been trying to learn the cachucha, and I've got some castinets! Let me see—where are they?" And with this she proceeded to upset the trunk, from which flew a meteoric shower of bracelets, billets-doux, French Grammars, drawing-pencils, interspersed with confectionary of various descriptions, and all the et-ceteras of a school-girl's depositary. "There, upon my word, there are the bills you were asking for. There, take them!" throwing a package of papers at the young man. "Take them. Can you catch?"

"Miss Nina, these do not appear to be bills."

"O, bless me! those are love-letters, then. The bills are somewhere." And the little hands went pawing among the heap, making the fanciful collection fly in every direction over the carpet. "Ah! I believe now in this bonbon-box I did put them. Take care of your head, Harry!" And, with the word, the gilded missile flew from the little hand, and, opening on the way, showered Harry with a profusion of crumpled papers. "Now you have got them all, except one, that I used for curl-papers, the other night. O, don't look so sober about it! Indeed, I kept the pieces—here they are. And now don't you say, Harry, don't you tell me that I never save my bills. You don't know how particular I have been, and what trouble I have taken. But, these—there's a letter Clayton wrote to me, one when we had a quarrel. Just a specimen of that creature!"

"Pray, tell us about it, Miss Nina," said the young man, with his eyes fixed admiringly on the little person, while he was smoothing and arranging the crumpled documents.

"Why you see, it was just this way. You know, these men—how provoking they are! They'll go and read all sorts of books—no matter what *they* read!—and then they are so dreadfully particular about us girls. Do you know, Harry, this always made me angry?

"Well, so, you see, one evening, Sophy Elliot quoted some poetry from Don Juan,—I never read it, but it seems folks call it a bad book,—and my lord Clayton immediately fixed his eyes upon her in such an appalling way, and says, 'Have you read Don Juan, Miss Elliot?' Then, you know, as girls always do in such cases, she blushed and stammered, and said her brother had read some extracts from it to her. I was vexed, and said, 'And, pray, what's the harm, if she did read it? *I* mean to read it, the very first chance I get!'

"O! everybody looked so shocked. Why, dear me! if I had said I was going to commit murder, Clayton could not have looked more concerned. So he put on that very edifying air of his, and said, 'Miss Nina, I *trust*, as your friend, that you will not read that book. I should lose all respect for a lady friend who had read that.,

"'Have you read it, Mr. Clayton?' said I.

"'Yes, Miss Nina,' said he, quite piously.

"'What makes you read such bad books?' said I, very innocently.

"Then there followed a general fuss and talk; and the gentlemen, you know, would not have their wives or their sisters read anything naughty, for the world. They wanted us all to be like snow-flakes, and all that. And they were quite high, telling they wouldn't marry this, and they wouldn't marry that, till at last I made them a curtesy, and said, 'Gentlemen, we ladies are infinitely obliged to you, but *we* don't intend to marry people that read naughty books, either. Of course you know snow-flakes don't like smut!'

"Now I really didn't mean anything by it, except to put down these men, and stand up for my sex. But Clayton took it in real earnest. He grew red and grew pale, and was just as angry as he could be. Well, the quarrel raged about three days. Then, do you know, I made him give up, and own that he was in the wrong. There, I think he was, too,—don't you think men ought to be *as* good as we are, any way?"

"Miss Nina, I should think you would be afraid to express yourself so positively."

"O, if I cared a sou for any of them, perhaps I should. But there isn't one of the train that I would give *that* for!" said she flirting a shower of peanut-shells into the air.

"Yes, but, Miss Nina, some time or other you must marry somebody. You need somebody to take care of the property and place."

"O, that's it, is it? You are tired of keeping accounts, are you, with me to spend the money? Well, I don't wonder. How I pity anybody that keeps accounts! Isn't it horrid, Harry? Those awful books! Do you know that Mme. Ardaiue set out, that 'we girls' should keep account of our expenses? I just tried it two weeks. I had a head-ache and weak eyes, and actually it nearly ruined my constitution. Some how or other, they gave it up, it gave them so much trouble. And what's the use? When money's spent, it's *spent;* and keeping accounts ever so strict won't get it back. I am very careful about my expenses. I never get anything that I can do without."

"For instance," said Harry, rather roguishly, "this bill of one hundred dollars for confectionary."

"Well, you know just how it is, Harry. It's so horrid to have to study! Girls must have something. And you know I didn't get it all for myself; I gave it round to all the girls. Then they used to ask me for it, and I couldn't refuse—and so it went."

"I didn't presume to comment, Miss Nina. What have we here?—Mme. Les Cartes, $450!"

"O, Harry, that horrid Mme. Les Cartes! You never saw anything like her! Positively it is not my fault. She puts down things I never got, I know she does. Nothing in the world but because she is from Paris. Every body is complaining of her. But, then, nobody gets anything anywhere else. So what can one do, you know? I assure you, Harry, I am economical."

The young man, who had been summing up the accounts, now burst out into such a hearty laugh as somewhat disconcerted the fair rhetorician.

She colored to her temples.

"Harry, now, for shame! Positively, you are n't respectful!"

"O, Miss Nina, on my knees I beg pardon!" still continuing to laugh; "but, indeed, you must excuse me. I am positively delighted to hear of your economy, Miss Nina."

"Well, now, Harry, you may look at the bills and see. Haven't I ripped up all my silk dresses and had them colored over, just to economize? You can see the dyer's bill, there; and Mme. Carteau told me, she always expected to turn my dresses twice, at least. O, yes, I have been very economical."

"I have heard of old dresses turned costing more than new ones, Miss Nina."

"O, nonsense, Harry! What should you know of girls' things? But I'll tell you one thing I've got, Harry, and that is a gold watch for you. There it is," throwing a case carelessly towards him; "and there's a silk dress for your wife," throwing him a little parcel. "I have sense enough to know what a good fellow you are, at any rate. I could n't go on as I do, if you didn't rack your poor head fifty ways to keep things going on straight here at home, for me."

A host of conflicting emotions seemed to cross the young man's face, like a shadow of clouds over a field, as he silently undid the packages. His hands trembled, his lips quivered, but he said nothing.

"Come, Harry, don't this suit you? I thought it would."

"Miss Nina, you are too kind."

"No, I'm not, Harry; I am a selfish little concern, that's a fact," said she, turning away, and pretending not to see the feeling which agitated him.

"But, Harry, wasn't it droll, this morning, when all our people came up to get their presents! There was Aunt Sue, and Aunt Tike, and Aunt Kate, each one got a new sack pattern, in which they are going to make up the prints I brought them. In about two days our place will be flaming with aprons and sacks. And *did* you see Aunt Rose in that pink bonnet, with the flowers? You could see every tooth in her head! Of course, now they'll be taken with a very pious streak, to go to some camp-meeting or other, to show their finery. Why don't you laugh, Harry?"

"I do, don't I, Miss Ninah?"

"You only laugh on your face. You don't laugh deep down. What's the matter? I don't believe it's good for you to read and study so much. Papa used to say that he didn't think it was good for—"

She stopped, checked by the expression on the face of her listener.

"For *servants*, Miss Nina, your papa said, I suppose."

With the quick tact of her sex, Nina perceived that she had struck some disagreeable cord in the mind of her faithful attendant, and she hastened to change the subject, in her careless, rattling way.

"Why, yes, Harry, study is horrid for you, or me, either, or anybody else, except musty old people, who don't know how to do anything else. Did ever anybody look out of doors, such a pleasant day as this, and want to study? Think of a bird's studying, now, or a bee! They don't study—they live. Now, I don't want to study—I want to live. So, now, Harry, if you'll just get the ponies and go in the woods, I want to get some jessamines, and spring beauties, and wild honeysuckles, and all the rest of the flowers that I used to get before I went to school."

THE LIFE OF SEEDS.

We suppose that almost every person has heard or read the story of some grains of wheat having been found in an Egyptian mummy, which were sown, vegetated and yielded grain after its kind. This case and some others of a rather dubious character have been adduced in evidence of the great vitality and longevity of seeds but we have now very reliable and practical evidence throwing some discredit on such stories.

The British Scientific Association have, for the past fifteen years, been instituting inquiries and making experiments, through a committee of its members—with various kinds of seeds, of various ages. Their labors tend to show that none of the seeds which were tested, although placed in the most favorable circumstances that could be devised, vegetated after the age of 49 years; and only 20 out of 288 species did so after 20 years, while by far the largest number lost their germinating power in ten years.

It has long been known to agriculturists and florists, that fresh seeds—those of the preceding season—posses the greatest amount of vitality; and very many seeds lose their germinating power altogether, even when kept in dry situations—in the course of two years. In the selection of any kind of seed, care should be exercised, in selecting it according to its age, as well as its appearance; the plumpness of a seed, is not always the best sign of its quality for seeding purposes.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—On Friday of last week as two ladies, one named Barton, the other her sister, were attempting to cross to Goat Island, Niagara Falls, by means of some planks temporarily placed on the new bridge, the supporters gave way, and they were both precipitated from the bridge. Mrs. B. fortunately seized an iron rod connected with the bridge, while her sister, after vain attempts to sustain herself by grasping Mrs. B.'s dress, was thrown into the raging waters beneath. The plank fell with her, and after several attempts she grasped it. By the the mercy of Providence the plank was thrown into the water diagonally with the shore, and the current, which was bearing her so furiously to destruction, drew the lower end of the plank against the bank, when several persons seized it, and after great exertions finally drew her ashore in a fainting condition. It was a miraculous escape. Mrs. Barton, after clinging to the rod for some time, was lifted from her dangerous situation by some persons who had rushed to the spot.—Exchange.

A rapid and emphatic recital of the following simple narrative, is said to be a cure for lisping:—"Hobbs meets Snobs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobs with Snobbs and robs Nobbs' fobs. 'This,' says Nobbs, 'the worst of Hobbs jobs,' and Snobbs sobs."

Miss Jessie Meriton White, has applied at King's College for permission to become a candidate for the degree of *Bachelor* of Medicine, and the Senate is said to be puzzled to decide whether or not it can legally comply with her wish.—*London Paper.*

HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Wednesday, October 22, 1856.

While standing in the book store below this office, a boy came to the counter and purchased what we took to be little books, two for a halfpenny; surprised at the cheapness of the article, we enquired and found that they were cards, having a vignett neatly executed, and a short moral lesson. We asked however for books, and were shewn some for an halfpenny and one penny each. What a difference in the article from that we recollect in our youthful days, which went under the denomination of penny toy books—those were printed in Glasgow, generally on the roughest kind of paper with coarse wood cuts, and would we are persuaded be thrown aside by the majority of the present race of children who had learned to read—True, they were clothed in gold covers by way of making them attractive, and this induces some serious reflections on the altered state of society. In our day there was but two methods of inducing children to learn, coaxing and whipping, the latter much more common than the former. Hence the gold on the book as on the gingerbread and the promise of a large portion of the latter if the child went like a good boy or girl to school. With the opposite class however, the maxim spare the rod and spoil the child was a favorite one, and well acted upon, and generated as was naturally enough to be expected a dislike to school. Shakespear ever true to nature, describes the "school boy with shining morning face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school" had he lived in the present day, he would not have so designated the joyous season of childhood.

This is one of the great and mighty differences of the times, and one which is changing the aspect of society, and in many, most respects for the better; cheap literature is the order of the day, from the halfpenny book with its really elegant well finished engraving, its instructive as well as amusing story, its description of beast, bird or insect, taken from the best and most authentic sources. The gold on the outside of the book, is transferred to the inside, and the consequence is, that the inside of the book often undergoes a severe criticism by those youthful seekers after knowledge. It is true, the picture must be there, and that is human nature, and common to child and savage, who though "man in stature, is in mind a child" and it is highly amusing to listen to those infantile criticisms which show more clearly than any other test perhaps, what direction the destinies of the future man or woman is likely to take. We could say a good deal on this subject, and may perhaps at some future day. What we would wish to draw the attention of our readers to at present, and particularly of those who reside in the country, is the propriety nay the necessity of keeping pace with the times. It is not now as it used to be; steam, electricity and chemistry, are whirling the world on at a fearful rate, and branches of knowledge that were formerly confined to the studies of the learned, and peculiar to the pale student by his midnight lamp, are now familiarly discussed at the breakfast tables of the rich, and in the cottages of the poor. A well educated intelligent lad of fourteen has had more knowledge instilled into him, and which is of more consequence, has been shown the path to acquire additions to that already gained more truly and clearly than the man of forty a century since, and the father who would not willingly see his child blush for his ignorance at every turn conversation may take, must afford him the means of keeping on a level with his contemporaries. We would recommend every intelligent, every well meaning person, anxious for his children's future welfare to take a turn in the different bookstores of the city, and he will be no lees gratified than astonished to learn how much knowledge he can carry home with a very small outlay of money—knowledge that will serve to benefit at some future day, while it provides subjects for thought and reflection at the present, and will tend to make the fireside more attractive, and nourish and foster those domestic virtues which lead young people to prefer the quiet and rational recreations of their own home to more exciting but less pure pleasures abroad.

We know not to what operation we may be subjected; it must, therefore, be worthy of record whenever such instances as the subjoined may occur—indicating as they do the advanced and still advancing state of surgical and chemical science in this remote dependency, and thus rendering those important operations which formerly exposed the victim to extreme torture and very imminent risk, proportionately less painful and dangerous. We are led to these remarks by information, obtained from the friends of Mrs Martin, who is now lying at the house of Mr. Ross, Pownal street, after having undergone the operation of amputation of