

The Carleton Sentinel.

AMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XVII.—NO 43.

WOODSTOCK N.B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1865.

WHOLE NO. 876.

Poetry.

THE TRUE ARISTOCRATS.

Who are the nobles of earth—
The true aristocrats—
Who need not bow their heads to lords,
Nor doff to kings their hats?
Who are they but the men of toil,
The mighty and the free,
Whose hearts and hands subdue the earth,
And compass all the sea!

Who are they but the men of toil,
Who cleave the forest down,
And plant amid the wilderness
The hamlet and the town?
Who fight the battles, bear the scars
And give the world its crown,
Of name, and fame, and history,
And pomp of old renown!

They claim no god of heredity,
And scorn the knightly rod;
Their coats of arms are noble deeds,
Their peerage is from God!
They take not from ancestral graves
The glory of their name,
But win, as erst their fathers won,
The laurel wreath of fame!

Select Tale.

"WANTED, A GOVERNESS."

A low narrow room—the single window curtained with coarse, white muslin—the floor covered by a scanty carpet—somehow the broad March sunshine brought out every element of poverty in the abode of the poor widow and her daughter.

"Put on a little more coal, Amy," said Mrs. Ardenham, shuddering, drawing her shawl closer around her frail figure, as she dropped her needle-work: "it is bitterly cold this morning."

Amy obeyed silently—yet she could not help noticing how nearly this little stock of fuel was exhausted, and remembering how inadequate their slender purse was to the replenishment thereof, and her heart sank a little.

Only a little, though, for our Amy was not one of the depending kind. No—she was a sunny little creature, full of bright, infectious cheerfulness—and somehow, in that squalid room, she seemed like a fresh rose blossoming in a sandy desert. She was very pretty, with brown tender eyes, just the shade of the heavy braids of hair above—a small, coral mouth, and cheeks delicately shaded like the deep incarnadine of the promogeneous flower, and as she took up the newspaper, you could not help noticing what a snowy, taper like little hand she had, with pink tipped fingers, and dimples in every joint.

"Mamma!" she said, suddenly, "here's an advertisement for a governess."

"Well, what of it?"

"Why mamma," hesitated Amy, "you know we are very poor, and—and I should like very much to earn a little money."

Mrs. Ardenham had bowed her face upon her hands, and in an instant Amy was kneeling beside her.

"Mamma, darling, don't cry!"

"I did not mean to be so foolish, love, but it all came back at that moment—the wealth and station we have lost—the poverty to which we are reduced. Oh, Amy, it is too hard!"

"But think, mamma!" said Amy, cheerfully, "how delightful it will be for me to make all my school accomplishments help us along in the world. May I try for this situation? I should like it so much."

"If you think it best, my child?" acquiesced Mrs. Ardenham, resignedly.

"Then I must lose no time!" said Amy, as she began to arrange her hair, and adjust the details of her simple toilette.

"How do I look, mamma?" she laughed, when at length she was ready to depart. And Mrs. Ardenham, admiring, affectionate glance brought the roses to her cheek, as she tripped away.

For she did look exquisitely pretty, the coarse shawl took graceful curves after her slender form, and the cheap straw hat, with its plain black ribbon had been a ten pound French chapeau without being a whit more becoming.

"Darling Amy," pondered the mother, as her light footstep died away on the stairs; "she is a perfect little sunbeam in the darkness of my daily existence. Her heart has never ached with the bitter pangs of life's sharpest trials."

But Mrs. Ardenham was mistaken: Amy had tasted the bitter cup; nay, she had drunk it to the very dregs.

There was a vein of poetic appreciation somewhere in the jumble of fun and sentiment, good humour and sarcasm that constituted Frank Ashley, as he lay lazily on the sofa, and playing with two or three golden-headed children who were toddling about the room.

"I'll tell you what, Lizzie," said he to his sister, who sat embroidering, "you spoil these young imps about as completely as any mamma of my acquaintance."

"As if you didn't spoil 'em ten times worse," retorted Mrs. Jay laughing. "When I succeed in obtaining a governess, perhaps they will be put under some sort of discipline. But really, Frank, I have always wondered that you never were married."

"Indeed! Why?"

"You would have made such a nice, domestic sort of a husband, you are so fond of home. I know that manoeuvring Miss Roland laid a desperate siege to the rocky citadel of your heart, but I thought that you disliked her."

"You were right; she was indubitably repellent to me."

"Then why—"

"Why did I never marry anybody else?—Well, listen, Lizzie, and I'll tell you. I was

once in love with one of the sweetest girls, I believe, that ever walked the earth. It was when I was at Brighton. She too was spending the winter there. At first I thought she encouraged my suit, but all at once she grew cold and distant. I determined at all hazards to know my fate, for I felt how wretched life would be without her. But the very evening that I had resolved to submit my suit to her—we were both invited to a party at Miss Roland's—I learned that she had left the city. Miss Roland told me—not in direct words, of course, but as delicately as possible—that it was to avoid my continuous attentions.

"And did you credit this?"

"Of course. Miss Roland was one of her most intimate friends. I left Brighton the next day, and then and there ended all of love that it will ever be my fate to know."

As he ceased speaking, a servant came in. "Mrs. Jay, a lady is below who says she has come to apply for the situation of governess. Shall I show her up?"

Mrs. Jay assented, and the next moment Amy Ardenham entered the room.

"You seem very young," said Mrs. Jay. "I am eighteen, ma'am," said Amy quietly. Frank Ashley who had been reading the newspaper, glanced quickly up at the tone of her voice, and rose to his feet. At the same instant Amy's eyes met his. She grew deadly pale.

"Amy!" he exclaimed—"Miss Ardenham?"

But Amy had fainted.

An hour later, Frank Ashley was an accepted lover, and the young lady who had promised to "take charge of him" was his little Amy.

"Tell me about it Frank," said his sister, when at length he returned from accompanying Amy to her humble tenement—a spot which would soon cease to be a home."

"Then she loved you all the time?"

"So she says."

"And, instead of my finding a governess, you obtained a wife," laughed Mrs. Jay. "O Frank, I am very, very glad."

Woman.

It is idle, with the Scriptures before us, to argue the inferiority of woman from the fact of her subordination. If religion be the grand reality, the great end and aim of human life, woman has ever been distinguished for her elevated faith. Her claims to equality in this primary matter admit of no dispute, rest not on feeling or opinion, but upon the immutable basis of fact. In acts she has been valiant; in mental endowments dignified; in faith unwavering.

A woman saved the life of the infant destined to be the lawgiver of the Jews; a woman, Miriam, was associated with him in his mission, and sang her chorus to his song; a woman, Deborah, judged Israel in a time of great danger, and delivered the nation out of its difficulties; a woman, Hannah, was permitted to be among the earliest prophets of the Messiah's coming, and the very first to call Him by the hallowed name of Saviour; a woman, the Virgin Mother, was the first disciple, the first to demand from others the unequalled obedience of the Redeemer; women ministered to the Lord of their substance; women were faithful unto death in the hour of his mortal agony; women comprised a considerable portion of the first Church of Jerusalem; a woman, Lydia, was the first convert of the first European Church; a woman, Priscilla, was permitted to be an associate in teaching a purer doctrine to the eloquent Apollos; a woman, Phoebe, was recognized by Paul as "a servant of the church;" women, throughout the whole apostolic age, were "succourers of the saints," "fellow-workers" of the Apostles in the Gospel. These are solemn facts, not quoted to excite pride, or a mean and injurious spirit of rivalry, but to deepen the conviction of responsibility; to show that Christian womanhood has now, in former times, a mighty work to perform; that trivial pursuits, petty aims, neglected talents, are unworthy of her; that the exigencies of the present age have claims on her of no unimportant kind; and that, as spiritually descended from these sacred heroines, it is her duty to be "thoroughly furnished to every good word and work." Wherever there is ignorance it is her duty to aim to remove it; wherever there is suffering it is her privilege to alleviate it; wherever there is impurity it is her prerogative to destroy it. Childhood and youth look up to her for example; by her erring and suffering sister woman claims from her aid and sympathy. Man requires that she "open her mouth with wisdom;" and on her tongue should be "the law of kindness." The Church gathers around her, and says, "Be thou faithful unto death and thou shalt inherit a crown of everlasting life."

Witty Report.

Two sailors on landing in this country, and sitting down to their dinner on shore, found on the table a dish of prepared mustard, which neither of them had ever happened to meet before. One of them took a spoonful at a venture, which quickly brought a deluge of tears over his face.

"What are you crying for?" asked his companion.

"I was crying at the recollection of my poor father, who was hung twenty years ago."

The dinner proceeded, and soon the other made a dip into the mustard, with a result similar to the former.

"What are you crying for?" was the grave inquiry of his comrade.

"I am crying because you were not hung when your father was."

Let Every Man Read This

We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female, has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed, not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness, to speak lightly of females, we recommend these few hints as worthy of consideration:—"Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear."

When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the worst members of community—men lost to every sense of honor—every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by a villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and fendish report.

A slander is soon propagated and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates to the lasting injury of the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, for your mother and sister are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unblemished by slanders' biting tongues, heed the bill your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow-creature.

"Sal, dip into the gravy; dad pays as much as any on 'em!"

This was followed by a general roar, in which the captain led off. The girls arrived at their place of destination before supper, and when they left the boat, all hands gave three cheers for the girls of the Hoosier State.

Health and Longevity of the Apple Tree.

Rev. H. W. Beecher speaks of these characteristics of the apple, as follows:—"Healthier than the pear, no blight or disease, affects it; worms and insects may lodge upon it, but not buckling its bark, it exposes them to the wind and storm. An acre of potatoes will not produce so much as the same area in orchard, with five times the labour. The grub only is a formidable enemy, but is so easily exterminated by a flexible wire, that if you have borers you deserve to be bored. Farmers never think of nursing their orchards. And as for longevity, I have a tree now growing on my farm at least five hundred years old. Two ladies, now eighty years of age, say that in their childhood it was called the old apple tree. At twelve feet from the ground it is fourteen feet ten inches in circumference; the fruit sweet and pleasant, though not large."

Sublimation of "Bread and Butter."

Hall, in his Journal of Health, gives us the following bit of wisdom:—"Bread and butter are the only articles of food of which we never tire, from early childhood to extreme old age. A pound of fine flour of Indian meal contains three times as much meat as one pound of butter, three times as much as the whole product of the grain, bran and all, were made into bread, fifteen per cent. more of nutriment would be added. Unfortunately the bran, the coarsest part, is thrown away; the very part which gives coarseness to the teeth, and strength to the brain. Five hundred pounds of flour gives to the body thirty pounds of the bony element, while the same quantity of bran gives more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds. This bone is lime, the phosphate of lime, the indispensable element of health to the whole human body, from the want of the natural supply of which multitudes of persons go into a general decline. But swallowing phosphates in the shape of powders or in syrups, to cure these declines, has little or no effect. The articles contained in these phosphates must pass through Nature's laboratory; must be subject to her manipulations, in alchemical specially prepared by Alchemy power and skill, in order to impart their peculiar virtues to the human frame; in plainer phrase, the shortest, safest, and most infallible method of giving strength to the body, bone, and brain, thereby arresting disease, and building up the constitution, is to eat and digest more bread made out of the whole grain, whether of wheat, corn, rye, or oats."

Clammy.

A few months ago, just before dinner time, a hungry-looking man entered the refectory of Mr. Warner, and propped the usual interrogatory:—"Is this the place where they keep clam soup?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Warner; "how much will you have?"

"Well," replied the customer, "I guess I'll take three cents worth."

"Three cents worth!" exclaimed the astonished host; "why, man-a-live, where are you going to put three cents worth? You certainly won't pretend to eat that quantity at one time."

"How do you sell it?" asked the astonished countryman.

"One cent a gallon."

"Well, I'll try a gallon," said the countryman, as he leisurely took a seat in one of the boxes.

Mr. Warner, who felt in the humor for a joke, measured out a gallon of clam soup, and had it carried to the customer. He commenced devouring it, and after several temporary suspensions in order to wipe away the perspiration and breathe free, he at length found the bottom of his soup dish.

Mr. W. inquired of the customer whether he didn't want more? He replied negatively, and, on paying his nickel, inquired of Mr. Warner:—"How in the world do you manage to make soup so cheap?"

"Why," said Mr. Warner, "in the spring we buy about a hundred clams—put them into a hoghead of water, and by occasionally throwing in a few crackers, and sufficient pepper and salt, in a few weeks have the soup ready for use, and keep it the whole year round."

"Well, now ain't that fast rate? What do you ask for the receipt?"

"For a county right I ask \$50; \$30 for a town ship, and \$3 for a family right."

"That'll just suit us, for we don't get clams when I live more than once a year. The next time I come down I guess I'll buy a family right. I'm desperately fond of clam soup myself."

When Nelson's famous signal was hoisted—"England expects every man to do his duty,"—two Scotchmen were standing by. One pulled a long, slow face and said, "Ech, Sandie, there's nathing there about paird out Scotland."

"Hoot, man," said Sandie, "Scotland kens well enough, her bairns always do their duty. It's only a hint to the sluggish Englishers."

Dipping into the Gravy.

A good story is told of a couple of Hoosier girls who came on board the steamer at the little town of Saint Mernon, Ind. They had evidently never been a thousand miles from home, and were making their first trip on a steamboat. The elder one was exceedingly talkative, and perfectly free and unconcerned without regard to the eyes that were scanning her movements, the other was of the opposite turn of mind, inclining to bashfulness. At dinner the ladies were honored with a seat at the head of the table, and the elder one, with her usual independence, cut her bread into pieces, and with her fork reached over and rolled each mouthful into the nice dressing on the plate of beef-steak before her. The passengers preserved their gravity during the operation by dint of great efforts.

Perceiving that her sister was not forward in helping herself, she turned round to her and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by half the table:—"Sal, dip into the gravy; dad pays as much as any on 'em!"

This was followed by a general roar, in which the captain led off. The girls arrived at their place of destination before supper, and when they left the boat, all hands gave three cheers for the girls of the Hoosier State.

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An Old-Times Dancing Frolic.

An American paper bearing date December, 1803, has been placed in our hands, in which we find published on the authority of a participant in the dance some rules to which all those who attended were required to subscribe. We append the Rules.

1. Admittance 50 cents, refreshments included.

2. The music to consist of a fiddle, a pipe and tabor—a hurdy-gurdy. N. B. No chorus to be sung till dancing is over.

3. No lady to dance in black stockings—nor must she have her elbows bare.

4. To prevent spitting, no gentleman to chew tobacco or smoke.

5. Every lady to come with a clean linen handkerchief, with her name marked upon it.

6. No gentleman to dance in a great coat, unless his under one should be torn.

7. No lady to dress her hair with a tallow candle, nor must she have a bunch of hair sticking up, top of her head.

8. Leather small clothes, except newly washed, are forbidden, as they might soil the ladies' gowns—and to prevent tearing the planking, no lady or gentleman to dance in nail shoes or boots.

9. Cards to be allowed—no one to wet their fingers more than twice.

10. Whatever money is played for, shall be put under the candlestick.

11. Whoever in his or her eagerness at cards breaks the table, shall pay for it immediately.

12. No whispering to be allowed—if any one shall be found making invidious remarks about any one's dancing, he or she shall be put out of the room.

13. No scissors or gimblets are to be brought either by lady or gentleman, except their pockets be whole, or strongly tied or sewn on.

14. No gentleman to appear with an eravat that has been worn more than a week or fortnight.

15. Long beads are forbidden, as it would be very disagreeable if a gentleman should happen to put his cheek beside a lady's.

16. Those ladies who have on white cotton stockings, and black morocco shoes, will not be admitted under any pretence whatever. Two old ladies will be provided to examine all who enter.

17. No lady must appear with a veil on, even if it be turned aside, as the gentleman will not have an opportunity of looking at their faces—distinct.

18. No gentleman must appear with shoes—each must have boots, that will crack freely.

19. No gentleman must squeeze his partners' hand, nor look earnestly upon her, and further he must not even pick up her handkerchief, provided it were to fall—the first denotes he loves her—the second he wishes to kiss her, and the last, that he makes the sign for both.

20. For distinction sake, the master of ceremonies is to wear a red coat, buff small clothes, black stockings, green shoes, and a surtout. The work of command is tumble up ladies.

FAITH AGAINST MUSCLE.—A distinguished clergyman lately preached a sermon on "faith," in which he took the ground that it was the source of all power and achievement, and more trustworthy than any physical or material advantage. While he was going home, after church, one of his congregation, accosting him, said that he was expecting to be assaulted by a bully whom he had offended, and good-humoredly inquired if he should trust to faith or muscle in the impending contest?—"To faith!" by all means "faith!" earnestly responded the preacher; "but," he instantly added, "with a gesture suited to the occasion, 'you must show your faith by your works!'"

ANOTHER GIANT.—The *Siam Times* says:—"A giant has appeared in Nagpore. He is seven feet four inches in height, and of enormous amplitude of chest. As regards the lower extremities however, he is very ill-proportioned, having spindly shanks. When first he entered the city, he was mobbed. An immense crowd, consisting of men, women and children, gathered around him, and stoned him for an incarnation of the Evil One. But luckily for him somebody having discovered five mysterious marks on the crown of his head, announced that he was a god, and thereupon the fickle and superstitious populace immediately prostrated themselves before him and actually worshipped him as a divine being. When he was at Kamptee, all the Marwarre women paid him divine honors, and literally adored him!"

It is said that after the battle of Chattanooga, a chaplain—dressed probably in an undecorated costume as army chaplains on active service usually are—knelt by the side of a dying soldier, and abruptly asked—"My man, do you know who died for you?" The Yankee soldier opened his eyes slowly, and replied, "Wall, now, stranger, I guess this is not the time for asking conundrums."

"We overheard a poor weatherbound individual the other day, who was caught in the rain, humming to himself in a dozwany: 'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour; That chilling fate on me has fell. There always comes a sudden shower, When I ain't got no umbrella!'"

A witch, being at the stake to be burnt, saw her son there, and desired him to give her some drink. "No, mother," said he, "it would do you wrong, for the drier you are the better you will burn."

Biddy, while on a begging expedition, was asked by a lady, if she had any children. "Yes, mum," replied Biddy, with great readiness, "I am the mother of an orphan."

In spite of all that puritanical people say against dancing, it is unquestionably a merry, toe-rivous arrangement.

An old sailor says the cable is the longest yarn ever spun over the Atlantic.

Items Foreign & Local.

Young men in Lawrence have to marry to get board, the landladies there taking none but married people.

Mrs. Ward Beecher will read her husband's lectures this winter.

It is said that one County in Tennessee, that of Wilson, was damaged \$7,800,000 by the war. Mexican blue is the name of a new fashionable color.

The captain of a whale ship which not long since arrived at New Bedford from a voyage of 37 months, took \$42,000 as his part of the proceeds.

In Cochinchina they harness bulls to chariots and run races with them.

Sir Morton Peto says: "An American is only an Englishman rather more sharpened up."

The Bishop of Oxford speaks of Cologne as "a miserable voice teaching the heathen to distrust the word of God."

The following singular advertisement appears in an exchange:—"For which I will pay five dollars, any promise in the Bible that any one, however good, will ever go to Heaven."

South Wilbraham, Mass., Sept. 1865.

A cake of gold weighing 1 1/2 ounces the produce of 3000 tons of quartz, has been exhibited at Bendigo, Australia.

Kosuth and his two sons have arrived at Nice. A returning soldier was killed within sight of his own door at Manlius, N. Y., one day last week, by falling under the car from which he attempted to jump in his eagerness to greet his wife and children.

Mary Godfrey, at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, cow-hided a young fellow who had slandered her daughter. He brought a suit, and the jury gave him one cent damages.

At Richmond, Va., last week, a hoghead of tobacco sold at \$95 per hundred, and two others at \$55 and \$30 each.

England is greatly exercised at present at the prospect of a general failure of the oyster crop. English omnibuses have been established which run from Jerusalem to Bethlehem to places in the neighborhood.

Philadelphia uses an average of 37,890,000 gallons of water daily.

An American exchange predicts that mince pies the coming winter, will be poor or scarce; for cider is \$10 a barrel, and brandy is \$1 a drop.

American missionaries have made a dictionary of the Hawaiian language, comprising a vocabulary of about 15,000 words, nearly the same number that is contained in Dr. Johnson's English dictionary.

The traffic receipts of railways in the United Kingdom amounted, for the week ending the 26th of August, on 12,241 miles, to \$749,042, and for the corresponding week of last year, on 11,889 miles, to \$712,036, showing an increase of \$37,006, or 5.1 per cent.

A child, whose parents live at a place called Likeshall, near Bedford, was killed by falling into a bog at the age of three years.

A monument to Edgar A. Poe is to be erected in Baltimore.

An English detective office was severely punished in New York on Saturday while 'spot