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Poetry.

THE BRIDAL MORN.

BY ADA WOODMAN.

Lo! in the East the radiant morn
Steals swift to meet her lord, the sun,
And down among the golden corn
The larks wake one by one.

Sweet twittering break the misty calm,
And odorous buds unfurl in dew;
And fairer far than desert palm
To Arab's eager view.

Uprising the lilies, tall and pale,
To blush at sight of lover's eyes;
And amorous trills from yonder vale
Shall land them to the skies.

Sweet day! I watch thy dawning haze
With rapture's sweet prophetic zest;
Oh! golden sun, thy dawning rays
Will see me doubly blest.

My lily waits, with blushing cheek,
For her dear lover's ardent eyes;
And fairer far than lily meek,
She stands in bridal guise.

She comes, with all her hopes and fears,
Clad in the calm of maiden life,
And brings her wealth of smiles and tears
To dower the faithful wife.

Sweet dawn and day! Sweet noon and night!
Sweet stars that deck the bridal sky!
Ye come to witness the delight
That waits on constancy.

For us no more shall love's alarms
Raise tumults in each happy breast,
But hushed in each other's arms,
We find our perfect rest.

Select Tale.

THE TWO PURSES.

It was a cool winter night, and the wind whistled through the bare limbs of the trees that lined the wall. The ground was covered with snow, upon whose surface the light of the moon fell with dazzling splendor, studding the encrusted ground with brilliant diamonds.

As the old South clock struck nine, a young man wrapped in his cloak, sought the shade of the large trees in the park, from whence he watched the coming of the numerous carriage loads of the gaily dressed people of both sexes who entered one of the principal houses in Beacon street.

Through the richly stained glass windows the gorgeous light issued in a flood, accompanied by the thrilling tones of music, from the full band; the house illuminated at every point seemed crowded with gay and happy spirits. The stranger still contemplated the scenery, his cloak, which till now had enveloped the lower part of his features, had fallen, disclosing a face of manly beauty, a full dark eye with arching brows and short curly hair, setting off to great advantage his Grecian style of features. A becoming moustache curled about his mouth, giving a slight classic appearance to his whole face. The naval buttons on his coat denoted that he belonged to that branch of our national defence.

"Shall I enter," said he, thoughtfully, to himself, "and feast my eyes on charms I can never possess? Hard fate that I should be bound to the iron chains of poverty—but I am a man, and have a soul, as noble as the best of them. We will see," he said, and crossing over to the gay scene, he entered the hall. He cast off his over-shoes, handed his hat and cloak to the servant, and unannounced, mingled with the beauty and fashion that thronged the rooms. Gradually he made his way among the crowd, in whose centre stood a bright and beautiful being, the queen in loveliness of that beautiful assembly. The bloods of the West End flocked about her seeking for an approving glance from those dreamy blue eyes. Half abstracted, she answered or spoke upon the topics of conversation without apparent interest. Suddenly she started, blushed deeply, and dropped a half curtsey, in token of recognition of some one without the group. Her eyes no longer languid, now sparkled with admiration, and as her naval friend entered the group about her she laid her tiny gloved hand in his, saying:

"Welcome, Ferris, we had feared that your sailing orders had taken you to sea, this bleak weather."

"We should not have lifted anchor without first paying tribute to our queen," was the gallant reply.

A titter ran through the circle of exclusives at his appearance among them, but when the lady approved there was no cause of complaint.

The gay scene of the evening wore on; several times Ferris Howard had put to fault the shallow-brained fops around him, placing them in anything but an enviable light.

Ferris Howard was a lieutenant in the navy, and depended entirely on his pay as an officer to support a widowed mother and sister, to whom he was devotedly attached. His father was a self-made man; had once been a successful merchant, who sailed and freighted some of the heaviest-toned vessels that left the port of Boston—but misfortune and sickness overtook him, and he sank into the grave leaving his only son to protect his mother and sister from the wants and ills of life. Ferris had enjoyed a liberal education, and having entered the navy as midshipman was raised to lieutenantship, by reason of his acquirements and good conduct.

His profession had led him to all parts of the world, and he had carefully improved all advantages, though constrained by his limited means to the most rigid economy.

He had met with the only daughter of Harris H., one of the wealthiest merchants in Boston, at a fête given on board the ship to which he belonged, and had immediately become enamored of her, but he well knew in his heart that the difference between their fortunes formed a barrier to his hopes. He had been a casual visitor for some months previous to the commencement of our story, at the house of the H. family.

"I must think of her no more," said Ferris to himself. "If I am sneered at by her friends for offering her common civilities, with what contempt would her austere parents receive a proposition for her hand from one so poor and unknown?"

Harris H. was indeed a stern old man, and yet he was said to be kind to the poor, giving freely of his bounty to all who were needy. Still he was a strange man. He seldom spoke to those around him yet he evinced the warmest love for his only child; and Annie, too, loved her father with an ardent af-

fection. His delight, was to pore over his library, living as it were in the fellowship of the old philosophers. On several occasions when Ferris was at his house, and engaged in conversation with Annie, he observed the eyes of the old man bent sternly upon him; then his heart would sink within him, and he would wake to a reality of his situation.

Ferris was one evening in Beacon street, at the house of Mr. H., where in spite of the cold reception from those he met there, he still enjoyed himself in the belief that Annie was not indifferent to his regard. He had been relating to her, at her request, his experience with the different national characters with whom he had met, speaking of their peculiarities, and describing the various scenes and effects of the different countries. Annie sat near a sweet geranium, whose leaves she was industriously engaged in destroying. Ferris bent close to her ear and said:

"Annie, will you pluck that rose for me as a token of affection? You know my affection for you—or stop, dearest—behind it grows the crocodile. You know the mystic language of both—will you choose and give me one?"

"Hush, hush, Ferris," said the blushing and stammering girl, plucking and handing him the rose.

This passed when the attention of the company present was drawn to some engaging object. Never before had Ferris received any evidence of Annie's love save from her tell-tale eyes. The flower was placed next to his heart, and he left the apartment. He had proceeded but a few steps from the house, when he was accosted by a poor mendicant, clothed in rags, who was exposed at that late hour of the night to the inclemency of the season.

"Pray, sir," said the beggar to Ferris, "can you give me a trifle? I am nearly starved and chilled through by the night air."

Ferris, after a few moments' conversation with the beggar—for he had not the heart to turn away from the suffering of a fellow creature—handed him a purse containing five or six dollars, urging him to seek immediate shelter and food. The beggar blessed him and passed on.

A few nights subsequent to this recurrence he was again at her father's house. Mrs. H., Annie's mother, received him as she did most of her visitors with a somewhat constrained and distant welcome. Being a woman of no great conversational powers, she always retired quite early, conducting her intercourse with society in the most formal manner. Ferris was much surprised that Mr. H. had taken no particular notice of his intimacy at his house, for he seldom saw him; and when he did the old man's eye was bent on him in anything but a friendly and inviting spirit. In this dilemma he was at a loss what course to pursue, since Annie's acknowledgment of her affection for him; and now he was equally distant from the goal of his happiness, for his better judgment told him that it would be presumptuous to ask the consent of her parents. On this occasion he had taken his leave as usual, when he was met by the beggar of the former night who solicited alms, declaring that he could not find any one else to assist him, and that the money before bestowed upon him had been expended for food and the rent of a miserable cellar where he had lodged.

Again Ferris placed in his hand a purse, at the same time telling him that he himself was poor, and constrained to the practice of rigid economy in the support of those dependent upon him.

He left the beggar and passed on his way, happy in having contributed something to the alleviation of human suffering.

Not long subsequent Ferris called one evening at the house of Mr. H., and was fortunate enough to find Annie and her father alone, the former engaged upon a piece of embroidery of a new pattern, and the latter poring over a volume of ancient philosophy. On his entrance the old gentleman took no further notice of him than a slight inclination of the head, and "Good evening, sir."

He took a chair by Annie's side, and told of his love in low but ardent tones, begging permission to speak to her father on the subject.

"Oh, he will not hear a word of the matter," said the sorrowful girl. "No longer ago than yesterday he spoke to me relative to a connection with R.; but I never can love but one man," said the beauty giving him her hand.

Ferris could hear this suspense no longer. In fact, the hint relative to an alliance to another spurred him to action. He proceeded to the part of the room where Mr. H. sat, and after a few introductory remarks he said:

"You have observed, sir, my intimacy in your family for more than a year past. From the fact that you did not object to my attentions to your daughter, I have been led to hope that it was not altogether against your wishes. May I ask, sir, with due respect, your opinion of the matter?"

"I have often seen you here," replied Mr. H., "and have no reason to object to your visits."

"Indeed, sir, you are very kind. I have neither fortune nor rank to offer your daughter, but emboldened by love, I ask you for her hand."

The old man laid down his book, and removing his spectacles, asked:

"Does the lady sanction this request?"

"She does."

"And you ask—"

"Your daughter's hand."

"It is yours."

Ferris sprang in astonishment to his feet saying:

"I hardly know how to receive your kindness, my dear sir; I looked for different treatment."

"Listen young man," said the father. "Do you think I should have allowed you to become intimate in my family without first knowing your character? Do you think I should have given you this precious child (and here he placed her hand in Ferris's) before I had proved you? No, sir; out of the highest in society, I have selected you as one in whom I could feel confidence. The world calls me a cold, calculating man; perhaps I am so; but I had a duty to perform to him who entrusted me with the happiness of this blessed child; I have endeavored to perform that trust faithfully."

I know your life and habits, your means and prospects—you need tell me nothing—With your wife you receive an ample fortune, one dutiful son and affectionate brother cannot but make a good husband. But stay, I will be with you in a moment," and he left the lovers together.

"The story of your marriage with R. was only to try your heart, then, and thicken the plot," said Howard to the blushing girl.

At this moment the door opened, the beggar whom Ferris had twice relieved entered, and stepped up to Ferris, solicited charity.

Annie recoiled at first from the dejected appearance and poverty-stricken looks of the intruder, while Ferris asked him in astonishment how he gained entrance to the house. In a moment the figure rose to a stately height, and casting off the disguise it had worn, disclosed the person of Annie's father.

The astonishment of the lovers can hardly be conceived.

"I determined," said the father, addressing Ferris, "after I had otherwise proved your character, to test one virtue, which of all others is the greatest—Charity; and had you failed in that, you would have failed with me in this marriage. You were weighed in the balance and not found wanting. Here, sir, is your first purse—it contained six dollars when you gave it to the beggar in the street—it now contains a cheque for six thousand, and here is your second, which contained five dollars, and is multiplied by a thousand. Nay," said the old man, as Ferris was about to object to it, "there is no need of explanation; it was a fair business transaction."

This was of course a mystery to Annie, but when explained, added to her love for her husband.

A Longitudinal River.

A river that runs east or west crosses no parallel of latitude; consequently, as it flows towards the sea, it does not change its climate, and, being in the same climate, the crops that are grown at its mouth are grown also at its source, and from one end to the other of it there is no variety of productions—it is all of wheat and corn, or wine or oil, or some other staple. Assorted cargoes, therefore, cannot be made up from the produce which such a river brings down to market. On the other hand, a river that runs north or south crosses parallels of latitude, changes its climate at every turn, and, as the traveller descends it he sees new agricultural staples abounding. Such a river bears down to the sea a variety of productions, which one or another of the nations is sure to want, and for which one will send to the market at its mouth or the port where they are distributed over the world. Its advantages are equally great for trade between the different sections through which it flows, as the staples of those sections are unlike, and productions lacking in one part of its course are supplied in another. The assortment of merchandise afforded by such a river are the life of commerce; they give it energy, activity and scope. Such a river is the Mississippi, and the Mississippi is the only such river in the world!

A Pleasant Country

"Monhart's travels in Indo-China," is a work that is attracting attention in England. The author gives the following description of "Life among the Savages." "We are surrounded by forests which are infested with elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceros, tigers and wild boars, and the ground all about the pools are covered with their footprints. We live almost in a besieged place, every moment dreading some attack of the enemy, and keeping our guns constantly loaded. Sometimes they come close to our quarters, and we cannot go even a few steps into the woods without hearing them. As a general rule, however, they fly from the approach of man, and in order to get a shot it is necessary to lie in wait either among the branches of a tree or hidden amid the brushwood near the spots where they come to drink. Serpents, centipedes, and above all, serpents, were the enemies we most dreaded, and against which precautions were chiefly requisite; but the mosquitoes and the leeches, though less dangerous, were the most troublesome and most inveterate plagues. During the rainy season you cannot be too much on your guard; going to bed or getting up you are ever in peril of putting hand or foot on some venomous snake. I have killed more than one in my house with a gun or hatchet. As I write I am obliged to be continually on the watch, fearing to see one re-appear on which I trod this evening, but which made his exit without hurting me.—From time to time, also, I stop to listen to the roaring old tiger, who is wandering around our dwelling and looking at the pigs through their fence of planks and bamboos. Again, I hear a rhinoceros breaking down the bamboos which oppose his progress towards the brambles encircling our garden, on which he intends to banquet."

Don't Care if I do.

In old times, before Maine laws were invented, Wing kept the hotel at middle Granville, and from his well-stocked bar furnished accommodation to man and beast. He was a good man but terribly deaf. Fish the village painter, was afflicted the same way. One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar-room. Wing was behind the bar waiting for the next customer, while Fish was lounging before the fire with a thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's decanters, and wishing most devoutly that some one would come and kindly treat.

A traveller from the south, on his way to Brandon stepped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter, he said:—

"Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy," says the ready Landlord, jumping up: "yes, sir, I have some," at the same time handing down the decanter of precious liquid.

"You misunderstand me," said the stranger, "I asked how far it was to Brandon?"

"They call it pretty good brandy," said Wing, "will you take sugar in it?" reaching, as he spoke, for the bowl and toddy stick.

The despairing traveller turned to Fish and said:—

"The landlord seems to be deaf; will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish. "I don't care if I do take a drink with you!"

The stranger treated and skedaddled.

A witness in a Housier court being asked how he knew that two certain parties were man and wife, replied: "Why, dog gone it, I've heard 'em scolding each other mor'n fifty times." The evidence was held as conclusive.

The Stones of the Temple.

The marble stones which composed Solomon's Temple were said to be forty cubits long, twelve thick, and eight high. Supposing a cubit to be eighteen inches, which is the lowest estimate, they would be sixty feet long, eighteen feet thick, and twelve feet high. And supposing a cubic foot of marble to weigh 3,707 ounces, one of these stones weighed 2,752,038 pounds and 12 ounces. And supposing one man to be able to raise 200 pounds, it would require 13,760 men to raise one of these, and also a little boy who could raise 38 pounds and 12 ounces. And supposing one man to require a square yard to stand upon, it would require 2 acres, 3 rods, 11 perches, and 12 yards for them to stand upon while raising it, besides a place for the little boy to stand. What floats must have been necessary to carry them across the sea to Joppa! And what kind of teams, as well as wagons, do you suppose they had to carry these stones from Joppa to Jerusalem, which was about thirty miles, and a mountainous country? and what skill was necessary to square and dress these immense stones, so that when they were brought together, they fitted so exactly that they had the appearance of being one solid stone.

The printing of calico is attained by the web passing over the brass cylinders, about six inches in diameter, upon which the print or figures are engraved. These cylinders or rollers, having a length equal to the width of a web, revolve in the ink or paste which is to give the desired color. The web is at the same time passing over these rollers. But before the roller reaches the cloth, it has passed over a scraper so nicely that every particle of this coloring matter has been removed except that in the interstices of the engraved figure so that when the cloth passes over it it sucks dye out from these interstices, and thus bears away the figure. For each different color it must pass over a cylinder a separate time, since but one color can be printed at one time. If a piece of calico have three different colors, it must have as many passages over as many different cylinders. The machinery for this must be the most exact kind, and its working conducted with great skill. From the time the piece of cloth enters the mill, its washings and its soakings, its printings and its dyeings, its surging and its mergings, until it comes to its foldings, and turnings, must be numerous.

Once on a time, not long ago, not so far from Millersburg as it might be, a good hearted man and his long-tongued, stately talking wife, attended a social party. Almost every three minutes his wife would check her husband thus:

"Now, William, don't talk so loud!"

"Come, William, don't lean back in the chair that way!"

"Now, William, don't get noisy over their!"

"Say, William let the girls alone and sit by me."

At last forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and the husband, who was really pined by all in the room, arose and said:

"I beg pardon of the company; but as my wife insists on being boss all the time, it is right she should have these!"

And he deliberately took off his pants, handed them to her, and sat down in his boots and drawers. The company was astonished, the women burst into tears. The happy couple soon went home, but neither of them wore pants.

How the affair was settled we cannot tell, but the last time we saw William he had the pants on. We are inclined to think she will not again boss in company in a hurry.

BEER STEAKS.—Beer steaks are said to have been invented by Lucius Plautus, a Roman, condemned by Trajan, for some offence, to act as one of the meal sacrificers to Jupiter. The fragments of the victim being laid upon the fire, the unfortunate prisoner was compelled to turn them. In the process one of the slices slipped off the coals, and was caught by Plautus in his fall. It burned his fingers, and he instinctively put them into his mouth; in that moment he made the great discovery that the taste of a slice thus carbonated was infinitely beyond all the sordid cookery of Rome. Turning the whole ceremony into a matter of appetite, he swallowed every slice—deluded Trajan, defrauded Jupiter, and invented beer steaks.—*Excerpt.*

Here is the last specimen brick in the line of "confidence games." A woman in Cincinnati, having an earthen vessel in her apron, entered a grocery store and bought a pound of coffee. Removing the lid, she dropped the coffee in said vessel, replaced the lid, and was about to pay for it, when she discovered she had forgotten her money. Not to have her honesty suspected, she said she would leave her purchase till she went home and got her money, and accordingly set her crockery on the counter, where it remained until the grocer thought something must be wrong, and on removing the lid he found there was no bottom to the vessel, and of course the woman had gone off with the coffee in her apron.

At a hotel, a short time since, a girl inquired of a gentleman at the table if his cup was out.

"No," said he, "but my coffee is."

The poor girl was considerably confused, but determined to pay him in his own coin. While at dinner the stage drove up, and several coming in, the gentleman asked,

"Does the stage dine here?"

"No, sir," exclaimed the girl, in a sarcastic tone, "but the passengers do."

"Grandma," said an intelligent but crafty child, "do you want some candy?" "Yes, dear, I should like some." "Then go to the shop and buy me some, and I will give you a part."

The borrower ties a rope about his neck and puts the end of it in the hands of his neighbor.

Why is a bridegroom worth more than a bride? Because she is given away and he is sold. The author of this atrocious desecrated to the rebels.

The first institution given to our race, was the Sabbath; the next was marriage. Reader give your first thoughts to heaven, the second to your wife.

Young lady get your lover upon his knees, but don't let him get you upon them.

Items, Foreign & Local.

The Emperor Napoleon, *incognito*, has it appears visited the Kearsage while lying at Cherbourg. A Paris correspondent, alluding to the visit, says that among the commission of artillery officers who requested permission to visit the Kearsage was a gentleman to whom great deference was paid, and who listened to the explanations given by the officers of the ship with profound attention. After the communications had been made to the French officers through the medium of an interpreter, it was found that the above-mentioned distinguished visitor spoke English perfectly well, but no sign was made whereby the rank of this high personage was betrayed. As his physiognomy, however, is one not easily mistaken, it soon came to be known when the Federal officers had had the honor of receiving.

The late skirmishing near Fort Stevens has developed some new kind of ammunition used by the rebels. Among the missiles picked up by a conical musket ball of lead and in three directions. Another is a brass chain shot five inches in length, with a conical brass ball three-fourths of an inch in length at each end. This is evidently intended as a "flag-stall-ball," to be fired from the rifle to cut the staff. It is a fearful device. If fired at the neck of a soldier it would most likely decapitate him, or if wounded, poison him, and if it struck an arm or a leg it would strip off the flesh. The would be certain death. But the third missile exhibits the fact that "Jonny Reb" was getting short of ammunition, or he desired to save the contents of his cartridge box by using the parts of some lady's piano he had demolished. It is a tuning screw, and was found imbedded in a tree, evidently fired from a rifle.

Our American exchanges with one voice speak of the severity of farm hands to save the beautiful harvests which nature has furnished for the sustenance of man—all on account of the immense drafts which the war has made on the laboring population.

The London Times says:—"There is in Trinidad only a mile from the coast, a basin of ninety-nine acres, filled with asphalt, yielding seventy gallons of crude oil per ton. There are also springs of asphaltic oil in the neighborhood, and other rich banks of oil. It is estimated that the lake is capable of producing three hundred million gallons of oil."

Dress bonnets in Paris are made without crowns, flowers, butterflies and lama lace supply what little covering is considered necessary.

A Scotch paper asserts that capitalists in Holland tendered a loan of £20,000,000 to Secretary Chase if the custom's revenue of the ports of the United States were appropriated for its payment; but that the Cabinet in Washington treated the proposal as an insult.

A member of the Executive Council of Maine, who has recently been investigating matters in the State Prison, says "the records of the Maine State Prison show that at least seven-eighths of the convicts came there either directly or indirectly through the intemperate use of intoxicating drink."

Salt and water is said to be sure death to bed-bugs.

The *Leviathan* (Me.) *Journal* says there are a couple of spinsters in Green—monks in their way—who have been trying to see how many cats could be multiplied from one pair. They began with one pair when the rebellion broke out, and the kittens have grown and multiplied, their number now reaches the alarming number of four hundred and forty cats and kittens.

Mrs. John McGowan was horribly burned on Sunday, in New Bedford, by the explosion of kerosene oil. She was quickening the fire by pouring oil on the can, when the whole mass caught fire and the can exploded.

Cholera has committed great ravages in Bombay. During one week in April, 290 deaths from fever were reported in that town.

Portrait stamps the size of penny receipt stamps are the latest novelty in photography. They are sold at a shilling the dozen.

The old distinction between Admirals of the white and of the blue, has been abolished. Hereafter there will only be Admirals, Vice Admirals and Rear Admirals. The white ensign will be exclusively appropriated to the navy, the blue to the naval reserve (all ships commanded by a naval reserve officer, and in part manned by naval reserve men, being entitled to carry it), and the red to the merchant service.—*Globe.*

A rope walker announces that he will walk on a rope over Niagara Falls on steel stilts.

John Mitchell, the Irish agitator's son, was recently killed on the parapet of Fort Sumter.

A gentleman residing near Portland, Me., has a cat which has for several mornings surprised the household by bringing in a live woodcock before breakfast, and laying it at the feet of its mistress. The birds are always alive and as little injured as possible.

Another cruel surrey has taken place in Meywar. The son of the Rajah of Beygon died, and was eulogized, during which ceremony his unfortunate wife was thrown on the funeral pile and held there until she was burnt to death. The attention of the government has been drawn to this shocking atrocity.

The smallest pony in the world is owned by J. S. Raley, of Ohio. It is only 20 inches high, and weighs only 21 pounds. Its mother, which was brought from the Shetland Isles by Raley, weighs only 73 pounds.

Hamelin, the champion oarsman of New York and the Northern States will contest the championship of Halifax Harbor at the Regatta shortly to be held there.

A man was recently arrested in New York who had in his possession two thousand dollars worth of artificial teeth which he had stolen.

Crimoline is fast disappearing in Parisian circles. At the watering places it is quite abandoned, and it is said that in another twelvemonth the crimoline will be unknown in Paris.

Mr. Charles Dickens is to receive, it is stated, £12,000 (\$50,000) for his new serial novel.

They have a squash vine up in Vermont that grows three quarters of an inch per hour.

A newspaper carrier has paid \$5000 for the exclusive right to sell papers at the depots and on the cars of the New York Central Railroad.

A lady in Columbus recently cowhided a reporter. He took it meekly, but his wife cowhided the lady within an inch of her life.

The fight between Jem Mace, of England and Joe Cohn, of New York, takes place in England in October next for £500 a side.

An engineer of eminence is reported to have said that at the expense of £10,000 he would construct a small iron clad vessel of greater speed by far than any vessel in her Majesty's navy; and arming her with three 30-ton guns, he would sink the whole of the French navy in three hours.

The French Government is said to have made arrangements to receive 25,000 Circassian emigrants in Algeria.

A society has just been formed at Zurich, in Switzerland, with the object of providing employment for the refugees from Poland.

A carriage containing two ladies was precipitated in consequence of the horses taking fright, over the precipice near Biddle Stairs, on Goat Island, N. S. Sabbath; the next was marriage. Reader give your first thoughts to heaven, the second to your wife.

Young lady get your lover upon his knees, but don't let him get you upon them.

There are 140,000 sick and disabled soldiers in the hospitals of the United States.

General News.

For Farmers.

The following brief, simple, yet rather important items of advice, suggested to farmers, may be read, we think, with profit by those of our subscribers who belong to that class. The great end and aim of too many of our farmers seems to be, to work incessantly without paying due regard to the conveniences, those comforts or the luxuries of life which, of all other men, they and their families should enjoy. Farming can be made more attractive.

1. By less hard work. Farmers often undertake more than they can do well, and consequently work too early and too late.

2. By more system. The farmer should have a time to begin and stop labor. They should theorize as well as practice, and let both go together. Farming is, healthy, moral and respectable; in the long run it may be profitable. The farmer should keep good stock and out of debt. The farm is the best place to begin and end life, and hence so many in the cities and professional life covet a rural home.

3. By taking care of health. Farmers have a healthy variety of exercise, but too often neglect cleanliness, omit bathing, eat irregularly and hurriedly, sleep in ill ventilated apartments, and expose themselves to cold. Nine tenths of the human disease arises from colds or intemperance. Frequent bathing is profitable, so is fresh air and deliberation at the dinner table, and rest after a long day.

4. By adorning the home. Nothing is lost by a pleasant home. Books, papers, pictures, music and reading should all be brought to bear upon the indoor family entertainment; and neatness, comfort, order, cheerfulness, flowers and fruit should harmonize all without. Home should be a school, so happy and holy that children will love it, women delight in it, manhood crave it, and old age enjoy it. There would be less desecrations of old homesteads if pains were taken to make them more agreeable. Ease, order, health and beauty are compatible with life, and were ordained to go with it.

EXTRACT FROM THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, MARCH 4TH, 1861.—Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when after much loss on both sides, the identical questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you. This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF JEFFERSON DAVIS IN THE U. S. SENATE, JAN. 10TH, 1861.—It you will not have it