

POETRY.

A BALLAD.

BY TOM HOOD, JR.

There lived an honest fisherman,  
I knew him passing well—  
Who dwelt hard by a little pond,  
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,  
Who loved his hook and rod—  
So even ran his line of life,  
His neighbours thought it odd.

For science and for books he said  
He never had a wish;  
No school to him was worth a fig,  
Except a "school of fish."

This single-minded fisherman,  
A double-calling lad—  
To tend his flocks in winter time,  
In summer, fish for shad.

In short, this honest fisherman,  
All other toils forsook,  
And though no vagrant man was he,  
He lived by "hook and crook."

All day this fisherman would sit  
Upon an ancient log,  
And gaze into the water, like  
Some sedentary frog.

A cunning fisherman was he,  
His angles all were right—  
And when he scratched his aged poll,  
You'd know he'd got a bite.

To charm the fish, he never spoke—  
Although his voice was fine;  
He found the most convenient way  
Was just to "drop a line."

And many a "gudgeon" of the pond,  
If made to speak to-day,  
Would own, with grief, this angler had  
A mighty "taking way."

One day, while fishing on the log,  
He mourned his want of luck—  
When suddenly he felt a bite,  
And jerking—caught a duck.

Alas! that day the fisherman  
Had taken too much grog,  
And being but a landsman, too,  
He could not "keep the log."

In vain he strove with all his might,  
And tried to gain the shore—  
Down, down he went, to feed the fish  
He'd baited off before!

The moral of this mournful tale,  
To all is plain and clear—  
A single "drop too much" of rum  
May make a watery beer.

And he who will not "sign the pledge,"  
And keep the promise fast,  
May be, in spite of fate, a stiff  
Cold water-man at last!

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN ON IRISH AFFAIRS.

Subjoined will be found a letter from Mr. W. S. O'Brien, M. P., in answer to a communication from the town clerk of the corporation of Limerick, requesting him to support the prayer of their petition to the House of Commons for a repeal of the legislative union:—

London, May 19th, 1843.

"DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th, in which you state that you have been directed by the mayor and council of the city of Limerick to request my support to the prayer of their petition for a repeal of the union.

"Entertaining a sincere respect for that intelligent and patriotic body, it is not without much regret that I feel myself compelled to decline compliance with their request; at the same time, as they are fully entitled to know on what grounds I find myself unable to unite with them in pursuing an object on which the desires and hopes of a large portion of the Irish nation are now concentrated, I shall not shrink from expressing my views with as much brevity as the subject will admit.

"If it had been my misfortune to have occupied a seat in the Irish House of Commons at the epoch of the union, I have no doubt that I should have followed the example of my beloved and lamented father in recording my protest against that iniquitous measure. Under existing circumstances, however, I am deterred from seeking its repeal—on the one hand, by a conviction that the attempt to procure its dissolution must be attended with much risk to the peace and security of both countries; and, on the other, by a persuasion that if Ireland were admitted to enjoy the advantages of a perfect union with England—an union founded on equal participation of all civil rights and political advantages, accompanied by a due regard to the peculiar circumstances of each country—there would result from such an union many benefits to Ireland and to the empire at large, which could not be obtained under separate legislation and government.

"If, indeed, I were to judge of the future by the past, I should not hesitate for a single moment to embark in the cause to which you now ask my support.

"When I am told that the union has produced to Ireland great financial injustice, and that, whilst it has augmented to a most injurious extent the manifold evils of absenteeism, it has also stripped our country of all those advantages connected with the expenditure of the public revenue which go far to compensate taxation, my investigations confirm the assertion.

"When I am told that to Ireland has been denied her just proportion of representatives in the imperial parliament, and that her mutilated and inadequate franchises have been encumbered with harassing and vexatious restrictions, I resent as warmly as yourselves this national injustice.

"When I am told that for twenty-eight years four-fifths of our population were debarred by the anti-Catholic and anti-Irish prejudices of the English people, from the attainment of that equality of civil rights with their Protestant fellow-countrymen which was promised at the union; that the Church of one-tenth of the people has been kept in a position of ascendancy degrading and offensive to the remainder of the population; that the Roman Catholic clergy, instead of being recognised as the ministers of the Irish people, have not only been repudiated from all connection with the state, but have also been perseveringly vilified by the leaders of the party in the British Parliament, and calumniated by the organs of English opinion as indicated by the press; that, instead of giving effect to the Emancipation Act by the appointment of Roman Catholics in due proportion to the administrative offices of the state, the present government have proscribed them by an offensive exclusion, whilst they have at the same time selected as objects of ministerial favour every one who has distinguished himself by reviling the religion, the clergy, and the people of Ireland—I participate (though a Protestant) in the indignation which such treatment of the majority of our population naturally calls forth.

"When I am told that in the distribution of public offices not only are Roman Catholics systematically excluded, but that in their own country Irishmen of all creeds and parties are practically held to be incapable of managing their own affairs, and that they are excluded from direction and control in every public department in Ireland, I feel that every individual amongst us is insulted by such an anti-national system of government.

"When I am told that from this cause measures originating in motives the most benevolent have been administered by persons unacquainted with Ireland, in a spirit so offensive to all classes of the community, that instead of healing former diseases, they have inflicted new wounds, I deeply deplore the melancholy but unquestionable result.

"When I am told that towards the promotion of measures which would tend to develop the resources of our country,

little or nothing has been done by the British Parliament, and that propositions having this object in view, which would have been hailed with acclamation in an Irish legislature, have been coldly put aside or scornfully rejected—I am myself a witness to the truth of the assertion.

"When I am told that, though the population of Ireland has greatly increased since the union, their means of enjoying the commodities of life have not increased in equal proportion—that notwithstanding that her poorest inhabitants have imposed upon themselves the sacrifice of an indulgence, inimical to industry and frugality, and which sometimes tempted them to excesses—yet the labourer remains unemployed—that many branches of trade which formerly flourished, now languish in decay, whilst others have been wholly annihilated—that foreign commerce rarely visits our shores, I am tempted to say with you, that such would not have been our tale if the fostering care of an Irish parliament had continued to watch over these interests.

"Seeing all these things, I am not surprised that the Irish people look to the restoration of their legislature as the only effectual security against that system of misgovernment under which they have suffered since the union. Often, indeed, have I been induced to doubt, not under the excitement of a national enthusiasm, to which I am not insensible, but in the calm meditation of times less ruffled than the present by popular agitation, whether I have been justified in indulging hopes for my country of which, every hour's experience continues to prove the futility; and whether it were not my duty to cast aside every personal consideration, and, in despair of obtaining good government from a British parliament, give up the remainder of my life to an attempt to persuade my fellow-countrymen of every class and creed to unite in one great national effort to obtain the restoration of our legislature.

"I hesitate to take this step, because it seems to me that the same means which alone could accomplish, without bloodshed, the repeal of the union, may equally obtain for us the redress of our national wrongs.

"A civil war may be kindled by a spark; but be assured, that the union will not be dissolved, until the whole Irish nation, with a voice nearly unanimous, demands its repeal. To effect such an object, Protestants must coalesce with Roman Catholics—landlords with their tenants—the merchant with the shopkeeper—the manufacturer with the artisan—the soldier with the seaman—the judge with the jurymen. The Irish people must, as in 1782, be consolidated into one mass, and animated by one common impulse.

"If such unanimity could be obtained, would not every grievance of which we complain be instantaneously redressed? Notwithstanding the pompous declarations and impotent menaces of the English Prime Minister, I hesitate not to assert that there is no power on earth which could resist the unanimous determination of the Irish people.

"So long, then, as a hope of obtaining good government through other means than a severance of the legislative connection of the two kingdoms remains on my mind, I shall adhere to the union. When that hope is extinguished, I shall not fear to contemplate the remaining alternative; but be assured, that by whatever name I may be called, my sympathies will be enlisted with the feelings of my countrymen, and my efforts will be devoted to the interest of my native land.

"Before I close this letter, allow me to add a few words by way of advice to those who lead the opinions and guide the conduct of the population of Ireland. Whatever direction may be given to the course of national feeling, it is of paramount importance that the public peace should not be violated. It is only necessary to peruse the provisions of the Arms Bill which has been recently introduced by the government to see how gladly any pretext would be seized which could justify measures of coercion. So long as popular assemblages limit themselves to the mere expression of opinion, they may defy every effort made to repress the outpourings of indignant feeling; but the first act of violence which shall be committed in any tumultuous outbreak, will induce the friends of order to rally in support of the law, and to strengthen the hands of the executive. The sympathies of disinterested spectators—and of your conduct the whole civilized world is now an attentive spectator—sympathies now enlisted in behalf of the oppressed, will be overruled by that condemnation which always awaits those who are the first in a struggle for national rights, to cast aside, for more destructive weapons, the not less powerful instruments of truth, justice, union, and resolution.

"I have been accused of bearing in mind my own position as a landlord, if I also suggest that nothing can be more unwise than the indiscriminate denunciations against the landed proprietors of Ireland, in which some of the organs of popular opinion indulge? Far, indeed, am I from depreciating the public exposure of cases of individual oppression; still less do I regret the unceasing reiterations of the great moral truth, that 'property has its duties as well as its rights'; but it ought always to be remembered that the institution of property itself has been supported by wise and good men, in all nations and at all times, on the ground that it is essential for the welfare of the whole community that to each man and to his children should be secured the fruits of his own industry and frugality; and if it be really desired that all classes should unite for the attainment of a common good, it is impolitic, as well as unjust, to alienate so essential a portion of society by exciting their alarms, or by rousing their resentment against indiscriminate and unfounded imputations.

"Still more important is it to cast into oblivion those bygone dissensions which have existed between Protestants and Roman Catholics—between the Saxon and the Celt. Good government by a British parliament, or self-government under the British Crown by an Irish legislature, can only be obtained by the combination of all who seek to make Ireland respected, whatever may be their creed or their race. The political servitude of Ireland has been too long protracted by these unhappy differences. Let it no longer be said that we hate each other more than we love and cherish our native country. If ever this auspicious harmony can be attained, it will no longer be necessary to petition for a repeal of the union.

"I have the honor to be, dear Sir,  
Your obedient Servant,  
WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

JOHN F. RALEIGH, Esq.,  
Town Clerk of Limerick."

(From the New York Herald.)

MOST EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE FROM THE GADALOUPE EARTHQUAKE.—Professor Risley, and his little son of six years old, made one of the most astonishing escapes in the Gaudaloupe earthquake that was ever recorded in verse or prose. We give below some remarkable particulars of that great earthquake, as nearly as possible in Mr. R.'s own words.

I and my little boy had been at Point Petre, Gaudaloupe, four days previous to the earthquake, which occurred on the morning of Wednesday, the eighth of February. I was there on a short professional engagement. I was taking my lodgings at the American Coffee House, and my meals at the French Coffee House, in different places, according to the custom of the country. Wednesday morning, the eighth, was one of the most beautiful that could be imagined—the sun shone out in all its splendor, a soft and pleasant breeze came in from the sea—and every thing seemed in a state of natural peace and quiet.

There was estimated to be about seventy-five persons in the French Coffee House, where I was taking my meals. We had all sat down to breakfast on that morning as usual, and were quietly taking our morning meal, chatting and talking freely upon the thousand trivial subjects that come up on such occasions; indeed, we had all nearly finished breakfast. For myself I had finished breakfast, and was sitting, partly sideways at the table, as one would naturally sit after eating—conversing with the gentleman who sat opposite to me; I had the towel ring in my hand turning it about and carelessly playing with it.

The first thing which attracted my attention was a sudden jar, accompanied by a rumbling sound like thunder. I had some two weeks before this been at Fort Royal, in the Island of Martinique, and seen the effects of a similar visitation, and I instantly knew what it meant. So sudden was

the shock, that within two seconds from the instant I first felt the jar I looked up and saw the whole building, commencing at the further end, falling upon the people—the joints opened and all began to come down with an awful crash. I instantly uttered the word "jump!"—the man who sat opposite to me turned his head, and looked up sideways, but never rose from his seat—and at precisely the same moment, and without stopping to turn myself about, I started from my seat, and actually jumped sideways out of the window, through glass, sash and all, landing some ten or twelve feet in the yard below. I think it could not have been over three to five seconds from the instant I first felt the jar, to the instant my feet struck the pavement.

My impression on touching the ground was its undescribably rapid motion—I can compare it to nothing unless it be to that of a sieve of a thrashing mill in its most rapid motion. I should judge, from the distance I was thrown, first one way and then the other, that the lateral motion of the earth must have been from eleven to fourteen feet. I succeeded, notwithstanding, in retaining my feet for some eight or ten seconds, till I got away from the building to the distance of 30 or 40 yards into an open lot of ground.

While I was walking this distance of thirty or forty yards, I saw the buildings of the whole city tumbling into one mass of ruins—and also the earth opening in the lower part of the town and spouting up immense volumes of water, to the height of an hundred and fifty feet. The multitude of thoughts which passed through my mind during these few seconds is utterly inconceivable and incredible.

If there could have been any first thoughts amid such an instantaneous flood—my first thought was my boy. In relation to him he was not with me on that morning. At about half past eight o'clock, Mr. Montague, a friend of mine, had, by previous arrangement, called for him and taken him away to breakfast with some friend of his—where or who it was I know not, and neither does the boy know. But knowing the reputation of Mr. Montague I of course felt that Master John was safe, and gave myself no uneasiness about him.

Master John tells his story thus: Mr. Montague took me to the distance of some six or eight blocks from the Coffee House where I left my father, to the house of some friend of Mr. Montague's, whose name I do not know. There was a store kept under the house, and I was taken up to the second floor. There was one young lady who was playing upon the piano, and several others were also present, who had been invited that morning. The whole party were waltzing—I was also waltzing with one of the young ladies. Breakfast was nearly ready, and we were just going to sit down to it. A minute or two before this a little boy, belonging to the lady of the house, went up stairs with his grandmother, where we had before this been playing with a little waggon.

The first thing which called my attention from the waltz was hearing a noise, a sort of rumbling, which I took to be the little boy up stairs drawing his waggon over the floor which had no carpet on it. At the same moment I saw a very large looking glass which hung up against the wall in the room where I was, fall upon the floor; it was broken to pieces; the sofa was upset, and the table too; and everything in the room was shaken and upset together. All the family, young ladies and all, fell on their knees or were thrown flat upon the floor. I instantly made for the stairs. And as I was going to the stairs I caught sight of a large church through the window—part of it falling one way, and part the other; the steeple was the first thing which fell. I thought of my father—but don't remember of any thing more till I found myself in my father's arms. I had no senses at all after that—I don't know how I got down stairs at all; nor do I know where I went after I got out doors, nor how long it was before I was in the arms of my father. I had no hat on—the buttons were torn from my clothes, and my clothes too were considerably torn. I was not otherwise hurt.

Mr. Risley says:—When I recovered my consciousness I found the towel ring crushed in my hand, and my boy in my arms; how he came there I know not, nor does he know, nor are we ever likely to know what brought us together, for at that time there was no living being in sight. We seemed to have been saved purely by a miraculous preservation of the Almighty. As to my own clothes, my coat was literally torn off of me; my watch was smashed in my pocket, both sides of it being broken in—my vest open and torn, and my pantaloons badly injured. I was obliged to borrow clothes to get out of the place. My hair was completely filled with lime, and I was altogether covered with dust and dirt. I received, however, no visible wound, but for two weeks was very sore, and hardly able to use my limbs. By the time I had escaped to the distance of the thirty or forty yards which I spoke of, the violence of the first shock had seemed to abate a very little, but was almost instantaneously renewed again, with far greater violence than before; and then it was that I lost all consciousness, until I found my boy in my arms. When I thus partially recovered my senses, I first began to feel the arms and limbs of my child to see if any of them were broken, and finding that we were both of us safe, I got up, and began to look about me. I was still so entirely bewildered that I scarcely knew what had happened, or whether it were not all a dream. I then began to look about me, and saw various individuals, men, women and children, of all classes and ages, wandering about, half frantic, like myself. Some were in search of a son or daughter—others of a father or a mother—some of brothers and sisters—others of friends and relatives—all weeping or in the utmost conceivable agony—pitching and falling about among the ruins and dead bodies.—They would go from one dead body to another, overhauling them to see if they could find the person sought for; and if not successful, pass on to another.

At this time, the whole city was in one vast pile of ruins, the awful appearance of which it is utterly impossible to give even the faintest idea. Even the place and direction of the streets were in many cases obliterated, and could not be found.

Subterranean fires now began to burst forth in different parts of the city, consuming everything combustible, and destroying a great number of individuals.

Every body immediately went to work, negroes, sailors, and all, to dig out the dead and dying, from the ruins, wherever they heard cries of distress. In one instance we succeeded in very nearly extracting a man from the ruins, having gotten him all out except his legs and lower part of his body, when the fire broke out and burnt him to death before our eyes. At the same time and place we could distinctly hear the cries of eight or ten others who had been overwhelmed in the same ruins, and who were all consumed in the subterranean fire. I call it a subterranean fire, because it broke out all over the city, and it is well known that few of the houses in that country were likely to have any fire in them at the time.

From the place where I first recovered my consciousness I suppose I could have thrown a stone over at least 800 of the dead and dying. As to the whole number of persons who ultimately perished by that earthquake, I should judge there must have been ten or fifteen thousand, I have no doubt fifteen thousand. The population of the town was said to be twenty-two thousand, and I could never see over two or three thousand of the whole population, who were out and about, looking for their friends.

GLASGOW NEW ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.—A few days ago, we were favoured with an inspection of the new building at Gartnavel, erected by the Directors of the Glasgow Royal Asylum for Lunatics; and as the works are now rapidly approaching a completion, some notice of them may be deemed interesting to our readers. There are few people resident in Glasgow and its neighbourhood who are not aware of the vast extent of these buildings. The elevated position they occupy on the rising grounds of Gartnavel has made them objects of observation far and near; and the town-like aspect which, in their vastness, they present, has been the subject of common remark. Yet this huge piece of masonry has been begun and almost finished within the short space of eighteen months. The work was commenced in October, 1841—the foundation stone was formally laid in June, 1842—and now, with the exception of a small portion, the walls of which are nearly completed, the whole has been roofed in, the internal arrangements all but brought to a close, and, by the 28th of the present month the establishment will, in every probability, be ready for the

reception of its future inmates. The spirit and activity thus manifested by the architect, the builder and all the parties concerned, are well worthy of public approbation; as we know they have already called forth that of the directors of the institution.

The ground which has been acquired by the Directors for the purposes of the Asylum amounts to about 70 acres, at a cost of £10,000. The building covers an extent of four acres; and four acres have already been laid out as a kitchen garden. The greater proportion of the ground, therefore, will be available for the recreation and amusement of the inmates of the Asylum. The portion lying to the front of the institution is to be laid out and decorated in the most tasteful manner; while the whole of the park, by which the house is surrounded, will present the appearance of a well kept pleasure ground, in which such of the inmates as are capable of being entrusted with the privilege will be permitted to ramble at pleasure. The boundaries of the ground are to be marked by no prison like obstructions in the shape of walls; a slender fence alone will point out the limits, beyond which the patients are not permitted to tread; and such is the faith put in the effect of the gentle discipline to which they are subjected, and the vigilance of the keepers, even should they escape in any case he meditated, that not the slightest fear of any transgression in this respect is entertained. Behind the institution, five airing courts have been marked off, and surrounded with walls, for the accommodation of those inmates who cannot be trusted in the open grounds. The walls are 14 feet high, but as the ground inside slopes upwards from them to a considerable height, patients will have, from this elevation, an unbroken and commanding view of the country beyond.—Glasgow Paper.

DECORATING THE GRAVE WITH FLOWERS.—There is a kind of pathos and touching tenderness of expression in these sweet and fragrant emblems of affection, which language cannot reach, and which is calculated to perpetuate a kind of soothing sympathy between the living and the dead. They speak of cords of love, too strong for even the grave to break asunder. The practice, no doubt, gave rise to the ancient custom which prevailed in the East of burying in gardens, and is one that conduces to the gratification of the best feelings of our nature. It prevailed generally in and about the Holy City, and also among the Medes, Persians, Grecians, and Romans. The Persians adopted it from the Medes, the Grecians from the Persians. In Rome persons of distinction were buried in gardens or fields near the public roads. Their monuments were decorated with chaplets and garlands of flowers.

The tomb of Achilles was decorated with amaranth; the grave of Sophocles with roses and ivy; that of Anacreon with ivy and flowrets. Baskets of lilies, violets, and roses, were placed in the graves of husbands and wives, and roses in those of unmarried females. In Java, the inhabitants scatter flowers over the bodies of their friends. In China, the custom of planting flowers on the graves of their friends is of very ancient date and still prevails. The natives of Surat strew fresh flowers on the graves of their Saints every year.

In Tripoli, the tombs are decorated with garlands of roses, of Arabian jessamine, and orange and myrtle flowers. In Schwytz, a village in Switzerland, there is a beautiful little church-yard, in which almost every grave is covered with pinks. In the elegant church-yard at Wirfin, in the valley of Salza, in Germany, the graves are covered with little oblong boxes, which are planted with perennial shrubs, or renewed with annual flowers, and others are so dressed on fete days. Suspended from the ornaments of recent graves, are little vases filled with water, in which the flowers are preserved fresh. Children are often seen thus dressing the graves of their mothers—and mothers wreathing garlands for the graves of their children.

A late traveller, on going early in the morning into one of the church yards in the village of Wirfin, saw six or seven persons decorating the graves of their friends, and of some who had been buried twenty years. What a delightful and profitable school for the affections should such scenes afford? This custom also begins to prevail in Scotland, and North and South Wales. An epitaph in the latter place, lately erected, says:

"The village maidens to her grave shall bring  
The fragrant garland, each returning spring;  
Selected sweets! in emblem of the maid,  
Who underneath this hollow turf is laid."

A SILENT WOMAN.—There are in the world individuals so uncharitably disposed, as altogether to discredit the existence of what they are ungallantly pleased to term the phenomenon at the head of our paragraph. Byron has compared a silent woman to a prodigy, only to be dreamt of in a poet's philosophy, *videlicet*, "silent thunder"—but luckily for the fair sex, poetry is not argument; and the instance in prose we are about to quote, speaks highly in favour of the possibility of there having actually existed at least one woman (not born dumb) who could hold her tongue to some purpose. The story is related by Madame Campan, the governess to the sister and daughter-in-law of Napoleon. Here it is:—Madame Regnier, the wife of the Procureur Civil of Versailles, was one day chatting at her own house, in the midst of a large assembly; she happened, in course of the conversation, to let fall some foolish observation or other, out of its place, it is true, but of no sort of consequence. Her husband rated her soundly before all the company, and told her 'to hold her tongue, for she was a simpleton'—(taisez vous, Madame, vous etes une sottise.) She lived twenty or thirty years after this, and never spoke a single word from that time, not even to her husband or children; a concerted theft was committed beneath her very eyes; attempts were made to take her by surprise, but it was found impossible to draw a word from her. When she gave her consent to the marriage of her children, she would nod her head and sign the contract; never once opened her mouth; her self-love had been wounded, and she never forgave the affront; her dose of it must have been a strong one." Twenty or thirty years! Ponder this, ye traducers of the fair, and own that a woman may be "silent," though not "dumb."

NEGRO CONDESCENSION.—American militia officers do not appear to rank very high in the States, and seem sometimes to get broad hints of it, to their very faces. 'Cuff,' said one of these dignitaries to a Negro at his side, as he prepared to swallow his seventh tumbler, 'Cuff, you're an honest fellow, and I like to compliment a man wot's led an honest life, even if he is a black—you shall take a glass of something with me, Cuff.' 'Well, Captain,' says Cuff, wiping his mouth with his coat sleeve, 'I've berry dry, so I won't be ugly 'bout it. Some niggers is too proud to drink with a milshy ossifer; but a milshy ossifer—when he's sober—is jis as good as a nigger—especially if de nigger's dry.'

USEFUL HINTS.—Would you be happy and live a life of contentment, keep your expenses within your income, however small it may be. Do not strive to be rich, and above all keep out of debt.—Beware of that ruinous snare—speculation—which induces you to build "castles in the air"—lifts you above an honest business, and thus leads to your downfall.

The white of an egg is said to be a specific for fish bones-sticking in the throat. It is to be swallowed raw, and will carry down a bone very easily and certainly. There is another fact touching eggs which it will do very well to remember. When, as sometimes by accident, corrosive sublimate is swallowed, the white of one or two eggs taken immediately, will neutralise the poison, and change the effect to that of a dose of calomel.

A writer in the Southern Planter says:—I had like to have forgotten my cartwheel composition; it is the best, black lead excepted, of any thing I ever used; it is both simple and cheap. I am now, and have been using it for some time; try it before you condemn it. It is clean wood ashes mixed with any kind of common grease, or train-oil if you please.