The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor. | Our Queen and Constitution. | TERMS, $2 if paid in advance. $3 at end of the year.

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The Carleton Sentinel,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Local and General Intelligence, particularly adapted for circulation in Carleton and Victoria.

Published at Woodstock, N. B., every Saturday morning,

BY SAMUEL WATTS,

At his office, corner of Main and Water Streets.

☞ All letters or communications addressed to him, on matters connected with the SENTINEL, must be *Post Paid*.

TERMS.—Ten Shillings per annum if paid in advance; Twelve Shillings and Sixpence if not paid in advance, and paid before the expiration of six months; and Fifteen Shillings if not paid till the end of the year.

☞ No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher.

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Six copies, (one to the getter-up of the Club,) $10 00
Ten copies, (to one address,)..... 15 00
Thirteen copies, " " 19 00

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Book and Job Printing Establishment.

This Establishment having been supplied with a complete assortment of PLAIN and FANCY TYPES, the proprietor respectfully announces to the Public that he is prepared to fulfil all orders he may be favored with, for—

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Millowners, Shipbuilders, Lumberers, and Railroad Contractors, supplied on Liberal Terms.

*** GARMENTS made to measure in a superior manner, and at the lowest prices.

St. John, Oct. 10.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE Subscribers have entered into Co-partnership under the Firm of HAMILTON & UNDERHILL as

IMPORTERS and WHOLESALE Dealers in

Flour, Provisions and Groceries.

No. 15 SOUTH MARKET WHARF, St. John, N. B,

JAMES W. HAMILTON.
JACOB D. UNDERHILL.

St. John, 24th April, 1857.

DR. A. ARCHER,

SURGEON DENTIST,

(FROM EDINBURGH,)

Tenders his services in all branches of

DENTISTRY---Surgical, Artificial and Mechanical,

RESIDENCE.—In Mr. Long's (late Mr. Whitfield Hart's) brick building, corner of York and King Streets, opposite the office of the Hon. J. A. Street.

Fredericton, 4th June. 42tf

JOHN C. M'INTOSH,

No. 45 Dock Street, Saint John, N. B.

MANUFACTURER OF

SHIP BREAD, FINE BISCUIT,

And all sorts of Fancy Cake.

N.B. All orders from the country carefully attended to, and delivered on board steamer free of charge.

March 21. 30-1y

McMACKIN & RITCHIE.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERS.

—AND IMPORTERS OF—

Liquors, Teas, Sugars, Tobacco, Flour, Meal, &c.,

THOMAS A. M'MACKIN. GEORGE M. RITCHIE. 16 Dock-street, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

CARD.

STEWART & McLEAN,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Wholesale Provisions, Fish and Oil Dealers,

tf Ferry Landing, Water-street, St. John, N. B.

HENRY HALE,

Queen-street,.....Fredericton, N. B.

DEALER IN

SHEET MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS, MELODEONS, ACCORDEONS, and all kinds of Musical Instruments REPAIRED and TUNED.

*** Orders received at the office of this paper. 9y

RANKINE'S

Steam Biscuit Manufactory,

MILL STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THOMAS RANKINE, BAKER, manufactures and keeps constantly on hand—

SODA, WINE, GRAHAM, GROCERS, } BISCUIT. BUTTER, SUGAR, WATER, GRAHAM, } CRACKERS.

FAMILY PILOT, AND GROT BREAD; PILOT, MEDIUM AND NAVY BREAD.

☞ Packages delivered at Indian Town free of charge. Orders from the country punctually attended do.

Oct. 18. 8yp

WM. PAISLEY,

Importer and Dealer in

Flour, Meal, Sugar, Molasses, Pork, Fish, Teas, Tobaccos, Fruits, Spices, &c.

And all kinds of

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Aug. 2. 49 Next door above the "Barker House."

MR. PHEASANT,

(Organist of St. Luke's Church,)

TEACHER OF

VOCAL & INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

☞ Organs, Piano-Fortes, &c., tuned.

*** Rooms at English's Hotel, where orders may be left. July 31.

A CARD.

DR. S. SMITH

HAS removed his Office to the Shop lately occupied by W. L. FERGUSON, Esq.

*** Residence in the same house.

Woodstock, March 3.

SCAMMELL HOTEL,

(LATE AMERICAN HOUSE,)

KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

W. SCAMMELL, Proprietor.

Oct. 18. 8tf

Fredericton Advertisements.

ALBION HOUSE

ALBION HOUSE

FALL IMPORTATIONS!

Received per packets 'Boadicea' and 'John Duncan.'

JOHN THOMAS & CO.,

HAVING received the whole of their large and well-assorted Stock, take great pleasure in informing the public generally that, notwithstanding the great advance on all kinds of

DRY GOODS,

they can offer their Goods at astonishingly low prices. Each department will be found replete with

Every Novelty of the Season.

☞ *An Early Call is respectfully solicited.* ☜

JOHN THOMAS & CO.

Fredericton, Oct. 14, 1857.

SOME OF THE VARIETIES.

Crowbars, Portmonaics, Blacksmiths' Bellows, Gun Caps, Force Pump, Note Paper, Blacksmith's Anvil, Envelopes, Surgical Instruments, Pistols, Double Harness, Emery, Shower Bath, Glove Stretchers, Window Glass, Fiddles, Revolving Rifle, Corks, Camera and apparatus, Salts, Fenders, Razor Strops, Varnish, Preserve Cans, Cream Tartar, Books, Rubber Hose, Devine's Cathartic, Bake Pans, Empty Bottles, Paints, Spiders, Trunks, 56-lb. Weights, Bed Pans, Griddles, Peep Shows, Washing Soda, Travelling Bags, Tamarinds, Coffee Mills, Room Paper, Pepper, Trunk Nails, Alum, Raisins, Homœpathic Medicines, Starch, Clocks, Powder, Knives and Forks, Auger Bitts, Snuff, Corn Poppers, Chamois Skins, Lamp Chimneys, Crimping Machines, Portfolios, Mahogany and Rosewood Knobs, Dish Covers, Soap, Bed Cords, Rose Water, Porcelain Knobs, Scrub Brushes, Fairbanks' Scales, Pop Pistols, Otter Traps, and Wax Dolls, at

MARTIN LEMONT'S,

Fredericton, Oct 3. No. 5 Coy's Building.

Millinery, Ribbons, Feathers, Flowers, Laces, &c.

MISS HATHEWAY begs to inform the Ladies of Fredericton and vicinity, that she purposes commencing business on the 1st October, in the Millinery, Dress, and Mantilla line, in the corner store, formerly occupied by MISS HANCOCK; and hopes, by having a well-selected stock of the most fashionable articles in the above line, together with attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.

Fredericton, Sept. 19, 1857.

IRON

Bridges, Lighthouses, &c.

THE Iron Bridge Association, 58 Pall Mall, London, manufacture and prepare, ready for erection, IRON BRIDGES of every description, on the Tubular, Suspension, and other principles, and well suited for Country, Railway, Park, or Ornamental Bridges, also Iron Girders, Screw Piles, Landing Piers, &c.

*** Orders for the above manufactures received by the subscriber, and also for the construction of Iron Lighthouses and Gas Works.

Information given to enquiries, (pre-paid) from Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, &c. A. SIBBALD.

Agent for New Brunswick.

Fredericton, July 31, 1857.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

Reduction in Price.

AS money is scarce, and times very dull, the subscriber finds it necessary to sell Goods at the very smallest profit that will pay expenses; and, as he has a very large stock of English and American Goods to arrive this Fall, and a large stock on hand, he is obliged to sell very low to dispose of them, so as to meet his payments: consequently, from the present time, Goods may be purchased at his store for a trifle over the cost; and, as he always keeps a first-rate article on hand, purchasers can be sure to get the worth of their money, and *probably a little more.*

Always on hand:

Note Paper, Letter Paper, Foolscap, ruled & plain; Envelopes, Wax, Ink, Pens, Pencils, Slates; Memo. Books, Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, setts of do. for a small business, very low; Folios, School Paper, Fancy Note and Letter Papers; Envelopes and Note Paper, silver-bordered, for weddings, with silver wafers to match; Red Wafers, Music Paper, Music in sheet, half price; School Books of all descriptions; Novels, bound and unbound; large assortment of Children's Toy Books; small Gilt Books for children; Dictionaries, Histories, Biographies; a large and very cheap assortment of Religious Books and Tracts; Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, Albums, Books for Christmas and New Year Presents, Poems, Song Books, Riddle Books and Story Books; with a large assortment of Fancy Goods, gold and silver Pens and Pencils, Rubber do., Knives, Inkstands, Paper Cutters, Fancy Pen Wipers, and a thousand other things too numerous to advertise.

50 reams WRAPPING PAPER;
500 COPY BOOKS, assorted.

☞ Friends, call and examine!

S. R. MILLER,
Opposite Officers Barracks.

☞ BINDING, in all its various branches, executed in the neatest and most fashionable style, and upon as low terms as any other establishment in the Province.

Fredericton, Sept. 18, 1857.

NEW MUSIC! NEW MUSIC!

Just received at the Musical Exchange,

A FURTHER supply of SHEET MUSIC, BOOKS, &c. among which may be found some beautiful Duetts, in Songs and Instrumental Music; LIGHT SPARKS, a beautiful collection of Marches, Polkas, Schottisches, Cotillions, Waltzes, &c., carefully fingered for Young Beginners: Selections of Music from nearly all the Operas; a further supply of that popular Song, "Darling Nellie Gray." Teachers supplied on the same terms as in Boston.

Call and examine one of A. W. Ladd & Co.'s Paris Prize Piano-Fortes, which has just been received.—Also, Treat & Lindsay's Melodeons, the best-toned that are made.

P.S. Orders from a distance (post paid) immediately attended to.

Piano-Fortes, Melodeons, Accordeons, Flutinas, & all kinds of Musical Instruments tuned and repaired

General Repairing HENRY HALE.

Fredericton, July 3.

TEA, TOBACCO, SALERATUS.

10 HALF-CHESTS SOUCHONG TEA, 5 do. Oolong TEA. 2 Kegs H. Watkin's TOBACCO, 6 boxes fine Chewing TOBACCO, 6 do. Chamberlain's SALERATUS.

For sale low for cash.

Fredericton, Aug. 28. ROBERT S. BAILEY.

Pickles, Sauces, &c.

12 DOZ. English and American ass'd Pickles; 3 doz. ass'd Sauces; 3 doz. flasks Salad Oil; 5 doz. Lemon Syrup; 12 doz. Caster Oil.

Fredericton, July 24. WM. PAISLEY.

Poetry.

OVER THE WAY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When cold-hearted poverty knocks at my door,
And robs me of blessings I gathered before,
Takes a glass from my table, a coal from my fire,
And robes my dear Nelly in meaner attire,
I envy sometimes in the heat of the day—
My very good friend who lives over the way.

But when I sit down at my pleasant fireside,
And count o'er the joys I was never denied—
My sweet little wife, and the babes at her knee,
My health and my conscience unsullied and free—
No longer I suffer my wishes to stray,
Or envy my friend who lives over the way.

He's wealthy, but feeble; he's titled, but old;
His son is a spendthrift, his wife is a scold;
Suspicious of others, ill-pleased with himself,
His only delight is to reckon his pelf.
Were he ten times as rich, I'd refuse, night or day,
To change with my friend who lives over the way.

Though Poverty, frowning, peeps in at my door,
I'll neither be beaten nor vainly deplore;
I'll scare him away by hard work if I can,
And look in his face with the heart of a man;
And, hiving at home all the joys that I may,
Forget my poor friend who lives over the way.

For the Carleton Sentinel.

AUTUMN.

We mourn not the days that, in Spring-time appearing,
Clad Nature in garlands of green,
Nor shrink from the frost that in Autumn is searing
The joy that in summer has been.

The songs of the forest are hushed into silence,
Or changed for the winterly gale,
Which sighs thro' the woods with the bodings of sadness,
And speaks of the snow and the hail.

"Prepare for the winter!"—the stern, solemn warning
Is echoed from forest and plain;
The tempest is lowering; the mad winds are howling,
And soon shall establish their reign.

The mind feels an impulse that sadly comes o'er it,
When gazing on all things so sere,
And fondly looks back on the days that have vanished,
And hopes they may yet re-appear.

And thus it shall be with our own feeble nature,
When our days that are brightest have gone:
A Summer awaits us beyond dissolution,
Where winter and death are unknown.

South Richmond, October, 1857. W. C.

Select Tale.

PAUL ALLEN'S WIFE,

AND HOW HE FOUND HER.

(*Concluded.*)

For the first time in years Paul Allen shrunk from the idea of mutilating a human body. It was not the mere beauty of the one before him, for beauty and deformity had heretofore been all one to him. But there was a strange infatuation upon him, and he wished her back in her grave again, rather than the rude hand of even his favorite Professor should apply the knife to her, dead though she might be. He had almost made up his mind to beg that it might not be done, but he knew they would laugh at his foolish feelings; and with a sigh and the heaviest heart he ever felt in his bosom, he rose to leave the room. He stood a moment to look once again upon the face that had made such an impression upon him, and took one of the small hands that lay crossed upon the bosom, in his own.

The rigidity had left it, and it seemed to sink under the pressure of his; and he fancied it felt warmer than when, an hour before, he had felt of it. He looked at the face—there seemed to him to be a slight but yet perceptible glow upon the forehead and about the lips. He touched them, and they yielded to the touch. He thought, all at once, he could see a gentle quivering of the eyelids. Was he dreaming again? was it all the work of overwrought fancy? He approached his face close to hers, and thought he felt her breath upon his cheek. He felt of her wrist to ascertain if there was any pulse, and could fancy there was a slight thrill beneath his finger. He was now thoroughly roused and excited, and tearing aside the covering from her chest, he placed his hand over her heart, and found it distinctly beating, but with a slow and struggling effort.

It was the work of an instant to wrap her again in the blankets, and rush to the door communicating with the house, and shout for the Doctor, again and again, till he heard his bed-room door open. Then hastily returning, he raised the body as carefully and gently as if it had been a new-born infant, and bore it towards the house.

The surprise and consternation of the Doctor can not be imagined. But all other considerations yielded at once to the efforts to foster the spark of returning animation. She was placed in bed, and slowly and gradually the heart gathered strength, and the breathing became fully established, and she awoke to consciousness. During that whole day Allen never left her side. He could not be induced even to eat, but all day long he held in his the hand of the reviving girl, while with the other he felt the slowly increasing pulse, or fanned the air to her feeble breath, or administered the cordial to her lips. The infatuation of the night before had increased rather than diminished by this singular resuscitation. He seemed to feel and claim a sort of property in Maud, and repelled every attempt even of the Doctor's wife to take his place.

Towards evening life seemed to have become perfectly re-established. Then only did Allen leave his post, when he had breathed a hearty thanksgiving to Heaven for the life he had been the instrument in sparing. But every day thereafter he passed every spare moment by her side, never tiring of talking to her of her singular escape. And Maud repaid him with many a languid smile. She was deeply sensible of her escape from a death of the most horrid form, though at first she could hardly feel glad at being restored to life.

But the state in which she had lain for three days seemed to have produced a favorable effect upon her former disease, which now rapidly gave way, so that in a few weeks she was restored to perfect health. In the mean time her father had been informed of the facts? but the knowledge of them was carefully concealed from all except those who, as we have already seen, were acquainted with them. Mr. Mansfield sold all his property immediately after her full recovery and removed to more distant parts, aware that the restoration of his daughter's health would only add new causes for scandal among all who knew them. They might say the death and burial of Maud was all fictitious, and add new malice to their cruel scorn.

From that day Paul Allen was changed. Diligent and faithful as ever in his studies and duties, and assiduous as ever in preparing himself for the pursuit of his profession, he yet lived a dreamy, absent life. Every night till a late hour he would sit, silent and thoughtful, with Hudson and Foshay in the office, taking no part in their cheerful or jocular conversation, and rarely aroused to say a word unless they spoke of Maud Mansfield and their singular night's excursion. Then he would tell of the calm, sweet look that stole out from her eyes in the dim moonlight into his very soul, and witched him with its glamour. His companions respected his mood, and never spoke lightly of it, nor mentioned the subject unless they wished to rouse him to converse, and then it was always the same almost unvaried dream of those witching eyes.—The memory of Maud had become an idol in the innermost shrine of his heart that he seemed to be worshipping day and night.

The next spring he took his degree. In his examination he stood—if I may use the expression—head and shoulders above all the class. He was a man of noble intellect and profound study and thought, so that it was of matter of controversy with Hudson and Foshay whether the memory of Maud Mansfield had not produced a general rather than a particular effect upon his mind, and whether, when they imagined him thinking of her, he was not in reality studying out some of the problems of medicine. The only thing worthy of remark at the graduation was the subject of his thesis—"DEATH." When it was announced all anticipated a fanciful or metaphysical essay. But they were disappointed. It was a profound and masterly into its causes—the changes in the system which produce it, and the changes it produces—and the probable and certain signs of its having actually taken place.

The last evening the three companions spent together in Dr. W——'s office was occupied by Hudson and Foshay in discussing their plans for the future. Allen, as usual, took no part in the conversation. Midnight drew on and passed. It was near three o'clock before they rose to depart.

"Well, Paul," said Foshay, "tell us, before you go, where we shall next hear of Doctor Paul Allen?"

"I shall fill my place somewhere," he replied, "as indifferently well as here. It matters little where."

"But tell us, at least," said Hudson, taking his hand and pressing it in a warm and friendly grasp, "will you never cease dreaming of those eyes, Paul!"

"Men are not always what they seem, George," he answered, extending his other hand to Foshay. "The time will come when we will know each other better than we do even now. The events of that night were not without their design, and are working it out in my history. I shall never forget her—and, more than that, I am firmly persuaded I shall see her again. If it had not been for that belief, your friend, Paul Allen, would have been before this in a mad-house."

The scene changes. Old things have passed away. Seven years have gone by and left their mark upon all the persons of our story. All these years has Paul Allen been waiting for business in a large city in the West. He might as well have been still in Dr. W——'s office in New York. He made no effort to introduce himself to the people. He formed no acquaintances, and no one sought him. His reserved and taciturn disposition repelled any approach from strangers, and with the exception of an occasional case in a poor family, or an accidental summons to one of a better class, in which he made no effort to instal himself, he was living on the same dreamy life in which we left him years ago. The only change was in his personal appearance. Instead of careless indifference in dress, he was almost a model of style in everything he wore, and this alone made him an entirely different man.—His office was near the outskirts of the city, which were rapidly building up with large and elegant houses, but this made no difference in his success.

He was standing in his office-door one afternoon, just dismissing a poor patient upon whom he had performed some trifling operation. Just at this moment a travelling-carriage, drawn by a pair of powerful horses, came dashing furiously down the street. The driver had been thrown off some distance back, and the spirited animals, with the reins tangling about their heels, were running wildly and kicking fearfully at every leap.—The inmates of the carriage—a gentleman of mature age and a very beautiful lady, evidently his junior by very many years—seemed palsied with terror.

As they came in front of the office a wheel gave way, and the carriage was thrown over and over and dashed in pieces, while, with a wild plunge, the horses disengaged themselves and disappeared down the street. The gentleman and lady were borne into the office, and the lady was laid upon the sofa. It soon appeared that the former was but slightly injured, and he soon revived. But the lady seemed dead. There was no pulse at her wrist and the heart had ceased to beat. She did not breathe. Her hair fell loosely and unconfined over a neck of marble whiteness. Her eyes were open—her large, lustrous blue eyes—and they alone, looked like life.

Paul took from his pocket a small phial, and gently parting the lips with his finger, carefully let fall a single drop upon her tongue. A moment he stood and watched its effect in silence. A slight and scarcely perceptible shudder seemed to pass over her, and was gone.

"Another!" said he, as if speaking to himself, and with equal care as at first he let another drop fall upon her lips. There was another shudder—more powerful than the first—almost a convulsion, a flash of light seemed to shoot from her eyes—her brow contracted, and she turned her eyes full upon the Doctor.

He started, while a thrill of almost pain shot to his heart, and in an instant he had travelled back the seven past years of his life, and was standing in Dr. W——'s dissecting-room, drinking into his soul the dim but strange light that flowed out from the eyes of Maud Mansfield. It would be a mistake to suppose that for all these years he had been thinking of nothing else but her. It was no such thing. The truth is, he had almost forgotten her, although the events of that night had left a sobering and serious influence upon his mind which he had never made an effort to rid himself of, though there were times when, as if to keep her image from fading utterly away, the same old glamour would gather about him, and he would sit till after midnight, thinking of her and her strange witchery upon him. But that one glance from the eyes of this stranger had in an instant revived the very feelings he had at that time. He looked again, and the expression was gone. It could not be the same, he told himself. Could he have forgotten her very face?

"She lives!" said he again, musingly, as he laid his finger on her lips.

"You are badly injured," he then said to her. "The gentleman is well. You must be very quiet. You will be well cared for. Now, be very still."

There was a long and apparently deep cut in her temple, which he dressed, and applied lotions to her injuries. She looked ten thousand thanks, and again that peculiar expression. Paul turned away to her companion.

"She is safe," he said.

"It was a terrible accident," said the stranger.

"It is wonderful how much it takes to kill sometimes," said Allen.

"And sometimes a very little does the work," replied the stranger.

"True," said Paul; "but then that very little becomes a powerful cause, as when the point of a foil enters by the eye, and pierces the thin, wafer-like bone, into the brain."

"And I," said the other, "have somewhere seen an account of a man who had the whole breach of a musket driven through the roof of his mouth into his brain, and he recovered."

"Life is a strange phenomenon," said Paul.—"We live our days out in spite of all accidents, and when the time comes we go out with a breath. Till that time we can bear mutilation—injuries of the most fearful kind. The pestilence passes by us and leaves us unharmed. We may seek death in vain, like the Wandering Jew. The poison we may drink is rejected, and we are uninjured. All things are harmless. But when the time arrives, the mote in the air chokes us—our food becomes the poison that generates disease. A single drop of the bane we drank before and found innocuous, is laden with death. We must yield, in spite of remedy or resistance."

"You are a fatalist," said the stranger.

"Who is not," he replied, "who believes in an infinite God? one whose knowledge is boundless, and who has the supreme and sole control of the universe he has made? It would be charging him with finite weakness to suppose that he left his creation to follow mere chance. He either impressed upon the universe some determinate law that governs life and fixes the period of its duration, or else—what is incontrovertibly true—he watches over us with his all-seeing eye, and measures out our days with a span, and when that span is passed, says, 'Return to earth!' and we die."

"Why, then," asked the stranger, "must we employ means to prolong life?"

"Why eat to sustain it!" inquired Paul, in return. "Because if life is to be lengthened, the decree is that the means must be used. You saw me apply a single drop to this lady's lips. It produced an effect. But had I stopped there she would never have awaked. It was necessary that so much should be used. One drop more would have probably extinguished the spark. Now she lives."

He took her hand in his, and laid his finger on her pulse.

"Reaction is coming on," he said.

Then taking from his pocket another phial, and letting a drop fall into a glass, and adding a little water, he gave it to her, saying,

"Drink this, and go to sleep."

A quiet seemed almost immediately to steal over her. Objects faded gradually, yet rapidly from her sight, became dim, and disappeared. Her eyelids closed gently over those lustrous orbs—and she was asleep.

"That is not death, though so very like," said Paul, as he stood for a moment gazing with a smile upon that face, the most beautiful he had ever beheld. He was thinking of Maud. Now as the lady lay wrapped in slumber, there came back to him the memory of her features and form as she looked that night on the table in the dissecting-room; and though he could see much of the same look now—enough to call back such memories—yet, after all, it was not entirely the same. Could a few years of added age make the change? He was bewildered. The old gentleman, her companion, was certainly not Henry Mansfield, her father. He asked him his name, and he said it was Anderson.

"And this is your daughter?" asked Allen.

"No. She is my sister's child. Her mother has been dead many years, and her father died about a month since."

"And may I ask her name?" said Allen with some hesitation.

"It is Mansfield," replied the other.

"Maud!" exclaimed Allen, turning to look again at her. Her eyes were half open, and there streamed out from them the same calm, sweet look that had so long ago bound him with a spell he could not break. He could doubt no longer: and again he was lost in dreams far wilder than before.

It was sunset when she woke. She was then carefully removed to the nearest hotel, and it was several days before she was able to resume her journey. On one of these days Paul was sitting by her, watching every look and motion, to catch one of those glances whose memory was now lingering about his heart with ten-fold more fondness than ever before, when she noticed his gaze, and suddenly exclaimed.

"I have seen you before, Doctor? Where can it have been? It seems as if it was in just such circumstances as the present."

Paul made no reply, while she was looking with a half-bewildered stare in his face.

"Can it be possible," she at length said, with a slight shudder, as if the light were breaking in upon her recollection—can it be Mr. Allen?"

"It is," said Paul: the same who took you from the grave, and watched your recovery so many [illegible] I owe you my life the second time," said Maud.

Six months from that time Hudson and Foshay received each a letter from Paul Allen, which upon being sampared, were discovered to be precise copies of each other. Part of them ran thus:

"Three weeks from this date I shall be in New York to be married, and then I will answer your last question when we separated, for I shall then cease to dream of Maud Mansfield's eyes, and not till then. A vision of beauty and love has entered into my heart, and I have no place for aught else there. I have lived here six years waiting for business in vain. I am not discouraged, for that I never was. But I shall throw physic to the dogs," convinced that I have found a panacea for all diseases that will not get well without medicine.—Let me assure you there is no remedy for incurable diseases so efficacious as *twelve hours' burial.*"

The two friends were sorely puzzled with the contents of their letters; but all was explained when, three weeks afterward, in the queenly beauty of Paul Allen's wife they recognized the features of the girl they had stolen from the grave on that winter's night seven years before.

THE DAIRY.

A cow is in her prime with her second calf, and will milk ten years after that. An average cow gives three gallons of milk a day—with good management she will often give four. I have known several to yield six and seven gallons when kept faultlessly and milked three times daily. Cows must be fed more discriminatingly than beef stock. Rye, cabbage, parsnips, or any green food, or roots of peculiar taste will communicate their flavor to the milk. Blue grass is unexceptionable: aftermath of meadows and the crop grass that springs up in the fields voluntarily as fine.

Meal, crushed corn, apples pumpkins, any roots without disagreeable flavor, may be fed to milch cows. Cooking food is economical. It should not be given hot enough to injure the creature's teeth. Cows should be fed regularly, not in excess; observation will soon govern the quantity. They should have free access to water, have salt daily or frequently, and when stabled, should be curried and allowed exercise. In summer, stabling may be disused in which case a grass paddock convenient will afford night browsing and increase the milk.

Milk should be strained before the cream begins to rise, into vessels that have been scalded, and in summer, rinsed in cold water. If milk is kept at proper temperature, cream will rise to the surface of any vessel, but sooner in shallow pans. Skim milk is not a presentable article on a well-to-do farmer's table. For table use it should be strained into covered pitchers or bottles. Cream should be gathered in a jar for churning and stirred up night and morning. if you have occasion to save sweet cream, keep it in a freezer as if preparing ice cream. It will change very soon when taken out for use. Clabber for the table should be strained into a bowl and after coagulating set on the ice until prepared for use.

BUTTER PICKLES.—1 gallon of water, 1 pound fine salt, 1 ounce saltpetre, 2 ounces loaf sugar, boiled and skimmed clear. Pour on cold and keep two inches above the top of the butter.

CLARIFIED BUTTER.—Put any quantity of butter in preserving kettle; boil it ten minutes; set it off, and when cold it will be a clear cake. Cut it out, scrape off the saccous sediment, return it to the kettle, and at boiling heat, seal it up in cans as you would fruit. Inferior, but useful in scarce times.

Sage cheese is made by mixing sage and spinach juice in the milk. Stiltens cheese, has equal parts of sweet cream and fresh milk, requires very tender handling and to be kept in boxes (while drying) without bottom or top. Curds are made of fresh milk, as for cheese, or by pouring buttermilk into fresh milk, and heating until it forms.—Buttermilk, poured into the whey, saved from cheese while scalding hot, will produce a quantity of rich curds, which may be used for the table or cheese cakes.

RENNET.—A piece the size of a dollar of strong rennet soaked 24 hours in a tea cup of water will turn 10 gallons of milk.

CHEESE VARNISH.—1 part beeswax, 3 parts fresh butter, melted, and seasoned strongly with cayenne copper.

COLORING FOR CHEESE.—Annatto squeezed through a cloth until the color suits you.—*Valley Farmer.*

VEGETATION IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—The first flowers of summer, that were found under the snow by Dr. Kane, are thus spoken of in his account of his last expedition to the Polar seas:

Another walk on shore (June 11th) showed me the andrameda in flower, and the saxifrages and carices green under the dried tufts of last year.—This rapidly maturing vegetation is of curious interest. The andromeda tertragona had advanced rapidly towards fructification without a corresponding development of either stalk or leaflet. In fact, all the heaths—and there were three species around our harbor—had a thoroughly moorland and stunted aspect. Instead of the graceful growth which should characterize them, they showed only a low and scrubby sod or turf, yet studded with flowers. The spots from which I gathered them were well infiltrated with melted snows, and the rocks enclosed them so as to aid the solar heat by reverberation. Here, too, silene and cerathium, as well as the characteristic flower growths of the latter summer; the poppy, and Saxifrages, were already recognisable,

Few of us at home can realize the protecting value of this warm coverlet of snow. No eider down in the cradle of an infant is tucked in more kindly than the sleeping-dress of winter about this feeble flower-life. The first warm snows of August, falling on a thickly bleached carpet of grasses, heaths and willows, enshrine the flowery growths which nestle round them in a non-conducted air chamber; and, as each successive snow increases the thickness of the cover, we have, before the intense cold of winter sets in, a light, cellular bed covered by drift, six, eight, or ten feet deep, in which the plant retains its vitality. The frozen subsoil does not encroach upon this narrow zone of vegetation. I have found in mid-winter, in this high latitude of 79°; the surface so nearly moist as to be friable to the touch; and upon the ice-floes commencing with a surface temperate of 30° below zero, I found at two feet deep a temperature of 8° below, at four feet 2° above, and at eight feet 26° above. This was on the largest of a range of east and west hummock-drifts in the open way off Cape Stafford. The glacier with which we became so familiar afterwards at Eliah yielded an uninterrupted stream throughout the year.

My experiments prove that the conducting power of the snow is proportioned to its compression by winds, rain, drifts and congelation. The early spring and late fall and summer snows are more cellular and less condensed than the nearly impalpable powder of winter. The drifts, that accumulate during nine months of the year, are dispersed in well-defined layers of different density. We have first the warm cellular snows of Fall, which surrounded the plant, next the fine impacted snow-dust of Winter, and above these the later humid deposits of Spring.

It is interesting to observe the effects of this disposition of layers upon the safety of the vegetable growths below them. These, at least in the earlier summer, occupy the inclined slopes that face the sun, and the several strata of snow take of course the same inclination. The consequence is that as the upper snow is dissipated by the early thawings, and sinks upon the more compact layer below, it is to a great extent arrested, and runs off like rain from a slope of guarded from the rush of waters, and protected too from the nightly frosts by the ice roof above it.

THE COLONIAL OFFICE.—The bureaucracy who regard any possible invasion of their peculiar premises with as much jealousy as is manifested by a swarm of wasps at the appearance of an intruder on their nest. Over the existing Colonial department there has always hung a veil of the profoundest mystery. It has its secrets and arcana as closely guarded as those of a lodge of freemasons, and it even pretends to a kind of tradition, said to be exclusively its own. Strange to say, the Secretary of State for the time being, who presides over it, is seldom admitted to a full participation of its hidden lore. He is but an intruder, an occasional dignitary, a political phantom, who must pass away with his party; but the real priests are permanent. He is a Gentile, a Philistine, a Neophyte—they are the accepted hierophants. He may have nominal authority like the Pope, but the actual business is done by the secret conclave of Cardinals.—To throw light upon this inscrutable department of government is next to impossible. It would be quite as easy a task to undertake the reform of the Inquisition. The colonial dependencies of Britain are by far too large and too important to be worked by such machinery; and the very first step towards placing them in their proper position, should be the abolition of the Colonial Office as at present constituted, and the substitution in its place of a Colonial Board of Control.

THE BRITISH COLONIES.—Probably few persons known correctly how many colonies this little country of ours possesses. We have seven governors of distinct provinces in North America, to whom we pay annually the sum of £19,146; 18 Governors in the West Indies, to whom we pay yearly £32,500; eight governors over "Africa and Mediterranean possessions," who received £22,900; six governors in Australian colonies, who received £30,300; and six in the "Eastern colonies and Heligoland" who share between them in different proportions the sum of £17,600. In other words the government of this country sustains in various quarters of the globe 45 governors at an annual expense of £112,546. We should observe, that in these details, no allusion is made to British India, with its presidencies of Madras, Bombay, and Bengal; this is not a "colonial progression" but a dependency; at present, for some time past, and for some time to come, a military occupancy.

When the man spoons in and the wife shovels out, the household must soon fall through.

To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night and open them early in the morning; let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of benevolent feelings. This will scarcely ever fail to impart to the eyes an intelligent and amiable expression.

No woman can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous, and polite treatment of all persons is one mark of a true woman.

Snooke's mother and old Mrs. Stubbs were talking about little babies. "Why," said Mrs. Snooks, "when I was a baby they put me in a quart pot and then put the lid on."

"And did you live?" was the astonished inquiry of Mrs. Stubbs.

"They tell me I did," was the astonishing reply.

"Well, did you ever!" and Mrs. Stubbs fell to knitting like one possessed.

A writer on domestic economy, in giving instructions for keeping eggs fresh, says, "Lay them with the small end down." He does not specify whether this direction is for the hen or the housewife.

EPIGRAM ON HUMAN LIFE.

"Our life is but a winter's day:
Some only breakfast and are full fed,
Others to dinner stay and are full fed,
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed;
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who *goes the soonest has the least to pay.*"