The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

TERMS, $2 if paid in advance. $3 at end of the year.

VOL. X. WOODSTOCK, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1858. NO. 40.

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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THE SENTINEL

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 fulfil all orders he may be favored with, for—

BOOKS,
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CIRCULARS,
CATALOGUES,
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AUCTION BILLS,
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With every other description of

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Which will be executed with *Neatness, Cheapness* and *Punctuality.*

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F. A. COSGROVE,
IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN
Clocks, Watches & Jewellery,
English, American, French & German
FANCY GOODS AND TOYS.
— ALSO —
Daguerreotype, Ambrotype & Photographic Goods.
No. 75 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
P.S. Orders from the Country promptly attended to.

SPRING FASHIONS.
Straw Bonnets Cleansed and Sewed in Latest Style.
Orders left at ALTERTON'S Store will be attended to.
March 25. MRS. TILLEY.

TO LADIES.
Old Straw Bonnets Made into Fashionable Shapes
BY MRS. TILLEY.

GRANITE HALL,
No. 5 Dock-street.
THOMAS R. JONES,
Wholesale & Retail Importer & Manufacturer of Every Description of
Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods;
Also:
Cloths, Tweeds, Doeskins, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, and Small Wares; Oil and Rubber Clothing.
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.

A. W. BAILEY & CO.,
Piano Forte Manufacturers,
Wentworth Buildings, 71 Sudbury-street,
BOSTON,

WOULD inform the inhabitants of New Brunswick that they are manufacturing, and keep constantly on hand, PIANO FORTES of all the approved varieties, finished throughout in the most thorough manner, and particularly adapted to the climate of the Eastern Provinces.
They particularly invite attention to their Seven-Octave, *Beurn Scale PIANO FORTES*, as instruments acknowledged to have *no superior*, this Scale having been awarded at the late Fair in Boston, one of the highest Medals ever awarded a square Piano Forte. Please call and examine. All instruments manufactured by them are WARRANTED.
Prices, $225 to $800.
N.B. Old Pianos taken in exchange for new.
Repairing and tuning.
A. W. BAILEY. J. E. MCNEIL.
October 17, 1857.

CAMPBELL & SEELEY.
UNDER this title the subscribers are now doing business in their new FACTORY, near Hayden's Steam Mill, where, having all the necessary conveniences, Steam Engine, &c. &c., they are prepared to manufacture all kinds of
Chair, Cabinet and Joiner Work,
in the best possible manner, and at prices to suit the times.
Lumber, Country Produce, &c., taken in exchange.
ROBERT CAMPBELL.
N. SEELEY.
Woodstock, Feb. 1, 1858.

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.

SEWING MACHINES.
ALBION BUILDING,
Tremont-street, Boston.
HERE will be found the best and most reliable low-priced Sewing Machines in the United States, of various Patents and Models. They have been tested by many families and manufacturers both in this country and Europe, whose certificates may certify to their great utility and economy in the employment of labor.
We have them in operation by Steam power, that the rapidity and accuracy with which they may be operated may be fully developed.
Our prices range from $15, $20, $25, $30, to $140.
Our large *Circular* Machine has been patented in England as well as in this country, and is invaluable in many manufacturing establishments as a labor-saving machine. Please call and examine
C. SHEPARD, AGENT.
Boston October 17, 1857. 8-1y

BLANKS of every description for sale at this office.

Fredericton Advertisements.

Fancy Goods, Iron Stone Ware, Varieties — Furniture, Wooden Ware, Glass Ware.

Lemont's Variety Store.

ROOM PAPERS, cheapest in the city;
Tubs, Churns, Pails, Brooms,
Wash Boards, Wool and Cattle Cards,
Wheel Heads, Butter Firkins,
Butter Prints, Real Woodstock Pipes,
Powder, Shot, Whiting, Corks,
Cask Vinegar, do. Sal. Soda,
Do. Pipe Clay;
With a good assortment of Furniture, Stoves, Crockery and Glassware.
MARTIN LEMONT,
No. 5 Commercial Row.
Fredericton, April 28. QUEEN STREET.

Lemont's Variety Store.

BARKER HOUSE,
Fredericton, N. B.
THE subscriber thankful for past favors would give notice that he continues to accommodate the Public as usual on very moderate terms. The House is centrally and pleasantly situated, consequently it is the most convenient for parties either on business or pleasure. The rooms are large and airy, and always kept in order. The Tables are always supplied with the choicest in the market.
STAGES to all Parts of the Country go from this House, and in connection with the same is an Extensive LIVERY STABLE, so that travellers may be forwarded in any direction without delay.—In short the guests of the Barker House may rest assured they shall continue to receive every possible attention. A share of patronage is respectfully solicited.
H. FAIRWEATHER, *Proprietor.*
Fredericton, April 14th. 1858.

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; Mem. Books, Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, setts of do. for a small business, very low; Folios, School Paper, Fancy Note and Letter Papers; Euvelopes and Note Paper, silver-bordered, for weddings, with silver wafers to match; Red Wafers, Music Paper, Music in sheet, half price; Schools 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 Officer's 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.

Confections! Confections!
THE subscriber respectfuly informs the traders of Woodstock and surrounding country, that he manufactures and keeps constantly on hand, a large variety of CONFECTIONS of the very best quality. As he uses none but the best material, and sells at the lowest price, strong inducements are offered to intending purchasers to call, before buying elsewhere. All orders promptly and carefully attended to.
☞ Shop in Queen-street, Fredericton, opposite the Central Bank. SAMUEL BAXTER.
Oct. 7tf11.

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 (prepaid), from Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, &c. A. SIBBALD,
Agent for New Brunswick.
Fredericton, July 31, 1857.

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.

The Liverpool and London
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Incorporated in 1836.
Thomas Brocklebank, Esquire, *Chairman*;
Joseph Christopher Ewart, Esq., M. P., and Francis Hay wood, Esq., *Deputy Chairmen.*
Swinton Boult, Esq., *Secretary.*
Home Offices:
37, Castle Street, Liverpool;
20 and 28, Poultry, London.
Capital——Two Millions Sterling.
Paid up——£320,374 2*s.* 3*d.* Sterling.
Constitution:
Unlimited liability of Stockholders.
Fire Department
The Company continue to insure at this Agency, upon every description of property at reasonable terms. Their Policy includes the risk from lightning.
Claims payable in cash without deduction, on proof of loss.
Fire premiums for 1856 amounted to £222,279 10s. 6d. stg. Losses paid in 1856, £108,306 10s. 6d. stg.
Life Department:
The conditions upon which the Company conduct this branch of their business will be found very favorable to the insurer. Their rates are as low as those of any other responsible Company, with unlimited security.
No charge for Stamps or Policies in either Department. Please apply to EDWARD ALLISON,
Agent for NEW BRUNSWICK.
98 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, or to
George Kerr, Esq., M. P. P., *Chatham;*
D. G. Macianchlan, Esq., *Bathurst;*
M. S. Levy, Esq., *Richibucto;*
James Robertson, Esq., *Moncton;*
William T. Rose, Esq., *St. Stephens;*
James McLauchlan, Esq., *Woodstock;*
Thomas R. Barker, Esq., *Fredericton.*
May 30th. 40

Athenæum Fire Insurance Society
OF LONDON.
Capital, £2,000,000 Sterling.
Right Honorable the Earl of Glengall, Chairman.
THIS Society insures against loss or damage by Fire all descriptions of Buildings, including Mills, Manufactories, and the goods, Wares and Merchandize in the same; Ships on the stocks, in harbor or in dock; River Craft and their cargoes; and Farming Stock of all descriptions in Great Britain and Ireland and the Colonies, and also in foreign countries.
HENRY SALTER, Manager,
30 Sackville street, London.
MESSRS. FRITH & STARR, St. John, General Agents for New Brunswick.
MR. WILLIAM FERGUSON, Woodstock, Agent for the County of Carleton. [Sept. 5]

Poetry.

PALACE AND COT.

BY J. BURKE.

Mr. Millionaire lives in a palace up town,
In a manner quite gay;
Tom Digger works hard in the docks away down,
For a dollar a day;
And his face is as fresh—with its honest sun-brown—
As a flower in May;
Yet Millionaire scarcely his troubles can bear,
While the sound of Tom Digger's song chaseth off care.

Mr. Millionaire deals in all manner of trade,
In both money and lands;
Tom's fortune all lies in the length of his spade,
And the strength of his hands.
And Millionaire's frown and contemptuous tirade
He most patiently stands;
For virtue is weak by the human scale told,
And found wanting when weighed in the balance with gold.

Mr. Millionaire's wife is a model of taste;
Yet, the truth if we speak,
It is due to a medley of patchwork and paste;
But, oh, if you'd seek
For Beauty, where Art not an effort does waste—
See Dame Digger's cheek!
The rose nestling there would tempt even a saint,
While my Lady's soft blush is a sad waste of *paint.*

Mr. Millionaire homeward returns every night,
All bowed down with care;
Though Tom's pockets are low—yet his heart is as light
As the midsummer air;
For he earns that which makes his humble home bright,
With a little to spare;
Could I choose, I would change for the happier lot,
Mr. Millionaire's palace for Tom Digger's cot.

Select Tale.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

LOO LOO.

A FEW SCENES FROM A TRUE HISTORY.

SCENE I.

Alfred Noble had grown up to manhood among the rocks and hills of a New England village. A year spent in Mobile, employed in the duties of a clerk, had not accustomed him to the dull routine of commercial life. He longed for the sound of brooks and the fresh air of the hills. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that he received from his employer a message to be conveyed to a gentleman who lived in the pleasantest suburb of the city. It was one of those bright autumnal days, when the earth seems to rejoice consciously in the light that gives her beauty.

Leaving behind him the business quarter of the town, he passed through pleasant streets bordered with trees, and almost immediately found himself amid scenes clothed with all the freshness of the country. Handsome mansions here and there dotted the landscape, with pretty little parks, enclosing orange trees and magnolias, surrounded with hedges of holly, in whose foliage numerous little foraging birds were busy in the sunshine. The young man looked at these dwellings with an exile's longing at his heart. He imagined groups of parents and children, brothers and sisters, under those sheltering roofs, all strangers to him, an orphan, alone in the world. The pensiveness of his mood gradually gave place to more cheerful thoughts. Visions of prosperous business and a happy home rose before him, as he walked briskly toward the hills south of the city. The intervals between the houses increased in length, and he soon found himself in a little forest of pines. Emerging from this, he came suddenly in sight of an elegant white villa, with colonnaded portico and spacious verandas.—He approached it by a path through a grove, the termination of which had grown into the semblance of a Gothic arch, the interlacing of two trees, the one with glossy evergreen leaves, the other yellow with the tints of autumn. Vines had clambered to the top, and hung in light festoons from the branches. The foliage, fluttering in a gentle breeze, caused successive ripples of sun-flecks, which chased each other over trunks and boughs, and joined in wayward dance with the shadows on the ground.

Arrested by this unusual combination of light and shade, color and form, the young man stood still for a moment to gaze upon it. He was thinking to himself that nothing could add to the perfection of its beauty, when suddenly there came dancing under the arch a figure that seemed like the fairy of those woods, a spirit of the mosses and vines. She was a child, apparently five or six years old, with large brown eyes, and a profusion of dark hair. Her gypsy hat, ornamented with scarlet ribbons, and a garland of red holly-berries, had fallen back on her shoulders, and her cheeks were flushed with exercise. A pretty little white dog was with her, leaping up eagerly for a cluster of holly-berries which she playfully shook above his head. She whirled swiftly round and round the frisking animal, her long red ribbons flying on the breeze, and then she paused, all aglow, swaying herself back and forth, like a flower on its stem. A flock of doves, as if attracted toward her, came swooping down from the sky, revolving in graceful curves above her head, their white breasts glittering in the sunshine. The aërial movements of the child were so full of life and joy, she was so in harmony with the golden day, the waving vines, and the circling doves, that the whole scene seemed like an allegro movement in music, and she a charming little melody floating through it all.

Alfred stood like one enchanted. He feared to speak or move, lest the fairy should vanish from mortal presence. So the child and the dog, equally unconscious of a witness, continued their graceful gambols for several minutes. An older man might have inwardly moralized on the folly of the animal, aping humanity in thus earnestly striving after what would yield no nourishment when obtained. But Alfred was too young and too happy to moralize. The present moment was all-sufficient for him, and stood still there in its fulness, unconnected with past or future. This might have lasted long, had not the child been attracted by the dove-shadows, and, looking up to watch the flight of the birds, her eyes encountered the young man. A whole heart full of sunshine was in the smile with which he greeted her. But, with a startled look, she turned quickly and ran away; and the dog, still full of frolic, went bounding by her side. As Alfred tried to pursue them, a bough knocked off his hat. Without stopping to regain it, he sprang over a holly-hedge, and came in view of the veranda of a house, just in time to see the fairy and her dog disappear behind a trellis covered with the evergreen foliage of the Cherokee rose. Conscious of the impropriety of pursuing her farther, he paused to take breath. As he passed his hand through his hair, tossed into masses by running against the wind, he heard a voice from the veranda exclaim,

"Whither so fast, Loo Loo? Come here, Loo Loo!"

Glancing upward, he saw a patrician-looking gentleman, in a handsome morning-gown, of Oriental fashion, and slippers richly embroidered. He was reclining on a lounge, with wreaths of smoke floating before him; but seeing the stranger, he rose, and taking the amber-tubed cigar from his mouth, he said, half-laughing,—

"You seem to be in hot haste, Sir. Pray, what have you been hunting?"

Alfred also laughed, as he replied,—

"I have been chasing a charming little girl, who would not be caught. Perhaps she was your daughter, Sir?"

"She *is* my daughter," rejoined the gentleman. "A pretty little witch, is she not? Will you walk in, Sir?"

Alfred thanked him, and said that he was in search of a Mr. Duncan, whose residence was in that neighborhood.

"I am Mr. Duncan," replied the patrician.—"Jack, go and fetch the gentleman's hat, and bring cigars."

A negro obeyed his orders, and, after smoking a while on the veranda, the two gentlemen walked round the grounds.

Once when they approached the house, they heard the pattering of little feet, and Mr. Duncan called out, with tones of fondness,—

"Come here, Loo Loo! Come, darling, and see the gentleman who has been running after you!"

But the shy little fairy ran all the faster, and Alfred saw nothing but the long red ribbons of her gypsy hat, as they floated behind her on the wind.

Declining a polite invitation to dine, he walked back to the city. The impression on his mind had been so vivid, that, as he walked, there rose ever before him a vision of that graceful arch with waving vines, the undulating flight of the silver-breasted doves, and the airy motions of that beautiful child. How would his interest in the scene have deepened, could some sibyl have foretold to him how closely the Fates had interwoven the destinies of himself and that lovely little one!

When he entered the counting-room, he found his employer in close conversation with Mr. Grossman, a wealthy cotton-broker. This man was but little more than thirty years of age, but the predominance of animal propensities was stamped upon his countenance with more distinctness than is usual with sensualists of twice his age. The oil of a thousand hams seemed oozing through his pimpled cheeks; his small gray eyes were set in his head like the eyes of a pig; his mouth had the expression of a satyr; and his nose seemed perpetually sniffing the savory prophecy of food. When the clerk had delivered his message, he slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and said,—

"So you've been out to Duncan's, have you?—Pretty nest there at Pine Grove, and they say he's got a rare bird in it; but he keeps her so close, that I could never catch sight of her. Perhaps *you* got a peep, eh?"

"I saw a very beautiful child of Mr. Duncan's," replied Alfred, "but I did not see his wife."

"That's very likely," rejoined Grossman; "because he never had any wife."

"He said the little girl was his daughter, and I naturally inferred that he had a wife," replied Alfred.

"That don't follow of course, my gosling," said the cotton-broker. "You're green, young man! You're green! I swear, I'd give a good deal to get sight of Duncan's wench. She must be devilish handsome, or he would'nt keep her so close."

Alfred Noble had always felt an instinctive antipathy to this man, who was often letting fall some remark that jarred harshly with his romantic ideas of women,—something that seemed to insult the memories of a beloved mother and sister gone to the spirit-world. But he had never liked him less than at this moment; for the sly wink of his eye, and the expressive leer that accompanied his coarse words, were very disagreeable things to be associated with that charming vision of the circling doves and the innocent child.

SCENE II.

Time passed away, and with it the average share of changing events. Alfred Noble became junior partner in the counting-house he had entered as clerk, and not long afterward the elder partner died. Left thus to rely upon his own energy and enterprise, the young man gradually extended his business, and seemed in a fair way to realize his favorite dream of making a fortune and returning to the North to marry. The subject of slavery was then seldom discussed. North and South seemed to have entered into a tacit agreement to ignore the topic completely. Alfred's experience was like that of most New Englanders in his situation. He was at first annoyed and pained by many of the peculiarities of Southern society, and then became gradually accustomed to them. But his natural sense of justice was very strong; and this, added to the influence of early education, and strengthened by scenes of petty despotism which he was frequently compelled to witness, led him to resolve that he would never hold a slave. The colored people in his employ considered him their friend, because he was always kind and generous to them. He supposed that comprised the whole of duty, and further than that he never reflected upon the subject.

The pretty little picture at Pine Grove, which had made so lively an impression on his imagination, faded the more rapidly, because unconnected with his affections. But a shadowy semblance of it always flitted through his memory, whenever he saw a beautiful child, or observed any unusual combination of trees and vines.

Four years after his interview with Mr. Duncan, business called him to the interior of the State, and for the sake of healthy exercise he chose to make the journey on horseback. His route lay mostly through a monotonous region of sandy plain, covered with pines, here and there varied by patches of cleared land, in which numerous dead trees were prostrate, or standing leafless, waiting their time to fall. Most of the dwellings were log houses, but now and then the white villa of some wealthy planter might be seen gleaming through the evergreens. Sometimes the sandy soil was intersected by veins of swamp, through which muddy water oozed sluggishly, among bushes and dead logs. In these damp places flourished dark cypresses and hollytress, draped with gray Spanish moss, twisted around the boughs, and hanging from them like gigantic cobwebs. Now and then the sombre scene was lighted up with a bit of brilliant color, when a scarlet grosbeak flitted from branch to branch, or a red-headed woodpecker hammered at the trunk of some old tree, to find where the insects had intrenched themselves. But nothing pleased the eye of the traveller so much as the holly-trees, with their glossy evergreen foliage, red berries, and tufts of verdant misletoe. He had been riding all day, when, late in the afternoon, an uncommonly beautiful holly appeared to terminate the road at the bend where it stood. Its boughs were woven in with a cypress on the other side, by long tangled fringes of Spanish moss. The setting sun shone brightly aslant the mingled foliage, and lighted up the red berries, which glimmered through the thin drapery of moss, like the coral ornaments of a handsome brunette seen through her veil of embroidered lace. It was unlike the woodland picture he had seen at Pine Grove, but it recalled it to his memory more freshly than he had seen it for a long time. He watched the peculiar effects of sunlight, changing as he approached the tree, and the desire grew strong within him to have the fairy-like child and the frolicsome dog make their appearance beneath that swinging canopy of illuminated moss. If his nerves had been in such a state that forms in the mind could have taken outward shape, he would have realized the vision so distinctly painted on his imagination. But he was well and strong; therefore he saw nothing but a blue heron flapping away among the cypresses, and a flock of turkey-buzzards soaring high above the trees, with easy and graceful flight. His thoughts, however, continued busy with the picture that had been so vividly recalled. He recollected having heard, some time before, of Mr. Duncan's death, and he queried within himself what had become of that beautiful child.

Musing thus, he rode under the fantastic festoons he had been admiring, and saw at his right a long gentle descent, where a small stream of water glided downward over mossy stones. Trees on either side interlaced their boughs over it, and formed a vista, cool, dark, and solemn as the aisle of some old Gothic church. A figure moving upward, by the side of the little brook, attracted his attention, and he checked his horse to enquire whether the people at the nearest house would entertain a stranger for the night. When the figure approached nearer, he saw that it was a slender, barefooted girl, carrying a pail of water. As she emerged from the dim aisle of trees, a gleam of the setting sun shone across her face for an instant, and imparted a luminous glory to her large brown eyes. Shading them with her hand, she paused timidly before the stranger, and answered his enquiries. The modulation of her tones suggested a degree of refinement which he had not expected to meet in that lonely region. He gazed at her so intently, that her eyes sought the ground, and their long, dark fringes rested on blushing cheeks. What was it those eyes recalled? They tantalized and eluded his memory. "My good girl, tell me what is your name," he said.

"Louisa," she replied, bashfully, and added, "I will show you the way to the house."

"Let me carry the water for you," said the kind-hearted traveler. He dismounted for the purpose, but she resisted his importunities, saying that *she* would be very angry with her.

"And who is *she?*" he asked. "Is she your mother?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" was the hasty reply. "I am—I—I live there."

The disclaimer was sudden and earnest, as if the question struck on a wounded nerve. Her eyes swam with tears, and the remainder of her answer was sad and reluctant in its tones. The child was so delicately formed, so shy and sensitive, so very beautiful, that she fascinated him strongly. He led his horse into the lane she had entered, and as he walked by her side he continued to observe her with the most lively interest. Her motions were listless and languid, but flexile as a willow. They puzzled him, as her eyes had done; for they seemed to remind him of something he had seen in a half-forgotten dream.

They soon came in sight of the house, which was built of logs, but larger than most houses of that description; and two or three huts in the rear indicated that the owner possessed slaves. An open porch in front was shaded by the projecting roof, and there two dingy, black-nosed dogs were growling and tousling each other. Pigs were rooting the ground, and among them rolled a black baby, enveloped in a bundle of dirty rags. The traveller waited while Louisa went into the house to enquire whether entertainment could be furnished for himself and his horse. It was some time before the proprietor of the establishment made his appearance. At last he came slowly sauntering round the end of the house, his hat tipped on one side, with a rowdyish air. He was accompanied by a large dog, which rushed in among the pigs, biting their ears, and making them race about, squealing piteously. Then he seized hold of the bundle of rags containing the black baby, and began to drag it over the ground, to the no small astonishment of the baby, who added his screech to the charivari of the pigs. With loud shouts of laughter, Mr. Jackson cheered on the rough animal, and was so much entertained by the scene, that he seemed to have forgotten the traveller entirely. When at last his eye rested upon him, he merely exclaimed, "That's a hell of a dog!" and began to call, "*Staboy!*" again. The negro woman came and snatched up her babe, casting a furtive glance at her master, as she did so, and making her escape as quickly as possible. Towzer, being engaged with the pigs at that moment, allowed her to depart unmolested; and soon came back to his master, wagging his tail, and looking up, as if expecting praise for his performances.

The traveller availed himself of this season of quiet to renew his inquiries.

"Well," said Mr. Jackson, "I reckon we can accommodate ye. What are ye from, stranger?"

Mr. Noble having stated "whar" he was from, was required to tell "whar" he was going, whether he owned that "bit of horse-flesh," and whether he wanted to sell him. Having answered all these interrogatories in a satisfactory manner, he was ushered into the house.

The interior was rude and slovenly, like the exterior. The doors were opened by wooden latches with leather strings, and sagged so much on their wooden hinges, that they were usually left open to avoid the difficulty of shutting them. Guns and fishing-tackle were on the walls, and the seats were wooden benches or leather-bottomed chairs. A tall, lank woman, with red hair, and a severe aspect, was busy mending a garment. When asked if the traveller could be provided with supper, she curtly replied that she "reckoned so"; and, without further parlance, or salute, went out to give orders. Immediately afterward, her shrill voice was heard calling out, "You gal! put the fixins on the table."

The "gal," who obeyed the summons, proved to be the sylph-like child that had guided the traveller to the house. To the expression of listlessness and desolation which he had previously noticed, there was now added a look of bewilderment and fear. He thought she might, perhaps, be a step-daughter of Mrs. Jackson; but how could so coarse a man as his host be the father of such gentleness and grace?

While supper was being prepared, Mr. Jackson entered into conversation with his guest about the usual topics in that region,—the prices of cotton and "niggers." He frankly laid open his own history and prospects, stating that he was "fetched up" in Western Tennessee, where he owned but two "niggers." A rich uncle had died in Alabama, and he had come in for a portion of his wild land and "niggers"; so he concluded to move South and take possession. Mr. Noble courteously sustained his share of the conversation; but his eyes involuntarily followed the interesting child, as she passed in and out to arrange the supper-table.

(To be Continued.)

TRY MORE PARSNIPS.—We have often advised the culture of parsnips to a greater extent than has ever hitherto been done in Maine, but with not much success as yet. We however, venture to reiterate our advice on this topic, with hopes that somebody will venture on the culture of this valuable root on a larger scale than a *seven* by *nine* bed. They are easily cultivated, the principal requirements being a good, deeply pulverized soil, good new seed, and early sowing. If possible, obtain seed of the previous year's growth. Parsnip seeds contain quite a large amount of oil, and if not kept in a pretty cool place, this oil will become rancid and spoil the vegetative powers. They also require a long time to germinate, and hence should be sown early in the season. Indeed, if sown in the autumn just before the ground is closed by frost they will vegetate quite early in the spring, and afford a much better crop.

The after culture is very simple, requiring nothing more than keeping them free from weeds.—In the fall they may be dug and kept in a cool cellar, and covered over with dry sand, and a part of them allowed to remain in the ground where they grow, for digging in the spring. The Editor of the *American Farmer*, in urging the culture of roots upon the farmers of his section of the country, says of the parsnip that it is a root of much intrinsic value, whether we consider its fine edible qualities as a table vegetable, or regard it as a cattle food. Hogs eat parsnips with great avidity, and fatten on them readily. All the pork of the island of Guernsey is fattened with parsnips, which pork is said to be of sweet and delicious flavor.

Milch cows fed upon parsnips eat fine, mixed with chopped hay or straw, and a small quantity of meal or bran, afford large flows of delicious milk and rich cream, while the butter made from the latter is of the finest nutty flavor.

Indeed, all domestic animals are fond of parsnips, and thrive upon them. As an *alterative* food for horses, nothing is more grateful to that animal than an occasional feed of parsnips or carrots. A peck of either root, cut up fine and mixed with a peck of cut hay or straw, and half a gallon of chopped oats or rye, with a handful of salt, make a most invigorating meal for a horse: a few such feeds a week open his hide, soften his hair, and keep his system in a healthful condition.

TIME.

Time *was*, is past; thou canst not it recall:
Time *is*, thou hast; employ the portion small:
Time *future* is not, and may never be;
Time *present* is the only time for thee.

WOUNDS ON APPLE TREES.—I have tried several things with indifferent success, but have not seen anything so complete and easy as a little red oxide mixed with linseed oil into a paste and applied with a brush somewhat profusely but closely to the wood. It forms a yielding surface, a matter of importance—is impervious to rain, and completely protects the tree from bleeding. It injures my feelings very much to travel by an orchard and see the bark black and killed, by neglecting to cover the wounds.

A tubful of soap suds, farmers should remember, is worth as much as a wheelbarrow of good manure. Every bucket of soap suds should be thrown where it will not be lost. The garden is a good and convenient place in which to dispose of it; but the roots of grape-vines, young trees, or anything of the sort, will do as well.

TAKE YOUR OWN PAPER.—We hold every one derelict in his duty that does not take his own country paper. It is a duty you owe to the editor who has embarked his means to establish a paper among you. He should be supported, and well, too. Everybody should take his paper, and that without bargaining that he should lend you all the magazines he receives as a bonus.

The last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more strive to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell. Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters looks after the weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them. Ladies who marry for love should remember, that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood. The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space. The wife who would probably discharge her duties must never have a soul "above buttons." Don't trust too much to good temper when you get into an argument. Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products? Let married people take the hint from this provision of nature.

LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.—1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers wish their papers discontinued, publishers may continue to send them until all charges are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their paper from the office or place to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they settle their bill, and give notice to discontinue them.

5. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.—Notice should always be given of removals.

5. Refusing to take a paper periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is evidence of fraud.

PITY THE DRUNKARD.—I pray you do not hate the drunkard; he hates himself. Do not despise him; oh, he cannot sink so low in your opinion as he has sunk in his own. Your hatred and contempt may rivet, but will never rend his chains.—Lend him a kind hand to pluck him from the mire. With a strong hand shatter that bowl—remove the temptations which while he hates, he cannot resist. Hate, abhor, tremble at his sin. And for pity's, for God's sake, for humanity's sake, rouse yourself for the question what can be done? Without heeding others—whether they follow or whether they stay—rushing down to the beach, throw yourself into a boat, away, and bend on the oar, like a man to the wreck. Say, I will not stand by and see my fellow creatures perish. They are perishing. To save them I will do anything. What luxury will I not give up? What indulgences will I not abstain from?—What customs, what shackles of old habits will I not break that these hands may be free to pluck the drowning from the deep? God my help? His word, my law; the love of his Son, my ruling motives; I shall never balance a poor personal indulgence against the good of my country and the welfare of mankind. Brethren, such resolutions, such high and holy, and sustained, and self-denying efforts, the height of this evil demands.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

An excellent paragraph for warm weather:—

HOW TOO COOL WATER.—If it is desired to cool water for drinking in warm weather, and ice cannot be obtained for this purpose, let it be kept in an unglazed earthenware pitcher, wrapt around with two or three folds of coarse cotton cloth, kept constantly wet. The theory of cooling water in this manner is the absorption of heat from it by the evporation of the moisture in the cotton cloth; expansion produces cold, compression heat.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.—A writer in the Baltimore Sun, who has been afflicted severely in his family by that appalling disease, bronchitis, has found relief from the following remedy: Take honey in the comb, squeeze it out, and dilute with a little water, and wet the lips and mouth occasionally with it. It has never been known to fail, in cases where children had throats so swollen as to be unable to swallow. It is certainly a simple remedy, and may be a very efficacious one.—*N. E. Farmer.*

CREAM NECTAR.—Three lbs. sugar and three oz. tartaric acid. Pour on them one quart of boiling water; beat together the whites of three eggs and three tablespoonfuls of flour, which stir in the mixture when cool enough; boil for five minutes. Do not skim, but stir in the scum when it rises. One bottle extract lemon. When wanted for use take two tablespoonfuls to a tumbler of cold water and one-half teaspoon soda.—*Rural New Yorker.*

There are three kinds of Ignorance: Knowing nothing, knowing a little imperfectly, knowing what it is perfectly useless to know.

'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line;
But sacred thoughts in holy bosoms stored,
Make people noble and the place adored.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

Trust not the flatterer. In thy day of sunshine, he will give thee three pounds of butter, and in thy hour of need, deny thee a crumb of bread.—*Chinese Proverb.*

The great race between a night mare and a clothes horse came off last week. The man who entered the mare wasn't wide awake, so the horse took the prize.

A magistrate, who married the daughter of a miser who was immensely wealthy, was continually complaining to the father of the bad temper of the girl.

"My friend," said the miser, one day, "you are right; Marie has a dreadful temper. But I will punish her if she gives you any further trouble; I will *disinherit* her."

The father heard no more complaints.

A beautiful woman, turning one day to her homely daughter, said: "Annette, what would you give to have my face?"

"The same price, mother, that you would give to have my youth."

What is the best line to lead a man with? Crinoline: and the best line to lead a woman with is a Masculine.

The last sally we have heard in regard to beef steak was as follows:

A gentleman at a public table, who had exercised his jaws for some fifteen minutes upon a single morsel of steak, turned to his neighbor, and said:

"What a pity to kill this animal!"

"Why," responded his friend.

"Because," replied the other, "it would have made such a good working critter."