

VOL. XV.

The Potter-Wood Conspiracy Mister Wood, Mister Wood, It is well understood That you're not the right sort of clay; For its really unfeeling, 'Gainst reciprocal dealing, To work in that Pottering way.

Your position requires That the telegraph wires Should, at least, from suspicion b Then to use them is rude, For faction and feud, When nations desire to agree.

This land finds you food, Mister Telegraph Wood, And you're under some slight obligation To keep honest wires, Not make them liars,

To promote premature annexation

The time may yet come That is long'd for by some, While others will strive to resent it; But playing such tricks Will get you in a fix, And make us unite to prevent it.

Then tell Consul Potter His place will be hotter Than most prudent men woull desire; And tell him, in fine, He had better resign, Then bid us farewell, and retire.

And when we're inclined. We'll speak out our mind f our renegade statesmen shall make us ; But then you shall see, O. S. Wood, that won't be, Till our Queen and her statesmen forsake us. COUSIN SANDY.

I'm moving in a very high circle, as the sweep said when he turned himself round in

a chimney. A coachman, extolling the sagacity of one of his horses, observed, that 'if any body was to go for to use him ill, he would bear mare (in which he had always fancied himmalice like a christian.

An old patriot in Jersey oried out in a fit of revolutionary patriotism—'Hurrah for the girls of 76!' 'Thunder,' said a Jersey Whig, 'that's too darned old. No, no— hurrah for the girls of 17.'

Tectotum tells us that a Miss Buchanan Teetotum tells us that a Miss Buchanan, once rallying a brave soldior on his courage, said : 'Now, Captain E, do you really mean to say that you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'or a Buchanan's either' And he did it,

A Family Soens.

DARE

A Fainity Science. At a farm house in the county of Wayne, a precocious and inquisite juvenile who had been to the Post Office, rushed into the house with a Lyon's Republican in his hand, when the following dialogue easued : Juvenile — Pa, what do these figures and letters mean that are stuck on the edge of the Republican with a little strip of yellow

paper ? Pa-Why that's the name by which it is lirected to me. Juvenile-Yes, I know about the name, but here it says June '57. What does that

mean 1 Pa, a little fidgety-Why that, my son, is some mark the printers have-they under

stand it. Juvenile-And don't you know what it neans?

Pa-never mind ; don't you be too inqui

sitive. Juvenile—Well, anyhow, old Toby, who was in the Post Office said it meant you hadn't paid for your paper in almost five years, and you had better sock up, and was as able as any man in the township, and printers couldn't live without money any better than other men. Mother—There John, I've told you a

bundred times that it was a shame that you hundred times that it was a shame that you didn't pay for your paper. I declare, I blush for shame every time I take up that paper and think how faithfully it comes and supplies us with news, and how you keep the printers out of their dues. I hope now that drunken old Tcby and your own chil-dren talk about it, you'll be ashamed of yourself and pay up. You ought to make the Editor a present of a turkey to pay the interest

John slipped out of the house and was gone an hour. When he returned he looked ten years younger as he informed his wife he had asked the Postmaster to frank a letter and had enclosed eight dollars-paying up old scores and something in advance. John self ridden through the air by a printer's devil.) He has never been troubled with it

'May a man run into debt ?' asked a modern Boswell of an imaginary Dr Johnson. 'He may,' was the characteristic reply, pro-vided he don't mind walking into prison.'

Sheridan, a scholar, wit, and spendthrift, being dunned by a tailor to pay at least the interest on his bill, answered that it was not his interest to pay the principal, nor his principle to pay the interest; Nothing is more intolerable than proud

CARLETON PLACE, C. V

. AUGUST 23, 1865.

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 Marken and the same of the sa lantic had died away into the more undu-lating of a wave. The motion in her was barely perceptible to the feeling, and could certainly not be detected by the sight, save by watching the little are of a circle which her topmants now and then described. The whole accident caused a delay of nearly twentyfour hours, during which the drift of the vessel was atmost nothing. Here is is generally regarded as a most gratifying fact, and one auguring well for the success of the attempt, that not only can a fault be dis-covered at ence, but its place indicated, the cable hanled in again, and the piece repair-ed or cut out.

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Wife, niake me some dumplings of dough, They're better than meat for my cough ; Pray iet them be boiled till hot through. But not till they are heavy or tough.

Now I must be off to my plough, And the boys (when they're bad enough) Must keep the flies off with a bough, While the old mare drinks at the trough.

DON'T LIKE THE WIDOWERS .- In en bon'T LIKE THE WIDOWERS.—In en-deavouring to take the census for the Gov ernment, the marshalls occasionally meet with such difficulties as well nigh deprive them of their senses. The following col-liloquy is said to have taken place somewhere-between a marshal and an Irishwoman. 'How many male members have you in the family ?' 'Niver a one.'

"When were you married?" "The day Pat Doyle left Tipperary for Ameriky. Ah, well do I mind it. A sun shinier day niver guilded the sky of owld Ireland."

before marriage?' 'Divil a man more miserable. He said that if I didn't give him a promise within two weeks he'd blow his brains out with a 'Was he'd blow his brains out with a 'Was he at the time of your marriage

widower or a bachelor ?' 'A which ? a widower, did ye say ? Ah

now go away with your nonsense! Is it the like of me would take up with a second-hand husband? A poor divil, all legs and con sumption like a sick turkey. A widower! May I be blessed if I wouldn't rather live an owld maid and bring up a family on condition, but from the mind. an owld maid and bring up a family on buttermilk and praties."

ANECDOTE OF CHOATE. - Rufus Choste, ANECDOTE OF CHOATE. - Rufus Choste, the great Boston lawyer, in an important assault and battery case at sea, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper ship Chal-lenge, on the stand, and badgered him so for about an hour that Dick got his salt water up, and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston Lawyer under the better keen Boston lawyer under his batteries. At the beginning of his testimony Dick said that the night was as dark as the _____, and raining like seven bells.' Suddenly Mr Choate asked him 'Was there a moon that night ?' Yes, sir?' 'Ah, yes! a moon-'Yes, a full moon.' 'Did you see it ?' Not a mite.'

'Then how do you know that there was moon?

What was the principal luminary that

night, sir ?' 'Binnicle lamp aboard the Challenge.' 'Ah you're growing sharp, Mr Barton.' 'What in blazes have you been grinding me this hour for-to make me dull ?'

Be civil, sir. And now tell me what lati

tude and longitude you crossed the equator

'Sho'-yon're joking.' 'No, sir! I am in earnest, and Isdesire you to answer me.' 'I shan't.'

'Ab, you refuse, do you ?' 'Yes-I can't.' 'Indeed. You are chief mate of a clipper sip, and are unable to answer so simple a

"Yes, 'tis the simplest question I ever had asked me. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew that there ain't no latitude at

the Equator.' That shot floored Rufus

A schoolboy being asked by his teacher tow he should flog him, replied, If you

How TO PRONOUNCE 'OUGH.'-The ending syllable 'ough,' which is such a ter-ror to foreigners, is shewn up in its several pronunciations in the following lines:

interest.

One true philosopher is worth a dozen linguists; the first has the treasure, the latter the keys.

Make truth credible, and children will believe it; make goodness lovely, and they will love it.

When a man owns that he has been in the wrong, he is but telling you that he is wiser than he was.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he cannot pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.

There is nothing which God has judged good for us that he has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and the moral world.

No mortifications which virtue exacts are more severe than those which ambition imposes upon the love of ease, pride upon in-terest, and covetousness upon vanity.

believe that sconer than any lawyer in this world '

among the men. A quack doctor offered a countrymen a nostrum 'guaranteed to remove fifteen years from his age or take him down the river without pay.' 'John,' said a cockney solicitor to his son, 'I see you'll never do for an attorney, you have no henergy.' 'Skuse me, father,' replied John, 'what I want is some of your chickenary.' ithout pay.

A 'oute American lawyer once urged as three points in this case, first, that the kettle was eracked when borrowed; second, that it was whole when returned; and third that it was never borrowed ! Tom Browne says, 'a woman may learn one useful doctrine from the game of back-gammon, which is, not to take up her man till she is sure of him.'

Mr Jenkinson, of Rome, put his specta-cles on his car instead of his eyes one day last week, and astually walked three mile aideways in the rain before he discovered what was the matter. The Reason Why.—Said Bill to Ben;

could exceed the kindness which they re-served on board the Naturalits. It seems ince arrived in Loudon, on the day after their own ship foundered, but it bein thought or represented that they might be parted, the ship sailed away without re-dering them any help. At that time the boat, but the want of food and water, and the intense heat, soon began to tell upon them, and they one by one perished before narrated. The New York Times has a sharp para-raph upon the Atlantic Telegraph, showing ty the company's rates what sort of day patch can be sent to England for the hundred and fifty-ix dollars in greenbed at: Bishard Smith, Lingham Hotel, Portrum Place, London, Kenjand. New York, July 19, 1965. Ge it. John Smith." If these rates are to provail the sea might as reall be sealed up. Only the British Gov-crament will paronise the subsqueenes view. Too've destroyed my poses of mind, an amazing small pace you had any wy T

Stabbing Case. On Wednesday evening last to o'clock a fraess occurred on Present, between James M maker, late of Montreal, Willie rick, John McFall, W. J. B other fast young men, to stabbing of Fitapatrick

A portion of the investing protect

A Man Killed at Prescott.

A Man Killed at Prescott. On Saterday last, about five o'clock, two men, named. William Stewart and Jesse Baldy, stanked Alexander Holmes, who keeps a small ginger bear saloes, on the oprast of Water and Jamos streets, Pres-rots, and a freeze ensued which caused the death of Baldy. Stewart threw a four prend weight at Holmes, and Baldy threw a ginger two bottle at him. Holmes picked in the bottle and struck Baldy on the head with it from the effects of which blow he died. Holmes is sent to the assizes. The



