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 V. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1852. NUMBER XV.

Poetry.

From the Banffshire Journal.

A NIGHT FROM HOME.

"Many are the spiritual beings who walk
The earth, both when we wake and when we sleep." MILTON.

There is a whisper runs along the sky—
So calm, so soft, 'tis heard in silence only—
As musical as low, a mellow sigh,
That makes the stillness of the night less lonely;
And O! it has a soul reviving tone,
It moves the heart as winds would sweetest strings,
It wakens dreams of summers past and gone,
While love, that has been sleeping, mounts and sings.

What may it be, this something of strange joy,
To which we feel the pulse of life beat young—
The full heart's longings—the returning boy—
The warbling ditty early love had sung?
Whence may it be? 'Tis from the haunts of yore,
Of days that have been sleepless memory telling—
Love's wild glad echoes wak'ning yet once more,
Amid the ruins of its grief-worn dwelling.

Hail spirits of the past? bright shapes, dark eyes,
Around my path, in rainbow light, revealing,
Ye make me sad, yet pleasant are my sighs,
Ye warm the chilly springs of olden feeling.
Ye woke tha voices of the hallow'd dead,
Ye kindle eyes long sleeping in the tomb,
Ye hover round me, and above my head,
And light, with vanquish'd forms, this lampless gloom.

Dear resurrection to my ravish'd dream,
Of fond companionships and friendships blest,
Ye break upon me like the morning beam
On some lorn spirit weary with unrest;
The grave hides nought within its dread domain
Of those whom Lethe spares of the departed;
Nor Time, nor Death, shall break the holy chain
That binds the spirit to the loving hearted.

'Tis Nature's hour of vespers—awful, still:
Her beating heart the list'ning thought may hear;
The very air is warming round the hill,
As if to heavenly feet the soil were dear.
O! I could linger 'mid such lov'd excess,
Self exiled from a world to mammon wed,
With spirit bathed in rapt forgetfulness
Of all save Nature and the honour'd dead.

It is the hour when spirits spirits meet,
And songs that strike the soul, though not the sense,
Are falling o'er me, passionate and sweet,
Rekinding thoughts and sympathies intense,
With beings vanish'd from my felt embrace,
But o'er the heartstringe holding heavenly thrall;
And, having here our halcyer trysting place,
They come and woo me at affection's call.

February, 1842. VIDDA.

AGRICULTURE.

APRIL—WORK TO BE DONE

GENERAL FARM WORK.—Early part of this month light sandy soils intended for general crops may be ploughed, and indeed spring ploughing for sandy soils is preferable to fall ploughing; for all clayey loams, are benefitted by winter ridging and the consequent pulveration from frequent freezing and thawings, still sandy soils would not be improved by similar treatment, as they would suffer by working &c.

Although clayey soils as well as others should be plowed as early in spring as practicable, still they should not be disturbed while *wet*. The action of the plow is to compact them in lumps, and thus render them unkind and non-absorbent.

Such fields as were plowed last month, but are not yet planted, should be run through by the cultivator immediately, before planting; so as to have the surface of the ground thoroughly disintegrated just before sowing the seed; such fresh surface insures rapid vegetation, and buries half germinated weeds two low to interfere with the regular crops. Top dress winter grain with super-phosphate of lime and guano mixed with charcoal, plaster of paris or loam, as you now wish to press forward the plants, which could not be done with propriety in the fall, for fear of their being too forward, and therefore more liable to be winter killed.

Attend to water courses, drain, &c., as during the early freshets your mowing ground may be rendered uneven in growth by uneven irrigation. If the season has been backward, you may still sow spring wheat, barley, oats, rye, field peas &c.—Beans, early potatoes, &c., may now be sown. Flax and hemp sow. Attend to pastures. Do not turn cattle too early into pasture grounds before the grass has had time to start fairly, and the ground has become sufficiently hard not to be disfigured by them. If you intend to fatten cattle in the fall and winter, you should now plant out carrots, parsnips, &c. You can raise eigh hundred bushels of Belgian carrots to the acre, and they will do more service for your cattle and milch cows than four times the quantity of ground appropriated to either hay or corn crops. Cleanse cellars from putrescent substances; plant Indian corn; sow Lucerne; attend to the extermination of insects, &c.

MILCH COWS AND CALVES.

It is impossible to choose a subject of more general interest to the agricultural community, than Milch Cows; for though there is only a portion of American farmers that devote their farms principally to the dairy business, yet every homestead has its cows, and every farmer is interested in their management.

The best time for cows to "come in" is generally considered to be about the middle of April; though where calves are raised for the butcher, it will be profitable to have them earlier; as, being scarce, they sell much better. The period of calving is one of considerable danger, and much care is necessary to keep the cow in a healthy state, and in that condition which will make her most profitable the coming season. Cows of course should never be starved during the winter, but kept in a nice warm yard, having plenty of straw, cornstalks, or hay, regularly given them. If they are not milked, they may be kept in good condition on straw and cornstalks till within six weeks of calving, when they should have a little hay; and as the spring draws near, if not in good condition, a little corn meal, or what is much better, three or four pounds of crushed oilcake a day, may be given for a week or so previous to calving. It is not, however, desirable to have the cow, at all fat; but as it is often the case that owing to eating a large bulk of comparatively nonnutricious food the cow becomes costive, and inflamation to a greater or less extent ensues, it is adviseable to more *concentrated* nutriment, and oilcake, besides being more nutricious than any other food given to cattle is a slight aperient, and keeps the cow in a fine healthy state. It may be continued as long after calving as the farmer pleases—it will do no harm—nothing, in fact, producing more or richer milk. Whether it will pay to feed it, we are unable to say. Mangel Wurtzel being also laxative and very nutricious, are valuable food for cows at this period; and nothing will pay a farmer better than to grow a few acres every year for this especial purpose. Ruta baga are good, but are apt to give an unpleasant flavour to the butter. They are not so aperient as mangel wurtzel. After the cow has calved, she should have some warm slops, and be carefully attended. The first milk should be drawn out of the bag before the calf sucks; and afterwards, if the bag is hard, it is sometimes adviseable to get as much of the milk as possible previous to letting the calf suck, so that he may knock on the udder, and well clean out all the milk.

When fatting for the butcher, calves should always be placed in a dark place and be tied up, so that they could not run about. It is very necessary that they be often well cleaned out and littered with plenty of clean straw. This will keep the calves healthy, clean, and free from lice. In the celebrated cheese county of Cheshire, England, the calves are never suffered to suck the cows at all, but are fed with skim milk and boiled linseed or oil cake meal, which they are taught to drink out of a pan or pail. We think this is an *unnatural* plan, and the benefits derived by it do not, or at least would not in this country, counter balance the extra trouble. When designed for rearing, this plan may have its advantages; but the calf at first should undoubtedly be fed with the blestings or first milk, as, being the natural food, it is best adapted for the functions of the stomach and bowels. It is slightly purgative, and cleans out the black fæces which are in the calf when born. After the first week or two the fresh milk may be substituted by skim milk and boiled linseed or oil cake, which should be given two or three months before the calf is weaned. Nothing pays better than to keep rearing calves *well* the first four months, giving them a good start in life. We would not advise the confinement of rearing calves; for, though it may conduce to laying on fat, the formation of muscles and bones and the general health of the animal is lessened.

Every one knows the great necessity there is of being gentle and kind to cows, so that they may be quiet and peaceful and not stand trembling in durance vile while being milked. It is this that accounts for the opinion that a cow will give a diary maid more milk than she will to a man. A man during the milking season, has seldom any business near a cow, his great, rough, hard hands, and still harder heart rendering him unfit for a good milker; while a gentle, rosy diarymaid, with her kind words, soft hands, and "So, so, my good bossy," seated on a three legged stool, will fetch out the milk til the froth runs over the pail. Cows should be milked regularly the same hours every day, and should have access to water and shelter at all times.—*Genesee Farmer.*

MODE OF DESTROYING WORMS ON TREES.—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer says, that a decoction of tabbaco thrown among the branches and foilage of trees imbodied by worms, is a sure way of destroying them. It has been tried at Washington, on lindens, by Mr. Ranalian, keeper of the grounds of the War and Navy departments, and by the Commissioners of Public Buildings, on four large elms at the foot of the steps of the Capitol, in both cases with good effect.

"As some difficulty may arise in the minds of many as the precise time of throwing on the tobacco juice, I will give them an infallible rule, viz: As soon as the leaves are well developed they will be found to be perforated with small holes. This is produced by a bug, which feeds on the leaf until it becomes a fly, and then deposits its eggs in a straight line, about half an inch long, on the under side of the leaf. If the decoction be thrown on immediately, it will drive them away; or if any eggs have been laid, it will destroy them completely. As a second crop of worms will be produced on those trees which are neglected, it will be necessary to repeat that time to give them another spring. If this course be adopted by all interested, I have no hesitation in saying that, in two years the worms will be entirely exterminated."

THE LIGHT OF NATURE.—The celebrated Mr. Hume wrote an essay on the sufficiency of the light of nature. Hume came one evening to visit Robertson, and the evening was spent was spent in conversing on this subject. The friends of both were present, and it is said that Robertson reasoned with unaccustomed cleverness and power. Whether Hume was convinced by his reasonings or not, we cannot tell; but at any rate he did not acknowledge his convictions. Hume was very much of a gentleman; and as he was about to depart, bowed politely to those in the room, while, as he retired through the door, Robertson took the light to show him the way. Hume was stil facing the door; "O, sir," said ne to Robersun, "I find the ligh of nature always sufficient;" and he continued, "Pray dont trouble yourself, sir," and so he bowed on. The street door was open; and presently as he bowed along in the entry, he stumbled over something concealed, and pitched down stairs into the street. Robertson ran after him with a light, and as he held it over him he heard the philosopher groaning, "Oh! this light from above, friend Hume." Having raised him up, he bade him good night, and returned to his friends.

CHEATING THE PRINTER.—There is a class of dealers, who, we verily believe, would make use of the backs of their neighbours, on which to write, in flaming chalk, at once their own meanness and the attractions of their wares, were such a plan likely to save them the trifling charge of judicious advertising; of this class are those who are in the habit of defacing, in with lamp-black and turpentine, the circulating medium of the country: such persons seem afraid lest, by advertising in a respectable paper, their trade, by association, might become respectable also. We would have noticed, before this, the shabby practice of daubing the backs of bank-notes, with an apology for an advertisement, but had hoped the good example of "*those who thrive*" would have taught individuals, 'ambitious for a sign-board,' better manners or, that they might have found out that they render themselves liable to prosecution, while cheating the printer.—*Spectator.*

Literature.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

BY DUNCAN M'LEAN.

About eight or ten years ago, a poor boy, wretchedly clad, and half famished, was wandering about our wharves in search of employment. He was only 14 years of age, and very small for his years. Day after day he offered his services on board of many vessels but no one would employ him he was too small for the sea and looked too sickly to stand the hard work that would be required of him. He had just been turned ashore by a brute of a coasting captain, who, not satisfied with saying no, insulted him with coarse remarks about his poverty. The poor fellow turned upon the insulter, the tears standing in his eyes, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, replied—"God forbid, sir, that you should ever have a son so poor as I am—I have neither father nor mother; and all I ask is a chance to live." "Be off, you lying brat," replied the bully 'I know you and your long yarns—be off." The little fellow, walked up the wharf crying: he had no where to lay his head, night was approaching, and the weather was cold and rainy.

A merchant, while engaged in conversation with one of the captains, witnessed the scene, we just described, and was struck with the boy's meek answer to the insolence of the bully.

As the boy passed he called him to him "Now my little fellow," said he kindly, "tell me what you want? tell me who you are?"

"I want something to do sir," he replied that I may earn a living; and I am a poor boy without a friend in the world. God only is left to me, but I trust in him."

"Tell me your story?" continued the merchant.

"It is soon told sir; I am a native of Scotland, my father and mother in coming to this country, both died of ship fever; and when I landed here, I tried to get something to do. For three weeks I have lived on charity, and at night half slept in carts, and sometimes good sailors have let me lie in their forecastles; but still I can't get anything to do."

"Can you read and write?"

"Yes sir, thank God, my poor parents kept me always at school. I can read and write pretty well."

The merchant turned to his captain and said—"You must take this boy on board, captain and see what you can make of him He is very small, but you will be kind to him, and he will perhaps grow up to be useful. It is a pity to leave him in such a condition."

The merchant and captain were proverbial for their economy; but the captain was even more economical than the Merchant.

"Sir," he replied, "he is a mere child and will be more in the way than a soldier on board. I don't think it is right to cumber the vessel with him. You know I keep no more cats on board my vessel than can catch mice."

"Well, well," rejoined the merchant, "let him stay on board while you remain in port, and by the time you're ready for sea, some of my other vessels may arrive and then I will decide what I shall do with him.'

The boy was sent on board and entrusted to the care of the steward, who was a full-blooded negro. The steward liked him at first sight, and acting from the impulse of a kind heart, took him on shore the next day and rigged him in a new suit, at his own expense.

Times were very dull, and the vessel had a long lie in port. The captain and mate lived on board, as a matter of economy, and these, with the steward, who was also cook, and the boy, were the only persons attached to her.

The second evening after the boy came on board, he was in the forecastle reading the Bible, when the steward came below to turn in.

"You read boy!" said the steward, throwing his hat off and rubbing his head—"you read boy, you read! and do you read! and do you think you can learn this niggar to read too? Eh, eh, you learn this darky to read boy?" jumping and rubbing his hands.

"Yes, my dear friend, I can learn you to read and write too," replied the boy.

I will not string out what passed between them. The steward, a young fellow of about twenty, danced, whooped, sung, and made the most extravagant promises, as to what he would do, when he could read.

The next day they went ashore together and purchased suitable books, and the steward soon became a most devoted student. His progress at first was slow but his application was indomitable; and before the vessel was ready for sea, he could spell his own name, and repeat most of the signs on the wharf.

At last the vessel was ready to sail; and the captain still thought the boy a useless incumbrance, and the merchant, having another vessel in port, transferred him to her. The steward said he would not go without the boy, and being a most excellent servant, the merchant also gratified him by sending him with the boy, in the capacity of ship keeper. Here they pursued their studies, without interruption, for they were the only persons on board. All they had to do was to keep the ship clean, and attend to her fasts and fenders.

The ship they left went to sea and has not since been heard from. It was supposed she foundered in a gale, and all hands perished.

The boy and his friend remained in their new vessel and sailed many voyages together; but at last were separated; the steward having been compelled by sickness to remain on shore.

At Eighteen years of age, the boy was second mate, at nineteen chief mate, at twenty, the same merchant, in whose employ he had always sailed, placed him in command of a new beautiful ship. He still sails for the same merchant, and enjoys the reputation of being one of the most intelligent and upright shipmasters.

The steward, though a negro, commands a fine schooner in the coasting trade; and takes pride and pleasure in recounting the manner in which he received his education.

The poor friendless boy put his trust in God and was sustained—the negro threw his bread upon the waters, and lo! after many days he found it.

This dot a sketch of fancy. The parties and circumstances are well known to many in this community; and only to avoid the possibility of giving offence, is the motive for withholding names.

This poor boy's case shows the benefits of education combined with deep religious sentiment. These "bloom in perfect beauty when all else has become withered and dry."—*Carpet Bag.*

From the Toronto Daily Patriot.

A PEDAGOGUE IN LOVE!

TORONTO POLICE COURT,
16th July, 1852.

O'SULLIVAN vs. WHITESIDE.

Mr. Collins, appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. Dempsey for the defendant.

It appears from Mr. Collins' statement, that the defendant, (who is a Widow Lady,) employed the plaintiff, (who is a schoolmaster,) to instruct her children, in the usual branches of a polite education; but by reason of his misconduct and dissipated habits, had to dispense with his services, before the termination of his engagement, and refused to remunerate him for his services, while in her employment.

Mr. Dempsey contended that the plaintiff's misconduct, by presuming to make love to his fair and lovely client, while engaged in the instruction of her children, disentitled him to his salary.

Mr. Collins.—It is the first time I heard that love-making was considered an offence—if lovers were deemed criminals, the largest portion of our countrymen would now be criminals in a Penal Colony, probably Mr. Demsey among the rest! The fact is, the plaintiff has been very badly treated: he was unceremoniously ejected from the house of the deiendant, as also from her affections, without getting the usual notice to quit. It is very, true, that when strongly encouraged by the defendant, like the generality of Irishmen, drafted a declaration of his affections.

Mr. Dempsey.—Yes but my fascinating client, had the good taste to demur to his declaration.

Mr. Garnett, (the Police Magistrate.)—And Mr. Collins's client was nonsuited.

Mr. Collins.—Shakespeare has observed that "the course of true love never did run smooth," and it has been verified in the present instance.

The learned Dominie having entered the Witness box, made a graceful bow to His Worship, which would have done credit to Lord Chesterfield, or to a French Dancing Master. No penless gifted than that of a Dicken's or a Lever, could adequately describe the grotesque appearance of the amorous Pedagogue. An ample quantum of butter-mild and whiskey, was the distinguishing characteristic of his physiognomy, which bore all the inflammatory appearance of a Lantern in a Light-House! The nasal organ of this "gay Lothario" prominently protruded, and its longitude, threatened to come into hostile collision with his chin! It was gemmed over with a profusion of rubies, which afforded ample evidence, that he sacrificed freely at the shrine of the "Jolly God;" at the same time, that his whole contour was indicative of fun, frolic, and inexhaustible drollery. Being sworn and examined, he gave his evidence as follows:

I am a Preceptor by Profession—the defendant agreed to pay me at the rate of £20 a-year, with board, washing and lodging, for "teaching the young ideas of her children to shoot." I accordingly magnified their intellects, exalted their ideas, extended their faculties, elevated their minds; and they made such astounding progress, under my preceptorship, in Greek and Latin, as to be able to demonstrate, with mathematical precision, the age of the Grecian Helen the day she eloped with the Trojan Paris.

Mr. Gurnett.—You are a very learned man Mr. O'Sullivan!

Witnesss—That is not all your Worship. I have also illuminated their sentiments, clarified their brains, irradiated their understandings, and crystalized their conceptions! (roars of laughter); and as for Geometry, I taught them to construct an equilateral triangle on the point of a needle! The fact is, your Worship, my lamented Mother—rest her soul in glory; and may the Heavens be her bed, and the clouds her blankets!—told me, that the first day I was ushered into this world of care and trouble Apollo and the nine Muses descended from Mount Parnassus, and smiled on my cradle, and ever since I have been a genius. [Renewed laughter.] After all this, the defendant told me to amputate my cane, or in vulgar phraseology, to 'cut my stick,' and never again to let my ugly phiz be seen within her domicile! And all this too, your Worship, was done at a time when Lola Montes could dance an Irish Reel in my pocket, without the slightest fear of stumbling on a bank note, or knocking her toe against an old ten penny bit! You know, your Worships, that the perfidious sex have been doing mischief from the commencement of the world! Eve brought woe and misery on mankind—the faithless Helen caused a ten years war, which laid old Troy in ashes—Cleopatra mined Mark Anthony—and even the Holy Bible tells us, that Herodias's Daughter induced King Herod to behead John the Baptist!

Mr. Garnett.—It appears, Mr. O'Sullivan, that you entertain a different opinion of the sex, when you were making love to the defendant.

Witness.—Yet! but after pulverising my heart, she jilted and exterminated me! The poet was right when he said—

"Woman! that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are stripings to believe her!"

[Laughter.]

Cross-examined by Mr. Dempsey.—I never courted Mrs. Whiteside, till I saw she was anxious for the sport herself—shure I would be no Irishman, if I did not reciprocate the celestial feeling. I have a love-token here that she gave me, and a remarkable one it is too. [At this stage of the proceedings, the witness produced a handkerchief, having on one side a representation of Cardinal Wiseman and Lola Montes, waltzing together at Drury Lane Theatre; while the other side represented Bishop M'Hale and Parson Gregg, dancing a hornpipe, at Donnybrook Fair, for wager The production of this strange article in open Court, caused great laughter.] I never refuse to augment the capacity of my pupils in Greek and Latin, but I would not descend so low as to demonstrate vulgar fractions. Oh no! Mr. Dempsey, that would be infra dig.; quite beneath me; paulo majora canamus. I soar higher. It was not for that I read Horace and Virgil, Homer and Lucian. I must support the dignity of my profession, and leave common cyphering to hedge schoolmasters, who are ignorant of the sublime beauties of the Meonian bard. I was never to say drunk, but a little mellow on St. Patrick's Day. Shure I would be no true Milesian, unless I sprinkled the shamrock with a little of the "mountain dew" on Paddy's own day—every flower and plant requires to be moistened in spring—it promotes vegetation. [Laughter.] Was it not with whiskey St. Patrick banished all the sarpents from the country? Everybody—even my countryman, Squire Lewis, at the Sign of the Big-Lock, on Ling-street—knows the Saint's mother kept a "shebeen" in the County of Tippegary; and all the poets, from Hesiod down to Bobby Burns, were loud in their laudations of the "barley bree." Tom Moore tells us to

"Fill the bumper fair,
Every drop we sprinkle,
On the brow of care,
Smoothes away a wrinkle."

[Loud Laughter.]

Mr. Dempsey having handed witness a letter, asked him if it was not his production? Mr. O'Sullivan having answered in the affirmative, Mr. Dempsey read its contents as follows:

Most adored idol of my Soul;
When I view those lips of thine,

The sparkling brilliancy and fiery lustre of your eyes, have turned my melting heart to a cinder! Your jet black ringlets have bewildered my seven senses! I wish you would throw off that widow's cap, and emancipate your coal-black looks from the bondage of its narrow borders!

How altered you sir,
With that close cap you wear,
'Tis destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free.

Be no longer a churl,
Of your black silken curl,
But the banner unfurl,
Och hone! Widow Machree.

Most peerless divinity of my inmost heart, whose beauty super excels the Juno's and Dido's, the Helen's of antiquity, in the same geometrical proportion as the moon out-splendours the minor constellations, take pity on me, and allow me to ease my bleeding heart, by reclining on your snow-white bosom. 'Tis true, my head is bleached with the frost of fifty winters, but Cupid has kindled such a fire in my heart, that, like Mount Etna, whose top is constantly covered with snow, at the same time that it discharges burning lava from its centre, so my poor heart, red as the cinders from the bowels of Heclas, is now sending forth its heaving sighs, to pay the homage of my white locks to those charming black curls of thine.

I have the super-adoring joy to subscribe myself, your burning-hearted worshipping lover,

PATRIC M'CARTHY O'SULLIVAN.

[Roars of Laughter.

Mr. Dempsey.—Are you not ashamed for having written such an insulting letter to the mother of your pupils?

Witness.—No! What should I be ashamed of? I can truly say, with my poetical friend, Horace—

Vixi nuper idoneus puellis,
Et militavi non sine gloria,

which if you wish translated, I will do it to oblige you, as you know Irishmen are always good-natured. [Laughter.] In the dirty Saxon tongue, then it means

I was lately called upon duty,
And bravely fought as the champion of beauty.

Here the witness turned to the Bench, made three most obsequious bows and retired from the box, amid roars of laughter.

Mr. Dempsey.—I am prepared to prove your Worships, by the testimony of the Defendant's servants that the Plaintiff was repeatedly drunk while engaged in teaching Mrs. Whiteside's children, and otherwise misconducted himself in such a manner as to disentitle him to his salary.

Court.—Very well Mr. Dempsey. Bring forward your witness.

Kitty Dorherty, Sworn and examined by Mr. Dempsey. I am living in the service of Mr. Whiteside. I know Paddy O'Sullivan the Schoolmaster, and shure good right I have! Many's the time I had a scalded heart from him, striving to put him to bed when he was drunk. If the big Bay sa furnist the City there was whiskey, Paddy would drain it in a week. [Laughter.] On Patrick's Day, he went to Polly Kelly's sheebeen shop, at the corner of Nelson Street, where he got lots of native from Poll, as he lets on to be curtin her - Paddy was drunk all the live long day, St. Patrick's Day, and for two days after. The Mistress sent me and Biddy Burke to Polly Kelly's, to bring him home. We found him stretched along the side of the hearth dead drunk, with the side of his hat and one of his whiskers burned clean off, and he was snorin so loud that you'd, think it was Tim Canty the huntsman, who had come over from auld Ireland, and was blown the horn to gather the hounds. [Roars of Laughter.]

Mr. Dempsey, Did you disturb his repose.

Witness, Yes we put him in a wheelbarrow, but he was mighty cross entirely; he kicked at us and cursed very badly; so that I was obliged to leave Biddy Burke with him, to keep him engaged, while I whipped out to the back yard, and made a sougaun to tie him to the wheelbarrow. When I got back Biddy got her shawl and fastened one of his hands with it; I tied the other with Poll Kelly's garter, and we rolled the sot home to the Mistresses's in the dead of the night, in that way. When we got home, he was as white as a sheet and as cold as a stone. The Mistress thought he was dying and sent off for Doctor King. When the Doctor cum to put some long pipe down his throat, and then the whiskey came galloping up for all the world like the pump in the yard. He used to be always troubling the Mistress with talk, and vexing her with love letters. One day he asked her to let him kindle his doodeen with the fire of her eyes.

Cross-examined by Mr. Collins, 'Tisn't that I say it meself, I came of a decent stock of people—my grandfather was cousin Germin to old Father Tom Loftus, Parish Priest of Doonbeg; and from my mother's side, who came across the broad Shannon from Kerry, there was not a more respectable family than the Mullanphys, or an O'Connell, from Tarlee to Derrylane that were not her blood relations. You would like to look at my mother, your Worship when she was dressed off on a Sunday, going to Bawnogue Chapel. She wore a speck and span new gown with five flounces to it; a muslin cap with four dimity borders to it; a pair of illigant calfskin pumps which she never soiled till she got within half a mile of the chapel; and her arms were purtier than any Indian's face the sun had polished them nicely. That dirty Attorney who wanted to throw a slur on my karacter, what had his mother, the dirty mouthed dog? she had'nt as much bality in her cap as would make a breeches for the knave of spades. [Laughter.] Me father too, he was the largest and finest looking man in the parish; he was six feet six inches without stockings; and if he only had a pair he would be half an inch higher; his shoulders were so broad that Murty Delaney, the lame tailor, and Poll Kelly, could dance a moneen jig on them, and leave room for the fiddler. [Laughter.] The Attorney need'nt think my Mistress would marry either him or his old schoolmaster. I won't answer any more of his ugly questions.

Mr. Collins, I won't ask the witness any more questions—she is a regular tartar, who has brass enough in her face to make a knocker for a hall door. I thank my stars that I have been saved from matrimony, and with it the violent tongues of the opposite sex.

The Magistrate dismissed the complaint, by reason of the Plaintiff's misconduct. Poor Dominie left the Court much crest fallen, and vowing eternal vengeance against woman kind in general.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

PREPAID LETTERS.—We have heard several complaints that letters prepaid to the lines, have been charged postage. We have made inquiry, and learn that, according to the arrangements of the United States and Canada that the postage on letters should be paid *through*, both ways, otherwise the sender loses the postage paid to the line; it is optional whether the letters are prepaid, or not. The Hamilton Post Office (and we suppose the practice is general) does not receive postage to the lines; but it does happen that persons, with threepenny stamps, put their letters in the receiver, and lose the postage, for the stamp is crossed, and the letter charged the full postage. Therefore pay the postage through, or none.—*Journal & Express.*

THE TONGUE.—Mrs. Fowler, of New York, is very properly lecturing upon "The Tongue," in Oswego. Perhaps she will tell that story of a nobleman who requested his wife to keep her tongue in her mouth. "Not at all, my dear," she replied, "it is against the law to carry concealed weapons."

YANKEE INGENUITY.

THE WAY TO SCAMOUNT A DIFFICULTY.—A correspondent of the Scientific American describes an interesting method adopted by an Yankee of East Dorset, Vermont, of transporting timber from the Green Mountains. The Gentleman referred to had contracted to furnish the Western Vermont Railroad with 32,000 ties and other timber. As the only place from which he could procure ties and timber was three miles distant from the railroad, on the tops of the Green Mountains, in a place inaccessible by any feasible road, his friends and foes joined in predictions that it was impossible for him to fulfil the contract. He ascended through a narrow ravine to the mountain's top, and there gathered, in one vast pile, 32,000 ties and other timbers.—When the question arose with every one, by what means are all these to be conveyed to the railroad? Only a few weeks of summer weather is allowed to accomplish it in, and nothing but rocks and gullies intervene. Surely "necessity is the mother of invention." He goes to work and builds a small substantial spout or flume of long narrow plank, stretching from rock to rock down the mountain gorge. Here it rests on a rock, there high on the branches of a tree, and there again high in the air, it threads across the valley, supported like telegraph wire. In four or five weeks the three miles are completed, all built in the most simple, cheap, and substantial manner. A small stream of water is turned into the flume, and twenty men go merrily to work dashing in the heavy ties and timbers; away they fly on the wings of the water over rocks and gulf, swifter than the wings of a dove. In four summer days that pile of 3500 tons of lumber is conveyed without cost from the Green Mountains in Peru, to the railroad in Dorset.

The flume still stands, and the thousands of acres hitherto worthless, can now be cleared of lumber and fuel, and will make the fortune of the proprietor.

GOOD SPIRITS.

How many there are who have recourse to the bottle in order to prevent lowness of spirit! A man who is actively engaged in some honest calling, who cultivates the friendship of the excellent of the earth, who strives to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and towards men, who does not allow the cares of business to occupy too much of his time or thoughts but who goes early to bed and rises early in the morning, takes exercise in the open air, commands his appetite in eating and drinking, and encourages a perpetual feeling of good will towards all around him, will usually enjoy good spirits. He has not, and he wants not, boisterous mirth; that cracking of thorns under a pot; but the steady glow of a tranquil life. Good men, good books, good water, good food, good sleep, good air, are the means placed within our reach They, however, who are not content with such things as a wise Providence hath provided, in their haste to be happy go to the wine that may gladden their heart, little suspecting that every elevation caused by the artificial means of man's devising, is followed by a corresponding depression; and if the stimulant be frequent, it it be continued for years, the depression becomes more serious and permanent and ultimately is beyond the reach of any stimulant, and it will be found that they enjoy the most even flow of good spirits whose beverage is cold water. Thousands can testify to the truth of this; men in every country, every professions, of every rank in life have testified to the truth; amongst those who have clearly denounced alcoholic liquors as being not the cause of good spirits but of bad spirits, and that melancholy which often leads to suicide, the honored name of Dr. Channing of Boston, U. S., stands conspicuous. These are his words:—"How much depression is to be traced to intemperance! What a great amount of time, and strength, and money might multitudes gain for self improvement by a strict sobriety! That cheap remedy, pure water, would cure the chief evils in very many families of the ignorant poor. Were the sums that are still lavished on ardent spirits appropriated wisely to the elevation of the people, what new [illegible] intemperance not only wastes the earnings, put the health and the minds of men. How many were to exchange what they call moderate drinking for water, would be surprised to learn that they had been living under a cloud, in half stupefaction; and would become conscious of an intellectual energy of which they had not before dreamed. Their labors would exhaust them less; and less labor would be needed for their support; and thus their inability to cultivate their high nature would in a great measure be removed. The working class above all men, have an interest in the cause of temperance.—*National Temperance Chronicle.*

HOW TO MAKE MINERAL WATER.—Drain rain water through a barrel of rusty nails then cork in stone bottles and label it.

A large coil of three inches lead pipe filled with brandy, was a short time since shipped for Portland—but it came back again in a day or two—*empty.*

This war probable the "mortal coil" that Hamlet wanted to "shuffle off."