

brig was anchored close by the custom house in Lancaster. The prisoners were taken up to the jail, in the old castle; and when the proper officers came, the smugglers' cargo was overhauled,—and a cargo it was, too, you may be assured. There were eight pipes of Port and Madeira wine, forty-four casks of brandy, nine pipes of gin, and fifty boxes of tobacco. The duties on that cargo would have been over three thousand pounds.

That afternoon some men were sent after the old coaster we had left at the wash of Morecambe, but she was found burnt down to the water's edge. However, the loss was but trifling, for forty pounds made the owner a happy man.

And so our work was done. The smugglers were tried,—eighteen of them; and if any of them live now, they are taking it out at Botany Bay. The contraband trade of Morecambe Bay was broken up,—the good people of that section of country had to buy their liquors and tobacco of custom-house stamp,—and your humble servant was now a lion of the first water.

### Miscellaneous.

#### THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF JOURNALISM. A CRIMINAL SUPPRESSION OF THE TRUTH.

It has often been alleged that our advance in the material sciences is purchased at the cost of a blunted and deteriorated sensibility; in other words, that the increased activity of the head produces a partial paralysis of the finer emotions and perceptions of the heart. To say that there is no foundation for the charge, would be ridiculous and false; but to admit an accusation of this sweeping character without reserve would be still more unjust and unphilosophical. We do not now enjoy those patriarchal days when Solomon could say with truth, "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man;" for the necessities of active life and the rivalries of society impose on all of us, to a greater or less extent, the practice of dissimulation and deceit.

Still, notwithstanding the artificial necessities imposed on it, the heart of man responds, in every sphere, and under all varieties of circumstance, to the enunciation of those cardinal truths which it is the prerogative of genius to utter. The principles of liberty, wherever heard, are actively and ardently embraced; the proclamation of Holloway's universal remedies sent a thrill of joyful hope through all races and all ranks of men. There seemed to be an inspiration which announced to humanity that in these resistless medicines the only true and infallible cure for all their bodily ailments and sufferings could be found.

With the speed of lightning, intelligence of the great discovery spread through all continents of the earth and all islands of the sea. The savage whispered it to his dusky mate; the man of learning and intelligence wore a brighter smile when it was told to him; from all quarters of the world a cry to Holloway for succour and relief arose,—and how munificently the great doctor responded to that appeal, let the depots he has established in all climes and countries, amongst all races and all tribes of men, attest. The universal remedies are now within the reach of all, and potent for the cure of every form of malady, whether it be acquired, constitutional or hereditary: if men continue sick, they have themselves alone to blame for it, for Holloway has placed at their disposal the absolute talisman of health.

This is a broad assertion, and one which we were long reluctant to make, but recent inquiries have satisfied us that it is literally true; and, knowing such to be the case, it would become on our part a criminal suppression of truth if we did not use every means within our power to make known the glad tidings of physical redemption to all who are within the sphere of our utterance. The responsibilities of journalism embrace an exposure of falsehood, regardless of the high places upon which it may be enthroned; and a vigorous enunciation of truth, regardless of the calumnies and suspicions to which such an advocacy may expose us. If we are condemned for saying that Holloway's remedies are the best ever offered for the cure of disease, we shall be condemned in the good company of all the conscientious and enlightened editors in the world; for do they not all proclaim aloud and with one accord the same cardinal axiom of physis? In such company we shall be well content to perish, and have it written on our tomb, "Here lies another martyr to the welfare of humanity!"—*Philadelphia Reporter.*

**INFLUENCE OF LUMBERING ON OUR POPULATION.**—The past month we had the pleasure and profit of coasting the British Provinces from Maine to Halifax harbor, ascending the St. John river to Fredericton, and the Avon to Windsor. There is, we believe, no part of the continent of which even intelligent men among us know less than of New

Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Railroad as yet they have none, while the fogs which darken the coast during a great part of the year, repel tourists and travellers by sea. The Provinces, larger in extent than Great Britain and Ireland, with a first rate maritime position and great resources, with a population, taken altogether, of nearly a million souls, and a society which cannot be surpassed in New York or Boston, are nearly as unknown to us, though lying almost at our own door, as the possessions of Russia in the North Pacific. In the afternoon of the next day from Boston we entered the harbor of St. John, and saw that hilly city looking down upon the wharfs, shipyards, ships, and rafts. Half the working population of the town seemed to be gathered on the wharf,—a bad sign, we thought, of the state of employment. The explanation is, and we may as well set it down at the outset, that at this season of the year the fishing and lumbering hands engaged about the wharfs are easily collected together by any novelty. The ephemeral and unsystematic nature of both employments, being eminently fruitful in forming that class of characters denominated in Yankee land as "loafers." There being a lull in the lumber trade in July, half St. John was half idle,—not from choice, we must say, but from the exigencies of that most uncertain source of employment. A cordial welcome awaited us from some friends, who were aware of our visit, and in a few minutes we were comfortable in an excellent hotel—"The Waverly House."

The Province, with an area of some 25,000 square miles, has about 200,000 inhabitants—an average of eight persons to the square mile. Originally included by the French under the title of "Acadia," (now applied only to Nova Scotia,) its pioneers were loyalists from New England, who fled from the revolution, and settled on the St. John to the number of, perhaps, a thousand families. Their descendants, the Wilmots, Tilleys, Fishers, Winslows, &c., are among the richest and most influential families of the Province at this day. The real growth of the country, however, is not to be traced to these families. It dates from an accidental circumstance—the imposition of £2 14s. 8d. per load on Baltic timber, by the Imperial Parliament in 1800, while colonial timber was admitted duty free. This distinction gave a high value to the forests of New Brunswick, and laid the foundation of its ship building trade. In this last enterprise it competes successfully with Maine and Massachusetts; witness the triumphs of "Marco Polo" and other St. John built ships.

Here, however, I must again remark that the too exclusive attention paid to the timber trade is at present retarding rather than advancing the growth of this fine country. Every new land must of course go through its wooden period, yet should not all wise rulers encourage the pursuit of many sources of wealth, so that if one fails, all business shall not stagnate? We saw with amazement, and not without a strong feeling of repugnance, the cottagers along the St. John valley, one of the finest my eyes have ever beheld, coming off to us, in small boats to fetch their one or two barrels of imported flour. There must surely, we thought, be something sadly astray in the economy of so fine a country, where the rural population have thus to import their daily bread!

I admit that New Brunswick is quite right in making the most of her forests. But why not also make the best of her soil? "The first creditor of every State," says the great master of political science, "is the plough." The plough has claims on the soil of New Brunswick which have not yet been allowed to fructify. Let her Legislature only consider the difference in the end of 100,000 hands steadily employed in agriculture, as compared with an equal force employed in lumbering. In the one pursuit they will have a settled, orderly, virtuous population; families lawfully governed, expanding into great communities; in the other, a horde of wild woodsmen, sailors of the sea of foliage; men who, once out of its depths, must feel as strangers and act as spendthrifts in the narrow and busy haunts of daily traffic. If men are the true riches and only sure hope of a political society, that pursuit which most disorganizes morals and manners ought surely to be most discouraged, and such we believe to be the inevitable result of the lumberer's life and associations.—*American Celt.*

**AN "ATTACHMENT."**—We have heard a good story, of which an Alabama sheriff was the hero.—Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon him at term time, he stopped at the door of a beautiful widow on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way, had often bestowed melting glances upon the aforesaid sheriff. He was admitted, and the widow appeared. The

confusion and fright which the arrival of her visitor occasioned, set off to greater advantage than usual the captivating charms of the widow M.—Her cheeks bore the beautiful blended tint of the apple blossom; her lips resembled the rose buds upon which the morning dew yet lingered, and her eyes were like quivers of Cupid, and the glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled, resembled arrows that only invited a *beau*, (pardon the pun,) to do full execution. After a few common place remarks:—

"Madam," said the matter of fact sheriff, "I have an attachment for you."

A deeper blush than usual mantled the cheeks of the widow; the downcast eyes, whose pierces were centered upon her beautiful foot, which, half concealed within her flowing drapery, partly patted the floor. She with equal candor replied:

"Sir, the attachment is reciprocal."

For some time the sheriff maintained an astonished silence—at length he said:

"Madame will you proceed to court?"

"Proceed to court!" replied the lady, with a merry laugh; then, shaking her head, she said, "No, sir, though this is a leap year, I will not take advantage of the licence therein granted to my sex, and therefore, I greatly prefer that you should proceed to court!"

"But, madam, the justice is waiting."

"Let him wait, I am not disposed to hurry matters in so unbecoming a manner; and besides, sir, when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand that I greatly prefer a minister to a justice of the peace."

A light dawned upon the sheriff's brain.

"Madam," said he, rising from his chair with solemn dignity, "there is a great mistake here; my language has been misunderstood; the attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Squire C., and commands me to bring you instantly before him to answer a contempt of court, in disobeying a subpoena in the case of Smith vs. Smith. We drop the curtain."

**THE SCARECROW.**—Governor D., of no matter what State, was a plain, farmer like man—in fact, aside from his political office, his profession was that of a farmer. He had an orchard behind his house, to which he paid a great deal of attention. In personal appearance the Governor was not very prepossessing. He was tall, gaunt, and when about his work was generally in the habit of wearing a faded dressing gown, which was of exceeding length, coming nearly to his feet. It chanced one day that a gentleman, fashionably dressed, called at the governor's residence and inquired for him. He was in quest of a certain office which lay in the Governor's gift.

"He is not at home just at present," said Mrs. D., "but if you will come in and take a seat, no doubt he will be along soon."

The visitor accepted the invitation, and seating himself in the plain sitting-room, entered into conversation with the Governor's lady.

"I believe," said he, "that this is considered a fine agricultural place. Does your husband own much land?"

"Some thirty acres. He is quite a farmer."

"I caught a glimpse of an orchard just behind the house. That, I suppose belongs to him!"

"Yes, he prides himself on his orchard."

"I see you find it necessary to use scarecrows to frighten away the birds."

"Scarecrows!"

The Governor's lady was astonished.

"No," said she, "we never employed any."

"Why, I am quite sure that I saw one in one of the trees, rigged up in a long fluttering robe."

"I don't think Mr. D. has put any into the orchard. You can look from the window, and perhaps you will see the object which you mistook."

"There it is now," was the reply, as he pointed out a figure on a limb of one of the trees, dressed in a pair of overalls, with a faded robe fluttering in the breeze, "that's the scarecrow! I was sure I was not mistaken!"

"That a scarecrow!" said Mrs. D., in amazement, "why, that's my husband!"

The victim of his embarrassing mistake had just enough voice left to enquire for his hat, upon which he immediately withdrew, thinking it best to defer his application for office to a more convenient season.

**ANECDOTE OF DR. GILL.**—Some eighty years ago a very zealous professor of religion, in one of the sects in England, went to Dr. Gill, and told him she had something against him, and she considered it her duty to reprove him.

"Well, my good lady," said he what is the difficulty?"

"Why, sir, I think your bands are too long."

"Ah! do you? I have never thought anything about it: I will get a pair of scissors, and will thank you to cut off as much as you think best."

She replied, "I hope you will not be offended?"

Without much ceremony she folded and cut off quite a large piece of the bands.

"Are you now satisfied! Look again and see; perhaps you had better cut off a little more while you are about it, and be satisfied."

"I do not know but I had; I think they are still rather long;" and she cut off a second piece, saying, "I think that will do."

"Well, my friend," said the Doctor, "I must now tell you I have some thing against you."

"Have you, sir," she exclaimed, "what is it?"

"I think your tongue is rather too long, and you had better let me cut a piece off."

### Agricultural.

**SAVING CORN IN DAMP WEATHER.**—Mr. Pridemore, in the *Agricultural Gazette*, says:—A field of white oats, near Plymouth, was cut wet, and the weather continuing the same, was at last stacked in layers, with dry straw between. On taking abroad the rick, the grain was found to be in excellent condition, not sprouted nor damaged in any way. And what answered with so precarious a grain as white oats, will stand a better chance with wheat or even barley. In this way thousands of acres might have been saved, which have been left to sprout on the ground; and where straw is all used up, other dry stalks or even shavings might answer. Where no dry straw &c., is to be had, it may be dried in sheaf, either by a sample kiln, as in Russia &c., or without the risk of fire, by lime as follows:—If the rick be made hollow, with the grain turned inwards, a sufficient quantity of fresh quick-lime placed within, and then all closed in from bottom to top, and covered over to exclude the external air, the lime will rapidly draw moisture from the corn; and so continue until the corn is dry, or the lime fully slacked; and as quick-lime will absorb one-third its weight of water, a ton of lime will take between six and seven hundred weight of water, and thus probably dry six or seven tons of corn and straw. For all this water must come from the corn, if the external air is well excluded and the lime raised from the soil by a bed of stones, gravel, or straw. The lime must not, of course, touch the corn; and therefore room should be left for it to swell in slaking and for turning it over to slack all through; and a sort of doorway must be left on the side of the rick, which can be opened in the lime, and for turning it over—but must be closed up immediately, and kept closed, except at those moments. I am not aware of this lime method having been practiced on a large scale, though habitually recommended (by me) in damp seasons.—On a small scale the farmer can easily try it for himself by laying a dozen or two of damp ears upon a large plate, putting about an ounce (more or less) of fresh burnt lime, broken but not slacked, upon the same, and covered over with a basin that fits the plate pretty close. The lime may be placed on a bit of linen or calico, to prevent its touching the corn as it slacks. Let it stand thus for a week, looking at it once a day, and covering up again quickly. Another like plate of corn, covering up in the same way, but without lime, might stand beside it for comparison. If the damp corn was reaped close to the ears, and dried with lime in this way in a close room instead of a basin, of course much less lime would do, and the drying would also be much quicker than in stack.—*London Paper.*

**SAVE YOUR BACON.**—About a couple of years ago we were entertained at the house of a friend with a good old fashioned dinner of eggs and bacon.—We complimented our host on the superior quality of his bacon, and were curious to inquire the way to like success in the preparation of a dainty article of diet, though one that is better fitted for the palate of an epicure than for the stomach of a dyspeptic. To our surprise we were informed that that portion of our meal was cooked eight months before. Upon asking for an explanation, he stated that it was his practice to slice and fry his bacon immediately upon its being cured, and then pack it down in its own fat. When occasion came for using it, the slices slightly refried, had all the freshness and flavour of new bacon just prepared. By this precaution our friend had always succeeded in "saving his bacon," fresh and sweet, through the hottest of weather.—*N. E. Farmer.*

**A SHOING STOOL FOR BLACKSMITHS.**—A gentleman residing in the State of New York has invented a shoing stool for blacksmiths for shoeing horses, which he says he has found very useful, and gives the following directions for making it, for the benefit of the craft:

"I make a light portable stool, of the form of a common crutch, with one leg, and put a cushion on the seat. To this is secured a strap, which passes around above the hips, and is buckled tight in front. The seat of the stool is about four inches thick, and is held to its place by an iron spur.—The blacksmith puts it on behind and between his thighs and buckles it on in front, and the horse's foot is placed on the seat; it thus supports the weight of the animal's leg, and relieves the back of the shoer from that severe strain which makes horse-shoeing such hard work."