

think I should have been so bad. The reason was because he had had a contest with old Bull of Yeaverley, and he had beat him. He said my mother had set Bull on. She had put a curse on everything, and he must have more money to free all the young cattle. He charged me 5s. 7d. apiece for all the sheep, stirks, and calves, and 5s. for the goods. (Laughter.) I paid for 50 sheep 12 stirks, 11 calves, and 13 pigs. (Laughter.) I paid 5s. 6d. for the pigs. He charged me 5s. for my baby. (Laughter.) I paid about 10l. on this occasion. Shortly after this the prisoner came into my house as a servant, and remained till the 7th of February in this year. During that time I had five attacks of illness; the symptoms were generally the same as at the first. When I was attacked the second time the prisoner said my mother had set a man at Longton, named Cotton, to do it; but he (prisoner) had beaten him. On the third attack he said my mother had been to a man at Badley Hedge. There were two working against me and my wife and baby. The symptoms were the same as I had had. She was taken with shivering and shaking. On the fourth attack the prisoner said my mother had been to a man at Burton, named Plimmer. He wanted 5s. to see Plimmer. I gave it him. The prisoner on the 5th of January appeared to be taken ill himself. He came from home, and said the witchcraft was on him, and he had had two very bad nights, and that it was Cotton who was doing it, and that if he did not go to Longton he should die. He wanted £3 10s. to go to Longton to have the witchcraft taken off. On the fifth attack he said my mother had been to a man at Derby, and he would try to beat him without going to see him. On the 10th he said he must go to Derby, and I went with him as far as Burton. My wife went with him, and I gave my wife 5l. On his return he said he had had a contest with Wilson, but he had been very stubborn, and he would finish him in three days. (Laughter.)

In the end the poor dupe called in a surgeon, and came to a conviction that he had been "doed." The evidence of his wife was equally extraordinary. In addition to what her husband had stated she said—

"On the 28th of April I had a great deal of shaking and pains, and so had the child. We heard knocks that night, but could not tell where. Another night we heard the cows all lament, and the horses prancing, the dog howling, and a many strange noises. There was something about three o'clock that was louder than the dog. The men were called up. I asked the men to drive it away. I heard it no more. In the morning I told the prisoner. He said he knew we should have an awful night, but he duran't tell us for fear of putting us in bad spirits. One night he took a knife and plate, and asked me and my husband to go into a room with him and he would show us all our enemies; but we were too ill to go. He would not let Mrs. Copestake go with him. When he came out of the room there was a blueness over him. When he went in he said it would be either death or glory to him, and when he came out he said he had succeeded. In bed one night after I was asleep I was snatched up in bed as straight as I am now, and I was shaken all to death. The prisoner was in our room sleeping there. We had no spare room. He said he would stay with us a few days till we were better. I asked the prisoner what he was doing, and he got out of bed and lit the candle. He came to the bed, and brought my Bible. He said it had been with old Bull, of Yeaverley, and that was why I was shaken so. (Sensation.) My child died of convulsions two days after. My mother-in-law was not pleased at our marriage. I believe she wished that we might rot in bed, and that nobody might come to help us. She said we should never do any good, and all the cheeses would tumble to pieces. The prisoner told me if I did not send the dairymaid away she would be "a wanderer." My shaking lasted for two hours. There were like cats fighting in the room. I can't tell what shook me, whether it was a spirit or not. No man could shake me as I was shaken. (Laughter.) A little spirits (brandy) soothed me; and I went better. (Laughter.) The yells were like unto a dog, but louder. The yell went away when my man (the carman) bid it go. That night there was an awful shake at the door, and we said the Lord's Prayer."

A stranger vision than all was seen by Ann Richardson, the servant:—

"One night master was very ill, and we heard something come into the yard like a carriage. Something came into the yard like the wind. There was our dog and the shape of another dog after it all on fire. I did not see what became of the "shape of the dog." I had never seen a "fire dog" before. I saw

it quite plainly. Only me and master's brother saw it. It came in at the door. I followed it. It went behind the door that was shut. I could not think how the dog got through. (Laughter.) I did not smell any brimstone. (Laughter.) Our dog sat behind the door with his tongue out. It seemed to me a quarter of a yard long. Loud laughter.)

The evidence of the witnesses called for the defence went to show that the prosecutor and his wife were hard drinkers, and the former was subject to *delirium tremens*. The jury having found a verdict of Guilty, Mr. Justice Willis sentenced the prisoner to twelve months' hard labour. "The Court," says the *Times* reporter, "was densely crowded during the trial, the audience including a considerable number of 'witches.'"

MUSICAL PRACTICE AMONG BIRDS.

MANY people imagine that birds sing by instinct, and that their songs come to them without any labor or practice. But ornithologists, who have made the habits of the feathered tribes a life-study, have a different story, and tell of long and laborious practice in species and individuals to acquire facility and compass of song. The following information, from a practiced observer, will be new to many of our readers. So says the *New England Farmer*.

Birds all have their peculiar ways of singing. Some have a monotonous song, as the bay-winged sparrow. The yellow-bird has a continuous chatter, without any particular form of song. The cat-bird is a mocker. The golden-robin has a song of its own, though those of the same locality are apt to sing the same tune. The hermit-thrush has a round of variations, perhaps the sweetest singer of the feathered choir. But the song-sparrow has the most remarkable character of song of any bird that sings.

Every male song sparrow has seven independent songs of its own, no two having the same notes throughout, though sometimes, as if by accident, they may hit upon one or more of the same.

Six years ago this spring I first made the discovery. A singer that had taken up his residence in my garden, attracted my attention by his sweet variations of its songs, so I commenced taking observations on the subject. I succeeded at last in remembering all his songs, which are this day as fresh in my memory as any of our common airs that I am so fond of whistling. On one occasion I took note of the number of times he sang each song, and the order of singing. I copy from my journal six years back.

No. 1 sang twenty seven times; No. 2, thirty-six times; No. 3, twenty-three times; No. 4, nineteen times; No. 5, twenty-one times; No. 6, thirty-two times; No. 7, eighteen times. Perhaps next he would sing No. 2, then, perhaps, No. 4, or No. 5, and so on.

Some males will sing each tune about fifty times, though but seldom; some will only sing from five to ten times; but, as far as I have observed, each male has his seven songs. I have applied the rule to as many as a dozen different birds, and the result has been the same. I would say that it requires a great degree of patience, and a good ear, to come at the truth of the matter; but any one may watch a male bird while singing, and will find he will change his tune in a few minutes, and again in a few more.

The bird that I first mentioned came to the same vicinity five springs in succession, singing the same seven songs—always singing within a circle of about twenty rods. On the fifth spring he came a month later than usual; another sparrow had taken possession of his hunting grounds, so he established himself a little on one side. I noticed that he sang less frequently than of old, and in a few days his song was hushed forever. No doubt old ago claimed him as her victim. In other cases, I have known a singer to return to the same place two, three, and four years, but frequently not more than one.

"GOD WITH US."

God with us! with ourselves! How inspiring the doctrine! Art thou a pilgrim, walking in perplexed ways? He is thy guide. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Thou art a creature of affliction and sorrow. He is with thee as thou passest through the water and through the fire. "Call upon him in the day of trouble, and he shall deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify him. Thou art tempted; but he is thy shield and thy strong tower." "In that he suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted." Dost thou feel thy own littleness and insignificance? Thy God thinketh upon thee. "The hairs of your head are all numbered." "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Thou mayest be little and unknown among men, but a precious diamond in the hands of thy God. "He

is nigh unto thee in all that thou callest on Him for."

Various and changing may be the scenes through which thou passest; but all shall be tempered by his wisdom for thine own advantage. "All things work together for good unto them that love him." Thou shalt die; but when thou walkest through the valley and shadow of death, he shall be with thee. But thy "flesh shall also rest in hope;" for "in his book are all thy members written." And, while adoring "Him that sitteth upon the throne, and the Lamb in the midst of the throne," God with us shall be the burden of thy song forever.

THE LATE RAILROAD DISASTER.—Cause of the Accident.—Hamilton, C. W., March 23.—The interest which is attached to the locality of the late accident at Des Jardines Canal, was to-day renewed by the raising of the submerged engine, and the testing of the bridge which is now repaired. The engine was raised with pulleys and derricks to the top of the water, and showed the forward truck wheel of the engine on the right side, broken off. From the position of the engine, as it lay on the bottom of the canal on its side, it seems quite impossible that the wheel was broken by the fall. Everything goes to show that the axle was broken, either on the bridge or very near it, and the breaking of the bridge was from the concussion which ensued. The bridge was tested with three heavy English engines attached, and there was not the slightest vibration perceptible. It seems remarkably strong.

THE CUBAN SLAVE TRADE.—A late Havana letter, referring to the continued introduction of African slaves into the island, says—"Two more American vessels have sailed from New Orleans for the coast of Africa. The news came here by the last steamer. The slave dealers have now four good places to sit out of—Boston, New York, Baltimore, and New Orleans. I have heard that there are four clipper brigs now building in Baltimore for the trade. There few facts are sufficient in themselves to convince all of your intelligent readers that though we have pronounced slavery piracy, we are in fact the most successful slave-dealers, not even excepting the Cubans. We supply the men and vessels, they the means. Which are most deserving of punishment?"

THE NOBLEST AMBITION.

It has been well remarked by an American poet, "that no gift, however beautiful, no success, however brilliant, should be placed above the skill and talents which can relieve a single pang, and the self-devotion which lays them at the feet of the humblest fellow creature." Judged by this rule, Professor Holloway, of whom the world has heard so much during the last twenty years, occupies a high position. His life seems to have been devoted to the alleviation of suffering, and his desire to benefit his fellow creatures appears to have been seconded by an amount of natural talent and acquired skill, seldom combined in one individual. The practical result of this combination has been the production of two remedies, known throughout the world as Holloway's Pills and Holloway's Ointment, which, if any value can be attached to human testimony, have left all devices of science far behind in the great work of relieving pain, strengthening the constitution and prolonging life.

In bilious disorders especially, the Pills have been wonderfully efficacious, and for that reason they are a most important medicine in the country, where bilious fever, and all the varieties of liver complaint, are unfortunately so common. We learn from persons subject to bilious attacks in the Spring and Fall, who have resorted to these Pills as a preventive, that they have never failed to save them from such periodical affections; while we have also the strongest possible testimony in their favor from individuals who have taken them in the worst stages of liver disease. Long before we had had an opportunity to judge of their value from home testimony, the medical journals and the daily press of Europe had referred to them in terms of praise. It gives us pleasure to say that our own experience confirms and verifies the statements derived from foreign sources. Not being conversant with the philosophy of medical science, we cannot enter into a learned exposition of the *modus operandi* of Holloway's Pills in bilious cases, but shall rest content with saying, that under the influence of the remedy the skin and the whites of the eyes soon lose their yellow tinge, the pain in the right side disappears, the appetite returns, the digestion improves, and the physical strength of the invalid is restored. Professor Holloway, who has made physiology and pathology his study for a quarter of a century, has given scientific whys and wherefores for their curative effects; we simply state that they fulfil the promises of the inventor, a fact that has never been questioned, we believe, by those who have given them a fair trial.—*N. Y. Nat. Pol. Gaz.*