

# THE CARLETON SENTINEL.

## Poetry.

### BRILLIANTS—THE BRIDGE.

FROM GRACE VON AVERSBERG.

There's a wonderful bridge, my lady,  
In the softest clime I know,  
Where with sweetest breath of balsam  
Winds of Spring eternal blow.

From one heart unto another  
Leads this bridge's wondrous way;  
Love it is who guards the portal,  
Opens to those who owns his sway.

Love it is the bridge that buildeth.  
Roses are the means supplied;  
O'er it soul seeks soul in union,  
As a bridegroom seeks his bride.

Love has spanned and capped the arches—  
Decked it with its fair array;  
Love, too, gathered the taxes,  
Kisses are the tolls to pay.

Wouldst thou willingly, sweet maiden,  
See this wondrous bridge of mine,  
Then it is, thou must lend me,  
If we build it, help of thine.

From thy brow then drive the shadows,  
Smile but on me if thou wilt!  
Then let's lay our lips together  
And the bridge will soon be built.

—Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Select Tale.

### THE WOODEN SPOON.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

There is silence in the forests. Nothing is more beautiful than on a fine sunny summer-day to wander in the vast fir-forests of Sweden, especially those which are here and there broken up by patches of light-green grass, covered over by pieces of moss-grown rock, and tall birch trees. It is so solitary in these few open places, that unless a trap is seen, set in the winter to catch foxes, one might believe no human being had ever been there.

Every Swede feels a necessity for being alone at times with himself; he indulges a fervent love for that quiet, hidden nature, within whose shade he played when a child. Always, even in the most stirring scenes of life, he hears a voice from his silent forests, inviting him to peace and tranquillity, calling him back to all that is most beautiful, good, and holy in his experience.

There lies, near to the mountain chain that separates Sweden from Norway, a narrow dale, bounded by high hills; a light-green birch forest spreads its shade around a small lake, which is so full of islands, that the water seems to be divided into several sparkling mirrors, reflecting them underneath. This lake is hidden among the mountains, and almost endless fir forests of Norland. Few have heard of it, but those who once visit it, will often think, amid the tumult of the world, of that wild, yet peaceful scene. Behind the birch-wood, the land rises in high terraces; fir and pine trees tower up there, and look like the forest's head—so dark-green and tall, so grave and solemn. But still higher on the mountain come the birches again, for these trees form in the north both the front and rear guard of the great fir forests. High over all appears a peak of snow; and a hundred mountain streams trickle through the dark trees, and carry their white foam over the rocks and stones to cast themselves into the lake, or join the river that flows from it.

It is well this place is so little known, or so much forgotten; were it otherwise, some speculator might erect a cottage on the banks of the lake, in Swiss style, in order to let it out to an Englishman, who wished to get rid of his spleen by means of fishing. If I could guide you thither, however, you would perceive one solitary red wooden house, which stands on the edge of the forest, and quite near to the lake. The ground at the back has been cleared, and is now divided into corn and pasture-fields; the former of which sometimes yield no more than the seed which was sown in them. One must not expect too much from good mother nature, up here in the north, for she is poor, good mother, very poor, and therefore, perhaps, all the dearer for what she gives. Almost the only communication which the inhabitants of this red wooden house had with the rest of the world was yearly, in the beginning of March, when the "house-father," its owner, had to travel fifty or sixty miles off, in order to sell "rich Erik," a quantity of fish—a sort of char, which in these mountain-lakes are of superior quality—and some hundreds of ptarmigan, which had been taken in nets, and were to be transported to Stockholm. This journey was a great event in the Norland "new-settler's" house; the two children, especially, were long beforehand engaged in pre-

paring father's travelling necessaries, and in feeding up the two reindeer which should draw the sledge, with all its precious load, to its destination. On the present occasion, father's journey had caused even more excitement, for he had gone so far on to the market-town—one hundred miles from his home.

"I think," said little Anna, one evening, when they were looking for his return—"I think father will bring something grand for mother; yes, I think mother will get something."

"Ah! he may never think of that," said the mother, who well understood her little girl; "but perhaps you, child, may get something; father thinks of his little Anna—he does."

"Does mother think so? Do you hear, Anders? Mother thinks that father will buy us something fine. How grand it must be there! There are many hundred people, father says, and he was there even before we were born. He was a farm servant down there with a captain—a captain who had such a fine uniform, and a sword, and all that."

Anders, who sat and carved wooden spoons, looked up and laughed. "Anna! she wants to be so grand—she does. I wonder now, what she will have—a necklace, or a ring on her little bit of a finger?"

Anna's cheerful face took a shade of displeasure. "So Anders talks! But I shall get nothing, for I can do nothing useful. It is different with Anders, who can sit and carve spoons, and set out nets in the forest, and is quite like a man; he is past thirteen years old, and I am not ten, so,"—

"You are both good, clever children, both of you," said the mother; "if you would only read your lessons, which always go heavily on."

"Yes, that is because I never can be at peace for Anders. Now do not look at me, Anders, I say, don't look at me, or I shall jumble the words all together." Anna began to read; the restless blue eyes wandered often from the crooked German characters of her book. She read a tale of a boy who was very good, and very poor. "Yes, that is a truly beautiful story," she said, hastily closing the volume; "but does it not appear wonderful that he was so good?"

"Ah, child, do not believe that happiness and riches are always united," said the mother.

The girl looked at her, as if she did not quite comprehend her meaning. "Mother must know that it is happier to be great, and rich, and admired, than to be poor, and never thought of by any one."

"Sister Anna is like the wooden spoon," said Anders, without stopping his work.

"Like a wooden spoon? Am I like a wooden spoon? Well that is amusing!"

"Yes. You see, Anna, there was once on a time a wooden spoon."

"I will not listen to you, Anders."

"That is no matter. There was once a wooden spoon."

"I tell you, I do not hear you, Anders."

"That also, is no matter. Once a wooden spoon, that was so fine, so neat, so pretty, made of the best wood, and carved in the most beautiful manner—one could never see a more delicate and tasteful wooden spoon; and no one took it up without saying: 'Ack, how pretty it is!' Thus the little spoon soon grew vain and proud. 'Ah,' thought the beautiful wooden spoon, 'if I could only be like a silver spoon. Now I am used by the servants alone; but if I were a silver spoon, it might happen that the king himself should eat rice-milk with me out of a golden dish; whereas, being only a wooden spoon, it is nothing but meal porridge I serve out to quite common folks.' So the wooden spoon said to the meat-mother:—'Dear lady, I consider myself too good to be a simple wooden spoon; I feel that I was not meant to be in the kitchen, but that I ought to appear at great tables. I am not suited to the servants, who have such coarse habits, and handle me so rudely. Dear mistress, contrive that I shall be like a silver spoon.' The meat-mother wished to satisfy her pretty wooden spoon; so she carried her to a goldsmith, who promised to overlay her with silver. He did so. The wooden spoon was silvered over, and shone like the sun. Then she was glad and proud, and scorned her companions. When she came home, she lay in the plate-basket, and became quite intimate with the family silver, wished the tea-spoons to call herself first cousin to the silver forks. But it happened when the other spoons were taken out for daily use, the silvered wooden spoon was always left behind, although she took the greatest care to render herself conspicuous, and often placed herself uppermost in the basket, in order not to be forgotten, but to be laid on the great table. As this happened several times, and that even when there was company, and all the silver brought out, the poor wooden spoon was left alone in the basket, she complained again to the mistress, and said: 'Dear lady, I have to

beg that the servants may understand that I am a silver spoon, and have a right to appear with the rest of the company. I am even more than others, and cannot understand why I should be thus neglected.'

"Ah," said the mistress, 'the servant knows by the weight that you are only silvered.'

"Weight, weight!" cried the silvered spoon.—"What! is it not by the brightness alone that one knows a silver spoon from a wooden one?"

"Dear child, silver is heavier than wood!"

"Then, pray, make me heavier!" cried the spoon. "I long to be as good as the rest, and I have no patience with the sauciness of that servant." The mistress, still willing to gratify the desires of her little spoon, carried her again to the goldsmith.

"Dear heart," she said to him, "make this silvered wooden spoon as heavy as a real silver one."

"To do that," said the goldsmith, "it will be necessary to put a piece of lead here in the handle."

"Ah," thought the poor spoon, "then must I bore straight into my heart—for the heart of a wooden spoon always lies in the handle; that is to say when wooden spoons have hearts—but one must bear all for honour. Yes, he may even put a bit of lead in my heart, if he only makes me so that I shall pass for a real silver spoon." So the goldsmith bored deep into her heart and filled it up with melted lead, which soon hardened within it. But she suffered all for honour's sake. Then she was silvered over again, and brought back to the plate-basket. Now the servant came, and took her up with the rest of the spoons, and saw and felt no difference; so she was placed with the rest on the great dinner-table, passed for a real beautiful silver spoon, and would have been as happy as possible, if she had not got a piece of lead in her heart.—That lump of lead caused a great heaviness there, and made her feel not quite happy in the midst of her honours.

So time went on, and the wooden spoon continued to pass for a silver one, so well was she silvered, and so heavy had she been made. But the meat-mother died. At that the silvered spoon, instead of sorrowing, as she once would have done, almost rejoiced; for every time she recollected that the meat-mother was the only person who knew that she really was nothing more than a simple wooden spoon; and so, if her mistress took another spoon instead of her, she became quite jealous, and said to herself: "That is because she knows all about me; she knows I am a wooden spoon, silvered outside, and with a lump of lead within me." But when the mistress was dead, she said to herself: "Now I am free, and can enjoy myself perfectly; for no one will ever know now that I am not quite what I seem." The goods, however, were now to be sold.—The family silver was bought by a goldsmith, who prepared to melt it up in order to work it anew. The unhappy wooden spoon was bought with the rest; she saw the furnace ready, and heard with dismay that they should all be cast therein. She was dreadfully alarmed, exclaimed against the cruelty practised towards the friendless orphans who had so lately lost their good protectress, and began to appeal to her companions in rank and misfortune, who lay calmly within sight of the furnace. "They will burn us up!" she said. "They will turn us to ashes! How quietly you take such inhuman conduct."

"Oh no!" said an old silver spoon and fork who lay composedly side by side—they had been comrades from youth, these two, and had already gone through the furnace, I know not how often—"O, no! they will do us no harm. They will melt us; the furnace will do us good rather than harm, and we shall soon appear in a more fashionable and handsome form."

The silver wooden spoon listened, but was not comforted. It did not comfort her to find that silver would not burn, for she knew well that wood would do so.

"Ah," sighed the silly little spoon, "I see it is not by brightness only, nor only by weight, that real silver is known!"—The silver was cast into the furnace; but when the goldsmith came and took her up, she cried in great excitement, and with a trembling voice: "Dear master I certainly am a silver spoon; that is seen both by my appearance and weight; but, then, I am not the same sort of silver as the other spoons; I am of a finer sort, which cannot bear fire, but flies away in smoke."

"Indeed! What are you, then? Perhaps tin?"

"Tin! can the dear master think so meanly of me?"

"Perhaps even lead?"

"Lead! ah, the dear master can easily see if I am lead."

"Well, that will I do, said the master, and began to bend the handle, when snap it went in two, for wood will not bear bending like silver, any more than it will bear melting. The wooden handle broke in two, and out fell the lump of lead."

"Dear lady, I have to

cried the master; "only a common wooden spoon silvered over!"

"Yes," cried the poor spoon, which, so soon as the lead fell from her heart, grew quite light and happy—"yes I am only a common wooden spoon. Take away the silvering, dear master; cause me to be mended and set me in the kitchen again, to serve out meal porridge for the rest of my life.—Now I well know how stupid it was for a wooden spoon to want to pass for a silver one!"—*Chamber's Repository.*

## Miscellaneous.

A friend hands us the following with a request to publish it. It is taken from an old *Fredericton Watchman*, of the date of July 29, 1833:

"THE ODD FAMILY.—In the reign of William III, there lived in Ipswich in Suffolk, a family, which, from the number of peculiarities belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the *Odd Family*. Every event whether good or bad, happened to this family on an odd day of the month, and every one of them had something odd in his or her person, manner or behaviour; the very letters in their christian names always happened to be an odd number. The husband's name was Peter and the wife's, Rahab. They had seven children, all boys, viz., Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, and the wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of the left eye, and Roger lost his right eye by an accident; James had his left ear pulled off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand; Jonas had a stump foot, and David was hump-backed; all these, except David, were remarkably short, while Ezekiel was six feet two inches at the age of nineteen; the stump-footed Jonas and the hump-backed David got wives of fortune, but no girls would listen to the addresses of the rest. The husband's hair was as black as jet, and the wife's remarkably white, yet every one of the children's was red. The husband had the peculiar misfortune of falling into a deep saw-pit, where he was starved in the year 1701, and his wife, refusing all kinds of sustenance, died in 5 days after him. In the year 1703, Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was afterwards wounded in 23 places, he recovered.—Then Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, and David, died at different places, on the same day in 1713, and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames in the year 1723.

PLASTER A REMEDY FOR LICE ON STOCK.—The fertilizing qualities of plaster and gypsum are too well known when applied to corn and clover, in increasing their growth, to need comment. But when applied to corn, just before it appears above the ground, sown broadcast, it answers a double purpose of not only advancing the growth of the crop, but by preventing the mischievous crows from pulling the corn, for they always appear very suspicious of anything that smells like powder. Plaster also, as a remedy for lice on cattle or horses, is among the best ever known, used by applying it dry, rubbing it thoroughly in the hair of the animal. I purchased a colt at ten months old for \$20 which was affected with that kind of vermin. I made one application of plaster, and kept him from any other stock about two weeks, and found no more trouble with the insects. When the colt was three years old past, he brought me \$120. In numerous cases it has been used to destroy this pest to beasts, and I have never known the necessity of a second application.

DRAINAGE.—At this season of the year, we suggest the propriety of attention to the draining of swamps and low lands. Now is the best time in the whole year for doing this. In Spring or Fall, the labor would be greater, as well as a hundred fold more unpleasant. Such lands, where there is a great flow of water at certain seasons, require open drains, at least for the main ditch. Branches running into this central channel may be made with tile, or stones. In digging the main open ditch, it is important to make the sides of it quite sloping to prevent their caving in and filling up the water course. We have seen such lands, which previously were almost worthless, made the best part of several farms.

FALLEN FRUIT.—No fallen, unripe fruit should be permitted to decay on the ground under or about the trees. Fruit that drops off before it is ripe, does so because an insect is in it which has diseased it. The insect matures in the fallen fruit and rises to infect the tree or leave its larva for another crop of its kind. Fruit growers cannot be too careful in gathering the fallen, that the ground beneath their trees do not become insect nurseries—that their orchard does not become a swarming household for insect tribes.

WORTH TRYING.—It is said that a small piece of resin dipped in the water which is placed in a vessel on the stove, will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give great relief to persons troubled with cough. The heat of the water is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the resin.