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The Proprietors of the Times feel that in appealing to the public for a continuance and an increase of the favor they have so abundantly extended to it hitherto, they can refer to the past as a guarantee for the future. They aim first of all to make the Times as a Newspaper inferior to none in New York City or in any part of the United States. They will spare no expense nor any labor necessary to procure for its columns the earliest, fullest and most reliable information, upon all subjects that may enlist public interest and attention. The Correspondence of the Times, both Foreign and Domestic, is especially copious and attractive—enlisting in its writers connected with the press in any part of the world. In its Congressional and Legislative reports—its accounts of public meetings,—its record of Personal, Literary, and General Intelligence, it will not be surpassed by any journal of the day.

In its Political and Social discussions, the Times will adhere steadily and firmly to the course it has hitherto pursued. It neither claims to speak the sentiments, nor will it consent to follow the dictation of any party, nor is it devoted to the interests of any man or of any faction. It is, and will remain, independent of parties, and regardless of mere party objects—pursuing such a course, in all respects and on all subjects, as shall seem to its Editor best calculated to promote the public welfare, and to advance the great principles of Republican Freedom and of Christian Morality, on which all social and all civil good must always depend. It will urge and advocate Education, Industry, Temperance, Economy, equal and exact Justice to all men, submission to Law, devotion to Civil Order, the Love of Liberty and of the Union, adherence to the Constitution in its letter and its spirit, the development and strengthening of a truly American sentiment, respect for the religious, social and personal rights of all classes, and that general culture and elevation of the public spirit on which, far more than on specific measures, the advancement of Society depends. While it claims the right to discuss every subject of public interest and importance, and to present its own views upon them all, it will exercise this right with due respect for others whose opinions may be different, and with that just regard for public sentiment essential to public usefulness. It will seek in all things to substitute Reason for Dogmatism—appeals to judgment instead of passion—and a reliance upon the sound patriotism, morality and common sense of the People, instead of the prejudices, the selfishness, or the vanity of individuals. It will advocate all just and salutary Reforms—will denounce abuses wherever they may exist—urge economy, efficiency, and an intelligent regard for the public good in every department of the public service—resist all unjust aggression upon the rights, the institutions, and the sentiments of every section; and in all things aim to promote harmony of sentiment and unity of effort among all the friends of rational Freedom, of sound Morality and of universal Education. While there will be no deviation from the conduct of the paper hitherto in these respects, every effort will be made to give it additional strength and interest in every department.

The Editorial management of the Times will continue to be hereafter, as it has been heretofore, under the exclusive supervision and control HENRY J. RAYMOND, assisted in its various departments by accomplished and experienced writers.

The Daily Times (Morning or Evening Edition as may be desired) is sent to subscribers by mail in any part of the United States for Six Dollars a year.

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The Weekly Times, containing a selection from the Daily, embracing the news of the day, and all articles of general interest, is sent to subscribers by mail, for Two Dollars a year. Three copies will be sent for Five, Ten copies for Fifteen, and Twenty copies for Twenty-five Dollars to one address.

Payment in all cases is required invariably in advance; and no papers will ever be sent until the receipt of the money.

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VIRGINIA IRON WORKS.
GILL, KELLY & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
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Select Poetry.

SONG OF THE SWORD.

"Weary, and wounded, and worn,
Wounded and ready to die,
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
On the field of battle to lie.
The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford;
While with a sad and terrible tone,
He sang the Song of the Sword.

"Fight! fight! fight!
Though a thousand fathers die;
Fight! fight! fight!
Though thousands of children cry:
Fight! fight! fight!
Whilst mothers and wives lament
And fight! fight! fight!
While millions of money are spent.

"Fight! fight! fight!
Should the cause be foul or fair;
Though all that is gained is an empty name
And a tax to great to bear;
An empty name and a paltry fame,
And thousands lying dead;
While every glorious victory
Must raise the price of bread.

"War! war! war!
Fire, and famine, and sword,
Desolate fields and desolate towns,
And thousands scattered abroad,
With never a home and never a shed,
While kingdoms perish and fall,
And hundreds of thousands are lying dead·
And all—for nothing at all.
Ah! why should such mortals as I
Kill those whom we never could hate,
'Tis obey your commander or die—
'Tis the law of the Sword and State,
For we are the veriest of slaves
That ever had their birth:
For to please the whim of a tyrant's will,
Is all our use upon earth.

"War! war! war!
Musket, and powder, and ball;
Ah! what do we fight so for?
Ah! why have we battles at all?
'Tis justice must be done, they say,
The nation's honor to keep:
Alas! that justice is so dear,
And human life so cheap!
'Tis sad that a Christian land,
A professedly Christian state,
Should thus despise that high command,
So useful and so great;
Delivered by Christ himself on earth,
Our constant guide to be;
To "love our neighbors as ourselves,
And bless our enemy."

"War! war! war!
Misery, murder and crime,
Are all the blessings I've seen in thee
From my youth to the present time.
Misery, murder and crime,
Crime, misery, murder and woe;
Ah! would I had known in my younger days
In the hours of my boyish glee,
A tenth of its misery;
I now had been joining a happy band
Of wife and children dear,
And I had died in my native land,
Instead of dying here."

"Weary, and wounded, and worn—
Wounded and ready to die,
A soldier they left alone and forlorn,
On the field of battle to lie;
The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford,
Whilst thus with a sad and terrible tone,
(Would that those truths were more perfectly known)
He sang the Song of the Sword!"

Selected Miscellany

SIBERIA
And its Exiled Inhabitants.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Siberia is one of the wonders of the world. Life there seems almost a miracle. With a temperature at 40° below the freezing point—so low that mercury freezes in the thermometer, and a man's breath is converted into ice as soon as it leaves his mouth, and hangs in icicles around the small aperture which he leaves for breathing, through the bear skin, or wolf skin in which he is wrapped—and where even the brandy that he carries in his pocket, to keep it liquid with the heat of the body, is often curdled with the cold, and if not hastily swallowed, converted into a solid spirit—it seems impossible that man can live, or living can enjoy life. But yet he does live there, and laughs and jokes, and makes the ceiling ring with his wit and his fun. He dances, too, and makes love, and rears children to inherit his patrimony.

Who would go there if not driven by necessity? And yet who drove the Esquimaux or the Greenlanders northward? They are not exiles. They have chosen voluntarily their present residence, or at least they may retreat from it if they choose. But habit reconciles them. They understand the mode of resisting the elements, and their experience is useful to humanity, and probably it is only pioneering the way that supreme dominion which is promised to man, and which cannot be complete so long as he is mastered by frost and snow.

The inhabitants of Siberia seem to be driven there. On an average, about ten thousand exiles are distributed annually among its dreary wastes. Most probably the country would not be peopled without compulsion, and yet the sites upon which Moscow and St. Petersburg now stand are almost as inhospitable at certain seasons of the year. To a native of this country, exposure to the climate of Moscow would be as dreadful as expose to that of Siberia to a native of Moscow. The natives of Siberia cannot endure the degree of warmth in which the exiles indulge. The human body accomodates itself to its circumstances; and as cultivation and civilization have evidently the effect of ameliorating the climate of a country, who knows but ere long, by the creeping process of Siberian colonization, immense tracts of now desert land may be as well peopled as the neighborhood of Moscow.

What is most remarkable in reference to the climate of Siberia is, that it should be so very cold in latitudes no further north than that of London. In the same latitude as the middle countries of England, and but a trifle higher than Montreal and Quebec, mercury will freeze in Siberia in winter. Moscow is not further north than Glasgow and Edinburg; and in the Orkney Islands, which are farther north than Tobolski, the climate is so very mild in winter that many seasons pass without supplying ice sufficiently strong to admit of the pastime of skating; whilst in Tobolski the cold is so very intense that snow falls in your apartment if you merely open the window and let in cold air—for the air appears to be frozen, and is said by the people to be so and by increasing its temperature its vapor becomes snow. The cause of this difference lies in the sea, which being generally of a pretty equal temperature throughout the year, makes all islands and especially small ones, insensible to the variations of continental climates. It is not the northern latitude of Siberia that desolates it with cold, so much as the immense tracts of land—and this land gives it a corresponding warmth in summer; so that by taking advantage of the short season of hot weather, the inhabitants can provide themselves abundance for the winter, and even contrive to lead a life of idleness and merry-making.

Their houses are built in such a manner as to make them very comfortable during the cold weather; so that going to bed in Siberia is even more pleasant in January than is in our own country—for every house has a large stove of stone or brick in the centre, and all the rooms are built round it; and this is constantly supplied with hot embers, without flame or smoke, and well shut, it keeps every room in the house at any agreeable temperature that it required, so that one may go to bed in winter at a comfortable summer heat.—Rich people have a servant expressly on purpose to attend to this fire place, and the members of poor families take the charge of theirs in turns. And thus, if a family has a plentiful supply of wood and provisions for the winter, and also a spacious house they can lead a very jolly and comfortable life; and the arrangements of society are such as in general afford the poorest the means of accomplishing this.

There are, therefore, great compensations made to the inhabitants of Siberia for the severity of their climate. 'In the summer time,' says Mr. S. S. Hill, who has lately returned to England from the farthest regions of Eastern Siberia, 'Tomski is deserted by its able bodied men who seek occupation chiefly at the mines on the Yenessei. The labor at the mines generally begins sooner or later in June, according to the season, and lasts till September, before the close of which month the proprietors are obliged by law to discharge all workmen and laborers whatsoever. The remuneration they receive for their labors during this short period, if they choose to save all they earn, is usually enough to maintain them with little or no effort during the rest of the year.—Thus the town is filled during the winter with idlers, who become practised in every sort of vice. The strong arm, indeed, of the law is not able to keep them from worse excesses than disgrace humanity among savages.'

Mr. Hill thinks there is too much liberty in Russia—the liberty of doing mischief. The upper classes require a very severe check, and he records with approval a remark made to him in Irkoutsk, when a new Governor was coming, and all were anxious about the character of the man.—'There's more alarm,' said the Swiss, 'at the report of the new Governor having done, or contemplated doing, an act of justice or humanity on the road, than doubtless would be if had arrived that a tyrant was on his way to practice his unlicensed cruelties, and to license the oppression of others.' They are more afraid of justice than injustice, for they suffer more from it. The good suffer from injustice, the bad from justice.

There are, however, many nice agreeable people in Sibearia, and people also so fond of their country that they could not bear to live any where else. Mr. Hill met with a beautiful young lady in Irkousk, the daughter of an officer in the mining establishment, who spoke French well, and had read much of France and England and expressed a great desire to see them, especially France; but at the same time she declared she could not continue to live happily in any country but Siberia! 'But when I asked her whether, when the lovely hills and fresh valleys, with their corn fields, orchards, parks, groves, and green meadows, of which she delighted to talk, might not be tempted to abandon her native Irkoutsk, and even friends at home, she declared her attachment to the place of her birth to be such that she hardly knew whether, even if her father were called to live in Russia, she could endure an absence from Irkoutsk for six months.' Her heart was there, no doubt, and she felt it warm enough to defy the ice and snow that surrounded her.

Mr. Hill gave a very different account of the condition of the exiles from what is generally believed to be the truth. But travelers vary so much in their reports that it is difficult to distinguish the true from the false in their narratives. It may be true that all are true—one happening to see the sunny side of the hill, the other not. In Irkoutsk, Mr. Hill saw many political exiles, who had been condemned to labor for life in the mines of Nertchinsk, but into these abodes of the worst criminals they never descend. The labor which they performed for some time consisted for the most part, in various occupations, which were not rigorously enforced, the chief of which was grinding corn in hand mills. They were nevertheless confined in a prison, which was at first windowless, and gloomy and wretched, though it did not long so remain.

It happened, and reflects lasting honor on the women of Russia, that the wives of nearly all those who were so fortunate as to have them, followed the fortunes of their husbands. Their first act after their arrival was to petition the imperial government that there might be windows pierced in the prison, and that a few comforts which their husbands were then without might be conceded; and the prayer of their petition was granted. For the remaining portion of two years these exiles continued daily employed at the work above mentioned under a superintendence so mild that no more labor was extracted from them than they themselves found it expedient to perform, and which was indeed necessary, in the words of one of the principal among them, "to relieve the weariness of time and give them appetites." At the end of this period they were released from prison, and permitted to live in the villages in the vicinity, where most of them resided for three years. After this, a third step in the amelioration of their condition was made, and giving them permission to choose any village with the same government, in which they prefer to settle as colonists. They generally chose such as were not far distant from the capital, and they are now engaged in the cultivation of the land. But finally, at the end of five years, they were allowed to settle in this or any other town, as they thought proper.'

Mr. Hill was in the habit of visiting in the houses of the exiles, and there he met officers, merchants, and mining proprietors, and in fact the gentry of the place, or persons belonging to classes. Nor did the police appear to lay an interdict upon the greatest familiarity with them. Once, however, the friends of the exiles all suddenly abandoned them, and that was when a new Governor was on the point of arriving; but no sooner was the Governor known to be a man of indulgence than back they all came and renewed their former friendship. In Russia, much more it appears depends on the character of individual magistrates than on the laws. The law there is less absolute than the individual.

After reading Mr. Hill's "Travel's in Siberia,' one is not horrified with the idea of Siberian exile. It seems very tolerable. Life there has its enjoyments and its refinements. There are balls and concerts—and though the exiles do not usually attend them, it is rather from obedience to a rule of etiquette amongst themselves than any other preventive cause. There may be special severities practiced upon special individuals, and indeed there must be, in order to reconcile the apparently conflicting narratives that circulate in the press—but assuredly, if Mr. Hill's description of Siberian exile be correct in the main, it is by no means the monster grievance that we have been in the habit of regarding it.

In Tomsk, in Eastern Siberia, Mr. Hill met the Albino who was exhibited in London about twenty-five or thirty years ago. His parents made a show of him. He had white hair and red eyes, and a very fair complexion. He is now a wine-merchant in Tomsk, and became a Russian subject in order to save himself from ruin in some unfortunate commercial transaction. He is a very wonderful man, and speaks six languages with great accuracy and fluency. He goes by the name of Albinos, and shines in the town council of Tomsk, being a great reader, and possessessed of great knowledge. He is one of the very few exceptions of Englishmen transferring their allegiance to the Russian Autocrat. But perhaps he is better used in Russia, where they do not make a show, but a town councillor of him. He is a voluntary exile. Only think of a native of Holborn parish, in London, voluntarily condemning himself to exile to Siberia, so far away, that the exiles from Russia generally take two years to accomplish the journey, and about one-fifth of them die on the way.

A person came to Mr. L. one day and said, 'I have something against you, and I am come to tell you of it.' 'Do walk in, sir,' he replied; 'you are my best friend. If I could but engage all my friends to be faithful with me, I should be sure to prosper: but if you please, we will both pray in the first place, and ask the blessing of God on our interview.' After they rose from their knees, and had been much blessed together, he said: 'Now I will thank you my brother, to tell me what it is that you have against me.'—'Oh,' said the man, 'I really don't know what it is; it's all gone, and I believe I was in the wrong.'

A Quakeress, being jealous of her husband took occasion to watch his movements rather closely, and one morning actually discovered the truant hugging and kissing the pretty servant girl while seated on the sofa by her side. Broadbrim was not long in discovering the face of his wife, as she peered through the half open door, and, rising with all the coolness of a general, thus addressed her.

'Betsy, my wife, thee had better quit thy peeping, or thee will cause a disturbance in the family.' The effect was electrical.

Assassination in Constantinople.

The following letter, though we have reason to believe its details to be perfectly true, reads like a leaf taken from the 'Arabian Nights:'

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 20.—Many of our readers will doubtless remember that this capitol has for some length of time been the scene of many mysteriously perpetrated robbers of houses, and the equally mysterious and sudden disappearance of many an English private of A. B. This 'killing' work reached its climax about May or June last, at the time when so many troops were quartered in and about this city. Some people regarded these acts of bloodshed as nothing more than the result of some midnight brawl, others considered them the works of Moslem fanaticism. But the fact has never satisfactorily accounted for, nor did the many investigations of the police ever succeed in obtaining any clue as to the perpetrators until very lately, when the mystery of these deeds was cleared up. And it is a great blessing that the villians have been at last secured, as the cases of murders were again becoming very frequent. On the 2d of January a gipsy came to the chief canvass, or superintendent of police, and offered to disclose the haunt of a gang of murderers, on payment of a reward of 1,000 piastres. Though immediately secured, he refused to divulge a single fact without the promise of the above sum.—The threat of immediate execution was next tried on him, when the gipsy, in order to save himself, declared the whole as a got up story. Hereupon he was sent in charge of a canvass to the prison, but neither vans nor handcuffs are in fashion here, and the gipsy managed to make his escape again. Next morning he was found dead in the open street, with four deep gashes in his breast. It is supposed that the gang got wind of the gipsy's intention to betray them, and accordingly, quietly dispatched him, to render him harmless for the future.

In the evening of the 2d, as some cavasses were making their rounds in one of the streets of Galata, they observed two men carrying a large bag between them, apparently with much difficulty. The policeman suspected them by their manner to have committed some theft and accordingly, to escape observation, got into the shade of a dead wall to allow the others to approach. But this plan failed, for the moon that moment reappearing from behind a cloud, threw her light full on the dead wall, whereupon the two men let fall their bag, and took to their heels. The bag was found to contain the body of an English soldier with a bullet through his head.

On the night of the 6th three French soldiers, walking through one of the streets at Pera, suddenly came upon two Greeks carrying the body of an English sailor. Suspecting the commission of a foul deed, the Frenchmen unslung their rifles which hung at their sides, and gave chase to the Greeks, who instantly dropped their burden and ran off. The chase continued, up one lane and down the other for some time, when the pursued suddenly halted, and gave a loud, shrill whistle. Suddenly the previously empty lane was orewded with dark figures, who rushed on the unfortunate Frenchmen who had thus nobly endeavored to avenge the death of the English sailor. They fired, and made a gallant stand for some time, until the over whelming numbers bore them down, stabbing and club bing them without mercy. Soon after, some cavasses passing by, the ruffians disappeared again as quickly as they had come to the rescue of their fellow murderer, but not without leaving two of the Frenchmen dead. The third lives just long enough to make his statement to the police, who instantly searched all the the neighboring houies courts and valleys but without finding any thing suspicious whatever.

A former member of the Baden volunteer corps, who has been obtaining a scanty livelihood here by executing all sorts of commissions, whereby he not unfrequently came in contact with some of the scum of all nations volunteered to find the haunt of this mysterious gang; and as he could be generally depended on, his tender was accepted, and a dagger and a revolver given him for protection. On the morning of the 9th he was found dead outside of Pera. A Canvass, who had also volunteered to solve the mystery, likewise fell a victim and was picked up one morning covered with dagger wounds, and perfectly dead. On the 11th, however, the mystery was solved. It happened as follows: A Pole of the name of Glabacz, and an Italian, Pisani by name, happened to occupy the same room. The Italian led a very free and easy life, was seldom at home, and does not appear to have been a novice in gambling either. After having been out all night, Pisani entered their common dwelling on the morning of the 10th, with dejected looks, which caused his friend, the Pole to demand of him what ill luck he had had. Pisani answered, that he had lost all his cash that night at play, and had even to leave his gold watch as a security for a borrowed sum, adding, 'I shall go and redeem my watch directly or the rascally host will change it—and I would not loose that watch for the world. Hang these nameless streets and numberless houses! I should despair of finding the cabaret again but for a clever trick of mine; as I left the house I cut a large cross on the house door with my knife—that is my only guide, but it is a mark which the old rogue cannot easily efface.' He took all his money and every valuable trinket he possessed and departed determined to lose all or win his money back.

Glabacz had a presentiment that something would go wrong, and determined to go in search of his friend if he did not make his appearance by next morning.—Morning came, but no Pisani; and Glabacz therefore set out to carry his resolution into effect. He had wandered about fruitlessly for about an hour, when he entered a small cabaret to refresh himself with a glass of rum. He gave the host a piastre, and demanded his change in paras. In one of these paras he he had only the day before scratched his name with a nail, and recognized it as belonging to Pisani, who must have given away that para. He therefore entered into conversation with the gin-shop keeper, asked him whether an Italian had been here lately, and whether he had played at his house.—The man evaded the question, and his manner appeared altogether so odd, that Glabacz took his departure in order to have a look at the street door. Sure enough, there was the cross hurriedly scratched on the outside. Turning into the next street, he met a file of policemen attending on some arabas, which contained the bodies of those who had fallen victims in the past night. There were fourteen corpses; of those, seven were English four French; Pissani lay lifeleless there. No doubt could now exist as to who the perpetrators of these crimes were, and where their den was; and on that same day the whole premises were surrounded by military, who effected the capture of 15 men and eight women, all of whom will no doubt meet with the punishment they so richly deserve.—*English Paper.*

Where are you Going?

In these days when every young man and woman is smitten with the desire to go to the ends of the earth seeking new things, it is well that a few common sense facts should be repeated, that these crusaders after happiness may not be utterly blind to the other side of the question they solve without reflection. Probably several thousand people whose privilege it is to read the *Ohio Farmer* are burning with internal flames after a change of circumstances:—Farmers who are getting rich too slow: merchants who are getting poor too fast: aspirants for office whom the people do not yet recognize; ministers a good many years this side a D. D.: lawyers in threadbare coats: young men disappointed in love; young women heaving in sight of the desert of old-maidenhood; people who have and are nothing now, but think there is a place where they can gain every thing; people who are and have enough now, yet long for more;—all these and more, are thinking by day, and laying awake o'nights, revolving the one thought of a change of situation. They study the geography of the West; buy a book on California; write letters to the Kansas Emigrant Aid Society; bore every man or woman who has come from the place they would go to, and treasuring up every tit-bit of encouragement, dismiss the other side with disgust. Nobody knows what a fever rages in America on this very theme; and we would be glad to see the man this side of superannuation who does not intend sometime 'to move.'

Now, 'moving' is a great fact in our civilization: and we are not disposed to ridicule the enterprise of our people; yea, we ourselves have 'moved,' have survived six months of secret deliberation, and three months of open discord previous to taking an express train from the Puritan city, one glorious October morning, for God knows where; for, having once got adrift we may turn up a Senator from the Sandwich Islands, or a fillibuster in Cuba; a missionary to the Southern Arctic Continent, or a private in the Crimea; though now we abide in the Forest City. But we have learned a trifle by this process, and wish to say it in the ear of our hot-headed young friend, though we are sure he or she will dismiss it, as we did the thousand and one predictions of the village and city gossips who gave us their parting advices gratis.

Why are you going? Do you know the reason of this fierce desire to move? Is it because you are 'poor? The cure for poverty may be in yourself; for certain habits of labor and economy will end poverty in Golconda itself? Do you wish to make money faster than now? If your gains only increase your love of gain, better stay where you are. Do you long for rapid promotion? Are you not rising as fast as you deserve? Do you wish to be over-rated? Is it not probable the community knows your merit, or will find it out as well as you know it? Have you been jilted in love? Coquettes flourish every where and you, running from the Scylla of Yankee Prudence may fall into the Charybdis of Buckeye Gloriana, or Southern Delia. Have you suffered greatly at home? It may be, home is the place to gain the discipline of your sorrow, and flight will only be escape from your life's choicest opportunity. Is duty too hard in the old spot? The devil travels by sea and land, and will always get ahead of you; can you resist him better in California or Iowa, than Ohio or New York? If you wish to escape Duty you are a sneak of the first water, and are not fit to go from home. Why are you going? If because you are as certain as may be that your Manhood, your Womanhood will be advanced, and your fellow men be elevated, and your God better served elsewhere than at your present post, go. If because you are tired of being faithful, scared at life's emergencies, goaded by a restless ambition for gold or praise, or fame, or lashed by the nervous American Fury across a continent—you will go, of course, but you will repent it.

Where are you going? To California, because cousin Jake has found a lump there? Are you a man who would find a 'lump' anywhere? Men differ, and while Jake marches on to a fortune, your constitution may guide you to a fever, a gambling house or a general bankruptcy of body and soul. To Iowa or Nebraska, because Jonathan became Justice of the Peace in Byzantium, or Carthage, on the North-Western frontier? Jonathan may have hit the nail on the head, and you may only pound your fingers to a jelly. All these new worlds are grand places for certain people, but very bad places for other people. Don't imagine you can flourish in any soil. If you must go, choose the place you are fitted to occupy. It's a grand thing for Mrs. Chisholm to go to and from England to Australia, on errands of protection to female virtue, but for a dyspeptic school girl to marry a missionary, in a fit of pious romance, to go to Burma, to fall under the weight of family cares, is only throwing away the present opportunity, and dying for a fancy. Of course, send women to Burmah, but don't send Julia Ann, or Clarinda Josephine who has read and sung and dreamed herself into a heaven of Eastern romance, or, been upset by the tropical eloquence of some good man weighing two hundred pounds, about to embark with his fourth wife for Barumpooter. Keep within your own sphere; do your duty; go to the place for you; or stay as home, if that is best; and don't fret about humanity, for One has charge of the interests of the each, who can do his own work, and does not need the sacrifice of any man in the vain attempt to fill a post beyond his capacity.

What will you do when you get there?—Don't start till you know. Do you think you can go from Yankeedom, or Buckeyedom, to Texas, or Minnesota, choose your position, be Doctor, Preacher, Lawyer, Politician, Speculator, Saint, or Reprobate, as the case may be? Stay at home and pare your mother's apples, or read the Farmer to your blind grandfather, or wait upon your maiden aunt to the sewing society, till you outgrow this greenness. A man who thinks he can do anything in a new country, shows, by his superficial ambition, that he can do nothing well, anywhere. Don't leave the shadow of the paternal roof till you can do some useful thing well. It is easier to learn to work among your old friends, in comfort, and peace, than amid the selfish competition, and depressing wants of a new State.—When you can do something in a manly way, go where that work is required, and make yourself one of the necessities of the community in that direction. Thousands of men 'sell all they have,' and transport themselves and families to new lands, knowing not what they can do; and when they get there live by experimenting on the youthful constitution of the new colony. Be not one of these harpies, but go only to build up society by honorable toil, directed by definite aims.

The fact is, Life, is about the same every where. The deepest problems of existence, all come to a man to be solved amid the narrowest circle of circumstances. Sorrow, joy, temptation, duty, await us in every place, and until we have proved ourselves at home, it is madness to run abroad. We cannot escape Life, we cannot ignore Manhood. There is no prairie, no valley, no California mine, no Western river bank, no city or country, sea or shore we can be men, without daily sweat of the soul, watchfulness, and prayer. After we have wearied ourselves by running all over the world, the great business of life remains to be done, and till done, all places are alike. Ask yourself, 'what am I? how can be a Man, a Woman? Stand up where you now are, and be something and you will not wait long, before a hand reaching from the sky, will point out whither you shall go.

SALT.—Salt is indispensible to man as a part of his food. It is stated that with every bushel of flour, about one pound of salt is used in making bread alone. Every adult consumes about two ounces of salt weekly. The omission of a proper quantity of it in our food favors the engendering of disease.

We read that when the ancient laws of Holland ordained men to be kept on bread alone, unmixed with salt as the severest punishment that could be inflicted upon them in their moist climate, the effect was horrible; the wretched criminals are said to have been devoured by worms. Mungo Park mentions that he suffered great inconvenience from the scarcity of this article: 'The long use of vegetable food creates so painful a longing for salt, that go words can sufficiently describe it.' Almost all gramnivorous animals seem to have that same necessity for the use of salt in their food as man. All exemption from the rot is generally enjoyed by sheep fed on salt marshes, or when salt is regularly mixed with their food. In the states of La Plata, in South America, the sheep and cattle, when they discover a pit of salt clay, rush to feed upon it; and in the struggle, many are trodden to death.

In Upper Canada the cattle have an abundance of wild pasture to browse on in the woods; but once a fortnight they return to the farm of their own accord, in order to obtain a little salt; and when they have eaten it, mixed with their fodder, return again to the woods. Salt is now used extensively in England and in all Europe for fatting cattle. In Spain they attribute the fineness of their wool to the quantity of salt given to the sheep. In England, one thousand sheep consume at the rate of a ton of salt annually.

RICE BALLS.—Boil rice until it is soft, and while warm make it into cakes or flat balls. Dip these balls into a beaten egg, and then roll them into Indian meal till thoroughly coated. This done, fry them in lard, which is better than butter for this purpose. Serve them with sauce, or with butter or cream and sugar.

A vessel of lighted charcoal, with two or three handfuls of juniper berries thrown on, and placed in a close room, is recommended as an effectual expedient for destroying the smell of paint. Two or three shallow vessels, filled with cold water, will greatly assist the operation.