

sap of the maple and some other trees, are used for forming this useful article in domestic economy. Fermentation produces spirit, or alcohol, before it forms the acid; and vinegar is always, or nearly always, produced by the destruction of alcohol. Just before cider becomes vinegar it is worth most to the distiller, but after that, it is useless to him, but much more useful to society, as it then does not deprive men of their senses and make them lower than the brutes, but is highly useful in the family and many of the arts.

When vinegar is combined with lead, it forms sugar of lead, more properly acetate of lead. With copper it forms verdigris, or acetate of copper, much used for paints. It has other combinations which are useful.

A very useful acid resembling vinegar is formed from the distillation of wood. One hundred pounds of seasoned maple, beech, or other hard wood, will produce thirty-three pounds of a liquid substance, very useful in the arts, especially in the manufacture of white lead, for which and some other purposes it takes the place of vinegar. It is a powerful preservative of animal matter, and has been much used as a substitute for smoke in preserving hams and other meat. The bodies of persons dying at a distance from home have frequently been preserved in it while they were returned to their friends. It is useful for numerous purposes, and is called *pyroligneous acid*.

If sulphur be burned, when mixed with salt petre, it produces a common and useful acid. If burnt in pure oxygen, it forms the same acid. It is frequently called the oil of vitriol, but more properly *sulphuric acid*.—Its uses are very numerous and very important, but they cannot be specified now. This with other acids will be more particularly described hereafter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STORY OF TWO HIGHLANDERS.

There is, perhaps, no quality of the mind in which mankind differ more, than in a prompt readiness either to act or answer to the point, in the most imminent and sudden dangers and difficulties; of which the following is a most pleasant instance.

On the banks of the Albany River, which falls into Hudson's Bay, there is, amongst others, a small colony settled, which is mostly made up of emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland.—Though the soil of the valleys contiguous to the river is exceedingly rich and fertile, yet the winter being so long and severe, these people do not labour too incessantly in agriculture, but depend for the most part upon their skill in hunting and fishing for their subsistence; there being commonly abundance of both game and fish.

Two young kinsmen, both Macdonalds,

went out one day into these boundless woods to hunt, each of them armed with a well-charged gun in his hand, and a *skene-dhu*, or Highland dirk, by his side. They shaped their course towards a small stream which descends from the mountains to the north-west of the river; on the banks of which they knew there were still a few wild swine remaining; and, of all other creatures, they wished most to meet with one of them; little doubting but that they would overcome even a pair of them, if chance should direct them to their lurking places, though they were reported to be so remarkable both for their strength and ferocity. They were not at all successful, having neglected the common game in searching for these animals; and a little before sunset they returned homeward, without shooting any thing save one wild turkey. But when they least expected it, to their infinite joy they discovered a deep pit or cavern, which contained a large litter of fine half-grown pigs, and none of the old ones with them. This was a prize indeed; so, without losing a moment, Donald said to the other, "Mack, you pe the littlest man, creep you in and dark te little sows, and I'll be keeping vatch at te door." Mack complied without hesitation—gave his gun to Donald—unsheathed his *skene-dhu*—and crept into the cave, head foremost; but after he was all out of sight, save the brogues, he stopped short, and called back, "But Donald, pe shoer te keep out te old wons." "Ton't you pe fearing tat, man," said Donald.

The cave was deep, but there was abundance of room in the further end, where Mack, with his sharp *skene-dhu*, now commenced the work of death. He was scarcely well begun, when Donald perceived a monstrous wild boar advancing upon him, roaring, and grinding his tusks, while the fire of rage gleamed from his eyes. Donald said not a word, for fear of alarming his friend; besides, the savage was so hard upon him ere he was aware, that he scarcely had time for any thing: so setting himself firm, and cocking his gun, he took his aim; but, that the shot might prove the more certain death, he suffered the boar to come within a few paces of him before he ventured to fire. He at last drew the fatal trigger, expecting to blow out his eyes, brains and all. Merciful Heaven! the gun missed fire, or flashed in the pan, I am not sure which. There was no time to lose. Donald dashed the piece in the animal's face, turned his back and fled with precipitation. The boar pursued him only for a short space, for having heard the cries of his suffering young ones, as he passed the mouth of the den, he hasted back to their rescue. Most men would have given all up for lost: it was not so with Donald—Mack's life was at stake. As soon as he observed the monster return from pursuing him, Donald faced about, and pursued him

in his turn; but having, before this, from the horror of being all torn to pieces, run rather too far without looking back, the boar had by that oversight got considerably ahead of him. Donald strained every nerve—uttered some piercing cries—and even, for all his haste, did not forget to implore assistance from heaven. His prayer was short but pithy—"O Lord! puir Mack! puir Mack!" said Donald, in a loud voice, while the tears gushed from his eyes. In spite of all his efforts, the enraged animal reached the mouth of the den before him, and entered! It was, however, too narrow for him to walk in on all-fours; he was obliged to drag himself in as Mack had done before; and, of course, his hind feet lost their hold of the ground. At this important crisis, Donald overtook him—laid hold of his large, long tail—wrapped it around both his hands; set his feet to the bank, and held back in the utmost desperation.

Mack, who was all unconscious of what was going on above ground, wondered why he came to be involved in utter darkness in a moment. He waited a little while, thinking that Donald was only playing a trick upon him; but the most profound obscurity still continuing, he at length bawled out, "Donald man; Donald! phat is it tat'll aye pe stopping te light?" Donald was too much engaged, and too breathless, to think of making any reply to Mack's question, till the latter, having waited in vain a considerable time for an answer repeated it in a louder cry. Donald's famous laconic answer, which perhaps never was, nor ever will be equalled, has often been heard of—"Donald man; Donald!—I say phat is it tat'll aye pe stopping te light?" bellowed Mack. "Should te tail break, you'll fin' tat," said Donald.

Donald continued the struggle, and soon began to entertain hopes of ultimate success. When the boar pulled to get in, Donald held back; and when he struggled to get back again, Donald set his shoulders to him, and pushed him in: and in this position kept him, until he got an opportunity of giving him some deadly stabs with his *skene-dhu* behind the short rib, which soon terminated his existence.

Our two young friends by this adventure realized a valuable prize, and secured so much excellent food, that it took them several days to get it conveyed home. During the long winter nights, while the family were regaling themselves on the hams of the great wild boar, often was the above tale related, and as often applauded and laughed at.

WHIMSICAL ANECDOTE.

A circumstance which, when related to us by a good mimic, excited our risibility in a high degree, occurred some time ago at a circuit court of judicary in Scotland, and in the presence of a Judge whose peculiari-