

POETRY.

[From the Christian World.]

THE SUMMER BIRDS.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

Sweet warblers of the sunny hours,
For ever on the wing—
I love them as I love the flowers,
The sunlight and the spring.

They come like pleasant memories,
In Summer's joyous time,
And sing their gushing melodies
As I would sing a rhyme.

In the green and quiet places
Where the golden sunlight falls,
We sit with smiling faces,
To list their silver calls;
And when their holy anthems
Come pealing through the air,
Our hearts leap forth to meet them,
With a blessing and a prayer.

Amid the morning's fragrant dew—
Amid the mists of even—
They warble on as if they drew
Their music down from Heaven.
How sweetly sounds their mellow note,
Beneath the moon's pale ray,
While dying zephyrs rise and float,
Like lover's sighs, away!

Like shadowy spirits seen at eve,
Among the tombs they glide;
Where sweet pale forms, for which we grieve,
Lie sleeping side by side.
They break with song and solemn hush
Where peace reclines her head,
And link their lays with mournful thoughts
That cluster round the dead.

The birds! the birds of summer hours—
They bring a gush of glee,
To the child among the fragrant flowers—
To the sailor on the sea.
We hear their thrilling voices
In their swift and airy flight,
And the inmost heart rejoices
With a calm and pure delight.

(From the Boston Cultivator.)

THE FARMER'S PRAYER.

Thou great creator of this earth,
That gave to every seed its birth,
By whom our fields with showers are blest,
Regard the Husbandman's request.

I'm going now to till my ground,
And scatter there my seed around,
Which I no more expect to see,
Unless thy blessing go with me.

In vain our seed around we throw,
In vain we harrow when we sow,
Except thou dost our labors bless,
And give the grain a due increase.

Not one of all my barn supplies
Will ever from the ridges rise,
Unless thy blessing do pervade
The buried corn and shoot the blade.

Let, then, thy blessing, Lord, attend
On all the labours of my hand,
That I with joy may reap and mow
A rich return from what I sow.

Open the windows of the sky,
And shower down plenty from on high,
With fat of earth the seed sustain,
And raise a spear from every grain.

Let not our sins thy vengeance move,
To turn our Heaven to brass above,
Or harden into iron our earth,
And o'er our fields to spread a dearth.

But pour in season on our grain
The farmer and the latter rain,
And, in proportion due, supply
The needful change of wet and dry.

Forbid the vermin to devour,
Forbid the mildew's blasting shower,
Forbid the tempest to destroy
My growing crop and promise'd joy.

Crown with thy goodness, Lord, the year,
And let thy blessings round appear,
Let vales be clothed with grass and corn,
And hills let various flocks adorn.

Give to the sons of men their bread,
Let beasts with fat'ning grass be fed,
All things in plenty, Lord, provide,
That all our wants may be supplied.

Give us plenty, Lord, we pray,
From fields of corn, from meadows lay,
Of fruits, from orchards' grateful stocks,
Of milk, from all the milky flocks.

Thus, Lord, vouchsafe to bless our land,
And every work we take in hand,
That with uplifted hands we may
Return thee praises night and day.

Malden, April 4, 1842.

(From the Boston Miscellany.)

CATOCHUS.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

It was a breathless night in June. My windows were all open, and yet the flame of my candle scarcely flickered. I had become deeply interested in the pages of a new book, and was heedless of the lapse of time, or the circumstances around me, until suddenly a moth fluttered into the flame, and the crackling of its filmy wings attracted my attention. Upon glancing at my watch, which lay beside me on the table, I found, to my surprise, that it was already after midnight. I determined thereupon to read no more, and shutting my book, walked across the room to draw the curtain, intending immediately to go to bed, but the moonlight shone so pleasantly in at the window, that I was forced to sit down and lean upon the sill, and gaze out upon the scene. There were a few thin, whitish clouds hanging around the horizon, like the distant wings of an enormous spirit, but otherwise the sky was perfectly cloudless. Above, the moon was shining peacefully, and below, the world of green lay dreaming in its misty shroud, half obscured, save where the curving river, glancing in the moonlight, shone like a burnished belt of steel. There is a strange fascination in sitting in the moonlight—and for almost an hour I sat leaning out into the air. All was quiet, save the monotonous musical gurgle of frogs in the pond, and at intervals the rustling of green leaves, as a tremulous breath of wind swelled gently and then died away, or the prolonged bark of some far off dog. I had fallen into a vague reverie, when I heard the bell strike the hour of one. I arose and went to bed. But no sooner had I left the window, than I felt a sharp pain shoot through my head, which, after recurring at intervals through the next half hour, finally settled into a raging headache. My brain throbbled violently, and seemed loose in my head, so that every motion added to the pain. It was as if an iron hand compressed my temples with its gripping fingers. I lay thus tossing restless and sleepless, for several hours, and finally fell asleep.

I dreamed that I was lying beside a waterfall, half asleep. The water rushed hissing down beside me, as if an ocean were loose and hurrying, boiling fiercely, down a rocky declivity. The air was drizzled with spray, which fell over

me like hot sparks; and the trees above me, seen through it, seemed at times human skeletons, which bent their long bony arms down to my face, and then, slowly rising, uplifted themselves into the air, and became natural trees again. A thousand circles intertangling and interlacing, dilated and contracted incessantly, then slowly the motion decreased, and they kept creeping around, more and more gently, until they swam into a broad sea of smooth glassy water, and fading out of my sight, left the air above me calm and clear. Soon a small eye seemed placidly looking at me, that grew larger and larger, until it filled the wide ring of the horizon; then it changed into a face which looked close into my eyes,—gradually the features became distorted into a hideous mask, and grinned, and then a thousand similar faces crowded one upon another, until the air seemed full of them; they were huddled together, and tossed about without body like the waves of the ocean. Now, I suddenly seemed to be crawling on my hands and knees, over slimy and slippery rocks, which were covered with damp green seaweed. As I groped along, the seaweed began to change into snakes, until the rocks seemed alive with the nauseous crawling reptiles, that rubbed their slimy sides against my limbs and cheeks, and cast over me a dreadful chill of horror;—all my flesh seemed to creep, and the very scalp to move on my skull. In the midst of my horror and torment, I heard the wild ringing of a bell. I suddenly and convulsively opened my eyes, and heard the breakfast bell ringing. For a moment, I experienced the most grateful relief from the torment of this nightmare, which has more than once thus afflicted me—and no one can tell the glad gush of feeling which came over me when I found all this horrible scene was but a dream. I lay thus for a moment, thinking of the change, and then resolved to spring from the bed and dress myself immediately; but what was my surprise and horror when I found I could not move. My body and limbs seemed rigid as marble, and of an intolerable weight. I could neither turn my head, nor stir hand nor foot. My eyeballs were fixed upon a white wall above my head, and I could neither turn them nor draw down the lid. In vain I strove to move—I was perfectly stiff and torpid, and without the power of motion. There seemed to be some appalling disconnection between the will and the muscular system—between the mind and the body, as if my living soul was chained, Mezentius-like, to a dead body. There was no pain, only a fearful sensation, as if the whole air had congealed into a firm, transparent amber, which held me strictly imprisoned.

Suddenly, like the swift track of a falling star, the thought shot across my mind that I was dead. Yes, that could be the only solution to this dreadful enigma—I was sure that I was dead; but, O God! was this death?—Had we been all mistaken, and did the soul remain thus to haunt the body, without the ability to cast it off? Was death only a suspension of power over this fibrous mass, and these finely organized senses, and nicely adjusted muscles? Only the breaking of one link in the subtle chain, that connected all the faculties and powers with their instruments? Perhaps the soul was never freed until the body had rotted off, little by little, into a mass of corruption, and exhaled or fallen to dry dust; and I was destined to inhabit this living house, and feel it slough away from me and perish, ere I could emerge into the light and beauty of a renewed life. This I had never dreamed of, and all the joy and luxury of existence, all the sense of light, and sunshine, and fresh air, all the thousand-fold delights with which God had strewn this pictured world, were not worth such a price. Upon these lips the worm should feed, and I could not drive him away; these eyes, through which the soul had looked upon a mild, glorious world, as through clear glass, would change until they were loathsome and corrupted. Oh, God! the agony of such a thought. Nothing I had ever imagined equalled it in terror! And when I recalled the dead faces of those whom I had loved and buried, and remembered the benign and placid smile which shone upon them, like the last foot-prints of the freed and rejoicing spirit, as it fled heavenward, and which seemed to betoken the recognition, by the soul of a diviner sense, as it was leaving its cy temple—and thought that, perchance, even at the very moment while I was bending over to take a last farewell look, with this feeling in my heart, they were enduring the same fierce, burning torments—the same feelings of horror and despair that gnawed me like a burning worm! it seemed to me as if all the joys I had ever known on earth would not counterbalance so dreadful a doubt.

I heard my name called from below—I made another effort, but my tongue was torpid and dull as lead. Still I could not resign myself to the thought that I was dead. I inwardly declared that I would move—I strove with almost superhuman exertions, but in vain. I could not see my eyes from that spot on the wall, which had become accursed, because I must see it. Sideways through my eyes I felt the pleasant sunshine glowing into the room; and over my head the busy flies hummed and buzzed incessantly, and crept now and then across my face.

How long and tedious seemed the moments; they were years to my excited mind—and no one came. A rage of torment seemed to have passed, when I heard a lig tap at my door—I could not answer it. Again I heard a louder knock; I knew it was my sister, for she spoke an called me by name. The door opened, and she came forward cautiously, and again spoke as she approached the bed. She looked a moment at me, and touched me—I did not speak, but lay motionless, with my eyes strained at that infernal spot. She paused a moment, and then uttering a piercing shriek, ran to the door and called my mother. Instantly the horror of the cry brought the family to my bedside. They lifted my hand, and it fell again upon the coverlet. They felt at my heart—there was not a flutter of a pulse, and it seemed to me as if hell itself could not be worse than the torment I was enduring. I heard quick, convulsive sobs, and felt a soft hand smooth my hair from my forehead. Some one said—He must have died in a fit, and yet how calm his face is! 'Yes,' was the answer, 'he probably suffered no pain, and died almost immediately—perha in his sleep.' Then the voices grew more distant and murmuring, and some one left the room. Soon the door opened, and the face of the family physician intercepted the elated spot for a moment. Now, thought I, he will kn that I am not dead, and will relieve me from this situation. He felt at my heart and pulse for a moment, and then heard him say, in answer to the anxious inquiries—'Yes, indeed, I am sorry to say, he is entirely gone. My art can ail him nothing.' The voices then became lower, and I lined in vain.

It was a long dark pause—then the shutters were closed, and persons trod lightly across the floor, and spoke each other in an under tone, as if the place were sacre. That silent awe which pervades the chamber of death, a hushes the voice, as if the senseless clay could hear, he passed over their spirits like the breath-stain upon glass. I heard the low, confused murmur of voices drone through the darkened room. Now and then the door opened, and one or two bent over me and gazed at me, while scalding tears fell upon my face. Then the room was emptied of all persons, and I was left alone in the darkness and stillness. I listened for voices, for anything was better than this dreariness—but in vain: a spell was on the house: its sounds of laughter, its rapid footsteps, its bustle and noise were gone—every step was careful and slow, and every vo a whisper. So went on hour after hour, and I still lay hess, and longing for the moment when I should be able to move and loosen myself from the close, deathly grasp wh almost pressed the life out of the body. As I lay thus, suddenly heard a bird's gush of song from the tree beneath my window,—how joyously it warbled, unconscious of its agony so near it,—and how my heart sickened with me as I heard it.

Soon persons came and wrapped me up in vie linen, and swathed my limbs and made the horrible fir preparations. Some one says—how ghastly his'es look, and then gently pressed down the lids over thids of my eyes. Never till that moment did I dream that it occurred spot, on which my gaze had been riveted so many hours, could become dear to me. The thought we are viewing any object, however mean, for the last e, always rises it in importance, and gives it a factitious im; and now this spot to me was the straw to a downy mat, the

silve line of sunlight in a prisoner's dungeon—the last link with his visible earth. I strove in vain to keep open the lids—slewy they yielded to the pressure of the fingers, and gradually the range of vision became more and more confined, until all was utterly out. Never before had the fear of being buried alive suggested itself, but now it came over me like a gulping wave. I thought that I should be laid down alive in the charnel house, among decaying corpses, and stifled from the clear breath of heaven, furnished, if indeed I were not dead then. All the frightful stories of such occurrences that I had ever read came to my mind, and the hope of ultimate recovery grew feebler and feebler.

The night came, and how dreary and unending it seemed. One after another, I heard the hours struck by the clock, until, at last, from pure exhaustion, I lost my sensation. It must have been late in the morning when I returned to conation, by the idea that he has forgotten. But then comes cross-examination; then the scientific artillery of a cool lawyer, sharpened by thirty years of similar practice, brought to bear upon one trembling and already worn stranger; perhaps ignorant; perhaps a boy. There was laugh of the judge and jury, the murmur of gasped from the crowd, that a person could be found degraded and base enough to say, that "the defendant wore a black med hat," when he acknowledged subsequently, off that the hat "had a tolerably large rim."

Then the poor fellow, sore all over, and not able to jury, before the week was rolled away, although he is a person in court who does not, in a greater or less degree, that punishment, is dismissed to a bench a few years where he is obliged to remain to hear the lawyers' address to the jury, tear his character to pieces with turns of rhetoric, and yet finer gesticulations.

"What, Gentlemen of the jury," says Mr. B., in a the deepest contempt, "what does the next witness John Raw say? Gentlemen, he comes forward under the most peculiar circumstances. A dark mystery shrouds motives, which I shall not endeavour altogether to disclose, but he comes forward, and takes his stand in that witness box, with the open, the avowed, the undisguised, the affected, the determined resolution to fix upon my client injured Mr. Savage, this foul and unnatural assault, and tery; you saw him, Gentlemen, when I cross-examined tremble under my eye, you saw him hesitate and stammer at my voice. [Mr. B. very probably, has a voice that would intimidate a bear.] You heard him stammer, and take his his words, and say he did not recollect. Is this, Gentlemen, an honest witness? The language of truth is simple—and simple—it requires no previous calculation. If you if you saw the sun set to-day, you answer yes, you do not hesitate, you do not tremble. You do not say, 'Yes, I did, and, in the very next breath, 'No, I did not.' You do not at first tell me, 'I walked ten miles yesterday and afterwards say, 'Yesterday I was all day ill in bed.' Here one of the jurors put his nose by that of another and utters something in approbation of his argument, the other one nods his head, and looks at the speaker much as to say, 'There is no use in trying to out-sagacity of this keen-sighted lawyer. The witness had better tell the truth.'

"Now, Gentlemen, what does this witness say? He menced by telling you, Gentlemen, that he lived in Maiden-lane; that he was going home on the day that this foul and unnatural assault is said to have taken place; that he saw a crowd; that he approached; that he saw Mr. Savage, my client, the defendant in this action, come up to plaintiff, Mr. Wiggins, and give him, Mr. Wiggins, the plaintiff, a blow with a bludgeon. But, Gentlemen, you came to sift this plausible story, you heard him examine and contradict himself. 'What sort of a hat did Mr. Savage wear?' 'A black one.' 'Of what breadth was the hat?' 'About an inch.' He thought, doubtless, he was doing every thing his own way, till I brought into the witness box, to confront him, the latter who made and who morally doubt that the hat worn on that day by my client, a broad-brimmed hat; all the witnesses for the plaintiff swear it; and even Mr. John Raw himself, when questioned acknowledged that it might have been a broad-brimmed hat. Next, Gentlemen, the pantaloon, 'What colour was Mr. Savage's pantaloon?' 'Black,' said this Mr. John Raw, Gentlemen, I have produced these pantaloon in evidence. They have been identified beyond the possibility of doubt. What was the result? You saw yourselves, Gentlemen, the pantaloon were pepper and salt."

(A cry of admiration throughout the court. The officer cries "Order!")

The poor witness, unfortunately, occupies a conspicuous seat, and all eyes were fixed on him with the most virtuous indignation.

"Furthermore, Gentlemen, I asked this witness to describe the bludgeon. He could not. 'Had it ivory or gold on the handle?' He could not tell. 'Was there a ferris upon the ends?' Did not know. 'Was it heavy?' 'Yes.' 'Had he ever handled it?' 'No.' (Another buzz of admiration.) 'Was he personally acquainted with Mr. Savage?' 'No.' 'Had he ever seen him before?' 'No.' 'Sine? 'No.' Could he tell whether he had an amiable nose?' 'No.' 'Was he not a friend of Mr. Wiggins?' 'Yes.' 'Had he not expressed an opinion in this case?' 'Yes.' 'Had he not said that the scoundrel ought to be ashamed of himself?' 'Was Mr. Wiggins' hat knocked off?' 'No.' But he left the witness-box, he said he saw the blood on the forehead of the plaintiff's head. How could he see the top of head unless the hat had been knocked off?"

(Another buzz. The witness here rose and said, 'Wiggins took it off to show me—')

Officer—Silence there!

Judge—Witness, you must not interrupt the Counsel. You have had an opportunity of saying whatever you please. If you are again guilty of so great an indecorum, I shall be obliged to commit you.

Officer—Sit down!—(in a tone of indignant command.) Witness sits down. Officer scowls at him as if he would snap his head off.

I shall not follow the learned gentleman further. I only appeal to every witness that has ever been brought to a Court of Justice, whether he has not often found it a most difficult place in the world to tell the truth in; whether when the truth was at length told, there were so many attempts made to mystify it; whether so many what every one present knew in his heart to be the truth, could anywhere else be so rejected; and whether, in this poor, belaboured, mutilated, unhappy truth, so much marred, was at length produced, it did not have an aspect disguised, that its own mother might not have known it.

THE WITNESS-BOX.

The nominal purpose of a Court of Justice is to seek the truth; but I question whether the truth is ever in other places more attacked, sneered at, browbeaten, ridiculed, and put out of countenance. It is the truth which every one in his turn finds it his interest to conceal. It is truth that every one is afraid of. Even the party most unequivocally in the truth is anxious to exclude the truth from the other side, lest it may seem to contradict his own; and all the lawyers, and even the judge, seem as much on the watch to stop the witness's mouth every two minutes, as they have been to make him come there to open it. To me, one of the most ridiculous things in the world is, a witness in the box, trying (poor fellow!) to give in his testimony. He is, we will suppose, not in the slightest degree interested in either of the parties; and, doubtless, wishes them both tied together by the neck, and at the bottom of the Atlantic. He comes into court, not voluntarily, but dragged, if he resists, by two or three scowling ministers of the law, who, from the mere fact of his being presumed to know something about the pending suit, think themselves entitled to treat him as if he had been brought up for robbing a hen-roost. He is forced from his business, or his amusements, for the purpose of speaking the truth, and he inwardly resolves to tell the whole story as soon as possible, and get rid of the business. He thinks he knows the worst. He thinks the loss of time, and the awkwardness of speaking, for the first time in his life, in public, are the extent of his sufferings. Unsuspecting victim! He no sooner enters the box, than he finds himself at once the centre of a circle of enemies, and holding a position not greatly unlike that of a prisoner in an Indian wardance. He tries to tell his story:

Witness—I was going down Maiden-lane—
Mr. Bowwow—Stop, Sir!
Counselor Bothereall—Don't interrupt the witness.
Counselor Badger—The witness is ours.
Counselor Bluster—(fiercely and indignant)—We want the fact.

Judge—Let the witness tell his story.
Witness—I was going down Maiden-lane, where I live—
Bowwow—We don't want to know where you live, sir.
Bothereall—That is a part of his testimony.
Badger—You can take the witness into your hands when we have done with him; at present he is ours.
Bluster—(sarcastically)—Very well, sir!
One of the Aldermen—Officer, keep order.
Officer—(in a tone of thunder, and with a scowl of more than Oriental despotism upon the spectators, who are not making any noise that they are aware of)—Silence!

Witness—I was going down Maiden-lane, where I reside, as I said before, when—
Bowwow—You don't come here, Sir, to repeat what you said before!
Bothereall—I beg—
Badger—(starting to his feet)—I demand.
Bluster—Your Honour, I appeal to you to protect me from the impertinence of this witness.
All the Counsellors and Judge together—The witness must—
Officer—(looking at the audience, and in a voice of thunder)—Silence!

Judge—Gentlemen; it seems to me that the best way to come at the truth, is to let the witness go on, and I will

call him to order if he wanders from his duty. Witness—Your honour.

Judge—Tell the plain fact of this assault; tell the what you know about it. Remember you are here to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is your voice, and turn your face to the jury. What do you know about this affair?

Again the witness commences, the lawyers continue skirmish around him all the while, like a parcel of Arabs fighting for the clothes of some unhappy prisoner. So far from getting a chance to say the truth, the witness cannot get a chance to say anything. At length, bewildered out of his recollection—frightened, insulted, and indignant, however really desirous of telling the truth, he stumbles on some inconsistency; some trifling or not trifling particular—accounted for at once, and to every one's entire satisfaction, by the idea that he has forgotten. But then comes cross-examination; then the scientific artillery of a cool lawyer, sharpened by thirty years of similar practice, brought to bear upon one trembling and already worn stranger; perhaps ignorant; perhaps a boy. There was laugh of the judge and jury, the murmur of gasped from the crowd, that a person could be found degraded and base enough to say, that "the defendant wore a black med hat," when he acknowledged subsequently, off that the hat "had a tolerably large rim."

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UNIVERSALLY admitted by the general practice of giving them at shorter or longer intervals. We have abundant evidence that it tends to preserve health, and even to rescue it in many cases when it has been impaired. Its effects on the animal system are believed to be pretty uniform. man and beast. What then is the form in which we use it? With our daily food. Why is it not then equally useful and beneficial, if administered daily to us in excess, all times accessible; they will never take it to excess, least, I have never known them to do so in twelve years' experience; for during this period I have had thousands sat in them constantly under my sheds;—and no disease not even the black tongue, has shewn itself among them.

MODE OF INCREASING THE GROWTH OF POTATOES.—The flowers being cut off as they appeared on the plants, a number of potatoes produced was much greater than when the blossoms remained untouched. Early in October, the stems and leaves of the plants which had not borne flowers were strong and green; the other yellow, and in a state of decay. The plants which had been stripped of flowers produced (on the same space of ground) about four times the weight of large potatoes; very few small ones being produced but a small number of middling sized potatoes were great number of small ones, from the size of a common pea to that of a walnut.