

Reports of Agri. Societies.

EAST RIVER, PICTOU.

The Annual Meeting of the Egerton Agricultural Society, was held according to the precept of the Board of Agriculture on the first Tuesday of December.

The office bearers for the ensuing year were then appointed.

The committee have to report that an exhibition was held in October, and prizes awarded to live stock, grain, fruit, roots, and domestic manufacture.

Owing to circumstances there was not the usual interest taken in agriculture this year, consequently some departments were inferior to what they were in former years.

The show of cattle was rather small, but a few good animals were exhibited; sheep would compare favourably with any we have seen.

Some of the grain was superior, oats rather light this year, fruit was smaller than usual, roots were more than an average, butter and cheese were the best ever exhibited, while the domestic manufactures would do credit to any agricultural district.

The society also held a ploughing match, on the first day of November. The contest was spirited and the work done creditable, leaving no room to doubt but the money was spent to good purpose.

The Treasurer's account will show the manner in which our funds were disposed of:

1866. EXPENDITURE.	
Oct. To disbursements of prizes.....	\$63 87 1/2
Plowing Match.....	10 00
Publishing Exhibition list, &c....	5 00
Expenses of Exhibition.....	3 00
Postage and Stationery.....	0 67 1/2
Secretary's fee.....	6 00
	\$89 15

1865. RECEIPTS.	
Dec. 5. By balance.....	\$12 41
1866.	
Aug. 15. Members' subscriptions.....	40 00
Dec. Provincial Grant.....	52 00
	\$104 41

Leaving a balance of \$15.26 in favour of the Society.

DANIEL FALCONER, Sec'y.

A NEW SOCIETY IN YARMOUTH.—THE PUBNICO AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

We have received a communication from Stephen M. D'Entremont, Esq., with the particulars of a Society just formed at Pubnico. Fifty-five members have entered, each paying one dollar of annual subscription. The officers are as follows:—President, John C. Anderson; Vice-Presdt., Jeremiah Murphy; Treasurer, William D'Entremont; Secretary, Stephen M. D'Entremont.

Miscellaneous.

THE IRISH MULE DRIVER.

I went away once to the wars for a frick,
 Attach'd to the big baggage train, sure,
 But what with the toil and starvation and risk,
 Faith, I'll not go campaignin' again, sure;
 Up hill, and down dale I w a dhrivin' of mules
 From the top of the morning till night, sir;
 Oh! such trouble to take, surely kings must be fools,
 When the journey but ends in a fight, sir.

For rath' and dhrinkin' and sleepin' enough,
 'Tis myself that I always found partial;
 But these things were scarce, while the fightin' was tough,
 From the Private up to the Field Marshal.
 'Twas only the doethors I found did contrive
 In the best of condition to be, sir;
 High and low, right and left, 'twas the word be alive,
 The munit we saw an M. D., sir.

M. D. was the signal for clearing the road,
 When the baggage got stuck in some by-way;
 M. D. had the best of good quarters allow'd,
 And carried all things in his high way;
 While others were starving, M. D. had his feed,
 While others were thirsty, he drank full,
 "Oh," says I, "sure if Providence only decreed
 To make me an M. D., I'd be thankful!"

The war being done, we were bid to embark,
 The ships full as ever they'd hold, faith;
 I made on my trunk, in big letters, a mark,
 And strutted aboard then quite bowld, faith,
 The letters I put on my box was M. D.,
 The munit the skipper espied it,
 An' course, the best cabin for you, sir, says he;
 I nodd'd, and never denied it.

We sail'd in the night and 'twas all right and tight,
 While darkness and silence surrounded;
 But in daylight, with spakin', while breakfast was
 makin',
 I fear'd that I might be confounded.
 Some officers looked at me, sour as a lime,
 With suspicion, or somethin' akin to it,
 But I never open'd my mouth all the time,
 Unless 'twas to put something into it.

With the best of good living and jolly good berth,
 The days pass'd away to my liking;
 I ate, drank, and smoked, like a lord of the earth,
 Throughout every bell that was striking;
 With a book in my hand I would nod when they spake,
 As if study, with me, was the main thick,
 So, at last, through the ship it was pass'd, as a joke,
 That the M. D. was rather eccentric.

But, as had luck would have it, a fayver broko out,
 And they call'd upon me for to cure it,
 "In fayver," says I, "there is always great doubt,
 And the life of men—who can insure it?
 I'll give up to nane in the dhrivin' of mules,
 And they'er obstinate hastes, to be sure, sirs,
 But I can't dhrive a fayver,—so don't be such fools
 As be axin' o' me for a cure, sirs!"

"Why, an't you a doethor?" they all o' them cried.
 "The dickens a doethor am I, dear."
 "Then why, on your luggage, M. D. have we spied?"
 "Because they'er my right to apply, dear."
 "M. D. manes a doethor!" they join'd in our cry,
 "Or titles are not worth a stiver!"
 "If M. D. betokens a doethor," says I,
 "They stand quite as well for Mule Driver!"

SAMUEL LOVER.

—Once a Week.

SIGNS OF MADNESS IN DOGS.

The first symptom which appears in a dog about to be attacked with hydrophobia is a restlessness, which impels him to move continually from place to place, to

hide under chairs and tables, and in corners of the room. He appears sullen and discontented, but has no disposition to bite, and if called by his master obeys as usual, but slowly and unwillingly. Then he becomes more restless, seems as if no position was comfortable, and wanders from one member of the family to another, looking at each inquiringly, as if seeking some assistance from them. As the disease develops the animal becomes more and more agitated, and has delirious hallucinations, constantly making motions, indicating that he sees and hears imaginary objects. After this he scratches up the mats, carpets, &c., as if to make a bed for himself, and then suddenly scatters them in all directions, and he wanders from place to place as if in search of something, staring vacantly round him, without fixing his gaze on anything.—During all this time he frequently shows attachment to his master, and even comes up to him and endeavours to lick his hands and face; but already at this stage of the disease the saliva is poisonous, and this sign of affection may, if the skin be anywhere abraded, plant in the system the germ of the terrible disease to which the animal is about to succumb. This affection sometimes remains even after the animal is really rabid, and he will frequently abstain from directing his attacks against those to whom he is attached. This must not, however, be relied upon, as he may, even against his own will, make a fatal snap. In the first stages of the disease the animal does not refuse his food, but after a short time leaves it untouched. He has no horror of water, but, on the contrary, frequently even swims in it, and drinks inordinate quantities, until he has arrived at the stage in which a spasm of the throat prevents him from swallowing it, and even then he sometimes plunges his nose in it, and bites at it when he finds he can no longer drink. As the disease advances the dog seems to experience an unreasonable desire to bite, tear, and swallow everything that comes in his way, his bed, the cushions of the sofa or chairs; sticks, stones, earth, glass—all are bitten, swallowed, or crushed. Soon after this he begins to turn his fury against animals. One very important peculiarity to be observed in a dog about to become rabid is the change of voice which he undergoes. Instead of consisting of a succession of sounds equal in intensity and duration, his bark becomes hoarse and stifled, and is in a lower key than usual. To a full-voiced bark succeed a series of howls from the bottom of the throat, each less loud than the preceding, during the emission of which the dog stands with his mouth partially open. Another very remarkable fact is that a rabid dog appears to lose the power of expressing pain. No matter what is done to him—if he be kicked, pinched, pricked,