

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XV.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1863.

NO. 24

Poetry.

DEVONSHIRE LANES.

In a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song,
I thought I myself, I have hit on a strain—
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place, 'tis long; and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as a cage does a linnet;
But how'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must—there is no turning round.

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,
For two are the most that together can ride;
And e'en then, 'tis a chance but they get in a pother
And jostle, and cross, and run foul of each other.

Of Poverty meets them with mendicant looks;
And Care pushes by them, o'erladen with crooks;
And Strife's grating wheels try between them to pass;
And Stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the larks are so high, to the left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around them from sight;
And hence you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But think I, too, these banks, within which we are pent,
With bud, blossom, and berry, are richly bespung;
And the conjugal fence, which forbids us to roam,
Looks lovely, when decked with the comforts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows;
The ivy wreath fresh o'er the withering rose;
And the ever-green love of a virtuous wife
Softens the roughness of care, chills the winter of life.

Then long be the journey, and narrow the way;
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay;
And what'er others say, be the last to complain,
Though marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

WISHING.

A CHILD'S SONG.

Ring-ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the Spring!
The sleeping beauty above me,
The wandering beauty below me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm-tree for my king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

O—no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till Winter comes with icy thumbs,
To ruff up our wings!

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
Where to sleep in the dark wood or dale?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For Mother's kiss—sweeter this
Than any other thing.

Select Tale.

JOHN CLARK AND HIS FORTUNE.

"Never mind the house, John; we've got one of our own," whispered John Clarke's wife.

She was a bright little thing only twenty years old. And how brightly and bewitchingly she shone!—a star among the sombre company.

"But what in the world has he let me?" muttered John Clarke. "I believe he hated me—I believe he still hates me."

"Hush, dear!" said his wife.

"I bequeath to John Clarke, my dearly beloved nephew," read the grim attorney, "as a reward for his firmness in resisting temptation during the last two years, and his determination to improve in all acceptable things, my one horse chaise, which has stood in my barn more than twenty-five years, requesting that he will repair it or cause it to be repaired in suitable manner."

That was all. Some of the people who were present tittered, and all seemed to enjoy the confusion of the poor young man. His eyes flashed fire, he trembled excessively; poor little Jenny fairly cried.

"To think," she said to herself, how hard he has tried to be good, and that is all he thought of it."

"Wish you joy!" said the red-headed youth, with a broad grin, as he came out of the room.

John sprang up to collar the fellow, but a little white hand laid on his arm, restrained him.

"Let them triumph, John, it won't hurt you," said Jenny with her sunny smile; "pray don't notice them, for my sake."

"Served him right," said Susan Spriggs, the niece of the old man just dead, to whom he had left a good deal of his money; "Served him right for marrying that ignorant goose of a Jenny Brazier. I suppose he speculated a good deal on the old man's generosity." To which she added in a whisper that only her own heart heard; he might have had me; he had the chance; and I loved him better than any one else—better than that pretty little simpleton, Jenny Brazier.

"Now, we shall see how deep his goodness is," said a maiden aunt. "He became very pious just because he expected a fortune from my poor dead brother, but we must see how much of a change there is in John Clarke—he always was an imp of wickedness."

"Well, I think John Clarke will have to be contented with his little cottage," said the Father of Susan Spriggs, to good old Joe Hemp.

"Well, I think he is content; if he isn't he ought to be, with that little jewel of a wife," was Joe's reply.

"Pshaw, you're all crazy about that gal," said Spriggs. "Why, she ain't to be compared to my Susan. Susan plays on the forty piano like sixty, and manages a house first rate."

Bless you, neighbor Spriggs, I'd rather have that innocent, blooming face to smile at me when I waked up of mornings than all the forty piano gals."

"I'd like to know what you mean!" exclaimed Mr. Spriggs, frowning up.

"Just what I say," replied Joe coolly.

"Well, that John Clarke'll die on the gallows yet, mark my words," said Mr. Spriggs, spitefully.

"That John Clarke will make one of our best men yet," replied old Joe complacently.

"Doubt it," said Spriggs.

"Yes, may be you do," said Joe, "and that's a pretty way to build up a young fellow, ain't it, when he is trying to do his best. No! John Clarke won't be a great man if you can help it. People that cry mad dog, are plaguey willing to stone the animal while he's running and if he ain't mad they're sure to drive him. Why don't you step up to him and say, 'John I'm glad you're going right now, and I've got faith in you; and if

"You want any help, come to me and I'll assist you!" That's the way to do the business, Mr. Spriggs.

"Well, I hope you'll do it, that's all," replied Spriggs, sulkily.

"I hope I shall, and I'm bound to do so, if I have the chance. Fact is, he's got such a smart little wife that he don't really need any help."

"No—it's a pity then that brother Jacob left him that one-horse chaise."

"You needn't laugh at that, old Jacob never did anything without a meaning to it. That old chaise may help him to be great yet. Fact is, I think myself, if Jacob had left him money it might have been the ruin of him. Less things than a one horse chaise have made a man's fortune."

"Well, I'm glad you think so much of him; I don't said Spriggs."

"No," muttered Joe as his neighbor turned away; "but if he had married your raw-boned darter that plays on the forty piano, he'd been all right."

"A one-horse chaise," said Spriggs laughing, "what a fortune!"

And so it went from mouth to mouth. None of the relatives—some of them already rich—had offered the poorest man among them (the owner of a one-horse chaise) any of the bequeathment left to him or her; but they had rather rejoiced in his disappointment.

The truth is, that everybody had prophesied that John Clarke, a poor motherless boy, would come to ruin, and they wanted the prophecy to prove a true one. He had, in his youth, been wild and wayward, and somewhat profligate in the early years of his manhood; but his old uncle had encouraged him to reform—held out hopes to which he had hitherto been a stranger; and the love of the sweet young Jenny Brazier completed, as it seemed his reformation.

Jenny never appeared so lovely as she did on that unfortunate day of the reading of the will, after they had returned to the poor little house that was Jenny's own.

"No matter, John," she said cheerfully, "you will rise in spite of them. I wouldn't let them think I was in the least discouraged; that would please them too well. We are doing finely now; and you know, if they cut the railroad through our bit of land, the money will set us up quite comfortably. Isn't our home a happy one, if it is small?" And oh! John, by and by.

An eloquent blush—a glance toward her work-basket, out of which peeped the most delicate needle-work, told the story—that ever new story of innocence, beauty and helplessness.

For once, John Clarke stopped the gossip's mouth. He held his head up manfully—worked steadily at his trade and every step he took seemed a sure advance and an upward one.

Baby was just six months old when the railway company paid into John Clarke's hand a very handsome sum for the privilege of cutting a railway through his little field.

"A handsome baby, a beautiful and industrious wife, and a good round sum from the railway company," thought John with an honest exultation; "well this is living!"

"John," said his wife, rising from her work, "look there!"

He did, and saw the old one-horse chaise dragged by a stalwart laborer.

"Master says as how the old barn is going to be pulled down, so he sent the shay," said the laborer.

"Thank him for nothing," said John, bitterly; but a glance at his wife removed the evil spirit, and a better one smiled out of his eyes.

"John you can spare a little money to have the old chaise done up, can't you? You ought to, according to the will," said Jenny.

"The old trash!" muttered John.

"But you could at least sell it for what the repairs would cost," said Jenny in her winning way.

"Yes, I suppose I could," said John.

"Then I'd have it done," said Jenny, "and bless me I'd keep it too. You've got a good horse, and can have the old chaise made quite stylish for baby and me to ride in."

"Well, I'll send over to Hosmer's to-morrow and see what he'll do for it, said John.

"Look here! Mr. Hosmer wants you to come over to his shop!" shouted the wheelwright's apprentice on the following day at the top of his lungs. "Old Joe Hemp's there, an' he says he's right down glad. Its hundreds, and hundreds, and hum—"

"Stop, boy—what does he mean, Jenny?" said John, putting the baby in the cradle, face downwards.

"My patience, John! just look at the child—precious darling! I'm sure I don't know, John. I'd go over and see," said Jenny.

"Taint any fun, I tell you," said the boy, while John hurried on his coat and hat; "my gracious! you'll say it ain't fun when you come to see all them gold things, and the papers."

This added wings to John's feet, and in a moment he stood breathless in the wheelwright's shop.

"Wish you joy, my fine feller!" cried Joe Hemp.

"Look here! what'd you take for that old wheelwright, in great glee."

"Four hundred?" repeated John Clarke.

"Yes, just look at it! You're a rich man, sir, and I'm glad of it. You deserve to be," said the wheelwright, shaking John's hand heartily.

What do you suppose was the consternation, delight, gratitude—the wild, wild joy that filled the heart of John Clarke when he found the old chaise lined with gold and bank notes? I mean the cushions, the linings, and every place where they could be placed without danger or injury.

Poor John—or rather rich John—his head was nearly turned. It required all the balance of Jenny's nice equipage of character to keep his ecstatic brain from spinning like a humming top. Now he bequeathed to his red-haired cousin, who had wished him joy when the will was read—the dear old uncle! What a genuine sorrow he felt as he thought of the many times he had heaped reproaches upon his memory!

Imagine, if you can, dear reader, the peculiar feelings of those kind friends who had prophesied that John Clarke would come to grief. At first old Joe Hemp proposed to take the old chaise just as it was—linings stripped, bits of cloth hanging—

and proclaim with a trumpet the glad tidings to the whole village, taking especial care to stop before the house of Mr. Spriggs and blowing loud enough to drown all the forty pianos in the universe, but was voted down by John's kind little wife.

"La! they'll all know of it soon enough!" she said, kissing the baby; "I wouldn't hurt their feelings."

They will know of it; and a few years afterward they all agreed that John Clarke had really turned out a really good man. So much for the one-horse chaise.

Popping the Question.

"Jennie June," in the New York Sunday Times responds to a young gentleman's enquiry concerning the proper method of "popping the question." She says: "We never had an opinion on the subject. We always thought it was one of those matters which arrange themselves, according to time, place, circumstances and individual, and could not be subjected to any arbitrary rule or control. Some people pop the question in the street, some in the ball-room, some by the fire-side, some by letter; and we have a distinct recollection of seeing a dignified gentleman on his knees, once, on a back piazza, before a lady habited in sunbonnet and very old black velvet gloves, and holding a broom in her hand, which she had evidently been using to some purpose; but neither of these examples could be cited as a 'proper method.' In fact, the last seemed decidedly improper, and could only be excused on the ground of suiting the taste or circumstances of the person who employed it. A necessity preliminary to the proper popping of the question is to make sure that it is done to the right person. This seems a very absurd proviso, but it is not so stupid as it looks. Many a man has wrecked his life's happiness on the neglect of that one precaution. The right person found, one would think the same rule would hold good as in the other case—'go ahead.' Certainly no woman thinks the less of a man for asking her to become his wife, small glory as may attach to the position. Being a woman, we never expect to be called upon to pop a question of any magnitude, but if we were, we should certainly do it in the most honest and straightforward manner possible. We should not run the risk of spoiling good pantaloons, or being made ridiculous, by going down even on one knee; we should not swear that she was an angel, and declare it a blessed privilege to be allowed to pay her millinery bills, but just—well, it is no use saying what we should say to any woman, since it would probably be the very opposite of what a man would say. The best way is the way dictated by the heart, instead of anybody's head."

A Cute Trick.

A fashionable looking lady, not long ago, drove up in a handsome private carriage to a well-known lunatic asylum, situated a few miles from Paris, and requested to see the proprietor. Her wish being acceded to, she informed the doctor that she desired to place her husband under his care, to see if a cruel mania under which he labored, namely that he had lost a large number of jewels, could not be removed. After some hesitation the doctor consented, and the lady, on receiving his assurance, drove directly to the first jewellers in Paris, and selected jewels to the value of several hundred pounds. Requesting one of the shopmen to go with her in her carriage to procure the money for the goods she had taken she drove with him to the insane asylum, and arriving there he was shown into a room. The lady then sought the doctor, told him of the arrival of her husband, and getting into her carriage again drove rapidly away. The poor fellow after waiting and waiting, grew impatient and rang the bell violently. The doctor made his appearance, and the young man commencing eagerly to enquire after the lady, and his jewels, was forced into a straight jacket, the malady complained of, as the doctor imagined, making its appearance. He was confined several days, before the lady's ruse was discovered.

Mercantile Honor.

The following finely written and truthful extract is from the pen of the late Rev. Dr. Chalmers of Scotland. He says:

"It might tempt one to be proud of his species when he looks at the faith that is put in him by a distant correspondent, who, without one other hold of him than his honor, consigns to him the wealth of a flotilla, and sleeps in the confidence that it is safe. It is indeed, an animating thought, amid the gloom of this world's depravity, when we behold the credit which one man puts in another, though separated by oceans and by continents; when he fixes the anchor of a sure and steady dependence on the reported honesty of one whom he never saw; when with all his fears for the treachery of the varied elements through which his property has to pass, he knows, that should it arrive at the door of his destined agent, all his suspicion may be at an end. We know nothing finer than such an act of homage from one human being to another, when, perhaps, the diameter of the globe is between them; nor do we think anything so dignifies a country as does the honorable dealings of her merchants. All the glories of state policy and native valor are far eclipsed by the moral splendor which commercial faith throws over the name and character of a nation; nor can she gather so proud a distinction from all the tributaries of her power as she does from the awarded confidence of those men of all tribes, and colors, and languages, who look to their agency for the most faithful of all management, and to her keeping for the most inviolable of all custody."

Fleetness of the Ostrich.

When the ostrich is feeding, his pace is from twenty to twenty-two inches; when walking, but not feeding, it is twenty-six inches; and when terrified, it is from eleven and a half to thirteen and even fourteen feet in length. Only in one case was I at all satisfied in being able to count the rate of speed by a stop watch; and if I am not mistaken, there were thirty in ten seconds. Generally the eye can no more follow the legs than it can the spokes of a carriage wheel when it is in rapid motion. If we take the above number, and twelve feet stride as the average pace, we have a speed of twenty-six miles an hour. It cannot be very much above that, and is therefore slower than a locomotive.—Livingston's Africa.

Good advice on Sundry Subjects.

Never cut a piece out of a newspaper until you have looked on the other side, where perhaps you may find something more valuable than that which you first intended to appropriate. Never put salt into your soup before you have tasted it. I have known gentlemen very much enraged at doing so.—Never burn your fingers if you can help it. People burn their fingers every day, when they might have escaped had they been careful. If you form one of a large mixed company, and a diffident stranger enters the room and takes a seat among you, say something to him, even although it be only, "Fine evening sir!" Do not let him sit bolt upright, suffering all the apprehensions and agonies of bashfulness, without any relief. Ask how he has been; tell him you know his friend, so and so—anything that will do to break the icy stiffness on which very decent fellows are sometimes frozen on their debut before a new circle.

Immense Size of the Pyramids.

A United States naval chaplain who has recently visited the great pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, wading in the deep sand fourteen hundred feet before he had made the circuit, says that, taking a hundred of the New York churches of the ordinary width, and arranging them in a hollow square, twenty-five on a side, you would have scarcely the basement of this pyramid; take another hundred and throw in their material into the hollow square and it would not be full. Pile on all the stone and brick of Philadelphia and Boston, and the structure would not be as high and solid as this greatest work of man. One layer of block was long since removed to Cairo for building purposes, and enough remains to supply the demands of a city of half a million of people for a century, if they were permitted freely to use it.

Discontent.

Never give way to discontent, no matter in what position in life you may be placed. Not surer and more certain does oxygen eat away iron than will discontent weaken the mental and physical forces, often causing premature death. It is misery or pain, remember, "that it is a long lane that has no turn," and that when you do get to that turn, you will be out of your difficulty. A discontented mind is shunned by all, while a contented one becomes a magnet of attraction, around which everything that has life in it gathers. Do cheerfully and take whatever you are called on to do, and walk the world easy; so shall you go down to the tomb with a streak of sunlight in your composition—your head crowned with the snows of many winters.

Water and Morals.

A very slight delicacy suffices to give the running motive to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, give a velocity of about three miles per hour. Now, what is true of water is equally true of morals. The best of men only need a slight push of adversity to obtain a downhill momentum. Be careful, therefore, how you lose your equilibrium.

Worth Knowing.

Green copperas dissolved in water will effectually concentrate and destroy the foulest smell and it placed under a bed in hospitals and sick rooms will render the atmosphere free and pure. For butcher's stalls, fish markets, sinks, and wherever there are offensive putrid gases, dissolved copperas sprinkled about will in a day or two purify the atmosphere, and an application once a week will keep it sweet and healthy.

Cure for Rheumatism.

The following composition is recommended as an excellent cure for rheumatism: One wineglass of sweet oil, one wineglass of the best whisky, one wineglass of turpentine, two pennyworth of camphorated spirits. The part affected is to be well rubbed with the mixture.

"You see, grandmamma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the egg to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents." "Bless my soul," cried the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my younger days, we just made a hole in each end and sucked."

On the continent, all married gentlemen as well as ladies wear the sacred ring, and any benediction found at large without this special mark of ownership is taken for a suspected character; whilst all loving lords wear the modest ornament as a badge of honor, an emblem of the matrimonial covenant, and a silent remembrance of their youthful love. The Prince of Wales has just introduced this charming custom into England.

An Irishman, writing from Philadelphia the other day to his friend in the old country, concluded his letter thus—"If ever it's my fortune to live till I dy—and God nose whether it is or no—I'll visit old Ireland afore I lave Philadelphia."

Little Sis: "Oh, Bubby, I'm a-goin' to have a hoop dress, an oyster-shell bonnet, a pair of earrings, and a little baby!" Little Bub: "The thunder you is! Well, I'm goin' to have a pair of tight pants, a Shanghai coat, a shaved head, a crooked cane, and a pistol!"

A loving woman's heart is as the burning ship on the ocean. It burns and does not become extinguished until it has burned itself. Admirable is the human heart, which not from the mind, but from the changeable passions is governed.

"What is the best attitude for self defence?" asked a pupil of well-known pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the reply.

In good society we are required to do obliging things to one another; in genteel society, we are required to only say that.

By reading we enjoy the dead; by conversation, the living; and by contemplation, ourselves. Of these, reading is the most important, which furnishes both the others.

"Dear me, how dully he talks!" said Mrs. Partington recently at a temperance meeting. "I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostril, for his eloquence warms me in every cartridge of my body."

Items, Foreign & Local.

There are about twenty persons from different parts of the County of Westmorland, on "the limits" in Dorchester.

A handsome young French woman has been on trial in Paris for strangling her husband while lying by his side in bed. The noose he put his head into when he led her to the altar proved a fatal one.

A founding at Lille, who earned his living as a cotton spinner, has been discovered to be the son of a Russian Prince and a Belgian Marquis, and entitled to an estate of \$2,000,000.

The Rebels papers say there is a powder mill at the South which produces five thousand pounds of powder daily, and that enough has been manufactured to last the Confederacy for several years.

The largest casting ever made in England, an anvil weighing one hundred tons, was recently "issued" from a Sheffield foundry.

A number of dead bodies of new born children have recently been found secreted in different parts of the City of St. John.

Twenty-two divorces were granted by the Supreme Court of Connecticut, at its April sitting.

It is asserted that the Cardinals have fixed upon Cardinal Corsi to succeed the Pope in case of his death.

The Canadian papers report that the crops throughout Canada West look flourishing and that the prospect of an abundant harvest is good.

Bishop Colenso is said to have already received over \$30,000 from the publishers of his work on the Pentateuch, as his share of the profits thus far.

A subscription has been started in Toronto in aid of the fund which the Southerners are raising to erect a monument to the memory of Stonewall Jackson.

Thirty thousand burials have taken place in the cemeteries about Richmond within two years, and nearly all are from the hospitals.

More than 4000 emigrants arrived at New York on Monday, 1st inst., from Germany and Great Britain.

The Railway receipts for the month ending May 30th, were \$11,153.40, showing an increase over the corresponding month last year of \$505.63.

An awkward incident occurred not very long ago in reference to a writ for a new election for Halifax, England. It seems that by some inadvertence the writ was directed to Halifax, Nova Scotia, instead of Halifax, in Yorkshire! The accident was discovered before the despatch of the Colonial mail, and the letter was delivered up by the post-office authorities.

There is to be a grand trial of steam fire engines from all parts of the world, in London, July 1st, under the patronage of the Duke of Sutherland. The best engine is to receive \$1200, the second best \$500.

T. D'Arcy McGee offers himself for the Canadian Parliament in a district of Montreal an "independent" candidate.

In 1725 the first newspaper was published in New York.

The Levant Herald reports that a telegram had been received in Constantinople stating that a disastrous earthquake had been felt at Rhodes on the 22nd of April last, by which about 2000 houses had been destroyed, with a proportionate loss of life.

Gen. Rozemaere a few days ago received the following pertinent letter from an indignant private:—"General, I have been in the service eighteen months, and have never received a cent. I desire a furlough for fifteen days, in order to return home and remove my family to the poor house. The General granted the furlough."

At a late sale of autographs in Paris a rag of yellow paper was sold for 500 francs. It was a note written and signed by Martin Luther, and dated 1531.

A steam engine which consumes its own smoke and steam, and makes no noise, is now in successful operation on a horse railroad in New Jersey. It is called a dummy engine, and if the experiment prove as successful as it bids fair to now, the horses for such purposes are about done with.

In Massachusetts, the Irish have contributed \$35,000 for the relief of the poor in Ireland.

In the United States there are \$150,000,000 in postal currency in circulation. This issue is to be called in and its place supplied by a new one.

The oldest paper in the world is published in Peking on a large sheet of silk, and has made its appearance, it is said, weekly for upwards of a thousand years.

Burns' poems have been translated into Dutch.

At a skating match in Norway the winner of the first prize made it at the rate of 42½ English miles per hour.

A machine has been invented in France by which cotton rags of every description may be rendered fit for spinning.

An old sailor, named Williams, who was at the battle of the Nile, and at Trafalgar, helped to carry Nelson below, died recently in Wales.

The Livingstone exploring expedition has been recalled.

Skedding is becoming the general order of the day in the United States owing to the near approach of the enforcement of the conscription act.

It is reported that George Francis Train narrowly escaped a mobbing at Prescott, C. W., a short time since.

The O'Connell family has disappeared from the British Parliament. Daniel, senior, the agitator and lately member for Tralee, has been pensioned off by the present administration, having been appointed a special commissioner of the income tax.

At the time he was the only member of the House of Commons belonging to the family.

Landseer, the famous painter, was recently waylaid by some English young ladies, and made to draw a sketch of a dog for a fancy fair. The sketch sold for a £100 note.

On the third anniversary of the separation of Queensland from New South Wales the Brisbane Courier stated that the population with which this new colony started in December, 1859, was about 25,000, and at Michaelmas, 1862, the number was 42,000. The population has thus nearly doubled itself in three years.

TERMS OF THE CARLETON SENTINEL. Per annum, \$1.80, cash payment in advance. \$2 if paid within 6 mos. Clubs of 12, \$18, and one to the sender of the club. Advertisements must be ordered on or Thursday.

At or immediately before the end of each unpaid year, bills will be forwarded to subscribers, and such bills may be regarded as an intimation that unless immediately attended to the paper will be stopped, and proper steps taken to recover the amount of \$3, which is the price when not paid within the year.

The Carleton Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1863.

Weak Lungs, and how to make them Strong.

[Concluded.]

The benefits of removal for a change of climate, to the consumptive, has been greatly overrated, and the climate of the United States and this Province is not, with proper care, promotive of consumption.

From the chapter on dress we quote lengthily: No subject is so intimately connected with the health of the respiratory apparatus as dress. And as bearing upon pulmonary consumption, there are certain errors in the dress of children which must be noticed. I believe I echo the voice of my profession, when I declare that the seeds of consumption are planted in thousands by these mistakes in dress during infancy and childhood. To correct these, permit me a few practical suggestions.

The skirt-hands must be left very loose. If you would give the baby's lungs and heart the best chance for development, the dress about the chest and waist should be so loose, that, if the child be held up by the shoulders, its entire dress, except as sustained by the shoulders, will fall to the floor.

With such a dress the blood is so much sooner oxygenated, that other things being equal, the characteristic dark red color of the skin will disappear much sooner than with a close dress.

The bones surrounding the small, feeble lungs, are so soft for the first time beginning to move, are so soft and pliable, that, under the slightest pressure, they will yield, and the capacity of the lungs be reduced. Yet I have seen the nurse use the entire strength of her fingers in the first application of the skirt-hands. No thoughtful and conscientious parent, acquainted with the anatomy of the thorax in a new-born babe, can escape the conclusion that its vitality is seriously compromised by this pressure upon the principal organs of that vitality. In many instances I have seen the character of the little one's respiration and pulse decidedly affected by enlarging the skirt-hands.

Mothers, if you think all this pressure necessary to give your babes a form, as I have heard some of you say, you forget that the Creator of your child has all wisdom and skill, and that any changes in the baby's form and proportions are made by its mischievous. And perhaps you may not feel your pride hurt by the suggestion, that His taste is quite equal to yours. That a corset or other machine is needed to give a human being a form, as is so often suggested, is an imputation on the Creator which no thoughtful and conscientious parent can indulge.

Dress of Children's Arms.—Prominent among the errors in the dress of children is the custom of leaving their arms nude.

I speak of the dress for the damp and cold seasons. It should be added, that during the cool summer evenings too much care cannot be exercised in protecting the baby's arms and shoulders. If the mother desires to exhibit her darling's beautiful skin, let her cut out a bit of the dress near its heart, and when the neighbors come in, let her show the skin thus exposed to the company. This is so near the central furnace of the body that it has no chance to get cold; but in the case of the arms and legs, we have parts far removed from the furnace, and such parts require special protection.

Take the glass tube of the thermometer out of the frame, and put the bulb in your baby's mouth. The mercury rises to 98°. No more! Thick woolen lining, place the same bulb in its little hand; (I am supposing it has naked arms;) the mercury will sink to 60° or less. Need I say that all the blood which has to make its way through the diminutive and tortuous vessels of these cold arms must become nearly as cold as the arms and hands grow to?

And need I add, that, as the cold currents of blood come from both arms back into the vital organs, they play the mischief there?

If you would preserve your child from croup, pneumonia, and a score of other grave affections, you should keep its arms warm. Thick woolen sleeves, fitting the little dimpled arms down to the hands, at least, constitute the true covering.

What has been said of the dress of children is none the less applicable to the dress of adults. One of the gravest mistakes in the dress of children is the very thin covering of their arms and legs. A young lady once asked me what she could do for her very thin arms. She said she was ashamed of them. I felt of them through the thin lace covering, and found them freezing cold. I asked her what she supposed would make muscles grow? Exercise, she replied. Certainly—but exercise makes them grow only by giving them more blood. Six months of vigorous exercise will do more to blood cold, naked arms circulation than would a single month, were they warmly clad.

Perfect health depends upon perfect circulation. Every living thing that has the latter has the former. Put your hand under your dress upon your body. Now place it upon your arm. If you find the temperature of the body over 98° and that of your arm under 60°, you have lost the equilibrium of circulation. The head has too much blood, producing headache; or the chest too much, producing cough, rapid breathing, pain in the side, or palpitation of the heart; or the stomach too much, producing indigestion. Any or all of these difficulties are temporarily relieved by the immediate act of hands or feet in hot water, and permanently relieved by dress and exercise of the extremities as will make the derivation permanent.

The most earnest efforts looking towards dress-reform have had reference to the length of the skirt. I think it is one of woman's first duties to make herself beautiful. The long skirt, the trail gown, is in fine taste. Among the dress-fetters of the stage none is so beautiful. The artist is over delighted to introduce it in his pictures of woman—on dress occasions, I cannot see why we must introduce this exquisite feature. If it is said that expense and inconvenience are involved, I reply, so they are in paintings and statuary.

For church and afternoon-sittings, skirts that nearly touch the floor seem to me in good taste; but for the street, when snowy or muddy roads, and the duties of house-keeping, for the gymnasium, and for mountain trips, it need not be argued, with those whose brains are not befogged by fashion, that the skirts should fall to about the knee.

Dr. Clarke says,—"Since the free preparation of the chest, or, in other words, the immediate action of the respiratory organs is essential to health, the employment of tight stays and those forms of dress which interfere with these natural actions must be injurious, and cannot therefore be too strictly censured."

The celebrated Dr. James Johnson declares,—"The growth of the whole body and the freedom of all its functions so much depend upon perfect digestion, that every impediment to that digestion, such as compression of the middle of the body, must inevitably derange the whole constitution. And the evils of tight lacing are as patent as the sun at noonday. I have never known its commission to be acknowledged by any fair dame. It is considered essential to a fine figure, yet I never could discover