

[For the Herald.] TO THE YEAR 1860.

Adieu! departed year, adieu, When other years have passed away Fondly in thought, I shall review Events of thy short happy stay.

And oft recalling o'er, As memory prizes through the past— Joys that can never happen more, I'll mourn for thee as if my last.

I marked the moment of thy birth— Silent the hour and lonely I, As if upon the spacious earth, None other kept a waking eye.

Through all my breast a warm thrill comes, As told the silent hour of morn; And pealing bells at once proclaim Again another year is born.

'Twas then I felt new hopes revive, Mingled with grief, with doubt and fear, And thought that I might never live, Perhaps to see another year.

I saw thy birth, thy course have seen And live to sorrow 'o'er thy end; Farewell, kind year, such thou hast been, Adieu! adieu, departed friend.

1861.

Literature.

A WIFE! MAN MAUN HAE HIS WAY.

It was yet pretty early in the morning when I arrived at the inn of Skreigh, and never having been in that part of the country before, my heart misgave me at the appearance of the house, and I thought that surely I had mistaken the road, an awful idea to a man who had walked twelve miles before breakfast! It was a huge, grey, dismantled edifice standing alone in a wild country, and presenting evident traces of a time when the barbees of the traveller might have procured him lodgings within its walls for a longer period than suited his convenience. On entering the parlor, although the baseboards to which this ancient mansion had been turned were clearly indicated by certain gilltops scattered about the dirty tables, yet the extraordinary size of the room, the lowness of the walls, and the scantiness of the furniture, kept up in my mind the associations which had been suggested by the exterior; and it was not till the aroma of tea, and the still more fragrant hauf of a Finnan haddie had saluted my senses that the visions of the olden time fled from my eyes.

While busy with my breakfast another traveller came into the room. He had a pack on his back and an ell-wand in his hand, and appeared to be one of those traveling philanthropists—answering to the peddlers of the south—who carry into the holes and corners of the sylvan world the luxuries of the city. Our scene being on the best side of the Tweed, I need not say the body had a sharp eye, an oily face, and a God-fearing look. He sat down over against me, upon one of the tables, to rest his pack, and from his shining shoes and orderly apparel I judged that he had passed the night in the house, and was waiting to pay his score and go forth again upon his journey. There was notwithstanding, a singular expression of fatigue on his yellow countenance. A common observer would have guessed that he was brim-fou over night, and had risen before he had quite slept off the effects; but to me, who am curious in such matters, there appeared a something in his face which invested it with a moral dignity an expression that would otherwise have been ludicrous or pitiable.

Ever and anon he turned a longing eye upon the Finnan haddie, but as often edged himself with a jerk farther away from the temptation; and whenever the landlady came into the room, his remonstrances on her delay, at first delivered in a moaning, heart-broken tone, became at last absolutely cankered. The honest wife, however, appeared determined to extend the hospitality of breakfast to her guest, and made sundry lame excuses for not bringing her his score, while she was occupied in displaying upon my table with the most tempting liberality, the various good things that constitute a Scottish breakfast.

'Are you not for breakfasting, good man,' said I, at length, 'before you go forth this morning?' 'No, please God,' said he, with almost a jump, 'no carrol comfort shall pass my lips this side the mill of Warlock.'

'The mill of Warlock?' repeated I, with surprise, 'that should be at least twelve miles from this—and I can tell you, my friend, it is not pleasant travelling so far on an empty stomach. If you have an urgent reason for an abstinence that we of the kirk of Scotland attach no merit to, you should not have loitered in bed till this hour of the morning.'

The packman, at my reproach, put on a kind of blue look, but his features gathering gradually into solemnity—

'Sir,' said he, 'I have urgent reasons for my conduct, and while

this weary wife is making out my score, I will, if you desire it, tell you the story.'

Having eagerly signified my assent, the packman wiped his glistening forehead, and with a heavy sigh began to discourse as follows:—

'Aweel, sir, it was at this time yesterday morning I arrived at the mill of Warlock. The miller was out, and the wife, glad of the opportunity, ransacked over my pack like one demented. She made me turn out every article in my bag, and kept me bargaining about this and that, and trying by the hour about the price, and after all it came to pass that the jind (God forgive me!) wanted nothing of more value than three ells of ribband! You may be sure that I was not that pleased; and what with fatigue, and what with my vexation, while I was measuring the ribband, and the wife skimming round at the looking-glass, I just clipped—by mistake like—a half ell short. Aweel, ye'll say that was just natching after the fash I had had, and moreover I stoutly refused the second glass of whisky she offered me to the doorish; and so, shouldering my pack again, I took the way in an evil hour to the inn of Skreigh.'

'It was late at night when I arrived here, and I had been on my legs all day, so that you may think my heart warmed to the auld beggin, and I looked forward to natching wear than a cosy seat by the ingle side, or chat with the landlady—a douce woman, sir, and not eye so slow as the now, fua! fa! her! (God forgive me!) forby, maybe, a half mutie kin—or twa; and all these things of a truth I had. Not that I exceeded the second stop, a practice that which I hold to be contra bonos mores—but ye'll no understand Latin? ye'll be from the south? Aweel—but there was something mair, ye ken, quite as necessary for a Christian traveler and a weaned man; and at last, with a great gain I speered at the servant Lizzie for my bedroom.'

'Bed room,' quo' she, 'ye'll no be ganging to sleep here to night?' 'Aweel,' said the mistress, 'I am ane o' wae, but every room in the house is fu'. Hout! it's but a step to the town—no abune twal mile and a bitcock—andye ken every inch of the way as weel as the brass nails on your ellwands? I wish I may be forgen' for the passion they put me int! To think of sending me out such a gait my lan, and near the sma' hours.'

'Oh ye jind!' cried I, if the gentleman was no in the yard the night ye would crawl till a different time! and with that such a hullabaloo was raised among us that at last the toiks began to put in their shouters at the door in their sarks to speer what was the matter.'

'Aweel, aweel,' said the landlady in the hinder end, quite forlakenly, 'a wife! man maun hae his way. There is but ae room in the house where there is to a living soul, and it's naething but an auld lumber room. However, if you can pass the time with another half mutie-kin while Jenny and me rig up the bed, it will be as much at your service as a decener place.' And so, having gotten the battle I sat myself down again, and Jenny brought in the other stop—ye'll be saying that was the third; but there's me rule without an exception, and moreover ye ken, 'three's aye canny.'

'At last and at length I got into my bedroom, and it was not that ill-looking at all. It was a good sizeable room, with a few sticks of old furniture, forby a large old fashioned bed. I laid my pack down, as is my custom, by the bedside, and after saying my prayers, put out the candle, and tumbled in.'

'Aweel, sir, whether it was owing to my being over fatigued, or to the third stop in defiance of the proverb being no canny, I know not, but for the life of me I could not sleep. The bed was not a bad bed, it was roomy and convenient, and there was not a wish in the house, and not a stime of light in the room I counted over my bargains for the day, and half wished I had not made the mistake with the miller's wife; I put my hand out at the stock of my bed and felt my pack, amusing myself by thinking what was this lump and that; but still I could not sleep. Then by degrees my other senses, as well as the touch, wearied of being awake and doing nothing—here I tak them—(God forgive me!) sought employment. I listened as if in spite of myself, to hear whe-

ther there was anything stirring in the house, and looked out of the curtains to see if any light came through the window chinks. Not a wish—not a stime! Then I said my prayers over again, and began to wish gravely that the creature had her half-ell of ribband. Then nose most needs be in the hobble, and I thought I felt a snell. It was not that bad smell, but it was a smell I did not know and therefore did not like. The air seemed close, feverish; I threw off the bedclothes and began to puff and pant. Oh, I did wish then that I had never seen the physiog of the miller's wife!

I began to be afraid. The entire silence seemed strange, the utter darkness more strange, and the strange smell stranger than all. I at first grasped at the bed clothes and pulled them over my head; but I had bottled in the smell with me, and rendered more intolerable by the heat, it seemed like the very essence of typhus. I threw off the clothes again in a fright, and felt persuaded that I was just in the act of taking some awful fever. I would have given the world had I been able open the window, but the world would have been offered me in vain to do such a thing. I contented myself with flapping the sheet like a fan, and throwing my arms abroad to catch the wind.

'My right hand, which was towards the stock of the bed, constantly lighted upon my pack, but my left could feel naething at all save that there was a space between the bed and the wall. At last, leaning more over in that direction than here before, my hand encountered something a little lower than the surface of the bed, and I snatched it back with a smothered cry. I knew no more than the man in the moon what the something was, but it sent a tingle through my frame, and I felt the sweat begin to break over my brow. I would have turned to the other side, but I felt as heavy to my own muscles as if I had been made of lead, and besides a fearful curiosity nailed me to the spot. I persuaded myself that it was from this part of the bed that the smell arose. Soon, however, with a sudden desperation, I plunged my hand again into the terrible abyss, and it rested upon a cauld, stiff, clammy face!

'Now, sir, I would have you to ken, that although I cannot wrestle with the hidden sympathies of nature I am not easily frightened. If the stoutest robber that ever wore breeks—say, or ran bare, for there be such in the Highlands—lay a finger on my pack I would band on likegrim death; and it is not to tell, that I can flye about ae bawbee with the doonest wife in the countryside; but och, and alas! to see me at that moment, on the braid of my back, with my eyes shut and my teeth set, and one hand on the physiog of a corp! The greatest pain I endured was from the trembling of my body, for the motion forced my hand into closer connection with the horrors of its resting-place, while I had no more power to withdraw it than if it had been in the thumb-screws.'

'And there I lay, sir, with my eyes steeked as if with screw-nails, my brain wandering and confused, and whole rivers of sweat spouting down my body, till at times I thought I had got fou, and was lying sleeping in a ditch. To tell you the history of my thoughts at that time is impossible; but the miller's wife, woe be upon her! she rode me like the night-hag. I think I must have been asleep a part of the time, for I imagined that the wear some half-ell of ribband was tied about my neck like a halter, and that I was on the eve of being choked. I ken not how long I toiled this torment; but at last I heard voices and sounds, as if the sheriff's officers of no' were about me, and in a sudden agony of great fear I opened my eyes.'

'It was broad morning; the sun was shining into the room, and the landlady and her lasses were riving my hand from the face of the corpse. After casting a bewildered glance around, it was on that fearful object my eyes rested, and I recognized the remains of an old serving-lass, who, it seems, died the day before, and was huddled into that room to be out of the way of the company.'

At this moment the landlady entered the room with his score, and while the packman sat wiping his brow, extorted upon her defence. 'Ye ken, sir,' said she, 'the man maun hae his way; but gin ye

their litter, will readily admit.—Being free from pungent smell which is apt to accompany straw, (unless very scrupulously kept) it is innocent to weak eyes, and its slight turpentine odor is rather a sweeter than otherwise. It makes (when converted into manure,) the best possible foundation for hot-beds, and, unlike other stable manure, forms no harbour of refuge for vermin. Pine sawdust is the best and oak the worst, as the latter turns black the second day.—London Field.

MATERIALS FOR DINING.

The classic ancients did not know how to dine, neither did the unlearned fellows of the middle ages. Only think of it! Our Saxon-Norman progenitors of the sixteenth century considered whole pie and whole and peas, choice dainties. To be sure, the Slaves of the present day are fond of dining on short sizes, and washing down the adipose viands with potatoes of train oil, but men of the race of Alfred and William the Conqueror, ought to have known better. Some forty or fifty years ago, hedgehogs were fattened for the table like pigs, in the south of England. Whether the patrons of these delicacies went the 'entire animal, bristles and all,' is not stated.

The epicure conversant with antiquity who wanders through our markets at this season of the year, cannot fail to regard the tastes of his remote forefathers with pity. And while he commiserates them he will congratulate himself. When he picks out a magnificent codfish, with gills as red as a good housewife's scarlet needle book, he will exclaim mentally, 'and yet Queen Elizabeth ate porpoise on Fridays!' As he selects the Shrewsbury's for his oyster 'pates,' it will occur to him, perhaps, that Henry III. had a weakness for whale pie and grampus steaks, and that a certain 'oily man of God' named Wolsey frequently partook of 'porpoise pasty.' The pink loins of veal, and the virgin-like legs of lamb, in their coils of natural muslin, the rich mosaic of the dainty sorbolls, and the come-eat-me attractions of seductive turkeys and pale, interesting sucking pigs, will bring to mind by force of contrast, all that he has read of the tough old boars, the coarse-fleshed peacocks, the horrible cattle fish, that were devoured as delicacies by the Yahoos of long ago.—And, as he casts the eyes of appetite over the heaps of golden sweet potatoes, plumpy celery, and snow-white caulif-wers—those vegetable effluences mantling on cups of green—he may chance to belink and think that in the reign of Henry VIII. hundreds of Englishmen died of scurvy because such things were not. Reflecting on these things, the modern epicure will find good reason to be thankful that he lives in an age when 'the delicacies of the season' are delicacies, and the coals do not generally lie under the suspicion of having learned their vocation in the lower regions.

BEDDING HORSES ON SAWDUST.

Having used sawdust as bedding for horses for a length of time, the result of my experience may not be unacceptable to some of your inquiring readers. I litter the horses in to the depth of 6 and 9 inches, raking off the damp and soiled surface every morning, and spreading evenly a little fresh, removing the whole only four times a year. It advantages appear to be many, of which I will state a few, which give it, in my estimation, its great superiority over straw. It is much cleaner and more easily arranged, and of course much cheaper at first cost, making in the end excellent manure. It is peculiarly beneficial to the feet, affording them a cool, porous stuffing, a substitute for the soil or earth we always find in the hoofs of a horse at grass, and presents the nearest resemblance to the horse's natural footing—the earth. We have never had a diseased foot since the introduction of sawdust in our stables, now some years since. Horses bedded on sawdust are also freer from dust and stains than when on ordinary litter (simply because the sawdust is a better absorbent, perhaps,) and testify their own approval of it by frequently rolling and lying down for hours in the day. It has also the recommendation of being uncatchable—an advantage which all in charge of horses with the habit of consuming

THE ENGINE DRIVER.

I have often thought that I should like to be an engine-driver. There was a time when driving a locomotive was not so pleasant as now.—It is pleasant to see the great train of carriages standing at the station before starting; to see the piles of luggage going up through the exertions of hot porters; to see the numbers of passengers, old and young, cool and hurried, with their wraps, their newspapers, their books, at length arranged in the soft, roomy interiors; and then the sense of power when, by the touch of a couple of fingers upon the lever, you make the whole mass of luggage, of life, of human interests and cares, start gently into motion; till, gathering speed as it goes, it tears through the green stillness of the summer noon, amid daisied fields, through little wood dells, through clumps of great forest trees, within sight of quiet old manor houses, across little noisly brooks and fair broad rivers, beside churchyard walls and gray ivied churches, alongside of roads where you see the pretty phaeton, the lordly coach, the lumbering wagon, and get glimpses that suggest a whole picture of the little life of numbers of your fellow men, each with heart and mind, and concerns and fears, very like your own. Yes, my friend, if you rejoice in fair scenery—if you sympathize with all modes of human life—if you have some little turn for mechanics, for neatness and accuracy, for that which faithfully does the work it was made to do, and neither less nor more, retain it in your mind as an alternate end that you may one day drive a locomotive engine. You need not of necessity become greasy of aspect; neither need you become black. I never have known more tidy, neat, accurate, intelligent, sharp, punctual, respectable, God-fearing, and truly respectable men than certain engine-drivers. Remember the engine must be a locomotive engine.—Your taste for scenery and life will not be gratified by employment on a stationary one. And it is fearfully hot work on a summer day to take charge of a stationary steam engine; while (perhaps you would not think it) to drive a locomotive is perfectly cool work. You never feel, in that rapid motion, the raging flame that is doing its work so near you. The driver of the express train may be a man of large sympathies, of cheerful heart, of tolerant views; the man in charge of the engine of a coal-pit or factory, even of a steamship, is apt to acquire contracted ways of thinking, and to become somewhat cynical and gloomy in his ideas as to the possible amelioration of society. It cannot be a pleasing employment, one would think, on a day like this, to sit and watch a great engine fire, and mend it when needful. That occupation would not be healthful, either to mind or body. I dare say you remember the striking and beautiful description, in Mr. Dickens' 'Old Curiosity Shop,' of a man who had watched and fed a furnace-fire for years, till he had come to think of it as a living being. The fire was older than he was; it had never gone out since before he was born. I can imagine, perfectly well, what kind of effect such a mode of life would have on myself.—Fraser's Magazine.

DEATH IN CHILDHOOD.

How true and exquisitely beautiful is the following expressive passage, which is taken from an article in the Dublin University Magazine:—'To me, few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding amongst the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow,

VERACITY THE BEST POLICY.

It is related of a Persian mother, that on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said: 'Go, my son; I consign thee to God! and we shall not meet here again till the day of judgment.'

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with were assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had, and he answered: 'Forty dinars are sowed up in my garments.'

The robber laughed, thinking that the boy jested. Another asked the same question, and received the same answer. At last, the chief called him, and asked what he had. The boy replied: 'I have told two of your people already that I had forty dinars sowed up in my clothes.'

The chief ordered his clothes to be ripped open, and the money was found.

'And how came you to tell this?' 'Because,' replied the boy, 'I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie.'

'Child,' said the robber, 'art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother, and I am insensible at my age of the duty I owe to God! Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it.'

He did so, and his followers were struck with the scene. 'You have been our leader in guilt,' they said to the chief—'be the same in the path of virtue,' and taking the boy's hand, they took the oath of repentance on it.

THE INVINCIBLES OF COMMON LIFE.

'What a glorious troop might be formed of those men who have won their laurels in the campaign of life; fighting, not against sword and bayonet, musket and cannon, lance and sabre; but against hardship and circumstances, natural defects, and the ridicule or opposition of their fellow men! There has been, and still is, we trust, many a man, who—seeing before him a great and noble end to be gained; God's glory to be advanced; man's happiness and well-being to be extended; the Gospel to be preached; the truths of science to be ascertained; the depraved to be raised, or good of any kind to be done,—has manfully determined to do it, and has not failed. How far greater the honour, how much more worthy the victories, of such men than those of mere soldiers! And their deeds have not perished with them; their useful works remain as monuments to their glory. Possessing noble, enterprising spirits; a courage nothing can daunt; an endurance superior to all rebuff; and all hardships; a perseverance which rises again in spite of failures,—these invincibles have conquered, where all other men have been beaten back by the opposing obstacles; nay, where others have not even dared to make the attempt. Nor has the fight been against a visible or tangible foe alone; these men have had themselves to conquer; their ignorance or indolence; their natural leaning to evil; the bad habits of early days; or even the poverty and the lowness of their social station.—The Art of Doing our Best.

The coroner of New Orleans reports 85 murders in that city during the year, 32 suicides, 109 accidental deaths, 79 deaths from intemperance, and 105 cases of drowning.

Thirteen prisoners escaped from the Auburn (Cal.) jail recently, by picking the locks with pieces of the steel hoops of a Chinese woman incarcerated in the jail. At a distillery in St. Clair county, out of 2,300 heads of hogs, 1,700 have died of cholera. The disease has also attacked the hogs of some of the farmers in the vicinity. The people of Cincinnati, distasteful with the result of the census taken by the U. S. Marshal, have, at their own expense, had another taken. The latter makes the population 10,000 more than the former. The Milwaukee papers contain the report of the Treasurer of the Lady Elgin Executive Committee, from which it appears that contributions to the amount of \$7,450 76 have been received. Of this amount \$2,428 have been paid out, leaving an unexpended balance of \$5,022 76 in the Treasurer's hands.

THE MOURNING MOTHER.—Do you see, near the wall of the church-yard, that female form, sitting on a stone, and as motionless as the stone itself? Wild and neglected locks of gray hair fall down over her shoulders; the winds play with her torn and tattered garments. She is old and stiff, but not from years alone. Go not coldly past; give her a mite. It is not long that she will trouble you. Behold her crutch; behold her dying eyes; behold the pain round her silent mouth. Wherefore sits she there? Because she cannot be elsewhere. She is—her heart is—with the graves of her children. Sorrow for her children has made the light of her eyes and the light of her mind dim. She marks not when the autumn leaves fall around her; she knows not when the spring breezes melt the snow on the tombs; but every day thither she goes, equally calm, equally insensible to the things around her. No one knows her; no one speaks to her, and she speaks to no one. She has, nevertheless, one object; she waits—for what? Death. During long years she has seen graves opening round her; but she still sits in Death—in the midst of death, and waits.—Frederika Bremer.

How to Preserve Health.

Medicine will never remedy bad habits. It is utterly futile to think of living in gluttony, intemperance, and every excess, and keeping the body in health by medicine. Indulgence of the appetite, indiscriminate dosing and drugging, have ruined the health and destroyed the lives of more persons than famine or pestilence. If you will take advice, you will become regular in your habits, eat and drink only wholesome things, sleep on a mattress, and retire and rise very regularly. Make a free use of water to purify the skin, and when sick take counsel of the best physician you know and follow nature.

STUPIDITY OF LOBSTERS.

Lobsters, says Dr. Buckland, if left on the rocks, never go back to the water of their own accord—they wait till it comes to them. This peculiarity was observed after a landslide on the coast of Dorsetshire, England, which by its great weight forced up a portion of the bottom of the sea. On this suddenly elevated bit of ground there happened to be several lobsters, who doubtless thought the lowtide had taken place with uncommon celerity, and that it would return again. Any how, the foolish creatures waited for the tide to come up and cover them. Of course it never did come up again. They remained in their places and died there, although the water was in many instances only a few feet from their noses. They had not the sense to tumble into it and save their lives.

SELF-RESPECT.—It is true and so nearly universal, that we may set it down as an axiom—disrespect towards others is incompatible with self-respect, and he who is indifferent to their feelings, can have none but indifferent feelings of his own. The bitter word is not the strong word. The greatest vigour of thought or act is not violent; it breaks no law of courtesy. The lightning is silent and playful; it is the rent and wounded air that walls in thunder.

A BEARING OF THE SOUTHERN NAVY.—The Mobile Tribune says that Capt. S. S. Taylor has rigged out a schooner, mounted two heavy guns, and taken on board fifty hardy, active, well-drilled sea-rovers, with which he intends to defend the Alabama coast. This is the beginning of a new army.

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'Stanley' said widower Brown to his hopeful fifteen summers, 'I want you to remain home this evening.' 'What for, Pop?' 'Where are you going?' 'That's a very important question for a son to propound to his father, but I suppose I will have to answer it. I am going to pay my respects to Miss Sally Patterson this evening.' 'No you don't, Pop! I am going to see her myself this evening, and 'taino no use of us both going to see the same gal at the same time.' 'So saying, young Stanley took up his hat and walked off, leaving his father perfectly confounded.