

MR. GOUGH.—This extraordinary man was born in Kent England, in 1817, his mother was a schoolmistress of Sandgate, and his father a soldier in the 52nd. He emigrated to New York in 1829. He was an errand boy in a Methodist book concern in New York, then a play actor in Boston till 1837; then a drunkard, then a temperance lecturer. He is not one of those vulgar itinerants whom we often see strolling about the province, relating, with a strong nasal twang and in the most disgusting manner, their experience as reformed drunkards: he is not one of those pig headed fellows who, because they have been raised from their native gutter by the Temperance Society, think they have a right to run about the country, holding forth and disgusting every respectable person: no, he is not one of those, but a real child of genius—an eagle stretched for a moment by a self-inflicted wound upon the plain, but again soaring heavenward in his strength and beauty.—*Cobourg Star*.

THE ELOQUENCE OF EXPERIENCE.—At a young men's debating society in Indiana, United States, the question for discussion, a few weeks since, was—"Which is the greatest evil—a scolding wife or a smokey chimney? After the appointed disputants had concluded the debate, a spectator rose, and begged the privilege of "making a few remarks on the occasion." Permission being granted, he spoke as follows:—"Mr. President, I've been almost mad a-listening to these 'ere youngsters. They don't know nothing at all about the subject. Wait till they have had one for twenty years, and been hammered, and jammed, and slammed all the while:—and wait till they've been scolded because the baby cried, because the fire wouldn't burn, because the oven was too hot, because the cow kicked over the milk, because it rained, because the sun shined, because the hens didn't lay, because the butter wouldn't come, because the old cat had kittens, because they come too soon for dinner, because they were one minute too late, because they sung, because they tore their trousers, because they invited a neighbour woman to call again, because they got sick, or because they did anything else, no matter whether they could not help it or not, before they talk about the evils of a scolding wife. Why, Mr. President, I'd rather hear the clatter of hammers and stones, and twenty tin pans, and nine brass kettles, than the din, din, din, of the tongue of a scolding wife. Yes sir-ee, I would. To my mind, Mr. President, a smoky chimney is no more to be compared with a scolding wife, than a little negro is to a dark night."

VEGETABLE INSTINCT.—If a pan of water be placed within six inches on either side of the stem of a young pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will, in the course of the night, approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of its leaves floating on the water. This experiment may be continued nightly until the plant begins to fruit. If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvulus, or scarlet runner, it will find it, although the prop be shifted daily. If, after it had twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position or die in the attempt; yet, notwith-

standing, if two of these plants grow near each other and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will after the direction of its spiral, and they will twine around each other. Duhamel placed some kidney beans in a cylinder of moist earth. After a short time they began to germinate, of course sending the plume upwards to the light, and the root down in to soil. After a few days, the cylinder was turned one-fourth round, and again and again this was repeated until an entire revolution of the cylinder had been completed. The beans were then taken out of the earth, and it was found that both the plume and radicle had bent to accommodate themselves to every revolution, and the one in its efforts to ascend perpendicularly, and the other to descend, had formed a perfect spiral. But although the natural tendency of the root is downwards, if the soil beneath be dry, and any damp substance be above the roots will ascend to reach it.

A NEW WAY OF GAINING A LIVING.—On the boulevards of Paris there is to be seen a woman, who makes money by experimenting on the sensibilities of the fair. The veneration which French ladies hold for the swallow, that precious messenger of good omens, is well known. The woman spoken of moves their hearts and loosens the strings of their purses by means of these sweet little birds. About the promenading hour of the afternoon, on the Italian boulevard, she goes with a cage in which are contained five or six swallows; these she exhibits to passers by, particularly to the ladies, when compassion is immediately excited on seeing the efforts of the fluttering little prisoners to be free. "Would you like to let one go," says the woman, "it will only cost you two pennies." As may be supposed many avail themselves of the pleasure, pay their two pennies to the woman, receive in their hands the bird, and then enjoy the satisfaction of seeing it fly away at liberty. In this way, one by one, the cage is emptied, and the woman goes home, where she finds her swallows already arrived before her. The birds having been trained, take advantage of their liberty only to return directly to the habitation of their mistress. The next day she commences the same comedy anew.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY are advertising for emigrants to Vancouver's Island. One plan adopted by the Company is that of sending out a small body of experienced agriculturists, who are to be engaged at about £55 a year with maintenance, under a contract for five years, the object being, that, with a certain number of laborers under them they shall create farms which may be sold ultimately to persons possessed of moderate capital, and who are likely to become the most useful class of inhabitants. It is regarded as probable that many families would be tempted to seek the country with a view to settlement under such circumstances, who would hesitate to enter upon the wild life of a wholly unprepared region.—*Times*.

A NEW machine, capable of making 26,000 perfect bricks per hour, at the cost of about one guinea, has recently been exhibited by the Messrs. Harts, engineers of London, and was highly approved of.