

Editorial Scrap-Book.

ROM AND MURDER.—We learn from the *Belleville Tribune*, that one Mr. Louis Shangree, a Frenchman, formerly a stage driver for George Mink, was murdered on Tuesday, by an intoxicated person, named Z. Knapp. It appears that Shangree had been sick for some time in Kingston, and was travelling to his brother's, at Cobourg by stage, and was, at the time he was assaulted, merely waiting for the stage to change, when this Knapp, who was intoxicated, came up to him and said, "You are the man who struck me on the bridge." Shangree said, "that is impossible, as I have just arrived from below, by the stage, and I don't know who you are." With that the inebriate struck Shangree, knocking him down, and then jumping twice upon his face and head. At this moment Mr F. C. English, Mr. Mink's agent, came up and drove Knapp away. Shangree died, of the injuries received, on Friday morning. An inquest was held under coroner Munto, and a *post mortem* examination at the same time, was made by Drs. Hope, Lister, and Ridley. The body was found in a healthy state; but on the brain was found an extravasation of blood, caused, no doubt, by the injuries, and which, undoubtedly, caused his death. The verdict of the jury was, that he died from the effects of blows inflicted by the above named Knapp. Here is a case for Mr. Justice Richards to sit upon, who voted against the Prohibitory Law, when in the House of Assembly. His Lordship, probably will view it, that this poor drunken murderer, who, perhaps, when sober, is an inoffensive man, is all to blame, and that the liquor dealer, who measured out the poison to him, is in no case accessory from this fact. But were it not for crime, how would the officers of the law subsist.—*Picton Times*.

CAUTION TO BOYS.—The *Horn Journal*, in condemning the tobacco-using propensity so strong of late among boys, mentions the following fact:—A few weeks ago a youth of sixteen arrived in this city to prosecute his studies with a view to professional life. He came from a distant State, and was to remain here for some years. A week or two after his arrival, he was seized with a paralysis in both legs, which advanced upward till nearly the lower half of his body was benumbed and apparently lifeless. The most distinguished physicians in New York attended the case, but no relief being afforded, the unfortunate young man was taken to his home, and there is but little hope of his recovery. The cause of his disease is stated by the physicians to be *tobacco-chewing*—a habit which he early acquired, and persisted in to the time of his attack.

TO A MOTHER.—You have entered upon a ministry of love and faithfulness; an angel might tremble to assume, namely, the education of an immortal being, for time and for eternity. Education, truly and faithfully accomplished, is the full and well proportioned development of all a man's physical, intellectual and moral capacities; such as sends him into the conflict of his earthly probation; a sound mind in a sound body, to fulfil the dictates of a sound heart. There, in that unconscious infant, lie dormant the germs of the intellect and the affections, as the flower and the fruit are enveloped in the tender bud of spring; there they lie, and you are the heaven-appointed agent to call them forth to light and beauty.

Your blessed mission is, thus to aid in the development of all the God given talents of that miniature man.

It has been affirmed that bad temper, strong passions, and even intellectual peculiarities, are communicated to the infant *through the medium of the mother's or nurse's milk*, and that hence it is of great consequence, in choosing a nurse, to select one of a cheerful and amiable character.—But while admitting that the quality of the milk may exert an influence, I am disposed to believe that effect upon the child is caused more especially by the natural action of the nurse's evil passions stirring up, and in a manner, educating the corresponding passions in the child.—*Combe*.

A CLERGYMAN'S FARM.—Rev. H. W. Beecher has a farm in Berkshire county, Mass., put into his possession by some of his friends. While spending a summer recreation upon it, he wrote to the Independent a letter, from which we make the following extract. He writes thus:—There is something in the *owning of a piece of ground* which affects me as did the old ruins of England. I am free to confess that the value of a farm is not chiefly in its crops of cereal grain, its orchards of fruit, and in its herds, but in those larger and more easily reaped harvests of associations, fancies and dreamy broodings, which it begets. From boyhood I have associated classical civic virtues and old heroic integrity with the soil. No one who has peopled his young brain with the fancies of Grecian mythology but comes to feel a certain magical sanctity for the earth. The very smell of fresh-turned earth brings us as many dreams and visions of the country as sandalwood does of oriental scenes. At any rate I feel, in walking under these trees and about these slopes, something of that enchantment of vague and mysterious glimpses of the past which I once felt about the ruins of Kenilworth Castle.—For thousands of years this piece of ground hath wrought its tasks. Old s lumberous forests used to darken it; innumerable deer have tramped across it; foxes have blinked through its bushes, and wolves have howled and growled as they pattered along its rustling leaves with empty maws. How many birds, how many flocks of pigeons, thousands of years ago, how many hawks dashing wildly among them, how many insects nocturnal and diurnal, how many mailed bugs, and limber serpents, gliding among mossy stones, have had possession here before my day! It will not be long before I too shall be as wasted and recordless as they. Doubtless the Indians made this a favorite resort. Their sense of beauty in natural scenery is proverbial. Where else in all this region could they find a more glorious amphitheater? But thick studded forests may have hidden from them this scenic glory and left it to solace another race. I walk over the ground wondering what lore of wild history I should read if all that ever lived upon this round and sloping hill had left an invisible record, unreadable except by such eyes as mine, that seeing, see not, and not seeing, do plainly see. Then, while I stand upon the crowning point of the hill, from which I can see every foot of the hundred acres, and think what is going on, what gigantic powers are silently working, I feel as if all the workmanship that was stored in the Crystal Palace, was not to be compared with the subtil machinery all over this ground. What chemist could find solvents to liquify these rocks?—But soft rains and roots like threads dissolve them and re-compose them into stems and leaves. What