

years, he noticed that some of the posts remained nearly sound, while others were rotted off at the bottom. On looking for the cause, he found that those posts that were set limb part down, or inverted from the way they grew, were sound. Those that were set as they grew were rotted off. This fact is worthy the attention of every farmer.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD, OR PHILOSOPHY OF FARO.

In a work recently published, entitled "Notes on Europe," by S. Reynolds, we find related the following trick of an accomplished gambler. It might pass for a Yankeeism:

"Sitting in the drawing room of my hotel after tea, Count Renobio, humorously related to me the following incident which occurred some time ago, and which produced a profound sensation and effect. A short, thin man, whom nobody knew but by sight, suddenly became a constant attendant at the gambling-tables. This man during a whole fortnight, continued in the most extraordinary manner, to win enormous sums at the faro banks, as well as the surrounding betters.—He wore spectacles and appeared so short sighted that he was always obliged to touch the counter with his nose before he could distinguish the card. Such was his luck that whatever card he packed was sure to win. On the last night of his appearance in Spa, one of the gamblers, a young half-intoxicated Irishman, had lost a very heavy sum, his temper was quite gone, and he vituperated his lucky opponent in a style that might have edified the most abusive fisherwoman in Billingsgate.

"D——n you, you old dog," cried he, "and more particularly d——n your spectacles."

And catching them from him, he put them on his face. At first he could distinguish nothing: but approaching the cards, he perceived that the spectacles were immediately excited, and he turned to demand an explanation of the wearer—but he had gone! an explanation then commenced, and the cause of this wonderful continuity of his luck was speedily discovered: The cards in Spa are not bought of shop-keepers as in England, but every autumn the proprietors of gaming tables repair to the grand Leipzig and there purchase their stock for the year. Thither the spectacle gentleman had also hied, not as a buyer but as a seller of cards; and at such a reduced rate, and of such an excellent quality, that all the purchasers resorted to him; Spa and several other towns were literally stocked with his cards. On the back of each of these, concealed among the ornaments, and so small as to be imperceptible to the unassisted eye, was its number, with a particular variation to denote suit. Then the rogue came to Spa disguised—with blackened hair and spectacles—and as a gentleman gambler would have broken all the banks in Spa, but for the fury of the enraged Irishman. However, as it was, he decamped with several thousand pounds."

ELOQUENT AND HISTORICAL.

The London Times, in speaking of the death of Sir Robert Peel, has the following paragraph:

"Strange that on the bloodless field of statesman-ship, death should so often come with the suddenness, the violence, and the anguish of war! Chatham fell fighting. His still greater son sank under the news of Austerlitz. Perceval was assassinated on the

threshold of the House, his hat filled with papers, and a speech on his tongue. Castlereagh's end was still more awful. Romilly, too, was a statesman as well as a lawyer.—Lord Liverpool was struck down in the midst of his studies. Canning fell suddenly while soaring in the pride of his might. Huskisson perished terribly in the midst of his former colleagues. Bentic aspired to be a statesman, and died in full health, without a moment's warning. But who would have thought that Peel would one day be added to the list?

THE INTREPID JURYMAN.

Extracted from "An Excursion from Sidmouth (in Devonshire) to Chester."

BY REV. E. BUTCHER.

A judge, on the northwest circuit in Ireland, tried a cause, in which much of the local consequence of a gentleman in the neighborhood was implicated. It was a landlord's prosecution against one of his tenants, for assault and battery, committed on the person of the prosecutor by the defendant, in rescuing his only child, an innocent and beautiful girl, from personal violation. When the defendant was brought into court, the prosecutor also appeared, and swore to every fact laid down in the indictment. The poor defendant had no lawyer to tell his story—he, however, pleaded his own cause effectually, appealing to the judgment and the heart.—The jury found him NOT GUILTY.

The judge was enraged, and told the jury they must go back and reconsider the matter: adding, he was astonished at their giving such an infamous verdict. The jury bowed, went back, in a quarter of an hour returned, when the foreman, a venerable old man, thus addressed the bench: "My lord, in compliance with your desire, we went back to our room; but as we there found no reason to alter our opinions or our verdict, we return it to you, in the same words as before—NOT GUILTY. We heard your lordship's reproof; but we do not accept it as properly applying to us. Individually, and in our private capacities, it is true, we are insignificant men; we claim nothing out of this box, above the common regard due to our humble, yet honest stations; but, my lord, assembled here as a jury, we cannot be insensible of the great importance of the office we now sustain.—We feel glad that we are appointed, as you are, by the law and the constitution, not only to act impartially between the king and his subjects, the offended and the offender, but to form the barrier of the people, against the possible influence, prejudice, or corruption of the bench; to which we do not wish to offer the smallest degree of disrespect, much less of insult; we pay it the respect which one tribunal should pay to another, for the common honor of both. This jury did not accuse the bench of partiality or oppression—no, we looked upon it as the sanctuary of truth and justice; still, my lord, we cannot erase from our minds the records of our school books. By them we were taught that kings and judges are but fallible mortals; and that the seat of justice has been polluted by a Tressilian, a Scroggs, and a Jeffreys." The judge frowned at these words, but the intrepid juror thus proceeded:—"My lord, I am but a poor man, yet I am a freeborn subject and a member of the constitution—nay, I am now higher, for I am one of its representatives; I therefore claim for myself and fellow jurors, liberty of speech."

The judge here resumed his complacency and the orator continued his address:—"We have nothing to do, my lord, with your private character in this place, it is veiled by your official one: we know you here only in that of a judge, and, as such, we would respect you—you know nothing of us but as a jury; and in that situation, we look to you for reciprocal respect, because we know of no man, however high his titles or his rank, in whom the law of the constitution would warrant an unprovoked insult towards that tribunal, in which they have vested the dearest privileges they possess. We sit here, my lord, sworn to give a verdict according to our consciences, and the best of our judgments, on the evidence before us. We have, in our minds, discharged our duty as honest men. If we have erred, we are accountable, not to your lordship, nor to the king who appointed you: but to a higher power, the KING of kings!"

The bench was dumb, the bar silent; astonishment and applause murmured through the crowd, and the poor man was discharged.

[Let judges and jurors of Deseret profit by the above example.—Ed.]

For the News.

DEAR SIR:—

Permit me to trouble you with a dream of mine, which, if worthy of a place in your paper, is at your disposal.

A few evenings ago, I was reading the "News," when my eye rested on the "Word of Wisdom," together with your remarks, &c., to the Saints.

You must know, I have been one of the best customers to the store keepers for tea, coffee, &c., and I could not help thinking what I should do in this matter, and asked myself why it should come out at this particular time?

I went to bed, still deeply impressed with the question, not being able to solve it, when sleep came over me, and I dreamed that I was taken to a high hill, where I could see the nations of the earth before me.

I beheld a great commotion, the people mourning and crying, and all seemed in great distress.

I looked round and beheld a man standing by my side. I asked him, why this distress amongst the people?

He answered, that the destroying angel was abroad in the shape of the cholera; that he was taking his thousands from the people, and but few could escape.

I inquired if the Saints would be taken?—he said, look! and I looked and beheld the mountains of Deseret, with their snow capped tops: I beheld the vallies covered with grain, and the lowing of the cattle, and the bleating of the sheep on the hills, was music to my ear.

I beheld that health and prosperity dwelt in their midst, and I rejoiced and gave thanks to God, that His people were protected from the destroyer.

My companion asked me to go down with him to the city where the Saints dwelt. I did so, and entered their habitations: they were clean, and I beheld that every man, woman and child wore home-spun clothes.—The sound of the weaver's shuttle, the women's spinning-wheel, and the song of the maiden while at work, was melody equal to the harp of David, when he dispelled the evil spirit out of Saul: their gardens round their houses were like paradise, and the morning