

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

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NO. 21

Poetry.

GOD SPEED THE PLOUGH.

God speed the plough-share! Tell me not
Disgrace attends the toil
Of those who plough the dark green sod,
Or till the fruitful soil.
Why should the honest ploughman shrink
From mingling in the van
Of learning and of wisdom, since
'Tis mind that makes the man?
God speed the plough-share! and the hands
That till the fruitful earth!
And thank the meek and lowly Jesus,
It matters not, for God will bless
The laborer of the plough.

WHAT WAS WANTED.

She tied the new cravat
Which she so kindly made me;
Then smoothed with care my hat,
And with her arms delayed me;
She brushed my "glossy hair,"
And said "it was so curly!"
While going down the stairs
She cried, "Come home, dear early!"
How happy then was I
With all I've desired;
I fortune could defy
While thus I was admired!
Her smile deserved a sonnet!
"Dear love!—but one thing more,
I want—a new spring bonnet!"

Select Tale.

DECEPTION.

The chamber was luxuriously furnished, and had an air of comfort, too, that told its luxuries were made for use, and not merely to be looked at.

By the fire, in his easy-chair, sat the doctor; seated on a low stool at his feet, her cheek resting on his knee, was Louisa. There had been a little gentle chiding on the part of the doctor, apparently, for a tear stole from each blue eye down the young girl's rosy cheek. Louisa's cheeks were always rosy, but they assumed a deeper hue as, glancing shyly at the doctor, she said:—

"Indeed, uncle, I love William as well as ever I did, but I cannot help thinking he did me great injustice in falsely accusing me of flirting with Lionel Renfrew."

"Stop, Louisa," interrupted the doctor, "do not say falsely. I watched the whole affair that has offended your lover so much, and I do not think his jealousy is without cause."

Then changing his voice to one of the deepest sadness, and laying his hand upon the fair head before him, Dr. Boulding said, "You, Louisa, just now used the phrase, 'little harmless flirtation.' Listen, my child, while I tell you how a harmless flirtation crushed my hopes and embittered my life."

"It must be twenty-two years ago, though to me it seems but as yesterday, that I, a thin, nervous, young medical student, passed my examination, and obtained my certificate as a surgeon. Before I established myself as a practitioner, I resolved to have a week's holiday, and therefore went down to Wallington to visit a cousin I had residing there. It was a lovely country village, and to me, who had been studying hard for months—scarcely indulging myself in a walk to sniff the fresh air beyond the boundary of the city, in which I lived—presented a charming picture of rural beauty, and an endless variety of rural pleasures."

"I had been all my life so closely tied to school, to college, to lectures, and to books, that I felt quite proud of my sporting skill, when on the second evening of my visit, I returned home with my cousin bearing a single partridge brought down by my gun."

"We were walking down a shady lane—I remember, it was called Vineyard Lane—I smothered and admiring the soft plumage of my bird, when Fred, my cousin, directed my attention to a small cottage standing on the left-hand side of the lane."

"There Charles," said he, "lives Mrs. Collins; she is a widow, and has two daughters, Mary and Geraldine. If you like, we will call; they are pretty girls, and you will be pleased with them."

"He opened the little gate, and we walked towards the cottage. I thought it the loveliest place I had ever seen. Roses were everywhere, China roses covered the walls, peeped in at the windows, and coquetted with the chimneys. As we neared the cottage, the door opened, and Geraldine ran out. She was very pretty, a lively, sunny style of beauty that you could not be offended with, let her use that sharp tongue of hers with ever such pert attitude. But at the moment when I first saw Geraldine, she looked far more delicious than saucy, as running to my cousin, she said, 'Oh, Mr. Maynard we have had such an accident! Mary was training the rose tree, when her foot slipped, and she fell off the ladder. Mamma thinks she has broken her ankle, for she is in such dreadful pain.'"

"Then," said Fred, "we have just called in time, for my cousin here—Mr. Boulding, Miss Geraldine Collins—my cousin, who is a surgeon, will soon examine the injured member."

"That is fortunate. I am so glad you called," said Geraldine, as we followed her into a parlor—such a tiny parlor, half-filled by the sofa which stood opposite the door (I had cause to remember that sofa) upon which Mary lay. The moment I saw her I felt inclined to quarrel with Fred—I should have liked to have knocked him down—for daring to call her a 'pretty girl.' Pretty? She was divine; one of those marvellous creatures, whom to look at was to reverence and love. After the first thing I forgot everything around; all I saw was the glorious face now drawn with pain before me. I believe an old lady in black silk came in, and spoke to me; that she placed in my hand her daughter's injured foot. I had some distinct idea that I ascertained it to be merely a sprained ankle; that I ordered bandages and ointments, upon which the lovely patient pressed herself relieved. I also think I made some remarks about the weather, and ended by entreating Mary's acceptance of the partridge I had shot."

"After that, as long as I remained in the country, I called regularly every morning at the cottage to inquire how the ankle was progressing. My morning visits usually lasted until dinner time, but I never found courage to speak to Mary of the great love growing up towards her in my heart. Instead

of making love, I was wondering what she thought of my long nose and ugly mouth, or thinking if she disliked the spectacles I always was obliged to wear, and whether she quizzed me after I left. I was also very uneasy at the presence of a certain Walter Harbury at the cottage much more frequently than I thought necessary, and who was far more familiar with my Mary than exactly pleased me."

"However, the last morning visit I made, I summoned all my courage and declared my love for Mary—not to herself, but to her mother."

Mrs. Collins was very willing. She could not have chosen, she said, a more desirable husband for Mary. She should be thankful to see the dear child married with such good prospects. Mary was called, I stammered out something about the great affection I entertained for her. She smiled, blushed and—we were engaged."

"I went up town and worked like a slave. I started in my profession, and wrote every other day to Mary accounts of how I was getting on; she sent me in reply little notes, on rose tinted paper—the most affectionate and charming imaginable. I took a small house and furnished it from cellar to garret."

"Sometimes I gave myself a treat, and spent the Sunday with Mary—delicious days! Shall I ever forget the exquisite pleasure of sitting near her, watching the exquisite play of her beautiful features, or listening to the lively chat that fell from her bewitching lips!"

"We had been engaged three months, when a circumstance occurred that resulted in being suddenly subpoenaed to attend as witness in a case that was to be tried in the country town near to which Mary lived. It was only eight miles from Wallington, and I resolved, after the trial was ended, to walk over and give Mary a delightful surprise."

"I thought that trial never would have ended. The counsel was the most prosy, the witnesses were the most stupid and slow in giving evidence, that it was my lot to listen to."

"The moment I was out of court, I started off for Wallington. I was not very rich, so I resolved to walk. Walk, did I say, I ran—I flew. I paused one moment at the gate; how beautiful the cottage looked in the calm evening light, and the centre of all my happiness was there as calm and beautiful! No one was looking for me, so I walked quietly up to the house, and opened the door of the little parlor."

"There, opposite me upon the sofa, sat my Mary; and, heaven and earth! beside her, with his arm round her waist, sat Walter Harbury! This was the end of my agreeable surprise! I stood what I had flown on the wings of love to see! I stood perfectly speechless, transfixed. Walter and Mary remained in exactly the same position, and neither uttered a word. I wanted to speak to reproach her, but no voice came, and in silence I left the room."

"For three days I fled from thought as from a demon. Of Mary, and Mary faithful, I dared not think. The fourth day I blamed myself as a fool for caring about one so false and coquettish. The fifth day I fancied I had been too hasty; if I had spoken it might have been explained—perhaps it was a mistake, there might be no love between them after all. The sixth day brought with it a letter from Mary herself. Such a letter I never read before nor since; I fairly wept over it. I had been an ass, an ignoramus, a scoundrel, to suspect her for one moment; it was clearly an optical delusion. So I took my place in the train that very night, and went down to Wallington."

"Mary met me at the gate, all smiles and tears, and looking more beautiful than ever. 'It was such strange behavior,' she said, 'to come and look in upon her, and then go away without one word. She would have thought it was a ghost, if Mr. Harbury had happened to be in the room, had not seen me too. She had not slept since for thinking and wondering, and she was so glad to see me again.'"

"Of course I was very sorry and penitent, and Mary believed beautifully, and forgave me like an angel, as she was. 'She never thought,' she said, 'anything of Walter, he was just like a brother—' they had known each other from childhood. As for sitting beside her, he should never do so again if I objected to it.' So we were reconciled, and became better friends and lovers than before. I was very anxious to be married now, and resolved to allow as little time as possible to elapse before I took my jewel out of Mr. Walter's reach. All went on smoothly, and Mary promised me one Sunday evening to talk the matter over with her mother, and fix the day for our wedding the next time I came."

"I was to have gone down on the next Sunday, but from some cause I now forget I had the Saturday at my disposal, and resolved to spend it with Mary. All that day I had an unusual oppression of something upon my mind I could not shake off. As I neared the cottage, my premonition of coming dread increased. The door was open; as I crossed the vestibule, I trembled so violently that I could hardly open the parlor door, but I did open it, and there on the sofa again sat my Mary, not this time, however, with one of Walter's arms round her, but both, and hers hung round his neck with such an embrace as had never been bestowed upon me. I was resolved it would be no optical delusion this time, so I walked quietly up and laid my hand upon him. At my touch they started, colored violently, and separated. 'Mr. Harbury,' said I, 'you are welcome.'"

"Thank you," said he. "I shall not interfere, and have nothing further to say."

"Then turning to Mary, I said, 'Miss Collins where is your mother?' As she did not move or attempt to call her, I rang the bell, and desired the servant girl to request her mistress to come. Mrs. Collins entered."

"Madam," said I, "you and your daughter have played a double game with me. It goes no further. I renounce all my pretensions to her in favor of this gentleman—her more favored lover. I will send you all the letters written by your daughter to me, and I request those she has of mine may be returned. Ladies, I wish you, and you, Mr. Harbury, a very good evening." I turned and left Rose Cottage for ever."

"For years after at evening that terrible load lay at my heart—a load of love despised, hopes blighted, and energies wasted—that seemed sometimes greater than I could bear. Wherever I went thoughts of Mary followed, she seemed ever present so beautiful, so treacherous—her very faithfulness helped to render her more near. I pined her so much—so young, so false; with her wondrous beauty, a thousand dangers threatened her."

"It was five years after I had lost my Mary, five prosperous years for me, that one night a woman was brought into the hospital, of which I was chief physician. Hers was a very bad case of consumption, prostration and weakness, arising from destitution and starvation. The poor creature was so emaciated and sunken, that the moment I saw her I perceived there was no hope of recovery, and directed all the attention of the nurse to the tiny, shivering infant in her arms. The poor mother lay all night quite unconscious of what was passing around. In the morning, when I came to her bed in the course of my rounds, there struck me as being in her face something familiar. I must have seen it long, long ago, when and where I could not recollect."

"As I took her hand she opened her eyes, and looked fixedly upon me; then she exclaimed, with fearful emphasis, 'Charles Boulding, go away, away. Are you come to haunt me? You torture me. Oh, go away!'"

"But I could not go."

"Mary is it! Can it possibly be Mary Collins?"

"No," she shrieked, 'I am Mr. Harbury's wife; how dare you come to my bedside? Away—away!'"

"She would not be soothed, but talked wildly and loudly until they brought her child. Then, when she looked into its little helpless face, and watched its feeble efforts to come to her, she softened, and, with all the mother in her eyes, held out her arms, and pressed it to her heart. Perhaps the fluttering irregular pulsations of that heart warned her how soon its beatings would cease for ever: for she turned to me, and with a look so full of humility, of grief and love, said: 'Ah, Charles, forgive me: I wronged you cruelly, but I have been cruelly punished. I married him, and my life has been—O! what a life!—but it is over—I am dying now—he knows not—cares not—deserts—no, I might better die for him; but my child, my little girl. You will not let her starve? Promise me, Charles.'"

"I promised, I swore, I would be a father to the helpless infant by her side."

"She seemed easy and happy after that, and lay so still and passive, that when she sank away from her calm, earthly sleep into the sleep of death, the change was so peaceful, so gentle, that we who stood watching round her bed perceived it not."

"I took the little girl home, and tried to do my best to supply the dear lost mother's place. Tell me, Louisa, have I done so?"

"O, uncle," cried Louisa, starting up and throwing her arms round the doctor's neck, "I never knew, I never dreamed you were not really my uncle. You have, indeed, been father, mother, uncle—all to me."

"And you, my darling—Mary's child—have come with your winning, childish love and saved me from despair, or living, that worst of all lives—a life of selfishness. Yes, Louisa, if your mother's coquetry incensed and blighted my heart, it was you—her daughter—who by your love and obedience restored and healed it."

The Shoeblocks of London. To spend £6,226 is much easier than to earn that sum by honest labor. Yet this is the amount gained in pennies during the past year in the streets by 373 boys of the London Shoeblock Brigades. The first Shoeblock Society was begun in March, 1851, in preparation for the Exhibition of that year. Seven other societies have sprung up, and the movement is still expanding. All these societies are managed on precisely the same plan though by distinct committees, and they are restricted to certain districts. Besides these there is a society for Roman Catholics, differently managed, and there are also the parish shoeblocks, not in allegiance to any society, undisciplined, vagrant, and troublesome—the "freelancers," as they may be called—who prefer the license of the idler, with small gains, to the strict rule and larger earnings of the legalized system. The original Shoeblock Brigade has its headquarters near Temple Bar, in a large house paid for by the boys themselves, with every other expense; for this society has been for several years self-supporting. About 1,300 young lads have been sent out and started in life by the agency of this one society, which employs at present seventy-four boys, who earned last year £1,824. These wear a red uniform, and are managed by ten lawyers in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, who have regulated the savings and investments of all the earnings of the proteges, amounting to more than £17,000. The boys employed by this society are selected from twenty ragged schools in the district, and each of them continues his attendance at the particular school every day after his work, as well as on Sunday, affording a good example to his schoolmates, and an object of abiding interest to the teacher of his class. Before eight o'clock in the morning you will find all these happy little fellows, neat and clean, in the society's great room, where a hymn is sung, a short prayer is offered. Fortified with hot coffee and other good things for the "inner boy," they march to their stations, and if it is a sunny day, they play a busy trade. The charge for this operation is one penny, but there was a case in which a man with a wooden leg claimed and was allowed his legal right to compound by paying a half-penny. The society's officers visit every station frequently, and supply blacking to the industrious, or bestow reproof on the idle, until about six o'clock, when all the boys return with their earnings, and soon fill up a great bowl with copper money, among which are often found some foreign francs and cents. Part of what each boy brings in is paid to himself, part is laid by for him in his bank, and part is retained for the expenses of the society. It is thus each lad is taught to earn, spend, and to save money with honesty, care, and providence. Many of them keep adding to their store until £20 is hoarded, but from time to time they draw from their bank to help a mother's poverty or a sister's sickness, or to sport the vanity of a "brun new waistcoat with blue glass buttons."

It is evident that a shoeblock's occupation is only a temporary means of subsistence, by which he may

live while he learns, and may acquire habits of industry and earn a character that fits him for regular work-day life. Hundreds of these boys are thus every year enabled to enter the army and navy and to become domestic servants and errand-boys, or to emigrate to wider fields of labor in the colonies. Year by year the success of this system of managing the street boys has increased, and the managers, who claim a right to speak from experience, assure us of the fact that the London shoeblocks are a signal instance of the happy fruits of that practical Christian benevolence which gives work, and food, and learning, and home to the outcast, while it cheers the desolate heart with a love of a friend to the friendless."

Number Seven.

But if we take a thorough plunge into this subject, it will be clear that the attainment by the fourteenth prince of the age of twenty-one, or two seven becoming three sevens, points to the important fact that seven is the index of power in this case. Now, seven is a number of great might, and its might lives also in its multiples. It includes the power of all predecessors, seeing that it consists of one and six, of two and five, of three and four, and wherefore it was said by an old magician to be "most full of all majesty." It is full also of life, since it unites the soul and body, for the body is of the four elements and has four temperaments; the soul is of three—reason, passion, and desire. Shall not, then, the number that keeps body and soul together signify long life? A long life undisturbed by discord, seeing that great has been found to be the harmony resident in seven; even also is the ruling number that benefits the omens of a prince. The earliest chance of life is to a seven month's child. In seven months the born infant begins its teething, in twice seven months it can sit without being held, in three seven months it can speak, in four times seven it can walk, and it used to be added—for in the sixteenth century, children were not weaned when their teeth came—in five times seven months it begins to dislike the nurse's milk. At seven years, the male child becomes a boy, the milk teeth fall, full power of speech is attained; at twice seven years, the boy becomes a youth; at three seven years, the youth becomes a man and ceases to grow taller; at four times seven years his body has attained its full maturity; at six times seven years the man has learnt the right ordering and skilled use of his faculties; at seven times seven he is ripe; and seven decades is the term of his appointed life. Seven feet is the extreme natural limit to the height of a man's body, which has seven principal parts. That body is sustained by breathing and feeding, and it used to be held that seven hours was the limit of life without food, seven days the limit of life without food. The seventh day of a disease was held to be the critical day. There were seven Pleiades—seven planets—the moon changed by sevens in her quarters. Seven was the greatest number by which the Hebrew swore; seven years were sacred among the Jews, and seven times a day the prophet uttered praise. There are seven days, seven ages of the world, seven colors. It used to be said there were seven liberal, seven mechanical, and seven prohibited, arts. Rome had seven hills, and seven kings, and seven civil wars. Seven was the number of the wise men of Greece. There were seven sleepers, seven sacraments, seven orders of clergy, seven capital sins. There are seven holes in a man's head—two at the nose, two at the eyes, two at the ears, and one at the mouth. With such facts before us, dark indeed must have been the Friday that connected a thirteen with the three seventh Prince of Wales.—*Dickens' All the Year Round.*

Can a Carpet Bag Eat.

It was but a few days ago, while travelling upon the cars between Cleveland and Columbus, that a train stopped at a small village, the conductor crying out:

"Fifteen minutes for dinner."

The passengers, of whom they happened to be a large number, rushed into the dining apartment and took seats at the table, one of them depositing his carpet bag in the chair next to him. At the usual time the landlord came round to make his collection, calling upon the aforesaid passenger for his payment for dinner.

"How much?" asked the passenger.

"Eighty cents," replied the landlord.

"Eighty cents for dinner?—why that is extortionate!"

"No, Sir, it is not extortionate. Ain't that your carpet-bag?"

"Yes, Sir, that is my carpet-bag."

"Well, that carpet-bag occupies a seat, and, of course, I must charge for it."

"Oh! is that the case? Well, here's your eighty cents."

Turning to the carpet-bag, the passenger remarked:

"Well, Mr. Carpet-bag, as you have not had much to eat, suppose you take something."

At Waterloo he commanded the 52d Light Infantry; he was Governor of Guernsey, Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Canada from 1830 to 1838, where he distinguished himself by his zeal and ability in the suppression of the rebellion, and held the post of Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands from 1843 to 1849, and commanded the troops in Ireland from 1855 to 1860. In the latter year he was presented with the baton of a field marshal. He was raised to the peerage in 1839.—*English paper.*

GRAIN ELEVATOR.—One of the most ingeniously contrived machines we have seen in a long time is a "Grain Elevator," invented by Mr. Henry F. Perley, Civil Engineer.

The model shown, and skill displayed in its construction, and gives a satisfactory idea of its usefulness. The machine consists of a long wooden tube, suspended from a frame resembling that of a pile driving machine, which can be elevated or depressed to suit the tide. One end of this tube is inserted in the hold of the vessel supposed to contain the grain, and the other rests upon the rail car in readiness to receive the freight. Within the tube are a number of buckets attached to an endless chain worked by an engine, carrying a steady stream of grain from the hold of the vessel into the car.

The gain is thrown into a large hopper attached to the tube, is carried away by the buckets, and deposited in the car, and a vessel can be unloaded as fast as several men can fill the hopper. This machine will be found most useful in unloading vessels at Shadieu laden with oats from P. E. Island.

Weights and Measures.—An agent has gone to England on behalf of the United States Government to secure uniform weights and measures between the United States and Britain, and thus equalize exchanges for the convenience of commerce.—*Id.*

The young man who recently went on a bridal tour with an angel in muslin, has returned with a ternaunt in hoops.

General News.

The following is a complete list of the Laws passed during the recent Session of the Legislature, as also the reserved Act—

An Act to continue and amend an Act imposing Duties for raising a Revenue, and the several Acts in amendment thereof, and to make further provision for raising a Revenue. To provide for defraying certain expenses of the Civil Government of the Province. To provide for the repair and improvement of Roads and Bridges and other Public Works and Services. Relating to Buys and Beacons. To authorize a Loan, and for the construction and management of an Inter-Colonial Railway. Relating to the Coast and River Fisheries. In amendment of the Act 21st Victoria, Chapter 9, intitled "An Act relating to Parish Schools." Further to amend an Act intitled "An Act in amendment and consolidation of the Laws relating to Highways." To amend an Act intitled "An Act to amend the Revised Statutes, Chapter 53, 'Of Rates and Taxes.'"

To amend Chapter 124, Title xxvii, of the Revised Statutes, 'Of Insolvent Confined Debtors.' Relating to Physicians and Surgeons. Requiring Justices of the Peace to make due return of the Lists of defaulters in payment of Rates placed in their hands for collection. In addition to an Act intitled "An Act in amendment of and addition to certain Chapters of Title viii, of the Revised Statutes, 'Of the local government of Counties, Towns, and Parishes.' To prevent Nuisances upon Public Highways. To provide for securities to be given by Public officers in this Province. To amend the Act relating to the administration of Justice in Equity. In further amendment of Chapter 40, Title iv, of the Revised Statutes, 'Of the Post Office.' For the further protection of Sheep from Dogs. To provide for the more efficient discharge of the duties of certain Parish Officers in incorporated Counties, and for other purposes therein mentioned. Further to amend the Law relating to Courts of Probate. Relating to the Accounts of Commissioners for Sick and Disabled Seamen. Relating to securities to be given by Deputy Treasurers in this Province. Relating to the admission of Attorneys of the Supreme Court. To continue an act intitled "An Act to provide for the attendance and examination on oath of Witnesses before the Legislature or Committees thereof." Further to provide for the erection of a Public Hall at Carleton, in the City of St. John. To repeal an Act made and passed in the twenty-fifth year of the Reign of Queen Victoria, intitled "An Act for the alteration and amendment of the local government of the Parish of Portland, in the County of Saint John," and make other provisions in lieu thereof. To continue the several Acts relating to the establishing and maintaining a Police Force in the Parish of Portland, in the City and County of St. John. To amend the Law relating to the levying, assessing and collecting of Rates in the City of St. John. To continue certain Acts of Assembly establishing a Board of Health in the City and County of St. John. Further in amendment of an Act for the incorporation of the St. John Rural Cemetery Company. To incorporate the St. John Pleasure Grounds Association. To authorize the Wardens and Justices of the Peace of Trinity Church, in the Parish of St. John, in the City of St. John, to sell part of their Real Estate in the City and County of St. John. In addition to and in amendment of an Act to alter and amend the Act to incorporate the City of Fredericton. To enable the Corporation of the City of Fredericton to raise a sum of money by way of loan to purchase a Steam Fire Engine. Relating to the assessing, levying and collecting of rates in the City of Fredericton. Relating to Rules and Regulations for the government of Pilots in the County of Charlotte. To repeal an Act intitled "An act to provide for the more effectual repairing the Streets and Bridges in the Town of Saint Andrews." To provide more effectually for the repairing the Roads, Streets and Bridges in a part of the Parish of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland. To provide more effectually for the repairing the Roads, Streets and Bridges in a part of the Parish of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland. In amendment of an Act intitled an Act for establishing and maintaining a Police Force in the County of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland. To amend an Act intitled an Act for establishing and maintaining a Police Force in the Town of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland. To amend in Amendment of the Acts now in force relating to the Alms House and Work House for the Parish and Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton. To erect a new Parish in the County of Carleton. To erect parts of the Parishes of Grand Falls, and St. Leonard, in the County of Carleton, as a separate Town or Parish. Relating to the Alms House and Work House for the Parish of Westmorland. To amend the Act to incorporate the Alms Copper Mining Company. Relating to the exemptions from Duty at the Port of St. Stephen reserved.

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Turning to the carpet-bag, the passenger remarked:

"Well, Mr. Carpet-bag, as you have not had much to eat, suppose you take something."

At Waterloo he commanded the 52d Light Infantry; he was Governor of Guernsey, Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Canada from 1830 to 1838, where he distinguished himself by his zeal and ability in the suppression of the rebellion, and held the post of Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands from 1843 to 1849, and commanded the troops in Ireland from 1855 to 1860. In the latter year he was presented with the baton of a field marshal. He was raised to the peerage in 1839.—*English paper.*

GRAIN ELEVATOR.—One of the most ingeniously contrived machines we have seen in a long time is a "Grain Elevator," invented by Mr. Henry F. Perley, Civil Engineer.

The model shown, and skill displayed in its construction, and gives a satisfactory idea of its usefulness. The machine consists of a long wooden tube, suspended from a frame resembling that of a pile driving machine, which can be elevated or depressed to suit the tide. One end of this tube is inserted in the hold of the vessel supposed to contain the grain, and the other rests upon the rail car in readiness to receive the freight. Within the tube are a number of buckets attached to an endless chain worked by an engine, carrying a steady stream of grain from the hold of the vessel into the car.

The gain is thrown into a large hopper attached to the tube, is carried away by the buckets, and deposited in the car, and a vessel can be unloaded as fast as several men can fill the hopper. This machine will be found most useful in unloading vessels at Shadieu laden with oats from P. E. Island.

Weights and Measures.—An agent has gone to England on behalf of the United States Government to secure uniform weights and measures between the United States and Britain, and thus equalize exchanges for the convenience of commerce.—*Id.*

The young man who recently went on a bridal tour with an angel in muslin, has returned with a ternaunt in hoops.

A YEAR AGO AND NOT.—Twelve months ago, in April, 1862, the Confederates had fallen back in Virginia from the Potomac, beyond the Rappahannock, and they were on the point of receding from the vicinity of the lower Chesapeake before the advancing army of McClellan.

To-day they confront us upon the Rappahannock, and hover upon our flank within striking distance of the Potomac. The River James, the virtually open to our forces, is now closed by formidable works; the peninsula is no longer a battle ground, and the Confederates force manoeuvres, watched by the vigilant Gen. Peak, almost in the rear and quite upon the flank of Norfolk. A year ago we were in position upon the Atlantic shore of North Carolina, from which, for many consecutive months, it would have been within our power to cut, at a single decisive blow, the important Southern artery which links the coast of the Carolinas with Virginia; while in South Carolina our forces by land and sea overshadowed both Charleston and Savannah with a preponderance which was at once revealed and nullified by the circumstances of the unfortunate action at Secessionville in the following July. To-day our North Carolina lines seem to be exclusively held as lines of occupation, while the expedition which Gen. Hunter began by proclamation to hurl upon Charleston more than a month since still pauses before the triply aggravated peril of that position. A year ago we were substantially masters of Florida, both on the Atlantic and the Gulf, while Mobile trembled at every blast of the Federal bugles from Pensacola. To-day we are skirmishing with adventurous negroes around the points in Florida over which our flag then waved undisturbed, and Mobile has become the defiant nursery of a small fleet of cruisers in the very face of our blockading squadron. A year ago our grasp was closing on the Mississippi, from Cairo to the Gulf, and a single division might have made Vicksburg and Port Hudson as secure as New Orleans or Memphis. To-day those strongholds, created while Gen. Butler was building up Louisiana disloyalty and his own private fortunes in the Crescent City, hold at bay the most splendid expeditions which the valor and devotion of a free people ever sent into the field. A year ago we were masters of Kentucky and of the great part of Tennessee, and held the way almost open before us in the very heart of the Confederacy through Eastern Tennessee and Western Virginia. To-day we see the fortune of the Union in that whole region staked upon the issues of an impending battle between a great army of the Confederates under Gen. Mississippi on the mountains and the host of Rosecrans centralized at Murfreesboro'.—*N. Y. World.*

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—The last issue of the St. Andrews Standard gives the following sketch of the life of one of the pioneer settlers of New Brunswick:—

THE LATE MR. HANSON.—Under the proper heading in another column we record the death of Mr. John Hanson, at the