Carleton Place Herald.

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The Real Gentleman.

A man of true and stirling worth,
A "real gentleman by birth",
And by his education,
Though well possessed of "worldly pelf,"
Will ever estimate himself
Above his generation.

No member of the human race,
Whose heart is in the proper place,
Will pass his fellow o'er
Because he's not a man of note,
Because he wears a shabby coat,
And happens to be poor.

He knows that prospects change in time,
That poverty is not a crime—
In merit does he trust;
He needs not ever to be told
That worth is worth—that gold is gold,
Tho' dingy in the dust.

He knows that men depraved of pelf,
As good or better than himself,
In lowly paths are led;
That spirits, just as pure and true
As breath beneath the heaven's blue,
Work for their daily bread.

From him will fall no freezing frown,
No vile attempt to crush you down,
But by you stand;
Kind words and smiles will o'er impart,
And always find it in his heart
To lend a helping hand.

Wisdom and Water.

BY A GRANDFATHER.

Fields are green in the early light,
When morning treads on the heels of night;
Fields are grey when the sun gone west,
Like a clerk from the city in search of rest,
You've probably read that "flesh is grass"
And that's the reason it comes to pass
That we change our color in life's long day.
From the young and green to the old and grey.

A short time since—as it seems to me—
I was as young as a youth could be;
Filling my head, as all children do,
With notions of life more nice than true:
Now, this noddle of mine looks strange,
With its plenty of silver, and no small change!
Surely I've travelled the shortest way
From the young and green to the old and grey.

Truly the day is a varying thing—
In Winter and Summer, Autumn and Spring;
But days of December and days of June
Run into twilight a deal too soon.
Life is a drama; the world's a stage,
And the piece we strut from youth to age
May run, like a farce or a five-act play.
From to the young and green to the old and grey.

QUERRY.—A charitable society find that one woman is worth a dozen men in collecting money. Wonder if it made any discoveries regarding their comparative worth in spending it.

Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.

A facetious fellow having unwillingly angered a conceited puppy, the latter told him he was no gentleman. Are you a gentleman? asked the droll one. Yes sir, answered the fop. Then I am very glad that I am not.

What Snuffsaker is that whose box gets fuller the more snuff he takes? The snuffers.

Happiness grows at our own firesides and is not to be picked up in strangers' gardens.

Why is playing at chess a more exemplary occupation than playing cards?—Because you play at chess with two bishops, and at cards with four knaves.

The Pope was seventeen-three years old on the 13th of May, and on the 16th of this month he reached the 19th year of his pontificate.

A parson who disliked pork, was once called upon to say grace at a dinner, where the principal dish was a roast pig. He is reported to have said;—'O Lord, if thou canst bless under the Gospel, what thou didst curse under the Law, bless this pig.

A medical student under examination, being asked the different effects of heat and cold, replied: "Heat expands and cold contracts,"—"Quite right; can you give me an example?"—"Yes sir in summer, which is hot, the days are longer; but in winter, which is cold, the days are shorter."

As a man deeply involved in debt was walking in the street with a very melancholy air one of his acquaintances asked him why he looked so sorrowful, alas! said he, I am in a state of insolvency? Well, said his friend, if that is the case it is not you but your creditors who ought to wear a sorrowful countenance.

It was said of a work (which had been inspected by a severe critic), in terms which at first appeared very flattering, There is a great deal in this book which is new and a great deal that is true." So far good, the author would think; but then came the negation. But fortunately happens, that those portions which are new are not true and those that are true are not new.

Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right he chanced unfortunately to say, "My Lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person: I myself have two little manors." The judge immediately interposed, with one of his blandest smiles, "We all know it Sir Fletcher."

PAT NONPLUSSED.—There happened to grow up between Patrick and a bragging down-caster a very fierce contest as to the comparative size of different animals in this and the "ould country," when Mr. O'Flaherty declared that in Ireland the "bees were as big as sheep." "Very well," interrupted Ichabod, "how big are the hives?" As big as yourn by jabers!" Then how do the bees get into their hives?" Paddy scratched his head, and, after a few moments reflection, replied, "Oh, that's their own look out."

Bashfulness in a man in love is a weakness; but it is a sign of purity of character, and would, under the inspiration of tender and bolder sentiments, soon appear.

A Frenchman got exceedingly angry with a waiter at an hotel. "You rascal," exclaimed he "I blow your nose for you!"

Mrs. Partington says the gentleman laughed so hard that she thought he would have burst his goodly self.

An Irish *literateur*, confident of making his fortune by the repeal of the stamp duty on newspapers has announced "a new daily paper to be published three times a week."

A STRANGE MILLENIAL MACHINE.—In the course of a debate in the French Corps Legislatif, M. Kerguen mentioned the recent invention of an 'infernal' machine at Toulon, which, he said, rendered useless the construction of iron-cased vessels, and opened prospect of perpetual and universal peace.—If the prospect of perpetual and universal peace, opened by an infernal machine, is destined to be realized, that infernal machine is a devilish good thing.—*Punch.*

MARRIAGE.—It resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always pinching any one who comes between them.

An Irishman, observing a dandy take his usual strait, on the Fort Promenade at Margate, stepped up to him and inquired, 'What rent do you ask for these houses?' 'Why do you ask me such a question?' said he. 'Faith, and I thought the whole terrace belonged to ye,' replied the Irishman.

The Rev. Mr. Johnson was one of those rough but quaint preachers of the former generation who were fond of visiting and good living. While seated at the table of a good lady in a neighbouring parish, she asked him if he took milk in his tea. "Yes, ma'am *when I can't get cream*," was the ready reply.

A PIG WITH A WOODEN LEG.—A tailor in Coupar-Angus, who had a pig which got one of its legs broken, has replaced the injured limb with a wooden one. It is curious to see the animal hobbling about. but it is thriving as well as it did before it met with the accident.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

It was decidely a generous-hearted youngman that divided an orange between his sweetheart and her mother, and, being advised at the same time not to be so free with his fruit or he would rob himself, replied in a drawling tone:—'Oh no, thankee. Take a whole half, each of you. It does me good to see you eat and enjoy it; and besides, it an't a robbin' myself, for I have got three more in my coat tail pocket.'

A newspaper correspondent writing of the beauties of Cairo, Illinois, says, "The season here is usually opened with great eclat by small pox, continued spiritedly by cholera, and closed up brilliantly with yellow fever. Sweet spot!"

What a place for Mark Tapley to be jolly in?

If you don't wish to get angry never argue with a blockhead. Remember the duller the razor the more you cut yourself.

APPLE TREE WORMS.—If you want to destroy these, as well as those of the gooseberry and currant bush, dip a clothes corn broom in coal oil and give the trees a slight sprinkling. A very little answers the purpose: the caterpillars will drop down by hundreds and die, while the vegetation of the tree remains uninjured. There is no need to saturate them—a slight sprinkle is quite sufficient.

THE STRIPED BUG.—The only true preventative for the attack of this insect upon cucumber and melon plants is to enclose the plants within four pieces of board, three inches high, nailed together at the corners. Cover them with a piece of glass or oiled paper for a day or two, when it may be removed altogether. The bugs will not again find the plant, as they always alight first upon the ground before commencing their attack, and the boards are in their way In a short time the plants will have outgrown all fear of their depredations, when the boards can be removed.

It is said that there is a man down east whose feet are so large that he cannot get a glimpse of the ground without turning a somerset—a *feat* rather difficult for him to perform.

HUMAN LIFE.—Professor Longfellow says of human life: "Ah! this is a beautiful world. Indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven is not far off: and then it changes suddenly, and it is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are some bright days like this when we feel we could take this world into our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts, nor hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is very sad."

The Late Dr Ollendorf.

The correspondent of Childs' 'Gazette and Circular' thus speaks of the well-known author of practical treatises for the acquisition of modern languages, Dr. H. G. Ollendorf, lately decease. "Ollendorf was a German Jew, of insignificant appearance, which even his spectacles did not improve. He lived shabbily on the fourth or fifth story of a great chocolate factory in the Rue Richelieu. I have met him almost every day for the last seventeen years at the shop of a newspaper vendor. He bought none but second-hand newspapers, that is, papers a day old, and which had gone through many hands. He had an immense number of pupils, although his rude and insolent manners drove many persons from him. He had under him many tutors who would, between his lessons, drill his pupils. Thus he would give three lessons a week and his tutor would give three, whereby the pupils would receive a lesson daily. Ollendorf had under him not only French and German, but Spanish and Italian tutors. He must have reaped a considerable income from this source alone. His books had an immense sale, and he was his own publisher, all his profits on them went into his own purse. He allowed the sellers only the ordinary trade commission. As he lived penuriously, he must have left a considerable estate, which his wife and children inherit. He was sixty years old."

A serious election riot had taken place at Nottingham, during a monster meeting. The hustings erected for the candidates and their friends was fired and consumed. The police were powerless, and soldiers had been sent to the scene disorder.

The Saddled Wife.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Of old, when Jupiter, the father of gods, wandered in disguise on the earth, to look upon the ways of men, it once came to pass that one night overtook him in a solitary place. He continued to travel, but found no shelter [illegible] grew darker and darker. At last [illegible] things appeared on opposite sides [illegible] one was large and beautiful [illegible] lovely and trim. In one lived a rich and in the other a poor man.

Jupiter said to himself, "it will not trouble the rich man to receive me." So he knocked at his door. Then a window opened, and a gruff voice asked,

"What do you want?"

'Only a night's lodging. For I am weary, and it grows late.'

The master of the house surveyed him from head to foot, and seeing that he wore poor garments, and was not likely to have money in his pocket, shook his head and said,

'You cannot come in. My chambers are full of herbs and seeds. There is no room for you. If I were to give a night's lodging to every one that asks it, I might as well take the beggar's staff in my own hand."

So, he shut the window, with a great noise, and Jupiter turned to the little hut over the way. But before he had time to knock, the door opened, and the poor man bade him to come in, "for it is already dark now," said he, 'and you must go no further to-night.' It pleased the stranger to be thus kindly received, and as he entered, the poor man's wife reached out her hand and welcomed him saying,

'Make yourself contented. We have not much it is true—but such as we have, we give you gladly with all our hearts."

Then she rekindled the fire, and put on some vegetables, and while they were boiling milked her goat. When the table was spread Jupiter sat down and ate with them, and the coarse fare seemed good, because their faces shown with hospitality and love. After they had eaten and were refreshed, and the time of sleep drew nigh, the woman said privately to her husband—

'Dear husbad let us to-night sleep upon the straw, that the poor wanderer may rest upon our bed. All the day long has he been journeying, and is now weary and way worn.'

The poor man answered,

'Yes, with all my heart. I will ask him to take our bed.'

But the guest refused—until they persisted so long in their own entreaties, that at last he reluctantly consented. And they all had a blessed sleep. Early in the morning, the poor people arose, and prepared for him a plain breakfast. The sun shone pleasantly through the window, as Jupiter again partook of their humble repast, and then rose to go on his way. Standing in the door he said to them.

'Because you have been so compassionate and pious, wish for three things and they shall be granted."

Then answered the meek old man,

"What can we desire but eternal life—and that we too, for the little time we have here to live, might have health and our necessary daily bread."

The wonderful stranger asked them if they would not like a new house; and while he was yet speaking, the walls spread themselves out, and the low roof lifted itself, and the crevices became fair windows, and the earthen floor was covered with a soft carpet, and the miserable couch was changed to a broad bed, with curtains. Before they could thank him, he vanished, and struck with awe they said to each other,

"Lo! we have entertained an angel, and knew it not. Saw ye not something in his eye, like a lightning flash, when he spoke with such power—your wishes shall be granted?"

The rich man looked out of his window and behold! where the rude earth used to stand, was a beautiful mansion, on whose clear casements the morning sun shone like gold. Gazing with large astonished eyes, he bade his wife go quickly over, and find out what it could mean. Hastily returning to her husband, she related the whole story adding,

"Saddle your best horse, and overtake the traveller, and get him to grant you also three wishes, as well as to our poor neighbors."

Riding rapidly, he at length saw him and bowing low, said with a crouching manner,

"Do not be displeased that you were not admitted immediately into my house the last night. I had lost the key of the door, and when it was found, and I came to let you in, you had departed. I was very sorry, and hope when you come that way again, you will be sure to stay with me."

Then he asked if he might not have three wishes granted him. Jupiter replied that could easily be, but it would not be well for him to wish, and he had better not attempt it. But the rich man pressed his suit, and was told to return homeward, and that three things which he desired should be given him. So he rode exultingly homeward, and while he was earnestly thinking what great thing he should choose, the bridle dropped from his hand, and the horse began to prance and rear, He patted him on the neck, and said soothingly, "be quiet, be quiet!" but it was of no use. Then he grew angry, and exclaimed, "I wish your neck was broken." Whereupon, he plunged and fell dead.—There lay his best horse with his neck broken." So his first wish was fulfilled.

Being by nature avaricious, he cut the thongs of the saddle, and took it upon his back, proceeded on foot towards home. He comforted himself with the remembrance that two wishes yet remained. He could not decide what they should be; every thing of which he thought seemed too small, and the world scarcely large enough for his ambition. As he toiled onward through the deep sands, the noonday sun began to beat upon his head, and he was warm and weary. Then he reflected how comfortably his wife was sitting at home in her cool chamber, and as the saddle pressed heavily upon him he grew angry and said,

"I wish she had it upon her own shoulders."

As the last words passed his lips, the saddle disappeared, and he felt that the second wish was expended. Quite chagrined, he determined the remaining one should be so magnificent as to make up for the loss of its predecessors, and that in the solitude of his own apartment he should study out something worthy of this remarkable occasion. So he began to run, and arriving in a great heat, was met by his wife, crying loudly, with the saddle upon her shoulders.

"Be quiet, be contented, said he, "I am going to wish for all the kingdoms of the earth."

"What good will all the kingdoms do me, with this horrid saddle on my back?" You have wished it on and you must wish it off."

"Don't mind trifles. I'm going to wish for our great chamber full of gold and silver. I tell you I've but a few wishes left."

"You're just as crazy as a brute. My shoulders are sore with this hot, hateful saddle. Wish it off, wish it off!"

There was no other way. She made such a tumult, that he was compelled to spend his last wish for her. Then they sat down to dinner. There were all things upon the table, but they had no comfort in them. He was angry because he had lost his best horse and wasted his three wishes—and she, because he had spoken some words to her, and did not care that he took ached, or to help her out of her trouble. But neither of them were wise enough to learn that those who are humble and hospitable, and fear God have a blessing in themselves: or that wealth with avarice is like riding a dead horse, and wealth with love, is like carrying the saddle.

TO OBTAIN A PLATEFUL.—A shrewd preacher, after an eloquent charity sermon, said to his hearers, 'I am afraid from the sympathy displayed in your countenances, that some of you may give too much. I caution you, therefore, that you should be just before you are generous; and wish you to understand that I desire no one who cannot pay his debts to put anything in the plate." The collection was a rare one.

A conceited packman called at a farmhouse in the west of Scotland, in order to dispose of some of his wares. The goodwife was started by his southern accent, and his high talk about York, London, and other big places. 'An' whaur come ye frae yerself?' was the question of the gude wife. 'Ou! I am from the Border!'—'The Border. Oh I thocht that; for we aye think the *selvidge* is the wakest bit o' the wab!'

THE FIRST BIBLE EVER PRINTED.—In the Royal library of Berlin is a copy of the first Bible that was ever printed,—a venerable and really magnificent book. It is printed on parchment, is about equal in size to the largest pulpit Bibles which are now printed, and is said to be the first book on which movable type was used. Among the curiosities which are shown here are Luther's Hebrew Bible, the copy from which he made his translation, with marginal notes in his own hand: and the manuscript of his translation of the Psalms with his corrections in red ink. Also the Bible and prayer-book which Charles I. carried to the scaffold.

A HARD CHOICE.—'Why on earth, Keziah,' asked squire Jones of his sister, Mrs. Larkins, 'did you give your boy such an everlasting tough name? It's as long as a string of dried apples.' 'Well, brother, boys are so particular when they grow up and always want romantic and fine sounding names, and so I told my husband we should call the child Peleg Zerababbel Kisn Elkanah Habakkuk, and when he gets old enough he can take his choice.' The squire thought it would be hard picking, but he did not say so and Mrs. Larkins went on with her knitting, in a state of serene satisfaction.

KNEW HIS BOOTS.—When boots of the present form first in fashion they were regarded as a great ornament, being worn outside the pants, and none but the wealthy and foppish could afford to wear them. In a certain town, for a while, old Mr. Dalaby was the only person that enjoyed this luxury. He had a son who "took a shine" to the daughter of a mayor who lived in another part of the town. So the son rigged himself out in his Sunday's best, and putting on his father's boots started for the mayor's, smiling within himself to think what a favorable impression his boots would make upon the affections of the daughter. After he had arrived, and was comfortably seated at the fire, in came the mayor, who, after surveying the youngster from head to foot, said—'This is Mr. Dalaby's son, isn't it?' 'Yes, sir,' was the prompt reply of the lad, 'Well', said the mayor, 'I thought I knew his boots!'

There is a man in Wisconsin so thin that a man has offered almost any price if he will allow himself to be cut up for lamp wicks. He is the same chap whose shadow was mistaken for a shingle and whittled to pieces by a travelling Yankee; and is a brother to the woman whose face was so thin and sharp that her husband used her to split wood with.

Mr. Jones was in the habit of getting, occasionally, somewhat "balmy," and one night he was discovered by a neighbour leaning against the side of a church for support. He hailed him with, "Hallo, Jones! you look serious; think of joining the church?" "W-w-well," replied Jones, 'I incline considerably that way at present!" The neighbor "walked!"

A Pedagogue was about to flog a pupil for having said he was a fool, when the boy cried out, 'Oh, don't, don't! I won't call you so any more—I'll never say what I think again in all the days of my life.'

'Suicide is becoming very prevalent in my city,' said an inhabitant of a neighbouring town. 'Well really, sir, I don't know of any city where it could prevail with greater advantage to the world at large.

A conceited young man asked Foote what apology he should make for not being one of a party the day before, to which he had been invited. 'O, my dear sir,' replied the wit, say nothing about it, you were not *missed*.'

A certain dramatic translator, introducing a well known comedian to Madame Vestris, said: 'Madame, this is Mr. B——, who is not such a fool as he looks.'—'True madame,' said the comedian; 'and that is the great *difference* between me and my friend.'

AN IRISHMAN'S WILL.—"I will bequeath to my beloved wife Bridget all my property without reserve, and to my eldest son the rest. If anything is left it may go to Terence McCarty."

An M. P., one day comparing his merits with another's, said, ironically—"In short you have not opened your mouth yet in the House!" "I beg your pardon," retorted the other quietly; "every time you make a speech, I yawned!"

Why are ladies like churches?—Because there is no living without them.

An Artilleryman Flogged.

The London Free Press of Monday says: "Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, a soldier of Major Smythe's battery underwent the terrible ordeal of flogging, administered for insubordination and disgraceful conduct towards his superior officers. He had been brought before the Major on a charge of drunkenness and breaking barracks, and on being admonished upon the course he was pursuing, and threatened with severe punishment, he became outrageous and impertinent, calling the officer by several names which need not be repeated. The result was an arraignment before a court-martial, and a sentence of fifty lashes recorded. The sentence was executed yesterday morning after parade, and, as usual, in presence of the whole battery. The soldier, who is a driver named Edmund Jarvis, was divested of all clothing but his trousers, was then bound to one of the guns, and in this condition received the strokes At the end of the first twenty-five lashes, the effect was such as to induce the surgeon in attendance to order a cessation, when the soldier was unbound and taken to the hospital. This mitigation of the sentence was owing to the fact that his constitution would not have born up under the full measure. Besides the above stripes, he received a long term of imprisonment, with daily 'ball exercise.'—He has born a very bad character in the corps for some time past, and this was only one of the many kindred acts which in times past have been brewing for him such a reckoning day as he now experienced."

From the St. Paul's Pioneer.

The Grasshopper Plague in Minnesota.

The grasshopper scourge in the counties of Renville, Brown, Blue Earth, Nicolet, De Sueur and Scott, this season, in number and destructiveness, equal anything ever known in almost anything ever known in almost any part of the civilized world. The locusts of Egypt were nothing to compare with them in many localities. Thus far their ravages have been confirmed chiefly to the prairies; but they have recently commenced flying and alighting in the timber known as the "Big Wood," and there is every probability that they will pass through and beyond it, and sweep the south-western part of the States. Although they have been the most destructive heretofore in the counties of Renville, Brown Sibley, and the western part of Nicolet, there are only too strong grounds for believing that in the six counties named there will be an average of more than one-half the crops left to harvest, and there will hardly be enough vegetables left for seed. Corn has been less injured thus far than any crop, and wheat has suffered most.

Towards evening the sight was awful. Houses and fences, and every shrub and brush, in gardens and on the prairie, wore a sombre hue; all were covered with grasshoppers, so thick that many persons had to keep their houses closed until dark.

In Henderson there is hardly a plant or weed left, and the naked lots tell a sorrowful tale of the desolation of the plague. Currant bushes and young fruit trees and shrubbery of every kind have not only been stripped of foliage, but of bark also. One man attempted a little "strategy," by planting a few tomatoes in a bunch of weeds that had not been destroyed, but his work was hardly left when the little pests made a clean sweep. He then set a box of plants on a house roof, which, up to the time of their flying, was safe. Another family had kept a box of tomato plants in their house until they had attained a good size; but one of the doors having been left open ten minutes, the destroyers invaded the sacred apartment, and left nothing but the box and earth.

On Saturday last they commenced flying over St. Peter and vicinity about 10 or 11 o'clock, and in a few hours the air was a dense mass of them, flying in a southerly course. When they began to drop down, the sight resembled that of a heavy storm of large snow flakes, and in less time than we occupy in writing this, the earth in St. Peter, Kasota, and several miles around, was a living carpet of grasshoppers. Those who had gardens taxed their ingenuity to the utmost—some building large fires to smoke them away, and others attempting to drive them out with brush, and still others throwing water upon the smaller vegetables, but wherever the plague tarried a few moments the destruction was complete. Cabbages and onions were a favorite dish, which fact essentially lessen not only the indispensable substantials of German tables, but the variety of well regulated American and Celtic dinners.

A Royal Letter.

Amongst the papers presented to the House of Lords on the subject of the imprisonment of British subjects in Abysinnia is the following singular composition. It is a copy of an autograph letter of the King of Abysinnia to her Majesty the Queen and is as follows:—

"The King of Abyssinia to the Queen of England.—In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, one God in Trinity, chosen by God, King of Kings, Theodoros of Ethopia, to the Queen of England. I hope your Majesty is in good health. By the power of God I am well. My fathers the Emperor having forgotton our Creator, he handed over their kingdom to the Gallas and Turks. But God created me, lifed me out of the dust, and restored this empire to my rule. He endowed me with power and enabled me to stand in the place of my fathers. By his power I drove away the Gallas. But for the Turks I have told them to leave the land of my ancestors. They refuse. I am now going to wrestle with them. Mr. Plowden, and my late Grand Camberlain, the Englishman Bell, used to tell me there is a great Christian Queen who loves all Christians. When they said to me this—'We are able to make you known to her, and to establish friendship between you.' Then in those times I was very glad I gave them my love, thinking that I found your Majesty's good will. All men are subject to death, and my enemies, thinking to injure me, killed these my friends. But by the power of God I have exterminated these enemies, not leaving one alive, though they were of my own family, that I may get, by the power of God, your friendship. I was prevented by the Turks occupying the sea-coast from sending an embassy when I was in difficulty. Consul Cameron arrived with a letter and presents of friendship. By the power of God I was very glad hearing of your welfare, and being assured of your amity, I have received your presents, and thank you much. I fear that if I send your ambassador with presents of amity by Consul Cameron, they may be arrested by the Turks. And now I wish that you may arrange for the safe passage of my ambassadors everywhere on the road. I wish to have an answer to this letter by Consul Cameron, and that he may conduct my embassy to England. See how the Islam oppress the Christian."

The Latest Plan of Picking Pockets.

We have to record an incident which illustrates that which may, we suppose be styled the latest and most approved style of picking pockets. A highly respectable old man, a resident of St. John's Suburbs, was walking along one of the streets of that locality, on Thursday, when he was accosted by a seedy looking individual, who asked where some well known citizen of the ward lived. The old man courteously gave the required information, but his interlocutor pretended to be so ignorant of the neighborhood as not to understand his directions.—The old man politely volunteered to show the way, and after walking a few paces together they reached a quiet part of the street, when the seedy stranger suddenly broke out with the exclamation, 'Sir, your pockets are on fire,!' at the same time plunging his hand into the aged individual's nearest pocket. On withdrawing it the stranger raised the fire alarm still louder. His venerable companion immediately halted, and began very systematically to examine his pockets. He did not find any fire, but he discovered that his pocket-book and the dilapidated stranger had disappeared at the same time.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

A Revolution in Eating.

Fifteen years ago Liebig, the eminent German Chemist, demonstrated the possibility of producing the essence of meat. In other words, he proved that all the essential qualities of meat could be so concentrated as to occupy comparatively but little space. The nourishment contained in the flesh of a calf could thus be reduced to the limits of a small jar, while the nutritive portions of an entire ox might be easily carried in a common hand-basket. The great scientist, therefore, suggested that the meat of of the countless herds of cattle which are yearly slaughtered in Australia and South America for the sake of their hides and tallow, should be reduced in bulk by his process and exported to the more densely populated regions of the globe. These novel ideas caused some comment and excited some ridicule at the time of their publication, but they seemed to promise no practical result.

It happened, however, that the volume which contained them fell into the hands of a Germain by the name of Giebert, who had resided for many years in Uruguay, and who had seen the immense plains of central South America strewn with the rotting carcases of oxen, which the dealers in hides had discarded as refuse. He was at once struck with the feasibility of the project evolved in the mind of the chemist, and in the spring of 1862 went to Munich to confer with the Liebig. The result of their consultation was that having procured the necessary apparatus, including some steam engines, Giebert returned to Uruguay, and entered upon his preparations for the manufacture of the essence of meat upon a large scale. He encountered, of course, many difficulties consequent upon the novelty of his undertaking, and the character of the people among whom his labours were carried on. But what obstacle is there that patience and capital will not overcome?

Samples of the new product have been received in England, and they prove the entire success of the experiment. Thirty-two pounds of meat are diminished to the bulk of one pound, and half an ounce of the substance thus prepared is equivalent to one pound of beef. Its qualities are in many respects superior to the original material. It is perfectly pure, and devoid of all extraneous matter; and it possesses the power of resisting decomposition. Specimens of it made several months ago, and purposely exposed to all kinds of atmosphere, hot and cold, moist and dry, are as sweet and palatable as when they were first manufactured. Many cases, where its utility will be unquestioned, will at once occur to the mind of the reader. Its richness will commend its use to the gourmand; its unadulterated character fits its for the chamber of the invalid; its lightness and compressed bulk adapt it to the purposes of the traveller and the army commissariat; and its capability of resisting decomposition marks it as the proper aliment for warm climates. But, above all, its cheapness will make it a blessing to the poorer masses of Europe.

In England it can readily be sold at four pence the half pound, and, as a half ounce represents a pound of beef, the English will virtually obtain the best of meat at a price very much below the present cost.—British capitalists have already entered into arrangements for its importation in large quantities, and it seems probable that Liebig and Giebert will soon be counted among the great benefactors of the human race.

A COW NURSING YOUNG PIGS.—A rather interesting case of motherly affection has been seen for some time at the home farm of Balgowan, near Methven, Perthshire. A cow, which had lost her calf, took a fancy for a litter of pigs about two months old; and they, in turn, soon became attached to her. For a number of weeks she nursed them tenderly; but as the adopted family consisted of seven members, and the cow had only four teats, the harmony began to break up, and so quarrelsome did the hitherto happy family become, that the cow had to be removed from her charge. She has now been put to nurse a calf, but seems quite dissatisfied with her new foster-bairn. She often leaves the calf in the field, and sets out in search of her former family, from which her affections do not seem to have been withdrawn.—[Caledonian Mercury.

RUMORED FATAL ACCIDENT.—It is rumored that our late townsman, Mr. Terrance Jones, who left Brantford some two months ago to visit Ireland, fell overboard, was struck by the paddle-wheel of the steamer, and killed. We trust that the rumour is untrue, but have reason to believe the worst.—[Brantford Courier.

A CHEESE WEIGHING 4,000 LBS.—Messrs. A. Smith & Co., proprietors of the North Norwich Cheese Factory, are building a cheese, which, when completed, will weigh four thousand pounds—the largest cheese, we venture to say, ever manufactured in Canada, or Perhaps in America. It will be exhibited at the Provincial fair to be held in London next September.—[Ingersoll Chronicle.

The Crops.

Reports from the country towns state the hay crop to be unusually large. Farmers are busily engaged harvesting it. Other crops also look well, and the harvest promises to be a bountiful one in the extreme.—[Buffalo Express.

In this section of the country the farmers have commenced harvesting their fall wheat. We are happy to learn that the grain will turn out better than it was anticipated it would a few weeks ago.—[Richmond Hill Herald.

The weather at Fergus still continues unusually cold. The frost of last Thursday night did much damage; not only were tender plants, such as beans, cucumbers, &c., injured, but whole fields of pease, and large patches of potatoes show unmistakable evidence of the ravages of the destroyer.—[Guelph Advertiser, 18th.

The harvest in this county is about over at from two to three weeks earlier than former seasons. The 'oldest inhabitant' does not remember when the crops were more liberal or when a broader surface was reaped from, and consequently the granaries are filled to overflowing, and farmers are full of thanksgiving.—[Erie Despatch, 21st.

NEW HAY.—New hay in considerable quantities is making its appearance in our market, and is selling at a very low figure, averaging from $4.50 to $5 a ton. The quality appears good, and from all we can hear the yield is large, so there is not much prospect of hay commanding a high price during the ensuing winter.—[Owen Sound Advertiser.

Mr. T. Ballentyne commenced cutting wheat on Wednesday last. He finds it slightly affected with rust, but a good average crop. Mr. F. Seegmiller informs us that he intends cutting on Friday. The hay harvest is pretty much over in the township, and the crop has turned out remarkably well, averaging at least two tons to the acre. Pease, oats and barley were never better. Spring wheat is a light yield.—[Stratford Beacon.

Farmers in parts of the county are harvesting their rye and other fall crops. Hay has been an unusually heavy yield, and the prospects for grain are very flattering. The rains during the last few days, although accompanied by cold weather, have been of service to the fields, and from every neighbourhood of Prince Edward we have good reports from farmers, who, as a general thing, never get over-elated with the appearance of the weather or crops.—[Picton American, 20th.

We had hoped that these townships were to be exempt from the ravages of this destructive insect, but gradually accounts of its presence come from near and nearer home, until we hear that it is in great force in Garafraxa and Nichol; that it has been seen in the township of Arthur, and that it is attacking the fall wheat in the neighbourhood of Durham. So far, however, we have heard of no damage to the spring wheat on its account, and as the breadth of fall wheat sowed in these townships is but limited, its ravages will not be so severely felt.—[Mount Forest Examiner.

We have been shown specimens of fall wheat grown in the neighbourhood of Hornby, in the county of Halton, some of which are very fine indeed. A considerable quantity of the Soules wheat has been sown in parts of that county, but in some places it is completely, in others partially destroyed by the midge. The samples of the midge-proof is excellent, and the grain of the Mediterranean equally large and plump, but of a much coarser quality; of both kinds a large yield is expected, and they have altogether escaped the ravages of the fly. Spring crops of every description are looking well, and although the straw is short, the grain promises to be heavy and a good sample.—Our Halton neighbours are in good spirits at the prospect of an abundant harvest, and profitting by the experience of days gone by, they will no doubt in future endeavor to baffle the destroying insect, by sowing such qualities of wheat as it has heretofore failed to injure.—[Guelph Advertiser.

The earliest to thrust in the sickle in this early quarter of the township, so far as we know, have been Mr. Ellis and Mr. O. Wilson, the former of whom began to cut a splendid field of barley on Monday, the 10th inst., on which same day Mr. Wilson commenced operations on a fine crop of Mediterranean midge proof wheat. Had it not been for the unsettled weather in the middle of the week, a great many more beginnings would have been made. This week will see the harvest general, and well nigh completed in our vicinity. We are glad to say, as we predicted, the ravages of the midge have not turned out so great as some anticipated.—To appearance, the crops stand up strong and healthy, and now that the grub has mostly disappeared, with the speedy hardening of the berry, there is not much to indicate any material mischief having been done. All other crops still continue to make a magnificent show, especially potatoes, corn, and turnips.—Ayr Observer.

The weather throughout the whole this week has been unusually cold for the season, colder than for many years past, the wind continuing from the north or northwest the whole of the time. Although it has been so cold, day time as well as night, we have not heard that there was any frost, or that the crops have in any way suffered from it. In fact, we think that it has been a benefit to them, keeping the ground more moist, and permitting the spring crops especially to have more time to fill out than they otherwise would have if it had been hot and dry. The fall wheat is filling out to perfection, not the slightest appearance of rust, midge or weevil. It is fast assuming a golden appearance, and will soon be ready for the reaper. The hay has been nearly all gathered, and in excellent condition, the yield being far beyond that of many years past. Potatoes look well, and there is every prospect of a very large yield. There was a great breadth planted this year, which we believe, will make potatoes as abundant this fall as at any period previous to the rot.—All other crops are doing as well as could be wished.—[Clinton New Era.

During sixteen days ending June 30th, 2,241 emigrants passed Fort Laramie, bound west, with nearly 16,000 head of cattle. Nearly as large a number passed during the 14 days ending June 14th, and during the month of May over 5000 teams and 40,000 head of stock passed for the west. Little or no molestation has been experienced from the Indians.

The more polished the society is, the less formality there is in it.