

Miscellaneous.

OUT-DOORS AT IDLEWILD;
OR COUNTRY-LIFE WITHIN CITY REACH.

I find the farmers generally willing to admit that a boy's work for four hours a day, would fairly pay for his board. In pushing inquiry as to the different kinds of farm work, I find, too, that there is but a small portion of it which is beyond the strength of a well-grown lad of fifteen. For ditch-digging, hay-pitching, cradling of grain, wall-laying and heavy plowing, they would depend, of course, on the main strength of a regular "hand;" but for sowing, light plowing, hoeing, weeding, carting and scattering manure, reaping thrashing, and all the lesser industries of stock-tending and barn work, a smart boy is often as capable as a man. This applies to grain farms, or to those mainly devoted to hay and stock. Where the produce is only fruit or vegetables for the city market, the work is easier, and perhaps the whole of it could be done by boys.

But boy-labour, to be reliable for the master, must not be boy-slavery. It must be enlivened and steadied by an understood footing of reciprocities between boy and master—both having an interest in its being faithfully done. And this is a state of things that could not be entered upon to-morrow—with the present general idea of how boys may be used. Information is sadly wanted on this subject. The most valuable addition that could be made, just now, to "literature for the people," would be a manual of boy-employment and treatment, defining his rights like those of a hired man, giving the terms of an agreement for his labour, specifying his privileges of spare time and agricultural instruction, describing the care of him by the mother of the family, and plainly stating the ways to make him think for himself and respect himself, and so be thought of and respected by those around him. With this kind of understanding, every intelligent farmer could profitably take half a dozen boys to work with his one or two hired men, and teach them farming while allowing them to play enough and read enough as well as earn enough—a Utopian idea for the present, perhaps, or, one at least by which the poor boy is not likely to profit for a while.

There is a class of boys, however, for whom I think a beginning might be made immediately practicable—the sons of parents who could clothe them, provide them with books and see to their schooling and incidental wants for the first year. [The clothes, by the way, are the sore spot in boy wrongs in the country, and the extinguisher to that boy pride without which his character becomes the fruitful soil for rustic meannesses. Among the old farmer's "dodges," the excuse for all his overworkings of the boy is "the money it costs to clothe and school him"—while the poor lad's habiliments are the remainders of the old man's worn-out coats and trousers, fitted and patched with such skill and taste as Heaven may have vouchsafed to the old woman's needle. The consciousness (No. 1) with which the "young farmer" walks about in a pair of patched and big-breached pantaloons "fitted" by only cutting the legs off at the knee, and the consciousness (No. 2) with which he hears himself glorified by a political orator, a few years after, as the country's "independent bulwark," "bone and sinew," "nature's gentleman" and "best citizen," are two points between which, to say the least, there is a ——— chasm.]

There are progressive steps of agricultural life under this phase, of course, which would follow in due succession. A literature for the boy-class of farmers is wanted—beginning with a simplification of so much of the science of soils and products as the youthful mind could readily understand. Other and correlative knowledge might be selected and combined into a series expressly designated THE YOUNG FARMER'S LIBRARY. A newspaper for them would soon flower upon this stem, and it is not difficult to imagine that the pride and enthusiasm of boys throughout the country might thus be gradually interested in the pursuit.

One word as to an important point—the subsequent setting up of the young farmer for himself. It would be but a "middling sort of chap," in this part of the country, who should have lived and worked in a neighbourhood for years, and not have character and credit enough to get trusted for land to live upon. Almost every one of our oldest and

now independent farmers took his land originally on that tenure. But, while a much smaller quantity of land is wanted for the skillful and well practised gardener, the profits are far beyond those of ordinary farming. The soil increases in value, too, under the hand of the cultivator. By purchasing forty acres, he could so improve, while taking off crops, that twenty would sell, after four or five years, for more than the cost of the forty. This has occurred so often, as to be calculated on, among regular prospects and resources. And it is for this facility of a first start on arriving at manhood—a start upon character without capital—that I should advocate the education by boy labor upon single farms, in preference to education in Farmers' Colleges. Ever so well instructed in a large institution, the youth is adrift, when he leaves it. To have a farm, (as a stranger wishing to settle anywhere,) he must buy and stock it, with "money down." And, not only has the laboring boy the advantage of having supported himself, and extended his roots of character and credit where he means to grow and flourish, but the practice of his agricultural education has been upon the soil, and in the climate, and among the associations, where his future industry is to be applied. He is already at home when he begins—already familiarized with the obstacles and resources which so vary with different localities.—[N. P. WILLIS, in the *Home Journal*.]

Rothschild and Palestine.

We clip the following from the *Vermont Chronicle*:

"ROTHSCHILD.—It is rumoured in Paris that M. de Rothschild, offered to accept the terms proposed by the Turkish loan, or even to advance a larger sum, provided a mortgage was given him on Palestine."

This rumour is highly suggestive. Every reflecting Christian must have had frequent thoughts of the Jews, of Palestine, of promises and prophecies laid up for them in the Bible, during the thickening of the war plot which now must inevitably involve all Europe. The great battle of Armageddon—the angel standing in the sun, calling all the fowls of heaven to the feast of the great God—the treading of the wine press without the city, and the blood coming to the horses' bridles, are passages of holy writ which come up before the mind with awful grandeur, clothed with the idea of a possible fulfilment within a short time. Palestine is the Lord's inheritance, reserved for the seed of Abraham. The Turkish power holds it. That power must give way before the plans of Divine Providence. Its downfall is imminent; and who next shall own Palestine? Evidently the Jews.

The world has wandered after the wealth of the Rothschilds; and they are Jews. Why has Providence raised them up, and placed in their hands an amount of wealth equal to that of many an entire kingdom? May it not be for such a time as this? The Turkish power, straightened for money to fight against Russia comes to one of these Jews to borrow. He asks a mortgage on Palestine, and on this condition offers more than Turkey asks. The Sultan—knowing that Palestine is one portion of his dominions on which the Emperor of Russia has fixed his covetous eyes, that he may command the Mediterranean and Red Seas, and also the mouths of the Nile—would the more readily mortgage it to Rothschild, to put it as far from the enemy as possible, and identify it with the interests of western Europe, and by this means more effectually secure the aid of England and France. In the event Turkey is swallowed up, the mortgage is unredeemed, and Palestine is once more the property of an Israelite. Russia is determined to have it; but to obtain it, must fight all Europe—and the last great conflict is on this sacred ground. There the wine-press is trodden without the city of Babylon—popeedom. Palestine being in possession of the Saracens and Turks, has always been beyond the limits of papacy.—New forms of Government arise all over Europe, and the Jews return to their fatherland under the deed of Rothschild. These are thoughts which quickly sprang up in our mind upon reading the above few lines."

A Beautiful Incident.

We witnessed a beautiful sight yesterday. It was this. Away from the crowd, and seated upon the plank which makes the dock, sat a matronly German dame, and around her was a small children. The mother was one of

that class of humane looking females into whose mild eyes it is refreshing to look, for there you see kindness and a loving, meek, lowly expression. She was poorly clad, her clothes being of the coarse, stout texture which emigrants, and especially the poorer class are compelled to wear. Her children, for such we took them to be, sat around her, evidently expecting something, for ever and anon they would turn their heads towards the street, as if somebody was to return to them. Ah! see yon sturdy German, with his blue smock and heavy boots. Notice the grateful smile that plays across his sunburnt features, and notice the loaf of bread which he bears in his hand. Surely, he is the father of the children, and 'tis the bread which they have been expecting. Our conjecture was true, for the man seats himself beside the female, and the children huddle around their parents in eager haste, while the younger and more impatient lift their tiny hands in supplication for the staff of life. 'Tis a pretty sight! But look again the father has spoken, and see the loaf is laid aside, the sturdy sire, the matronly dame and the children all are on their bended knees with uplifted hands addressing the throne of grace offering up their blessings to the giver of all good for his care and goodness. It was indeed a sublime sight. There in the open air, there among the busy world, among the noise bustle and confusion of business, this devout family of strangers were offering up their prayers to a beneficent God, and returning blessings for the many favours received from His hands. It was a scene that would fill any one with awe.—*Albany Transcript*.

The Tower of London.

On the left bank of the Thames, about a mile below London bridge, and in the oldest part of the metropolis, stands one of the chief monuments of history. Its gray turrets are among the first objects to arrest the eye of a stranger entering London from the sea; and the most careless mariner, who drops down the river on his outward voyage, can scarcely pass the dismal water gate, through which, from age to age, a long procession of the wise and the brave, the beautiful and innocent, has passed never to return, without some transient touch of human feelings. In the long line of gay or noble victims—victims of policy or private hate—the eye catches, as it were and singles out, among the crowd of Howards, Sidneys, Poles, Plantagenets, two supremely striking figures—both women—both Queens—mother and child—Anne Boleyn and her daughter Elizabeth. These stairs have felt their footsteps; and the shadow of the stone arch has fallen on their souls.—The tyrant's wife fell on her knees humbly on the cold stairs, and prayed that God would help her, "as she was not guilty of the thing of which she stood accused."—Her daughter, proud in her blood, and prouder in her innocence, set her foot on the step as though it were the neck of a rival, saying aloud—"Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; before Thee, O God, I speak it."—How much of character in these brief words! These queenly forms, however, are but figures in the grand procession. Sidney passed beneath that arch, and Russell, Moore, and Elliott, and Catherine Howard, the aged Countess of Salisbury, the youthful Lady Jane Gray, and Bacon, and Leicester, and Essex, and Southampton, and Henry Vane, Stafford and Monmouth—names and fames in which the story of a nation's life, its intellectual, moral, and material being is defined and summarily expressed. However looked at, the Tower of London fills the mind with images of heroic forms, with recollections infinitely various, striking, mournful and august. Turret and bastion, wall and ditch, chapel and tower, store-room and promenade, each has its story.—Every stone is monumental, every tree is a witness of events marked by dramatic movements, swiftness, splendor, and woe. In the low hum which rises from the pile, broken at intervals by the roll of drum, by blasts of trumpet, fancy will catch the sounds of ancient days—the echo of uproarious revelry, the falling axe, the hush of the council, the murmur of the Queen's virginals, and the tripping feet of her ladies, dancing, the muffled agony of the tortured victim, the pomp of a coronation day, or the jocund laughter of a bridal feast. From the reign of Stephen to the expulsion of James II., the Tower was a royal residence as well as a state prison; and for all the intervening years its history is the history of the English Court.

RICH MEN.

We have rich men among our churches. According to the statement of the Apostle Paul, not many rich men are called. And our blessed Saviour has declared, that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." Without entering into the reasons for these solemn assertions, or attempting to illustrate their truthfulness, it is pleasing to know, that some such men are brought into the kingdom. The grace of God does avail in the salvation of some, who abound in the good things of this world.

But how solemn is the responsibility of rich men. God has given to them much, and much will be required of them. They are but stewards of the manifold grace of God. The talents they have, consist in the money which God places at their disposal. If they hoard it up, if they aim the more to increase their possessions, if they use it to gratify their pride and lusts, or look to it as the means of elevating and glorifying their children, then they are unfaithful stewards, and are living after the course of this world. Great will be the woe of such.

On the other hand, the privilege of a truly benevolent rich man is beyond estimation. He has the power of doing good on a large scale. If he consecrates his wealth to God, and aims to do good as he has opportunity, if he be ready to distribute, willing to communicate, happy is that man. In diversified channels he may send forth currents of beneficence to gladden the earth. God will bless such a man. Such a man will be truly happy. He will know how to estimate by experience the truth of his Saviour's words, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Reader, art thou rich? How much owest thou? Art thou a faithful steward?—*Home and Foreign Journal*.

What is a Cabinet Council?

When I came into office, I was curious to understand the course of proceeding or interior constitution of our government. It is vague in the extreme, and often irregular and inconvenient. The Cabinet, which is legally only a committee of the privy-council, appointed by the king on each distinct occasion, has gradually assumed the character, and in some measure the reality, of a permanent council, through which advice on all matters of great importance is conveyed to the crown. But though the necessity of a well-concerted or party government, in a limited monarchy and popular constitution, has generally established the wholesale doctrine, that each and every member of the cabinet is in some degree responsible for the measures adopted by the government, while he is a member of it, yet there are no precise laws nor rules, nor even any well-established or understood usages, which mark what measures in each department are or are not to be communicated to the cabinet. There is nothing but private agreement or party feeling generally, or the directions of the king accidentally, which obliges even a secretary for foreign affairs to consult his colleagues on any of the duties of his office before he takes the king's pleasure upon them. When a cabinet is held at a public office, it is generally at the foreign office. The acts of that office, however, are not invariably nor necessarily laid before the cabinet; and the secretary of state at his own discretion advises and completes many without any such consultation. In the other branches of administration, such as the Treasury, the Home Secretaryship, the Chancery, the Admiralty, the discretion is yet larger as to the matters in their respective departments on which the ministers take the king's pleasure directly, or previously consult their colleagues before they advise him.—*Lord Holland's Memoirs of the Whig Party*.

PORTRAIT OF THE CZAR.—He is taller by a head than most of his courtiers, while the outline of his form is perfect. He is robust and muscular. His head, though somewhat too small in proportion to the rest of his body, is still in keeping with his broad chest. The usual expression of his face would suit a statue. A fixed severity and consciousness of majesty are predominant characteristics. This expression certainly sometimes assumes a more friendly aspect; but it does not appear in the eye, which seldom beams kindly, while the mouth never smiles. The latter feature, indeed is regularly formed, but the sharp, thin lips indicate austerity and harshness. No sensuality is observable there, nor in any part of the lower face; neither do those lips tell that they have been used to give utterance to words of mildness, while the corners of the mouth betray too plainly contempt of men, and a reserve that never spoke a word in fulness of confidence. The overhanging eyelashes lend to his physiognomy something lurking, even in simple conversation. When angry, his eyes glare terribly; but they have no brightness for softer emotions. The finely chiselled nose runs straight down from the high forehead, denoting, according to physiognomists, an incapacity for self-denial. His arrogant pretensions have entangled him in a war with nearly the