

THE RAT A FRIEND TO MAN.

The rat is one of the most despised and tormented of created animals; he has many enemies and very few friends; wherever he appears, his life is in danger from men, dogs, cats, owls, &c., who will have no mercy on him. These perpetual persecutions oblige him to be wary in his movements, and call for a large amount of cunning and sagacity on his part, which gives his little face a peculiarly knowing and wide awake appearance, which the most superficial observer must have noticed.

Though, poor creature, he is hated and killed by man, his sworn foe, yet he is to that same ungrateful race a most useful servant, in the humble capacity of scavenger; for wherever man settles his habitation, even in the most remote part of the earth, there, as if by magic, appears our friend the rat. He quietly takes possession of the out-houses, drains, &c., and occupies himself by devouring the refuse and filth thrown away from the dwellings of his master (under whose floor as well as roof he lives); this refuse, if left to decay, would engender fever, malaria and all kinds of horrors to the destruction of the children of the family, were it not for the unremitting exertions of the rats to get rid of it, in a way, no doubt, agreeable to themselves, namely, by eating it. Let us take an example. The sewers neighboring a connected series of slaughter-houses, as Newgate Market, White-chapel, Clare Market, &c., are often nearly choked up with offal and the foul refuse of animal matter, swept into them by the careless butchers. It may be imagined what fearful maladies would arise from this putrid mass, if it were allowed to stay there neglected. How is this evil result prevented? Why, by the poor persecuted rats, who live there in swarms, and devour every morsel of concentrated cholera, as it comes down to them, profiting thereby both themselves and the inhabitants of the houses who reside above their haunts."

How FAST some people "get along." Yesterday they were homespun and were glad to eat potatoes and salt twice a-day; to-day they flaunt in satins and dine on tit-bits. From the ashes they glide to the sofa—from rags to furs and silk velvets—from the milk-pail and wash-tub to the piano. From the most insignificant worms, they burst into "first families" and assume aristocratic airs! The imitation, however, is about as a jackass to a Shetland pony. But it matters not. They feel that they are producing a sensation and base their pretensions on their industry in talking and sneering about common people. The girls, with overgrown hands, and feet that for years flat-footed without the restraint of shoe, and manners ludicrously elegant as those of a club-footed ape decked in lace, they toss their heads at those who are so vulgar as to work for a living. Bah! "I shouldn't thought he would have married a girl that works out," said one of these shams. These humbugs, these abortions in rouge and cotton, not a hundred years since, and not a hundred miles from here. A farmer's son, industrious, honest and unassuming, had, like a man of senses, married a girl of the same sort. The fool in lady garb, turned up her nose! If the young man had chosen one who could lie abed until the middle of the forenoon, eat languidly after the mother had cooked the breakfast, and lounge on the sofa and drawl her words in the silliest manner, he would have been a man of taste! But madame, a taste which would have been as little creditable to his sense as profitable to his pocket.

From our inmost soul we pity the poor humbugs who strut forth redolent with the odour of the dung-hill. True gentility and good breeding sit naturally and gracefully upon the wearer. A Wellington would stoop to aid a poor beggar woman, while the fungus excrescences of ignorance, ill-breeding and imbecility would pass by with a toss and a sneer. But there must be something to make up the loss of brains.

Seth had just dined, and stood picking his teeth on the Tremont House steps, when a beggar asked alms, saying that he was hungry. "You hungry," said Seth, "why I aint hungry a mite."

The Legislature of New York have passed a series of resolutions remonstrating against the cruel and flagrant oppression of the Madiai family, and respectfully requesting the President to exert his best influence with the Government of Tuscany, to obtain, as a favour asked by a people who welcome all strangers, and protect all religions, permission for the Madiai and their fellow prisoners for the same offence, to emigrate to this country.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.—Tobacco has spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys inducing a dangerous precocity, developing the passions, softening and injuring the spinal marrow, the whole nervous fluid. A boy who early and freely smokes, or otherwise largely uses tobacco, never is known to make a man of much energy. To people older, who are naturally nervous, and particularly to the plegmatic, tobacco may be comparatively harmless, but even to these it is worse than useless.

MODEST.—"We are for the extension of the American Empire for the sake of extending American Institutions. We want Cuba, Canada, the Sandwich Islands, and as much more of the American continent as may be had honestly, and by the joint operation of natural causes and a wise diplomacy, for the purpose of establishing under our great Confederacy, Liberty, the Rights of Conscience, Equality, Free Labor, Free Trade, Peace, and Perpetual Growth."

So says the *National Era*. What more would you like? Speak out.

MARRIAGES OF EMINENT PERSONS.—Persons about to marry, who wish to know the proper age are referred to the following precedents:—Adam and Eve, 0; Shakspeare, 18; Ben Johnson, 21; Waller, 22; Franklin, 24; Mozart, 25; Dante, Kelper, Fuller, Samuel Johnson, Burke, Scott, 26; Tycho, Brahe, Byron, Washington, Bonaparte, 27; Penn, Stern, 28; Linnæus, Nelson, 29; Burns, 30; Chaucer, Hogarth, Peel, 32; Wordsworth, Davy, 33; Aristotle, 36; Sir William Jones, 37; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Wesley, Young, 47; Swift, 49; Buffon, 55; Old Parr, (last time) 120. If Adam and Eve got married before they were a year old, and the veteran Parr buckled with a widow at 120, bachelors and spinsters may wed at any age they like, and find shelter under great names for either early marriages or late.

IMPUDENCE REWARDED.—A friend of ours, says the editor of the *Waterford Sentinel*, was taken at his offer a day or two since. He publishes the following:—

We shall insert no marriage notices, unless accompanied by the sum of one dollar.—*Ex.*

We will insert all such notices for a kiss of the bride.—*Wat. Sentinel.*

On Monday afternoon, a plump-looking colored girl entered his office, for the purpose of informing her friends and the colored gentry generally, that she had taken to herself one Sambo, "for better or for wns." The editor replied that he should have to charge her 25 cents. She hesitated a moment, and then opening a paper, pointed to the article in question. The editor blushed, and the bride turned pale, but whether they kissed, deponent sayeth not.

A PLEASURE TRIP.—We learn from the *New York Tribune* of the 12th instant, that a gentleman of that city, a prominent steamboat owner, who has made an immense fortune in steamboating, has devised a novel, most liberal and magnificent plan for disbursing some of his gains. He proposes to rig in the most perfect style, a steamer yacht, now nearly completed, furnishing her in the richest manner, at a cost of £50,000 over ordinary ships of the kind. About the first of May he will take on board his sons and daughters, and forty or fifty other guests, and sail for London, Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Havre, Bordeaux, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Marseilles, Naples, Malta, and such other ports as may be desirable, staying a short time at each port, giving fetes and seeing the lions. The entire expense, which is estimated at more than \$200,000, will be borne by the projector. This is about the most extensive plan of a pleasure trip ever yet entertained, and carried out it undoubtedly will be.

SLEEP.—Indulgence in sleep is not only baneful to the health and incompatible with the true enjoyment of life, but it is detrimental to one's worldly interests. "The industrious man is always an early riser; the early sound of the hammer, denoting the artisan to be at work, appeases the apprehensions of the creditor," says Franklin, "and he walks contentedly by, permitting his money to remain in the hands of his debtor, until he finds it convenient to pay; while the sluggard not only has a difficulty in procuring countenance and credit in his trade, but suffers in his reputation, unlike his early and industrious neighbor, and for this reason alone has not the same chance of making his way in the world."

THE LAZIEST MAN YET.—During the summer months of 1846, corn being scarce in the western country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having worn threadbare the hospitality of his generous neighbors by his extreme laziness, they thought it an act of charity to bury him. Accordingly he was carried towards the place of interment, and being met by one of the citizens, the following conversation took place:—

"Hallo! what have you got there?"

"Poor old Mr. S."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Bury him."

"What—is he dead?"

"No, he is not dead; but he might as well be, for he has no corn, and is too lazy to work for any."

"That is cruel for civilized people: I'll give him two bushels of corn myself, rather than see him buried alive."

Mr. S. raised the cover, and asked in his usual drawling tone—

"Is it shelled?"

"No, but you can shell it."

"Drive on boys."

AN UGLY MUG.—A fellow, whose countenance was homely enough to scare the Old One, was giving some extra flourishes in a public house, when he was observed by a Yankee, who asked him if he didn't fall into a brook when he was young.

"What do you mean, you impertinent scoundrel?"

"Why, I don't mean nothing, only you have such an all-fired crooked mouth, I thought as how you might a fallen into the brook when you was a boy, and your mother hung you up by the mouth to dry!"

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.—A priest was called upon to pray over the barren fields of his parishioners. He passed from one enclosure to another, and pronounced his benediction, until he came to a most unpromising case. He surveyed its sterile acres in despair. "Ah!" said he, "brethren—no use to pray here—this needs manure!"

"How many rods make a furlong?" asked a father of his son, a fast urchin, as he came home one night from the town school.

"Well, I don't know," was the reply of the young hopeful, "but I guess you'd think one rod made an *acher*, if you got such a tanning as I did from old vinegar-face this afternoon."

"Hallo there, how do you sell wood?" "By the cord." "Pshaw; how long has it been cut?" "Four feet." "How dull!—I mean how long has it been since you cut it?" "No longer than it is now." "See here old fellow, you are too all-fired bright to live long."

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor the other day.

"Right over there?" said the boy; "taint no where else."

"Doctor," said a hypochondriac old woman, "I can't hardly breathe." "Well, don't then," was Galen's response; "nobody wants to."

Mrs. Partington says that she was much elated last Sunday by hearing a fine discourse upon the parody of the prodigal son.

Laugh at no man for his pug nose—you never can tell what may turn up.

The new fashioned bonnets are pronounced to be a barefaced invention.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[FOR THE CARLETON SENTINEL.]

MR. SEGEE.—Your Correspondent "Mada-waska" has not given you the whole state of facts, that originated the movement in favor of Municipal Authorities in this County. True, the disagreement is between the Court and Grand Jury, and your Correspondent seems to attach the blame to the former Body. But before determining which of these bodies is in fault, or whether both are alike found wanting in care and judgment respecting the affairs of the County, a view must be taken, not only of the matters upon which they differed, but also of the composition of the Bodies themselves. A neglect of enquiry upon this last-named point may, in many instances, lead to very erroneous conclusions.

The two subjects upon which the majority of the Justices differed in opinion with the Jury were,—the one, upon the Law, and regulation made thereon respecting Winter Roads—the other, the payment of a gratuity or salary by way of County contingency, to Mr. Justice Wetmore.

The Grand Jury recommended the suspension of the Winter Road regulation, founded upon statute, as bearing hard upon the inhabitants of a particular locality. The Bench, with two exceptions, were of opinion that the law was wholesome, and the regulation necessary to render the winter road from the Shire Town to the Canadian Boundary, capable of being travelled in a manner requisite and essential to the trade of the country. In this, the facts being so, the Bench were undoubtedly right. Sound policy requires that the local prejudices and old habits of a class should yield, and, if necessary, yield upon compulsion to the change which progress and intelligence introduce, and the wants and requirements of the mass demand. That the interests of the whole extensive interior of this portion of the Province should be essentially interrupted by favoring the queer notions of the *habitants* on some forty miles of road, is too absurd a proposition to be seriously promoted by persons of common sense in this day. That a regulation by which they are required to forsake the habits of their fathers, appears harsh and oppressive to a class not generally educated, is quite a natural effect; but it would be paying a very mistaken respect to such a feeling, to require that the interests and advantages of a whole people should be stayed by it. The change once adopted, and the irritation allayed, the *habitants* themselves would then see the removal of many inconveniences, and admit the existence of many comforts consequent upon the change.

Upon the other question in difference, that of paying a salary or gratuity to Mr. Justice Wetmore, very fair reasons may be adduced in support of either side. The Grand Jury seem to have based their recommendation upon the actual, essential, and perhaps necessary, services rendered by Mr. Wetmore to the County, as senior Justice and Chairman of the Sessions—and the expense and loss of time to his professional avocations which this duty occasioned. That such gratuity was but a slight testimonial of their esteem for his person and estimate of his services, and was fully justified—if a justification were necessary—by including it with other items of disbursement, under the head of "County contingencies."

On the other side, the majority of the Justices argued, that a tax for this purpose could not be supported by any existing law; and that they, in their character as conservators of the rights of Rate-payers, would be strangely forgetful of their duties and obligations, did they permit a tax to be levied for a purpose unprovided for by statute; and not contemplated by the existing County and Parochial Institutions, nor by the Constitution of the General Sessions of the Peace, or the Court of Common Pleas. That, first obtain the passing of an Act, expressly authorizing a tax for such purpose, and then they would give effect to recommendations of the kind. That the system now pursued in paying Mr. Wetmore, could not be otherwise than unsatisfactory to him; for by it he lay wholly at the mercy of the