The Ingersoll Chronicle.

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER FOR THE COUNTY OF OXFORD.

VOL. II. INGERSOLL, CANADA WEST, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 16, 1854. NO. 4.

The Ingersoll Chronicle

AND

General Intelligencer for the County of Oxford

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

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J. S. GURNETT,

And despatched to the country subscribers by the earliest mails.

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If delivered at the houses of Subscribers in the Village,	8s. 9d.
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THE "CHRONICLE" JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

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EVERY description of Plain and Ornamental Printing executed with despatch and upon moderate terms, having recently made additions to the former new and excellent assortment of Job Type, the proprietor is prepared to execute orders for Pamphlets, Catalogues, Circulars, Posters, Hand Bills, Bill Heads, Cards, &c., &c., in any style and at the lowest prices.

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W. BURTON BENNETT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer &c. &c., Ingersoll, County of Oxford, C. W. August 12, 1853. 1-y

JAMES BERRIE, ACCOUNTANT, Conveyancer, &c. Office—In the Caledonia House, next door to the Chronicle Office, Thames Street, Ingersoll, C.W. August 12, 1853. 1

THOMAS. E. CHADWICK, INSURANCE AGENT, Conveyancer, Commissioner for administering Affidavits in the Queen's Bench, and General Agent. Office at Ingersoll. August 12, 1853. 1-m

W. G. WONHAM, PROVINCIAL Land Surveyor, Draftsman, Conveyancer, and Civil Engineer. Commissioner for taking Affidavits in the Court of Queen's Bench, Ingersoll. August 12, 1853.

WM. FETHERSTON, CABINETMAKER, Upholsterer and Undertaker, Corner of Thames and Charles Street, two doors south of Rumsey's Foundry. 1y

Dr. R. H. ISON, APOTHECARY and DENTIST, Vienna, C. W. He will visit Dunn's Hotel, Ingersoll, Monthly. 1-m

JOHN MACKLIN, GENERAL Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, &c., Corner of King and Thames Streets, (opposite Daly's Hotel,) Ingersoll, C.W. August, 1853. 1

W. W. GOULD, M. D., OFFICE and residence in Browett's Brick Building, nearly opposite the Post Office, King street, Ingersoll.

Royal Exchange Hotel, Thames Street, Ingersoll, C. W. BY JOHN PATTERSON. EXCELLENT Stabling and Careful Hostlers. Horses and Carriages to let on the shortest notice 1-y

JOHN McKAY, TAILOR, Thames Street, Ingersoll. Orders executed with neatness and dispatch. Ingersoll, March 1854. 35-1y.

J. HUSBAND, BUTCHER, King Street, Ingersoll, has always on hand a good supply of Mutton, Beef, Veal, and Lamb, of the best quality, together with Corn Beef, Pork, &c. in the season. Ingersoll, August 12, 1853. 1

KING HIRAM LODGE FREE and ACCEPTED MASONS, No. 236, G. R. I., Ingersoll. Regular Communications, the First Tuesday in each Month, at 7½ o'clock, P. M. Ingersoll, May, 1854. 37

MEDICAL HALL, Sign of the Red Mortar, Commercial Buildings, King Street, Ingersoll.

O. B. CALDWELL TAKES this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to the people of Ingersoll and surrounding country for the very liberal patronage he has received since commencing here, and hopes by strict attention to business, and always keeping on hand a pure article to merit a share of public patronage. He has a splendid assortment of

DRUGS, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs, Patent Medicines, PAINTS, OILS, PERFUMERY, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Dressing and Side Combs, &c., on hand at present.

Dye-Stuffs warranted, if used in accordance with the printed directions. No colour, no pay! Physicians and Family prescriptions accurately prepared. Physicians supplied with Medicine on reasonable terms.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY, Comprising Blank Books, Deeds, Mortgages, School Books, Writing and Wrapping Papers, Steel Pens, Ink, &c. Also, a number of useful and entertaining works by the best authors.

Bookbinding in all its branches, executed neatly and on reasonable terms. Ingersoll, August 12, 1853. 1-kn

Dr. J. M. AULT, PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, and Accoucheur.—Professional calls promptly attended to. Office and Residence—Baldwin's Hotel, Tilsonburg, C. W.—Charges Moderate. Ingersoll, August, 1853. 1-m

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MANSION HOUSE, CORNER of Thames and King Streets, opposite the Depot, Ingersoll. E. B. WAITE, Proprietor. ☞ There is also connected with this Hotel a good Livery Stable, where Horses can be had at all hours. 1

Ingersoll Drug Store. SIGN OF THE Golden Mortar!

J. M. CHAPMAN, CHEMIST and Druggist, Thames Street, Ingersoll, where may be had Drugs and Chemicals of the best quality, together with Perfumery, Patent Medicines, and Stationery of all descriptions. Physicians' and family prescriptions accurately prepared at all hours. August 26, 1854. 1 y

GEORGE H. WEBSTER, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker, &c. Opposite the Mansion House, King-St

10,000 FEET of CHERRY LUMBER wanted in exchange for Furniture. Ingersoll, August 26th, 1853. 3 y

JOHN W. BARBER, HOUSE and Carriage Painting, Glazing, Graining and Paper Hanging.

☞ Country work promptly attended to. Shop King Street, opposite Carroll's Hotel. Ingersoll, March 1854. 37-1y.

One or two smart lads wanted to learn the Painting business. Apply to J. W. BARBER. Ingersoll, March 29th, 1854.

DANIEL BELCHAMBER, HOUSE, SIGN & CARRIAGE PAINTER, Glazier, Grainer, PAPER HANGER, AND IMITATOR OF ALL KINDS OF WOOD AND MARBLE. Shop next door to Mr A. Oliver. Office nearly opposite Patterson's Hotel.

N. B.—Country work promptly attended to. Ingersoll, July 8, 1854. 47tf

D. McVean, MERCHANT TAILOR, No 3 DUNDAS STREET, London.

FRENCH Millinery Establishment

JOHN K. BROWN has always on hand Bonnets, Cloaks, Caps and Head-dresses OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Paris Fashions Received Monthly—Orders Promptly Executed!

No. 51, Dundas Street London. London, 1st Oct. 1854.

MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT!

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT Bonnets, Cloaks, Caps, &c. At the SHOW-ROOM of J. McDONALD & BRO'S. Ingersoll, January, 1854. 1-p

HOPE MACNIVEN INVITES particular attention to his NEW STOCK of Summer Dry Goods & Groceries Which he is happy to say he will be enabled to sell at unusually low prices.

THE MILLINERY AND CLOAK DEPARTMENT Is now placed in a state of efficiency that for style and execution will compare favorably with the best establishments in the large cities, and at much lower rates. Ingersoll, June 2, 1854. 42

CAN'T DO WITHOUT A PAPER.

What! do without a paper? no,
I've tried it to my sorrow;
So, to subscribe for one I'll go,
Nor wait until to-morrow.
Should lovers drown or hang themselves,
Or other foolish caper,
I never get to hear of it—
I do not take the paper.

Why, there's my neighbor, Jethaniah Stout,
He always hears the news,
And having news to talk about,
He never gets the blues.
While others yearn in ennui,
His mind is light as vapor;
The cause is plain to half an eye—
He always takes the paper.

While neighbor Stout hears all the news,
And knows each current price,
And always minds his P's and Q's,
By taking good advice.
I cannot tell the price of calves,
Or poultry, coffee, tape or
Any kind of merchandize,
Because I take no paper.

Though I have studies which require
Much time and mental labor,
Yet I can spare a little time
As well as Stout, my neighbor:
Though time be precious I can use
A longer midnight taper,
And thus take time to read the news,
Therefore I'll take the paper.

But now which one shall I select,
So many greet my vision;
One stubborn fact which I detect,
Shall influence my decision:
The cheapest paper and the best,
Shall be the one for me;
And when I bring it to the test,
The *Chronicle* 'twill be.

THE TWO WORLDS.

A land where sweetest roses fade,
And smiling youth grows quickly old;
A land where sunshine turns to shade,
And beauty takes a different mould;
A land of change, a land of care,
Whose fleeting joys are little worth;
A land whose smile becomes a tear—
That land is earth!

A land of love, where naught can sever,
And beauty blooms with lustre fair;
A land where youth is young forever,
For time exerts no influence there;
A land where streams of pleasure flow,
And golden harps to all are given;
A land where we our God shall know—
That land is heaven!

The Fortune of Law.

I was chatting one day with an old school-fellow of mine, who though young, was a barrister of some eminence, when the conversation turned upon his career.

'People,' he said, 'give me credit for much more than I deserve. They compliment me on having attained my position by talent, and sagacity, and all that; but, the fact is, I have been an extremely lucky man—I mean as regards opportunities. The only thing for which I really can consider myself entitled to my credit is, that I have always been prompt to take advantage of them.'

'But,' I observed, 'you have a high reputation for legal knowledge and acumen. I have heard several persons speak in terms of great praise of the manner in which you conducted some of your late cases.'

'Ah! yes,' he returned; 'when a man is fortunate, the world soon find fine things in him. There is nothing like gliding to hide imperfections, and bring out excellencies.—But I will just give you one instance of what I call my luck. It happened a year or two ago, and before I was quite as well known as I am now: it was a trivial thing in itself, but very important in its consequences to me, and has never since been very fresh in my memory. I had been retained on behalf of a gentleman who was defendent in an action for debt, brought against him by a bricklayer, to recover the amount of a bill, stated to be due for building work done on the gentleman's premises. The owner refused payment on the ground that a verbal contract had been made for the execution of the work, at a price less by one-third than the amount claimed.—Unfortunately he had no witness to the fact. The man denied the contract, alleged that no specification had been made, and pleaded, finally, that if such contract had been entered into, it was vitiated by alterations, to all of which he was prepared to swear, and had his assistant also ready to certify the amount of labour and material expended. I gave my opinion that it was a hopeless case, and that the defendent had better agree to a compromise than incur any further expense. However, he would not, and I was fain to trust to the chapter of accidents for any chance of success.

'Near the town where the trial was to take place lived an old friend of mine, who, after the first day's assize carried me off in his carriage to dine and sleep in his house, engaging to drive me over early next morning in time for this case, which stood next on the list. Mr Tritten, the gentleman in question, was there also, and we had another discussion, as to the prospects of his defence. 'I know the fellow,' said he, 'to be a thorough rascal, and it is because I feel so confident that something will come out to prove it, that I am determined to persist.' I said I hoped it might be so, and we retired to rest.

'After breakfast the next morning, my host drove me over in his dog-cart to the assize town. We are just entering the outskirts, when, from a turning down by the inn and post-ing-house, where the horse was usually put up, there came running towards us a lad pursued by a man, who was threatening him in a savage manner. Finding himself overtaken, the lad after the custom of small boys in such circumstances, lay down curling himself up, and holding his hands clasped over his head. The man approached, and after beating him roughly with his fist, and trying to pull him up without success, took hold of the collar of the boy's coat and knocked his head several times on the ground. We were just opposite at the moment, and my friend bade him let the lad alone, and not to be such a brute. The fellow scowled, and telling us, with an oath, to mind our own business, for the boy was his own, and he had a right to beat him if he pleased, walked off, and his victim scampered away in the opposite direction.

'The dog-cart was put up, and we presently went on to the court. The case was opened in an off-hand style by the opposite counsel, who characterized the plea of a contract as a shallow evasion, and called the plaintiff as his principal witness. What was my surprise to see get into the box the very man whom we had beheld hammering the boy's head on the kerb-stone an hour before. An idea occurred to me at the moment, and I half averted my face from him; though, indeed, it was hardly likely he would recognise me under my forensic wig. He gave his evidence in a positive, defiant sort of way, but very clearly and decisively. He evidently got his story well by heart, and was determined to stick to it. I rose and made a show of cross-examining him, till I saw that he was getting irritated, and denying things in a wholesale style. He had been drinking, too, I thought, just enough to make him insolent and reckless. So, after a few more unimportant questions, I asked, in a casual tone—'You are married, Mr Myers?'

''Yes, I am.'

''And you are a kind husband, I suppose?'

''I suppose so: what then?'

''Have any children blessed your union, Mr Myers?'

'The plaintiff's counsel here called on the judge to interfere. The questions were irrelevant and impertinent to the matter in question.

'I pledged my word to the Court that they were neither, but had a very important bearing on the case, and was allowed to proceed.—I repeated my question.

''I've a boy and a girl.'

''Pray, how old are they?'

''The boy's twelve, and the girl nine, I b'lieve.'

''Ah! Well, I suppose you are an affectionate father, as well as a kind husband.—You are not in the habit of beating your wife and children, are you?'

''I don't see what business it is of yours. No! I ain't.'

''You don't knock your son about, for example?'

''No! I don't.' (He was growing downright savage, especially as the people in the court began to laugh.)

''You don't pummel him with your fist, eh?'

''No! I don't.'

''Or knock his head upon the ground, in this manner? (and I rapped the table with my knuckles.)

''No!' (indignantly.)

''You never did such a thing?'

''No!'

''You swear to that?'

''Yes!

''All this time I had never given him an opportunity of seeing my face; I now turned towards him and said—

''Look at me, sir. Did you ever see me before?'

'He was about to say No again; but all at once he stopped, turned very white, and made no answer.

''That will do,' I said; 'stand down, sir. My lord, I shall prove to you that this witness is not to be believed on his oath.'

'I then related what we had seen that morning, and putting my friend, who had been sitting behind me all the while, into the witness box, he of course confirmed the statement.

'The Court immediately decided that the man was unworthy of belief, and the result was a verdict for the defendant, with costs, and a severe reprimand from the Judge to Myers, who was very near being committed for perjury. But for the occurrence of the morning the decision would inevitably have been against us. As I said before, it was in a double sense fortunate for me, for it was the means of my introduction, through Mr Tritten, to an influential and lucrative connection.'

A Promising Specimen.—"What are you writing there, my boy?" asked a fond parent of his hopeful son and heir, a shaver of ten years.

"My compothition, thir," replied the youthful Grotius. "But really, I shall be unable to contheentrate my ideas, and give them a logical relation if I am consthantly interrupted in thith manner by irrevalent inquiries."

Taking Down a Judge.—One of the old fashioned attorneys practising in Indiana, insisted on arguing a case before Judge B., after it had been decided. The Judge repeatedly told the unfortunate attorney that he would listen to no further argument in the case.

"But, may it please your honor," says the advocate, "your honor will certainly hear an argument if your honor has decided wrong?"

"No," replied the Judge, "if you desire to argue the case any more, take it to the Court of Errors."

"May it please your honor, I don't see where in the devil I'd go to, for if this ain't a court of errors, I dont know where to find one!'

"I Love to Steal."

An amusing incident occurred in one of our down-east churches, some years ago. The clergyman gave out on a pleasant Sabbath afternoon in July:

"I love to steal awhile away,
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hour of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer."

The regular choirister being absent, the duty devolved upon the good old deacon M., who commenced,

"I love to steal—"

and then bagged down—and raising his voice to a still higher pitch, he sung,

"I love to steal—"

and as before, he concluded he had got the wrong pitch, and deploring that he had not his "pitch tuner," he determined to succeed if he died in the attempt.

By this time all the old ladies were tittering behind their fans, whilst the faces of the 'young 'uns' were all in a broad grin. At length, after a desperate cough, he made a final demonstration, and roared out,

"I love to steal."

This effort was too much; every other but the godly and eccentric parson was laughing, who arose, and with the utmost coolness said:

"Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray!"

It is needless to say that but few of that congregation heard the prayer.

An Irish Chattel.—A few weeks ago a negro was put in the calaboose suspected of being a runaway slave, or in case that charge could not be sustained, of being in the state without a license. He was as black as the ace of spades, and as impudent as a knave.—A short time after he was confined, some 3 or 4 white men, from the region of Battle Row appeared at the "Captain's Office" and enquired if there was a "nagur" taken up, at the same time offering to go his bail. Upon being answered in the affirmative, our friend Lawyer was despatched to bring him out. He proceeded to a cell where the negro was confined and after opening the door his ears were greeted by a rich brogue as ever came from the south of Ireland. Lawyer was taken all aback at hearing these familiar intonations from a kinky genuine cuffe. However knowing that he couldn't be mistaken, he bro't the negro out, and in the police office the following colloquy ensued between the Captain of the Night police and the prisoner.

"Who are you and who do you belong to?" said the former.

"Who do I belong to, bless yer riverence I'm a freeman and was born in Waterford County Ould Ireland."

Upon making inquiry it was found to be correct and that he was a real Irish darkey.

An Irishman who was present, and an attentive observer of the scene, allowed that he must have fared badly in the riot to be choked so hard that he was so black in the face as a "nagur."—*St Louis Republican.*

A Chapter on Females.

We like to look upon a healthy woman—she is a prodigy in the nineteenth century. Wherever you go you see scores and hundreds of spleeny, sickly, feeble girls, who can hardly muster courage to make their beds, wash their faces, or drive an intruding cow from the yard. Tell them about early rising, fresh air, and healthy exercise, and they heave a sigh as long as the moral law, and are ready to faint away. You expect them to get up before day, to work in the kitchen, to breathe the fresh air of morning! Preposterous and absurd! They have never seen the sun rise! and would hardly know but the sun continues to shine forever, if it were not for the almanacs and their grandmothers. No wonder that every year sweeps to the grave so many young women who have been sickly and effeminate ever since they were born into the world; and death will continue to select them as his victims till they learn their duty, and pursue that course which insures health, strength and long life. Our great grand parents lived to a great age, and never thought of lying down to die till they had, at least, reached the meridian of life. They were stout, strong, happy and hearty. Why? They rose early, worked like beavers, and never spent the midnight hours in dancing. Instead of being frightened at a mouse at their feet, a beetle on their neck, a fly's foot on their arms, in the absence of their fathers and husbands, they would load their guns, and shoot bears and catamounts, and keep at bay a party of savages. How have their daughters degenerated! What female is here now-a-days who wouldn't run from a gun, even if it had no lock. The ladies of olden times out-lived their husbands years and years. How is it now? Widows are few and far between. It was no singular thing for our grandmothers to have three or four husbands in the course of their lives. Now it is the reverse. Men have about as many wives, diseases of late have been so fatal among the female sex. Do you know the cause? It is found in listless idleness, inactivity, late hours, thin shoes, muslin dresses, a horror of fresh morning air, and in that detestable stuff stitched in pink and yellow covers, which is flooding our country. If they will do nothing else, young ladies will sit and read from morning till night that sickly, sentimental, impure, and we will say licentious trash that is thrown in such abundance from the press. This shrivels the mind, warps the affections, chills the better feelings, and makes the life wretched beyond description. Let females look into this subject and act like reasonable beings, and we should see quite a different state of things. We should hear of no fainting away, no sick constitutions, no affection of lungs, no elopements, and no suicides.—*N. Y. paper.*

The New York Reporters.

We clip the following sketch of the life of a New York newspaper reporter from the editorial correspondence of the Salem (Mass,) *Mercury.* It is interesting to read, and may prove instructive to those who think the berth of a newspaper *attache* a sinecure:

A friend of Dr Graham, the Southerner, who killed Col Loring at the St Nicholas, complains of the officiousness of the city reporters, in publishing every little circumstance connected with the tragedy, and thus inflaming public judgment prior to the trial. He had better take care how he meddles with the city reporters, or he may stir up a hornet's nest. The reporters of the New York *Daily Press* are essential to the public as its breakfast. These details of every local occurrence are what the public has been accustomed to devour till its appetite is almost insatiable. It is quite amusing to watch the strife for news between our three great dailies, the *Times, Tribune,* and *Herald.* Each of these papers keeps a small army of reporters on hand, on the *qui vive* for news of all kinds. One has the collecting of shipping news to do, and has a boat to do it with, another watches the conflict, never ending, of Bull and Bear, on Wall street. Another attends to the markets. Then there is a *corps du reserve* to pick up "Horrible Tragedies," "Destructive Conflagrations," "Daring Burglaries," "Strange Developements," and interesting occasions of every description, all over the city and its suburbs. The Criminal Courts, Common Council, &c., must be kept constantly supplied with reporters. And blessed be the paper that can get an item of news over its neighbor. When the fire alarm sounds night or day, away shoots the knight of the notebook and if the conflagration be extensive, is soon relieved by a fresh reporter, and while the fire is still raging, half its history is in type, under the press, and on an Extra!

News comes to the police station that a drunken brute has murdered his wife. Away flies the reporter, inks down the shocking appearance of the mangled body, and attendant circumstances. Next day he goes to the Tombs, procures a private interview with the murderer, and worms out such particulars of that interesting individual's birth, pedigree and adventures, as the latter is willing to have made public. If he fails in this, he indulges in an elaborate description of the notability. Anything to satisfy the momentary cravings of the public appetite. When strongly excited on the subject of Kansas and Nebraska, copious doses of pro and con meetings, processions, drawn out, *ad infinitum,* are to be administered. While people feel uneasy about the cholera, our journals will give them daily statistics of its progress, and pleasing details of individual cases, wherever such details can be obtained. During the season of complimentary dinners, plate presentations, &c., the reporter is in clover.

He eats an epicurian dinner free gratis for nothing, every day, and receives the obsequious attention of innumerable incipient orators, or seekers after printed notoriety, who admire his talents and inquire if he isn't thirsty? He generally is. In winter, especially, the reporter lives a very dissipated life, from necessity. Night is the time when men *must* work, who have anything to do with morning papers. Pass the *Times, Tribune,* or *Herald* buildings at almost any hour of the night, and amidst the prevailing silence and darkness of deserted Nassau street, a long line of lighted windows flash upon your vision, high in mid-air. Ascend innumerable narrow stairways, and you will find a long room or suit of rooms, where twelve or fifteen men fierce with moustache and beard, sit scribbling on scrips of paper, which are whisked up every five minutes to the printing room above or below, by a little dumb waiter as "copy." Such a life the reporter lives, eating, drinking at all hours, sleeping any time and any where he can. The reporters in the *Tribune* office are mostly foreigners.

African Customs—"A Time to Dance."

The Africans hold that there is such a time as this to be observed, but by individuals only, Solomon meant but by communities. And the season set apart for this purpose is that which comes immediately after harvest.

It is a time of universal rejoicing. It commences by each individual husbandman presenting to the Kwi, (spirits of departed friends or demons,) the first fruits of the earth. After the rice has been stored, and while this is being done in the evening of every day may be heard in houses, or yards, the merry sound of one or more drums, and groups of children or young people may be seen dancing to them. In a short time the public dances begin.

The men and women dance separately, never together, and the men take their turn first. Dressed in their finest clothes, with ivory rings on their arms, and ornaments of various sorts in their hands, they begin the dance near the music, and then file off around the oblong, irregular open space enclosed by the promiscuous crowd of spectators who cheer or kiss the performers as they merit. They keep perfect time.

The men dance for about a month, when the woman begin, and enjoy themselves about the same length of time.

Some eight or ten drums are collected together under a large shady tree in an open space near the centre of the town.—These drums are made of the trunks of trees hollowed out, and covered at one end with a goat or sheep skin. They vary from three to six feet in length. The largest may be heard several miles and when all are beaten together, they make for the African the most exciting music.

At the beginning of the season the dance begins about two o'clock in the afternoon, and continues until five, which is the hour for dinner. But as the season advances it is not unusual to dance in the morning and again at night.

Nothing can excel the excitement and revelry of this season. As the ruinous sound of voices and drums is wafted over the town, and far away by the breeze, groups of women and children may be seen keeping time to the music, while those engaged in pounding rice adapt the motions of their bodies and limbs to the ringing sounds which fall upon the ear. For once at least, in the year, all quarrels and palvers appear to give place to good-will and kindly intercourse.

Gave Him the Mitten.—'Ah mon dieu! mon dieu!' said Monsieur Melenots to his friend Saiffins, 'my sweet heart give me de mitten.'

'Indeed—how did that happen?'

'Well, I thought I must go to make her one visect before I leave town; so I step in de side of de room, and dare I behold her beautiful parson stretch out on von lazy.'

'A lounge you mean,'

'Ah, yes—von lounge. And den I make von ver polite branch, and—'

'You mean a bow.'

'Ah, yes—von bough. And den I say I was very sure she would be rotten, if I did not come to see her before I—'

'You said what?'

'I said she would be rotten if—'

'That's enough. You have put your foot in it to be sure.'

'No sare. I put my foot out of it, for she says would call her sacre big brother and kick me out, begar. I had intended to say mortified, but I could no tink of de word, and mortify and rot is all de same as von, in my dictionaire.

Revenge.—Bruise your shins against a stone step on a cold day, then retaliate by trying to kick it over, especially if you are troubled with corns.

A fellow out West recently attempted to end his existence by hanging himself, but he was cut down by an efficient constable, who arrested him. There being no statute against suicide he finally fixed him out by sending him to jail for three months for stealing the rope which he attempted the deed.

The Height of Meanness.—The Knickerbocker tells of a man who stole a five dollar bill out in Indiana. His counsel tried to prove that the note was not worth five dollars, it being at a discount. The prosecutor said he knew that the thief was the meanest man in the State, but he did not think he was so all-fired mean as not to be willing to *steal Indiana money at par.*

Not Bad.—A leading actor of New York now deceased, who had a habit of imbibing brandy and water, in proportion about one part of the latter to about four of the former, visited Buffalo not long since, and was indulging largely in his favourite weakness, to the no small astonishment of the bar keeper, who had never seen such a chemical disproportion. Mr. ....., who was very thirsty after his dusty ride in the cars remarked, "you keep very bad water here." "You don't give it a chance," was the rejoinder.—*Syracuse Standard.*

Reciprocity and Annexation.

The following excellent observations are from the Niagara *Mail*:—

The New York *Tribune,* after having lately blown the trumpet of Reciprocity, now reverses the operation, and condemns the whole affair—because, forsooth, its effect will be, as the Tribune asserts, to prevent Canadian Annexation to the United States! Just as if this Province would ever consent to the political suicide of joining that over-grown slave-driving confederacy under any circumstances, commercial or otherwise, which it is free to remain an integral portion of the British Empire.

The mistake of the Tribune is common to most part of the American Press. In spite of their repeated contradiction by Canadian journals, they still persist in considering Canada annexable property, and that the people of the Province having of late come in closer contact with American institutions—look upon them with increasing admiration and envy. This is the delusion of a silly woman who fancies every body who sees her of course falls in love with her, and gives herself ludicrous airs accordingly. The fact is, the more Canadians see of the workings of American institutions, the better they like their own, and while a more kindly feeling has grown up between individuals of the respective countries, whom the freedom of trade brings together, we are certain that the political institutions and policy of the United States are held in less esteem in Canada now than previous time. The closer we look into the secret tricks and corruptions of democratic parties, the less and less attraction do they have for us. This is a view of the subject which we commend to the Tribune's notice. We assure it that the true reason why annexation is not only not popular, but not even mooted in Canada, is not because of our 'ignorance of the advantages of democracy;' but because we know too much about them, and see them daily stripped of the tinsel and gew-gaw adornments which are so alluring to European eyes. The best antidote in the world against such folly as annexation, is found in the large numbers of American papers that circulate in the Province. The illustrations of American politics given daily by the New-York Tribune and Herald, alone would suffice to cure all the monomaniacs in Europe of their American propensities, were they as accessible to them as they are to the people of Canada. In this view of the case the Tribune may [very unwillingly we grant] set itself down as having worked against its hobby quite as effectually as its rival the Herald.