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When it rains: When the weather is fine, humanity is brave. The young and drowsy are bold and proud, in all the glory of neat life and resplendent linen, light kids and crinolines, patent leather and other points in the aesthetics of the clothes-philosophy. Then when the sun shines and the wind blows not as it listeth, there is dignity and ease made manifest along Chestnut street, and all promenaders, even the huffiest, express by gait and address, a certain independence of earthly oppressions and an opinion of feeling. How elegantly and care-forgettingly ladies and gentlemen exchange endless last words at carriage doors and on steps; how at home and easy all the world is in its morning calls; how the entrees to the dry goods stores and jewellers are made as if with the intention of buying out the establishment, or of letting it drop altogether—either way—"don't care much which." Beautiful weather, when all the world is full of oxygen, and when electricity and light attain the feelings to champagne-like independence.

How it all changes on what is popularly termed a juicy day, and which some sarcastically designate, in the intensity of bitterness, "saw weather." A day when there is snow underneath, and rain overhead, human feet on all bare floors, bits of crumbling coal on all door steps, and draughts of neutralization and expiration, through the faintest possibility of an opening. A day when the hand-organ sound guinea-fowl, when their interesting antagonism are dirty little Dutch toys, and the monkey a fool! A day when the soaked theatre-bills suggest all that is disagreeable behind the scenes, and nothing that is agreeable before them. A day when the ragged, wretched street-beggars strike one as being the normal units of humanity. A day when a strange, dismal interest is taken in forlorn chimneys which have stood for years, slowly decaying in remote corners of the way roads, and when the eye is fascinated by a water-logged cat, cautiously running through the obscurest and most piteous corners of tumble-down, half whitewashed balconies. We all know such days; they are meteorologic messengers, sent to man to remind him that he is mortal, and that there is a time when new gloves and fine clothes, and all that there is of loveliness and elegance, must wilt down and be eclipsed—and all by the miserable influence of rain and cold!

Men are not less brave, or earnest on a sloppy, chilly, muggy day than on any other, but they are amazingly less ornamental at such a time, and this ornament is mental as well as physical. Listen to people who say that they don't care for the weather, that it makes no sort of difference to them, that in fact they rather like to have the sun retire for a week or two, occasionally, and then photograph all that they say of a fine day, and all that they do or do not utter when "plottering" about town through the mud when the weather, sir, is most unfair! Oh, there is no difference of course between Mr. Fitz Lavender in his fresh *cheapon* and full toilette, and the same in a crushing overcoat with collar turned up, scurrying with angry frown in the omnibus, away from the last and wettest passenger and drawing up his neatly panted legs to get them out of the way of the umbrella of "that old stupid" who acts as though he thought that he were in the society of Newfoundland dogs. Even your dear reader, come now answer in all sincerity if you never noticed that "other people" were uncommonly loath on rainy days, that they were especially unaccommodating in the matter of making room and of closing doors and windows; in short, sum up all the quarrels you have ever had out of dog-days since the days of infancy, and tell us truly, whether by far the great majority did not come off with the sun under a cloud? It is all very well talking, but no one can deny that humanity owes most of its elegance to the weather. Fine airs in gentlemen and ladies are greatly influenced by fine airs and sunshine and warmth. The ancient Greeks were a splendid party of "blobs," both male and female. How would Apollonia have looked with a habitual umbrella, or where would all the out-of-doors life, which made her fighting and philosophizing friends such a "glorious lot," have been, if it had been compounded of drizzles, mud and slosh? What but Flemish art and Vaemish language, requiring copious antidotes of Schiedam, could ever have been developed in the low countries, where a fog makes fine weather? What is the Spanish language but a vocal sunshine—what is Provencal but blue skies made lingual—what Italian, if not fine weather, with all its phrases made into phrases. Never tell us that the weather has no influence. Art, language, physiognomy and the omnibuses all speak to the contrary.

Three Days Later from Europe.—Arrival of the Niagara at Halifax.

HALIFAX, Jan. 2.—The British royal mail steamer Niagara, from Liverpool on the 19th ultimo, arrived here early this morning, having encountered strong westerly winds for several days in succession.

Sales of cotton for the week were moderate, although prices had generally declined, and holders were pressing on the market.

Breadstuffs were quiet without quotable change since the 16th.

The money market was slightly easier, and consols had advanced.

The Niagara is due at Boston to-morrow afternoon. The news she brings is not of an important nature.—Nothing later had been received from India.

The Bank of France had reduced the rate of interest to six per cent.

The commercial crisis in the north of Europe continues severe.

Affairs at Hamburg are improving.

Powell & Son, London, had failed, with heavy liabilities.

The London discount houses are less stringent, and the applications to the bank are light.

The financial troubles have affected the woolen manufacturers, and Cheesborough & Son, Yorkshire, have failed.

Other failures are expected to follow. France has imposed a duty on foreign brandies. A further ineffectual attempt had been made to launch the Leviantan.—The American submarine companies have abandoned the attempt to raise the sunken ships at Sebastopol.

The Lawrence (K. T.) Convention.

St. Louis, Dec. 31.—The Republican learns from a friend who left Kansas on Saturday last that the free-State convention at Lawrence had adjourned without making nominations. The matter was not reported as disposed of, however, and the presentation of a ticket before the election was deemed probable.

The Steamer Minnesota.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 1.—Private letters received here from the steamer Minnesota, off Tangier, October 23d, states that she made a splendid run from Cape Town to New Bay, a distance of 5,700 miles, in twenty-five days. She made on one occasion seventeen knots per hour.

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