

Now, gentlemen, if you convict me, this Court can fine me \$250 and jug me for six months, and if you really think I ought to be convicted of this assault, say so, for I am in favour of living up to the laws, as long as they are laws, whether it is the Fugitive Slave Law, the Nebraska Bill, or the Excise Laws. I will read you a little law, however, which I have just seen in a book I found here—(the speaker picked up a law book and read as follows:—"Every man has a right to defend himself from personal violence." Now I don't know whether that is law or not, but I find it in a law book, [a veteran member of the bar who was sitting near the speaker, remarked to him that it was good law.] Well, gentlemen, here is an old man, who looks as if he might know something, and he says 'tis good law. Now if you will turn to Barbour something, page 399, you'll find that the same doctrine is applied to cattle—(great laughter.) Therefore I take it I had a right to defend my cows against Dodder's 10 foot switch. Why, gentlemen, nearly all my wealth is invested in them three cows, and you can't wonder that I become a little excited when I saw Dodder switching them with this 10 foot pole. I am a poor man, and have a large family, consisting of a wife and six children, which I reckon is doing very well for so small a man as I am, and I could not afford to let Dodder kill my cows?

Now, gentlemen, I don't believe you'll convict me, after what I have said. But if you do, and this Court fines me \$250 dollars, I shall 'repudiate because I 'can't pay.' And if I'm juggled for six months, why these Dodders will have it all their own way up here. But notwithstanding all this, I am willing to risk myself in your hands, and if you think I ought to have stood by and done anything when I saw Dodder hammering my cows, why then I am 'going in,' toll-gate and all.

It is true, I am a poor man, but not a mean one. The name Allington can be traced to the May Flower; when she landed the pilgrims on the Plymouth Rock; among the passengers was a widow, Mary Allington, with four fatherless children, and I am descended from that Puritan stock; and from that day to this, there has never lived an Allington who hadn't Yankee spirit enough to stone a Dodder for pulling his cows. *I'm done.*

Roars of laughter, during which the defendant took his seat. After a few words from his Honor, the jury retired, and in a few moments returned with a verdict of *Not Guilty.*

Old Dodder, and Dodder No. 2, were at that instant seen plunging down the stairs leading to the Court Yard, with unbounded powers of locomotion; when the yard was gained they fairly run, and it is supposed never stopped until the deep woods of Minisink hid them from the gaze of men.

Allington heard the verdict with a sang froid of a philosopher. No emotion, other than the turning his quid of tobacco in his mouth, and an extra squirt of juice was observable.

It may be as well to remark, that the District Attorney refused to be pitted against his eloquent opponent, and let the cause go by default, as he said not a word in reply to the speech of his opponent. The District Attorney was in a tight place, and took the wisest course to get out. It is not often he meets with such formidable prisoners.

A SMOOTH DRINK.

My agreeable friend, Dan D——, tells me a good story, which is deserving of a place in the 'Spirit,' if not in the columns of the 'Prohibitionist,' as it conveys a terrible warning to the admirers of the 'harsh.'

Dan says, that a year or two ago he happened to have in his employ a couple of 'broths of boys,' who, like all jolly sons of 'ould Ireland,' liked 'a bit of a taste of something' consumedly well; and often indulged in it to his grievous annoyance, for of course they usually chose the most inopportune moment to get 'cordialled.'

On one occasion, in her husband's absence, Mrs. Dan noticed that Pat and Mike had procured a supply of the 'crayther,' and stowed the jug which contained it upon a deserted shelf in the chimney corner.

Women, you know—God bless 'em, nevertheless—hardly like us of the sterner sex to 'liquitate,' and with her sisters' proverbial aversion to the 'red eye,' my friend's wife took advantage of the merry dog's attendance to their 'chores,' and abstracting their jug, substituted in its stead one exactly similar in appearance—outwardly so, but not not as to 'in'ards.

At night the boys bunked in upon the kitchen floor, and Mr. D. and his lady retired to their room,

the door of which opened into the kitchen, where they could have a view from their bed of what might transpire between the 'bog-trotters.'

When Mike had given what he supposed was ample time for the 'boss' to go to sleep, he 'hunched' his neighbour, saying:

'Arrah, Pat! let's have a drap.'

'Begorry, so I say, Mike; it's as dhry as a chip I am, intirely, this blessed night.'

Up both sprang, and Pat reaching the jug took it down from its perch, and in full view of Mr. D. and his wife who were watching the 'motions,' took a 'swig.' But the expression of his face was anything but a favourable comment upon the contents. Mike noticed the contortion, and exclaimed:

'Pat, what the devil are you makin' sich a bad look over the whiskey for?'

'Faith, Mike,' replied his companion, recovering himself, 'it was no bad look, at all, at all, I was after makin'.' I was only thinkin' what a smooth drink it was, sure.'

'Hand over here,' cried Mike, impatiently; and applying it to his lips, took a generous draught.

'Bluranages,' he roared, rushing for the door, where Pat followed him, and the noise of their efforts at 'heaving Jonah,' soon 'made the night hideous.'

My friend and his partner thought they would crack their sides in bed, laughing over the affair; and next morning he went to the jug and shook it, but it was sadly depleted.

'Mike,' he cried, addressing one of two as sickly looking Irishmen as ever complained, 'what on earth has become of all the *linseed* ile?'

'Linseed ile, is it, sir?' exclaimed Pat, with an air as though something had cleared up a great mystery to him.

'Yes, I want some to ile the harness, and I see it's almost gone.'

The poor fellow only muttered—'Linseed ile it was, sure, bad luck to it then; it wint down mighty smooth.'

This was too much for my friend, as he overheard this observation, and he had to give vent to pent-up laughter, at which Pat 'vamosed,' but in such dudgeon that the mention of a 'smooth drink' wakes up the shillelagh in him, whenever one hazards to hint at it.—*N. Y. Spirit.*

A STORY OF A FAITHFUL DOG.

PREMONITORY WARNING.

The following story is said, by the Portsmouth Chronicle, to be derived, as to all its facts, from a most respectable Quaker family, whose veracity cannot be doubted:

'About fifty years ago, in the western part of the state of New York, lived a lonely widow named Mozher. Her husband had been dead many years, and her only daughter was grown up and married, living at the distance of a mile or two from the family mansion.

'And thus the old lady lived alone in her house by day and night. Yet in her conscious innocence and trust in Providence, she felt safe and cheerful—did her work quietly during the daylight, and at eventide lay and slept sweetly.

'One morning, however, she awoke with an extraordinary and unwonted gloom upon her mind which was impressed with the apprehension that something strange was about to happen to her or hers. So full was she of this thought that she could not stay at home that day, but must go abroad to give vent to it, by unbosoming herself to her friends, especially to her daughter. With her she spent the greater part of the day, and to her she several times repeated the recital of her apprehension. The daughter as often repeated the assurance that the good mother had never done injury to any person, and added, 'I cannot think any one would hurt you, for you have not an enemy in the world.'

'As the day was declining, Mrs. Mozher sought her home, but expressed the same feelings as she left her daughter's house.

'On the way home, she called on a neighbor, who lived in the last house before she reached her own. Here she again made known her continued apprehensions, which had nearly ripened into fear and from the lady of the mansion she received answers similar to those of her daughter. You have harmed no one in your whole lifetime, surely no one will molest you. Go home in quiet, and Rover shall go with you. Here, Rover,' said she to a stout watch-dog that lay on the floor, 'here, Rover go home with Mrs. Mozher, and take care of her.' Rover did as he was told. The widow went home milked her cows, took care of everything out of doors, and went to bed as usual. Rover had not left her an instant. When she was

fairly in bed, he laid himself down on the outside of the bed and as the widow relied on his fidelity, and perhaps chid herself for needless fear she fell asleep. Sometime in the night she awoke being startled, probably, by a slight noise outside the house. It was so slight, however, that she was not aware of being startled at all, but heard, as soon as she awoke, a sound like the raising of a window near her bed, which was in a room on the ground floor. The dog neither barked nor moved. Next there was another sound, as if some one was in the room and stepped cautiously on the floor. The woman saw nothing, but now for the first time felt the dog move, as he made a violent spring from the bed; and at the same instant something fell on the floor, sounding like a heavy log. Then followed other noises, like the pawing of a dog's feet; but soon all was still again, the dog resumed his place on the bed without having barked or growled at all.

This time the widow did not go to sleep immediately, but lay awake wondering, yet not deeming it best to get up. But at last she drooped asleep, and when she awoke the sun was shining. She hastily stepped out of bed, and there lay the body of a man extended on the floor, dead with a large knife in his hand, which was even now extended. The dog had seized him by the throat with the grasp of death, and neither man nor dog could utter a sound till all was over. This man was the widow's son-in-law, the husband of her only daughter. He coveted her little store of wealth her house, her cattle, and her land; and instigated by his sordid impatience, he could not wait for the decay of nature to give her property up to him and his, as the only heirs apparent, but made his stealthy visit to do a deed of darkness in the gloom of the night. A fearful retribution waited for him. The widow's apprehensions, communicated to her mind and impressed upon her nerves by what unseen power we know not, the sympathy of the woman who loaned her dog, and the silent but certain watch of the dog himself, formed a chain of events which brought the murderer's blood upon his own head, and which are difficult to explain without reference to that Providence or overruling power which numbers the hairs of our heads watched the sparrow's fall, and 'shapes or, rough hew them as we will.'

MARVELLOUS.—Extraordinary stories sometimes get into the papers, and here is one of them. It is said to be cut from a Carthage, South America paper. It is related by a traveller who lately visited Carthage:

I saw a lady this morning—for such I will call her—who is a perfect man and a perfect woman. She is partially deranged. She is rather tall in stature. Her features are neither masculine nor feminine. She walks and sits like a man. She shaves every other day; her beard being white does not show very plain. Her age is 36. Her affection is that of a woman—tender hearted and sympathetic. Her courage and resolution are those of a man, while her voice partakes of each. She charges the Almighty of doing wrong in giving her such a mysterious formation. She told me that she was born in the City of London, was cousin to Queen Victoria. Under Queen Victoria's advice she dressed in men's clothes, and left the country at 18 years of age. She possessed wealth; went to France, studied anatomy, and from thence went to New York and practised medicine—married a wife, was the father of two children—two years after lost his wife and property, and again assumed the female dress—married a man of some wealth, was mother of three children—parted from her husband, and became a wanderer over the earth. She closed her narrative, while her tears flowed freely; saying that "she felt like Cain—driven from the face of all men."

DISRESPECT TO TEACHERS.

We will close this article with the following report of a case, every particular of which we know to be true.

The school was composed entirely of boys, and numbered about fifty scholars ranging from eight to sixteen years of age. It was situated four or five miles from a large city, in a village which was then, and is now, a noted resort for "fast" young men. As a consequence, the boys became acquainted with all the profane, vulgar, and slang expressions of the day, and were much inclined to be rude and pert, both in and out of school.

One day, a slight disturbance having occurred in one of the classes, the teacher asked a scholar concerning it, and received a very disrespectful and insulting reply. After a moment's silence, he went on with the recitation, apparently intending to take no notice of the offence. The scholars were much surprised at this seeming indifference and commented on it freely among themselves at the close of school.

The next morning the teacher called attention of the school, saying pleasantly that he wished to ask a few questions. "If," said he, "you were at play here in the yard, and a gentleman riding by in a chaise, should stop and inquire the way to Brighton, would you tell him?" "Yes," promptly answered the boys. "But how would you tell him? In gentlemanly tones, or gruffly, as though he had no right to trouble you and disturb your plays?"—"I would tell him as well as I could," said one of the boys, and all raised their hands to indicate their approval of the answer. "But suppose that a common laborer should ask you the same question would you tell him?" "Yes," was again the reply. "And would you tell him in as polite and gentlemanly a manner as you told the other?"—"Yes," said all the boys. "But suppose that instead of one of these, a strolling beggar, clothed in filthy garments, and having every appearance of a man who had debased himself by his vices should ask of you the same information, would you tell him?" A hearty "Yes," was as before the response. "But would you be as particular to tell him kindly and pleasantly as you would be to tell the others?" "Most certainly we should," said the boys some even adding that they ought to be more particular to speak kindly to such a person.

The teacher had now gained his point. The scholars had established for themselves a principle which each felt was just and true, and it only remained for the teacher to make the application.

'Yesterday,' said he slowly and impressively, 'I asked George Jones a question, which I not only had a right to ask, but which it was my duty to ask, and he gave me a disrespectful answer. Is it possible that there is a boy in this school, who will treat his teacher worse than he would the merest vagabond that walks the streets?'

It was enough. Nothing more was said, yet every scholar felt the reproof; and the teacher did not during the remainder of the term, have occasion to complain of the slightest want of respect on the part of any of his pupils.—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

NEW BRUNSWICK TIMBER FOREST.

After agriculture, the forests of New Brunswick constitute at present its next greatest resource, in furnishing the materials for its staple export of timber, and its principle manufactures—ship building and sawed lumber.

The whole surface of the Province in its natural state, is, with very few exceptions, covered with a dense forest of timber trees. Among these, the most interesting and majestic, is the WHITE PINE, so called from the perfect whiteness of its wood when freshly exposed. The wood is soft, light, free from knots, and easily wrought; it is durable and not liable to split when exposed to the sun.—The white pine furnishes timber of large dimensions, and boards of great width; and its wood is employed in far more diversified uses and in greater quantities, than that of any other tree in America.

The most usual forms in which white pine is extensively exported from New Brunswick, are—as squared timber, masts, spars, deals, plank, boards, scantling, clap-boards, palings, shingles, and laths; also in boxes, barrels, water pails and tubs. It would however be quite impossible to enumerate the variety of purposes to which it is applied both in Europe and America.

Next to the white pine in commercial value is the BLACK SPRUCE. This tree is so multiplied in New Brunswick, as to constitute a third part of the forests with which the Province is so uninterruptedly covered, and nowhere is it found of larger size or finer quality. It often attains from seventy to eighty feet in height, and from eighteen to twenty-four inches in diameter.

The distinguished properties of the wood of the Black Spruce, are, strength, lightness, and elasticity. It furnishes as fine yards and topmasts as any in the world, and for these it has been long and extensively used. By many, the wood of the Black Spruce is preferred to that of the white pine for flooring; but its great value arises from its furnishing the Spruce Deals of commerce, which now constitute one of the largest and most valuable exports of New Brunswick. These deals are of the uniform thickness of three inches, not less than twelve feet in length, and nine inches in width. The most usual dimensions are nine and eleven inches in breadth, and lengths of twelve, fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, and twenty-one feet. Spruce battens are twelve feet long, seven inches in width, and two and a half inches in thickness. The manufacture of Spruce Deals commenced in 1819, and has since been steadily increasing. In 1851 there were five hundred and eighty-four Saw Mills in the Province, driven eight by steam.