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THE SPARKLING BOWL.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song, and dance, thy power confess,
I will not touch thee, for there clings
A scorpion to thy side that stings!

Thou crystal glass! like Eden's tree
Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,
And, as from that, there comes from thee
The voice, "Thou shalt not surely die."
I dare not lift thy liquid gem,
A snake is twisted round thy stem.

Thou liquid fire; like that which glowed
On Melita's surf-beaten shore,
Thou'st been upon my guests bestowed,
But thou shalt warm my house no more,
For wheresoe'er thy radiance falls,
Forth from thy heat a viper crawls.

What though of gold the goblet be,
Embossed with branches of the vine,
Beneath whose burnished leaves we see
Such clusters as poured out the wine,
Among those leaves an adder hangs!
I fear him! for I've felt his fangs.

The Hebrew who the desert trod,
And felt the fiery serpent's bite,
Looked up to that ordained of God,
And found that life was in the sight,
So the worm-bitten's fiery veins
Cool, when he drinks what God ordains.

Ye gracious clouds! ye deep cool wells;
Ye gems from mossy rocks that drip;
Springs that from Earth's cool cells
Gush o'er your granite basin's lip,
To you I look! your largest give,
And I will drink of you, and live.

THE MURDER OF THE MAIL CARRIER.

THE PRISONERS SENTENCED TO DEATH.

[From the Brantford Courier.]

Friday, April 29.

The following is the concluding portion of the proceedings of the Brantford murder case. Having already published the confessions of Armstrong and Brown, it is unnecessary to reproduce them; we give, however, the cross examination of the latter. The Court having been opened at nine o'clock, G. Balfour, Coroner, was sworn and testified to the first statement of Armstrong taken before the Coroner's Jury, which was then read to the Court.

To Mr. Wood—The statement just read is all a lie; it was the first statement I made, and it was understood when we went out on the night of the murder that we were to steal potatoes, and we intended to shoot some geese if we should see any; did not know the mail was to be robbed till we were on the road. Over was immediately at the side of the mail carrier when he was shot; felt horrified at the man being shot, but had courage to pillage the mail bags; the $100 bill was whole when I had it.

James Weyms, J. P., was here sworn, and proved that the written confession of Armstrong produced in Court, was the original one.

To Mr. Wood—Gave up all the money but the $10 bill, and that I gave back on Friday night; did not think of it before; I was not told that I would be dealt more leniently with if I made a confession. I had no such idea. We did not divide the money at Lake's farm—that portion of my confession is false.

To Mr. Cameron, who shewed witness a part of a bill—That looks like part of the $100 bill I had. The reason I said in my confession that I parted with Moore and Over at Kerby's Mills and did not go to the house was, that I did not wish to bring the family into trouble. Have had conversation with the prisoner through the floor of the cell, after my confession. Both of them asked me if I was sworn when I made my confession. On my answering no, they said, then you can retract what you have said. I asked if they wished me to condemn both body and soul.

The above is the whole of Armstrong's evidence, and the following is the evidence of the boy, Brown:—

To Mr. Cameron—Mary Dean told Moore his wife wanted him to get out of the house as quick as possible; Mr Weyms told me that I would be sent to hell when I died if I told a lie; I go to the Sabbath school; I told Mr. Weyms the truth; I have told the truth to-day.

Alfred Hall, a colored man, sworn.—Know Moore, and have seen Over once or twice; heard on Friday that the mail carrier had been killed; saw the prisoners that morning about six o'clock coming down the hill to the Holmedale; one of them had a gun; they returned in about twenty minutes, each having a gun; there is a small bush near Mr. Wilkes'; the prisoners were going in that direction.

Cross examined—Had not left the window of the house from the time the prisoners first passed till they returned; perhaps I was combing at my moustache; they had not been long enough away to have been at the pond, nor did they go in the direction of the pond. They had not time to go to Mr. Wilkes' mill; they might have had time to go to the bush.

John Tanner, colored man, sworn—Know Moore, but don't recollect ever seeing Over before; saw both the prisoners on the morning after the murder coming to town, each carrying a gun.

Mary Dean (white) sworn—Know the prisoners; saw them the day after the murder of the mail carrier at their own house; all the family were at home but Moore's wife, she was at my house on Saturday morning, I told Moore that his wife wished him to leave, as the constables were after him; I had not time to tell him why he should leave before the constables came in; on Sunday following saw a bill between Mrs Over and Mrs. Sinclair in the bed; they were looking at it; it was a whole bill; saw a 25 cent and a 12½ cent piece in their hands.

Silas Tenner (colored) sworn—Know Moore; have seen Over; on Friday morning about ten minutes after seven, saw the prisoners going towards Holmedale; Over had a gun; about ten minutes after that they were returning towards Brantford; when they went out they had a single barrelled gun, which they had when they returned, as well as a double barrelled one; when I first saw the prisoners in the morning I had not heard of the murder; I asked Over where they were going, and he said they were going to hunt. I remarked that they had but one gun, but Over said Moore's hands were cold, and that he [Over] had Moore's gun under his coat.

Benjamin Cheesborough (white) sworn—I was on the road between Paris and Brantford at twenty minutes past ten; at the bottom of Mr. Good's hill two of us got out and walked, it was about three on Saturday morning when I returned to town; saw no one on the road that night.

Gabriel Balfour, sworn—Am a coroner for the county; I have some of the shot taken from the head of deceased, (produced it); have the shot that was extracted from the double-barrelled gun found with the prisoners—(produced it)—would say that the shot is precisely similar.

Thomas McMeans, High Bailiff of the town, sworn—Saw the shot extracted from the guns which we found at Over's house in the loft, and the shot extracted I wrapped up in a piece of paper, sealed it, and gave it to the Coroner.

James Weyms, Esq., J. P.—The prisoners were arrested by my orders on Saturday morning: found half of a $100 bill on the floor near the stove, near where Mrs. Sinclair sat; the females were not searched at the house; both they and the prisoners denied all knowledge of the bill.

Dr. J. Y. Brown, sworn—I made an examination of their nails for the purpose of finding blood; while holding up the hand of Over to the light I discovered something red under the nail; took it out and examined it through a microscope, and have no doubt it was sealing wax, it could not be paint—for it is not a resinous matter—wax is; the double barrelled gun had every appearance of having been discharged within a day or two before the charge was extracted.

Wm Mair, toll-keeper on the Paris road sworn—Did not see the mail carrier the night of the murder; went to bed about ten o'clock that night; he was in the habit of passing about ten o'clock; between 9 and 10 on Thursday three men passed through the gate; could not say if they were black or white; one of them was tall, and the other two were shorter; Mr. Good passed through the gate about 15 minutes after the men had passed.

This closed the prosecution.

THE DEFENCE.

The first witness called was

Emeline Sinclair, (colored) sworn.—Did live in the same house with prisoners and remember hearing of the murder of the mail carrier. It was on Thursday night, and the prisoners were at home that night; they slept there all night; I slept with my mother and my brother Charles Henry Brown; I heard of the mail robbery first on Friday afternoon.

Cross examined—The prisoners have each a gun, and they had them out on Thursday; did not see Armstrong on Thursday; saw him at Over's house on Friday; he neither gave nor received any money; I had 3s in silver, and had it a good while. Moore had no paper money; saw him have 2s in silver on Saturday; we had been living on what we received from the Dorcas Society; the prisoners were not out on Friday morning; they had no guns out that morning. I was not up, nor did I light a candle on Thursday night.

Maria Brown, [colored] sworn—I have been in the same cell with Mrs. Sinclair, and understood that the mail carrier was murdered on Thursday night. The prisoners were in the house when I went to bed; can't say whether it was nine or ten o'clock when I went to bed; Over went to bed some time before I did; I was not up after I went to bed; got up about eight or nine o'clock on Friday morning, the prisoners were both in the house then.

Cross examined—Charles Henry Brown is my son; he is a very bad boy, and he does not mind what I say. Mrs. Sinclair is my daughter.

To Mr. Wood—Am not aware that Mrs. Sinclair got any money from the Dorcas Society; whenever I lay down at night I don't get up till morning.

Alice Over (colored) sworn—Know Moore the prisoner, and remember having heard that the mail carrier was killed, Mrs. Brown told me of it, I think on Friday afternoon; Moore was at home the night before, I heard of the murder.

Samuel Nelson (colored) sworn—Know John A. Armstrong; he was in jail lately for stealing and fighting; when he was about leaving he told me the County would have to pay him for being in jail all the winter; that he was going to have plenty of money, and was going to have a carpet on his floor, and a melodeon for his wife to play on; that he was going to buy a pistol of a man named O'Donnell, and intended to get his living on the highway.

Thomas McMeans was here recalled, and stated that the boy Brown was in the house and remained there while he was arresting the parties.

Chas. Switzer, constable sworn—The boy Brown was at the house when we went to make the arrest.

James Weyms, Esq., J.P., recalled, also stated that the boy was there when I and the constables arrived at the house.

Mrs Brendon, sworn—Am Financial Secretary of the Dorcas Society. No aid is given by the Society that I know not of; did not give Emeline Sinclair, any money on the 14th of April, I gave her an order on Mr. Cockshutt.

Mr. Wood then summed up the evidence, and delivered an excellent and forcible address in favor of the prisoners. Mr. Wood had everything to contend with, and acquitted himself in a masterly style.

Mr. Cameron in an able speech, followed on behalf of the Crown, after which His Lordship charged the jury, and the Court adjourned for an hour to receive the verdict.

The jury, at nine o'clock p.m., having been out of Court for about an hour and a quarter, returned, and rendered a verdict of "Guilty."

Sentence of death, was then passed on the prisoners. They were sentenced to be executed on Tuesday, 7th June.

MOORE AND OVER CONFESS.

As the prisoners Moore and Over were being removed from Court yesterday evening, they acknowledged to the jailor and Deputy Sheriff, that they were implicated in the murder of Adams, but that Armstrong fired the gun.

RELIGOUS FANATISM.—A FATHER KILLS HIS DAUGHTER.

From the Troy Times, May 3.

The quiet Sabbath was broken in upon yesterday by the commission of a horrid murder in the town of Sandlake about 14 miles from Troy, of a daughter by her father and only surviving parent, a man about 60 years of age, named John Belding. The scene of homicide is about four miles east of Sliter's tavern and near the steam saw mill on the sand lake road. The parties lived in a little house, in which the father earned a livlihood for himself and daughter by following the trade of a shoemaker. The daughters name was Christina. She is about 19 years of age, and is described by the neighbors as a quite and well-behaved girl. She had been unwell for some time, and it is said has been under the care of female doctors residing in Berlin in this county, named Weaver. Her mind, it appears, was somewhat effected, but whether from religious excitement or from some other cause, we are unable to say. She labored under the impression that the devil had possession of her, and used to pray very frequently for deliverance from his grasp. A day or two before the murder the old man and daughter went over to the house of David Horton who resided opposite the Beldings when Christinia said she had taken medicine of Mrs. Weaver and it made her feel as if "the devil was in her, and she would scratch him off; but that she had thrown the medicine away, and drove the devil away too." The old man had not done much work recently as it affected the girl's head, and it is supposed that in consequence of his care of her, want of sleep, &c., his own mind had become temporarily affected, and while under the delusion that "Dena," as he calls her, was the devil he killed her.

The account which Belding gives of the affair is that he saw the devil lying on the bed and he struck it in the face. The girl it appears was lying down in the front room in which the murder was committed with a shoemakers hammer. Her skull was completely smashed to pieces. Portions of the hair were scattered about the room and pieces of the skull were laying over the floor. Her face too, was considerable bruised, but no marks of violence were discovered on the other parts of her body. Belding said he thought she was the devil that she appeared to him to be four times as large as "Dena,,—that her face was too large for that of "Dena"—and from his previous and subsequent conduct there can scarcely be a doubt that the old man imagines that he had a fight with the devil, or, as he expresses it, with "three devils, and he had all he could do to kill them. They lived alone in the house.

It is supposed the murder was committed about 12½ o'clock yesterday afternoon. The first person who discovered the murder was Nicholas Byermiller who first saw the old man outside the House. He appeared very much excited and told Byermiller that he had killed the devil and it was lying in there"—pointing to his house. Byermiller looked in and discovered the dead body of his daughter. He asked the old man if it was not "Dena" that he had killed? Belding replied that he did not think it was. Belding's hands and shirt sleeves were covered with blood. Byermiller testified before the Coroner's jury that the father and daughter had lived with him about six months previously to their residing in the house where the murder was committed, and that they always appeared happy together, and as the witness expressed it, "never had any crazy times." Christinia was a quite good girl.

Coroner Madden, of this city was notified of the murder, and at 6 o'clock last evening proceeded to the great excitement. Belding was raving like a maniac when the Coroner arrived. Coronor Madden summoned a jury—Joel B. Peck, foreman—and proceeded to investigate the case. Several witnesses were examined their testimony being in effect as above given—and the jury rendered a verdict that 'In their opinion said Christiania Belding came to her death on Sunday, May 1, 1859, from fractures of the skull and said injuries were inflicted with a hammer in the hands of her father John Belding—he at the time laboring under temporary aberration of mind.' Coroner Madden placed Belding under arrest, and late last night arrived with him in this city and placed him in jail here. A dose of morphine quieted the nerves of the old man and rendered his conveyance here comparatively easy and safe.

The Grand Jury sit to-day. The evidence in the case will be handed over to them for their action at once. They will probably authorize a commission to investigate the sanity of the murderer and if he is declared insane will send him to the Lunatic Asylum or they will indict him for murder, as in their opinion the evidence warrants.

The neighbors give both Belding and his daughter a good character. The old man was sober and industrious and his delusion was the result of some cause other than drink. Dr. Barber Poestenkill, believes it to have been by his incessant care and attention to his sick daughter.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION AT SAN FRANCISCO.

On Sunday morning, the 3rd inst., at about half-past nine o'clock, the ferry boat Contra Costa, plying between San Francisco and Oakland, burst her boiler, causing the death of six persons and the injury of a large number of others. The disaster was unquestionably the result of racing. There are two ferry lines in operation between San Francisco and Oakland, and the spirit of opposition and rivalry ran high between them. On the morning in question several hundreds of the citizens were on board, purposing to spend the Sabbath in the country. Each company started their boat from this side at the same moment, and the race commenced across the bay. I should be said that such had often occurred before, and that at least one half of the passengers on board on this occasion were females.

Mr. Benjamin F. Hillard, one of the injured, furnishes the *Herald* with these particulars:—"At one hundred yards from the wharf the Contra Costa was going at full speed, which showed that they had a high head of steam on. The Oakland soon followed, and the race became exciting. On reaching Oakland Bar, Mr. Hillard remarked to Mr. Birdsall, the engineer of the Contra Costa, that the Oakland would probably beat them, to which Mr. Birdsall replied that he thought so too. He then said to Mr. Hillard, "One of the firemen is away from his post, and I wish you would hail him and tell him to return." Mr. Hillard complied, and hailed the fireman twice, but received no answer—just then the boiler exploded. In passing the steam guage to comply with the request of the engineer, Mr. Hillard noticed that it marked forty pounds, but was visibly rising with rapidity, and went suddenly up to sixty pounds. Mr. Birdsall, the engineer, immediately "slowed down," but it is thought the fireman, being away from his post, had allowed the water to get too low in the boiler and when the engineer "slowed down" the steam generated with intense rapidity and caused the explosion."

When intelligence was disseminated of the disaster, the excitement throughout the city was intense. Thousands of persons hurried to the wharves to learn the particulars. The Contra Cosa could be seen lying on her bar, her smoke stack and wheelhouses gone. The Oakland was near by, taking off passengers. Soon after two steamboats proceeded to the spot, one of which towed the wreck of the Contra Costa to San Francisco.

The ladies on board after the disaster displayed unexampled courage. With a very few exceptions, they preserved their presence of mind, and displayed less terror than the men.

Judge Wright of Albany yesterday granted the stay of execution applied for in behalf of Mrs Mary Hartung, pending proceedings on a writ of error on her behalf.

HIGH FARMING.

Considerable attention is being devoted, by those entitled to the character of good farmers to two articles, which go to constitute in part what may be called high farming viz: Manuring and Drainage. My object in this communication is to direct attention to another article, which in a cold country like Canada must be of vast importance and which we are sorry to say is lamentably neglected viz: Shelter.

Heat in the soil is, as is well known, a prime essential to vegetation. Beneficial effect of shelter on winter such as timothy clover, fall wheat, &c., are universally admitted. It is always observed that the hay crop round the outskirts of a field, in near proximity to the fences where the snow collects in considerable quantities, exceeds in yield that in the more central parts. Snow is a covering of shelter provided by the beneficence of Nature. The effects of winter shelter, however on spring crops are not so obvious; and may not be at readily admitted but observation will demonstrate its beneficial influence. Spring crops always succeed best in well sheltered localities. The house experience of many will substantiate this; and the cause of it is obvious. When the soil is exposed, the cold penetrates much further into it. The point to which frost penetrates is no limit to the penetration of cold. At the lowest frost mark we must still expect to find the cold decending in downward attenuating degrees. To speak confidently as to the greatest depth to which it thus attains would require a considerable amount of careful observation and exercised in convenant circumstances; but it may be no stretch of truth to place it in the more exposed localities, at thirty feet. Until this cold is dispelled, evidently plants are not in the most fortable circumstances for *growth*. Observations when directed to this subject, may yet show that it is the mouth of July before the previous winter's cold is expelled; if it is even then which we believe not to be the case. We believe the natural result of exposure is to change the annual medium temperature of the soil. It not unfrequently happens that the surface of a field is scorched and burned up by the summer's sun while the cold remains below. Drainage is highly beneficial here but it is altogether inadequate to neutralize this effect of cold. The medium temperature of the soil must be many degrees lower than it was when more of the native forests of the country remained. In contrasting the rich productiveness of Upper with the comparative poverty of Lower Canada, this element is too much lost out of view. The native *humus* generally resorted to for a solution will not suffice. The comparative temperature of the two countries is a chief consideration.

If our surmises here are correct, it is easy to account for a deficiency in the production and a deterioration in the character of our crops. Cold must weaken the plant and render it a more easy prey to disease. We have long been convinced that the diseases incident to our fruit trees are produced by high cold winds; but there are circumstances which lead to the belief that these winds have also some bearing on the production of insects. The connection between cold and exposure and those agents by which our forest trees are being destroyed, have been carefully noted. The following circumstances has been carefully observed: that the depredations are greatest on the more elevated localities; as on the mountain, for instance, greater on the north than on the south side of the mountain; greater on the more elivated and consequently colder parts of the mountain; greater on those parts where the trees are more thinly scattered, and conreqnently more exposed; and if we mistake not, greater after one or two prolonged, cold winters. There is a prepossession in favor of the idea that cold will have the effect of destroying these insects; but the truth lays all the other way. When the forest on the mountain was denser than now, little was known of those destructive agents. It is only since the trees have been in great part cut away that the evil has increased to its present proportions. We are convinced, by observation, that the tree and unimpeded sweep of cold winds has everything to do in the production of those ravagers. It is a noticeable fact that those trees which are known to thrive in high northern latitudes are left unscathed.

Now is it not quite supposable that the prevelence of those scourges which prey upon the wheat crop &c., may depend upon the same conditions? Always bearing in mind, however that when once brought into existance they may be propagated to parts that would not give birth to them. The fact that the evil prevails in the north and not in the south gives credibility to this surmise; and that those parts in the north where it is most felt is most exposed. High cold winds may deteriorate plant, rendering them subject to disease and thus a fitting prey for insects. We suppose that these insects prey upon disease—that the existance weevil, for instance presuppose disease in the wheat, high winds may both produce the disease and carry those insects on certain stages of their developement from parts where they may be comparatively innocent, to others where they become terribly destructive. It is not improbable, however, that they have their origin in the disease itself. It may be objected to our view that the evil is most felt in spring wheat and not in that which is most exposed to cold winds; the obvious answer to which is, that these insects are confined in their depredation to a certain season of the year, and the fall wheat has attained a degree of maturity which renders it innocuous before that season arrives. If it be necessary however, to give up the idea of cold in the circulating atmosphere, *impurity* may be substituted, and the remedy is the same in both cases viz., shelter. What resists the air will purify it, as percolation purifies water. Still there may be too much cold in our spring and summer winds for the health of crops.

The old idea that the diseases incident to our crops result from a deterioration of soil cannot be substantiated. Wheat grows in countries which were under cultivation ages before the discovery of America, and where the culture of the soil is not of the most approved type. It is true that in the older settled parts of this country the disease prevails most but it is true, also, that it is in those parts where the native forests have been most cleared away. In Upper Canada, take the Niagara district for example. If the sweep of wind over the country was broken there would be fewer complaints among farmers on account of failure of crops. Sowing with the expection of a good return in the present state of large tracts in Lower Canada in respect of shelter is like striving to hold water in a bottomless vessel.

Let our surmises be correct or otherwise, the question whether the temperature of our own country can be improved is one of great importance; indeed, it ought to be the great question of the day in this region. Any one passing at this season of the year from Upper to Lower Canada, sees when he passes east of a certain point, starvation portrayed on the very face of the country; and the necessity of shelter is at once suggested. By shelter the temperature can be improved. The *beild* of a forest is felt for miles. Any farmer by planting trees can raise the temperature of his farm; but we expect no tangible result till the practice is generally adopted and this would revolutionize the temperature of the country. The best trees for this purpose are evergreens which Providence has provided in great abundance. T.

WHAT WE EAT.—Argument and ridicule seem equally powerless to effect any radical change in the habits of eating which prevail in this country. Some physiologists are talking of climate as affecting our national health, and expressing doubts of the perpetuity of the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent; but constitutions that can withstand our diet, are proof against any climate. Mr. Higginson, who is a zealous apostle in the matter of physical health, say:—"Contrast the difference of living in the Canadian cities—Montreal, for example—where there are two sets of hotels, English and American. In the one you find English customs—abundance of water, towels of the dimensions of the mainsail of a man of war, admirable beef and bread, which are eaten moderately; in the other you find pint pitchers of water, pocket handkerchief towels, and you breakfast on bad coffee, fried rhinoceros, flap-jacks, and flap-dash pies. Here is one explanation of American disease, without climate. Somebody has said—'Tell me the food of a nation, and I will tell you its character.' In the Canadian schools you can at once distinguish the American from the English children; the school mistress will tell you that the former are smarter than the other, but they stay at home every other day because they are sick. You know that an average American child carries to school for dinner or luncheon a piece of mince pie, very white and indigestible at the top, very moist and indigestible at the bottom, and with untold horrors in the middle, a pound cake, two doughnuts, a piece of cheese, a pickle, and a cold sausage. Talk of Pandora's box of old! the modern Pandora's box is an affectionate mother's luncheon basket, and it does not have hope at the bottom. But what does the English child carry to school for dinner? Bread and meat, or bread and butter, or bread and apples—nothing more; and the bread is English bread, not such as is seen in these regions, where housekeepers lay in their supplies for a year, a pound of saleratus to a pound of flour."

RUSSIA SHEET IRON.

This very peculiar iron is, and will probably remain for a long time, a monopoly in the hands of the Russian manufacturers. Its singularly beautiful and evenly glazed surface seems to defy perfect imitation. The Russian iron is of a clear dark blue color, and of a glistening surface, as if varnished; but no varnish or paint now known could withstand a tenth of the destructive forces through which it can pass absolutely unchanged. It has been carefully examined, both in this country and in Great Britain, and great efforts has been made to imitate it; rewards, also have been offered of great value but none have as yet been bestowed. Agents too have spent several years in Russia and have reported what they believed to be the identical process but which though patiently tried has not yet been attended with complete success. The probable chief difficulty is in the iron—some peculiarity, perhaps which has not been discovered, and which if known might not be overcome. One of the most successful imitations in this country said to be by what is termed Wood's process which consists chiefly in rolling the common sheet at a certain temperature, while covered with linseed oil. The surface thus produced is extremely fine though the sheets have not the pliability of the Russia iron. Common sheet iron is worth by wholesale about five cents per pound; the genuine Russian iron sells for about seventeen cents per pound; and the imitation referred to for about eleven cents. A peculiar fibrous iron is required and it has been supposed by some, that this fibrous quality is given to the Russian iron by the presence of a little phosphorus and a little silica in the ore, and by the acquisition of a little carbon from the wood fuel used in smelting. Chemical experiments, which have been made appear to render this latter theory not wholly improbable.

PRODIGAL SONS.

The most melancholy spectacle ever I saw (in Sydney) was a number of young men—men of family and education—who becoming drunkards soon after their arrival in the colony, and falling step by step in dissipation had reached the lowest abysses of a sullen and sombre despair. I met with many cases in Sydney—of men who told me their stories with their hands before their eyes and their strong bosoms moving with hopeless misery. "I came out to Sydney," said one, "with a thousand pounds. I was the youngest son, I had always been taken care of at home. When I landed I felt very lonely and this coupled with other causes compelled me to drink. In six months I had not a penny. Since then I have had to sell oranges for a living; I must drink; there is no hope for me.' 'Will you buy this old Bible?" asked a young man as I stood on the steps of the *Herald* Office. It is nearly two hundred and fifty years old, and was washed ashore in a barrel, on the Cornwall coast, about a century ago. We have had it in our family ever since. My mother gave it to me when I came out and I would not part with it under any than the most pressing circumstances." "How much do you ask for it?' 'You shall have it for a pound.' I bought the book; but afterwards found it was too heavy for me to carry home, a hot wind was blowing, so I allowed him to keep it.—Five minutes afterwards I passed a public house and saw the owner of the Bible standing at the bar with a decanter of spirits befor him and heard him offer to let the landlord have the book for half a sovering. That young man, I subsequently discovered was brother to a distinguished member of the two great guilds of politics and literature. All erring younger brothers fly to Austrilia. —Some reform and in a few years go home with pale faces but purged souls; others think much of those they have left behind, take to drink die out and are forgotten. Poor fellows! 'Tis the mournfulest thing on earth, to die away from home!—*Life in Australia.*

PLEASURES OF MATRIMONY.

I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory. I have had bad luck as a wife as my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He wishes to live in the country which I hate. I like the thermometer at 75 degrees which he hates. He likes to have the children brought up at home instead of at school which I hate. I like music and wish to go to concerts which he hates. He like roast pork which I hate; and I like minced veal which he hates. There is one thing which we both like, and that we cannot both have, though we are always trying for it—the last word. I have had bad luck as a mother, for two such huge selfish passionate, unmanageable boys never tormented a feeble woman since boys began. I wished I had called them both Cain. At this moment they have just quarrelled over their marbles. Mortimer has torn off Orville's collar, and Orville has applied his colt-like hand to Mortimer's ribs; while the baby, Zenobia in my lap who never sleeps more than half-an-hour at a time has been roused by their din to scream in chorus. I have had bad luck as a housekeeper, for I never even kept a chamber maid more than three weeks. And as to cook I look back bewildered on the phantasmagoria of faces flitting stormly through my kitchen as a warner remembers a rapid succession of thunder gusts and hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico. My new chamber-maid bounced out of the room yesterday flirting her dusters and muttering, "real old maid after all," just because I showed her a table on which I could write "slut" with my finger in the dust. I never see my plump happy sister, and then glance in the mirror at my own cadaverous long doleful visage without wishing myself an old maid. I do it every day of my life. Yet half of my sex marry as I did—not for love but for fear! for fear of dying old maids.

WAITING FOR GOD.

The New Orleans *Delta* notices a touching incident. A little boy was found lying on the grass, and looking towards the sky.

On being asked what he was doing, he replied, "Waiting for God! He has taken father, mother, and brother, and I have no home nor anybody to give me anything. Mother told me, when she was sick, that God would take care of me; and mother never told me a lie, so I am waiting for God to come for me. Won't he come?"

"Yes," said the benevolent man who had found him; and acting as God's agent, he took the little believer home with him.

Did any one ever wait in vain for the fulfilment of God's promise? If so, speak—we have never known the case. One may mistake the nature of a given promise; but the promise never fails of fulfilment. One does not trust God in vain. Relief came to the waiting child, though, as he said, it was a "long time on the way." This circumstance could only strengthen the child's faith, by testing it.

Mothers! teach your children confidence in God. Give them a habit of looking to Him for the supply of their wants, and a blessing on all they do. Then help will come when they need it; they will become hopeful and patient, able to discriminate nicely and act successfully.

We are convinced that those who enjoy their work, enjoy the confidence of the people and benefit society, owe their efficiency to habitual reliance on God for guidance. Trusting Him, they take His blessing.—*Life Illustrated.*

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO LIVE.

There is a bill now before the Legislature of this State, which we commend to the consideration of all Legislatures of the States, and to all the principalities and powers of the earth. It provides that any married woman may invest or use her property and earnings, or any portion of them, in any trade or business, and that such investment, with the profits and labor bestowed thereon by her or her agents, or servants, shall not be subject to the disposal of her husband, nor liable for his debts; and that all contracts executed by her in any trade or business in which she may engage, shall be in all respects as valid as if she were single. Such a law has long been sadly needed, to protect the wives of lazy, profligate, and drunken husbands, who are rather numerous in these days, from living upon and squandering the hard earnings of industrious and virtuous wives. Every State which legalizes or tolerates the infernal grog trade, should enact such a statute at once.—*Life Illustrated.*

TO THE GIRLS.—Here is a paragraph of talk to the girls by an anonymous author which is worth a library of Young Ladies' Books, of Young Ladies Friends or whatever may be the title of the washy washy compounds that are sold for the benefit of that interesting portion of the community:—"Men who are worth having want women for wives. A bundle of grew-gaws, bound with a string of flats and quavers sprinkled with cologue, and set in a carmine saucer—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family veritable bread and meat. The piano and lace frame are good in their places and so are ribbons frill and tinsels; but you cannot make a dinner of the former, nor a bed blanket of the latter. And awful as the idea may seem both dinner and bed blankets necessary to domestic happiness. Life has its domestic happiness. Life has its realities as well as fancies; you may make it a matter of decoration remembering the tassels and curtains but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a man of good sense, and of good prospects to be looking for a wife—what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him, or you may trap him or catch him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you. Render yourself worth catching and you will need no shrewd mother or brother to help you to find a market.

A SCOTSCHMANS SERMON ON MODERATION.—A Scotch parson once preached a long sermon against dram drinking, a vice prevalent in his parish and from which report said he was not free himself:—"Whatever ye do do it with moderation and above all be moderate in dram-drinking. When ye get up indeed ye may take a dram, and anither jist before breakfast, and perhaps anither after; dinna be always dram drinking. If ye are out in the morn, you may just brace yourself up with anither dram, and perhaps take anither before luncheon and some, I fear, take one after which is not very blameable, but dinna be always dram drinking away. Nae-body can scruple for one just before dinner and when the dessert is brought in, an' after it's ta'en away; and perhaps one, or at may be two in the course of the afternoon just to keep ye frae drowsying or snoozling but dinna be always dramming. Afore tea, and after tea, and between tea and supper, is no more than right and good; but let me caution ye brethern, not to be always dramming. Just when ye start for bed, and when ye're ready to pop into't, to take a dram or twa is no more than a Christian may lawfully do; but brethern, let me caution you, not to drink more than I've mentioned, or may be we may pass the bounds of moderation."

SULPHUR FOR STOCK.

The benefit derived by stock from the use of sulphur is not sufficiently well known.

Most farmers are well aware that there are certain seasons in a year when animals of every description on the farm—from the finest colt down to the poorest calf—become afflicted with (in plain English) *lice* one of the ten plagues of Egypt) or "*ticks*,"

To become free from any trouble or injuries the attack of these pests, we have only to put sulphur in the feed or salt of stock so infested; or mix a little in lard, and rub it on the small and young animals. A speedy cure may be depended upon.

I think a teaspoonful two or three times a week four or five times a year—will generally keep hogs and sheep entirely clear of such vermin.

The above article is more particularly applicable to sheep and hogs. It has been said and I believe with some show of truth that sulphur has another effect on sheep; that, given plentifully at the beginning of warm weather as above directed (every other week) till shearing time, it opens the pores of the the skin curing, cough, and whitening the wool; and, as evidence of which, look at the big, snow-white sheep on the mountains of Virginia in the vicinity of the sulphur springs.—*Ohio Valley Farmer.*

BURIED ALIVE!—A singular and rather mysterious occurrence was discovered in a vault attached to one of the Syracuse burial grounds on Sunday last. It was that of a female who was deposited therein for dead some two months since, being found, on opening the coffin, to be lying on her side with one hand under her head. From this it was evident that the woman was alive when placed there, and awakening from the trance into which she had fallen, endeavored to extricate herself from her entombment. This of course was an impossibility. The cover was not only screwed down tightly, but the space was too contracted to allow of even an effort. It was evident however, that the unfortunate woman became convinced of this fact and concluded to die. She therefore took the easy posture in which she was found and breathed her last. The feelings of the friends of that woman, as they gazed upon that form they loved so much, can be better imagined than described. The thought, too, that they had buried her while yet alive, set them almost crazed. The father and mother of the deceased had just arrived from the old country last week and were brought to the vault to see their child. The scene is related as heart rending.

SWEARING.

If ever I wish I had no ears, it is when I hear a boy swearing. Who made you? Who keeps you alive? Who gave you a tongue? Who gave you speech? Who clothes and feeds you? Who put a soul in your body? Who sent His son to be your Friend and Saviour? Who opens heaven for you? Whose earth do you live on? Whose sun shines upon you? Whose sky is over your head? Whose Sabbath do you rest on? All the answers will be God. Is he not great and good? Should you not love Him, and thank Him, and mind Him, and enjoy Him?

Yet what does the swearer do? He takes God's name in vain. He uses it upon a thoughtless and wicked tongue. Did God foresee there would be swearers, and did he make any law against swearing? Yes—'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain,' that is, God will hold him guilty who takes His name in vain."

SPRING IN KENTUCKY.—The maple trees have swelled to leaflets; the brilliant sunshine and the clear blue sky are the heralds of Spring. In every garden the lilies and jonquils, with their lance shaped-leaves, are preparing to battle with the March winds, and from the windows we see peeping the superb hyacinths, tended by women's watchful care. In a short time the lilac, the dogwood, the snow-ball, and the seringa will be in full bloom, making the air redolent of their sweets In fact, "about these times," as the almanacs say, nature is putting on her holiday attire, and looks fresh and fair, as youth and beauty always do.—Louisville Journal.

ESCAPED JAIL.—A criminal of the name of John Farrell, was arrested in town on Saturday last by order of the United States authorities, and lodged in jail. Yesterday morning on Mr. Bennett's going to take some refreshment to him, he found that the bird had flown! Every exertion is being made by the officers to discover the prisoner, but they have as yet been unavailing. Farrel was convicted of felony in Chicago, from which he had escaped also. The mode of escape in the present instance is not positively known. One hundred dollars reward is offered for his discovery.—*Cobourg Sun.*

LIVES LOST BY RAILROADS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—During the last five years over sixty million passengers have been carried over the different railroads in Massachusetts, and of this number only thirty-eight were fatally injured, thirty-two of them through their own heedlessness. One hundred and twenty-four persons were run over while walking or lying on the track, and ninety-seven employees were killed, twenty-one of them being knocked from the top of freight cars by bridges.

CATCHING A LAWYER.—An advocate of a provincial town in France was recently waited on by a sausage dealer who said "Sir I want to consult you. If a dog devours sausages placed in my window, can I make the owner pay the damage?" "Certainly." "In that case, please to pay me twelve francs, for your dog has just eaten sausages of mine to that extent.' The advocate paid the money. An hour after the advocate's clerk called on the sausage dealer, and claimed twelve francs fifty centimes for "a consultation fee about sausages;" and the tradesman to his intense mortification, had to hand over the sum claimed.

One day at the table of a Cardinal Richilieu Bautru, seeking to amuse him, inquired of one of the strangers present.

"Monsieur, excuse me, but how did they value asses in your country when you set forth?"

The retort was pointed:

'Those of your weight and size were priced at ten crowns."

STILL AT THE CABLE.—We see that one of our hat manufacturers announce a new style the cable hat. We suppose the idea was suggested to him by the cable having such a long nap.

I'm getting grey, as the Knight of the Curls said, as he was introducing a Bill for his County.