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WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

DEVOTED TO THE

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL IMPROVEMENT

OF

THE YOUNG.

VOL. I. 1863—1864.

Published by W. Cunnabell, 155 Upper Water Street,

(HEAD OF HAMILTON'S WHARF.)

HALIFAX, N. S.

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WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

Devoted to the Intellectual and Moral Improvement of the Young.

Vol. 1.

Halifax, N. S. Tuesday June 23, 1863.

No. 1.

HALIFAX, N. S. JUNE 23, 1863.

INTRODUCTORY.

If any opinion is entertained respecting the publication in Nova Scotia of a Youth's Paper, that opinion may likely be one of enquiry—why such a publication has not been established before this period? The aid of the Press has been rendered available in promoting the objects of religious, moral and general institutions; and it may be reasonably expected that the moral and intellectual improvement of the young may also be facilitated through its agency. We think therefore that no apology is required for commending the *Weekly Miscellany* to the favourable consideration of the public; while we confidently hope that Parents and Teachers will cheerfully co-operate with us in establishing and permanently sustaining a periodical so much needed, and so admirably adapted to exert a beneficial influence on the morals and general deportment of the rising generation.

A reference to the Prospectus will inform the reader of the object and prominent features of this paper. We shall endeavour not only to adhere to the terms of that Prospectus, but also to introduce such improvements as an increasing patronage may enable us to afford; and while studying to render the *Weekly Miscellany* instructive and amusing to its readers, we shall scrupulously exclude every thing that may be reasonably considered objectionable.

In engaging in this publication we are but carrying out what we have long contemplated. It is not, however, the first of the kind undertaken in Halifax; many years ago the youth of this city were favored with a paper for a short period. Subsequently a second attempt was made to establish one; and as regards this effort, we are assured that it is favourably considered by the friends of the young,—and therefore present the First Number for their inspection. If they think the *Weekly Miscellany* worthy to be placed in the hands of youthful readers, and that they would be benefited by reading it, they will do a favour both to them and us by sustaining

it—not only by their own subscriptions, but by their exertions to induce others to subscribe.

EDUCATION.

The word EDUCATION is derived from two Latin words, signifying *to draw or lead out*—that is, to *educere* or draw out the natural talents of any individual. Education, in its extended sense, commencing with infancy, continues through life. Its early stages are intended to prepare the young for the occupations they may be respectively called to fill when they arrive at years of maturity; and the great public interest with which this important subject is regarded, should commend it to their favourable consideration,—as it is especially for their benefit that Schools and other Educational Institutions are established and sustained.

Liberal sums of money are annually granted by the Legislature for educational purposes, and Boards of Commissioners organized throughout the Province for the appropriation of these grants in their several districts. A Normal and Model School has been established for several years at Truro—where Teachers are trained and qualified for the duties of imparting instruction; and the general interests of Education in Nova Scotia are superintended by the Provincial Inspector of Schools—who is also the Principal of the Training School at Truro.

If young people could only profit by the experience of others—we may say of all who are of more advanced years—they would gladly prize the opportunities offered them of instruction as a means of education. Theirs is the golden age which when once past can never be retrieved. When once they engage in the pursuits of life, it is seldom that sufficient leisure can be found between labour and necessary rest and recreation, to obtain what is now offered and pressed upon them. Let any of our young friends ask one whose school days are over, and who has entered upon the pursuit by which he is to earn his living, whether, if he had his early days to spend over again, he would

not give greater attention than he did to his studies and his teachers? We are sure what the answer will be, if the person has indeed had the opportunities now within their reach—for even the most diligent express regret for neglect of privileges which they have undervalued.

Mr Walter Scott used to say that he would cheerfully give the half of his literary reputation if he could thereby retrieve the time and opportunities which he had lost in his youth. In a letter to his son he says—

“ Knowledge can be no more planted in the human mind without labour, than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough. Labour therefore and improve the time. In youth our steps are light, and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up. But if we neglect our Springs, our Summers will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the Winter of our old age unrespected and desolate.”

SAVE YOUR PAPERS.

We take this early opportunity to inform our yearly subscribers that they will ensure for themselves a great advantage, by saving all the Numbers of the *Weekly Miscellany* until the close of the Volume. By doing so they will have, when the year's subscription is completed, 52 numbers, making a volume of 416 pages—including a title page and general index. A volume thus preserved would, in a few years hence, afford much gratification to the youth of the present time—as it will then be rendered additionally interesting from its having been associated with the scenes of their earlier days.

By the time the last number for the year will be issued, we hope to be prepared to receive orders for binding the volumes of those who may apply; and would advise our young friends to keep each number clean until required for that purpose. We therefore send the papers in one parcel to each Agent, without writing the names of the respective yearly subscribers on the front page; as by doing so it would mar the appearance of the volume when bound.

After each number is received it will be necessary to have it carefully re-folded, so that the margins may be evenly divided before the upper edges are cut open,—as, in folding the papers for delivery and mailing, it is difficult to avoid unevenness.

THE SCARE-CROW COAT.

Young goslings were dipping themselves in mud-puddles and ponds to the great delight of the old quaking gander and the strutting goose; boys were flying their kites, or playing marbles. 'Twas the month of May, the loveliest month of Spring. The trees were putting forth their foliage, and the daffodils had effloresced, and were making the genial zephyrs redolent with their fragrance. The farmer had planted his corn a few weeks before, and the future crop was symbolized in the little ribbon-sprouts of corn that were bursting through the soft alluvial loam. The crows cawed as they winged themselves from the trees to the old rail-fences at a distance from the corn-field. Nature indeed was smiling upon the earth, and the poor, who had suffered through the cold winter, thanked God that they were privileged to witness the blossomed fields, and to listen to the melodious carols of the robin and blue bird.

Widow Shore, who lived in a little house down by the hill, looked smilingly upon Tommy, her son, who had cut from the asparagus bed several bunches of that succulent vegetable. Tommy put the well-washed branches into his basket, and went to the city a short distance from the little village, and in an hour and a half returned with a dollar and some cents, which he gave to his mother.

Susan Shore had been a widow for four years, yet she was scarcely thirty-five years of age. Tommy was the only child she had, and his mother worshipped him much; on Tommy her hopes seemed to centre, and she endeavored to inculcate in his mind sound principles and precepts. Tommy was thirteen years of age, and as his mother was poor, of course had to help her get a living. Attached to Widow Shore's house was about an acre of land, which the widow, with the help of Tommy, raised vegetables on for market. In the winter Widow Shore served for the rich people in the city, from whom she would occasionally get substantial presents, in the way of dresses for herself and clothing for her son.

"You look sad, my son; what ails you?" said the widow, as Tommy handed her the money that he had obtained by the sale of his asparagus.

"Nothing, only John Martin, the blacksmith, said that he would make me a kite if I would get some kite-line to fly it with; but I ain't got any money, and you want all you can get to buy things with," said Tommy.

"Poor boy," said the widow, as she brushed a tear from her eye.

"All the other boys have got kites—even Dan Carr, and he's as poor as I am," added Tommy.

"Never mind, Tommy; the day will come, I trust, when Providence will bless you with all that can be wished this side of your father's grave," said the widow,

who was now kneading some dough to make bread with.

Tommy, having done all the chores and other business which his widowed mother had at present to be done, went up to the school ground where all the boys were flying their kites and playing marbles. Dan Carr was there, and his kite was the highest to the clouds.

"Take hold of the string and see how it pulls," said Dan to Tom, as the latter was watching it dive and prance.

Tom did as requested, remarking at the same time, that he could have a kite too, if he had a line, and asked Dan how he procured his.

"Well, if you wont tell anybody about it I will tell you, and you can get one as good," said Dan.

Tom promised solemnly not to divulge a word.

"Well," said Dan, "you know down in the field Deacon Styles has put cord all around that ten acre field of his on poles, to keep the crows from pulling up the corn?"

"Yes," responded Tom.

"Well, I went down there last week and stole all this cord off the poles;—there's enough left to make you a tip-top line—go and get it."

"I will," said Tom; and he galloped off at a happy speed, and in a few minutes he was down to the ten acre lot of Deacon Styles—to steal.

"*Thou shalt not steal*," rang into his ear as if some invisible being had spoken to him; and Tom, with one leg over the rail-fence and the other on the ground, paused, very much frightened. It sounded like his dear father's voice, only a little more harsh than his father's voice used to be when he read to him that sentence from the Holy Scriptures.

"And I wont steal," said Tommy to himself, who now had come to his senses. The idea of getting a kite-line, as long as Dan Carr's, by pulling it from off the poles set in Deacon Styles's lot, had set Tom's mind a-blaze; but now that he had time to reflect, he saw how wicked it would be to transgress the Divine command—"Thou shalt not steal."

Tom marched away from the ten-acre lot towards home, not by the way he had come, but cross lots in another direction. He was crossing Abijah Ladd's corn field, and, as he looked at the old scare-crow, made to keep the filching crows away, an idea struck him.

"Perhaps if I feel in the pockets I might find a shilling piece that Mr. Ladd has forgotten to take out," said Tom. So Tom searched the pockets of the pants, vest and coat, but no shilling did he find. In the inside pocket of the coat there was a hole, so Tom ran his fingers down into the lining, and, striking a piece of soft paper, he pulled it out, when lo, it was a twenty dollar bill! Tom was delighted, and ran like mad towards Abijah Ladd's

house; but he stopped all of a sudden, and his countenance changed, saying to himself—"It may be a bad bill;" and then again he said, "It may be good," and on he went.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" said the widow, as they sat down to dinner to partake of a humble cheer; "you look disappointed."

"Nothing," said Tom, only I would like a kite-line."

In the evening, after supper, as Tommy and his mother were sitting on the stile, gazing at the stars and moon, a figure was seen coming down the lane towards the house, whom they could not as yet distinguish. Presently the figure of Abijah Styles halted in front of the door, which was open, and the widow, extending her hand, invited Mr. Styles in, and lighted a fallow candle, which threw but a faint light on the scant but neat furniture.

"I come to see whether you would not like to have Thomas go into my son's store as clerk," said Mr. Styles.

The widow, much surprised, said she would; but that his services were so indispensable to her, in the way of doing chores, &c., she was afraid that she could not let him go.

"But you needn't live here all by yourself; come and make your home with me and my wife; for now Sallie's married Jane is quite lonesome; besides, I'll give six hundred dollars for your house and lot, which is more, I guess, than any one else will give you; don't you think so yourself?"

The widow couldn't understand what Mr. Styles was about, why he had taken such an interest in Tommy all at once, and what were his reasons for acting altogether so liberal.

"Well, what do you say, Widow Shore? six hundred for your house, a place for Tommy in the city with my son Robert, and a home for life for yourself with my wife and me?"

"I can only say (if you are not jesting,) that I accept your kind offer, and may God reward you hereafter."

"All right, said Mr. Styles; I'll be here to-morrow and settle everything;" and Mr. Styles started to go. "Oh! here, my lad, is that twenty dollar bill you found; take it and buy some good clothes, &c.; and *always be honest*."

"Tommy didn't find that bill—my Tommy—did he?" asked the widow.

Mr. Styles seeing Tommy's face, divined that the widow was ignorant of the circumstance; so he took a seat again, and explained the whole affair, much to the surprise of the widow, who burst into tears of joy at hearing of the honest act of her son.

In a week Widow Shore had her six hundred dollars in the bank, and was living happily with rich Farmer Styles.

Tommy was in New Haven in Mr. Styles' son's store. Ten years afterwards

he was one of the wealthiest merchants in the city, and everybody esteemed the honest merchant, Thomas Shore.

Reader, always be honest, and remember the divine injunction—"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

BOY VOLUNTEERS.

The Educational Committee of the House of Assembly, in their Report, last session, recommended that suitable means be devised to afford instruction in military drill to the boys attending schools in this province. The following extract from an English publication will give our young readers an idea of the progress of the Volunteer Movement in Great Britain:—

From "A Birth-day Gift for Boys and Girls. London: Barton & Co. 1861."

It is most gratifying to observe that the Boys as well as the men, are beginning to take up the Volunteer movement, and that Westminster and Eton, and Harrow and Hanwell, are mustering their forces. Every boy begins now to be a "Spartan," and to emulate the noble deeds of the heroic ages; and from what I saw at the first named place, the other day, I should say that Spartans will be as plentiful as blackberries by the time the blackberries come in, and heroes will be counted, as hot-nails are, by the hundred.

I will tell you why I think so. I went to Hanwell to see the Volunteer Company of Students, and a very efficient set of fellows they are. There are sixty or seventy of them, with their Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, and Subaltern officers, under the drill of a very efficient sergeant of the line, and it was with pleasure I beheld them go through their "manœuvres" which they did in a manner highly creditable to themselves. They went through their "extension movements," and "chessings," "facings," "marching," "double marching," "marching in line," "wheeling," and the like, and might have competed even with the best drilled company in the kingdom.

Prince Charles Louis, son of the unfortunate Louis 16th, was convinced of the use that might be made of a regiment of boy-volunteers. He raised one when he was only eight years old, and it was named after him, and called the Regiment du Dauphin. It was composed of boys between the ages of ten and fourteen, who went through all evolutions of a regular regiment, and it is said that some of these boys so distinguished themselves as to be considered the best shots in the kingdom. It is good for "Hanwell" to have been one of the first to set the example of school and college volunteers; and it is to be hoped the Hanwellian plan will be followed by most other schools in the kingdom. Why should not "military

drill" form part of the education of every boy? Boys have done great things in their way. It was during the struggle for independence between the heroic Swiss and the tyrannical Austrians, that "Theodore Strauten" a youth of seventeen, with an energy which has never been surpassed, raised a regiment of sharpshooters three hundred strong, composed entirely of boys between the ages of twelve and seventeen. These boy-volunteers were well skilled, trained, and appointed, and took their position by the side of the other noble defenders of their country in 1759, when the Austrian power determined to reduce them to slavery.

The Austrian army, upwards of fifty thousand strong, was advancing through the passes of the Alps, spreading ruin and devastation on every side. Villages and towns were blazing, thousands were dying of famine, and wives, mothers, and children were exposed to all the fury of the vile and ruthless soldiery. The Swiss had formed themselves into organised bands of volunteers, relying almost entirely on the use of the rifle wherewith to repel their cruel and powerful foe. It was on the 29th September that no less than five detachments of the Austrian forces poured like streams of poison through the ravines, rocks, and defiles of the Alps, with a view to the utter extermination of the Swiss nation. But they were bravely met. The sharpshooters attacked them from the tops of the hills, the clefts of the rocks, the coverts of the heather, and every place of vantage, and the Austrian blood dyed deeply every mountain stream. On one particular occasion a brave battalion of the Swiss were driven upon an open plateau, and speedily surrounded by the Austrian forces, and a terrific slaughter commenced. The Swiss fought, as usually they did, with the utmost bravery; but they were out-numbered by seven to one of their foes, who kept pressing upon them from every point. Their ruin would have been certain, but at the critical moment young Theodore brought up unexpectedly his "Boy-Volunteers." From a hundred points at once they opened a deadly fire. The Austrians fell by scores; they were for a moment paralyzed—then they wavered—then they were seized by a panic—the Swiss turned upon them—the boy-volunteers redoubled their fire—and then it was that the Austrians fled in confusion. They were followed by a rush from all sides, and were "knocked over" by thousands headlong from rock to rock, their dead bodies blocking up the mountain torrents, which seemed to run blood. This "boy-movement" is no fable in the history of the struggles of the Swiss for their independence; and should ever this country be attacked by the foe, let us hope that every one, whether man or boy, will turn out to do their country service. "Children in arms" there will always be,

no doubt, but without them we shall have men and boys with "arms in their hands" ever ready to repel the invader; and the school volunteer movement will do a great deal in the service—for in a few years boys will be turned into men, and men, let us hope, into heroes—should there ever be an occasion for a display of their prowess, which I trust there never will be: for, after all, there is nothing like peace and quietness, brotherly love, and neighbourly affection.

YES AND NO.

Speak out! Don't practise prevarication or circumlocution, young friends! It may be true of language, as judged by the dictionary, and as charged upon it by a famous satirical writer, that it was seemingly invented to hide thought, instead of expressing it. To this purpose the "ifs" and "ands," the "perhapses," &c., are very frequently put. But we warn you the more earnestly against their prevaricating use, if you are desirous of maintaining your self-respect and personal integrity. No, no. Never prevaricate! If a question is asked you, answer promptly, or decline answering altogether. And the latter course it is your privilege to take, if an improper question is put to you, from idle curiosity, or some worse motive. There is nothing more attractive in young people than frankness of bearing—frankness of look as well as of speech—an open countenance and a truthful tongue—an eye that never winks beneath the burden of a falsehood—a lip that refuses to let a lie pass over it.

There are no words in the English language more valuable than the little monosyllables "yes" and "no." There is no prevarication in them when properly uttered. But when they are drawled out into "ye-e-s" and "no-o-o," then they become words of prevarication. Out with them, in a clear ring of the voice, when you speak them! Only so will you do justice to your native sense of propriety. Only so can you be contented with yourself. Only so can you be truly happy! There is nothing so safe in the long run, and surely nothing more beautiful, than truth—truth frankly spoken. Speak out!

A PLEASING ANECDOTE.—Five or six years since, 16 young girls were sent from a workhouse school in England to Australia, where they were all soon comfortably settled, and turned out well. One of them had the good fortune to marry a man of considerable property; and on her returning to England a short time afterwards, one of her first acts was to call in her own carriage at the workhouse, for the purpose of expressing her gratitude to the schoolmistress for those kind offices which had enabled her to achieve so favourable a position in life.

For the Weekly Miscellany.
HOME.

Mr. Miscellany. Allow me to congratulate you on your intended appearance as a candidate for a share of public favour, in a path of varied usefulness. Your publishing proposition, as I understand it, consists in the devotion of a small paper to the cause of intelligence, and virtue. May you be faithful to your beneficial plan,—and may your readers be improved by your efforts, and yourself encouraged by the patronage which you seek.

I suppose your columns will have many appeals to more juvenile readers, as well as to those of more experience. Allow me to enquire if the former, and perhaps some of the latter might wisely consider the question,—Have they ever tried to duly estimate the privileges and the duties of Home? The vast difference which exists between being the honoured or loved member of a happy family, and being an outcast?—and the many gradations of those conditions? The “gradations,” Mr. Editor, are of commanding importance, and therefore I have marked the word to be printed in what you call italics, so as to give it prominence and emphasis.

Who can estimate the consequence of the decision of youth, when it determines whether its path shall be on the ascending scale of integrity, intelligence and virtue.—or on the fearful descent of disrepute, vice and disgrace;—or, which is more frequent, when it makes no choice, forms no determination, no plan of life, but waits idly and ignobly, for some passing current to direct the momentous outset of the voyage of life. Ah! when I think for a minute, of the importance of the topics here suggested,—I become aware, that a volume, rather than a brief communication would be required for their adequate consideration.

The woman of scripture, when, in return for varied acts of kindness and hospitality, was urged by the prophet to say how he might serve her interests, replied “I live among my kindred.” He saw that she enjoyed comfort and competence, and her answer appeared to intimate, that all other reasonable requirements were satisfied. She lived among her kindred, her home, judging from her character, was adorned by the virtues of love, and benevolence, and wisdom and prudence; what could the rulers of the earth offer, to enhance her blessings?

A gentle providence, for the most part, lulls us among the consolations of home and kindred, at our earliest years; and, more or less, surrounds our path with their influences during life's stormy scenes.

In some unfortunate instances, an unhappy home is the experience; but this, in the majority of cases, is induced by folly or vice, and might be provided against, by wisdom and virtue.

Let the young learn the inestimable value of a happy home;—let them strive to defend and foster its privileges;—let them aid all they can, and that is much, in forming such a circle,—and let them shun, as they would a nest of serpents, the habits which tend to deform and ruin the sacred precinct.

How varied are the homes of earth, in reference to their attractions, their cares and their joys; but, happily, the group in the poor garret, about the little hearth, may know the name of “Home” and understand its blessings, and respond to its duties, as well as the proprietors of park-surrounded mansions.

A force called gravitation, we are told, is the means of keeping the “Orbs of Heaven” in their orbits, and of causing harmony and perpetuity, in systems of worlds. Home may be described as a centre of moral gravitation to the orbs of the social system.

It causes the steady day by day revolution, about a centre of affection and security and duty;—and when, comet-like, some erratic members go from its immediate sphere, it exerts subtle influences, causing them to look back, frequently and fondly, and urging return, that they may draw draughts of light and love from the native fount.

How wise to mature these home feelings, which so much concern the art, the science, of individual happiness. And if unusually stern circumstances deny the desired realization,—if loneliness and abstraction become the rule,—if misanthropy whispers insidiously, as Satan at the ear of Eve, how well to repel the tempter,—to have a home in the heart,—to have a spiritual circle of friends and relatives,—to have a home above the varied maze of earthly homes,—and to be able to say, amid sorely trying experiences,—“He placeth the solitary in families;” “I have an house not built by hands,”—“I live,” in a peculiar and higher sense, “among my kindred.”

BUTTERFLIES.

“Oh! see, mamma, the flowers have got wings; see them fly round the garden!” exclaimed a little girl of three years old. She had never been in the country before, and did not know what to call the beautiful butterflies she saw sporting among the flower-beds. It was a pretty idea. The gorgeous dress of the butterfly is equaled only by the brilliant colours of the tulip and the rose, and they may well be called the flowers of the insect tribe.

It would take many pages to write only the names of all the different kinds of butterflies. Every country has thousands of different species; almost every plant gives nourishment to some different kind of worm which is afterward changed to a butterfly. They differ in size, colour, general appearance, and habits. Some of them are dressed in plain drab, others are gaudy, with the brightest colours. There are some specimens little larger than a pin's head, and some whose wings spread more than six inches. Many fly only by night, while others sport in the sunshine. The plainly-dressed species are called millers, because their coats appear as if dusted with flour. If you examine the wing of a butterfly or miller with a good microscope, you will perceive that this dust is composed of delicate and beautiful little scales, arranged as regularly as the feathers upon a bird. No artist, save the Divine Creator, could make such exquisite workmanship as is there shown.

Some people have the mistaken idea that the small butterflies are young ones, which in time will increase in size; but winged insects do not grow. All the growing, and most of the eating, is done before they get their wings.

A butterfly, like most other insects, is found in four different forms before completing his life: these are the egg, the larva, the pupa, and the imago. The egg is laid by the winged insect. It is seldom larger than a pin's head, and frequently so small as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye. The larva is hatched from the egg. Larva means a mask. While in this state, the insect has the form of a worm; he is thus “masked” under a different guise from that in which he will finally appear. The eating and growing are mostly accomplished during the larva state. The black and red hairy caterpillars, so common everywhere in summer time, are the larvæ of the Tiger moth. They subsist on the leaves of any plant on which they may be found; nettle-leaves are their favorite food.

The skin of a worm, or caterpillar, does not grow; and he soon becomes too large for his clothes. Then the skin splits along the back of the neck, and the creature comes out soft, moist, and helpless, but the new skin soon hardens, and the worm is ready for another feast. Each

hairy caterpillar changes his skin ten or eleven times before completing his growth.

After the larva has attained to full size, he begins to make for himself a winding-sheet. This is usually of silk, which is manufactured by the insect from a gummy fluid in his body, which is thrown out in fine threads, and hardens by exposure to the air. He wraps it round and round himself until he is completely encased, looking like a little mummy. This is called the pupa state—as the Latin word *pupa* signifies mummy. Some insects do not have this silken covering. They merely attach themselves by silken threads to some twig or sheltered place, and hang there, while a hard, shell-like skin forms over them. The pupa of a butterfly is called a chrysalis, or aurelia. They are often very beautiful, of a light-green colour, dotted with black and golden spots. They are sometimes improperly called butterflies' eggs.

While the insect is wrapped up in this case, apparently dead, a wonderful change is going on in his structure. The creeping worm, from which most people foolishly turn away with disgust, is being transformed to the beautiful winged creature which all love to look upon. The perfect insect which emerges from the pupa-case is termed the "imago," or image, because each such individual is an image and representative of the entire species. The imago of most insects in this climate comes from its confinement with return of warm weather. All through the cold weather, the butterflies and many other winged insects have been sleeping in their silken cradles, rocked by the winds as they hung suspended from twigs of trees or bushes. Had they ventured forth then, all must have perished; but the Creator, who made them all for some good purpose, continues to watch over them, and calls them from their prison-house when He has prepared the warm sunshine and the fragrant flowers for their reception.

The life of butterflies is a short and merry one. They dance gayly about for a single season, deposit their eggs, and having thus secured the perpetuation of their race, they die.

A CURIOUS INSECT.

The leaf insect of Ceylon exhibits one of the most cunning of all nature's devices for the preservation of her creatures. It is of every variety of hue, from the pale yellow of an opening bud to the rich green of the full grown leaf and the withered tint of decaying foliage. So perfect is the imitation, in structure and articulation, that these amazing insects, when at rest, are almost undistinguishable from the verdure around them; not the wings only being modeled to resemble ribbed and fibrous fallicles, but every joint of the legs being expanded into a broad plait like a half open leaflet.

PROCRASTINATION.

Procrastinators are rarely successful in life. Never defer till to-morrow what can be done at the present time. If you have a lesson to learn, begin at once; by constant repetition you will accomplish it. If you wish to acquire any particular branch of education, you must be studious; by practice you will surmount many difficulties. Should you have an important duty to perform, never defer it; by so doing you may bring life-long trouble upon others. Be prompt in your actions; whatever you undertake try and fulfil. Never promise what you cannot perform. Learn punctuality and self-reliance; then there will be no occasion to rely on another's ability for help. Never retire to rest (even if you are tired) without offering up a prayer to Heaven for protection and guidance. Always endeavour to be dutiful to those who are capable of advising you by their superior knowledge. They indeed feel happy who are at all times ready to do that which is required for their good.

TIME FOR CUTTING FLOWERS.

Flowers should not be cut during sunshine, or kept exposed to the sun; neither should the flowers be collected in large bundles and tied tightly together, as this invariably hastens their decay. When in the room where they are to remain, the end of the stalks should be cut cleanly across with a very sharp knife, (never with scissors,) by which means the tubes through which they draw the water are left open so that the water ascends freely, which it will not do if the tubes of the stems are bruised or lacerated. An endless variety of ornamental vessels are used for the reception of such flowers, and they are all equally well adapted for the purpose, so that the stalks are inserted in pure water. This water ought to be changed every day, or once in two days at the furthest, and a thin slice should be cleanly cut off from the end of each stalk every time the water is removed, which will occasion fresh action and revive the flowers. Water, about milk-warm, or containing a small quantity of camphor, will sometimes revive decayed flowers. The best method of applying this, is to have the camphor dissolved in spirits of wine, for which the common camphorated spirits of the druggists' shops will be quite sufficient, and to add a drop or two of this for every half ounce of water. A glass shade is also useful in preserving flowers; and cut flowers ought always to be shaded during the night, and indeed at all times when they are not purposely exhibited.

In saying that our days are few, we say too much. We have but one; the past are not ours, and who can promise us the future?

"Paper is rising," as the boy said when his kite was going up.

ALPINE PEASANTS.

The peasants who inhabit the slopes and valleys of the Swiss Alps are a most interesting people. Their industry, intelligence, and indomitable love of freedom have been proverbial for centuries. Shut in from the rest of the world by almost impassable mountain barriers, they are forced to depend mostly upon their own resources to supply the comforts of life. They know little of its luxuries, save those which money cannot buy—health, contentment, and keen enjoyment of their scanty possessions. Thus industry is a national necessity, and its certain accompaniments, thrift and virtue, are everywhere seen.

Much of the country is a vast waste of barren rocks, accessible only to the hardy chamois and the more hardy hunter, who pursues him over the perilous heights of his mountain-home. But wherever grass will grow, or a vine can be made to draw nourishment from the scanty soil, there the hand of industry taxes its fullest capacity, and the humble cottages, are surrounded with flowers and fruits, which crown them with beauty.

Patches of herbage are scattered here and there among the slopes of the mountains—some of them at great heights. During the short summer, the Alpine herdmen lead their little flocks up to these spots, and remain with them until the early winter forces them to return to the sheltered valleys. They may often be seen at such seasons bending under the weight of their rude household furniture which they carry upon their backs. They go cheerily along, enlivening their toilsome journey with cheering songs, which seem filled with the very spirit of the mountains that echo back their notes.

BAD COMPANY is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first or second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out: it can only be done by the destruction of the wood.

TO AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

Some extra copies of No. 1 have been printed as a reserve for new subscribers: it has been put to press a few days earlier than the day of publication, in order that agents may be enabled to forward their additional orders previous to issuing No. 2. Succeeding numbers will be published weekly from the date of this number.

Our Agents generally have very cordially interested themselves in procuring subscribers, and we trust our young readers will appreciate their kind exertions, by calling promptly for their papers, and by putting the agents to as little inconvenience as possible in their delivery, after the mails are opened.

A FINISHED EDUCATION.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN EDWARD & HENRY.

(RECITATION.)

SCENE.—HENRY alone in his study. Enter EDWARD, with a cigar in his hand.

Edward. Hurrah! this winds up school-days. Now for life.

Henry. Heigho! you appear to have steam up this morning.

E. Yes, sir, and *something's* got to move. But what are you moping over books for? Come, put away the rubbish, and take a turn with me.

H. Not so fast, my fly away! Suppose you throw away *your* rubbish; I mean that cigar you are making such a flourish with, and let's have a little chat. You're getting into such a fume, I shouldn't like to trust myself to go with you just now.

E. Oh, nonsense! you're a natural born old fogey, and you'll never know anything about life. I suppose you mean to grub away at your books until you get to be as wise and as stupid as Professor Brown, who is always in a brown study, and don't know enough to tie a cravat.

H. You talk a good deal about life, perhaps there's more in that word than you think of.

E. Yes, sir, I know there is. I'm like a bird that's been shut up these ten years in a cage of a school-room. How could I know anything about life? But now the door's open, and I'm bound to have my liberty.

H. Liberty to do what?

E. Why, whatever comes into my head. I can smoke when I like, I can go out nights, and come in when I please; I can have a jolly spree with the boys, and have good times generally, without any old Brown to do me *brown* for it.

H. According to your own story, you have merely chosen a new master, or rather, many masters, in place of Professor Brown. You expect to obey whatever notion comes into your head. Your fancy or your appetite will say "smoke," and you'll smoke. Your companions will say, "Let's have a jolly spree"—that is, "Let's drink wine until we are half crazy and can enjoy acting uprearious and silly," and you'll obey them and make a fool of yourself. Professor Brown never required anything half so unreasonable.

E. But you know a young fellow must sow his wild oats!

H. I don't know any *must* of the kind. I have determined to see life, too, and to have my liberty, and there shall be no *must* like that over me.

E. You're a queer fellow; you never would do like the rest of us; but I can't help liking you.

H. Thank you for your friendship. I wish I might use it for your benefit. Edward, you have never really thought what life is. Look at yourself a moment; you can think soundly if you'll only hold still long enough. You're a natural repre-

bate you sometimes seem. You have a body and a soul. They are for you to improve or ruin. - You can put them under training that will make them stronger, better, and happier, or you can suffer them to be made weak, mean, and miserable. Now, which course is true life?

E. But you would cut off all a fellow's fun.

H. No, but I would stop his folly. Don't I enjoy sport as well as you? I don't want to brag, but I'll ask who was the best skater on the pond, yesterday? Who has been the captain of your ball-club, and the leader on the academy playground?

E. You, of course; that's why I like you, in spite of your preaching.

H. Isn't the preaching, as you call it, true? Don't quarrel with the truth. I want to have the best part of me—the soul—as healthy and vigorous as the body, and both of them as noble as they can be made. That's *my* idea of life.

E. [Throws away his cigar.] I know you're right, and if I could always be with you, I shouldn't get so wild.

H. There's your weakness, and hence your danger in choosing foolish company. You are too ready to join in with every one you meet. Set yourself to be a man after your own ideas of right. You've a better right to lead others in a good way than they have to lead you wrong; and the true way to become a leader is to rule yourself. But come, now we've had a long talk, and as I've seen you've thrown away your sign of weakness, I'll take a walk with you.

WRITING COMPOSITIONS.

Write about what interests you. That rule will guide you to the choice of a good subject for your first efforts. By-and-by, after much practice, you will learn that one of the best ways to *become* interested in a subject is to try to express thoughts upon it; but I wish now particularly to help the beginner.

What were you doing after school hours yesterday? Flying your kite? Playing tag, or "hide-and-go-seek," or at some other fine sport? Or did you take a walk to the woods to look for winter-greens, or to see if any crocuses and violets were yet peeping out to ask if spring had indeed come? Or, perhaps, there was work to be done: the kindling-wood to split, the coal to bring in, the cows to milk, or other "chores" to attend to. Some of the girls, perhaps, were having a good slide on the pond, or were busy helping mother clear up the house, or getting tea ready, or sewing patchwork, or mending their brothers' shirts and stockings. Whatever it was, particularly if you were interested in it, will furnish a good subject for a composition, provided you will write your own thoughts, and not what you suppose some one else would say about

it. "What!" says Susan, "write a composition about washing dishes, and tell just what I thought?" Yes, just that. Let us see how it might read:

"I wish we didn't have to wash dishes every day. It isn't pleasant work. Sometimes the water is so hot it burns my fingers, and sometimes the dishes fall, and get broken, and I get a scolding. But if the water isn't hot, they won't look so nice. I wonder why hot water makes them cleaner than cold! I wish somebody would invent a machine for washing dishes; they have machines to do almost everything now-a-days."

There, isn't that the way your thoughts run?

"But you don't call that a good composition!" say you.

Who expects you to write a *good* composition at first? I only wish to show you that it is easier to begin the exercise than you may have supposed, and to encourage you to make the trial. If you do not commence until you know how to write a good composition, you will be like the boy who resolved never to go into the water until he knew how to swim. To become an accomplished writer requires much thought, study, and practice. The great difficulty lies at the very commencement, in making up your mind that you can do it, and surely few boys and girls will confess that they could not equal Susan's supposed essay on washing dishes.

Your teacher will kindly point out faults to be avoided, and suggest how improvements can be made, and by attending to their instructions you will advance step by step, until composition will be a delight and not a task.

From the very first, resolve that you will try to *express your own thoughts*, and then endeavour to observe and think and act, so that you may have good thoughts, and you will find your whole life benefited by the attempt.

A GOOD YOUNG PRINCE.

"As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined."

The Duchess of C—, a lady as distinguished for her mental qualities as for her goodness of heart, was celebrating her birthday in the palace of a small German capital, where she had resided since she was left a widow, and laboured so lovingly in the relief of the poor and afflicted, that a clever English nobleman said, and said truly, of her, "Benevolence is her synonyme."

The court of congratulation was just over. Exhausted by the tedious and troublesome ceremony, the lady had retired from the reception-room to her boudoir, when she heard light, hurried footsteps coming up the stairs.

"Ah! ah!" she said to herself, "those are my grandsons coming to congratulate me."

So it was. Two healthy growing lads of ten and eleven years of age came in

whom we will distinguish by the names of Albert and Ernest. After affectionately kissing the duchess's hand, Ernest repeated the stereotyped phrases—

"Many happy returns of the day, and I wish you all happiness. May Heaven give you health, and let you love us all the same, dear grandmamma."

"Well," the duchess replied, "that will depend chiefly on yourselves. If you are good, kind, obedient boys, I shall always love you just the same. Now tell me how you have behaved since this day last year when you congratulated me? Have you been industrious and good?"

"Oh, yes, dear grandma," Ernest replied, and began telling her all he had learned since then, while Albert modestly held his tongue.

"Very good," the duchess interrupted him; "but better than all this is a kind heart, which may Heaven ever bestow on you! Now, how do matters stand with your purse? How have you employed the sum I gave you last year?"

Ernest accurately explained how he had laid it out, but Albert hesitated a little. The duchess, however, did not appear to notice his embarrassment, but gave each of her grandsons the customary present of ten louis d'or, and dismissed them with the following warning:—

"There was, once on a time, an Emperor of Rome, who was wont to say that no one should go away sorrowfully from an interview with a prince. He was indefatigable in doing good and caring for the welfare of his country; and when, one evening at supper, he remembered, to his alarm, that he had not done a kindness to any one during that day, he exclaimed, with an outburst of deep and genuine sorrow, 'My friends, I have lost a day! Take this emperor as a model, and live in a princely way like him.'"

The boys bounded down the stairs happy and delighted. When they reached the palace gates, an old woman, bowed down by grief and wretchedness, accosted them.

"Ah! my dear young gracious gentlemen," the old woman said, "will you not bestow a trifle of charity on a poor aged creature? My cottage is going to be sold for debts, and I shall not know then where to lay my head. Besides, this very morning, my goat, the only means of support I have, was seized because I could not pay the taxes. Now I do not know how to gain a livelihood. Be charitable to me."

Ernest assured her that he had no small change, and hastened on. The tears had stood in Albert's eyes on hearing the old woman's affecting statement. He seemed to hesitate for a moment, but then, after remembering his grandmother's Roman emperor, he quickly thrust his hand into his pocket, gave the woman his ten louis d'or, and ran off, happy in the thought of having done a good deed.

When the old woman opened her hand, and saw the gold coin sparkling, she was terribly alarmed. She went at once to the porter and told him all that had happened, and he sent for the chamberlain. After the woman had repeated the story to the chamberlain, he took the gold from her and carried it to the duchess with the necessary explanation. The lady sent for the old woman, inquired more fully into her story, praised her honesty, and gave her two more louis d'or in addition to the ten. With tears of joy at the thought that she could now release her cottage and her goat, the old woman left the much-affected princess with the heartfelt words of thanks, "May God requite it to you!"

A year quickly passed away, and the duchess again kept her birthday. Once again the court was clear, and her two grandsons ran up to congratulate her.

"Well," said the Duchess, after the two boys had made their little speech, each in his way, "how did you expend your last year's present?"

Ernest very rapidly narrated everything he had bought with it. At the head-stood a small marionette theatre, and an harmonica which represented the orchestra. After these came a barrel organ for private concerts, and a crossbow.

"And you," the duchess said to Albert, who maintained an embarrassed silence, "how did you get rid of your money?"

"I—I am—I——" Albert stammered, but not a word more could he bring out.

"I am aware," the duchess interrupted, "that you are not so careful an account-keeper as your brother, and hence are unable to mention all the items; still you can surely remember some one thing you have to show for your money. Reflect, or else I shall be compelled to hold back your usual present this year."

Albert, turning very red, looked down on the ground, rubbed his hands in ever-increasing embarrassment, and at last kissed his grandmother, as if asking pardon for a fault, while his eyes filled with tears.

"Come, come, calm yourself, my dear Albert," the duchess said; and tears stood in her eyes, too. "I have known for a year past how you disposed of your money. You employed it very well—better than your brother—in a truly princely way, for you dried the tears of misery with it. Your conduct to-day imparts the real value to your charitable action. 'The left hand must never know what the right hand doeth,' the great Friend of men and children has told us in the Gospel, and you have acted faithfully in accordance with His word. For that reason you will receive twenty louis d'or to-day. You, however, Ernest, will receive nothing; but if you will come to me to-morrow, at the same hour, I will repeat to you explicitly the story of the Roman emperor which I told you last

year. Albert does not require it, for he has acted fully in his spirit."

And so it happened. The duchess told her grandson the story of the Emperor Titus fully, with the necessary application and moral, and did so with such a good result, that, on the next birthday, he was also deemed worthy to receive twenty louis d'or. He has since become a truly charitable prince, and is sincerely beloved by his subjects, so true it is that example proves the best teacher.

I think I need hardly explain to my readers who the good prince was, or how his memory smells sweet and blossoms in the dust among us. The only consolation we have for his loss is that he retained the title he acquired in his youth to the last, and will be known by it—the proudest a prince can attain—to all succeeding generations.

A WORD TO APPRENTICES.

Apprenticeship is the most important stage of life through which a mechanic is called to pass; it is emphatically the spring season of his days—the time when he is sowing the seed, the fruits of which he is to reap in after years. If he spare no labour in its proper culture, he is sure of obtaining an abundant harvest; but if, in the culture of the mental soil, he follows the example of many in tilling the earth, and carelessly and negligently does his work, like them, he will find the seeding time past, and his ground only bringing forth weeds and briars. Let the young apprentice bear in mind, when he commences learning any business, that all hopes of success in the future are doomed to fade away like the morning mist, unless he improve the golden season. Let him bear in mind that he can become master of his business only through the closest application and the most persevering industry; and that unless he does master it, he may bid farewell to all the visions of future prospects and success. The apprenticeship is the foundation of the great mechanical edifice; and surely if the foundation of a structure be not firm, the structure itself crumbles and falls to the earth. Then, young friends, persevere; be studious and attentive; study well all the branches of your business, both practical and theoretical—and when the time shall come for you to take an active part in life, you will not fail to be of use, not only in your own particular business, but in society.

THE WEeping WILLOW.—The first weeping willow in England was planted by Pope, the poet. Having received a present of some figs from Turkey, and observing a twig in the basket ready to bud, he planted it in his garden, and it soon became a fine tree. From this stock all the weeping willows in England and America originated.

BE WHAT YOU SEEM.

"BE WHAT YOU SEEM" and seem what you should be,

The child of truth, from all dishonour free;
Brave and humane, and generous, just, and wise;

Revere what's good—the bad you will despise.

Be what you seem—let virtue mould each thought,

And form the heart, with every goodness fraught;

Thy country's good prefer to private ends,
And taste the pleasure that high views attends.

Be what you seem—benevolence ope thine eye,
And teach thee how her objects to desery;

Befriend the poor, dry up each briny tear,
Nor close thy bounty with th' revolving year.

VARIETIES.

COCK ROBIN A WEATHER GLASS.—It is asserted in *Adams's Birds of Song* that the robin may be considered part of the naturalist's barometer. On a summer evening, though the weather may be in an unsettled or rainy state, he sometimes takes his stand on the topmost twig, or on the house-top, singing cheerfully and sweetly. When this is observed, it is an unerring promise of succeeding fine days. Sometimes, though the atmosphere is dry and warm, he may be seen melancholy, chirping, and brooding in a bush, or low in a hedge; this promises the reverse of his merry lay and exalted station.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.—Vice grows rapidly, but virtue is a plant of tardy production. The virtues are, in fact, the flowers, more or less beautiful, which grow in the moral garden of the human heart; but the vices are the weeds, which, owing to man's innate depravity, spring up spontaneously, and, if not suppressed or controlled, soon leave their nebler rivals no room to exist in the same vicinity.

He that sympathises in all the happiness of others, enjoys the safest happiness; and he that is warned by all the folly of others, has attained the soundest wisdom.

TO COPY EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.—The work you wish to copy should be laid upon a table, quite flat, and free from any folds. Then "baste" or pin upon the work the calico that is intended to receive the pattern. With the left hand hold down the fabric, and then rub the pattern with the bowl of a common metal teaspoon, a leaden or pewter one, as Britannia or other hard metal is not so good for the purpose. The effect of this process will be a black metal tracing upon the calico the exact pattern of the embroidery below. This mode of copying work is simple, and rapid of execution.

A vocalist says he could sing "Away down on the old Tar River," if he could only get the "pitch."

In contemplating your misfortunes always look beneath you; in thinking of your virtues and wisdom always look above you: thus shall you be kept from despair and from pride.

"Ma, have you got any carrots?" asked a little boy, who had been writing a letter for his mother. "Why, my son?" asked his mother. "'Cause I left out a word in my letter, and the teacher says that when we leave out a word, we must put in a carrot, and write the word we want to put in over the line."

What is that which goes from Halifax to Truro without moving? A railroad.

"Boy, why don't you go to school?"—" 'Cause, sir, daddy is afeard that if I larns everything now, I shan't have anything to larn ven I comes to the 'cademy."

The miser hides his savings, but the early school-boy saves his hidings.

"YOUR FARE, MISS."—A young lady from the West lately entered a city railroad car. Soon after the conductor approached her and said, "Your fare, miss." She blushed and looked confused, but said nothing. The conductor was rather astonished at this, but ventured to remark once more. "Your fare, miss." This time she blushed deeper, and replied, "Wall, if I am good-lookin' you hadn't ought ter say it out loud afore folks."

MENTAL RECREATIONS.

Answers to the following Questions will be given in next No. In the mean 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 papers are received. All communications in connection with this Department of the Weekly Miscellany should be sent post paid.

REBUS.

An island in the North Atlantic Ocean; a town in Scotland; a town in Surrey; a county in the Lowlands of Scotland; a river in Bavaria; a town in Bavaria; a province in Hindostan; a city in Scotland; one of the Sandwich Islands; a sea-port of France; a river in Italy; a maritime town in Denmark; a lake in Scotland; an ocean in the Western Hemisphere; a river in France; a town in Scotland; a kingdom to the south of Italy; a sea-port in Spain; a river in Hungary; one of the Society Islands; a town to the south of France; a river in Russia; an ancient town of Palestine; a country to the north of Europe; a city in Devonshire; and a town of Westphalia in Germany, famous for its mineral waters.—The initials and finals will name an event of great public interest.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION:

I saw a tree with tempting fruit,
Just sixty-five feet high;
But a deep ditch that lay between
Forbade me to come nigh.
The ditch was fifty-two feet wide—
Now I would gladly know
How long a ladder I must get
To reach the topmost bough:

RIDDLE.

What is it that's feather'd, yet is not a bird?
And which without wings is well known to fly?
Yet what is the strangest of things ever heard,
That though you may shoot it, it never will die?

PROSPECTUS.

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