

TRICHINA SPIRALIS.

The subject of the use of pork as an article of food seems to be an article of much discussion with the consumers of that kind of meat, on account of its being infected by animalculæ called TRICHINA SPIRALIS; which, when taken into the stomach, is fatal to human life, and many consumers of swine's flesh are expressing great fears of its safety and abandoning its use. There are no well attested cases of its indigenous production, or even existence, in this country, and those persons who have supposed that they have discovered them, are probably not aware that the intestinal canal and every cavity in all animate bodies are filled with independent living organisms, known as ENTOZOA, PROTOZA, HYDATIDS, &c. This disease is only known in Europe in a very confined district, producing but sixty or seventy deaths, and those only persons who use the flesh in a raw state—a practice which rarely prevails in this country.

When we consider that about one half of the inhabitants of the United States are farmers and depend almost entirely on the article, pork, for their daily consumption—for which they have no reliable substitute—it becomes important that the public should be disabused of the fears entertained on this subject.

In the first place the TRICHINA animalculæ is not known to exist in this country, nor has it existed for hundreds of years past, and therefore its infiction may be anticipated as a very remote contingency.

Secondly, as a certain and infallible security against it ever prevailing as a disease in the human family, is the absolute and well settled fact that the required heat to produce BOILING, FRYING AND BAKING IS FATAL TO ALL EXISTANTS, from the microscopic animalculæ up to vertebrated animals.

Every existant possessing motion and vitality is composed chemically of nearly the same elements—the same component simple materials and substances, which are well known to naturalists about the heat of two hundred degrees of the thermometer, which is twelve degrees below boiling point of water, while the heat of frying and baking exceeds three hundred degrees.

Therefore there can be no possible cause for the fear indulged by those who do not consume it in a raw state,—a practice which does not prevail among our people to any extent, except in some cases the dried lean of smoked hams, and among fishermen, hunters, and lumbermen, the fat portions of salt pork are often eat raw as a sandwich.

The examination by the compound microscope of a single drop of water, or vinegar, of cheese and dried fruits and hundred of other articles of common consumption, exhibiting innumerable races of infusorials of the most horrid forms, would be to the uninitiated a greater cause for alarm than the far-fetched discussion of the TRICHINA SPIRALIS.—RURAL NEW-YORKER.

WHAT I SAW, HEARD AND THINK.

"NETTIE, come here."

"Yes, ma,"—and away ran Nettie, glad of an opportunity to help her mother. She did not hesitate an instant. She did not stop to ask what was wanted, nor to plead an excuse that she might play a moment longer. My mother wants me, that was enough.

First, I will tell my young readers that Nettie is a young girl about ten years old. She lives in Carleton County, and in one of my rambles a short time since, I found her. I had never seen her before in my life. My stay was short; but while there I heard what I have written at the commencement of this article. Don't you think I had a pretty favourable opinion of Nettie after that? Yes I did, and I thought a little girl so ready and willing to oblige her parents—so pleasant in reply, so prompt in manner—would be kind to her brothers and sisters, kind to her playmates, kind to every one. I thought what a good scholar she must be, how punctual at school, how hard she would try to get her lessons, how very careful not to disobey her teacher. And then how her teacher and schoolmates would love her.

Don't some of you know a little girl or boy about like Nettie?—and hav'nt you sometimes seen

children, when their parents have wanted them, who would answer, "w-h-a-t"—"what do you want?" "Can't I play a minute longer?" "Can't I do this or that?"—and even when they did obey, would come with that reluctant step and long drawn face that plainly told, "I would like to have my own way a little more, and not be obliged to mind until I was ready."

"Honor thy father and mother," is a commandment God has given us. Can we better honor them than in being prompt in obeying every wish?

Dear little readers, I have written these few lines for your benefit. I want you all to be kind and obliging to your parents, to your brothers and sisters, to everybody. I want you to be happy. I want everyone to love you—then, again, honor and obey your parents.

A SHERIFF'S ATTACHMENT.

Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon a Sheriff at term time, he was led to the door of a beautiful widow on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way, had often bestowed melting glances on the aforesaid Sheriff. He was admitted, and the widow appeared. The confusion and fright which the arrival of her visitor occasioned, set off to greater advantage the captivating charms of the widow M.— Her cheek bore the beautiful blended tints of the apple blossom; her lips resembled the rosebuds, upon which the morning dew yet lingered, and her eyes were like quivers of Cupid; and glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled, resembled arrows which only invited a "beau" (pardon the pun) to do full execution. After a few common-place remarks,

"Madam," said the matter-of-fact Sheriff, "I have an attachment for you."

A deeper blush than usual mantled the cheeks of the fair widow, while the glance of her down-cast eyes were centered upon her beautiful foot, which half concealed by flowing drapery, patted the floor. She with equal candor replied:

"Sir, the attachment is reciprocal."

For some time the Sheriff maintained an astonished silence, and at length said:

"Madam, will you proceed to court?"

"Proceed to court," replied the lady, with merry laugh; then shaking her head, she said:

"No, sir, though this is leap year, I will not take advantage of the license therein granted to my sex, and therefore I greatly prefer that you should proceed to court."

"But, madam, the justice is waiting."

"Let him wait; I am not disposed to hurry matters, and besides, sir when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand that I greatly prefer a minister to a justice of the peace."

A light dawned upon the Sheriff's brain.

"Madam," said he, rising from his chair with solemn dignity, "there is a great mistake here; my language has been misunderstood; the attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Squire C—, and commands me to bring you instantly before him to answer a contempt of court, disobeying a subpoena in the case of Smith vs. Jones."

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE.

The following vivid sketch was introduced by the late Dr. Alexander into his "Letters to Workingmen." He writes in the character of a workingman:

After a day's work of copying, I was under the mortifying necessity of waiting an hour in the tap-room of a low tavern, to secure the services of a mail-guard, who was to carry a parcel for my employer. Amid the smoke, the spitting, and the clatter of a crowd of inn-hunters, I could not but find some subjects for reflection.

The presiding genius of the bar was a bloated, whiskered young man, whom I had long known as the abandoned son of a deceased friend. I sighed, and was silent. Ever and anon, as squads of two or three approached his shrine to receive and empty their glasses, and deposit their sinpence, I heard the short formula of the bacchanal minister, "What will you have? brandy? gin? punch? What will you have?" And the

victims severally made their bids for a "smaller," a cock-tail, a sling, or a julep, as the case might be.

"Methinks I can answer this question," said I to myself, as I cast a glance around the murky apartment. And first to the young shoemaker, who, with a pair of newly-finished boots, is asking for grog. "What will you have?" Young man, you will soon have an EMPTY POCKET..

There comes my neighbor, the bookbinder. His hand shakes as he raises his full glass. Ah, Shannon! I dread to say it; but you will have the

FALSITY of holding up to you the next day. The glasses are washed out, not cleaned, in the slop-tub under the bar-shelf. Now a fresh bevy comes up cigar in hand. "Gentlemen, what will you have?" I choose to supply the answer for myself thus; The baker there will have an APOPLEXY or a sudden fall in the shop. The tailor in green glasses will have, or rather has already, a CONSTIPATION. And I fear that the three idlers in their train will have the next EPIDEMIC that shall sweep off our refuse drunkards.

Sorry am I to see in this den Mr. Scantling, the cooper. Not to speak of himself, I have reason to believe that both his grown sons are beginning to drink. He looks about him suspiciously. Now he has plucked up courage. He takes whiskey. He will have a pair of DRUNKEN SONS!

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MEMORY.

There is a shady vale to which all may turn when the mind is weary with the present and the future looks dark and gloomy. It is the garden of Memory; in it dwell hopes and forms and scenes of long ago. How silent communion in this blest retreat strengthens and refreshes us! The yearly stream of happiness ripples along between shady banks, lined with trees that are laden with the fruits of duty and contentment. The refreshing breeze of remembrance cools our burning brow. At our bidding there comes thronging before us loved forms, and bright thoughts arise that leave us happier and better for the influence they bring.

Clearer and most welcome among all the voices of loved ones there comes a mother's gentle tones. Oh, how we love to recall each accent. How the remembrance of the simplest word sinks deep into our hearts. The happy days of the past afford a strange contrast to the present. And yet there is corner in Memory's spacious garden wherein are consigned the deepest griefs that childhood could ever know. An unkind word or look of disapproval then had power to cause bitter tears to flow. If the remembrance of a mother's love brings exceeding joy, the grief is as great when we dwell upon the last hours of this loved one. This was our first grief, and afterward came trouble, thick and fast, because her gentle counsel and consolation had left us for ever.

The fields of Memory abound with alternate joys and sorrows, over which we love to linger, for in them we live again childhood's hours.—M.

PLANT DEEP.—Peas planted six or eight inches deep it is said will bear much longer than when the seed is hardly covered enough to cause germination.

The reason why people know not their duty on great occasions, is that they will not take the trouble of doing their duty on little occasions.

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think; rather to improve our minds so as to make us think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.

—The Cologne "Gazette" says that the 8,000 Bavarians who had been stationed at Schlensingen drank, during their two and a half days' stay at that place, 90,000 quarts of beer.

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