangers, sent for them to the palace, and they had to go. Shahabaham, you must know, was a spoilt prince, which is even worse than a spoilt child. Both, spoilt sultans and spoilt children, are very unhappy people, principally because neither have good consciences, and neither have anything to do. Spoilt children get tired of their playthings, and are a great annoyance to everybody. Spoilt sultans get tired of all the novelties provided for their amusement, and sometimes persecute their viziers by way of variety. Marrico, was, therefore, very unhappy. The sultan had had a present of a white polar bear only a few weeks before; and he really seemed to find some pleasure in looking at the great unwieldy beast without a tail, which gritted its sharp, white fangs every time he went up to its cage and shook a stick at it. But there was no snow in Turkey, such as all white bears love. The unusual heat of the climate did not agree with his constitution, and the bear died, to the great consternation of the vizier, on the same night when Lagingole and our friend Patte made their appearance in the sultan's dominions. The vizier did not dare to tell his master of the event which he knew would make him very angry. He was a coward, who kept putting off the evil moment, and suffering twice as much from fear as he might have done if he had boldly gone and told Shehabaham the truth, at once. And I recommend you, when you have anything disagreeable to do, to go at once and get it done.

"Approach, O, strangers," cried the vizier to Tristapatte and Lagingole. "As ye have landed on our master's shores, custom demands that ye shall do something for his highness's amusement. What can you do?" "I'll dance a saraband," said Lagingole, "and my friend Patte will play upon his fife and tabor." "That won't do," answered Marrico, "our sultan is tired of seeing people dance. If you had a dancing bear, now . . ." "The very thing! I have," cried Lagingole. "No, we have not," cried Tristapatte, plucking him by the skirt of his coat. "What's the use of

telling a lie about it. That's the way you always do." "Hold your tongue," said Lagingole. Tristapatte and Lagingole spoke this in French, so that they were not understood by Marrico.

"O, noble and thrice welcome strangers!" exclaimed Marrico, "the sultan will be delighted! You have saved me! You shall have a thousand pieces of gold, if your bear dances to the satisfaction of my master; and you bid fair to become pachas and princes, and to be honoured with the height of his esteem. I will hasten to prepare him for the entertainment. Make ready your bear against I come again. If you disappoint him, beware! He will certainly cut off the heads of both of you." "There! did you hear that?" exclaimed Tristapatte, as the vizier left them alone together. "I knew it would be so. All this comes of your lying. He will cut off our heads, and I shall never see my dear wife and my children any more. O! O! O!" "Don't howl like that, you fool," said Lagingole; "or, if you must howl, howl like a bear. You are to be the bear, my boy! I intend to dress you up in our dead bear's skin." "But I won't be a bear," said Tristapatte, "and go upon all fours." "You need not," said Lagingole; "bears dance on their hind legs, and have not got any tails. There is very little difference between bears and some men I know. Come, be a good fellow, I won't thump you much." "I don't want to be thumped at all. I won't be a bear, that's flat," said Patte. "Very good," said the other, "as you please. But if we disappoint the sultan, he will cut off our heads." So Tristapatte consented at that thought, for the sake of Mrs. Patte and the little girls in wooden shoes in France, in his own thatched cabin; and, all the time Lagingole was dressing him up, he kept talking of the thousand pieces of gold that would be given them; and Tristapatte was turning over in his mind what presents he would take to his dear little children. No sooner was Tristapatte made into a very good bear, with a muzzle on his nose, and a stout chain round his neck, and a pole in his right hand, than a great sound of drums and bugles announced the arrival of the sultan. Shahabaham sat down upon his throne, and all his courtiers saluted him. After this ceremony, poor Tristapatte, in the bear's skin, was

brought out, and made to dance. "Splendid! splendid!" cried the sultan, quite animated by his delight. "Can you teach any bear to dance as well?" "Oh, yes!" cried Lagingole. "How long would it take?" "About five minutes," said Lagingole, telling another lie. "Admirable," cried the sultan. "Here, Marrico! go forth and bring in my white bear. This fellow shall teach him to dance; and he shall dance a jig with his brown bear, when I have had my siesta. Ho! guards lead away this man's very accomplished bear, and put him in a cage till he is wanted. Bring out the white bear. Quick!" Thereupon, the Sultan went away, leaving Marrico and Lagingole in dreadful perplexity. "O! O! O!" cried the vizier. "Alas! my poor brother-in-law! The sultan's fierce white bear will eat him up. I wish I knew any way to prevent it, and yet save my own head? What will my sister and children say?" thought selfish Lagingole. "O! O! O!" cried out Marrico, tearing his best turban in two halves, and running round the room like one distracted. "What's the matter with you, man?" exclaimed Lagingole, who, as we have seen, was not very full of sympathy towards the troubles of other people. "O! O! O! The white bear died last night," howled Marrico.

"By the beard of the prophet, we are saved!" cried Lagingole. "How?" cried Marrico. "Dress yourself in the white bear's skin," cried Lagingole. "I dare not—your bear would eat me up," exclaimed Marrico. "I'll take care of that. I'll watch him. Trust in me. You shall be safe," said Lagingole; and, after a good deal of persuasion, Marrico was induced to personate the polar bear. Lagingole, having dressed him up, went off, and left him alone. Meantime, poor Tristapatte, tired of being on all-fours in a cage, and finding he could undo the door, made his escape, when the guards were asleep, and, dragging his chain after him, went about the palace, looking for his brother-in-law. He found his way into the room where Marrico was dressed up in the bear's skin. "O! O! O!" he cried, "let me get out of this savage bear's way." "O!" yelled Marrico, "this bear has got loose. Let me run away. Perhaps I can catch him by his chain." "O! O!" cried Trista-

patte, finding the white bear was pursuing him. "Perhaps I can frighten him, if I howl at him. O-o-o-o O!" which means, he howled like a bear.

"Yah-a-a-a-yah!" snarled Marrico. "Oh! he'll eat me!" cried Tristapatte. "Oh! he'll grind my poor old bones," cried Marrico; and, as they were dodging each other round the room, each trying to avoid the other, they knocked up against each other by mistake, and knocked off their bears' heads. Marrico saw Tristapatte, and Tristapatte saw Marrico. There was a dead silence between them. "What's this?" cried Tristapatte. "What does it all mean?" said Marrico. They were just going to explain to each other how it had come to pass, when they heard the noise of drums and bugles, and knew the sultan was coming. Each bear snatched up a head, and put it on. But, alas! in the hurry, the white bear had got the brown head, and the brown bear's head was as white as snow. Lagingole, when he saw them thus, gave up all for lost, and nearly swooned for terror. "What is this?" cried the sultan in a voice of thunder. "Man!" turning to Lagingole, "explain to me what has happened to these creatures." "I . . . I . . . don't know, may it please your highness," said Lagingole. Yet, always ready to say what was not true, he added: "Perhaps the brown bear did not wish to change his master, and his head has turned white with grief." "True," said the sultan, thoughtfully, "but that does not explain what gives a brown head to the white bear." Lagingole was speechless. "Marrico shall tell me," said the sultan. "Marrico!" "May it please your Majesty," said a voice out of the body of a bear. "Which bear spoke?" cried the sultan. Marrico, frightened to death, did not answer, but honest old Tristapatte, plucking off his head, came up to the throne, and begged the sultan's pardon. He looked very funny, half a man and half a bear, and the sultan laughed heartily. Moreover, he took a great fancy to the honest fellow, who, he found out, had been ill-used and ill-paid by the false and selfish Lagingole. So, Lagingole, in disgrace, was glad to sneak out of the sultan's kingdom, and Tristapatte received a heavy purse of gold. After a time, he found means to return to his

own country, where he lives happily with Mrs. Patte, and is very fond of relating to his friends this present story.

THE LOAF.

Once upon a time, during a famine, a rich man invited twenty of the poorest children in town to his house, and said to them, "In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour until God sends us better times." The children pounced upon the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread, and each wished to get the largest; and at last even went away without even thanking him. Francesca alone, a poor but neatly-dressed little girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gratefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and then went home in a quiet and becoming manner. On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and poor Francesca this time received a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home, and when her sick mother cut the loaf, there fell out of it a number of bright silver pieces. The mother was alarmed, and said, "Take back the money this instant, for it has, no doubt, got into the bread through some mistake." Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it. "No, no," said he, "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf rather than quarrel with the larger one, will find blessing in his course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf."

OCEAN SPLENDORS.

When the sea is perfectly clear and transparent it allows the eye to distinguish objects at a very great depth. Near Mindora, in the Indian Ocean, the spotted corals are plainly visible under twenty-five fathoms of water. The crystalline clearness of the Caribbean Sea excited the admiration of Columbus, who in pursuit of his great discoveries ever retained an open eye for the beauties of nature. "In passing over these splendidly adorned grounds," says Schopf, "where marine life shows itself in an endless variety of forms, the boat, suspended over the purest crystal, seems to float in the air, so that a person unaccustomed to the scene easily becomes giddy. On the clear sandy bottom appear thousands of sea-stars, sea-urchins, molluscs, and fishes of a brilliancy of colour unknown in our temperate seas. Burning red, intense blue, lively green, and golden yellow perpetually vary; the spectator floats over groves of sea-

plant, gorgonias, corals, alcyoniums, flabellums, and sponges, that afford no less delight to the eye, and are no less gently agitated by the heaving waters than the most beautiful garden in earth when a gentle breeze passes through the waving boughs."

News of the Week.

A soldier belonging to a company of the 17th Regt. at Chebham Camp was drowned, on Tuesday last, having become entangled in the weeds. Ensign Dunning, in endeavouring to rescue him, narrowly escaped a similar fate.

The Fancy Fair at the Horticultural Gardens, on Tuesday, presented a pleasing appearance, and the concert in the evening attracted a large number of visitors. The net proceeds amounted to about \$400.

The Scullers' Race which was run on Saturday by G. Lovett and E. Brown, for the championship of the harbour, was won by Lovett—who came in a short distance ahead of his competitor.

The Colonist says—There was a large sword fish caught at Partridge Cove, head of Bedford Basin, on Thursday morning. It measured from the point of the sword to the end of the tail, 10 ft. 3 in.; girth at shoulder, 4 ft. 6 in.; length of sword, 3 ft. 11 in.; across the tail fins, 3 ft. 3 in. It was caught in a salmon net belonging to Mr. David McGrath.

Alderman Spence was sworn in yesterday as a member of the City Council.

On the 30th ult. a boy was committed for trial at Amherst, for discharging a gun at Mrs. Goldsmith.

The various papers throughout the province speak encouragingly respecting the prospects of abundant crops this season; and we are glad to observe that appearances indicate a bountiful harvest in Canada, New Brunswick and P. E. Island.—*Chronicle*.

The Newfoundland Express of the 28th ult. states that the accounts of the fishery for the past few days are generally much more favourable. A vessel from Green Bay reports that the coast is now clear of ice. Intelligence from the Labrador is more cheering. The vessels have got down safe, and the fishery was reported good in the vicinity of Cape Charles.

An American named Merrill was recently arrested at St. John, N. B. for endeavouring to enlist men for the American military service. He gave bail for his appearance, and absconded previous to the day appointed for his examination. Another man named McCardell was subsequently fined \$80 for soliciting a corporal of the 15th Regt. to desert, and enlist in the American army.

It has been decided by the Imperial

authorities to erect fortifications at the entrance of St. John N. B. harbour.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

It is said to be the settled determination of the people of New York to resist the draft: and in New England the draft is practically annulled by the disappearance of conscripts, and by the large numbers exempted for disability, or over or under age.

By Telegraph to Morning & Evening Papers.

Telegrams received during the past week report wholesale conscription commenced at Richmond; and at Memphis Confederates were impressing everybody, railroad, railroad stock, and cotton hurrying to Mobile.

Confederates threaten to sell coloured prisoners into slavery. President Lincoln proclaims they shall be protected, and if executed or sold into slavery, he will retaliate upon Confederate prisoners.

August 1, evening.—Gen. Blunt's fight with Cooper was at Elk. The Confederates lost 200 killed, 300 wounded, and 60 prisoners. Blunt lost 2 howitzers, 10 killed and 25 wounded. A dispatch to the New York Times says that an order will be issued to commence the draft again in New York on Monday. Latest accounts from Charleston say, the Federals have erected line batteries within 250 yards of Fort Wagner, and heavy guns within a mile of Fort Sumter. Brasher city is reported to have surrendered to gun-boat Schem.

LATEST EUROPEAN NEWS.

We have received English despatches to 25th ult. per R. M. Steamship Arabia, which arrived yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Roebuck on the 13th withdrew his motion for recognizing the Confederate States of America.

A public demonstration in favour of Poland was held in London on Wednesday night. A proposition was adopted deprecating all negotiation with Russia respecting Poland, except upon a basis of the cessation of hostilities, the withdrawal of the Russian troops from every part of Poland, and the establishment of a separate and independent Polish State; and urging that if an armed intervention were requisite the English people would cheerfully bear the responsibility. A deputation was appointed to lay this proposition before Earl Russell.

During the week ending the 11th July, there has been a considerable decrease in the number of persons receiving relief.

The directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company have invited tenders for the laying of a cable between the coast of Ireland and Newfoundland, so that there is a good prospect of Telegraphic communication being shortly established between Europe and North America.

A crowd of people assembled in Aston Park, Birmingham, on Monday, to witness a female styling herself Madame Genevieve perform, in imitation of Blondin, on a rope fixed at an elevation of 60 feet. While gratifying the depraved taste of the audience, the poor wretch was instantaneously killed through the rope breaking. The inhabitants of Birmingham, sickened at the horrible death of Madame Genevieve, are determined to agitate for an act of Parliament prohibiting such dangerous andgrading exhibitions.

In the House of Lords, on Monday, Earl Granville, in reply to Lord Lyveden, expressed regret that the Canadians had not yet made any provision for the defence of that colony, and stated that in the event of war it would be impossible for England to help them unless they were willing to help themselves.

In the House of Commons Mr. Horsman moved a resolution expressing the opinion of the house that the arrangements made with regard to Poland by the treaty of Vienna have failed to secure the good government of Poland and the peace of Europe, and that any further attempt to replace Poland under the condition of that treaty must cause calamity to Poland and embarrassment and danger to Europe. The honourable member said that the Government had either gone too far or not far enough in this matter. It ought either to have been refrained from kindling in the minds of the Poles expectations of assistance which there was no intention to grant, or be prepared to back up its protests with force. He could not approve of the middle course which the Government had taken.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied, and other members spoke on the subject—when Lord Palmerston entered into details of the question with the object of showing that the Government had pursued a wise and proper course in confining its exertions on behalf of Poland to diplomatic remonstrances. He was sorry that Russia had declined to comply with the suggestion for a suspension of hostilities as a preliminary to negotiations, and hoped that the house would excuse him from then stating what steps her Majesty's Government would next take in concert with France and Austria. He promised, however, that such steps should be in accordance with the wishes of the house and the country. The motion was then withdrawn.

The great International Agricultural Exhibition at Hamburg, which has just closed, has been a perfect success. Entries were made by 34 different nationalities, extending from Russia on the north and east to the States of North America on the west. England was well represented, and carried off her full proportion of the prizes awarded.

It is stated that the Emperor of the

French has just written a letter to the Emperor Alexander upon the Polish question, and it is referred to as a somewhat singular coincidence that a similar correspondence took place between Napoleon and the late Czar just before the outbreak of the Crimean war.

The reply of Prince Gortschakoff to the French note upon the Polish question was published on Wednesday. In substance it generally agrees with that addressed to England, but insists upon the importance of the moral union of the great powers in the presence of the revolutionary elements of all countries concentrated in Poland. This union, Russia contends, gives to the entire question its European character. Prince Gortschakoff also draws the attention of the French Government to the fact that Paris itself is one of the principal focuses of the agitation, by assisting the Poles with material and by propagating the conviction that active foreign intervention will take place in favour of the insurrection. He calls upon France to withhold its sympathy, for he does not believe that the Government will permit its name to be used for the advantage of the revolution in Poland and Europe. When the document was perused by the Emperor at Vichy he manifested an unusual amount of irritation and annoyance, and at the close of its perusal he is represented as exclaiming—"It is worse than infamous; it is ridiculous."

The semi-official journals of France continue to insist very forcibly upon the European character of the Polish question, and the inference drawn from this fact is that there will be no war unless England can be induced to join it. Hence it is asserted that messages have been despatched to the French and Italian ministers in London, urging them to press the subject upon the attention of Lord Palmerston, and, if possible, to induce him to declare himself dissatisfied with the Russian reply.

The Paris correspondent of the *Globe* makes the following trite observations, which, appearing in an official organ, will not be without their weight:—"The Emperor may safely allow the Russian reply to produce its natural effect upon public opinion, and when the moment for action comes he may give the war signal amid universal acclamation."

The press prosecutions in Prussia are being carried out by the Government with increased severity.

Russia relaxes nothing in her preparations for war. Indeed, to judge from the increase of her armaments, from the extent of her new fortifications, and from the enormous stores which she is concentrating in some of her strongest ports and cities, it would seem that she anticipates an immediate and a very protracted struggle.

The Russian reply to Austria invites that country to an exchange of ideas upon their common interests. The reply suggests that the matter in question affects only details of internal administration, and that the three Powers interested in the partition should at present deliberate together. The reply is silent upon the subject of an armistice. On the receipt of this reply, the Austrian cabinet placed itself in communication with France and England, and avowed its determination to maintain the good understanding between the three Courts, and not to negotiate separately with Russia. The reply has occasioned great irritation in Vienna.

In the various reports of the opinions of France upon the Polish question, there is almost a negation of the part which Austria was supposed to act amongst the intervening Powers. In fact, it has been broadly asserted that one or two of the principal failures of the insurgents are attributable to the double dealing of Austria, who, dissatisfied with the part she is playing with France and England, is desirous of exciting a Polish rising in her provinces, that she may have a pretext of breaking her Western alliance and throwing herself into the arms of Russia against the Poles. It is also thought that Austria still smarts under the recollection of Solferino and San Martino, and would be glad to effect a union with Russia to revenge upon France the punishment she there received.

The Russian reply to the note of Earl Russell is a serious, business-like document, very explicit, and characterised by the haughtiness of tone which has usually distinguished the messages proceeding from the Russian autocracy. Prince Gortschakoff represents the Polish insurrection as the work of a few foreigners, maintained against the will of the mass of the people, which it is the determination of the Russian Government to suppress. The proposal of an armistice is distinctly and decidedly rejected. The Emperor of Russia it is said owes to his faithful army, to "the peaceable majority of the Poles," and to Russia, to make energetic measures to crush the insurrection. "Desirable as it may be speedily to place a term to the effusion of blood, this object can only be attained by the insurgents throwing down their arms and surrendering themselves to the clemency of the Emperor."

Whilst the fate of Poland as a kingdom appears to hang in the balance, and the people stretch their eyes imploringly to France and England for help, they are represented as disheartened but resolute, determined to do anything but yield. It is said they have volunteers in abundance and plenty of money to meet immediate demands. Notwithstanding the heavy losses they have sustained, there are now about 120,000 Poles in arms.

The present situation of Denmark in reference to the dispute with Germany is said to be a serious one. It is universally felt that a crisis is at hand, and military and naval preparations are being actively carried out, so as to be ready for any emergency. Schleswig is the real point in dispute, and the Danes feel that Germany, by attempting to strike a blow there, has for her object the annihilation of the Danish monarchy.

The *Moniteur* publishes the despatch brought by the orderly sent by Gen. Forey from Mexico on a mission to the Emperor. This despatch confirms the news of the occupation of the city of Mexico on the 10th of June. The officer has presented to the Emperor five standards, the silver keys of the city of Mexico, surrendered by the municipality of that city, &c.

Juarez, the President of the Mexican Republic, has not submitted to France, nor abdicated his power. Till the will of the Mexican people is expressed he is still President, and with the somewhat powerful body of men who have accompanied him in his flight he will doubtless cause the French forces considerable trouble before he is captured.

The French have now established their influence in Cochin-China by a most advantageous treaty, whereby three important provinces and the island of Polo Conder are granted to the Emperor, with certain commercial advantages and the liberty to trade with several Chinese ports. In the latter advantages Spain participates, and the treaty prohibits the King of the country from conferring benefits upon any other nation which are not extended to France and Spain. The conquered King also agrees to pay France an indemnity of \$4,000,000, in ten yearly instalments of \$400,000 each, and binds himself to suppress piracy within his jurisdiction.

The Georgia Confederate steamer, has captured several American vessels sailing from Liverpool, including the *George Griswold*, which came from New York with a cargo of food for the Lancashire operatives. The vessel was released upon entering into a bond for the payment of \$100,000 ransom upon the recognition of the Southern Confederacy.

The Bombay mail has arrived with advices from Bombay to June 24 and Calcutta to June 15. Cholera in a severe form has broken out in the 3d battalion of 60th rifles at Rangoon. Captain Hazen, Surgeon Sparrow, and between 30 and 40 men had fallen victims to the disease. There had been fighting before Herat, and the Ameer was in considerable perplexity about the settlement of the Herat business. There is a rumour of a new mutiny in the north-west of India, and the Bhootias, instigated by the infamous Nana Sahib, have come down upon Assam and occasioned great mischief.

THE BROKEN SWING.

"Papa, may I have a swing to-day?" said a little boy to his father, who was just going out.

"Not to-day, my boy," the father replied; "but you shall to-morrow."

To-morrow seemed a long time to the little boy, who was not willing to wait so long.

A little time after his father was gone out, the child stood at the parlour window; the swing hung between two trees at the bottom of the garden.

"Nobody will know," thought he to himself: "I'll have just one swing."

He ran down into the garden, and got up into the swing; and, as he flew backwards and forwards through the air, was saying, "How unkind of papa not to let me swing," when the rope broke, and he fell to the ground. His mamma and the servants heard his cry, and ran to help him; and when he was carried into the house, it was found he had broken his arm.

When the little boy saw how grieved his kind mamma was, he felt very sorry that he had done wrong. Then the doctor gave him so much pain in putting the bone right. But even this was not so bad as when his father came home in the evening, with a new rope in his hand for the swing, that the boy he loved so well should have the promised treat without danger.

My dear children, your parents will often refuse you things which you may wish for very much, because they are not good or safe for you. Don't ask the reason "Why?" but trust them; and when you grow older, you will find your Heavenly Father, who is the "giver of all good," will sometimes not give all you ask, or keep back something you would wish to have. He, too, knows what is best: trust in Him. In the end it will be all for good. There are many things we want, which, if God gave them, would be like the little boy's broken swing.

A LESSON FROM THE FLOWERS.

"Dear mamma," said a lovely little girl, "why do you have so few of those beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer! what can be the reason?" "My dear child," said the mother, "gather me a bunch of each. The little girl soon returned. "Smell them, my love," said her mother, "and see which is the sweetest." The child could scarcely believe herself, that the lovely almond had no scent; while the plain violet had a delightful odor. "Well, my child, which is the sweetest?" "Oh, dear mother, it is this little violet!" "Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the violet to the beautiful almond, Beauty without fragrance, in flowers, is as worthless as beauty without gentleness and good temper in girls.

When any of those people who speak without reflection, may say to you, "What charming blue eyes! What beautiful curls! What a fine complexion!" without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings, which everybody is born with, remember then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember, also, your affectionate mother may not be there to tell you, that *beauty without gentleness and good temper is worthless.*"

THE NUMBER OF LANGUAGES.

The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer, Babi, enumerated eight hundred and sixty, which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, and five thousand which may be regarded as dialects. Adulguns, another modern writer on this subject, reckons up three thousand and sixty four languages and dialects existing, and which have existed. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages, we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor diversities; for almost every province has a tongue more or less peculiar, and this we may well believe to be the case throughout the world at large. It is said there are little islands, lying close together in the South Sea, the inhabitants of which do not understand each other. Of the eight hundred and sixty distinct languages enumerated by Babi, fifty three belong to Europe, one hundred and fourteen to Africa, one hundred and twenty-three to Asia, four hundred and seventeen to America, one hundred and seventeen to Oceania,—by which term he distinguishes the vast number of islands stretching between Hindoostan and South America.

A PERSIAN PRINCESS.

Children, more especially those of the higher and wealthier classes, are but too apt to be indifferent to, or at least forgetful of, the feelings and sufferings of those beneath them, and to consider them as formed for their use and comfort alone. This, it is feared, is not confined to the children of worldly parents, but is too often met with among those of Christian families, who are taught that we are all equal in the eyes of God.

May the following instance of native kindness in a little Persian Princess lead every Christian child who reads it to be kind and considerate to those who serve them.

A soldier related to me a touching anecdote of a very young member of the late Princess Royal's (Abbas Meerza) family,

"I was sentinel," said he. "one bitter-winter's night at his highness's quarters, before the harem, where there were many of the women and children, when a little girl, his royal highness's daughter, put her head out between the serperdahs (canvas walls), and said to me, 'Serbaz (soldier), are you not cold?' 'Very cold,' said I. 'And are you not hungry, too?' asked the little princess. 'Very hungry, your highness,' said I, 'but I am so cold I could not even hold a bit of bread, nor eat it, if I had it.' 'Have patience, wait,' said the little girl, and, disappearing from the serperdahs, she ran to the nazir, or steward, and would not let him have rest till she got food of all sorts, and a good jibbek, or great coat, which she made them give me, with a golden ducat, saying, 'here, serbaz, here is a ducat for you, and a great coat to keep you from the cold.' Oh!" added the man, "it went to my very heart; I can never forget it."

CORK.

What is Cork?—It is the thick, spongy, external bark of a species of oak-tree, which grows abundantly in Portugal, Spain, and the South of France, and Italy.

How it is procured.—The tree when arrived at a certain age, sheds its bark naturally, but the cork is then inferior in quality to that which is cut from the tree. The removal of the bark does not injure the tree; indeed, it is said to render it still more vigorous; every successive cutting being of a finer quality.

Its Preparation.—After the pieces of bark have been carefully detached, they are first steeped in water, and then placed over a fire of coal, so that all the cracks and blemishes may be filled up with soot and dust. They are then loaded with heavy weights till they are perfectly flat and even; and afterwards dried and packed in bales for exportation.

Its Use.—It is chiefly made into bungs, and corks for bottles, for which purpose it is well fitted, as it is soft and elastic, and may be compressed or squeezed into a narrow opening, after which it again expands to its utmost extent, and then fills up every possible crevice, so as to exclude the external air. Cork is also used for shoe soles, buoys, swimming-jackets, floats for fishing-lines and nets, and the bottom of the drawers in entomological cabinets. The parings of cork are burnt to make Spanish black.

When first employed.—The use of cork appears to have been known at a very early period. The Romans, according to the account given by their naturalist, Pliny, used it not only to stop up the openings in casks, but as soles for the winter shoes of women. It was about the middle of the fifteenth century that it was first employed in England for stopping glass bottles.

Its annual importation.—The quantity of cork annually imported into England is about 25,000 tons, which is a great deal when we consider the lightness of cork.

THE ISLAND OF JAVA.

Batavia, the capital city of the island of Java, according to the description of a newspaper correspondent, is a brilliant specimen of Oriental splendour. The houses, which are white as snow, are placed two or three hundred feet back from the street, the intervening space being filled with trees, literally alive with birds and every variety of plants and flowers. Every house has a piazza in front decorated with beautiful pictures, elegant lamps, bird-cages, &c., while rocking-chairs, lounges, &c., of the nicest description, furnish accommodations for the family, who sit here mornings and evenings. At night the city is one blaze of light from the lamps. The hotels have grounds of eight or ten acres in extent around them, covered with fine shade trees, with fountains, flower-gardens, &c. Indeed, so numerous are the trees, the city almost resembles a forest. The rooms are very high and spacious, without carpets, and but few curtains. Meals are served up in about the same style as at first class hotels. At daylight coffee and tea are taken to the guest's room, and again at eight o'clock, with light refreshments. At twelve breakfast is served, and at seven, dinner. Coffee and tea are always ready, day and night. No business is done in the street in the middle of the day, on account of the heat. The nights and mornings are cool and delightful; birds are singing all night. The thermometer stands at about 82 degrees throughout the year. The island of Java contains a population of 10,000,000; the city of Batavia, 180,000. The island abounds with tigers, leopards, anacondas, and poisonous insects of all kinds. The finest fruits in the world are produced in great profusion.

BOYHOOD OF GARIBALDI.

The sight of the sea, especially if rough and stormy, exerted a powerful influence over him. Hour after hour he would remain motionless on a cliff, with his eyes fixed on the waves, utterly unconscious of whatever was going on, and regretting his reverie whenever his playmates awoke him from it and called him to join their sports. One day his teacher found him sitting by a window, with an open book in his hand, so absorbed in the contemplation of a stormy sea that it was necessary to wait some time before the child noticed his presence.

"What are you doing there, boy?" asked the teacher.

"I am reading," answered little Joseph.

"But you do not even look upon the book."

"It is true," remarked the child, somewhat disconcerted by the remark.

"Where were you reading, then?"

"O, I was reading yonder, in that sea, in that beautiful sky."

"And what did you read there?" persisted Mr. Arena, astonished at that precocious admiration of his pupil for the spectacles of nature.

"I don't know," thoughtfully said the child, "but it seems to me I read there finer things than in books."

"That may be; but, to learn how to read the great book of nature, you must begin by reading your own books—otherwise you will turn out to be an ignorant man."

There was an instant silence; then the boy ventured to ask—

"Can an ignorant man be a good sailor?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then," said he, throwing away the book, "rather than to break my head with all these things, I choose to be a sailor."

"Why?"

"Because," said the child, hesitating, "because the sea is beautiful and grand."

"But when it is agitated—when it is roaring?"

"O," quickly replied young Garibaldi, with transport, "then it is far more beautiful, and far more grand!"

BARBARY OF WHALE FISHING.

The maternal affection of the whale is striking and affecting. The cub being insensible to danger, is easily harpooned, when the tender affection of the mother is so manifested, as not unfrequently to bring it within reach of the cruel whalers. Hence though a cub is of little value, yet it is sometimes struck as a snare for its affectionate mother! In this case she joins it at the surface of the water, whenever it has occasion to rise for respiration, encourages it to swim away; assists its flight by taking it under her fin; and seldom deserts it while life remains. She is then dangerous to approach, but affords frequent opportunities for attack. She loses all regard for her own safety, in anxiety for the preservation of her young; dashes through the midst of her enemies; despises the danger that threatens her, and even voluntarily remains with her offspring after various attacks have been made upon herself. In the whale fishery of 1814, a harpooner struck a young whale with the barbarous hope of its leading to the poor mother. Presently she arose, and seizing the young one, dragged about a hundred fathoms of line out of the boat, with remarkable force and velocity. Again she arose to the surface, darted furiously to and fro; frequently stopped short, or suddenly changed her direction, and

gave every possible intimation of extreme agony. For a length of time she continued thus to act though closely pursued by the boats; and inspired with courage and resolution by her concern for her offspring, seemed regardless of the danger that surrounded her. Being at length struck with six harpoons, she was killed by her savage pursuers.

A MAN THAT SWALLOWED FIFTEEN COWS.—Just as Jonathan was passing a crowd that had collected together to listen to a working man who was addressing them, the speaker said: "I met a man the other day who had swallowed fifteen cows! You may think this strange," continued the speaker, "but I will tell you how it happened. When I first knew him, he was very well to do in the world. He had a comfortable home, and a very good dairy, consisting of fifteen cows. But at length he took to drinking, until first one cow went, then another, and another; until at last, by the drink which he sold the cows to procure, swallowed the whole fifteen, and he is now an inmate of a poorhouse."

CUT IT SHORT.—A certain barber, having the great gift of gab, used to amuse his customers with his long yarns, while he went through his functions on their heads and faces. One day an old man came in, took his seat, and ordered a shave and hair cut. The barber went to work, and began, at the same time, one of his long stories, to the no little dissatisfaction of the old gentleman, who, becoming irritated at the barber, said: "Cut it short." "Yes, sir," said the barber continuing the yarn, until the old gentleman again ordered—"Cut it short, I say—cut it short!" "Yes, sir," clipping away and gabbing faster. "Cut it short, I say," reiterated the gent. "Yes, sir," says the barber, going on with his story. "Will you cut it short?" bawls old gent, in a rage. "Can't, sir," says barber; "for if you look in the glass, you'll see I've cut it all off!" And, to his horror, upon looking in the glass, the gent found his hair all cut from his head.

COMPUTING INTEREST.—A new mode of computing interest at six per cent., has been published, which appears simple. Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired, separate the right hand figure, and divide by six, the result is the true interest of such sum for such number of days at six per cent. This rule is so simple and so true, according to all business usages, that every banker, broker, merchant and clerk should post it up for reference and use. There being no such thing as a fraction in it, there is scarcely any liability to error or mistake. By no arithmetical process can so decided information be obtained with so few figures.

LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE!

Look at the bright side! The sun's golden rays
All nature illumines, and the heart of man
cheereth;

Why wilt thou turn so perversely to gaze
On that dark cloud which now in the dis-
tance appeareth?

Look at the bright side! Recount all thy joys;
Speak of the mercies that richly surround
thee;

Muse not for ever on that which annoys;
Shut not thine eyes to the beauties around thee.

Look at the bright side! Our friends, it is true,
Have their failings, nor ought we to mention
them lightly;

But why on their faults thus concentrate thy
view,
Forgetting their virtues which shine forth so
brightly?

Look at the bright side! And it shall impart
Sweet peace and contentment and grateful
emotion;

Effecting its own brilliant hues on thy heart,
As the sunbeams that mirror themselves on
the ocean.

Look at the bright side! Nor yield to despair!
Though some may forsake, yet others still
love thee;—

And if the world seems mournful colours to
wear,

Oh look from earth's shadows to heaven
above thee!

HOME.

A home! It is the bright, blessed, adorable
phantom which sits highest on the sunny
horizon that girdeth life! When shall it
be reached? It is not the house, though,
that may have its charm; nor the field,
carefully tilled, and streaked with your
own foot paths; nor the trees, though
their shadow be to you like that of a
"great rock in a weary land;" nor yet
is it the fireside, with its cozy comfort;
nor the pictures, which tell of loved ones;
nor the cherished books; but more than
all these, it is the *presence!* The altar of
your confidence is there; the end of your
worldly faith is there; and adoring it all,
and sending your blood in passionate flow;
is the ecstasy of the conviction that there,
at least, you are beloved; that there you
are understood; that there your errors
will meet ever with gentlest forgiveness;
that there you may unburthen your soul,
fearless of harsh, unsympathizing ears;
and that there you may be entirely and
joyfully—yourself!

It was a favourite maxim of the Duke
of Wellington that persons who are good
at excuses are seldom good at anything
else.

When is a wall like a fish?—When it
is sealed.

MENTAL RECREATIONS.

Answers to the following Questions will be given
in next No. In the most time we suggest to our
young friends to exercise their ingenuity in solving
them; so that they can compare the results of their
efforts with the published Answers, when their pa-
pers are received. All communications in connec-
tion with this Department of the Weekly Miscellany
should be sent post paid.

CHARADES.

1. My *first* is an order of nobility;
my *second* is a covering for the head; and
my *whole* is the dignity of my *first*.

2. My *first* is very sweet,
Though never made by me;
Some think it quite a treat,
And relish it for tea.

My *second* was so bright,
When Harry by my side,
On a calm summer's night
Ask'd me to be his bride.

He is my husband now,
And I'm a smart young wife,
For 'tis my *whole* you know,
Though it cannot last for life.

REBUS.

Read me aright and I'm useful to cooks,
But by transposition, draw boys from their
books;

Again transposed, then me you would shout
Most lustily after a thief, I've no doubt;
Transpose but once more and I may be
found

In each street of the city both steadfast
and sound.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A person dies worth £13,000, a portion
of which he leaves to a charity, and twelve
times as much to his eldest son, whose
share is half as much again as that of each
of his two brothers, and two-thirds as
much again as that of his five sisters.
Find the amount of the bequest to the
charity.

SOLUTIONS OF QUESTIONS IN LAST NO.

Riddles.—1.

The Riddle which to us you gave
Concerns a monster of the wave.
Though he has neither hands nor feet,
Yet floats he through the mighty deep.
Though thousands him do ne'er behold,
His bone supplies wants manifold;
His oil to thousands giveth light,
And to the Esquimaux at night.
When Jonah fled from God's command,
And sought to hide in a strange land,
On board a ship he paid his fare,
But God was with him sailing there;
And sent a storm out o'er the wave,
Which fear and dread the sailors gave.
Then Jonah did confess his fault—
How he did from his God revolt.
Then he was cast into the sea,
That it might calm and peaceful be;
But God a great fish did prepare,
That he of Jonah might take care.
Three days and nights he did him keep
Beneath the great and mighty deep;

And then the WHALE, at God's command,
Plac'd Jonah safely on dry land.
Thus God from him took back that soul.
He wanders still from pole to pole. J. F.

2.—Bad Money.

VARIETIES.

A man coming to pay his rent bill, ten-
dered his landlord a very ragged looking
bank-note, at the same time apologizing
for its dilapidated appearance. "Your
apologies are unnecessary," said the land-
lord; you are only doing what you should
—paying a rent bill."

The good heart, the tender feeling, and
the pleasant disposition, make smiles,
love, and sunshine everywhere.

An impetuous volunteer, while practis-
ing the military science alone in his gar-
den, tumbled backwards into a ditch.
His wife hurried to his assistance, and
implored him to say whether or not he
was hurt. The reply was, "Go away,
woman; what do you know about war?"

AN ERUDITE MAYOR.—The *Worcester
Chronicle* gives the following as a verba-
tim copy of a letter from a chief magis-
trate of a certain corporation:—"Dear
Sur,—On Monday next I am to be made
a Mare, and shall be much obliged to
you if so be as you will send me down
by the Coach some provisions setting for
the occasion, and I am to ax my brother,
the old Mare, and the rest of the Bench.
I am, sur," &c.—The above was answer-
ed by a wag, into whose hands it fell, as
follows:—"Sir,—In obedience to your
orders, I have sent per coach two bushels
of the best oats; and as you are to treat
the old Mare, have added some bran to
make a mash."

Why cannot a family of girls be pho-
tographed? Because there's no son (sun).

The best way to do good to ourselves
is to do it to others; the right way to
gather is to scatter.

Sheridan agreed with Walker that the
pronunciation of *wind* should be *wynde*,
but insisted; contrary to Walker, that
gold should be *goodl*. Mr. Sheridan tells
us that Swift used to jeer those who pro-
nounced wind with a short i, by saying,
"I have a great minn'd so finn'd why you
pronounce it winn'd." An illiberal critic
retorted this upon Mr. Sheridan, by say-
ing, "If I may be so boold, I should be
glad to be toold why you pronounce it
goodl."

A USEFUL DOG.—"I say, stranger,"
said a cottage urchin in the neighbour-
hood of Montreal to a pedlar, "don't
whistle that dog away."—"Why, he
ain't no use nohow; he's too homely."
"Oh, but he saves heaps of work."
"How?"—"Why he cleans the plates
and dishes, so that they never want wash-
ing; and mother says she wouldn't part
with him nohow, for our new dog hain't
got used to mustard yet."