HURON SIGNAL.

TEN SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE. | "THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER." | TWELVE AND SIX PENCE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME I. GODERICH, HURON DISTRICT, (C. W.) FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1848. NUMBER 8.

The Huron Signal,

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY CHARLES DOLSEN, MARKET-SQUARE, GODERICH.

THOMAS MACQUEEN, Editor.

☞ All kinds of Book and Job Printing, in the English and French languages, executed with neatness and dispatch.

LAKE ST. SACRAMENT.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

The campaign against Canada, of 1758, opened with great apparent spirit. Not only did the hostile incursions of the Canadian Indians continue very annoying to the frontier settlements, but the mother country and the colonies alike felt that they had much to accomplish to repair the losses and disappointments of the two preceding years. Indeed, the repeated failures of Braddock, and Webb, and Lord London, had chagrined and exasperated the nation. The elder Pitt even declared in parliament that there appeared to be a determination on the part of the officers in command, against any vigorous execution of the service of the country; and when, during the same year, the king was remonstrated with on appointing so young and rash a madman as Wolfe to conduct the meditated expedition against Quebec, the sturdy Brunswicker sexedly replied—"If he is mad, I hope he will bite some of my generals." It was under these circumstances that England determined to put forth her whole energies in three formidable expeditions this year projected, viz: against Louisburg, under General Amherst; against Fort Du Quesne, on the Ohio; and the third and principal division against Ticonderoga and Crown Point, with a view of striking a blow upon Montreal. It is this latter campaign with which the progress of our story is connected.

For the prosecution of this high emprise, an army of regular troops and provincials was assembled, unprecedented for its numbers in the annals of American warfare.—Lord Loudon having been recalled, the command devolved upon General Abercrombie, who determined to lead the expedition in person. The rendezvous of the formidable army destined upon this service, was at the head of Lake George, or Lake St. Sacrament, as it was called by the French, from the remarkable purity and transparency of its waters, which were for a long time conveyed to France for the services of the Catholic altar. After it came indisputably into the possession of the English, it was baptized anew, in honour of the Brunswickers. This lake is thirty-five miles long, with a mean breadth not exceeding two.—Its elevation is one hundred and sixty feet above the waters of Champlain, into which it rushes through a rocky strait of two and a half miles at its north-eastern extremity. Its location is in the high northern region of New York, embosomed deep among the mountains. The summer landscape from its head is indescribably grand and beautiful. At the distance of fourteen miles, the lake turns to the right, stretching off eastwardly, and is lost among the mountains.—The prospect, therefore, resembles a stupendous amphitheatre, the mountains composing which rise by steep and precipitious acclivities to the height of more than a thousand feet. On the right, the French Mountain rears its lofty crest, in sullen grandeur, to an elevation of fourteen hundred feet, sloping off gradually to the west, until its base is laved by the bright waters of St. Sacrament. In some instances the mountain summits are bald, and the rocks stand forth from their sides in bold and naked relief. But for the most part, the heights are covered to their tops with deciduous trees and shrubs, plentifully sprinkled with the darker shades of the evergreens.—At the point where the lake takes a more eastern direction, a bay sets up amongst the hills to the north-west, beyond which, as far as vision extends, hills rise above hills, surprising for their loftiness, till at length their peaked summits are lost in the clouds. The bosom of the lake itself is adorned with multitudinous little islands, the fresh verdure of which, in summer, being, with the surrounding mountains, reflected back with peculiar vividness from the pure element, adds greatly to the picturesque effect, by thus mingling the beautiful with the rugged and sublime. Wild and desolate as this romantic region then was, and yet continues, its shores have nevertheless been consecrated with more blood than any other spot in America. For a long period it was the Thermopylæ through which alone the French supposed they must pass in their repeated attempts upon the extensive and fertile valley of the Hudson. And fierce and bloody were the conflicts for its possession. Even to this day, in the gloomy solitude of the forest which overshadows the Bloody Pond, or among the crumbling ruins of Fort William Henry, "the spectres of the gallant but forgotten dead—the spirits of the Briton and the Gaul—the hardy American and the plumed Indian—seem to start up and meet the traveller at every step."

The embarkation took place early on a clear and beautiful morning of July. The spectacle was full of life and animation, and withal very imposing. The forces collected on the occasion numbered seven thousand British troops of the line, and upwards of ten thousand provincials, exclusive of the many hundreds of non-combatants necessarily in the train of such an army. The flotilla for their transportation to Ticonderago, at the farther extremity of the lake, consisted of nine hundred batteaux, and one hundred and thirty-five whale-boats, together with a sufficient number of rafts to convey the heavy stores and ammunition, and the artillery to cover the leanding of the troops, in the neighbourhood of the works first to be invested. The utmost confidence of success inspired both officers and men, and all was activity and gayety in getting in motion, from the instant the *reveille* started the armed host from their repose at the dawn, until the embarkation was complete. So sure were all of an easy victory, that they went forth as to a grand review, or the pageant of a national festival. A part of England's "chivalry was gathered there," of whom was the accomplished Lord Howe, distinguished alike for his generosity, his gallantry, and his courage. Many other young noblemen, of high bearing and promise, were likewise there; together with a still greater number of nature's noblemen, in the persons of New England's hardy sons, both in commission and in the ranks. Nor were the spirited colonists of New York unrepresented.—Their sons, both of English and Dutch descent, sustained a generous rivalry in their chivalrous bearing, and evinced an equal readiness to "rush to glory or the grave," for the honour of their country. These proud-spirited Americans, with the blood of freemen hotly coursing through their veins, neither knew nor cared whether they were descended from the Talbots, the John of Gaunts, or the Percys; but their hearts beat as high, and their souls were as brave, and their sinewy arms could strike as heavy blows, as those who could trace the longest ancestry, or wore the proudest crest.—There, also, was the proud Highland regiment of Lord John Murray, with their bagpipes, their tartan breacan, fringed down their brawny legs, and their black plumes in their bonnets. What an array, and what a splendid armament, for a small and quiet lake, sequestered so deep in the interior of what was then a woody continent, and embedded in a wild and remote chasm, among a hundred mountains!—Who would have supposed that this lonely and inhospitable region, "where there were nothing but rocks and solitudes, and bleak mountains to contend for, would have been the theatre on which the disputes between the rival courts of St. James and St. Cloud should be decided—and on which, the embattled hosts of Europe, at the distance of a thousand leagues from their respective homes, should have joined in the bloody conflict for empire!"

Lord Howe and his suite had not joined the army since the removal of the headquarters to Fort William Henry; but having reached Fort Edward from Albany on the preceding evening, purposed to take horse early, and ride the remaining ten miles on the morning of the embarkation.—Emerging from the forest intervening between the two fortresses, and breaking suddenly, and for the first time, in full view of the St. Sacrament, an hour before the sun had peered above the eastern range of the mountains, he involuntarily checked his impatient steed—now rendered more restiff by the din of martial music swelling upon the air in advance—and sat mentionless, gazing upon the gorgeous splendours that flashed around, first burnishing the lofty summits of the mountains with gold, and then, by degrees, illumining the whole amphitheatre in a blaze of unequalled beauty and brightness. The morning being perfectly clear, after the light mists which floated gracefully along the sides of the hills had disappeared, the sky glowed brighter and purer than many of them had ever seen it. Before them, at their feet, lay the crystal waters of the lake like a mirror of molten silver—the green islands tufted with trees, floating as it were in the clear element. In the camp, on the open esplanade by the shore, was the mustering of troops, the hurrying to and fro of the officers, the rattling of armour, the neighing of steeds, with all the inharmonious confusion which such a scene must necessarily present.—Beyond, wide spread upon the lake, were the thousand barges, shifting and changing places as convenience required, the banners of the different regiments streaming gayly in the breeze, while the swell of cheerful voices, the rolling of the drums, the prolonged and exhilarating notes of the trumpet, as they resounded among the mountains, combined to throw over the whole wild region an air of enchantment, which bound the ardent military amateus as with a spell.

Indeed, the whole of this memorable passage of Lake St. Sacrament resembled more the pageant of grand aquatic gala, or a dream of romance, than a chapter of real life. Stretching down the lake, the scenery partook of the same wild and glorious character, and every mile of their progress disclosed new objects of wonder, or presented fresh sources of delight. The tops and shaggy sides of the mountains afforded new phases with every turn, while the relative positions of the boats were changing continually as they shot forward amongst the islands studding the whole distance of the lake—and hills, rocks, islands, every thing, were reflected back, fresh and beautiful as nature had made them. It was a day of unmingled pleasure. A fine elastic breeze swept through the gorges of the mountains, serving to brace the nerves, and produce a glow of good feeling, humour, and hilarity, which lasted till the setting sun. The animal spirits were often cheered and enlivened by favourite airs from the well appointed regimental bands. Wheeling aloft, with untiring wing, as if moving with, and watching over the armament, were several noble bald-eagles, whose eyries hung on the beetling crags, affording to the soldiers a happy presage of victory. The bagpipes of the Highlanders would thrill every soul in the armada with the pibrock, or an expert bugleman electrify the multitude by causing the hills and the glens to echo with the stirring notes wound from his instrument. The effect of the varying and shifting movements of the barges among the islands, with their different streamers fluttering in the air, now shooting in this direction, and now running in that—was exceedingly fine, animating, and romantic. Taking these movements in connexion with nodding of plumes, the dazzling glitter of polished armour, and the oars at every stroke as they rose from the sparkling waters, the whole prospect, seen at a *coup d'œil*, was of surpassing magnificence. Gayest among the gay on this occasion was our friend Captain Thorndyke, with his spirited company of rangers, destined to act on the right flank. Nor did the healthy buoyancy of spirits which prevailed during the voyage perceptibly diminish, until the laugh and the song, the light joke and the brisk repartee, had fairly expended themselves, and the giant shadows of the western mountains were thrown far across the lake, softening the intensity of light, and bringing with them that chastened pensiveness which loves to dwell in the shade.

The landing of the expedition was effected in good order. But the particulars of the two days fighting that followed,—the formidable obstacles which embarrassed their progress,—the unexpected odds they were doomed to encounter,—the repeated and furious onsets,—the prodigies of valour performed to no purpose,—the defeat, the overthrow, and the route,—are matters which we leave with the graver and statelier historians, who chronicle dull facts to be used as webs in weaving the romance of history. Among the higher officers slain was the truly noble Lord Howe, the pride of the army, and a universal favourite—whose remains repose in our soil, and to whose memory a cenotaph was erected in Westminster Abbey by American generosity. And many were the American mothers and daughters who were called to mourn the catastrophe of that day.

Amongst the missing, as the shattered remains of the discomfited army re-embarked on their return to Fort William Henry, was Captain Thorndyke. He had early been wounded, during a smart skirmish in the edge of a wood—his leg being fractured by a musket ball; and in the hot haste of his troops, he was left upon the ground.—He did not remain in this situation long, however, before he was seized by a couple of savages, and dragged off deeper into the forest, to a place of security, where he was bound to a tree—reserved, doubtless, for a death by torture when the battle should be over, else his captors would have despatched him at once. In this unenviable situation he remained many hours, within hearing of the strife; his companions ignorant of his fate; and he himself sure of death, let the bird of victory perch on either standard. During this period his mind was agitated by the most conflicting and powerful emotions of hope, fear, and despair—not the fear of which cowards die, but the apprehension, from the length and obstinacy of the conflict, that their confidence of success had been misplaced. At one moment he thought he could detect, among the sounds that reached his ear, an English shout of victory—and in the next breath the firing seemed to recede from the works of the enemy,—

"Now wild and high the Camerons' gathering rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes."

By this signal he knew well that the Scots' blood was up, and that if they could but measure arms with their foes, they would sweep a wide column into eternity. At length, however, after many indications of a terrible conflict, it appeared but too evident that Abercrombie was defeated; and his spirits sunk at the thought of the discomfiture of such an army, which, but two days before, had descended the lake in such splendid and vaunting array. In the hour of triumph—amidst the shouts of victory—he could have laid down his life freely to add to the glory of his country; but to hear the retreating tread of his friends, and to be kept thus wounded and helpless behind for the torture, was a situation affording little of consolation. Once only were his solitary reflections disturbed during his confinement, and before the close of the action,—but they were in nowise rendered more agreeable. An Indian lad, too young to go out upon the war-path, but who was yet hovering on the skirts of the camp, and prowling about, snuffing blood in the breeze like the tiger's whelp, came suddenly upon Thorndyke, with his little hatchet or tomahawk glittering in his hand. After gazing upon the wounded and pinioned soldier for a moment, a sudden thought seemed to dart upon the tawny stripling's mind, and measuring by the eye a suitable distance from the tree to which the captive was bound, he prepared to throw his hatchet. It was an awful moment for our hero, and, to his own mind, the last. The youth raised his arm, and swift the hatchet hurtled through the air, striking in the trunk of the tree within a span of the prisoner's head. The young savage then advanced, and taking thence his hatchet, repeated the throw—the instrument whizzing by his ear, and striking yet nearer the head of the victim. In this way the lad continued his fearful experiments for a considerable length of time—sometimes striking the tree farther from his mark, and at others grazing the locks of the sensitive prisoner. Having at length amused himself sufficiently in this manner, or some other fancy, perhaps, striking his mind, the young Indian bounded off deeper into the forest—and our hero afterwards learned that the lad had merely been practising in the art of throwing the tomahawk, and had wantonly selected his head for the mark, in default of a better, with a view of ascertaining how near he could come to the object without striking it. Rather a perilous experiment, thought the ranger!

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A SIGULAR ADVENTURE.

WRITTEN BY MR. M ——— TO ONE OF HIS FRIENDS.

(Translated from the Encyclopedie Methodique, 1791.)

Dear Friend,—I am about to entrust you with a dreadful secret, which I can tell only to yourself. The marriage of Miss De Vildac with the young Sainville took place yesterday. Being one of the neighbours, I was obliged to attend. You know M. De Vildac: he has an ominous physiognomy, which I have always suspected. I observed yesterday, that far from taking part in the festivity of the occasion, or in the happiness of his daughter and son-in-law, the general joy was insuportable to him.

When the hour of retirement came, I was conducted to an apartment below the great tower. I had just fallen asleep, when awakened by a dull noise over my head, I listened, and heard the step of a person dragging chains along, and who descended slowly some steps. One of the doors of my cambers was open: the noise of the chains increased: the person who dragged them entered, and advanced towards the chimney. There were a few brands half extinguished, which he put together, and having made a little fire he said, with a sepulchral voice, "Ah! how long a time since I got myself warmed." I assure you, my dear friend, I began to be afraid. I snatched my sword to defend myself, and opening the curtains gently, I perceived, by the light of the brands, the appearance of an old man, half naked, reduced to mere skin and bone, with a bald head and white beard, attempting to warm his bony hands at the half extinguished coals. The sight affected me much. While I was viewing him, the wood emitted a slight flame, he turned his eyes towards the door by which he entered, then fixed them on the floor, and abandoned himself to the most extraordinary grief: a moment after he fell on his knees, and beat his head against the floor; between his sobs I heard him utter, "My God! oh my God!" At that instant my curtains made some noise; he turned with terror, and cried out, "Is there any body there? is there any person in that bed?" "Yes," cried I, opening suddenly my curtains, "but who are you?" His sobs hindered him from speaking; he made a sign with his hand, that his voice failed him. At last he grew calm.—"I am (said he) the most wretched of men, and perhaps I should say no more, did not the pleasure of seeing one of my own species (after so many years in which I have seen no person) oblige me. Fear nothing. Come and sit by me at this chimney. Have pity on me. It will soften my woes to relate them to you."

The terror with which I had been seized gave place to a flood of compassion. I arose, went and sat down by him. That mark of confidence affected him. He grasped my hand, and wet it with his tears. "Generous man! (said he) begin by satisfying my curiosity: tell me why you lodge in this apartment, which is never inhabited? What is the meaning of the noise which I have heard this morning? What extraordinary thing has happened to-day in the castle?"

When I told him of the marriage of the daughter of Vildac, he lifted his hands towards heaven, and exclaimed,

"Vildac has a daughter! She is married! Great God, make her happy!—Grant, especially, that she may never know the crime. Learn, then, sir, who I am.—You speak to the father of Vildac?"

"What! the cruel Vildac?"

"But, sir, have I a right to complain of him? should I accuse him?"

"What!" cried I, with astonishment, "Vildac is your son!—the monster retains you here, and has loaded you with chains!"

"Behold," said he, "what base self-interest can produce. The hard ferocious heart of my unhappy son has never felt any kind emotion: insensible to friendship, he has rendered himself deaf even to the cries of nature, and to seize my possessions he has loaded me with chains. He went one day to the house of a neighbouring lord, who had lost his father; he found him encompassed by his vassals, receiving his rents, and disposed of his crops. That sight produced an awful effect on the mind of Vildac. The thirst to enjoy his patrimony had for a long time devoured him. I remarked at his return that he had a more gloomy and distracted air than common. A fortnight after three men with masks seized me, stripped me of everything, and lodged me in this tower. I know not how Vildac managed to spread abroad the news of my death; but I soon understood, from the noise of bells and funeral dirges, that they celebrated my interment. The idea of that ceremony plunged me into the deepest distress. I asked (uselessly) as a particular favour, that I might be permitted to see Vildac.—Those who brought me my bread doubtless considered me as some criminal condemned to perish in that tower. It is twenty years since I was put here. Perceiving this morning that those who brought me my bread, had neglected to secure my door, I waited for the night to profit by it. I do not desire to escape; but the liberty of stepping a few paces farther is something to a prisoner."

"No?" said I, "you shall leave this wretched abode. Heaven has designed me to be your deliverer. Let us go out: all are asleep. I will be your defender—your support—your guide."

"Alas!" said he, after a moment's silence, "this kind of solitude has greatly changed my principles and ideas: all is but opinion. At present, seeing I have inured myself to the most wretched situation, why should I quit it for another? What should I go to do in the world? The die is cast. I will expire in this tower."

"Do you think of such a thing?" said I; "we have but a moment. The day advances. Let us lose no time: come away."

"Your zeal affects me," replied he, "but I have so few days to live, that liberty has few charms for me. Should I go to enjoy it, and dishonour my son? Alas! it is he who has dishonoured himself. But what evil has his daughter done me? That young innocent! Shall I go to cover her with infamy? Ah, would to God that I could see her and sprinkle her with my tears, and grasp her in my arms! But my wishes are useless; I shall never see her.—Adieu. The day approaches, our conversation may be overheard. I must go and enter my prison."

"No," said I, stopping him, "I will not suffer it. Confinement has enfeebled your mind; it is my part to furnish you with courage. We will examine afterwards whether you should be made known. At present let us escape. I offer you my castle, my credit, my fortune. You shall not be known, if you please; the crime of Vildac shall be hidden from all the world. What do you fear?"

"Nothing," said he. "I am penetrated with gratitude; I admire you; but all is useless; I will not follow you."

"You will not! Then choose. I will go immediately to the governor of the province; I will tell him who you are; and we will come with an armed force and snatch you from the barbarism of your son."

"See that you do not disclose my secret. Leave me to die here. I am a monster unworthy of the light. There is a crime which I must expiate, and one the most infamous and the most horrible. Turn your eyes hither: see the blood, the traces of which are on the boards and on the wall.—This is the blood of my father, whom I assassinated. I wished, like Vildac. Ah, I see him still. He stretches out his bloody arms to prevent me. He falls. O horrible appearance! O Despair!"

In the meantime, the old man threw himself on the floor, and tore his hair; he fell into horrible convulsions—I saw that he could no longer turn his eyes towards me—I was as if petrified. After some moments' silence, we thought we heard a noise; the day began to appear. He rose up.—"You are penetrated with horror," said he. "Adieu. Fly from me—I will ascend into my tower, to come out of it no more for ever." I remained without motion or speech. Everything in the castle inspired me with horror. I got out of it immediately. I am now going to live on one of my other estates. I can neither bear to see Vildac, nor remain here. O my friend, how is it possible that human nature can produce such monsters, and such crimes?

This matter happened in Provence, in the beginning of the present [last] century.—Before we printed the account, we took care to disguise the names. Morale en action.

DEATH PUNISHMENT.

It is, in our opinion, a very great error to suppose that death punishment, or the witnessing of it, tends to prevent crime. Let those who think otherwise, or believe in death, punishment, read the following.

EXECUTION OF A BOY.

BY A HANGMAN.

A few years ago I was called out of town to hang a little boy who had been convicted of killing with *malice afore-thought*. If guilty, he must have been in the habit of going to the execution. Ten thousand came to dabble in the poor young creature's blood. This was the youngest creature I ever handled in the way of our business, and a beautiful child he was too, as you have seen by the papers, with a straight nose, large blue eyes, and golden hair. I have no heart, no feelings; who has in our calling? But those who come to see me strangle that tender youngster have hearts and feelings as we once had. *Have?* no, had; for what they saw fit to make them as hard as our servant and his master.

They saw that stripling lifted, fainting, on the gallows; his smooth cheek the color of wood ashes—his little limbs trembling, and his bosom heaving sign after sign, as if the body and soul were parting without any help.

This was downright murder, for there was scarcely any life to take out of him.—When I began to pull the cap over his baby face, he pressed his hands together, (his arms you know were corded to his body,) and then gave me a beseeching look, just as the calf will lick the butcher's hand.—But cattle do not speak; this crature muttered, "pray, sir, don't hurt me." "My dear," I answered, "you should have spoken to my master; I am only a journeyman, and must do as I am bid." This made him cry, which seemed to relieve him, and I do think that I should have cried myself if I had not heard the shouts of the crowd: "Poor lamb!—Shame!—Murder!"—"Quick," said the Sheriff. "Ready," said I. The Reverend gentleman gave me the wink—the drop fell—one kick—and he swayed to and fro, dead as the feelings of the Christian people of England.

The crowd dispersed; some swearing, some weeping with passionate exclamations, some cursing as if hell had broke loose, some laughed while they cracked jokes on you and me and the dangling corpse. They had come for the sight. They would have come to see an angel murdered. They had come to get drunk with strong excitement; they went back reeling and filthy with the hot debauch. They had come to riot in the passions of fear and pity; there went back some in a fever of rage, some burning with hate, some hardened in heart; like me and you—all sunk down in their own respect, ready to make light of pain and blood, corrupted by the indecent show, and more fit than ever to make work for us, the judge and the hangman.

O! wiselaw-makers! who think to soften the hearts of the people, to make them gentle and good, to give them feelings of respect for themselves and others, by showing them a sight like this.—*Hartford Times.*

SCRAPS FROM PUNCH.

QUITS A MASTER OF FEELING.

A medical man, of the very old school, calls all operations that are performed without the patient feeling anything, senseless operations.

CHRISTMAS WAILS.

Numerous tradesmen waiting for their accounts, as they have all a 'little bill' waiting to be taken up.

Numerous persons waiting several days in the post-office at Manchester, to get a small money order cashed.

The Pedestal in Trafalgar-square waiting for a statue.

The Spanish Bondholders waiting for a dividend.

The Irish waiting for John O'Connel to die on the floor of the House of commons.

The Monster House at the Albert Gate waiting for a tenant.

The Subscribers to the Art-Union waiting for their engravings.

The Marble Arch at Buckingham Palace waiting for a situation.

Leopold waiting for his wife's dowry from Louis Phillippe.

England waiting for justic from Ireland.

And—the greatest Wait of all—the printer's devil waiting for copy.

THE LAST WILL TESTAMENT OF 1847.

This document was opened this morning with the usual formalities. It was understood that the Old Year had died to considerable difficulties, caused, in some measure, by the complete failure of the crops on his estate; but mainly by the reckless extravagance of his father and grandfather, the notorious railway speculators. The will was very brief and informal, and ran in these terms:

'I, 1847, being weak in body, but sound in mind, do thereby make this my last will and testament. I give and bequeath to my son, 1848, all those my lands, tenements, goods, and chattels, namely—

'All those my Irish difficulties, lying in the six disturbed counties, and all other my Irish difficulties, wheresoever and whatsoever, in trust to settle the same as best he can.

'Also my English Pressure, in trust to lighten the same; also all other my railway lines, completed and in progress, wheresoever situate, in trust to make the most he can out of them.

'Also all those my half-finished, projected and promised measures of improvement, situate lying, and being in the heads of the various departments of Government, especially all those my educational and sanatory measures, in trust to complete the same to the use, and for the benefit, of any English estates and the tenants resident thereon, all parliamentary delays, dodges, and difficulties to the contrary notwithstanding.

Signed and sealed by the above-named 1847, in the presence of us.

'December 31st,
'January 1st.'

Scotty *versus* Yankee.—Have you seen a dog pass right along the road, about a year, or a year and a half, or two years old? inquired an American of a Scotchman whom he met. "Eh;" replied the Scotchman, "about an hoor, or an hoor an' a ha'f, or twa hoors ago; an' if it's the same it had a tail aboot an inch, or an inch an' a ha'f or twa inches lang; an 'its noo aboot a mile, or a mile an a ha'f or twa miles right a head."

"Well," rejoined the American, "guess you're in me, a foot, or a foot and a half, or two feet."

Sharp Shooting.—The Editor of the Alabama *Flag* fired the following squib at Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*:—

Why is the editor of the Louisville *Journal's* career through life like a celebrated tune? Because it is the rogues' march.

Prentice, who is a "dead shot," loaded his piece, and taking good aim, let the *Flag* man have it right in the teeth, after the following manner, to wit!—

Why will the editor of the *Flag*, at the close of his career through life, be like a tune of Paganini's? Because he will be *executed on a single string.*"

An old footman, having read Lindley Murray, was ever after very precise in his announcements when ushering in visitors. On one occassion a gentleman named Foot, with a daughter on each arm, was shown into a drawing room with this introduction:—"Mr Foot and the *two Misses Feet!*"

As a material of human happiness or misery, temper is infinitely more important, because so much oftener brought into use, than high mindedness; opportunity for a generous action may accur perhaps once in a year, while temper is actively at work for good or evil during every hour of our existence.

In all societies it is advisable to associate with the highest, not that the highest are always the best, but because disgusted there we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible.

Why are naughty children at school like motto wafers; Because you must lick their backs to make them stick to the letters.