

EFFECT OF LIGHT.—Dr. Moore, the celebrated metaphysician, thus speaks of light on body and mind:—"A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog; and an infant being deprived of heaven's free light, will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful and reasonable being. Hence, in the deep dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveller. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many citizens are incapable of any articulate speech; some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are mis-shapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is in all places, a marked difference in the healthiness of houses, according to their aspect with regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors."

BOWLERS.—In Gray's recent text book on Geology, we find interesting information respecting the transportation of "boulders" in this country. It is there stated that in Vermont, heavy iron ore has been carried thirty or forty miles. On Long Island, Nantucket, and Martha's Vineyard, boulders are found which were derived from the Continent. It is thought that some boulders in New England have been removed 100 miles. In Ohio, and other Western States, boulders are found which were derived from the rocks north of the great Lakes, and which must have been transported several hundred miles. On Hoosac Mountain, in the town of Adams, Mass., is a boulder weighing six or seven hundred tons, which has been transported across a valley, and one thousand feet up the mountain. On the summits of Mount Holyoke range are large fragments of sandstone, which have been carried up an almost perpendicular precipice, several hundred feet from the valley beneath.

A SENTIMENTAL BUTCHER.—A wealthy butcher of New York is keenly alive to the softer influences of nature, and often indulges in rapturous and highly poetical descriptions of his rural experiences. On one occasion he was unusually warm in his description. "Last night," said he, "was the loveliest night that ever was. I woke up about 12 o'clock; the moon was shining so brightly, that in my room it was just as light as day. I got up, raised the window and looked out. Such another scene of beauty I don't believe was ever seen anywhere in the world. At any rate I never saw one to compare with it. The soft light of the moon, reflected from a hundred picturesque objects—the waving foliage—the perfumed atmosphere—the murmuring of the brook—all these combined to make a powerful impression on my mind—an impression I shall never forget. The influence was overpowering. I dressed myself, went out, and went right to slaughtering."

THE ADVANTAGES OF PRINTING.—Mr. B., a well known metropolitan printer once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing office with an old Bible in her hand. "I want," said she, "that you should print it over again. Its gettin a leetle blurred, sort of, and my eyes is not what they was. How much do you ax?" "Fifty cents." "Can you have it done in half an hour? wish you would—want to be gitten home—live a good ways out of town." "Certainly." When the old lady went out, he sent round to the office of the American Bible Society, and purchased a copy for fifty cents. "Lor sakes a massy!" exclaimed the old lady, when she came to look at it, "how good you have fixed it! it's e'en amost as good as new! I never see nothing so curious as what printers is."

TO CHOOSE A SCYTHE.—Let a man, with a piece of chalk in his hand, walk up to a high wall, or a barn door, and raising it as high as he can, strike a curve from right to left; the line so traced is the exact form that his scythe should be.

FANNY FERN.—The "Boston Bee" says:—"We may as well tell the world who and what Fanny is, since we know her just like a book. Fanny Fern—she who is filling so many papers with spice, fire, fun and poetry—is sister to N. P. Willis. She resides in this city, is mother of three as pretty children as ever made glad a mother's heart, is plump up to 40, and is just as keen, smart and gay as a girl of 18. In conversation, we know no sort of a match for her. She goes the curls, and has as much bloom on her cheek as she boasted twenty years ago. She is frequently seen on Washington-street with two of her daughters, and is a lady that takes the whole eye at the first glance. Such is Fanny Fern—a live, bristling, leaping woman—full of fire, full of poetry, full of everything. You should know her, but very likely you can't!"

Frederic William, father of Frederic styled the Great, relates Thiebault, having struck an officer on parade, the latter stopped his horse, and drawing one of his pistols, said—"Sire, you have dishonored me, and I must have satisfaction;" at the same time firing the pistol over the King's head, exclaiming, "That is for you." Then drawing the other, and aiming it at his heart, said, "This is for me;" and shot himself dead on the spot. The king never struck an officer afterward.

NEWSPAPER.—The New Hampshire Patriot the leading democratic paper at Concord, says the printing office of that paper has been the graduating school of a Governor, a Senator in Congress, several Representatives to Congress, many editors, some ministers, and many other young men who have filled at various times numerous responsible stations in the community.

In the days of the blue laws of New England, a shoemaker was condemned to be hanged; but on the day of execution, they discovered that he was the only shoemaker in the place—so they concluded to hang a weaver in his stead, for they had more weavers than they wanted. Good, but doubtful.

There have been two elopements from Philadelphia. Celestin William, a Catholic priest, eloped with a married woman, and Henry Schriver with the wife of a neighbor, leaving behind him his own wife and several children.

The great law of Nature is, 'eat and be eaten.' The spawn-eater swallows the worm; the hawk swallows the spawn-eater; the hawk pounces on the chicken—the eagle on the hawk, and the sportsman on the eagle; rogues feed on honest men, pettifoggers on rogues and the devil on pettifoggers. Queer arrangement this, but who will say that it is not all for the best? Let us turn over and reflect.

Women are like countries, the more beautiful they are the less they are cultivated. If you wish to find mind among the sex, or industry among a people, make the acquaintance of a raw boned girl, or take a tramp into Scotland.

BOASTFUL.—For a man who lives at a twenty-shilling boarding house, to say he's got the gout. People who feed on No. 3 mackerel, should never lay claim to anything more distingue than white swellings or inflammatory rheumatism. Observe 'the unites.'

IRRESISTIBLE.—A good-natured girl with eyes filled to the brim with love and Prussian blue. If you don't want a palpitation of the heart, keep away from 'sich.'

HEAVY.—A poet at Galena advertises that he has just composed a poem on lead—the whole made out of his own head. There's candor for you!

"How do you do?"
"Do what?"
"How do you find yourself?"
"I never lose myself."
"How do you feel?"
"Pretty smooth, feel me and see."
"Good morning Mr. Smith?"
"Think it's a bit of me—very wet and nasty."

Muggins has a sharp porter. This chap returned from the post office the other day with Muggins' papers, and informed that noted individual that there was a letter in the post office, which he couldn't get.

"Couldn't get it; Why couldn't you get it you stupid?" asked Muggins.

"There's five cents to pay on it."

"Why didn't you pay for it?" asked Muggins with indignation.

"Oh, hadn't cents enough!" replied the urchin, grinning archly.

"You fool!" said Muggins storming "here take this five cent piece and get that letter in little quicker than no time—leave!"

"No use, I tell you," replied the fellow, "they won't let me have it."

"The dickens they won't—I'd like to know the reason?" said Muggins, now thoroughly angry.

"Bekase," replied the fellow, looking back to see that the door was open, "the letter wasn't for you."

The chap retreated from the room suddenly, while an ink-stand followed his noggin, at a speed of about "45 40."

A CONVERTED FAMILY.—A gentleman, while passing through a Jersey village, last Sabbath, saw a young feminine trying to open the door of a small grocery.

"Sal," cried another lass, looking out of an upper window, "we've all been to camp meeting and been converted; so when you want milk on Sundays, you will have to come in the back way."

A Dutchman related a misfortune which befel his son in the following manner:

"Poor Hans! he bit himself mit a rattlesnake, and vash sick into his ped for six weeks in te month of August—and all his cry vas Vater! vater! and he couldn't eat nothin' till he complained of being a leetle petter, so ash he could stand up on his elbow and eat a leetle tea."

"First class in jurisprudence, stand up. What law justifies us in forcing tobacco and civilization on the Japanese?"

"Please, sir, I know—the cannon law."

"Right. And what are its expounders?"

"Carronades and Paixan swivel pieces."

"Right again. Call the next class."

EPICRAM.—The following, though old, contains a truth generally acknowledged—

"She's secret as the grave, you say;—

"Tis true, I cannot doubt it;

But 'tis a grave with tomb-stone on

Which tells you all about it."

AWFUL WASTE.—The New York News, in speaking of the "awful waste" of twenty-five casks of liquor poured on the ground in Maine says reproachfully that such an amount of liquor "properly distributed," would have carried the primary elections in two or three wards in that city.

The Caynga Chief says that a man who will take a paper for a length of time and then send it back "refused" and "unpaid for" would swallow a blind dog's dinner, and then stone the dog for being blind.

We've no doubt they would.

Rigby fell down the other slippery morning. As he sat on the ground he muttered—"I have no desire to see the city burned down, but devoutly wish the streets were laid in ashes."

Blessed is the woman whose husband has a wooden leg, as she will then have but one stocking to knit.

Mrs. Playmind says that one of the greatest pedestrians she ever heard of was that man mentioned in the papers, who walked one thousand miles in two hundred consequential hours.

WHAT A BURDEN.—The Grand Duke of Tuscany, having been blessed with a son, has had the cruelty to bestow upon him the following name—

"Giovanni Nepomuceno Maria Annunziata Ginseppe Giovanbattista Ferdinando Baldasere Luigi Gonzaga Pietro Alessandro Zanoci Antonino."

What better could we expect of a man who

Dr. Spearman tells a curious story of a hyena, which was told him at the Cape of Good Hope. One night the soldiers had a feast near the Cape, when one of them, who was a trumpeter, drank so much that he could not stand up. His companions, not wanting him in the room, carried him out of doors and laid him beside the house to get cool and sober. The trumpeter laid there and went to sleep, when a hyena came along, and thinking him dead, began to carry him away, so as to make a meal of him undisturbed. It was some time before the man awoke so as to know the danger of his situation.

When he did so, he found himself on the back of a hyena, which was making off to the mountains with him as fast as possible. Being horror-struck at finding himself in the power of the ferocious beast, his fear brought him to his senses, and seizing his trumpet, which hung around his neck, he sounded an alarm. The beast, thinking he had only a dead man, was as much frightened at the sound of the trumpet as the man was at his situation—so dropping his prey, they scampered away from each other as fast as possible. It is not probable that any other man except the trumpeter, would have escaped so easily.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[FOR THE CARLETON SENTINEL.]

MR. EDITOR,—

In a former letter I stated some of the difficulties that our Tradesmen and Manufacturers had to contend with, I also showed that the Agricultural Society has been, of all others, the greatest obstruction to Domestic Manufactures. Now, Mr. Editor, I am not an enemy to Agricultural Societies when they are properly conducted, that is when they carry out, so far as it is possible, the objects for which they are formed; but when they depart from that course and pursue one directly opposite, I feel it my duty to let the public know it. I believe Agricultural Societies are formed, and receive aid from the Legislature in order to encourage, not only the growth of the various products of the farm, but also to encourage all kinds of domestic manufactures. And why, I ask, does the Government make the annual grants for this purpose? The answer is simply to prevent our people from purchasing from foreigners, and to keep the money in the country. But has the Carleton County Agricultural Society used the money received from Government, in that way? I say No! they have not. What are the facts? A few individuals organize a Trading Company with a President, Secretary, &c., to manage the business, and the Government furnish them annually with money, equal to 3 to 1 of what they raise among themselves, which enables them to maintain a monopoly; and by this means the fair trader, who has to support his family by his business, is completely depressed, and his exertions go for nought. But this is not all, for if this Trading Company bought any of their wares in the Province, I would not think so hard of it; but this they do not do, it would not suit the purpose of some of its officers—they must send to the United States for all the goods they require. In proof of this, all their ploughs, hay and manure forks, plough points, land slides, seeds, &c. must come from the United States; and it was only the other day that they imported a thrashing machine from Boston, which cost \$160, when they could have bought an article of the same description, equally as well made and of better material, of Messrs. Harris & Allen, for \$106. The duties on these articles are considerable and helps to swell the revenue, and puts no small sum in the pockets of individuals, as their trade with the United States amounts to some hundreds annually; but the Government grants enables this chartered Trading Company—I can call them nothing else—to monopolize a trade that is injurious to the best interests of the country, inasmuch as it sends the money away to a foreign country that should be spent at home. It also encourages Societies in other parts of the country to follow their example, and take the most effectual course to discourage Domestic Manufactures.

Now, Mr. Editor, with these facts staring us in the face, can it be expected that any Mechanic can support such a Society.

Yours truly,

JOHN A. BLOOMAN OLD SETTLER.

Woodstock, Dec. 27, 1852.