

## DOINGS AT OUR SCHOOL 'HOUSE.

"First class of vagabones, rise!" thundered our school-master. Well the vagabones rose. "Now answer every question correctly, or I'll break every bone in your bodies," was the next pronouncement of the old autocrat of our red school house. Sapient old pedagogue! thy years were many and full of knowledge. Looking back through a long vista of birch rods, I can see his restless grey eyes darting in quick glances from pupil to pupil, in search of the "graceless scamp" who threw the last spit-ball with such wonderful precision as to barely escape his nose, and stick fast on the wall. And now I recollect, he had a most perplexing squint accommodating; for if he appeared to be looking directly at one, that one might "go it," and no longer fear of being detected; for his optical focus was otherwise directed—but, if his eyes were fastened in a direction, one could not tell where, then he wavy, for it might be on you. Glorious old master! if your eyes squinted, your heart was as true as the needle to the pole—your affections had no squint; you thrashed all alike, and all alike shared your wonderful store of knowledge. This was the last day of the quarter—for a week our individual store-houses of lore had been progressing through the various stages of mental ventilation, and renovation; our memories jogged; dormant ideas awakened, and all our energies scoured up to a high state of brightness, by copious applications of the master's brick-dust of erudition. We were in prime order.

"John Brown, what do you understand by acoustics?"  
"Why, a stick to drive cows with, I s'pose."  
"Get out, you young vagabone! Sarah you are John's youngest sister?" "Yeth thir."

"What is acoustics?"  
"I know, thir—it it it, it it the art of making a noith, and hearing a noith." "You are right—explain it."

"Yeth, thir. If you stick your finger into your mouth, and then pull it out thuddehly, the cold air rutherh into the vakuum and produtheth a thound that thriketh upon the tympan of the ear, which maketh the thound audible, and it ith called the science of a couththith."

"You are quite right, Sarah. John can you now tell me what is meant by acoustics? Be careful, sir, or you'll feel my stick."

"Yes, sir. A cow sticks your finger in her mouth and kicks over the tin pan, which sounds awful, and is called the science of a cow's kick."

"Well, John—you do credit to your teacher. You may take your books and run home. Willy Chase, what is the currency of the United States?"

"Cash and money."

"What are its denominations?"  
"Coppers, bogus, and bugtown cents, pennies, fips, fourpence ha'p'nyes, levys, ninepences, Spanish quarters, pistareens and shinplasters."

"That will do. Jones, what is the standard weight of the United States?"

"Scale weight and wait a little longer."

"What is a hundred weight?"

"One hundred and twelve pounds."

"Simon, how many kinds of motion are there?"

"Four." "Two; voluntary and involuntary."

"Simon says there's four."

"What does Simon say they are?"

"Point, point up, point down, and wigwag."

"You rascal! I've a mind to wigwag your jacket!—Haden't you better describe the motion of my stick?"

"I can, sir." "And its effect?"

"Yes, sir. Up stroke, and down stroke—the up stroke, regular and easy; the down stroke, spasmodically, electrifying, and its effects are strikingly indescribable."

"You understand that, I see. Susannah, what is matter?"

"There is nothing the matter, with me sir."

"I ask you, what is matter, m-a-t-t-e-r?"

"Yes, sir—matter is every thing that has substance.—There's animated, and vaccine matter, and—"

"No matter about the rest. Speaking of vaccine matter, puts me in mind of something else. There has been a case of small-pox appeared in the village, or rather varioloid, which is the botanical name of small-pox—and Mr. Scalpel says he has some prime vaccine matter of his own manufacture, warranted to take—and he will vaccinate the whole village at eight cents apiece and take his pay in potatoes. All recollect, and when you go home, tell your parents. George Smith do you recollect the story of David and Goliath?"

"Yes, sir—David was a tavern keeper, and Goliath was an interperate man." "Who told you that?"

"Nobody. I read it and it said that David fixed a sling for Goliath, and Goliath got slewed with it."

"Wasn't Goliath a giant, a strong man?"

"Yes, he was a giant, but had a weak head."

"How so?" "Why, to get so easily slewed."

"Yes, George; that was undoubtedly owing to the strength of the sling.—Wasn't David a musician?"

"Yes, sir—he played psalms on the harp, a favorite instrument with the Jews, and at the present day it is called a Jews harp. I have one in my pocket—here it is. Place it in your mouth, thus breathe on the tongue gently, then strike with your finger, this way—and the psalms, in harmonious cornet, fructify on the ear as natural as thunder."

"That's sufficient—you can pocket your harp. Simeon, how many points to the compass?"

"One! father broke the other off opening an oyster."

"Thirty-two—can you box the compass?" "No sir."

"Well, Isaac, what do you want?"

"I guess he can box it, for I seen him boxing with Jack Smith this morning, and he hit him first rate, bim! right in the nose; yes, he did!"

"Squat yourself down! Jane, what is time?"

"Something that flies, anyhow."

"How do you make that out?" "Why, tempus fugit."

"Latin; it means that time flies, and how can time if it flies, be anything else than something that flies?"

"Excellent! What is the meaning of requiescat in pace?" "Rest quiet cats in peace."

"Well Jane; at Latin you are perfectly au fait—which means perfectly awful; it is a great phrase, from the

classics, and applicable to this class, particularly. Now take off your jackets, and I will give you "rewards of merit."—Those who get more than they merit, can keep the overplus as a token of my special affection for them; and those who get less, can have the mistake rectified by mentioning it to me—you will find me quite obliging.—Pope says, "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined," and that is very true, for I have used up whole trees thrashing your jackets for you."—N. Y. Invelerate.

THE LATE HURRICANE IN THE WEST INDIES.—Capt. Loring, of the barque J. W. Bladget, which arrived at Boston on Sunday, from St. Martins, having left on the 19th ult., reports as follows:—

For two or three days previous to the commencement of the storm, the weather was squally with showers of rain, the wind blowing from the N. E. On the morning of the 11th ult., fresh gales from the N. E. prevailed, and the sky was dark with masses of heavy clouds. At 2 P. M. the hurricane commenced, blowing the salt from the pits against the houses, which caused the inhabitants to bar their doors and windows, and to take refuge in such places as promised the greatest security from the fury of the elements.

The hurricane continued raging until midnight, when it ceased for about one hour, and then recommenced with its previous severity, and so continued until the next morning, when it moderated. During its continuance several lives were lost in the harbor, and the shipping suffered severely. Several buildings were destroyed.—The inhabitants have sustained considerable loss, and it is supposed that no salt can be made for four or five years. The depth of water in the salt ponds, by reason of the heavy rains, was nine feet; the former depth was only fourteen inches. Salt had risen in consequence from 19 to 30 cts. per barrel, and the latter price had been refused.

The vessels in port suffered severely. The J. W. Blodget was near the island on the 11th and 12th, but felt none of the hurricane. Accounts from Antigua and St. Kitts, state that those places had experienced the hurricane equally severe. At Anguilla also, the salt is reported to be nearly all destroyed by inundation. The government of St. Barts was obliged to contribute to the assistance of the distressed. The loss at that place is estimated at \$40,000.

PRIESTLY CORRUPTIONS.—Another of those mischievous incubuses with which Lower Canada is already oppressed, is before the Legislature, in the shape of a bill "to incorporate the Association called *La Societe Ecclesiastique de St. Michel*."

They already hold over fifteen hundred square miles of the best land in Canada, and authorised to draw incomes from land to the amount of over £100,000 representing a capital of seven millions of dollars, and yet the Legislature is called upon session after session to incorporate more of them. Lower Canada is now not far from being in the situation of Spain already, in this respect; are the members for Upper Canada so reckless as to make it worse? We implore them to pause before any more of these Ecclesiastical Incorporations, all belonging to the one Dominant Church too, are created by Statute. These Jesuit bodies have acquired a power already, which is superior to that of the government, and being directed by one head, it is vastly more efficient. Conscious of their organ the "*Melanges Religieux*" boasting that the Jesuits Estates, which afford support to so many educational establishments, would before long be secure again in the hands of the Dominant Hierarchy, and that the chief Bishop was taking steps to accomplish that object, which, although premature to disclose, would be none the less effectual. These Incorporations will yet prove a curse to the country.—*Montreal Gazette*

THE FAITHLESSNESS OF ROME.—The Romish correspondent who asks us if we seriously believe that the Popish authorities can sanction deliberate deception, we beg to refer to "Lord Cloncurry's Memoirs." He will there find one instance out of a million. In that book we are told that the King of Sardinia used to march through the streets of Rome, in public religious processions, bearing a wonderful cross large enough to be used as an instrument of execution. It was of such a size as to be too heavy even for the powers of a coal porter; but, to the universal astonishment, was carried with the utmost ease by the feeble tottering King. Lord Cloncurry pays the devout Sovereign a visit. In his ante chamber stands this marvellous cross. His Lordship lifts it. It is comparatively light as a feather. He investigates its nature, and finds that it is a mere case of bark! It would be wise in our correspondent not to ask us for further samples.—*Church and State Gazette.*

There has been much discussion on the question, whether, on the day of the departure of the Press, Mr. Christie was or was not "in his place in the House," during the fracas between him and Mr. Ure. A witty correspondent of the *British Colonist* has decided it thus:—

"Every one will acknowledge that brains are not essential to a member of Parliament. Since, then, the head alone of the hon. member was in the Stranger's Gallery, and a much more important part remained behind—(I mean that part which enables him to occupy a seat in the House)—it is clear that all that is necessary to constitute a member was within the Bar. Mr. Ure, then, was decidedly wrong in asserting that the hon. member for Gaspé was not in his place."

SUDDEN DEATH.—A melancholy occurrence of this description took place on Wednesday last. A labouring man of the name of William Phair, while mowing in a field in the vicinity of this city, unaccustomed to the intensity of our summer sun, was so affected thereby, that he lay down to rest himself, and in a few minutes was found dead by his fellow workman. The poor fellow was a stranger, and had only arrived a few days previously from Ireland. A coroner's inquest sat on the body, when a verdict of death by being sun struck was pronounced.—*St. John Chronicle.*

CROPS.—The Judges on Crops (Messrs. John Boa, of St. Laurent, Gabriel Valois, of Point Claire, and Antoine Gondeon, of St. Lue,) for the County of Montreal Agricultural Society, returned yesterday, and made a most favorable report of the healthy and advanced state of the crops. The crop of potato has a very healthy appearance, and promises to yield abundantly, as no signs of the old disease yet appear. The wheat is most excellent, has no sign of rust or fly. Peas are also excellent. Barley very good, root crops look very well, and have failed nowhere. The hay crop has tripled that of last year. Oats generally are not far advanced. On the whole the crops promise to yield most abundantly, and the industrious farmer will be well rewarded for his toil and trouble this year, if no misfortune happen before harvesting. It is expected, upon the best authorities, that the County of Montreal will produce as good, if not better, specimens of grain and produce as any in North America for the Grand Industrial Exhibition next Fall.—*Montreal Gazette.*

FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.—We have received papers from this island to the 30th ult.

There had been long continued drought in the Colony; much damage has ensued to the growing crops.

A vessel arrived at St. Johns, passed on the Banks of Newfoundland, upwards of 60 French bankers of from 100 to 300 tons burthen, all apparently well fished.

The news that Cod-liver oil had advanced from £20 to £36 a ton, appears to have infused new life into the manufacturers of that article in Newfoundland.

The rate of postage between St. Johns and the United States, has been reduced to eight pence instead of one shilling as formerly.

A labouring man named Fitzgerald, actually walked from Touissant's Hotel to the Bay of Bulls—a distance of twenty miles—in the short space of three hours and forty minutes.

The Fishery is turning out pretty successful at Newfoundland.

A CRIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.—During the recent cruises of H. M. sloop *Sappho*, 12, Commander Hon. A. A. Cochrane, son of the Earl of Dundonald, in the Bay of Fundy, somewhere in the vicinity of St. Andrews, one of the first class boys belonging to the ship fell overboard, and was to all appearance irretrievably lost. But the young commander of the *Sappho*—who is a chip of the old block—notwithstanding the tide was running like a mill-race—threw off his coat, nobly plunged into the water, and, we are gratified to chronicle the fact, succeeded in saving the lad's life to the admiration of the whole ship's company.—*Hatfax Chronicle.*

HORRIBLE.—In one house on Sycamore street, above the canal, nine persons on Friday night lay sick at the same time with cholera, with none to attend them: When visited by the Health officer on the following morning, five were dead, and the rest dying.—The scene is described as horrible. The house was a low dingy, dark, unventilated and filthy rookery, and seemed a pent up box of every putrefaction odor known, such as would start cholera into life, had cholera never existed! Upon the floor lay a dead man, wallowed in filth; upon the bed two others in the sleep of death, with features distorted by the throes of departing life, and in an adjoining room lay two more and four dying! The picture is too horrible to dwell upon. The order of the Board of Health was nine coffins and—the story is told.—*Cincinnati Com. July 15th.*

ST. HELENS, (OREGON,) May 29, 1850.

A great excitement prevails here; gold is found everywhere and parties are constantly forming for further explorations. A party of some of our most respectable merchants left Portland a few days since for the Wallah Wallah, a tributary of the Columbia. The movement proceeded from a parcel of sand which was brought in by the Indians, which yielded 50 per cent. pure gold. And in consequence of this and the many other similar reports, Flour has risen from \$18 to \$40 per barrel in Oregon City, and other articles of consumption in proportion.

Reports from Rogue's River represent gold as very abundant upon that stream. A large party, Mr. — among the number, start in a few weeks, the water permitting, for Mount St. Helena, which is well known to be a gold region. I have seen a large lot of fine silver ore from that place. The Indians represent it as very abundant. Mount St. Helena is about 30 miles due north from this place.

VOLITION AND DEATH.—The following singular statement, we copy from the *Louisville Journal* of Thursday. During the ravages of cholera in this country last season we recollect seeing accounts of several similar deaths.—

"On Tuesday, the wife of a man named Jacques, in the lower part of this City, was attacked by cholera. Dr. Knight was called in, and, by his direction, Jacques went for medicine. On his return he inquired anxiously of the doctor how his wife was. He was informed that she was in a collapsed state, and could not possibly live. Thereupon he calmly took out his watch, and handing it to his brother, said—'My wife is going to die, and I cannot live without her; I shall die too.' He seemed in perfect health at the time, but all the symptoms of cholera made their appearance immediately, and he died in three hours."

THE CROPS.—It affords us infinite pleasure, after such a continuance of gloomy times, to be able to state that the Crops throughout the whole seaboard of this province never presented a more promising appearance; as far as we have been able to ascertain there is not up to this period the slightest appearance of the potato blight. The grain Crops as well as the grass, is said to be more than an average yield.—*St. John Chronicle.*

SHEDDING.—Crops of every description look very well, and promise to repay the labors of the husbandman with an abundant increase. Hay was never better, and should the present fine weather continue, a few days longer, our farmers will commence cutting. To the south the marshes look beautiful, and judging from present appearances, there will be no scarcity of this necessary article.

The Weevil has again appeared in several parts of this county, and is doing considerable injury to the wheat crops. We hear of numerous fields that a fortnight ago presented every indication of an abundant return being rendered completely useless, from the ravages of this insect.—*Pictou Chronicle.*