

POETRY.

THERE'S A CHARM IN THE WOODS.

BY JAMES STONEHOUSE.

There's a charm in the woods at the beautiful dawn, When the bright sun is warming the earth with his ray; When dew-drops, like diamonds, sparkle the lawn, And the lark high in air seems to welcome the day.

There's a charm in the woods when the daylight declines, When the hum of the village no longer is heard, When the glow-worm's pale lamp on the mossy bank shines, And stilled are the voices of bee and of bird.

SPEECH OF FATHER MATHEW AT THE SOIREE, IN GLASGOW.

Father Mathew, in acknowledging the address, spoke nearly as follows:—He received with unbounded pleasure the address from the members of the Western Scottish Union—a body to which Ireland, and temperance in Ireland, was deeply indebted. Indeed, he might say they owed a debt of gratitude to the whole of Scotland, from the different bodies of which they had received the most cordial co-operation, and at a time, too, when their helping hand was more necessary than at the present. (Cheers.) For these services, as well as for their fraternal reception of him that day, he was exceedingly grateful; and for the sentiments expressed in this beautiful address, which for purity and piety could scarcely be surpassed, he returned them his heartfelt thanks. He indeed felt very much indebted to the writers of this address that they had spoken the truth, and had not given him credit for qualities which he did not possess, or for services which he had not performed. On this head he might appropriately quote the words of sacred authority, and say that Providence always selected the foolish things and weak things of this world to serve his purposes, that no flesh should glory in his sight. (Loud cheers.) This address gave to him the merit of originating the great Temperance movement in Ireland, and to this he was scarcely entitled. He had been solicited and importuned into the cause by the Society of Friends in Cork, and only at their pressing solicitations had he taken it up. It was not that his heart did not go with the cause, but that he felt a diffidence—a constitutional timidity—to stand forward prominently before his fellow-countrymen. It might be that he feared also the obloquy that he might have to encounter. (Hear, hear.) At one of the meetings in Cork, however, he had taken the pledge, and there was sown the grain of mustard seed that had now grown up a great and mighty tree, which had shot its roots so deep into the earth, that the blasts of hell could not prevail against it. (Cheers.) Its branches were now extending in every corner of the earth, and millions of souls enjoyed peace and social happiness under their shade. They had witnessed that day a magnificent spectacle, and though thousands and thousands were congregated on the occasion, nothing had occurred to wound the feelings of the most sensitive, or to mar the general joy. It was indeed the work of the hand of the most high God—it was the cause of God and morality, and it was wonderful in our eyes. The kindness he had received since he came amongst them, throughout the day, and on the present occasion, almost rendered him incapable of adequately expressing to them his feelings. It was only three days since he had landed in their beautiful and highly-cultivated country; he was a stranger, and his manner, his phraseology, his sentiments, might appear strange to many of them. But it was unkind and uncandid in him to say he was a stranger. He had received the right hand of fellowship from almost every being with whom he had come in contact—and there was indeed a kindly and happy greeting, and many times yesterday and that day he had forgotten altogether that he was out of his own native Ireland—(loud cheers.)—He (Father M.) had almost thought he was one of themselves, and he did not see why it should not be so. He was convinced that, though differing in features, opinions, customs or religion, they were the same people. (Cheers.) He had seen nothing in Scotland to make him think that they were not natives of Ireland. (Laughter, and renewed cheering.) At all events, they were the children of one common father—born to the same rights—redeemed by the same Saviour—believers in the same blessed gospel; and oh! that the sweet and beneficent spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ were diffused from pole to pole, uniting and making all happy, pure and guiltless. (Cheers.) The world would then be a pleasant habitation, and its children worthy of heaven. Though naturally timid and desponding, he felt new vigour arise within him to see so many of different religious professions, (it was not likely that they could all have unity of faith, but they could all meet in unity of affection,) bonded together in behalf of so great and good a cause. (Cheers.) He thought he heard some one say, "Now, Father Mathew, this is making fine speeches to delude the people of Glasgow; perhaps these are not your sentiments in your own country." For five and twenty years he had entertained these views; and if any man could say that his heart had been shut against his neighbour because of differences in religion,—if any man could say that the needy had been turned from his door in consequence of an opposite belief,—that the tenant had been dismissed from his holding, or the servant from his place, because of a difference of religious belief—he would allow them to say, that his actions did not correspond with his words. In that time he had done what in his power lay to reconcile and harmonize the warring principles of faction—to sweeten the cup of woe, and to exalt the down-trodden and unfortunate, and if another advice were required at his hands, he would repeat—"a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." (Immense cheering.) He ought perhaps to apologise for thus alluding to himself; but heaven forbid that he should do so from a spirit of paltry egotism, but for the glorious cause in which they all laboured. (Loud cheers.) It was for this purpose that he wished to exhibit to them the inmost recesses of his heart, and to show it glowing with love for the whole human family. This was a cause in which they should all unite; it was the cause of their common humanity, the cause of their common country, and the cause of God. (Cheers.) If those who had not already embraced the principles of Teetotalism were conscious of the woes unutterable brought upon his own poor country, in consequence of intemperance, they would make every exertion in their power, even to the shedding of their blood, for the doing away of the monstrous evil. If they could take in at one view all the effects of this crying iniquity, the blood of the martyrs to intemperance that stained her green fields, the widows and the orphans which it had made, the unparalleled misery it had produced, the picture would be too frightful to gaze upon. He rejoiced, however, that a great change had been produced in Ireland. Their jails and bridewells were now nearly all empty, and their workhouses were not nearly filled. In Ireland, at the present day, the passenger might witness old castles crumbling to decay. Whatever use these barbarous relics had at one time been to the generations of the past, now they only served as the mouldering monuments of violence and strife. He trusted also, that ere long their jails and bridewells and prison-houses would be reduced to the same useless condition, and that they might only remain tenantless memorials of the crime and drunkenness and suffering which once existed in our country. (Loud cheers.) Ireland—a country that had groaned and bled with the woes of centuries—had now left behind her long and dreary nights of folly, and emerged into the sunshine of bright and glorious day. The means which had hitherto been successfully used to keep her people ignorant, divided, enslaved might now be tried in vain, for she had become moral and temperate. Together with total abstinence, her sons were animated with that spirit of industry and carefulness so necessary and so useful to a poor and dependent people. Formerly, if they could enjoy the excitement of intoxication, they cared not what became of them—they were reckless, illiterate and barbarous—but now, they were animated with the feelings of the patriot. They had become proud men; every teetotaler was too

proud to be guilty of a base or a cruel action. He reckoned now more than five millions of teetotalers in Ireland, and he was confident that the sun in his course did not shed his rays upon a purer or more moral body of men. (Cheers.) The records of the late Assizes proved it. With the exception of one Barony, in the County of Tipperary, the decrease of crime had been a theme for the approbation of all the judges, and though there had been rumours that the teetotalers had been unfaithful to their pledge, it could be proved, by reference to the facts in any part of Ireland, that not one in a thousand had been base enough to break through their solemn covenant. (Cheers.) Their own Mr. Smith (of Deanston), when at a late cattle show in Cork, had taken a tour through the different streets and alleys of the city, and acknowledged, with satisfaction, that he had not met with one individual on whom was the breath or perfume of intoxicating liquors; and this in one of the most populous cities in Ireland, with a population of 150,000, was surely satisfactory evidence of the good effects of Teetotalism. It was pleasing also that they had now in Ireland a Society of all classes for this great object. Numbers in the higher ranks of life had joined that Society from the best and purest of motives—that they might produce good in others. For this purpose his Grace the Duke of Leinster had joined, and many others of rank and respectability. The whole of the Roman Catholic clergy had become members, and he was happy to say, that a great many Presbyterians and Episcopalians and Dissenters had enrolled themselves under its spotless banners. (Cheers.) It was surely the duty of all to show a good example in this respect. He was also happy to inform them that the females of Ireland of the higher and middle ranks had not refused their countenance and support. (Loud cheers.) When in Dublin administering the pledge, in Bryanstone Square, he happened to allude to the necessity and importance of the ladies doing their duty in this respect, when he was told that if they could get a convenient place, a number of them would take the pledge. Well, a meeting was called in the Royal Exchange, and five hundred ladies enrolled themselves teetotalers. (Repeated cheers.) And certainly the ladies, whose distinguished characteristic was humanity, were well entitled to take a part in this movement, and use their utmost exertions to stay the ravages of intemperance. Enlisted in this cause, they would have the pure and holy gratification that they were saving families from ruin and degradation, and meriting the blessed reward of him who willett not that a single soul should die. There were many interesting facts connected with the Total Abstinence cause in Ireland, so many indeed that he should not know where to begin. He felt at the same time that he would tire them if he were to continue. (Loud cries of No, no.) Well, as he had already told them, a society had commenced in the City of Cork, by the Society of Friends, with whom he had joined. (Cheering.) Their progress, however, at the commencement, was very slow. For the first month, not more than twenty members had joined them. It was then that he had visited Limerick, and a great impetus indeed was given to the cause. In a short space of time more than 200,000 people, as if by some sudden impulse, rushed from every part of the Province of Ulster to take the pledge, and from weakly infancy their society all at once sprung up into vigorous manhood. Now they had branches of it in every town in Ireland. It was said that they owed their success at first to the warm and ardent temperament of the inhabitants of the south, and that it would be a different thing when they came to the north. Such was not the case however. Differences of religious or constitutional character made no difference in the progress of this movement. From one end of the country to the other, it had been one glorious triumph of their principles. (Cheering.) Persons of all ranks, creeds and professions, came forward to join their society, and in Ireland he had no doubt their associations would be permanent. On this subject, Dr. Channing, of Boston, said, "The Ireland of the past has disappeared—the crime and drunkenness and folly which disgraced her once has passed away, and a new Ireland has sprung forth, untainted by the vices of its parent." (Cheers.) This day, he could assure his Scottish friends, had been one of the happiest of his life. His fondest expectations as to the progress of the cause in this quarter were more than realized. He could scarcely have dreamt of the appearance of their meeting that day. It had always been his hope that Temperance would prove a beautiful chain, to unite all the people of this Empire in one fraternal bond of charity and brotherly love, and he was happy to see that his anticipations were not disappointed. He felt truly grateful for the honour they had that night shown him, in fact, he would have been entirely overpowered, but from the consciousness that it was not paid to him, so much as to the great and glorious cause of which he was the humble impersonation. Notwithstanding the rapid progress of their cause, and the unprecedented success of their exertions, they had still much to do, and he along with them had yet many difficulties to encounter. It was gratifying to him, however, to be thus received by such great bodies of his countrymen, and his path through life would be assuredly illuminated by rays scattered from that day's glory. (Tremendous cheers, during which the Reverend gentleman resumed his seat.)

EARLY DAYS OF THE FATHER OF THE PREMIER.—The father of the present Sir Robert Peel was born in Fishlane, Blackburn. At the time of the elder Sir Robert's birth, the house itself, and the position in which it stands, were superior to what they are now. The family were small but substantial farmers. Their credit greater for having raised themselves from an humble origin. The merit was due to the late baronet, who was eminently distinguished for those qualities by which money is commonly made, and large fortunes accumulated, aided by favourable circumstances. He was one, and we think a very favourable specimen, of a class of men who, availing themselves in Lancashire of the discoveries of other heads or of their own, and profiting by the peculiar local facilities for making and printing cotton goods, as well as the wants and demand which, half a century ago, manifested themselves for the articles manufactured, succeeded in realizing great opulence, without possessing either refinement of manners, culture of intellect, or more than common-place knowledge. They were industrious, frugal, generally sober, honest in the payment of every legal claim;—and thus they prospered. When the first Sir Robert Peel lived in Fishlane with his brothers and parents, which was then a very respectable farm house, it was customary for respectable yeomen to use pewter plates at dinner. Sir Robert, or his brother, sketched a figure or pattern of some kind or other upon one of their plates; and a thought struck him that he would try whether an impression would be made on calico with colour. At one end of the farm building a young woman of the name of Elizabeth Mitton kept a calendering machine, and he went into her house and put the plate with colour through the machine, when it left an impression; such we believe is the origin of roller printing on calico. This information is derived from the daughter of the said Elizabeth Mitton, a Mrs. White, of Burnley.—England in the 19th Century.

THE CAPITAL OF NEWFOUNDLAND.—The first view of the harbour of St. John's is very striking. Lofty precipitous cliffs, of hard, dark red sandstone, and conglomerate, range along the coast, with deep water close at their feet. Their beds plunge from a height of from 400 to 700 feet, at an angle of seventy degrees, right into the sea, where they are ceaselessly dashed against by the unbroken swell of the Atlantic waves. This immense sea-wall is the side of a narrow ridge of hills which strike along the coast here, and through which there are occasional narrow valleys or ravines. These transverse valleys cut down through the range to various depths, and the bottom of one, being about fifty or sixty feet below the level of the sea, forms the entrance to the harbour of St. John's, and is appropriately termed the Narrows. Inside, the harbour expands and trends towards the S. W., and the land on the other side of it has a much more gentle slope, and a much less height than that immediately to the coast. It is also of a better quality, and more fertile. The dark naked rocks that frown along the coast near St. John's, their stern outlines unbroken by any other vegetation than a few stunted firs, that seem huddled together in the more sheltered nooks and hollows, give a stranger but an unfavourable idea of the country he has come to visit, and seem to realize all the accounts he may have heard or read of the

coldness and barrenness of the land. As we sailed backwards and forwards across the mouth of the Narrows, which in one place is only 220 yards across, with rocky precipitous heights of 500 feet on each side, we caught a view of the town, which, from its being built for the most part upon a steep, had a sufficiently sombre and dismal appearance. The harbour, however, was full of vessels, and on land, there seemed to be much bustle and business going on. The melting of the previous winter's snow had, however, furrowed the streets in various places with gutters running across them, while, from their ill-kept state, from their long, straggling, and irregular appearance, the narrow dirty alleys and lanes leading out of them, the dingy aspect of the unpainted houses, and the groups of idle and half-drunken sailors and fishermen, the absence of street lamps and drains, the entire want of all police, and the air of disorder and confusion which reigned throughout, it was evident that the scene was a foreign one. I found afterwards that it was just the season when a number of vessels, having shortly returned from the sealing expedition, their crews were all loitering about with money in their pockets, and the merchants' wharfs and premises were crowded with their men unloading the vessels, and preparing the seals for the oil-vats. My first impulse on landing was to ascend the ridge on the South-east side of the harbour, which, from the people all using compass bearings instead of the true, is called the South side, the ridge the South side hill. From its top, which is about 750 feet above the sea, there was an extensive prospect over sea and land. On returning to the town, myself and a fellow voyager found it quite destitute of inns and hotels, but were lucky enough to engage very comfortable rooms in a private lodging-house.—Jukes's Excursions in Newfoundland.

THE BOA CONSTRUCTOR.—One of these animals was brought to England in the Cæsar; he was a native of Borneo, and was put on board in a wooden cage, with a sliding door. Six goats were sent with him; one a month being considered a fair allowance. When he was fed, the sliding door being opened, one of the goats was thrust in, and the door shut. The poor victim, as if aware of the horrors of its situation, uttered the most piercing cries, butting at the same time towards the serpent, as if in self-defence.—The snake at first scarcely noticed the animal, but at length, turning its head, he fixed his deadly eye on the goat, who shook in every limb; though it still continued to butt at the serpent, who darted out his forked tongue, and raising his head a little, seized the goat by the fore-leg with his fangs, and throwing it down, encircled it in his folds, which resembled a knot, one part of the body overlying the other. The half stifled cries of the goat soon became extinct, and it expired in his merciless grasp. The snake, however, held him a considerable time. He then slowly unfolded himself, and prepared for swallowing the goat, by placing himself in front of the head of the dead animal, which he lubricated with his saliva; then taking the muzzle into his mouth, sucked it in as far as the horns would allow; these opposed a little difficulty from their points, but they soon disappeared externally, though their progress was still very distinct on the outside, threatening every moment to protrude through the skin. The victim was now swallowed as far as the shoulders; and it was an astonishing sight to observe the extraordinary action of the snake's muscles when stretched to such an unnatural extent. When his head and neck had no other appearance than that of a serpent's skin stuffed almost to bursting, still the working of the muscles were evident, and unabated; this seemed to be the effect of a contractile muscular power, assisted by two rows of strong hooked teeth. With all this he must be so formed as to be able to suspend his respiration for a time, for it is impossible to conceive that the process of breathing could be carried on while the mouth and throat were so completely stuffed and expanded by the body of the goat. The whole operation of completely gorging the animal, occupied about two hours and twenty minutes; at the end of which time the tumefaction or swelling was confined to the middle part of the body or stomach, the mouth and throat having resumed their natural size. The reptile now coiled himself up again, and laid quietly in his usual torpid state for about three weeks or a month, when his last meal appearing to be completely dissolved, he was presented with another goat, which he devoured with equal facility. Few of those who witnessed his first meal wished to be present at the second. It is impossible to behold without the most painful sensation, the anxiety and trepidation of the harmless victim, or to observe the hideous writhings of the serpent around its prey, and not to imagine what our own case would be in the same dreadful situation.—English publication.

THE DYSPLECTIC.—A brief Story, founded on Fact.—Five years ago, Mr. —, who keeps within a gunshot of our office, found his health failing. For several days he shut himself up in his house, using such means as were recommended by his friends, but all to no purpose; it was not, however, until after much persuasion by his anxious friends that a medical adviser was called in. His case was stated. The doctor did not appear to be very hasty in making up his mind, but promised to send him something which would no doubt cure him.

Hour after hour elapsed, and no messenger arrived. In fact there had been but one rap at the front door during the forenoon, and that by an awkward boy, who was reprimanded for bringing a wood saw, horse and axe, to the front door, and directed to bring them round to the gate.

The Doctor was again sent for. "Well," says the doctor, "how does the medicine work?" "The medicine, dear sir, I have seen none." "Ah, I see you don't know how to take it." "But, sir, there is some error,—I received no medicine whatever."

"Didn't a boy bring you a saw and accompaniments?" "There was, Doctor, something of the kind brought to the door—but if that is your prescription, how under the sun can a sick man take such indigestible articles!—Don't understand, doctor." "Well then I will tell you," said the Doctor, and in a slow voice proceeded: "to-morrow morning, about ten o'clock, put a stick of wood upon the horse, and ply the saw, as slowly as you please, for an hour. Then go to your room, and without removing your outer garment, sit by the fire until your perspiration subsides. Follow this daily, and you will soon be your own man again."

The prescription was strictly followed. It was a hard job at first, but every day the medicine was taken with better relish. Strength and powers of digestion returned. The dose has been continued up to the present time, and although the gentleman is engaged in an extensive business, which required much attention, he has saved and split more than a dozen cords of wood the present winter.—American paper.

PORCELAIN TOWER, NANKIN, CHINA.—Without the gates of several great cities in China, there are lofty towers erected, which seem chiefly designed for ornament, and for taking a view of the adjacent country. The most remarkable of these towers is that of Nankin, called the porcelain tower, from its being entirely covered with porcelain tiles, beautifully painted. It is of an octagonal figure, contains nine stories, and is about 200 feet high, being raised on a very solid base of brick-work. The wall at the bottom is at least 12 feet thick; and the building gradually diminishes to the top, which is terminated by a sort of spire or pyramid, having a large golden ball or pine-apple on its summit. It is surrounded by a balustrade of rough marble, and has an ascent of twelve steps to the first floor, from whence one may ascend to the ninth story by a very narrow and inconspicuous stair, each step being 10 inches deep. Between every story there is a kind of pent-house or shed on the outside of the tower, and at each corner are hung little bells, which, being agitated by the wind, make a pleasant jingling. Each story is formed by large pieces of timber, and boards laid across them. The ceilings of the rooms are adorned with paintings; and the light is admitted through windows or lattices of wire. There are likewise many niches in the wall, filled with Chinese idols; and a variety of ornaments that embellish the whole, render it one of the most beautiful structures in the empire. It has now stood above 350 years, and yet appears to have suffered but little from the corroding tooth of time.

NOT A-MISS.—The Boston Post says, "Marriageable ladies are called waiting maids."

THE "GREAT BRITAIN," OR "MAMMOTH," IRON STEAM-SHIP.

THE LARGEST VESSEL IN THE WORLD. The "Great Britain," or, as she is often called, the "Mammoth," steam-ship, now in course of construction by the Great Western Company at Bristol, is fast progressing towards completion. It is expected that she will be ready to float out of dock about the middle of October, and she will be at once fitted out and be ready for sea in the spring. The following particulars respecting her cannot fail to be of considerable interest:—Her length is 324 feet, which is nearly 100 feet longer than the longest steam-battle ship in our service; with the exception of her decks and cabins, she is constructed entirely of iron. Her extreme breadth is 51 feet, the depth of her hold 32 feet; and her registered tonnage 3,200, which far exceeds the registered tonnage of any two steam-ships in the world. She has four decks, three of timber, and the fourth, which is the lower deck, of iron, this latter being appropriated to the reception of cargo. The Great Britain will afford ample accommodation to 360 passengers. Some slight idea of the bulk of this gigantic vessel may be formed, when it is stated, that in addition to the vast space described as appropriated to passengers, &c., and that required for the erection of her boilers, engines, &c., she will have room for 1,000 tons of coal and 1,200 tons of merchandise. The Great Britain will be fitted with four engines of 250 horse power each, of 1,000 horse power. She will have three boilers, capable of containing 200 tons of water, and these will be heated by 24 different fires. In her construction there have been used no less than 1,400 tons of iron, in addition to the large quantity of timber required for her decks and cabins. This gigantic specimen of naval architecture is to be propelled by the newly-invented screw-propeller, and will be fitted with six masts. It is intended to fit up the saloons, &c., with a degree of elegance becoming a ship of such an extraordinary character.

A GOOD WIFE.—Sir James Macintosh, in a letter to Mr. Paw, says of his wife, then recently deceased:—

"Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice of a wife by the blind affection of my youth, and might have formed a connection in which a short-lived passion would have been followed by repentance and disgust; but I found an intelligent companion, a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful wife, and as dear a mother as ever children had, the misfortune to lose. Had I married a woman who was easy or giddy enough to be infected by my imprudence, or who had rudely and harshly attempted to correct it, I should, in either case, have been irretrievably ruined; a fortune in either case would, with my habits, have been only a stepping-stone to destruction. But I met a woman who, by a temperate management of my weakness, gradually corrected the perniciousness of them, and rescued me from the dominion of a degrading and ruinous vice. She became prudent from affection, and though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the cares of which she relieved me, and gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped up my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe that I am not a ruined outcast; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my feelings and my character. Even in her occasional resentment for which I but too often gave just cause (would to God I could recall those moments!)—she had no silliness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous—she was placable, tender, and constant. She united the most tender prudence with the most generous and guileless nature, with a spirit that disdained the shadow of meanness, and with the kindest and most honest heart. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, and she had deprived it of much of its original ardour. I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth, and the partner of my misfortunes,) at a moment when I had the prospect of my sharing my better days. To expect that anything on this side the grave can make it up, would be a vain and delusive expectation. If I had lost the giddy and thoughtless companion of prosperity, the world could easily replace her; but I have lost the faithful and tender partner of my misfortunes; and my only consolation is in that Being whose whose severe and paternal chastisement I am cut down to the ground."

CRYSTAL BEDSTEAD.—Among the many presents sent to the Shah of Persia, by the Emperor of Russia, and which are customary in the East after the conclusion of peace, is a bedstead of extraordinary magnificence. It is entirely made of crystal, and is accessible by steps of the same material, all worked in imitation of large diamonds, increasing in a solid frame. On each side there are spouts made of scented water, which by its murmuring invites to sleep. It is crowned by a large chandelier, which spreads light in a manner, over itself and the rest of the frame, as to give to the whole the splendid appearance of millions of diamonds reflecting their brilliancy at once. The bedstead, the work of one of the kind ever imagined or attempted, has been worked at the imperial manufactory of St. Petersburg.

PLAIN SPEAKING.—A Presbyterian minister, in the city of King William III., performing public worship in the church, at Edinburgh, used this remarkable expression in his prayer:—"Lord have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and particularly upon the town-council of Edinburgh."

A MILKOMETER.—In the Italian states a small instrument is used in the dairies, something like that used by brewers to ascertain the saccharine quality of their wort, by which they discover if any water has been mixed with the milk. A useful instrument would thus become in this country.

If you wish to get genuine port wine, you must go yourself to Oporto, make your own wine, and then ride a good deal of the barrel all the way home.

It is a terrible thing for a man to have the reputation of a good carver: the sooner he gets rid of such fame, the better for his own comfort.

"Well, Miss," said a knight of the birchen rod, "can you decline a kiss?" "Yes, Sir," said the girl, dropping a perplexed curtsy, "I can—but I would rather not."

"Oh, my dear Sir," said a poor sufferer to a dentist, "I am the second wrong tooth you have pulled out." "Very sorry, Sir," said the blundering operator, "but as there were only three altogether when I began, I'm sure to be right next time!"

Curtis, a celebrated writer on sight, says, that the wearing of veils permanently weakens many naturally good eyes, on account of the endeavours of the eye to adjust itself to the ceaseless vibrations of that too common article of dress.

"Is the poor man suffering under any mental delusion?" asked the magistrate at Queen-square police office, the other day.—"Why, yes, Sir," said the policeman, he has a shocking bad coat and waistcoat, his shirt is all in rags, and he has got any shoes to his feet."

The Perth Courier records the death of a hen, 35 years of age, the property of a farmer in Tullylum, after laying, on a fair calculation, nearly 9,000 eggs.

A New York paper states that a certain poor person was going to open a banking-house as soon as he could borrow—a crowbar!

AGRICULTURE.—I consider every man (says Christian) who makes some new agricultural improvement, or who is instrumental in promoting the cause of agriculture—as most deserving of approbation. The farmer's enjoyment from the improved culture of the ground, is greater than what arises to men employed in other kinds of business, and this might be much increased, if they would expend a portion of labor and expense in beautifying and adorning the lands which the Almighty has blessed with fruitful soil under their hands.