POETRY.

HAPPINESS.

Oh, happiness! our being's end and aim,
Good, pleasure, ease, content—whate'er thy
name:
That something still which prompts th' eter-
nal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to
grow?

—POPE.

A HINT.

Our Daisy lay down
In her little night-gown,
And kissed me again and again,
On forehead and cheek,
On lips that would speak,
But found themselves shut to their gain.

Then, foolish, absurd,
To utter a word,
I asked her the question so old,
That wife and that lover
Ask over and over,
As if they were surer when told.

There, close at her side,
"Do you love me," I cried,
She lifted her golden-crowned head;
A puzzled surprise
Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why, that's why I kiss you,' she said.

—ANNA C. BRACKETT.

MODERN LOGIC.

ANONYMOUS.

An Eaton stripling training for the Law,
A Dunce at Syntax, but a Dab at Taw,
One happy Christmas, laid upon a shelf,
His cap his gown, and store of learned pelf,
With all the deathless bards of Greece and
Rome,
To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.
Arrived, and past the usual "How d'ye do?"
Inquiries of old friends, and College news—
"Well Tom, the road, what saw you worth
discerning,
And how goes study, boy—what is't you're
learning?"
"Oh! Logic, Sir—but not the worn out rules
Of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools!
'Tis wit and wrangler's Logic—thus d'ye see,
I'll prove to you as clear as A, B, C,
That an eel-pie's a pigeon:—to deny it
Were to swear black's white."—"Indeed!
Let us try it.
An eel-pie is a pie of fish."—"Agreed."
"A fish-pie may be a Jack-pie."—"Well
proceed."
"A Jack-pie must be a John-pie—thus 'tis
done,
For every John-pie must be a pi-geon!"
"Bravo!" Sir Peter cries, "Logic forever!
It beats my grandmother and she was clever!
But soundz my boy, it really would be hard,
That wit and learning should have no reward,
To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross,
And then I'll give you"—"What?"—My
Chestnut-horse."
"A horse!" cries Tom, "blood, pedigree and
paces!
Oh, what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!"

He went to bed and wept with downright
sorrow,
To think the night must pass before the mor-
row;
Dreamed of his boots, his cap, his spurs, and
leather breeches,
Of leaping five-barred gates, and crossing
ditches;
Left his warm bed an hour before the lark,
And dragged his uncle fasting through the
park:—
Each craggy hill and dale in vain they cross,
To find out something like a chestnut-horse:
But no such animal the meadows cropped:
At length, beneath a tree, Sir Peter stopped;
Took a bough—then shook it—and down fell
A fine horse-chestnut in its prickly shell—
"There Tom, take that." Well, Sir, and
what beside?"
"Why, since you are booted, saddle it and
ride!"
"Ride what?—A chestnut!" "Ay; come
get across.
I tell you Tom, the chestnut is a horse,
And all the horse you'll get; for I can show
As clear as sunshine, that 'tis really so—
Not by the musty, fusty, wornsout rules
Of Locke and Bacon—addle-headed fools!
All Logic but the wranglers' I disown,
And stick to one sound argument—*your own*.
Since you have prov'd to me, I don't deny,
That a pie-John's the same as John-pie:
What follows then, but as a thing of course,
That a horse-chestnut is a chestnut horse?"

LITERATURE.

THE FORTUNES OF JACQUES CARTIER.

One fine day, about three hundred years ago, a joyous group of children were amusing themselves on the ramparts of St. Malo. Built on the rock, these fortifications, flanked by their massive towers and bastions, form, from the beauty and extent of the landscape spread beneath them, a most delightful promenade.

At the moment in which our tale commences, one child, of about twelve years old, sat aloof from the others, leaning his back against the principal tower. There was something sad and almost wild in the expression of this boy's countenance, as his blue eyes painfully followed the active movements and merry games of his companions.

After some time a few of them, half wearied with play, approached him.

'Well, Jacques,' said one, 'won't you come and play?

'No, thank you, Bernard.'

'Oh, let him alone,' said another, 'he always likes to be sulky and keep to himself.'

'Because I feel that I am alone in the world,' replied Jacques, a tear rolling down his cheek.

'But you have no right to feel any such thing,' said a tall lad, who had just come up; 'you know very well that ever since your father and mother died, you are welcome to a bed and a bowl of soup at every house in St. Malo.'

'Yes, but that is only for charity; I have no one that really cares for me.'

'The good God in Heaven does; He cares for even the little sparrows, as our curate told us last Sunday; and I'm sure we're all ready to love you if you would let us. Just now my mother desired me to bring you home to dinner, and not on any account to come without you, so come along, my boy.'

Jacques, without speaking, took hold of the outstretched hand of the good-natured Jean Penalto, and accompanied him to his father's cottage.

This, like all the fishermen's dwellings at St. Malo, was a thatched wooden hut. The floor was of clay; trusses of straw served for beds, and there was little furniture besides a table and some rudely-fashioned stools; on the walls hung fishing-nets.

As the boys entered a savory odor met them, proceeding from the well thickened vegetable soup which the mother of the family was lading into bowls for her husband and five sons.

'Good morning to you, Jacques!' said Theresea, smiling pleasantly at the sad-looking boy. Why did you not come to us yesterday.'

Then, without waiting for a reply, she bestowed a hearty kiss on her two youngest children, who just then entered to dinner.

The last night's fishing had been successful, and the little party were very merry. The father related anecdotes of his youthful fishing excursions, and the children of the recent ones in which they had assisted, while the good mother listened to them all with complacent love. When the recital, however, involved any idea of danger, she would turn and kiss the forehead of him who had escaped from it; whilst at the detail of any courageous deed she would raise her head and look at the hero with heightened color and sparkling eyes.

Jacques alone did not speak or smile, and ate very little.

The repast ended, every one rose: the elder ones to return to their varions employments, the younger to their sports. Jacques also was going out, but Theresa detained him at the door.

'What ails you, my boy?' she asked, in a slightly reproachful tone. 'Why are you sullen and moping? You don't seem to love any one, child, nor anything.'

'Because, Dame Theresa, no one loves me.' replied Jacques, sighing.

'Ungrateful!' said the good woman, drawing him towards her, 'to say that no one loves you, while every one in the village takes care not to let you want. Have you worse clothes or less food than the other children?'

'Oh, no, no, Theresa, that is not what I mean; you are all very kind, and pity me because my parents died when I was so young that I can't remember to have ever seen them. Pity! it makes people give you bread and soup and clothes and fire; but kisses and blessings,' added the poor child, as he strove hard to restrain the tears which already trickled down his pale cheeks,—only mothers give these, and I have no mother.'

'Well, I will be one to you,' said Theresa tenderly.

'That would be impossible—you could never love me as much as your own boys.'

'Ah, no; that would be expecting too much.'

'It is not I who ask it, Dame; it is something that I feel within me—something that I can't describe, burning my head and my heart; it half chokes me, and makes me wish to cry, and to be alone, so that the other boys may not laugh at me.'

'If that's all, said Theresa, who, although kind and well-meaning, did not at all enter into the child's feelings—'you will get over that by degrees. Good-bye Jacques.'

'Good-bye, Dame Theresa,' replied Jacques, as he went away.

Passing the path that led to the ramparts, he turned his steps towards a lonely part of the beach, in order to avoid encountering the noisy troop of his merry companions.

'The air is very hot; there will be a storm before long,' said Jacques to himself, as he walked along. And raising his eyes towards the sky, where heavy clouds were gathering, he added, 'The sea is getting rough—I'll take a row.'

And moved by some sudden impulse, the boy began to run along the shore, until he reached a small and very light boat, moored to a stake. He leaped into it, cut the cord, and the little skiff once set free, and impelled by a light pair of paddles which Jacques found in it, bounded gaily over the swelling surge. With a proud and dauntless air the boy looked around at the treacherous element which threatened every moment to swallow him up; and as the while foam flew in showers over his head, his eyes sparkled, and an unwonted expression of joy lighted up his features.

Cartier, the father of Jacques, had been drowned one stormy night, and his mother shortly afterwards died of grief. Their son was thus left an orphan in early infancy; and his parents, who had no other riches but a fishing net, bequeathed him as a legacy to the charity of their fellow-villagers.

In no respect had the charge been neglected. One clothed the child, another fed him, a third lodged him by night. The curate taught him to read and write, and he took lossons in fishing and seamanship on board every boat in the port. Yet this boy, endowed with a mind of rare acuteness, and a heart of uncommon sensibility, could not content himself with the supply of his merely physicial wants; he pined and yearned for that love which he saw instinctively poured forth by mothers on their children; and the feeling that he was not understood, that he was not the primary object of any human heart, was gradually rendering him that anomalous being—a misanthropic child.

After some time the rain began to fall heavily, and Jacques with much difficulty returned towards the shore. The storm increased every moment; and after having moored his boat in the most sheltered spot he could find, he turned his steps towards Penalto's cottage.

Conclusion next week.

MELTING MOMENTS.

(New Orleans Picayune.)

One winter evening, a country storekeeper in the Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night, when while standing in the snow outside, putting up his window shutters, he saw through the glass, a lounging, worthless fellow within, take a half-pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few moments found the Green Mountain storekeeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture for which he might have gained a premium from the old Inquisition.

"Stay, Seth!" said the storekeeper, coming in, and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his shoes.

Seth had his hand on the door, and his hat upon his head, and the roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

'Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz,' said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove door, and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit.

"Without it you'd freeze going home such a night as this.'

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of 'something warm' sadly interferred with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders, and planting him in a seat near the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes that, while the country grocer sat before him, there was no possibility of his getting out, and right in this very place, sure enough, the storekeeper sat down.

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and he declared he must go.

"Not till you have something warm; come I have got a story to tell you, Seth;' and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

'Oh! it's too hot here,' said the petty thief again attempting to rise.

'I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon now, on such a night as this, a little something warm wouldn't hurt a fellow; come sit down.

'Sit down—don't be in such a plaguey hurry,' repeated the grocer, pushing him back in his chair.

'But I've got the cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I must be a-going,' continued the persecuted chap.

'But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Sit down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be fidgetty,' said the roguish grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum toddy, the very sight of which in Seth's present situation would have made the hair erect upon his head, had it not been oiled and kept down by the butter.

'Seth, I'll give you a toast now, and you can *butter* it yourself,' said the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. 'Seth, here's—here's a Christmas goose, well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you it's the greatest eating in creation. And, Seth, don't you use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste a goose with. Come, take your butter—I mean Seth, take your toddy.'

Poor Seth now began to *smoke* as well as to *melt*, and his mouth was as hermitically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright, with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red hot furnace before him.

'Very cold this night,' said the grocer, Why Seth, you seem to prespire as if you were warm! Why don't you take your hat off? Here let me put your hat away.'

'No,' exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat, 'No!—I must go—let me out—I ain't well—let me go!' A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor fellow's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

'Well, good-night, Seth, said the humorus Vermonter, 'if you will go; adding as Seth got out on the road, 'Neighbor, I reckon the fun I got out of you is worth sixpence; so I shan't charge you for that half-pound of butter.

RANDOM READINGS.

A nod fellow—Morpheus.

Light-headed—A street lamp.

It is better to be flush in the pocket than in the face.

Cicero said, 'The pursuit of all things should be calm and tranquil.

Can you spell consent in three letters? Y-e-s.

Public spirit—Readiness to do anything which is likely to prove lucrative.

Punch has discovered that the friends of the unfortunate live a long way off.

A man cannot expect half a loaf when he loafs all the time.

When we see a young man that spends all he earns, we are inclined to suspect that he does not always earn all he spends.

The difference between a dishonest debtor and an importunate creditor is, that the one is a 'do' and the other a dun.

'Mary, have you given the gold-fish fresh water?' 'No, ma'am. What's the use? They haven't drunk up what's in there yet,'

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato plant—the only good belonging him is under ground.

Steward—'Breakfast is ready, Georgie.' Heavy yachtsman (aged 9)—'My name is George, Mr. Steward. What would you think if I called you Stewy?'

Mrs. Partingten writes to say that she can't make out why all the 'help' she gets are so stupid, when she is always particular to obtain them from an intelligence office.

'Please mister, my father's dead and my mother's runned away, and would ye let me and me sister suck cider through a straw out of that 'ere barrel 'o yourn?'

An Indianapolis night-policeman has been presented with a neat little jeweled alarm clock, to wear in his coat pocket to wake up by when the hour for going off duty arrives,

The difference between a fool and a looking-glass is said to be that the fool speaks without reflection, and the looking-glase reflects without speaking.

A veteran was relating his exploits to a crowd of boys, and mentioned having been in five engagements. 'That's nothing,' broke in a little fellow, 'my sister Agnes has been engaged eleven times.

'Well, Dennis, how are you getting on? How do you like your new master?' 'Faith Miss, I donno.' 'He's a very excellent man; you can't do too much for him.' 'An' sure, I don't mane to.'

There is no human being who is utterly worthless. Even the man too lazy to earn a sixpence by his own industry will work hard enough when he gets a piece of oyster shell between his teeth.

Recent statistics show that tailors, notwithstanding the cross-legged attitude, are long-lived. This is evidently in accordance with the Darwinian theory of the survival of the 'fittist'

'What do you sell these fowls for?' inquired a buyer. 'I sell them for profits,' was the answer. 'Thank you for the information that they are prophets,' respondei the querist. 'I took them to be patriarchs.'

'Did your teacher chasten you for your idleness?' asked a father of his incorrigible son. 'No sir' said the boy, 'he didn't *chasten* but he *chased* me.' 'How was that?' 'Why, he came for me with a strap, and I broke and run.'

A dentist was recently saved from drowning by a laborer, and from the depths of his grateful heart exclaimed, 'Noble, brave, gallant man! How shall I reward you. Only come to my house and I will cheerfully pull out every tooth you have in your head and not charge you a sixpence.'

'I once knew a child of the sea,' said uncle Nehemiah, 'who literally passed his days and his nights in the water for years, exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, and—' 'Why, uncle! Please don't tell such whoppers!' broke in little May. 'I speak the sober truth, my child. It was the harbor buoy.' Silence fell upon the domestic circle.

A Mississippi boatman with immense feet, stopping at a public house on the levee, asked the porter for a boot-jack to pull off his boots. The colored gentleman, after examining the stranger's feet, broke out as follows: 'No jack big nuff for dem feets. Jackass couldn't pull 'em off, massa, widout fractring the leg. Youse better go back about tree miles to de forks in de road an' pull 'em off dar.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

SPREADING SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—Butter four ounces, sugar, six ounces; one nutmeg. Grate the nutmeg and rub all together; these are about the proper proportions; more or less nutmeg can also be used, or any other flavouring in there place. This sauce is nice baked puddings, hot or cold, and, to tell it on all, it is not bad on bread.

TO PRESERVE SMOKED MEAT.—How often are we disappointed in our hopes of having sweet hams during the summer! After carefully curing and smoking, and sewing them up in bags and whitewashing them, we find that either the fly has commenced a family in our hams, or the choice parts around the bones are tainted, and thus the whole spoiled. Now, this can easily be avoided, by packing them in pulverized charcoal. No matter how hot the weather or how thick the flies, hams will keep them packed so, for years.

Bean Bread as Diet.—Millow, some years ago, showed that bran bread is an essential article of food; Magendie still further demonstrated that dogs could live on bran bread alone, but invariably died when confined to the whitest French bread; Chevreul and Mourier have lately examined the question again, and have corroborated previous experiments. They find the inner surface of the scales of bran is covered with azotised principles which, like diastase, dissolve starch, changing it into sugar; bran acts, in short, according to these physiologists, as a ferment, and assists digestion in the stomach, irrespective of its other characters.

APPLE DUMPLING.—Peel and core the apples and put them in a two-quart basin. Make a crust of either sour cream and soda or with baking powder. Put water enough to cook the apples, and cover with the crust, Put an overlapping cover on the top of the basin, and cook on top of the stove, or bake in the oven, if you prefer. A sauce made of butter, sugar, water, and nutmeg, or lemon, is excellent, as is also sweet cream where the apple is not acid; twenty-five minutes is long enough to cook ordinary apples. This is sometimes called a 'Brother Jonathan.' Peach cobblers are sometimes made similarly with peaches instead of apples, and are best with cream for sauce.

Good Water and Free Ventilation.—A town house, to be healthy, should possess plenty of good water and free ventilation. Where water is impure or scarce, the inconvenience is really a very serious one, and this should be inquired into with great care as a preliminary—for no house, however suitable in other respects, can be desirable, if this grand means of health and comfort is unattainable. It is not sufficient that good water is to be had—that it is near at hand—it should be in our house; and it must be a very strong and weighty consideration indeed that should induce us to overlook this point. The way to discover the purity of water is to fill a deep ale-glass, and then look down into it; this will display the slightest tinge of color; to be pure water should be colorless. Hard water is objectionable, because it contains earth and saline substances, which are injurious to some internal diseases. It is not so good for cooking, or washing, or brewing, as what is called soft water, but for washing it can be rendered soft, either by using soda or lye: for dressing vegetables, a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda will correct the hardness. Water containing iron gives additional trouble in the kitchen, because saucepans rust much sooner.

Smoke Chimneys.—In nineteen cases out of every twenty, a smoky chimney is curable. Ascertain the cause, and the work will be more than half done. Set about it in earnest, avoid quacks, and there will be a saving of money and of patience. The defeat is almost always local: the remedy must therefore be local in its design, and in its application. That which will answer perfecty at one part of a town, or even at one part of a house, may be useless at another. If the chimney be too low, have it raised. If the throat of a chimney be too large, let it be contracted. If there be not sufficient air admitted to the house when the doors and windows are closed, for supplying all the fires, provide for an additional quantity. Instead of allowing cold air to traverse the passages and rooms before it reaches the fire-places and stoves, convey it, by air-drains, underneath the floors, to the places where it is most required—in front of the fires.

The recent case of death by strychnine poisoning from taking Syrup of Hyphosphites, noticed in the Montreal *Daily Witness*, of August 1st, renders great caution necessary, not to confound Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixer and Calisaya with Compound Syrup of Hysphosites. Observe well the difference in ortohgraphy, and bear in mind that medicinally there is no similiarity in action or effect.

Phosphates are absolutely necessary to sustain life, being an element of every solid and fluid of the body, and they are incapable of injurious results at any period from infancy to old age, or under any possible condition of the system, and no more harm can result from taking more than the prescribed dose than from eating too hearty a dinner.

PROMISCUOUS.—Mrs. Alice Robinson, of Williamston, in the county of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, deposeth and saith that in the year 1840, she was fearfully and distressingly afflicted with a combination of complaints, which altogether rendered her almost entirely helpless, during which time she was treated by one of the ablest physicians residing in the County, and part of the time by two physicians for about a year, and still was not sensible of any material benefit or relief. And after a time she was recommended to a medicine at that time prepared by Mrs Gates, of Wilmot, which in an incredibly short time acted like a charm upon her whole system, and she was entirely cured of all her various difficulties and complainst, and remained, as she considered, a sound and healthy woman for about twenty-five years.

Mrs. Robinson further states, that in the autumn of 1869, she was taken ill, and was under the doctor's hands all winter, and in the spring ensuing she was taken with a most obstinant and distressing cough, which the doctor was unable to cure. She was also afflicted with piles and othertroublesome complaints. at length she resolved to apply to Dr. Caleb Gates for assistance and help, and soon found them all yielding to the power and influence of his justly celebrated medicines, and says she is now completely cured of all those various difficulties, through the kindness of Dr. Gates, and the efficacy of his most excellent medicine.

MRS. ALICE ROBINSON.

Sworn to at Williamston, this 9th day of February, A. D. 1872, before me,

JAS. WHEELOCK, J. P.

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NINETY-THREE (93) ACRES OF LAND, a little more or less, and is situate in Township number 38, in King's County.

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