

# The Carleton Sentinel.

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## Poetry.

### SONG OF THE PRINTER.

Pick and click  
Go the types in the stick.  
As the printer stands at his case;  
His eye glances quick, and his fingers pick  
The types at a rapid pace.  
And, one by one, as the letters go,  
Words are piled up steady and slow—  
Steady and slow,  
But still they grow;  
And words of fire they soon will glow;  
Wonderful words, that without a sound  
Shall traverse the earth to its utmost bound;  
Words that shall make  
The tyrant quake,  
And the bonds of the slave and oppressed shall break;  
Words that can crumble an army's might  
Or make it stronger in a righteous fight.  
Yet the types, they looked but leaden and dumb,  
As he put them in place with his finger and thumb;  
But the printer smiled,  
And his work was joyful;  
By chanting a song as the letters he piled:  
While pick and click  
Went the types in the stick.  
Like the world's chronometer, tick! tick! tick!  
"O where is the man with such simple tools,  
Can govern the world like I?"  
A printing press, an iron stick,  
And a little leaden die,  
With paper of white, and ink of black,  
I support the Right, and the Wrong attack.  
I pull the strings  
Of puppet kings,  
And I tweak the despots' nose;  
I let him alone  
Till the people grow  
When I need most to interpose.  
Nor yet again  
Do I condescend  
To talk of lofty words,  
Then where is he,  
Or who may he be,  
That can rival the printer's power?  
To no monarchs that live  
The wall doth he give  
Their sway only lasts for an hour;  
While the printer still grows,  
And God alone knows  
When his night shall cease to tower."

## Select Tale.

### TELL YOUR WIFE.

"Tell me your wife," said Aaron Little, speaking aloud, yet to himself, in a half amused, half troubled way. "Tell me your wife, indeed! Much good that will do? What does she know about business; and money matters; and the tricks of trade? No, no; there's no hope there."

And Aaron Little sat musing, with a perplexed countenance. He held a newspaper in his hand, and his eye had just been lingering over a paragraph, in which the writer suggested to business men in trouble, the propriety of consulting their wives.

"Talk to them freely about your affairs," it said. "Let them understand exactly your condition. Tell them of your difficulties; of your embarrassments, and of your plans for extricating yourselves from the entanglements in which you are involved. My word for it; you will get help in nine cases out of ten. Women have quick perceptions. They reach conclusions by a nearer way than reasoning, and get at the solution of a difficult question, long before your slow moving thoughts bring you near enough for accurate observation. Tell your wives, then, men in trouble, all about your affairs! Keep nothing back. The better they understand the matter, the clearer will be their perceptions."

"All a very fine theory," said Aaron Little, tossing the newspaper from him and leaning back in his chair. "But it won't do in my case. Tell Betsy! Yes, I'd like to see myself doing it. A man must be hard pushed indeed, when he goes home to consult his wife on business affairs."

And so Aaron Little dismissed the subject. He was in considerable doubt and perplexity of mind. Things had not gone well with him for a year past. Dull business and bad debts had left his affairs in rather an unpromising condition. He could not see his way clear for the future. Taking trade as it had been for the past six months, he could not imagine how, with the resources at his command, his maturing payments were to be made.

"I must get more capital," he said to himself. "That is plain. And with more capital, must come a partner. I don't like partnerships. It is so difficult for two men to work together harmoniously. Then you may get entangled with a rogue. It's a risky business, but I see no other way out of this trouble. My own capital is too light for the business I'm doing; and as a measure of safety more must be brought in. Lawrence is anxious to join me, and says that he can command ten thousand dollars. I don't like him in all respects; he's a little too fond of pleasure; but I want his money more than his aid in the business. He might remain a silent partner if he chose. I'll call and see him this very night and have a talk on the subject. If he can bring in ten thousand dollars, I think that will settle the matter."

With this conclusion in his mind, Aaron Little returned home, after closing his store for the day. To be going over, he made preparation for going out, with the intention of calling upon Mr. Lawrence. As he reached his hand for his great-coat, a voice seemed to say to him:

"Tell your wife. Talk to her about it."

But he rejected the thought instantly and commenced dressing on his coat.

"Where are you going, Aaron?" asked Mrs. Little, coming forth from the dining room.

"Out for a little while," he replied. "I'll be back in half an hour or so."

"Out where?"

"Tell her, Aaron. Tell her all about it, said the voice, speaking in his mind.

"Nonsense! She don't understand anything about business. She can't help me." He answered, firmly.

"Tell your wife! The words were in his mind, and would keep repeating themselves."

"Can't you say where you're going, Aaron? Why do you make a mystery of it?"

"Oh, it's only on a matter of business. I'm going to see Mr. Lawrence."

"Edward Lawrence?"

"Yes."

"Tell your wife! The words seemed almost as if uttered aloud in his ears.

"What are you going to see him about?"

"Tell her!"

Mr. Little stood irresolute. What good would telling her do? "What's the matter, Aaron? You've been dull for some time past. Nothing going wrong with you I hope?" And his wife laid her hand upon his arm and leaned towards him in a kind way.

"Nothing very wrong, he answered in an evasive manner. "Business has been dull this season."

"Has it? I'm sorry. Why didn't you tell me? What good would that have done?"

"It might have done a great deal of good. When a man's business is dull, his wife should look to the household expenses; but if she knows nothing about it, she may go on in a way that is really extravagant under the circumstances. I think that men ought always to tell their wives, when anything is going wrong."

"You do?"

"Certainly I do. What better reason can you want than the one I have given? If she knows that the income is reduced, as a prudent wife, she will endeavor to reduce the expenses. Hadn't you better take off your coat, and sit down and talk with me a little, before you see Mr. Lawrence?"

Mr. Little permitted his wife to draw off his overcoat, which she took into the passage and replaced it on the hat-rack. Then returning into the parlor, she said:

"Now, Aaron, talk to me as freely as you choose. Don't keep anything back. Whatever the trouble is, let me know it to the full extent."

"Oh, there's no very great trouble yet. I am only afraid of trouble. I see it coming and wish to keep out of its way, Betsy."

"That's wise and prudent said his wife. 'Now tell me why you are going to see Mr. Lawrence.'

"Mr. Little let his eyes fall to the floor, and sat for some moments in silence. Then looking up he said:

"The truth is, Betsy, I must have more capital in my business. There will be no getting on without it. Now Mr. Lawrence can command, or at least says he can command, ten thousand dollars. I think he would like to join me. He has said as much two or three times."

"And you were going to see him on that business?"

"I was."

"Don't do it," said Mrs. Little, emphatically.

"Why not?" asked Aaron.

"Because he isn't the man for you—not if he had twenty thousand dollars."

"Because is no reason, replied Aaron Little.

"The extravagance of his wife is," was answered, firmly.

"What do you know about her?"

"Only what I have seen. I've called upon her too or three times, and have noticed the style in which her house is furnished. It is arrayed in palace attire, compared with ours. And as for dress, it would take the interest of a little fortune to pay her milliner's and mantuamaker's bills. No, no, Aaron; Mr. Lawrence is not your man, depend on it. He'd use up the ten thousand dollars in less than two years."

"Well, Betsy, that's pretty clear talk," said Mr. Little, taking a long breath. "I'm rather afraid, after what you say, that Mr. Lawrence is not my man. But what am I to do?" and his voice fell into a troubled tone. "I must have more capital; or—"

"Mr. Little paused.

"Or what?" his wife looked at him steadily, and without any sign of weak anxiety.

"Or I may become bankrupt."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that, Aaron," said Mrs. Little's voice trembled perceptibly. "But I'm glad you've told me. The new parlor carpet, of course I shall not order."

"Oh, as to that, the amount it will cost can make no great difference," said Mr. Little. "The parlor does look shabby; and I know you've set your heart on a new carpet."

"Indeed, and it will make a difference, then," replied the little woman, in her decided way. "The last feather breaks the camel's back. Aaron Little shall never fail because of his wife's extravagance. I wouldn't have a new carpet now if it were offered to me at half price."

"You are a brave, true woman, Betsy," said Aaron, kissing his wife, in the glow of a newborn feeling of admiration.

"I hope I shall ever be a true, brave wife," returned Mrs. Little; willing always to help my husband either in saving or in earning, as the case may be. But let us talk more about your affairs; let me see the trouble nearer. Must you have ten thousand dollars right away?"

"Oh, no, no, it's not so bad as that. I was only looking ahead, and seeking the means to provide for approaching payments. I don't want a partner so far as the business itself is concerned. I don't like partnerships; they are almost always accompanied with annoyances or danger. It was money I was after, not the man."

"The money would come dearly at the price of the man, if you took Mr. Lawrence for a partner. At least, that is my opinion. But I am glad to hear you say, Aaron, that you are in no immediate danger. May not the storm be weathered by reefing sail, as the seamen say?"

"By reducing expenses?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Little shook his head.

"Don't say no too quickly," replied his wife. "Let us go over the whole matter at home and at the store. Suppose two or three thousand dollars were saved in the year. What difference would that make?"

"Oh, if that were possible, which it is not, it would make a vast difference in the long run—but would hardly meet the difficulties that are approaching."

"Suppose you had a thousand dollars within the next two months, beyond what your business will give?"

"That sum would make all safe for two months. But where is the thousand dollars to come from, Betsy?"

"Desperate diseases require desperate remedies," replied the brave little woman, in a resolute way. "I'm not afraid of the red flag."

"What do you mean by the red flag?"

"Let us sell off our furniture at auction, and put the money in your business, it won't bring less than a thousand dollars; and it may bring two. My piano alone is worth three hundred and fifty. We can board for a year or two; and when you get all right again return to housekeeping."

"We won't try that yet, Betsy," said Mr. Little. "But something must be done. The disease is threatening, and my first prescription will arrest its violence. I have something more to propose. It comes into my mind this instant; after breaking up we will go home to mother's. You know she never wanted us to leave there. It won't cost us much over half what it does now, taking rent into the account. We will pay sister Annie something to take care of little Eddie and Lizzie through the day, and I will go into the store as chief clerk."

"Betsy! you're crazy!"

"Not a bit of it, Aaron; but a sensible woman, as you will find before you're a year older, if you'll let me have my way. I don't like that Hobson, and never did as you know. I don't believe he's a fair man. Let me take his place, and you will make a clear saving of fifteen hundred dollars a year; and, maybe, of as much more."

"I can't think of it, Betsy. Let us wait awhile."

"You must think of it, and we won't wait awhile," replied the resolute wife. "What is right to be done is best done quickly. Is there not safety in my plan?"

"Yes I think there is, but—"

"Then let us adopt it at once and throw all but overboard, or," as she looked at him a little mischievously, "perhaps you would rather have some talk with Mr. Lawrence first?"

"Hang Mr. Lawrence!" ejaculated Aaron Little.

Very well; there being no help in Mr. Lawrence, we will go to work to help ourselves. Self help, I've heard it said, is always the best help, and most to be depended on. We may know ourselves and trust ourselves; and that is a great deal more than we can say about other people. When shall we have the sale?"

"Not so fast, Betsy, not so fast. I haven't agreed to the sale yet. That would be to make a certain loss. Furniture sold at auction never realizes above half its cost."

"It would be a certain gain, Aaron, if it saved you from bankruptcy, with which, as I understand it, you are threatened."

"I think," said Aaron, "we may get on without that. I like the idea of your coming into my store and taking Hobson's place. All the money from retail sales passes through his hands, and he has it in his power, if not honest, to rob me seriously. I've not felt altogether easy in regard to him of late. Why, I can hardly tell. I've seen nothing wrong. But if you take his place, fifteen hundred dollars will be saved certainly."

"But if I have my house to keep," Mrs. Little answered to this, "how can I help you at the store? The first thing in order is to get the house off my hands."

"Don't you think that Annie could be induced to come and live with us for a few months until we try this new experiment?"

"But the money, Aaron; the money this furniture would bring! That's what I'm looking after. You want money now."

"Very true."

"Then let us hang out the red flag. Halfway measures may only ruin everything. I know that mother will not let Annie leave home; so it's no use to think of it. The red flag, Aaron, the red flag! Depend upon it, that's the first right thing to be done. A thousand or fifteen hundred dollars in hand will make you feel like another person—give you courage, confidence, and energy."

"You may be right, Betsy, but I can't bear the thought of running out that red flag, of which you talk so lightly."

"Shall I say coward? are you afraid to do what common prudence tells you is right?"

"I was afraid Betsy; but am no longer faint-hearted. With such a brave, little wife as you, to stand by my side, I need not fear the world!"

In a week from that day, the red flag was hung out. When the auctioneer made up his accounts he had in hand a little over eighteen hundred dollars, or which a check was filled out to the order of Aaron Little. It came into his hands just at the right moment, and made him feel, to use his own words, "as easy as an old shoe." One week later, Mrs. Betsy Little took the place of Mr. Hobson, as chief manager and cash receiver, in her husband's store. There were some few signs of rebellion among the clerks and shop girls at the beginning; but Mrs. Betsy had a quick, steady eye, and a self-reliant manner that caused her presence to be felt, and soon made everything sub-servient to her will. It was a remarkable fact, that at the close of the first week of her administration of affairs, the cash receipts were over a hundred and fifty dollars in excess of the receipts of any week within the previous three months.

"Have we done more business than usual this week?" she asked of one clerk and another; and the uniform answer was "no."

"Then said the lady to herself, 'there's been foul play here. No wonder my husband was in trouble.'"

At the end of the next week, the sales came up to the same average, and at the end of the third week were two hundred dollars better than before Mrs. Little undertook to manage the retail department. Whether there had been "foul play," or not, Aaron Little could never fully determine; but he was in no doubt as to one thing, and that was the easy condition of the money market, after the lapse of half a year.

For four or five months previous to Mrs. Little's administration of affairs, he was on the street for nearly all his time, during business hours, engaged in the work of money raising; his regular receipts had got in advance of his payments; so that his balance on the morning of each day, was usually in excess of the notes to be lifted. Of course, he could give more attention to business; and of course business increased and grew more profitable under the improved system. By the end of the year, to use his own words, he was "all right." Not so a neighbor of his, who, to get more capital, had taken Mr. Lawrence as a partner. Instead of bringing in ten thousand dollars that "capitalist" was only able to put down three thousand; and before the end of the year had drawn out six or seven thousand, and had given notes of the firm for as much more in payment of old obligations. A failure of the house followed as an inevitable result.

When the fact of the failure, and the cause which led to it, became known to Mr. Little, he remarked with a shrug:

"I am sorry for B——. But he should have told his wife."

"Of what?" asked the person to whom he addressed the remark.

"Of his want of more capital, and intention to make a partner of Lawrence."

"What good would that have done?"

"It might have saved him from ruin, as it did me."

"You are mysterious, Little."

"Am I? Well, in plain words; A year ago I was hard up for money in my business, and thought of taking in Lawrence. I told my wife about it. She said, 'Don't do it.' And I did not: for her 'Don't do it' was followed by suggestions as to her wife's extravagance that opened my eyes a little. I told her, at the same time of my embarrassments, and

she set her bright little head to work, and showed me the way to work out of them. Before this I always had a poor opinion of woman's wit in matters of business; but now I say to every man in trouble 'Tell your wife'—T. S. Arthur.

### Education of the Working Classes.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

Education, in as far as it is to promote the worldly prosperity of the working man, resolves itself into two distinct objects: first, to enable him to obtain the greatest remuneration for his labor, and, second, to enable him to make the best of his money when he has got it. There is too little versatility of capacity among our working men, and too much adherence among them each to his own line of work and business, as if they were all divided, like Orientalists, into castes, of which it is the privilege and duty of the members to follow out to the end of their existence, some one single function, never diverging from it into other occupations, and never liable to have their own intruded on by the members of other castes.

To those who contemplate the perpetual shifting of occupation, necessitated by the adoption of machinery and the progress of invention, the momentous character of the questions—of illness or work,—of pauperism or of prosperity?—is apparent. The story of our handloom weavers fighting for half a century in a death-struggle against machinery—wearing successive generations of statesmen with their protracted wailings, and driving commissioners of inquiry distracted to find a remedy for their mighty sufferings, is the epic of this social calamity. Their trade was doomed when their distresses began, and the salvation of themselves and their generation would have been in the knowledge of this simple fact, which yet no one taught them. The source of their prosperity in the last century was not the legitimate influence of skill and hard work; it arose from fortuitous and temporary causes. Arkwright's and Hargreave's inventions produced the yarn with the rapidity of magic, and laid it at the weaver's door. Before the world got benefit from the machinery, its produce had to pass through the weaver's simple process, and thus his trade became highly lucrative. But it was too simple and easy a process to be superseded by the very power which was now ministering to it. After pushing him onward in his fierce career, the power soon came alongside of the poor weaver, and snatched the bread from his grasp. From being an easy and lucrative trade, the loom sank into the symbol of starvation. Rightly instructed or rightly advised, the weavers would have seen that their fate was doomed—would have sought, each of them as were not too old, other and better trades, and brought up their children in a horror of the pauperising pursuit of jerking a stick from right to left. What they did, however, was to cling to their broken trade, as if adherence to it in adversity were a heroic duty worthy of martyrdom; and not only so, but their decreasing remuneration tempted them to bring their children into partnership—thus rearing a race of pauper workers still lower in grade than themselves; for the better days which the old race of weavers had seen, gave them a respectability and degree of humble refinement, which brightened their existence even in its sorrowful close.

There is no human being, free of disease or palpable defect in mind or body, who cannot learn what is called light plain hand-weaving in a very short time, though perhaps it is not every one who is gifted with the serene patience necessary to pursue it as a trade. A change from this trade to any other involves no discarding of any acquired skill or peculiar training, as the abandonment of the joiner's or the tailor's trade, for instance, would. It is remarkable, however, that just as we ascend the scale of skill and training we ascend in the capacity to change from one occupation to another—the skill in question predicated a certain amount of available intelligence. It is for the intellectual professions and occupations that the most tedious, minute, and difficult training is required; yet we constantly see men of the educated classes changing their pursuits, and adapting themselves to their position. Take the lists of members of the Bar, and of the different medical incorporations, and see how many are engaged in pursuits quite different from those to which they were trained. The qualifications of a newspaper editor, among the most special and thoroughly conventional in existence, requiring a prompt and skillful adaptation of tactics, varied knowledge, and a ready fluent pen, have generally been acquired by men trained to some totally different fixed pursuit, owing to those peculiar conditions of the literary profession which deprive it of any school or system of training of its own. Men who have entered life as officers in the army or navy, have attached themselves to the civil service, and in many instances have risen in it to great distinction. Chatham was first known in Parliament as "that terrible crier of dragons;" and Chancellor Erskine was brought up as a sailor. The Church generally keeps in hand those who have solemnly attached themselves to it as a profession, since it is not deemed creditable to be defrocked. Yet literature, art and science owe many a service to members of the profession whose position has not restricted them to duties purely clerical. The percussion-cap was the invention of one clergyman, the power-loom of another. Every new invention—the steam-ship, the railway, the electric telegraph—while it testifies that some one man has taken great strides out of the course of all the known beaten paths, at the same time draws after it a multitude of educated and skilled men to perform the new function of carrying the invention into practical execution, and it may be of improving and perfecting it. When a man of education, who has leisure and taste for such a thing, tries any of the higher mechanical trades, such as those of the joiner or the black-smith, he is generally amazed at his own proficiency, and at the ease with which he acquires the special faculties and mechanical devices suited to bring forth the desired result. His knowledge of natural philosophy and the mechanical powers informs him promptly of those little secrets about the strength of materials, and the fitting of parts to each other, which the uneducated mechanic practises, without understanding them, as the result of a tedious monotony of training. An eye cultivated to nicety of observation, at the same time adjusts proportions and detects deficiencies, looks to the finish and edge of tools, and naturally adapts itself to many petty services which also are to the uneducated the fruit of tedious and unintelligent routine.

Some foreign workmen are a reproach to our own, in the resources at their disposal from their ability to do more than one thing. The Swiss peasantry of the Jura occupy themselves with their little farms during the warm months, and when snowed up in winter betake themselves to the extremely delicate and intricate task of constructing the works of those Geneva watches which are renowned all over the world for their neatness and accuracy. In those deep awful valleys of the Alps, where the people are so often stricken with organic disease, it is beautiful to see the versatile ingenuity with which they employ their remaining faculties in ornamental woodwork and other minor arts. With us it is too often seen in the lumber classes, that a natural deformity, or the accidental loss of a sense or a limb, is held to justify an abandonment of all effort at self-support, and a reversion to pauperism.

Those exquisitely-cut Lawrence Kirk snuff-boxes of fifty years ago, the peculiar structure of which gave origin to a staple manufacture of the country now exclusively pursued, were, if we mistake not, first invented and made by "lamiter." The delicate furnace-heating necessary for the perfection of that noblest of our pottery manufactures, Wedgwood ware, was discovered by the man whose name it bears, at a time when the calamity of a broken leg compelled him to abandon his usual occupation as a mechanic, and his active mind sought a pursuit in such experiments and contrivances as one thus disabled could carry through.

The versatility of our French rivals in all handicraft occupations has often made itself conspicuous. The resources of the French soldier in cooking, finding quarters and comfort for himself, improvising substitutes for the proper munitions of an army when these are not at hand in the legitimate shape, and generally in overcoming mechanical difficulties, were frequently noticed during the Crimean war. The fathers of the same Frenchmen, when they were our enemies, and filled our prisons of war, scattered over the whole country the touching testimonies of their ingenious industry in toys and light movables. They were things not of an enduring nature, most of which have probably disappeared; but many people will remember how often, when their boyish admiration was excited by some little article, conspicuous at the same time for the simplicity of the materials and the prettiness of the construction, there was the same invincible answer about the makers—"Ah, they are the French prisoners, poor fellows." In those dire pandemoniums, the Convict Bagnes, where thousands of the most accomplished ruffians in France were chained to the pavements, their natural ingenuity and activity still developed itself, and out of their polluted manufactory has come many a pretty toy or contrivance, such as the mind naturally associates with youth and innocence.

It is a general practice among French artisans to learn how to obtain a livelihood by more than one occupation. Very few people of any class pursue in an emigration field the occupation they have been trained to at home; and if it were not for their latent adaptability to new pursuits, the majority of our French prisoners would have died of starvation, as they had reached their destination. Their history is a sad narrative of ignorance and blundering, causing anxieties and sufferings which have only, in a proportion of instances, ended in success. The ignorance of the resources of emigration fields, and the services there required—the ignorance, in short, of the means to live—in which people cast their destinies on the other side of the world, is astounding. Often the restless dissipated artisan, to whom city life at home did not afford sufficient excitement, has found himself deposited on a boundless plain of arid grass, hundreds of miles from a town, and many miles even from the next station, where he has had to eat, sleep and find on his own resources. The general notion with which artisans and other working-men have emigrated, has not been a specific understanding founded on inquiry, that they have qualifications which will bring them a better return in the colonies than at home. A rumor of the making of some new railway, or the establishment of some manufactory, penetrates into Dorset, Shire or far Tipperary, and a gradual stream sets in the direction of the additional labor field—a stream of beings acting under a sort of epidemic impulse, and scarcely more conscious of the specific object of their journey than a drove of Highland cattle. Thus the mass of laboring hands sways this way and that, and each one, as it were, is a headless army, as they have reached their destination. Their history is a sad narrative of ignorance and blundering, causing anxieties and sufferings which have only, in a proportion of instances, ended in success. The ignorance of the resources of emigration fields, and the services there required—the ignorance, in short, of the means to live—in which people cast their destinies on the other side of the world, is astounding. Often the restless dissipated artisan, to whom city life at home did not afford sufficient excitement, has found himself deposited on a boundless plain of arid grass, hundreds of miles from a town, and many miles even from the next station, where he has had to eat, sleep and find on his own resources. 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