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At the juncture I commenced
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have used the Balsam in my fam-
it to my children, with the happiest
at such Canadians as use the Bal-
m its favor. It is a preparation
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R WHOOPING COUGH.
. Hyacinthe, C.E., Aug. 21, 1856.
WLS & SON,
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No 48 SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, NOV. 29, 1871 Vol 38

Poetry.

My Two Lime-Trees.

One stretches out under my window
Its arms to the sunshine bright,
Yearly grows taller, stronger,
More vocal with green delight,
The other beneath a church tower
Sings as in dulcet tones,
While its roots creep tenderly downward
Into the buried bone.

One—all night long through its branches
Steal tremulous murmers deep,
And I think, "Now the other whispers
As softly o'er them that sleep"
When one is alive with humming
Of bees in its blossoms brave,
I know that the other is dropping
Sweet honey-scents over the grave.

Far in the distant future
Both of my lines I see,
The one as a garden glory;
The other a church-yard tree.
But each will praise God, tree fashion,
As on the centuries roll:
And I? I shall praise Him also,
With my dead—as a living soul.

Miscellany.

Strange Stories about Dogs.

A correspondent sends us ("South London Press") the following:—

"Of a Newfoundland dog, purchased by his father, and of a smaller one bred in the house, the Rev. S Drew used to relate the folowing story: The dairy was under a room which was used occasionally as a barn and for apples, into which the fowls sometimes found their way, and in scratching among the chaff, scattered the dust into the pans of milk below, to the great annoyance of the rev. gentleman's mother-in-law. In this a favorite cook of hers was the chief trangressor. One day in harvest she went into the dairy, followed by the little dog, and finding dust again thrown into the milk pans, exclaimed, 'I wish that cock was dead!' Not long after, she being with others of the family in the harvest field, they observed the little dog dragging along the clock just killed, which, with an air of triumph, he laid at the feet of Mrs. Drew. Highly exasperated at the literal fulfilment of her hastily-uttered wish, she snatched a stick from the hedge, and attempted to give the dog a beating. The luckless animal, seeing the reception he was likely to meet with, when he expected to receive marks of approbation, left the bird and ran off; she brandished her stick, saying in a loud and angry tone, 'I'll pay thee for this by-and-by.' In the evening, when about to put this threat into execution, she found the little dog established in one corner of the room, and the large one standing before it. She endeavored to make the large dog get out of her way, but he plainly gave her to understand that he was not at all disposed to relinquish his post. She then tried to get at the little dog behind him, but the threatening gesture and fiercer growl of the large one sufficiently indicated that the attempt would be not a little perilous. The result was that she was obliged to abandon her design.

"At Innergeldie, a large sheep-farm on the estate of Lawers, near Comrie, the overseer became severely indisposed, and for the first ten days after their master had taken to his bed, his two faithful collies were greatly distressed, declining all kinds of food, even milk warm from the cow, which was at last pressed upon them by the domestics. At length their case became serious, and as they were valuable dogs, the overseer's mother was prevailed on to apprise her sick son of the circumstance, begging of him as the last resort to try what effect his voice would have on the mourners. By an effort he mustered sufficient strength to name his favorites, pointing at the same time to some food. At once the dogs obeyed. Again and again the experiment was tried, with increased exertion on the part of the master, and thus they took sufficient for the support of life. Once at least every day, and oftener if they had opportunity, they glided together into the sick man's room, slipped stealthily to the bedside, raised their forepaws on the bedclothes, and thus continued for some time to gaze together on the pallid features of their master, even when he became unconscious, and then droppingly retired from the room."

A colored orator in Ohio the other day demonstrated the liberality of his views by exclaiming, "I pray I may live to see the day when the colored man may forget his prejudices so far as to be willing to receive all other races as his equals."

A critic, speaking of a garrulous woman, said, 'her organ of speech is an organ without stops.'

Are Men to Fly.

Darwin tells us that even in the upper regions of the air, near the summits of the Andes, vultures may be seen floating onwards for miles upon motionless wings. What is the secret of this flotation? Gravitation acts as forcibly on the substance of the bird as on that of the animal. Nor can we believe that there is any buoyancy, properly so called, in the bird's body or wings.

Those vultures, which seemed to float steadily through still air, must have received support from the air in one or more of three several ways. Either by swift motion, acquired before the floating began and slowly reduced through the effects of aerial resistance, or by the action of aerial currents through which they were carried, or else, while seeming to float horizontally, they were in reality traversing a slightly sloped descending path. Neither of the two former explanations seems available, because the floating motion is continued so long that the frictional resistance of the air would almost certainly have destroyed a large share of the original motion through the air. This would equally happen whether the bird had in the first place urged its way swiftly through the air, or had floated itself off, so to speak, upon a swiftly moving air current. On the other hand, there would seem to be no valid objection against the third explanation; for a single observer, at rest, would have no means of determining whether a bird were sailing along horizontally, or gliding down a gentle incline. But it matters little which explanation of the three we accept as the most plausible. The point to be chiefly noticed is the fact that, a heavy body—for the vulture is no chicken, so to speak—can be sustained for long distances, merely by the supporting action of the air.

There can be little doubt that it is only on account of the perfect steadiness of their motion through the air that they are thus supported. The efforts of aeronautical mechanicians must be directed to secure a similar steadiness of motion for aerial facilities. Granted this, there can be no reason why the powers of steam and iron should not avail to secure an aerial motion even surpassing in rapidity the flight of the swiftest birds. Unless we are willing to believe that birds fly by some power distinct from any which physical science deals with, we seem justified in believing that the bird may be matched, or surpassed, by the flying machine, as surely as the swiftest animals are surpassed by the locomotive. It is encouraging to consider that the actual amount of power necessary to convey a weight through the air (if that support is derived directly from the air), is very much less than that required to convey the same weight by sea or land. In the presence of failing coal supplies, this consideration will one day assume first rate importance.—[Spectator.

A Talking Machine.

The old talking machine of Faber is again on exhibition at Philadelphia, and is thus described in the "Post" of that city:

Previous to an experimental illustration of the wonderful powers of the machine, Dr. J. Solis Cohn delivered an exhaustive lecture upon the anatomy of the vocal organs and the formation of sound, the structure of the machine, and concluded with an historical sketch of the invention.

It was originated about thirty years ago by the uncle of Professor Faber, and exhibited at the at the time in that city. The present Professor Faber improved it wonderfully, although it took a great while to arrive at the present perfection Seven years were necessary to arrive at the present perfection. Seven years were necessary to arrive at the production of the sound of the letter "e." The exhibition last night consisted of the pronunciation of all the letters of the alphabet and elementary sounds of our language. Phrases of six and eight words in length were spoken in the English, French, and German languages. The voice is a shrill, monotonous, and unnatural one, but in the majority of instances startlingly correct. It was operated by a German lady, who does not understand a word of English, and produces the sounds simply through phonetic translation.

The happy pronunciation of a word or phrase was received by the audience with applause. If there is, in our estimation, any sound that is slurred in the slightest, it is the sound of the letter "i" It must be remembered that the basis of speech of this machine is the sound system of the German language, and that all the English words are spoken with a German accent. The machine is constructed as follows:

The machine consists of a gilded table, highly ornamented beneath which appears a bellows and a lever to put in motion. Upon the top a lifeless face, with clammy eyes, stares on you, and behind it is arranged a mass of wires, strings, delicate wooden levers, rubber tubes, and pipes, which make up the speaking apparatus. By a compression of the bellows, the air is forced through a narrow aperture into an iron windpipe, and thence into an artificial glottis, from which it passes thro' a vent representing the human mouth, with moveable jaws and rubber tongue. There are fourteen levers, which gives each a distinct utterance, and when moved in concert they produced the sound of any desired syllable. A separate lever causes a peal of laughter, which would be natural enough except for a slight grating noise.

THE FOUR SPANIARDS.

An old Sailor's Story.

In 1828 I was second mate of the brig Isabel. We had been freighting for six or eight months among the West India Islands, and picked up a good deal of money. At last the hot weather came on, freights grew dull, and we made ready to sail for home. In the meantime, there came on board four Spaniards, who wished to engage a passage to the North, and being able to accommodate just that number, we accepted them. They were all sinister looking fellows, and one in particular was so that I wondered why Captain Hillman entertained so little distrust of him.

Neither myself nor the chief mate liked the arrangement; for in those days every sailor had the dread of pirates pretty deeply impressed on his mind. And, indeed we had only a few months previous been chasted by the murderous scoundrels off the Isle of Pines.

We set sail and I must confess that I passed the first night in some uneasiness. The passengers spoke but little English, and their conversation was therefore, mostly between themselves. During such colloquies, it seemed to me that I could detect in them the manner of guilty men—a constant look of distrust and watchfulness; but as the second day wore on, and I became accustomed to the appearance of their well-dressed figures at my side, my anxiety abated.

Towards the evening of this day, however, my attention was drawn to a slight altercation between the cook and the Spaniard, Bacalardo, the man whom I had remarked as the most villanous-looking of the four Drawing near them, I asked what had happened?

Why, sar, replied the negro cook, while I was out ob de gally, dis Spanish gmeman sprinkle something on de meat, I scrape it off de best way I could. I doesn't want no interference in de fairs ob my galley.

The faithful old negro looked angry; nor was this all—his glance and tone told me that a grim and dreadful supicion had entered his mind. The Spaniard, however, remarked, that he had merely intended to season the meat with a kind of pepper highly esteemed in Cuba; but, upon my expressing a curiosity to see it, he regretted that he had none remaining.

I was about to order the cook not to produce the meat at supper, when the captain, approaching us, made light of the affair, laughing at the old negro's jealousy of encroachment upon his peculiar province; and as the mysterious subs ance seemed to have been wholly removed by the cook's knife, I hoped that no harm might result.

The captain ate freely of the meat; the mate was affected at what had transpired, yet his appetite prevailed. I avoided it entirely; and as to the Spaniards, the circumstances of their leaving it untasted seemed not remarkable, as we had learned on the day previous that they were not in the habit of eating animal food at supper.

Shortly afterwards, the captain, mate, and three of the crew became dreadfully sick. I felt a terrible presentiment of the worst, yet what was I to do? The captain was helpless in his berth; the mate lay in agony upon the transom; the only foremast hand able to come on deck was at the wheel; the cook was paralyzed with fear; and my ideas of what could or ought to be done, were confused by the suddeness and appalling difficulty of my position.

Should I arm and attack the villains? Whom should I arm, and how commence? Were the helmsman to stir from his station, a knife would be at his heart; and were the cook to leave his galley, he would not walk to the end of it

I went to the cabin, where the captain and mate were vomiting in great distress; and while overhauling the medicine, more from that sense of restlessness which we all feel in the presence of sickness, than from any hope of affording relief, the companion doors were upon me, and the slide shoved to its place.

At the same moment there was a slight struggle on deck, a groan and a fall; and next came a heavy splash in the water under the stern. I had felt that I could as easily defend myself in the cabin as elsewhere, for upon deck I had been entirely at the mercy of the pirates, momentarily expecting them to strike; but reason for their not doing so soon became evident.

Bacalardo came to the slide and ordered me to come on deck I refused, and expressed a determination to defend myself to the last.

'We no kill you,' he said; 'we want you for navigate.'

'What have you done with the cook'; I then asked.

We stab him; he overboard; so is other man All men in the forecastle; we stab them all.'

Then I knew that the four villains had killed the three men whom the poison had rendered helpless, and the only myself and the two fearfully sick officers remained. The latter were already at the point of death

I told Bacalardo that I would come on deck when the captain and mate should have passed all suffering. It seemed dreadful that the impatient wretches should murder them with knives; and hence I could not bear to leave them. My refusal to do so, however, availed nothing; for, crowding into the cabin, the pirates at once despatched their victims, and passed the bodies out of the windows

The pirates divided the money—about ten thousand dollars; and they then informed me that I must navigate the vessel to South America.

They were all sailors, and the brig being easily handled, the task would not be very difficult. But to think of heading for distant seas, with that sickening horror upon my heart! There were bloodstains on the deck, in the cabin, and in the forecastle—and how could I remain in such a vessel? But no one knows what he can do until sufferings has taught him

We were now becalmed, and with the full strength of the Gulf Stream were drifting northerly at the rate of four miles an hour.

The ignorant pirates, whose operations had never brought them much to the northward of Cuba, had no idea that the current was thus bearing us along, while it was upon this fact that I built almost my only hope.

In high spirits at the success of their enterprise, they laughed over their gold, and were continually boasting of the murders they had at one and another time committed Bacalardo remarked that he had probably sent more persons into eternity than any other man living; and I had little doubt of my being added to the list, when my services should be no longer required.

Three days were passed in this manner; and in the mean time I had assured the Spaniards that it would be madness to proceed on the South American voyage without a further supply of water. I had, at a favorable opportunity, let out the contents of two casks in the hold.

At the end of this time the wind sprung up, and it was decided to enter an inlet which I described as upon a wild portion of the southern coast, with which they were entirely unacquainted, and there obtain the needful supply of water.

Though it was the month of August, the weather now, fortunately for my purpose became tempestuous, with squalls and heavy gales from the south and west. We were obliged to shorten sail, and sometimes to lie to and all while I managed to keep the brig in the Gulf stream, so that while lying with her head to the Westward, she had a strong northerly drift.

The pirates kept me almost all the time at the helm—I dared not let them suspect that this was the very thing I could have wished—and two or three times I wedged the compass so that it could not play. I was afraid that they would discover that we were making too much northing, and though this ignorance of the lay of the coast was a most hopeful circumstance in this connection, I dared not wholly trust to it.

At last I ran out of the Gulf Stream; and just after I had taken an observation of the sun, which till then had not shown itself for several days, leaving me to be guided by the Gulf weed and the water's temperature—the wind came out north east, piping in right good earnest. My heart beat quickly, for the quadrant had shown me that my hour had come.

I was in latitude thirty six, ten; longitude seventy four, eight

Our water casks were almost empty, and the pirates, who all this time supposed me to be beating and hanging about to gain the southern inlet, were very glad when I told them we should reach the coast in a few hours.

And I—you cannot imagine my sensations. Oh, if the wind should die out—if it it should head us off—if morning should dawn, and my plan should only be half accomplished! Often had the villains drawn their knives across my throat in signification of what would come should I play them false; and now it was success or death.

Heading west-north-west, the little brig bounded along, and you may well believe that I watched every variation of the wind and the drawing of every sail as I had never watched before Over and over I revolved my previous reckoning—'Yes, yesterday I struck out for the Gulf Stream; last night I headed thus and thus; to day I was sure of my figures. It must be so—I have made no mistake. Yet, now, if I cannot manage at last? A single error, a shadow of suspicion, and a knife will end all. Thus I mentally conversed with myself.

Here and there were vessels sailing upon various courses, but I dared not approach, dared hardly look at them.

As evening approached I saw the land. It would be dark ere we should reach it, and thus far all went hopefully. Yet never had the blood stains upon the brig's deck looked more hideous than now. Hope had in a measure broken, the nightmare of horror, and more fully than before I realized the awfulness of the tragedy which had been perpetrated.

Strongly the north-easter piped—it would not fail me now—and the clouds were thick, and the night would be very dark. Then upon the lee bow gleamed a light, and presently away off the weather bow shone faintly another. Oh, the anxiety of that moment! I was right. There they were, the two beautiful lights—yes, beautiful indeed to me. But the hour of greatest peril was at hand; and, like a dramatic author who fears for his last act I studied again and again the various contingencies that might cross my plans, and reveal my intentions to the murderous Spaniards

We passed between the lights, at a considerable distance from both, and many were the enquiries of the pirates as to our position. I told them that we had a few miles further to run, when we should have reached the anchorage at the watering place

Darkness prevented them from seeing the land, and they had not the most distant idea of their surrounding The lights they imagined to be upon two islands—at least they took my word for it, and had no suspicion of our whereabouts.

On and on flew the Isabel; and if ever, at one time more than another, I have tried to exert my nautical judgment and forethought, it was then. We saw other lights, but the pirates supposed them to be upon the ocean coast, along which they believed themselves sailing. At length I requested them to take in the light sails, and the courses. This completed, I called out—and it was with dreadful thrill at my heart, I assure you—'Let go the top sail halyards and clew up!'

It was done; and I could see that a dark bank was rising under the lee bow.

'Stand by to let go anchor,' I shouted, 'while I bring her up in the wind'

I clapped the helm hard down, while the four pirates ran to obey my last direction. Oh, heaven! how my blood seemed to suffocate me! They were all away forward It must be now, if ever. A hundred times that day had I glanced at the yawl, and the tackles that held it; and now, quickly, but with a steady hand, I sprung to the davit-falls. First the larboard, then the starboard, I seized; but was careful to lower away with both simultaneously, that the boat may not be swamped. Then, clappidg my hands on the taffrail, I dropped into her, unhooked the tackles, and with my hand against the brig, pushed with a force that sent the yawl shooting from under the counter. At this moment I heard the anchor go overboard. I had just time to grasp an oar, and commence sculling with all my might, when the pirates ran aft.

Bacalardo's oaths ran fierce and loud, His horrid Spanish oaths might at another time have curdled my blood, but now I had him on the hip

'Ahoy the Fort! I shouted; ahoy there the fort!' For well I knew the dark bank so close at hand.

The voice that answered was the most blessed sound I ever heard. It was from one of the United States' sentinels, and I was gliding under the walls at Old Point Comfort!

Escape for the pirates was imposible, for the strong easterly wind must preclude all hope of getting to sea, while the fort could have disabled the brig in an instant.

A boat with armed soldiers now boarded her. Three of the pirates were taken in custody, but Bacalardo was found dead in the cabin. Dismay, disappointment, and the certainty of his doom, had impelled him to draw his Spanish knife across his throat. The others, when brought to trial, had the effrontery to profess themselves innocent. Bacalardo had done all—they had injured no one; but United States Court thought differently, and they were hung at Norfolk.

It is said that cork-screws have sunk more than cork-jackets have ever saved.

The following is Aunt Betsey's description of her milkman—"He is the meanest man in the world," she exclaimed. "He skims his milk on the top, and then he turns it over and skims the bottom."

The editor of a newspaper thus introduced some verses: "The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed friend who has lain many years in his grave for his own amusement."

When a distinguished American dies, said a shrewd and sarcastic observer, not long ago, his admiring friends and countrymen immediately resolve to build him a magnificent monument, and then—they don't build it."

My dear! said a young lady to her country cousin, "when you've been a little longer in London you won't be so green." "Better green than withered," was the retort.

Some fathers are too hard hearted for anything. A man scolded his twelve year old son fully five minutes, the other day, because the child used his (the father's) best razor to open oysters with. We don't see how the razor could hurt the oysters anyhow.

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