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SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 9.

Poetry.

ODE TO WINTER.

When first the fiery-mantled sun
His heavenly race began to run;
Round the earth and ocean blue
His children four, the Seasons, flew.
First, in green apparel dancing,
The young Spring sailed with angel grace;
Then Summer next advancing,
Rushed into her sister's embrace;
Her bright-haired sister, who had her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
On India's citron-covered ledge;
More remote and luxuriant,
The Queen of a vine bowed before his throne;
A rich pomegranate girded her crown,
A ripe sheaf bowed her zone.
But howling winter did afar,
To hills that prop the polar star,
And loves on shore-borne car to ride
With barren darkness by his side.
Round the shore where Lord Leoford
Whirls to death the roaring whale.
Round the hall where Runic Olen
Howls his war-song to the gale;
Save when adown the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm,
Delivering Nature's grizzly robe,
And tramping on her faded form;
Till light's returning lid assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his seven plume
Say, hath mortal invasion
Spells to touch thy stout heart?
Then winter, hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruined year;
Nor still the wanderer's bosom leave,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;
To shivering Nature's unarm'd bed
Thy horror-breathing accents lend,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend.
But chiefly spare, O' ing of clouds!
The sailor on his airy shroud;
When wrecks and beacons steep the deep,
And spectres walk along the deep
Milder yet thy sunny beams
Pour on yonder tilted shores,
Where the lithe's head billow freezes,
Or the dark driven tempest roars.
Oh, wail of winter! But ye there
To many a deep and dying groan;
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
At shrieks and shudders from your own.
Alas! ev'ry year's unrelenting breath
May spare the victim fallen low;
But man will ask no truce to death,
No bonds to human woe.

Select Tale.

A WINTER UNDERGROUND.

(Continued.)

The perpetual fires constantly cooked the most outlandish messes; the fiddles and drums went on as if self-acting; the reindeer were fed, tended, and milked; birchen bowls were carved, horn tinklers chiselled, and stories related to gapping listeners, all at once, and all for ever. I left off looking at my watch at all, except mechanically I went about as a sleep-walker might; I dreamed standing; I passed great part of that wonderful winter not unpleasantly, but in a sort of amiable nightmare. Of course, I saw no newspapers; the night might as well be as it pleased. It was in the daylight—I in the dark. Of course I received no letters; the post-carrier was shut out, along with the sun, and I was the tenant of a strange lamp-lit, moonshiny world.

We were not always underground. In the fine weather the reindeer were driven out to browse on the lichens and mosses, from which they scratched away the snow with their fore feet. There were hunting parties, too, when we chased and slew the white wolves, the white hares, the martens, the deer, the birds, all and every one in their winter liveliness. There was the ermine chase, and the chase of the white fox, and a grand battle with an old giant of a bear, who presumed on the superstitious respect the Laps have for "Old Grandfather Wizard," as they call him, and robbed the storehouses, until the thefts became unbearable. The wolf hunts were rather dangerous; but the bear was a terrible fellow; he wounded four of our best hunters, covered the dogs with his ursine hugs, and nearly laid the whole company, when a lucky shot laid him low. And then were the glorious drives! Oh, the wild excitement of sweeping over the frozen snow in a deer-drawn sledge, swift as a hawk on the wing, every bell jingling, and the wild driver singing as he cheers on his untamed team, that fly like the wind over the dazzling white moraines! The worst of it is, it takes away your breath unaccountably; and when I was out, and would drive personally, I was run away with, of course, upset with an awful hurt into a drift five fathoms deep, and dug out ignominiously, amid much laughter of the little folks, who greatly crowd our clumsy Gyllivaters. Still, the drives were famous fun. I was frostbitten twice, and revived by a snow rubbing; but, worse, I was struck with snow blindness, for I had to pass a fortnight in my cabin in absolute darkness, and was not the happier for the reflection that my own obtuseness in refusing to wear snow-spectacles had brought this agreeable seclusion upon me. But the kind little folks basted about me, and told me the most wonderful stories of the gnomes, witches, geni, and so forth, all with perfect childish belief and sang and played to me, and lightened my loneliness considerably. When I recovered, I was thankful for the spectacles, and never suffered from the glare any more.

So the winter wore on. The Laps were always kind, gentle and gay, in their strange, semi-pagan way, though I trembled lest I should really be left beyond cure of their simple remedies, and abandoned to the wizard, a sort of machine man among them, who beats his magic drum, and mutters spells over the sick, as among the American Indians. Not that the Laps are idolaters now, although, in 1700, Bishop Gunner found a few heathens still among them, who worshipped a black stone. On the contrary, we had a pastor of the Swedish Church at Kolbitz. But he was a native Lap, a meek little man, who had half forgotten his small stock of learning acquired at Upsala; and I am sure he put perfect faith in the wizard, as the latter moved about haughty and mysterious, in his blue magic dress, and was not the sort of priest to eradicate the superstitions which he avowedly shared. Besides the wizard, we possessed two witches, impish crones, in pointed caps of white fox skin, who derived fees and much reverence from the fears of the community. Yet my hosts looked on themselves as civil-

ized folks, compared with more northern neighbors. "All bad tribes up north," Peter Wow would say, in his broken Swedish; "shoot you if you go there, for fear you come for harm! Cannibals up there! and you know the Lapland muskets never miss!" Indeed, they very seldom do miss, at a moderate range.

But the Merry Dancers! I was going to omit the most strangely splendid sight that ever astonished my eyes, and to which a whole Royal Academy of artists could never do justice. The Northern Lights, the customary auroras and meteors, were unusually splendid about midwinter; but once, as I was returning from a sledge excursion, an exclamation from my guide made me start. I shall never forget the scene. The heavens were one vast pavilion of many colored light; blue, orange, fiery red, deep violet, now paved with fiery gold, now spangled with lustrous gems all blended in one glowing mass, while beneath, and touching the snowy plain, wheeled and sparkled, as in fantastic dance, a hundred columns, of prismatic fire, that seemed the creation of some wild dream. These were the Merry Dancers, the wondrous Lights of the North. Ah! it was a pleasant winter; and I protest that I was half sorry when we all went up the hill again, and hailed the rising sun, and day and summer came pouring in at once; and the boat was prepared, and I bade my gnome hosts adieu, went off to the daylight, open air, Gloucestershire world again.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Artemus Ward Visits Brigham Young.

It is now going on two years, as I very well remember, since I crossed the Plains for California, the Brite land of Judd. While crossing the Plains all told, I fell in with some noble red men of the forest. N. B. This is rote Sarcastical. Tajias is Pizin, whar ever found, which they said I was their brother, and wanted for to smoke the Colonel of Peace with me. They then stole my jerk beef, blankets, biscuit, and my organ grinder, and scooted with a wild flap. During the Chief's technic speech, he said he should meet me in the Happy Mountain Grounds. He said, there will be a fire. But enuff of this ere. *Raven Nose Mattions*, as our schoolmaster, who has got Talent into him, easily observes.

I arrive at St. Lake in do time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U. S. sgers, hostensibly sent out there to smash the Mormons, but really to eat Salt vittles & play poker and other beautiful but somewhat unsanitary games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. They looked putty scrumptious in their Blue coats with brass buttons, and sum, & were very talented drinkers; but, so far as fitin is concerned, I willingly put my wax fingers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my gracie show in Salt Lake City, so I called on Brigham Young, the grate nagell among the Mormons, and axed his permission to pitch my tent and unfurl my banner to the gentle breeze. He looked at me in a auster manner for a few minits, & said:

"Do you believe in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateless of the Mormon Church and the Latter-day Revelashuns?"

"Yes, I 'fue on it!" I make it a pint to get along pleasant, the I didn't know what under the Sun the old feller was drivin at. He said I might show. "You air a married man, Mister Yang, I believe?"

"I have plenty wives, Mister Ward. I certainly am married."

"How do you like it as far as you her got?"

He said "Middlin," and axed me wouldn't I like to see his fam'ly, to which I replied that I wouldn't mind narglin with the fair Seek & Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordingly took me up to his Sarraun. The house is powerfully big & in a excellin large room was his wives and children, which last was squarwin and bollerin enuff to take the roof rite of the house. The winnin was of all sizes and ages. Sam was pretty and sum was plain—sum was healthy and sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, the sich was not my intensions, as I don't prove of puttin verses in prose ritins, the of occasion requires I can Jerk a Poin eal to any of them Atlantic Monthly fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," said Yang.

"Your servant, marm," said I, as I set down in a cheer, which a red-headed female bravt me.

"Besides these wives you see here, Mister Ward," said Yang, "I have eighty more in various parts of this consecrated land which are Sealed to me."

"Which?" said I, gittin up & startin at him.

"Sealed, sir, Sealed."

"Where borts?" said I.

"I said, Sir, that they was sealed!" He spoke in a traggerly voice.

"Will they probly continue on in that stife to any great extent, Sir?" I axed.

"Sir," said he, turnin as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may have as many wives as I wants?"

"Jes so," I said. "You air old pie, ain't you?"

"Them as is sealed to me—that is to say, to be mine when I wants um—air at present my secret-ual wives," said Mister Yang.

"Long may they wave!" said I, seein I should git in a scrape if I didnt look out.

In a private conversation with Brigham I learnt the fullin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only once a yere & so it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, there iss many of um, tho they all know him. He says about every child he meats call him Par, & he takes it for granted it is so. His wives are very expensive. They allurs want sutlin & ef he don't buy it for um they set the house in a uproar. He ses he don't hev a minits peace. His wives fite among themselves so much that he has bilt a fite room for their speshul benefit & when too of um git into a row he has um turned loose into that place, where the dispost is settled according to the rules of the London prize ring. Sometimes they abooz hiself individually. They hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares many horrible scars upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broom-sticks & sich. Occasunally they git mad & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got any waze cranky they'd shut him up in a dark closet, previlly whippin him after the stile of murtherers when their off-spring git unruly. Sum

times when he went in swimmin they'd go to the banks of the Lake & steal all his close, thereby compelling him to sneek home by a sircousit rowt, dress in the Skanderus stile of the Greek Slave. "I find that the keers of a married life way hevy onto me," sed the Profit, "and sumtimes I wish Ie remained single." I left the Profit and started for the tavern where I put up to. On my way I was overtak by a large krowd of Mormins, which they surrounded me and statid that they was going into the show free.

"Wall," sed I, "ef I find a individoo who is goin round lettin folks into his show free, Ie let you know."

"We've had a revelashun biddin us go into A. Ward's Show without payin nothin!" they showtild.

"Yes," hollered a lot of female Mormoneses, ceasing me by the cote tails and swingin me round very rapid, "we're all goin in free!" So says the Revelashun!

"What's Old Revelashun got to do with my Show?" sed I, gittin putty riley. "Tell Mr. Revelashun," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and lookin round on the ornery krowd with a proud & ownd mean, "tell Mr. Revelashun to mind his own business subject only to the Konstitution of the United States!"

"Oh now let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several females, puttin thair arms round me in lovin stile. "Beum I of us. Beum a Preest, & hev wives Sealed to you."

"Not a Seal!" sed I, starting back in horror at the idee.

"Oh stay, Sir, stay," said a tall, gawnt female, ore whose hed 37 summers must hev past, "stay, & Ie be your Jentle Gazelle."

"Not of I know it, you won't," sed I. "Awa you skanderus female, awa! Gp & be a Nunery!" That's what I sed, jes so.

"& I," sed a fat chunky female, who must hev wade more than too hundred lbs. "I will be your saceet gildin Star!"

"Sed I, 'Ie bet too dollars and a half you won't.' Whare ear I may Rome, Ie still be too 2 thee, oh Betsy Jane!" [N. B.—Betsy Jane is my wife's S. name.]

"Whist! not tarry hear in the Promis Land?" sed several of the misbril critters.

"Ie see you all essensibly cussed be a I whist!" roared I, and as I eod be at thair infernal non-sent. I girded up my Lions & flee the Seen. I packt up my duds & left Salt Lake, which is 2nd Soddam & Gernarrier, inhabited by as theavin & onepineful a set of retchis as ever drew Breath in any spot on the globe.

ARTEMUS WARD.

THE EAST AFRICAN GHATS.—These regions are inhabited by the Wasagras. Amongst them is seen, for the first time on this line, the classical coliffure of ancient Egypt. The hair, allowed to attain its fullest length, is twisted into a multitude of the thinnest ringlets, each composed of two thin lengths wound together; the wiry stiffness of the curls keeps them distinct and in position. Behind, a curtain of pigtail hangs down to the nape; in front, the hair is either embowed off the forehead or it is brought over the forehead and trimmed short. No head-dress has a wilder nor a more characteristically African appearance than this, especially when, encreased with a pumation of micaceous ocre, and decorated with beads, brass balls, and similar ornaments, it waves and rattles with every motion of the head.

Young men and warriors adorn their locks with the feathers of vultures, ostriches and a variety of bright plumed jays, and some tribes twist each ringlet with a string of reddish fibre. It is seldom combed out, the operation requiring for a head of thick hair the work of a whole day; it is not therefore, surprising that the pediculus (louse) swarms through the land. None but the chiefs wear hats. Both sexes distend the ear-lobe; a hole is bored with a needle, or a thorn, it is enlarged by inserting bits of cane, wood, or quills, increasing the latter to the number of twenty, and is kept open by a disk of brass, ivory, wood, or gum, a roll of leaf or a beetle nut; thus deformed, it serves for a variety of purposes apparently foreign to the member; it often carries a cane, snuff-box, sometimes a goat's horn pierced for a fife, and other small valuables. When empty, especially in old age, it depends in a deformed loop to the shoulders. The peculiar mark of the tribe is a number of confused little cuts between the ears and the eyebrows. Some men, especially in the eastern part of the mountains, chip the teeth to points.—*Central Africa.*

EUROPE AND HER RULERS.

Italy is nearly free; France non-plussed; Neapolitan-Barboursin finished, and the ominous Warsaw bubble collapsed—all within a couple of weeks or so—and all because the rule of Europe is quietly but surely slipping from the trembling hands of doidr Kings into the firm grasp of the rising people; and as we see it our heart rejoices at the onward march of awakening mankind. But the self same struggling mankind has yet much to do in elevating humanity, and has much to learn, so that it can be wisely, justly, and profitably accomplished. And the only fear we have is that the people may fall back into their ancient supinities. Italy is left, now that she is so far free, for a time without her hero, Garibaldi. He has returned to his lowly home—a conqueror such as the world seldom sees;—and yet he has gone home to peace and quietness greater, nobler, more influential, by ten thousand times, in his simplicity, than if he had assumed the sceptre of his now nearly united country. Italy, indeed, may for a time be left, but only for a time; and even that time will be short, for her sons and their heroic ladies have yet a mighty work before them—a work we hope ere long they with Almighty help, shall see accomplished. Garibaldi has gone home, but his last words to his fellow-heroes were—that "we all want rest; but soon heaven knows how soon—I want you all again, patriotic men, for we have a mighty work to do." In the face of this declaration, Austria may as well attempt to claim the old island of Great Britain as retain Venetia from the union of Italian peoples.—She must lose it, the only question being time; and when the time comes, the late dispatch of Lord John Russell hints which way will blow the sympathy of our fatherland and those that hold sway within that glorious old realm.

Her Majesty's Government do not feel justified in declaring that the people of Southern Italy had not good reason for throwing off their allegiance to their former Government. Her Majesty's Government cannot therefore blame the King of Sardinia for assisting them." Lord John adds that her Majesty's Government can see no sufficient ground for the severe censure with which Austria, France, Prussia, and Russia have visited the acts of the King of Sardinia. Her Majesty's Government will turn their eyes rather to the gratifying prospect of a people bidding up the edifice of their liberties and consolidating the work of their independence, amid the sympathies and good wishes of Europe.

Such is the language of the Foreign Secretary of Great Britain—words that speak volumes, spoken to the crowned heads of Europe—and at the same moment they are words that speak the wisdom of Victoria's Cabinet. The world is on the move forward, British statesmen keep march step by step with the advance, and to see the world of Europe keep moving with them side by side, is for the safety, well-being, and prosperity of not only Britain but the whole Continent of Europe. Italy's work is half done. A few months more it will be completed, and at this hour the heroes and patriots of Italy and elsewhere are taking deep counsel with each other for the next step—Hungary and her liberation, and, like Italy, she too will ere long be free; the plan is forming, and the men are ready.—*Scottish American Journal.*

Daring of the Bearcoat.

The fierce and powerful bird called the bearcoat, Mr. Atkinson (Travels on the Amor) tells us, is trained for hunting by the Kirghis. The following incident illustrates his strength and courage, and shows that he might prove a formidable antagonist, even to man himself.

I have mentioned in my former work that the bearcoat is trained for hunting by the Kirghis. But I have said nothing of his prowess in his wild state, when he sports on his own account, and sometimes plunders other ravagers of their prey. The following incident will illustrate his power and courage, besides showing that he would prove a formidable opponent to any unarmed man, if hunger prompted him to dispute possession of his game.

Three of these dark monarchs of the sky were seen soaring high above the crags to the south, which were too abrupt to ride over. We therefore plucked our horses to feed, and began to ascend the mountain slope. In about an hour and a half we reached the sunshine, and descended into a small wooded valley, when we observed the bearcoats wheeling round towards the upper end, in which direction we hastened. Having gone in a quick walk for about three miles, we reached a rocky glen that led us into the valley of the Ban, known to be a favorite resort of the animals we were seeking. A small torrent ran foaming through its centre, and mountains rose on each side far above the snow-line.

In singular contrast with the rich foliage and luxuriant herbage in the valley, the lower slopes facing the south were almost destitute of verdure, while those facing the north were clothed with a dense forest.

We had scarcely entered this sylvan spot when a singular spectacle was presented to our view. A large maral had been hunted down by three wolves, who had just seized him, and the ravenous brutes were tearing to pieces the noble animal while yet breathing. We instantly prepared to inflict punishment on two of the beasts, and crept quickly along under cover to get within range. We succeeded, and were leveling our rifles, when Serge called my attention to two large bearcoats poised aloft, and preparing for a swoop. He whispered, "Don't fire, and we shall see some grand sport."

Presently one of the eagles shot down like an arrow, and was almost instantly followed by the other. When within about forty yards of the group, the wolves caught sight of them, and instantly stood on the defensive, showing their long yellow fangs, and uttering a savage howl. In a few seconds the bearcoat struck his prey—one talon was fixed on his back, the other on the upper part of his neck, completely securing the head, while he tore out the wolf's liver with his beak. The other bearcoat had seized another wolf, and shortly both were as lifeless as the animal they had hunted.

The third brute snarled when his comrade set up their wailing howls, and started for the covers but he was soon within range, when a puff of white smoke from Serge's rifle, and he rolled over dead. The report started the bearcoats, but we remained concealed, and they commenced their repast on the stag. Their attack had been made with so much gallantry that neither the old hunter nor myself could raise a rifle against them, and disturb their banquet. When satisfied, they soared up to some lofty crags, and Serge took off the skins of the poachers, which he intended to keep as trophies bravely won by the eagles. My old friend had spent thirty years in the vast forests and mountains of Asia. He was thoroughly acquainted with the habits of the animals, and the feathered race that inhabit them; and the daring attack by the bearcoats was the most interesting scene he had witnessed.

ILLUSTRIOUS DUNCES.—A CHAPTER FOR DULL BOYS. An interesting chapter might be written on the subject of illustrious dunces—dull boys but brilliant men. We have room, however, for only a few instances. Pietro di Cortona, the painter, was thought so stupid that he was nicknamed "Ass Head" when a boy; and Thomas Gaidi was generally known as "heavy Tom" (Massocco Tomassocini), though by diligence he afterwards raised himself to the highest eminence. Newton was at school stood at the bottom of the lowermost form but one. The boy above Newton having kicked him, the dunce showed his pluck by challenging him to fight, and beat him. Then he set to work with a will, and determined to vanquish his antagonist as a scholar, which he did, rising to the top of his class. The well known Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Cook were boys together at the parish school of St. Andrews; and they were found so stupid and mischievous, that the master, irritated beyond measure, dismissed them both as incorrigible dunces.

Chatterton was returned to his mother's hands as "a fool, of whom nothing could be made." Burns was a dull boy, good only at athletic exercises. Goldsmith spoke of himself as a plant that flowered late. Affertt led college no wiser than he entered it, and did not begin the studies by which he distinguished himself till he had run over half of Europe. Robert Clive was a dunce, if not a reprobate, when a youth; but always full of energy, even in badness. His family, glad to get rid of him, sent him off to Madras; and he lived to lay the foundation of the British power in India. Napoleon and Wellington were both dull boys, not distinguishing themselves in any way at school. Of the former the Duchess d'Angantes says: "He had health, but in other respects he was like other boys." John Howard, the philanthropist, was another illustrious dunce, learning next to nothing the seven years that he was at school. Stephenson, as a youth, was distinguished for his skill at putting and wrestling and attention to his work. The brilliant Sir John Davy was no cleverer than other boys; his teacher, Mr. Davies Gilbert, said of him: "While he was with me I could not discern the faculties by which he was so much distinguished." Indeed, he himself in after life considered it fortunate that he had been left to "enjoy so much idleness" at school. Watt was a dull scholar, notwithstanding the pretty stories told about his precocity; but he was what was better, patient and persevering, and it was by that means, and by his carefully cultivated inventiveness that he was enabled to perfect his steam engine.

REARING CHILDREN.

1. Children should not go to school until six years old.

2. Should not learn at home during that time more than the alphabet, religious teachings excepted.

3. Should be fed with plain substantial food, at regular intervals of not less than four hours.

4. Should not be allowed to eat anything within two hours of bed-time.

5. Should have nothing for supper but a single cup of warm drink, such as very weak tea of some kind, or cambric tea or warm milk and water, with one slice of cold bread and butter—nothing else.

6. Should sleep in separate beds on hair mattresses, without caps, feet first well warmed by the fire or rubbed with the hands until perfectly dry; extra covering on the lower limbs, but little on the body.

7. Should be compelled to be out of doors for the greater part of daylight, from after breakfast until half an hour before sun-down unless in damp, raw weather, when they should not be allowed to go outside the door.

8. Never limit a healthy child as to sleeping or eating, except at supper; but compel regularity as to both; it is of great importance.

9. Never compel a child to sit still, nor interfere with its enjoyment, as long as it is not actually injurious to person or property; or against good morals.

10. Never threaten a child; it is cruel, unjust and dangerous. What you have to do, do it, and be done with it.

11. Never speak harshly or angrily, but mildly, kindly, and when really needed, firmly—no more.

12. By all means arrange it so that the best words between you and your children at bed time, especially if the younger ones, shall be words of unalloyed love and affection.

GOOD ADVICE.—Do not delude yourself with the idea that you can please everybody. Who ever knew anybody that was worth anything that had nobody to find fault with him? You would have to do evil in many cases to please the evil; flatter some to gratify their pride; indulge the selfish, submit to the tyrannical, be a tool for the ambitious and be careful not to have anything as good as those who desire to have everything superior to their neighbours. If you are a public man, should you be diligent, you must expect to have many secretly dislike you and talk against you for your success;—and if you accomplish little, though many show themselves friendly, it often leaks out that some who appear friendly to you, can do this because they do not fear your rivalry; they may smile upon you outwardly, and yet entertain contempt for your inefficiency; always do that which is right, be diligent do the most you can, pay no regard to fault-finders, and you will find as many friends as any sensible man need desire.

TEMPTED BY DECEITS.—John Newton says, Satan seldom comes to christians with a temptation to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbours; but being a few shavings and a light and then bring a few small sticks and let them take fire and the log be in the midst of them, and you will see a good deal of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you to indulge yourself. There is no great harm in this? no peril in that and so, by these little chips, we are first easily lighted up, and at least the green log is burned. Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.

THE AGE OF FORTY-SIX.—Thomas Hood died at the age of forty-six, at the very moment when he had excited the greatest expectations. There seems to be a fatality at this period of life for a certain class of intellects, nearly as great as that which has rendered the age of thirty-seven dangerous to the higher ranks of artistic genius—to Raphael, to Mozart, to Burns, to Byron. It is the grand diametric of a soldier's and the statesman's life. At forty-six Pitt gave up the ghost, and passed away in the prime of his powers. At forty-six Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo, and ended his career. At forty-six Wellington won that battle, and may be said almost to have commenced his civil career. At forty-six Nelson's hour had come at Trafalgar. At the same age the active and brilliant part of Lord Palmerston's career commenced at the Foreign Office; Mr. D'Israeli exhibited his peculiarities as Minister; and Dr. Arnold who possessed the statesman's type of intellect, wrote in his diary—*Vari*. In literature we find that Spenser died at forty-six, Addison at forty-seven, Goldsmith at forty-six, Hood at forty-six—all men notable for some peculiarity in their way of drawing from "the well of English undefiled."

Beating is sometimes out of place. We were once amused at hearing a gentleman remark that he was a bachelor, as was his father before him.

A secular paper, referring to a recent theological work, inquiring how sin came into the world says: "There are matters of more importance than that inquiry. If there is a pig in your garden you had better busy yourself in driving it out than in speculation as to how it got in."

What a beautiful sight it is to behold the aged Christian at the close of his career, retiring like the sun beneath the western wave; giving promise in the increased richness of his graces and brightness of his example, that his rising again shall be in the midst of the glories of eternity.

"Ben" saw the Prince of Wales, but says he didn't see much "hair apparent" about his face.

It is not work that kills men, but worry. Work is healthy and invigorating; you can scarce put more upon a man than he can bear. Worrying is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution, but the friction, which wears out machinery.

Flowers are the terrestrial stars that bring down heaven to earth, and carry up our thoughts from earth to heaven; the poetry of the Creator, written in beauty and fragrance.

The pen is the silent mouth-piece of the mind, which gives ubiquity and permanence to the evanescent thought of a moment.

Hilence is hard work for those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are. Nothing is so hard to do, as to do nothing.

John Paul says beautifully of children: "The smallest are nearest God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun."

"Tommy my son, run to the store and get some sugar." "Excuse me, ma, I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father and tell him to bring me a pound of tobacco."

Items, Foreign & Local.

The entire stud of Abbas Pacha, late Viceroy of Egypt, is now offered for sale. The Viceroy had a mania for collecting fine horses and had his agents travelling through Arabia and Syria, buying for any price, every horse that he might fancy. At his death there were more than 200 of the finest Arabian horses in his stables.

It is estimated that at least 30,000 tourists have visited Niagara Falls during the past season.

The Queen has appointed Sir William Thomas Denison, K. C. B., colonel in the Royal Engineers, to be Governor of Madras.

A Frenchman, 7 feet 8 inches high, is stopping at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans.

The silk manufacture in the United States reaches an annual aggregate of about \$2,000,000. There are 54 mills, employing from 8,000 to 10,000 hands three-fourths of them children.

The Montreal Advertiser says: That two habitants from the Chaudiere district have just brought into town several nuggets of gold, one weighing about four ounces, and the whole worth \$350.

Secretary Cobb has resigned his office as Secretary to the United States, on the ground that he desires secession of the Southern States from the Union.

We learn from the St. Andrews Standard that the eldest son of Mr. Bennett, station Master, at Dunbarton Station, was killed the other day, while attempting to couple two cars.

Lincoln has carried both California and Oregon which makes the triumph of the Republican party the more national.

The Globe, says a man by the name of John Jones, fell on board the ship Queen upon a cross beam and was immediately killed.

The Marquis of Westminster is the richest man in Great Britain. He has an annual income of about \$7,000,000.

Should the disunionists in the Southern States carry out their threats, there will be a transposition of letters, United will read UNITED STATES.

The great Art-Exhibition of Paris is officially announced for May and June next, time for sending in limited to between March 20 and April, open to all nations, and one great medal of 4000 francs value will be given.

A copy of the "Bay Psalm Book," the first book printed in the British Colonies, and which bears the imprint of "Cambridge, Massachusetts Bay, 1625" was recently sold in England to a bibliophile for the large sum of £120—nearly \$750.

Upwards of \$20,000 appear to the credit of the Railway in Nova Scotia over and above all charges for running expenses.

Mr. J. R. Lithgow is having a controversy in reference to the observance of the sabbath, with some of the Sunday loving citizens of Halifax.

The Japanese Government have ordered that no foreigner shall reside in Japan whose country is not represented by a Consul. Ships taking out such persons will be obliged to take them back again.

A Nova Scotian writing from New Zealand to the editor of the Pictou Standard, strongly advises his countrymen against emigrating to that region.

We learn that the work on the St. Andrews Railway, is being pushed on with great vigor.

Small pox has made its appearance in Halifax N. S. The value of property in this Province is estimated at Twenty millions of dollars.

The area of New Brunswick is 57,650 square miles. Her greatest length is 210 miles, and greatest width 180 miles.