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POETRY

For the C. P. Herald.

Let those who will repine at fate,
And droop their heads in sorrow;
I laugh when cares upon me wait,
I know they'll be gone to-morrow.

My purse is light, but what of that?
My heart is light to match it;
And when I tear my only coat,
I laught the while I patch it.

I've seen some elfs, who call themselves
My friends, in summer weather;
Blow far away in sorrow's day,
As wind would blow a feather.

I never grieve to see them go,
(The rascals, who would heed 'em;)
For what's the use of having friends,
If false when most you need 'em.

I've seen some rich in worldly gear,
Eternally repining;
Their hearts a prey to every fear—
With gladness never shining.

I would not change my lightsome heart,
For all their gold and sorrow;
For that's a thing that all their wealth
Can neither buy nor borrow!

And still as sorrows come to me,
(As sorrows sometimes will come,)
I find the way to make them flee,
In bidding them right welcome.

They cannot brook a cheerfel look—
They're used to sobs and sighing,
And he that meets them with a smile,
Is sure to set them flying!

E. B.

Smith's Falls, March 10, 1856.

For the C. P. Herald.

DE CHENE BAY.

Perchance upon this very spot,
Where now I stand to gaze,
The sons of Braves whom fame forgot,
Have stood in other days,
And like me, gaze with eager rest,
Upon yon stream's majestic breast,
And shouted with proud tone,
Rush on, thy rocky, rapid track,
And roll the broad St. Lawrence back,
Thou river all our own!

But they have faded from this bank,
Which seems no more the same,
Their homes and hopes in darkness sank,
The stream knows not the name,
They gave it in the days of yore,
Ere palefaced parties padded o'er,
This water-woven zone,
Which clasps not now a single strand,
On which a lordly tribe can stand,
To hail it as their own!

And of their mem'ry little's left,
Save in the Autumn's time,
When mourning over hopes bereft,
By avarice and crime,
The lordly maple rears on high,
Before the great all-seeing eye,
Its leaves bestained with gore,
Which seems as if beseeching God,
To raise his sin avenging rod,
O'er those that spoiled its shore!

Henry Kemptville.

Ottawa Lodge,
Napean.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

[Dr. Chalmers is said to be the author of this beautiful poem, written on the occasion of the death of a young son whom he greatly loved]:

I am alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near;
And the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
Are the only sounds I hear!
And over my soul in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide,
For my heart and eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died!

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all—
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son,
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell upon my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come,
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed.
I shall see his tops and his empty chair,
And the horse be used to ride;
And they will speak with a silent speech
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our soul shall have no blight,
Of love no broken ties.
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
And bathe in the blissful tide,
And one of the joys of our Heaven shall be
The little boy that died.

HOARDED WEALTH.

"I wish, James, that you could do more for your sister," said Mrs. Ashton to h hus-band; "she has a hard lot in life. My eart aches for her."

"Very true. I know her lot is a har one. no one would assist her more gladly tha I, if it were in my power."

"I know you can't do much. You own burden is not a light one; but it is far less heavy than hers. You have only the ame number of children to provide for that sh as; but while she is a delicate, fragile woma you have the strength of manhood; while ide field of remunerative employment is op to you, only a limited one is accessible to er, and even within this narrow field, the nu-neration is far below that which usual re-wards the labor of the other sex."

"I wish with all my heart, that I co do more for her. But just look at what as able to acomplish last year. All I co do was to provide for my own family quite -dently, and lay by the very moderate su of one hundred dollars, to fall back upon, ld we be overtaken by sickness or misfo e. This surely is no more than I ow to my own family. You know wha he Bible says of those who do not provide fo eir own."

Mrs. Warner, the sister of Mr. A on, was a widow, with four promising c n, who must be fed, clothed and educated er own exertions. Mr. Ashton was not ut feeling for his sister, whom he sometimes d, as he supposed, to the extent of his a s. Mrs. Ashton possessing less of worldl -tion, and more of Christian kindness, a lively sympathy in the lonely, str g widow. Often did she wish that her d could be persuaded that he was able to d e for her. To all suggestions of this kin r. Ashton's invariable reply was—

"When I am able, I shall rejoice t st my sister."

Nor did Mr. Ashton for one moment s-tion in his own heart the sincerity o is statement. Highly indignant would h ve been had any one suggested that the ty would ever be his without the will.

Not long after this conversation, the partner of the firm by whom Mr. Ashto employed requested a private intervie him. To the surprise and gratification latter, it turned out that this intervie been sought, to inform him of the inten the firm to raise his salary three hundre lars, in consideration of the inc value of his services to them, a dilligence and faithfulness with wh had ever performed the duties devolvin him.

No sooner was Mr. Ashton inform this than began to lay his plans for th ture.

"I saved one hundred dollars from my last year," he said to himself, "now I s able to lay aside four hundred each This will form a snug little capital to in business, a few years hence. It is quite that such a capital was accumulating. time cannot be distant when Mr. Gree retire from the business. This will lea to which I have been looking forward since I have been in the employ of the But in order to improve it, I must have tal. I must allow nothing to prevent me laying aside my four hundered dollars year."

With his plans for the future all arra Mr. Ashton returned home to acquaint his with the good news.

Her countenance beamed with pleasu hearing it; but with that self-forgetfu so peculiar to her, the first exclam was—

"Now, James, you will be able to your sister. You know how long you wished for the ability to do so."

Mr. Ashton was embarrassed by this. his own mind he had already dispose every cent of his additional salary, and t fore he had no more to assist his sister than before. This seemed plain to but he was not quite sure that he could it as plain to his unselfish, unambitious After some consideration, he replied—

"Your views are rather narrow and lim my dear wife. I should not have so loose change as you imagine. Every cen this addition to my salary must be care laid aside to form a capital which will en me to go into business at some future day. the course of a few years, Mr. Green doubtless retire. It is of great import that I should have the means of stepping his place."

Mrs. Ashton was silenced, but not con ced. If God was sending to her husban more bountiful harvest of earthly blessings in former years, she did not question right to gather it in. But should not gleanings be left for the poor and titute? and when these were of own flesh and blood, should not some ha fuls even be dropped, that they might gat them?

As each year passed, Mr. Ashton grew and more anxious to hoard every dollar p ble for the object on which he had set heart. If his wife sometimes ventured to mind him of the claims of his widowed sis he would say,

"I cannot possibly aid her any more at sent. Fifty dollars is worth more to me than five hundred or five thousand may b a very few years hence. Wait until I am business for myself. Then, if I am prospere will do nobly by her."

That time, so long anticipated, so che fully toiled for, at last came. Mr. Green tired from business, and Mr. Ashton was of ed his place on very advantage terms. Mrs. Ashton now hoped that time had come when he would be able to forward nobly to the aid of his struggling ter.

The year came round; Mr. Ashton estim the amount of his gains, and was well ple with the footing up of the sum.

"Now, you will be able to do someth handsome for your sister," Mrs. Ashton tured to suggest.

"Not much at present, I fear," said Ashton, shaking his head gravely. "Our position necessarily involves so many new lays. Our expenses will be very great coming year. It will not do for us to conti our present style of living; it is far too hu for our position. See how my partners business live! I must make more sh or it will be an injury to our business. W will do very well for a clerk will not d a man in business. We must rent a h in ——— street another year. If we we shall need new furniture from garre cellar."

Mrs. Ashton ventured to observe that M Warner needed assistance very much present time. "Sammy and Johnny are bright boys," she said: "A little mone spent in their education will bring a large turn in their future usefulness and succes the time for aiding them in this way is rapidly passing by."

"They must wait another year," was the reply. "I will do enough for them by-and-by to make it up. I shall have occasion for all my loose coins now. I mean to take a lease of that house in ——— street, and before the lease expires I intend to purchase it."

Time wore on. The house in ——— street was purchased, and furnished in a style befit-ting its aristocratic locality. This done, other wants came pressing on, and no surplus was ever found for the widow and fatherless. From his abundant wealth, Mr. Ashton actually ren-dered them less assistance than he had done when he was only a clerk with a moderate salary. He had yielded his heart to a world-ly, craving ambition, which grew continually in its demands, ever crying, give, give. As he never had *enough*, how could there be any surplus for the destitute? In the midst of wealth Mr. Ashton was poor, for his desires were never satisfied. The gaol of his hopes was never reached, because it was a constantly re-ceding point.

Other friends stepped in to aid and educate the promising sons of the poor widow. In after years they became highly respectable and useful members of society. But Mr. Ashton never had the satisfaction of feeling that aught of this was due to him. The wealth which should have procured him this genuine pleasure was all hoarded for his own children, to prove at last their ruin through its very abudance. The spoiled children of luxury could never compete with their cousins, who had learned self-reliance and true manliness of character by the severe, but often salutary discipline of poverty, and while the latter rose, the former sank.

How many, like Mr. Ashton, have proved that they who will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, destructive to all which is most noble in man here, and most conducive to his welfare hereafter. They *who will be rich*—not they who in the diligent, energetic performance of every duty, reap whatever a bountiful Provi-dence may scatter in their path, receiving it with gratitude, and using it as stewards of the great Giver, allowing those less favored than themselves to glean of each yearly harvest, whatever it may be. They who make it the great business of their lives to gather riches, are those who will be ensnared by them. Too often do such suffer worldly ambtion to bar their heart against even the gentler chari-ties, and make it as hard as the gold they worship.

[Written for Life Illustrated.]

INDIAN CORN.

BY JAMES FLAGLER.

"The fruitful Maize in verdant vistas rear'd
Its spire majestic to the playful breeze,
Spreading its loosely-waving panicles, while low
The purple antlers bending o'er to kiss
The silken tasseld'd styles, delight the eye
Of watchful Ceres."

Indian Corn, so called from its first dis-covery among the Indians of the Western Hemisphere, is one of the most useful as well as beautiful of the cereals. Farming seems incomplete without its cultivation. A field of well-cultivated corn is a certificate of credit to a farmer. And when the golden ears shine through the intersatics of his ample cribs, then he feels secure against the howl-ing winds of the midnight winter, or the pelt-ings of the pitiles storm.

It can be grown between the forty-third degress of north latitude and a corresponding paralel south. Its principal culture is con-fined to the United States, Mexico, the West Indies, and most parts of South America. The soil, for its profitable cultivation, must be dry, rich, deep, and well pulverized. Its growth is accellerated by steping the seed in a solution of saltpeter for one or two days, and if rolled in tar or plaster, birds or vermin will not destroy or trouble the young germ. With proper cultivation Indian corn is a sure crop, and very useful and profitable.

As an article of food for man or beast, it stands second only to wheat for the former, and unequaled for the latter. Its nourishing and fattening qualities have been amply tested by all experience since its discovery and use.

It gives tone and vigor to the animal econ-omy. Cattle and swine will fatten most read-ily upon it, particularly if ground and cooked, and their flesh will be of the most healthful and substantial quality. No pork or beef, for human food can equal that which is mainly formed from Indian corn.

As an article of human diet it is most ex-cellent, and economical in its health and strength-giving propensities. Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," is a great admirer of Indian corn. While traveling in England, he says; "I have just got out 'An Olive Leaf from the Housewives of America to the Housewives of Great Britain and Ireland; or, Receipts for making Various Articles of Food from Indian Corn Meal, containing all the recipes I received before leaving home from our kind female friends in different parts of the Union. I have had 2,000 of these Olive Leaves struck off, and intend, in the first place to send a copy to every newspaper in the realm. I shall have a thousand, all of which I shall put into the hands of those I meet on the road. I have resolved to make it a con-dition, upon which only I consent to be any man's guest, that his wife shall serve up a johnny-cake for breakfast or an Indian pud-ding for dinner. I was invited yesterday to a tea party which comes off to-night, where about thirty persons are to be present. I accepted the invitation with the johnny-cake clause, which was readily agreed to by all parties. So to-night the virtues of corn-meal will be tested by some of the best livers in Birmingham."

The strength-giving qualities of Indian corn may be seen in the following narrative: In 1823, the Peruvian General Valdez, wish-ing to take an enemy by surprise, selected be-tween two and three thousand men, and took up his line of march for the camp of the enemy a distance of 750-miles, which he accomplished in eleven days—more than 68 miles a day—subsisting all the time on parched corn only, and at the end of this forced march met and routed the patriot army of between three and four thousand men.

A writer in the early days of New England says that the Indians made a bread from the meal which they made from parched maize, and "that it was so toothsome, so hearty, and so sweet, that an Indian would travel many days with no other food. That it was no un-common thing for an Indian, starting on such a journey, to take a few ears of corn with him as his only food."

But, alas! the Indians of New England have disappeared from their country and corn. Civilization, with its power and *vices*, has proved their extermination. When Colonel Church captured Annawan, a chief officer under King Philip, he found his wife engaged in pounding corn for supper. "And, taking advantage of this rude but still lovely sound of domestic charity, he stole, lige the primal serpent, into the sanctuary of peace, to betray and to desolate. Virtuous simplicity of a noble race! Who can covet the moral sen-sibilities of that man who has no sympathy for scenes like these? Most injured race! Full many a generous heart hath ached at the contemplation of your untold wrongs. Trea-cherously robbed of your country, and then cruelly exterminated as savages, because you were guilty of loving the spot of your birth and the land of your fathers' sepulchres!"

"No more upon yon silvery tide
That winds these mountains' spires between;
No more along the upland side,
The native huntsmen now are seen:

Their bodies have manured the soil,
For other lords and other heirs;
Their homes become the bloody spoil
Of hearts less merciful than theirs."

Indian meal is susceptible of a great variety of preparation for human aliment. The homi-ny of the South is justly popular with all who are accustomed to its use. Johnny-cake, or Western "corn dodger," has facilitated the settlement of the wilds more than any other article of food. Wheat Indian bread is very wholesome and palatable. The Indian meal requires more cooking that wheat or rye, hence it should be boiled before mixing with either for bread. Rye and Indian, or "Boston brown bread," has a wide reputation. Indian pud-ding is favorably and extensively known. But "hasty pudding," or sepawn and milk, forcibly reminds many of us of ou juvenile days, when the world went happily on with us, free from corroding cares and exhausting anxieties—when much of our rural fare consisted of se-pawn and milk, ample, fresh, and flowing, in bowls of full dimensions. Many a one who now sojourns in distant parts, mingling in trade and traffic, amid the din and strife of teeming cities, far from sweet endearments of early rustic joys, can look back with delight upon times when hasty pudding and milk gave more gustatory enjoyment than all the luxuries of the latest edition of the culinary art.

"Some talk of Hoe-cake, fair Virginia's pride,
Rich Johnny-cake, this mouth has often tried;
Both please me well, their virtues much the same,
Alike their fabric, as allied their fame,
Except in dear New England, where the last
Receives a dash of pumpkin in the paste,
To give it sweetness and improve the taste.
But place them all before me, smoking hot,
The big round dumpling rolling from the pot,
The pudding of the bag, whose quiv'ring breast
With suet lin'd, leads on the Yankee feast;
The Charlotte Brown, within whose crusty sides,
A rotund soft, the pulpy apple hides;
The yellow bread, whose face like amber glows,
And all of Indian—that the bake pan knows—
You tempt me not; my favorite greets my eyes,
To that lov'd bowl my spoon by instinct flies."

THE CAUSE OF CHOLERA, AND ITS REMEDY.

When the cholera first visited our coun-try in 1832, it created universal fear, because the destroyer who struck down the old and young, the bold and strong, dealt his terrible blows suddenly and unseen, and could not be resisted. And at that time many persons also feared that, like some modern fevers, cholera would never leave the country after having found a foot-hold in it. These fears have been confirmed by repeated outbreaks of this scourge since. It was believed by many, however, that even if this plague became a permanent disease among us, physicians would either discover a preventative for it, or else find such remedies as would, in a great mea-sure nullify its fatal effects. But until the cause of this fatal disease is know, neither a sure remdey nor a certain preventative by any possibility can be discovered. To ascertain its cause, then, is the grand desideratum. Cholera has been attributed to various causes, and two theories have been put forth regarding it. One called the "geological theory," which assumes that it is connected with the geological character of a country, and the other called the "insect theory," which as-sumes that it is caused by small poisonous in-sects, inhaled during respration, taken with food, or drank in water.—J. Franklin Reigart, Esq., has just published some views in a neat pamphlet, in which he claims to be the dis-coverer of the cholera insect, three microscop-ical views of which are given. This inseet is of a dull yellow color, and quite small, being only one fortieth of an inch long, and the one eighth of an inch across the spread wings. Mr. R. believes it to be not only the cause of cholera, but also yellow fever; and says "the cause of these diseases being discovered, scien-tific men may be enabled to stay its ravages." (the insect's.)

We would like to see these insects tested upon some animals, in the same manner chem-ists test poisons, in order to witness their ef-fects upon the animal economy. Until this is done, their poisonous nature, to which the cholera is attributed, may be disputed. The views of Mr. R., however, find support in an able article on the subject by Dr. Harts-horne, a contributor to the "Medical Ex-aminer," Philadelphia, who asserts that "cholera is generated only in the presence of a certain unknown contingent, whose capri-ciousness of migration, and partial subjection to temperature and other habitudes, sug-gest the probability of the animalcular hypo-thesis."

A short time after we first published the views of Mr Reigart, we received a communcation from John Lea, of Cincinnati, the author of the "Geological Theory of Cholera," his dis-covery dated as far back as 1832. He attri-buted the cause of cholera to lime-water, which Mr. Reigart believes is an antidote. Their views are therefore antagonistic. He asserts that it has always been most virulent in the limestone districts, while it passes over the primitive formation of New England. He believes that rain-water as a drink is a preven-tative, and that the inhabitants in every city supplied with rain water will never suffer from its ravages. Dr. Hartshorne and Mr. Reigart believe that cholera is connected with the de-cay of organic matter, in which a poison is generated, and that by preventing such decomposition taking placed in expos-ed places, the cause of this disease will be re-moved.

As the cholera in past years has visited a number of places in the south-west and west early in the spring season, the foregoing views should now claim the attention of persons liv-ing in those parts of our country. They should be ever careful to bury organic matter left on the earth's surface during cold weather, which is liable to undergo a rapid change when the warm season opens. They should also be very careful to use no impure water, for the purposes of cooking and drinking. Great good may result, and no harm can arise from following these precautionary measures.

The cholera has not been strictly confined to the limestone formations, nor have districts on the primitive formations been exempt from it; at least this was the case in New York State during the year 1854. The experience of that year was not favorable to the "geolo-cal theory." The experiments of Dr. Thom-son, of London, in St. Thomas' Hospital, in 1854, seems to be in favor of the insect theory. He weighed a cubic foot of air, in August, 1854, when the cholera was raging, and its gravity was 525-6 grains; the same quantity of air in August, 1855,—a healthy month—weighed 523-5 grains. Thus the air was heavier in London when the cholera prevailed, and this was also the case in other places; it also confirmed the experiments made in the cholera season of 1832 by Dr. Prout. Dr. Thomson then took a blower and forced a great quantity of air from a large room in the hospital, filled with cholera patients, through Woolf's bottles, containing distilled water, so that he was able to retain matter suspended in the atmosphere, and then examine it. It was examined with a microscope, and found to contain fibres from the clothes of the cho-lera patients, hair, fungi, sporules of fungi, and all abundance of vibriones, or lower forms of animal life. When the same room was but partially filled with cholera patients, the atmos-phere was treated in the same menner; then the vibriones were very few; and when the room was empty no vibriones could be detected in the air. By applying the same means to force air from a neighboring sewer through dis-tilled water, it was found to swarm with vi-briones, in various stages of advancement. The following are Dr. Thomson's conclusions on the subject:

"These experiments render it obvious that organic living bodies constantly surround us in close apartments. They fail to point out any matter capable of communicating cholera from one person to another through the medium of the air, (not iufectious by the air,) and so far, are important to the public; but they show that foreign animal matter, injurous to health, may speedily be concentrated in certain locali-ties which will undoubtedly assist in the pro-duction and propagation of the disease in conjunction with meterological condi-tions."

VENTILATION OF CHAMBERS.

In one minute forty persons consume at least as much oxygen as would be contained in eighteen gallons of pure atmosphere, while they emit, in the act of breathing, an amount of carbonic acid equal in volume to the oxygen consumed. Now whether forty persons breathe in a confined atmosphere for one minute, or one person for forty minutes, the effect produced must be the same. One per-son, then, respiring a confined atmosphere forty minutes, or if you like two persons respiring a confined atmosphere twenty min-ute, convert, as it were, the vital principle of no less than eighteen gallons of this atmosphere twenty minutes, convert, as it were, the vital principle of no less than eighteen gallons of this atmosphere into a deadly poison. Eigh-teen gallons of air rendered injurious instead of life-giving by two persons in twenty min-utes! fifty-four gallons so changed in an hour! eight times fifty-four gallons—*upwards of four hundred and thirty gallons*—of air not only deprived of all creative power, but ab-solutely poisoned, by two persons during a moderately long night's rest! Need any-thing more be said to show the importance of bed-room ventilation? Is it necessary to state that the sickening odors, so percentible at the first, in the morning, in any illventilated sleeping apartment, arise from the fact that a considerable volume of carbonic acid, with the vapor of perspiration and other animal exhalations, are mingled with the atmosphere of the chamber? Science proves that all these products are deadly poisons. Nature expels them from the system, because they poison the system. Yet we insist on enclosing them within four walls. We shut up doors, win-dows, and even chimney places, that not a particle may escape. Nay, we surround our beds with close drawn curtains for the express purpose, it would seem, of *preventing* ven-tilation—for the express purpose of hugging poisonous atmosphere of our own bodies, and so re-absorbing into our system the very atoms which, by the laws of God, have been cast out because they are detrimental. That we do re-absorb those poisons needs no proof. The same act of breathing which renders them perceptible to the senses of smell causes them to visit every air-cell, to permeate every blood-vessel of the lungs, and come into pos-itive contact with all the countless myriads streams which are traversing the one hun-dred and sixty-six squtre yards respiratory surface. And so it is that this wonderful surface, which God in his goodness has fash-ioned so delicately for the purification of the blood, man in his ignorance is constantly converting into a means of poisoning all the system organs.

Perhaps there is no more startling proof of utter ignorance that exists the laws of health than is manifested in the construction of our houses. Halls ante-rooms, dining-rooms, and drawing-rooms, which during a portion of the day are generally left empty—which may at any time be aired by the opening of windows and which are constantly being ventillated by opening and shutting of doors, or by draughts towards the chimney—these apartments are always the most spacious and airy while bed-rooms, which are generally tenanted with closed doors and windows for eight or nine consecutive hours—where, therefore, the vitiation of the air must be very great, and where, in consequence, an ampler space for breathing is an important requisite—these are generally found the most airless rooms of a dwelling-house. Such errors could not pos-sibly exist were not the generality so utterly uninformed as regards the branch of knowl-edge which should be made the first consider-ation in every person's education—a knowl-edge ordained by God for man's health and happiness.

NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER.

The spray, drifting over the adjacent shore, transformed the commonest objects into shades of such fairy-like beauty as is elsewhere only conceived of in dreams. All things are en-veloped in gleaming ice. The islands are inlaid with a pavement as pure and solid as Parian. The rocks that shoot up from the far depths of the precipice are hooded and wrapped up in vast breadths of ice. The trees are bowed down to earth with their snowy vestments. Everywhere, but in the immediate channel of the swollen and surging river, the ice king reigns supreme. Under his magic touch Nature is visibly idealized. Stalacite groves, and towers of crystal, and forests glittering with brilliants and pearls, seem no longer a figment of genius, but a beaming reality.

An Incident.—At some of our restaurants a metal check very much like a quarter, is given by the customer, as a ticket of what he has to pay. A simple-minded Hibernian, who had just arrived in New York from Tipperary, going into one of the restaurants, called for dinner; when the waiter had brought it, he, as usual, laid down the metal counter. Paddy, astonished, said to himself:

"Be Jabers, this is the land for me; when a man asks for some dinner, they give him a bit of money to buy a sup of whiskey, into the bargain."

When he had swallowed his meal, the delighted Paddy was leaving, when he was stopped by the waiter with,

"Hallo! where's your money—are you going without paying?"

Paddy stopped, and taking the metal counter from his pocket, said,

"Botheration take ye all, ye spalqeens, why would ye be afteer giving me a bit of money at all at all, if ye ment to take it away again. Take your dirty money! Perhaps ye'll be afther wishing me to return my dinner to ye again!"

So saying he threw the metal ticket down on the counter, and marched off in a state of vir-tuous indignation.

BETTER GET 'EM FIRST.

About thirty five years ago resided in the the town of Hebron a certain Dr. T. who became very much enamored of a beautiful young lady, resident in the town. The Lady was a strong and decided Baptist. They were sitting together one evening, talking of their approaching nuptials, when the Doctor remarked:—

"I am thinking, my dear, of two events which I shall number among the happiest of my life."

"And pray, what may they be Doctor?" re-marked the lady.

"One is the hour when I shall call you wife for the first time."

"And the other?"

"It is when we shall present our first born for Baptism."

"What! sprinkled?"

"Never shall any child of mine be sprink-led!"

"But mine shall."

"They shall be, hey?"

"Yes my love."

"Well, Sir, then I can tell you that your babies won't be my babies. So, good night sir."

The lady left the room, and the Doctor left the house. They sequel was, that the Doc-never married, and the lady is an old maid.

How Coal Gas is Made.—The process of making coal gas is much simpler than many people imagine. Bituminous coal is thrown into a hot cylinder of iron, the mouth of which is closed carefully by an iron door, with the edges cemented with soft clay. The vapour arising from the coal is received into a tube, by means of which it is permitted to escape into a series of vessels, where it is cooled and deposits much of its impure matter. It is then passed into another series of vessels containing quicklime, which robs it of its sul-phurus and other intermixtures. From this receiver it comes purified, as we find it in use, into the gasometer, and is from thence dis-tributed as it may be needed, through mains and service pipes, into various parts of the city. The highly charged bituminous coals are found best adapted to the purpose of gas-making. In the manufacture of gas from Newcastle coal, a chaldron weighing 27 cwt. is found to yield 8,650 cubic feet of gas, 14 cwt. weight of coke, 12½ gallons ammonical liquor, 12 gallons of thick tar. Cannel coal will yield upon an average 12,000 cubic feet of gas to the chaldron.

A Highwayman.—Not many years ago an Irishman, whose finances did not keep pace with the demands made on his pocket, and whose scorn of honest labor was eminently unfavorable to their being legitimately filled, borrowed an old pistol one day, when poverty had driven him to extremity, and took the highway convenient, where he was likely to find a heavy purse. A jolly old farmer came jogging along, and Pat put him down instant-ly as a party who possessed those requisites he stood in need of himself. Presenting his pis-tol, he demanded him "to stand and deliver." The poor fellow forked over fifty dollars, but finding Pat somewhat of a greenhorn, begged a five to take him home, a distance of half a mile. The request was complied with, ac-companied with the most patronizing air. Old Acres and Roods was a knowing one. Eyeing the pistol, he asked Pat if he would sell it.

"Is it to sell the pistol! Sowl, and it's that same thing I'll be afther doing! What will ye be after giving for it?"

"I'll give you a five dollar bill for it," said the farmer.

"Done! and done's enough between two gentlemen. Down with the dust, and here's the tool for you."

The bargain was made by immediate trans-fer. The moment the farmer got the weapon he ordered Pat to shell out, and threatened to blow his brains out if he refused.

Pat looked at him with a comical leer, and buttoning his breeches pockets, sung out—

"Blow away, ould boy! duce take the bit o' powder's in it."

It is stated that the old man told the last part of the story but once, and that was by the purest accident.

The Blindedness of Fortune.—It is just as well that Fortune is blind, for if she could only see some of the ugly, stupid, worth-less persons on whom she showers her most precious gifts, the sight would so annoy her that she would immediately scratch her eyes out.

Manliness.—Learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the peril of ridicule. You can no more exer-cise your reason if you live in constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life in constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times and make a point morals, do it, not for insolence but seriously and grandly, as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it breathed into him by the breath of fashion.

Adventure of a Blind Rat.—Capt. Dewey tells the following wonderful rat story; I was sitting at a late hour one evening on the gun deck to catch the breeze which came freshly through the larboard ports when a large, sleek, long tailed rat, with slow aristocratic step, ap-proached the combings of the hatch. I soon discovered that there were two rats coming into the ship. The foremost was leading the other by a straw, one end of which each held in his mouth. We managed to capture them both, and found to our surprise, that the one led by the other was stone blind. His faithful friend was trying to get him on board, where he would have comfortable quarters dur-ing a three years cruise. We felt no disposition to kill either and landed them on the wharf. How many there are in the world to whom the fidelity of the rat could impart a lesson.

Are You Courteous.—Young people cannot go forth into the world under a more false impression than this persuasion—that they owe no courtesy to any one but those whom circumstances of prefer-ence happen to make their friends. They owe it to every individual, without exception, who has not forfeited it by offence against them—for every indivi-dual is their fellow, their kindred, and their companion in destiny of which the beginning is the purport and the issue are the same; and therefore each one is a claimant on their sympathy and benevol-ence. To say that we would do them any kindness in their need, or confer any substantial benefit in our power, but refuse to conciliate our ordinary inter-course, is to offer that which we have not in excuse for witholding that which we have.

FILLING AROUND CELLAR WALLS.

A correspondent (N. V. Walton, of Waterbury, Conn.,) in a note at the end of a letter to us, says, "this cold winter brings to mind a matter connected with the building of houses which I do not remember ever to have seen in print, and which if generally known is seldom practiced. It is this in any cold climate cellar walls of houses should never be filled in around with loam or clay, or earth that retains much moisture because the frost expands it, and it exerts a great pressure against the walls, tending to trust them out of position. The effects of this are seen in many cracked walls, the breaking of window and door sills and lintels; unjointed verandahs; and win-dows and doors rendered incapable of opening and closing, &c. In our New England States, this costs us many thou-sands of dollars yearly, all of which may be saved by filling in a few inches of sand or clean gravel next the walls."

We hope those who build houses this summer will not forget to follow the above advice. It is sound, and given in good season for practicing upon during the whole in-coming season for building.—*Scientific American.*

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Improvement in Soap.—The wife of an American agriculturist has been experi-menting in soaps, and finds that the addition of three-quarters of a pound of borax to a pound of soap melted without boiling, makes a saving of one half in the cost of soap, and of three-fourths the labor of washing improves the whiteness of the fabric, besides the usual caustic effect is thus removed, and the hands are left with a peculiar soft and silky feeling, leaving nothing more to be desiried by the most ambitious washerwoman.

To Preserve Lard Sweet.—Instead of putting it into large vessels, put it in stone crocks, or jars, of from one to four gallons each; when cooling or thickening put in your salt, which will mix through the lard, instead of settling on the bottom of the crock The next day take clean bits of cotton cloth, rather larger than the top of the vessel, and after putting it smoothly down, and pressing the edges snugly around so as to exclude all air, pack in a close layer of salt, then lay over another piece of cotton cloth and turn over it a plate or a cover which will fit tightly,—then tie over two thicknesses of paper, and set it in a cool dry place. In this way I have kept lard perfectly sweet eighteen months. Crocks of butter should be kept in the same way.—*Cor. of Michi-gan Farmer.*

To Remove Ink Stains.—Many of the preprations for removing ink spots take out the color as well—the following is a perfectly harmless one: To half an ounce of oxalic acid put a fluid ounce of distilled water, when nearly dissolved add half an ounce of nitric acid; this will be a saturat-ed solution, and will take out ink without injuring or discoloring the substance, whether it be cloth, silk, &c.

Cements.—To fasten small shells on ornamental work, use either of the follow-ing comments: 1. Dissolve shellac in enough rectified spirits to make a liquid of the consistence of treacle. 2. Finely-powdered plaster of Paris made into a cream with water.

Varnish for Pictures.—White of egg, beaten up, makes a good varnish for water-color pictures; it must be carefully laid on with a large camel's hair brush.

Plum Pudding.—Take one pound of each of flour, beef suet, currants and raisins; four eggs, one pint of milk, spice to the taste; tie in a bag—allow no room for swelling, and boil four hours. This rule is from an English family.