

ness is beyond any thing known in this line of machinery, and what is better than all, Mr. F. says he can put up the largest sized press at a cost of not more than \$500.—*Cin. Enq.*

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—On Wednesday, morning a fire broke out at Bermondsey, at the tan yard of Mr. Wm. Warrick, Willow-walk, owing to the overheating of a rick of tan. Fortunately it was discovered soon after the spontaneous combustion by some of the workmen who were employed all night. The vigilance of the firemen prevented the fire from extending. Had the wind blown stronger, however, the factory must inevitably have been destroyed. The rick in which the fire originated, containing about 50 loads of tan, was completely consumed.

A Challenge to Canada.—Mr. S. Barber, of the Waterloo Road, Guelph, killed a Sow Pig, [from the same litter as his celebrated boar, young Sampson,] on Monday, the 14th inst., weighing 284 lbs. She was littered on the 2nd March last, therefore averaging upwards of 1 pound 1 ounce per day. We would ask, if, in the annals of pig feeding, this was ever surpassed, or even equalled in this continent?—*Com.*

Youths Department.

THE FROG.

BY OLIVER WENDALL HOLMES.

Of all the things that live
In woodland, marsh, or bog,
That creep the ground or fly the air
The funniest is the Frog—
The frog—the scientificest
Of Nature's handiwork—
The frog that neither walks nor runs,
But goes it with a jerk.

With pants and coat of bottle green,
And yellow fancy vest,
He plunges into mud and mire,
All in his Sunday best:
When he sits down he's standing up,
As Paddy O'Kinn once said!
And, for convenience sake, he wears
His eye on the top of his head.

You see him sitting on a log,
Above the "nasty deep,"
You feel inclined to say "Old chap,
Just 'look before you leap!'"
You raise your cane to hit him,
On his ugly looking mug;
But, ere you get it half way up,
Adown he goes KER CHUG!

He keeps about his native pond,
And ne'er goes on a spree.
Nor gets "how-come-you-so," for a
Cold-water chap is he;
For EARTHLY cares to get drunk
He's not the silly fool;
But, when they come, he gives a jump,
And drowns 'em in a pool.

THE WIFE'S BLAST AGAINST TOBACCO.

He sits in chair from morning to night,
'Tis smoke, chew, smoke.
He rises at dawn his pipe to light,
Goes puffing and chewing with all his might,
'Till the hour of sleep. 'Tis his delight
To smoke, chew, smoke.

The quid goes in when the pipe goes out,
'Tis chew, chew, chew.
Now, a cloud of smoke pours forth from his throat,
Then, his mouth sends a constant stream adout,
'Tis chew, chew, chew.

He sits all day in a cloud or fog,
'Tis puff, puff, puff:
He growls at his wife, the cat and dog,
He covets with filth the carpet and rug.
And his only answer when I give him a jog,
Is puff, puff, puff.

The house all o'er from end to end,
Is smoke, smoke, smoke.
In whatever room my way I wend,
If I take his clothes to patch and mend,
Ungrateful perfumes will ever ascend.
Of smoke, smoke, smoke.

At home or abroad, far or near,
'Tis smoke, chew, smoke:
His mouth is stuffed from ear to ear,
Or pulling the stump of a pipe so dear,
And his days will end, I verily fear,
In smoke, smoke, smoke.

So young ladies, beware! live single indeed,
Ere you marry a man that uses the weed;
Better that husbands you should ever lack, O,
Than marry a husband who uses tobacco or whiskey.

KISSING NO ROBBERY.

"Oh, quit—get out—now don't you,
I really wish you wouldn't!
Oh, quit—will you? On, get out,
You know you ought to—shouldn't.

"There, now you've got it—oh, be still,
You shan't have any more,
You've got—oh, take your face away—
What no man's got before.

"One more—there—that will do, oh, don't,
You've run,pled up my hair,
If you'll but quit, I'll give you one,
Now take it—there—there—there!"

S. P.

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

A hundred years ago Lord Chesterfield was the most admired of England's gay and voluptuous grandees. But whilst others were envying his wit, his splendour, and his popularity, the wary libertine was thus pouring forth his chagrin: "I have seen the sily rounde of business and pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world and consequently know their futility, and I do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is, in truth, very low; whereas those who have not experienced always overrate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare; but I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminated the whole decoration to the astonishment and admiration of an ignorant audience. When I reflect back upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle, and the pleasure of the world had any reality; but I look upon all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions; and I by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose, for the sake of the fugitive dream. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resignation which most people boast of? No; for I really cannot help it. I bear it because I must bear it, whether I will or no. I think of nothing but killing time the best way I can; now that he has become mine enemy, it is my resolution to sleep in the carriage the remainder of the journey."

THOUGHTS.—Let your thoughts be fit or suitable for the subject. Every day have high thoughts of God—lower thoughts of self—kinder thoughts of your brethren, and more hopeful thoughts of those around you.

Love one human being purely and warmly, says Jean Paul, and you will love all! The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

A hardy seaman, who had escaped one of the recent shipwreck upon our coasts, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the waves broke over him, he replied, "Wet, madam, very wet!"

LOVE AND MURDER.—A young workman of Dieppe, after paying his addresses for four years to the daughter of a petty tradesman, was told by her last week

that her sentiments had undergone a complete change, and that she refused to marry him, or have any thing further to do with him. He resolved to be avenged, and on Wednesday morning stepped, unobserved, into her father's house, Rue de l'Epee, 15, and hid himself beneath the staircase until the girl's mother had gone out. He then took off his shoes, and went to her chamber, where she was still sleeping. Having fastened the door, he discharged a pistol in her ear and then blew out his brains. The neighbors rushed to the room and broke open the door. The girl appeared to have died without a movement, and the man was lying on the floor. The wadding of the pistol had set fire to the bed. In the man's pocket was found a paper on which was written, "I must die, and I desire to be placed with her in the same tomb."—*Gulfignani's Messenger.*

KISSING IN RUSSIA.—According to Mr. L. Ritchie, when a party assembled in Moscow, the ladies on entering the drawing-room kiss each other vociferously, and the gentlemen hug each other and do the same, except that the sound is lost in their wilderness of beard. During the repast the master and mistress, on certain signals from the company, kiss each other too. They are ready to faint; and on parting, the visitors take their leave with abundance of vows, kisses, and thanks.

A LESSON FOR SCOLDING WIVES.

"And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often, Newman!" said I, one day.

Old Newman looked down, and his wife took up the reply, "never to signify—and if he does I deserve it." "And I dare say, if the truth were told, you have scolded him quite as often."

"Nay," said the old woman with a beauty of kindness which all the poetry in the world cannot excel,— "How can a wife scold her good man, who has been working for her and her little ones all day? It may do for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the crosses of the world; but who should make him forget but his own wife? And she had best, for her own sake—for nobody can scold much when the scolding is all on one side."—*Bulwer.*

A FATHER AND HIS CHILDREN.

A gentleman had two children; one a daughter who was considered plain in her person: the other a son who was reckoned handsome. One day, as they were playing together, they saw their faces in a looking-glass. The boy was charmed with his beauty, and spoke of it to his sister, who considered his remarks as so many reflections on her want of it. She told her father of the affair, and complained of her brother's rudeness. The father, instead of appearing angry, took them both on his knees, and with much affection gave them the following advice:—"I would have you both look in the glass each day; you, my son, that you may be reminded never to dishonor the beauty of your face by the deformity of your actions; and you, my daughter, that you may take care, if there is a want of beauty in your person, to hide it by the superior lustre of your virtuous and amiable conduct."

NOT LOST LABOR.—Many seem to suppose when a Son, or Templar, or Rechabite gets cold-hearted, fails to attend the Division. Temple or Tent, or is suspended for "non-payment of dues," that all our labor on him is lost. Not so. In many instances it is true the apostasy is entire, and he returns "like a dog to his vomit;" but in a majority of cases, we think, he retains his allegiance to the pledge, even though he prove unfaithful to his peculiar social obligations, as a member. He cannot forget the solemn vow of total abstinence he has voluntarily assumed. He feels that it goes with him wherever he goes, and will follow him to the bar of God.—*N. Y. Organ.*

A Temperance Society, on the plan of the society of Sons of Temperance in the United States, is about being established in Paris. It is the first that has ever been attempted, and in fact, the French, though they have heard of Temperance societies, have never had the slightest idea of what they mean.