

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

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WHOLE NO.—928.

Poetry.

SQUANDERED LIVES.

BY HAYARD TAYLOR.

The fisherman wades in the surges;
The sailor sails over the sea;
The soldier steps bravely to battle;
The woodman lays axe to the tree.
They are each of the breed of the heroes,
The manhood attempted in strife;
Strong hands that go lightly to labor,
True hearts that take comfort in life.
In each is the seed to replenish
The world with the vigor it needs—
The centre of honest affections—
The impulse to generous deeds.
But the sharks drink the blood of the fishes;
The sailor is dropped in the sea;
The soldier lies cold by his cannon,
The woodman is crushed by his tree.
Each prodigal life that is wasted
In many achievements unseemly,
But lengthens the day of the coward,
And strengthens the crafty and mean.
The blood of the noblest is lavished
That the selfish a profit may find;
But God sees the lives that are squandered,
And we to his wisdom are blind.

Select Tale.

MY WIFE'S SECRET.

Concluded.

And sure enough, who should drive up by, at a rapid rate, but Anna Maria, in a four-wheeled cab, and without her bonnet, and with a flower in her hair. This blow, coming so close upon the attack of the widow lady, was almost more than I could bear.

"Where can she be going to?" gasped I half unconsciously. "It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of."

"I have heard of similar things," returned Peabody, quietly, "although I never experienced anything of the sort myself. Of course, I don't know where she is going to; but the direction she has taken is towards St. John's Wood."

I hastened back to my own house, and with the air of a man who has forgotten something, began to search in the pocket of a greatcoat hanging up in the hall.

"By the by," said I, as the servant who let me in was disappearing, "I think your mistress must have got it after all. Just run up, and tell her I want to see her for a minute."

Emily Jane, who had been in our service ever since we were married, turned as scarlet as her cap-ribbons. "Sir," said she, bolder than brass, "missus has just stepped out; she has taken two of the little girls for a morning walk."

"Which two?" inquired I, looking this abandoned young person full in the face. Her subtle spirit was cowed by that course of procedure; she replied that she did not know; she didn't recollect—she hadn't paid particular attention, but she rather thought that it was the two youngest—all in a breath.

business-man, or he would not have exceeded his twenty words so foolishly. It had a military smack all over, (and I didn't like that notion—a military smack!) Morrington of course was an assumed name. The handwriting was good; and so far unlike the captain's; but then people don't write their own telegraphic messages. I felt that some immediate action was necessary, or that I should be suffocated.

In a couple of minutes I was in a Hans-band bound for Cupidon Villa, in a state of mind easier imagined than described; and yet I had often read descriptions of it in novels which professed to describe aristocratic life, and often had seen upon the stage (although principally in farces) the husband racked by jealous pangs.

What had there been to laugh at in that, I wondered now. Why should she tenderest emotions of the human heart be made the subject of buffoonery. But what a wicked looking set of houses were these which I was now passing! If bricks and mortar, and especially stucco, can look vicious, certainly St. John's Wood possesses a pattern for—

"What number, sir?" shouted my driver through the little hole in the roof. "This is Cupidon Villa."

"I am sorry to hear it," groaned I, passing my pocket-handkerchief over my brow. "Don't mind me, my good man," for his countenance evinced much dismay at my voice and manner. "I know that it is not your fault that I am miserable. Please to pull up to No. 6."

Of all the wicked looking houses in Cupidon Villa, No. 6 was, it seemed to me, the wickedest. The round eye which formed its staircase window winked viciously in the sunlight, and in the garden was a little grating, as though for the purpose of reconnaissance before admission, which was not a little grating to me.

The drawing-room shutters were closed. The latter circumstance gave me some satisfaction, since it might signify that Mr. Morrington was dead, but a glance at the gay attire of the servant-girl who answered my summons, cut away that ground of consolation.

"Is Mrs. R. within?" inquired I, with a giggle. "Well—yes, sir—but you can't see her just at present. Mr. Morrington has a great objection to—"

"Confound Mr. Morrington!" cried I, pushing my way in. "I want to see your wife."

"Oh, your wife is it, sir?" replied the maid, with a giggle. "Then, of course, go up. If you please, although it's as much as my place is worth. You will find them in the drawing-room."

"What! there?" exclaimed I, passionately, pointing to the closed windows.

"Yes, of course, sir! That's the room they always sit in."

Life bears us on like a stream of a mighty river; our boat at first glides quietly down the narrow channel through the playful murmurs of the little brook, and the windings of its glossy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and avail objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry which toss before us; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and despondency are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs alike are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hustles towards its home, till the roaring of its waves is in our ears, and the tossing of the ocean is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the shores lose sight of us, and we take our last leave of the earth and its inhabitants; and of our further voyage there is no further witness, but the infinite and the eternal.—*Dischord Heber.*

THE POWER OF FREEMASONRY.—The locality known at Constantinople as Old Havar Khan was recently the scene of a singular row. For some time past the narrow and dirty enclosure had been daily filled with crowds of chiefly Jews triptoteurs, to an extent which virtually put an end to the thoroughfare. Complaint was accordingly made to the municipal police inspector, and three or four of his men, entered the place to force the crowd to "move on."

Bold, however, on their own ground, the Jews not only refused, but on the bottle-green coated myrmidons proceeding to *res ad facit*, turned on them, and hustled the whole in the street. The ring-leader singled out the inspector, and had mauled him badly before some one shouted out to the constabulary that they were both freemasons. The effect was instantaneous, from blows the "brethren" rapidly passed to embraces and mutual apologies, amid the laughter of the crowd. The municipal council, however, on hearing of the affair insisted on its inspector lodging a charge at the Zaphich, but this brother Giacomo refused to do so, pleading fraternal duty, and offering to resign rather than put the law in force against a G. P. M. Server Effendi has therefore, perforce, condoned the assault, and Brother Giacomo is to receive a new wash and whip of office.

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Married Life. "Laziness is the devil's cushion." One's own hearth is not much from home. One's own hearth is not much from home. Many a marriage begins like a rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why? Because the married pair neglect to be as well-pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always to please one another. Consider, ye daughters, what the word "wife" expresses. The married woman is the husband's faith; in her hand he must be able to entrust the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating-room. His honour and his home are under her keeping; his well-being in her hand. Think of this! And you, ye sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families.

HEAT FROM THE STAIRS.—It is a startling fact, that if the earth were dependent alone upon the sun for heat, it would not keep existence in animal and vegetable life upon its surface. It results from the researches of Pouillet, that the stars furnish heat enough in the year to melt a crust of ice seventy feet thick—almost as much as is supplied by the sun. This may appear strange when we consider how immeasurably small must be the amount of heat received from any of those distant bodies. But the surprise vanishes when we remember that the whole firmament is so thickly sown with stars, that in some places thousands are crowded together within a space no greater than that occupied by the full moon.—*Old Jonathan.*

NEVER DESPAIR.—How good and reasonable are those old maxims, which, with emphatic brevity, give courage to the desponding and new vigour to the weary, when homilies and exhortations are powerless. But not one of them, excellent though the others may be, has so much virtue and efficacy as this hopeful ejaculation, "Never despair!" The lot of man is disappointment, but his worse enemy is despair. Resolute confidence, when all other means fail, may often avert danger, and overcome difficulty; nay, more, it may convert the ban into a blessing.

THE CLERICAL OLD LADY OUT.—An old lady, being asked to subscribe for a newspaper, declined, on the ground that when she wanted one she would have it.

The Chemical Contents of a Cup of Tea.

The cup of tea which we drink, according to chemical analysis, contains volatile oil, chlorophyll, wax, resin, gum, tannin, theine, extractive, apotheme, albumen, sulphur, phosphorus, chloride of potassium, oxyd of iron, carbonate of lime, and phosphate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, manganese, and silica—twenty different articles. The peculiar flavour of tea depends on the volatile oil, which is lighter than water, and has a lemon-yellow colour and the smell of tea. Liebig is of the opinion that tea is not only an astringent and diluent, but possesses nutritive properties of no mean kind. A great deal of profound chemistry is connected with the subject of theine as it exists in tea, and caffeine in coffee; both of the same property or substance, contained in dissimilar vegetable productions—the leaves of one tree, and the berries of the other. Tea and coffee act upon the nerves and upon the brain, and have a quickening and refreshing influence; but taken in excess result in excitement prejudicial to sleep and rest. Green tea is considered more injurious to persons of a highly nervous temperament than the black.—*Chemical News.*

A STRIKE AHEAD OF NOAH.—A dispute arose between two Scotchmen, named Campbell and McLean, upon the antiquity of their families. The latter would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the McLeans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan since the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more biblical knowledge than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan of the McLeans was before the flood.

"Flood! what flood?" asked McLean.

"The flood, you know, that drowned all the world but Noah and his family, and his flock," said Campbell.

"Pooh! you and your flood," said McLean: "My clan was afore the flood."

"I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, of the name of McLean going into Noah's ark."

"Noah's ark!" retorted McLean, in contempt. "Who ever heard of a McLean that hadn't a boat of his ain?"

INDUSTRY.—Man must have occupation or he is miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and rest, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth, is a blessing. The world does not contain a briar or a thorn which divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sturdiness, which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them, no indolence can taste them. They flow only from the exertions which they repay.

GOD KNOWS WHAT KEYS IN THE HUMAN SOUL TO TOUCH IN ORDER TO DRAW OUT ITS SWEETEST AND MOST PERFECT HARMONIES. They may be the minor strains of sadness and sorrow; they may be the loftier notes of joy and gladness; God knows where the melodies of our natures are, and what discipline will call them forth. Some with plaintive songs must walk in lowly valleys; others in loftier hymns; others in loftier hymns shall sing of nothing but joy as they tread the mountain tops of life; but they all unite without a discord or a jar, as the ascending anthem of loving and believing hearts finds its way into the chorus of the redeemed in heaven.

WOMEN.—An anonymous German writer has recently prepared an article on "the crimes of women," which shows by irrefragable evidence that they are in a glorious minority among the criminals of Europe. France, he shows, exhibits a proportion of seventeen per cent. of the serious kind committed by women to eighty-three per cent. of similar offences by men. Statistics, stretching from 1835 to 1865, changed nothing in this proportion. In Baden (and in all parts of Germany bordering on France it is about the same), the number of prisoners is one in 9,163 men, and one in 46,692 women.

A lady in Lafayette, Ind., recently in preparing her Sunday dinner put some beans in a pot to bake. In hurry to get to church she inadvertently put her hymn-book in the pot and wrapped a piece of pork in her pocket handkerchief and took it to church with her. Her mortification was intense upon discovering her mistake during service; so was her husband's at the singularly pious composition of his repast.

"Madame, your boy can't pass for half fair, he is too large," said the conductor of a railway train which had been detained on the road by snow. "He may be too large now," replied the matron, "but he was small enough when we started." The conductor gave in, and the boy passed for half fair.

Items Foreign & Local.

SIR JOHN H. T. M. SUTTON has assumed the Government of Victoria under favorable auspices.

A manufactory for making printer's type of vulcanized india-rubber has just been started at Dalton. This new kind of type is said to be as quickly and easily made, and to be fully equal in quality and durability to the common type, the price being only one-third of the latter. It offers the advantage of less weight as compared with metal type, and can be remoulded when worn. It presents particular advantages for stereotyping.

The village of Vallmies (France), a commune of eight hundred inhabitants, has been almost totally destroyed by a conflagration, kindled, it was supposed, by a child playing with lucifer matches in a barn. Out of thirty-four houses, of which the village was composed, seven only remain.

There is now on exhibition in Boston a California Redwood plank from one of the mammoth trees of that State. It is one of the largest planks ever saved, its dimensions being 12 feet long, 8 feet wide, and 3 inches thick.

The number of black lead pencils made in Great Britain, is 25,000 per week—that is about 13,000,000 per annum. At an average length of seven inches this would give 1,430 miles of black lead and cedar. The cedar annually consumed amounts to 12,000 cubic feet, and the yellow pine in due proportion. The plumbago is partly the produce of the Borrowdale Mine, and partly from Mexico and Peru. The number of hands employed is 200, and their higher wages from fifteen shillings to twenty shillings per week.

A paper asks very innocently if it is any harm to sit in the lap of ages. Another replies that it all depends on the kind of ages selected. Those from 18 to 25 is put down as extra hazardous.

An old great pomp and enthusiasm the Prince Dagnar, affianced of the Czarovitch, made her entry into St. Petersburg, and the following day embraced the Greek faith.

The unostentatious manner in which Miss Burdett Coutts, of London, has accumulated her fortune, is an illustration of the Divine truth, that the love of God is the love of his creatures.

In the town of Bethlehem, N. Y., the body of a little child after being placed in its coffin gave signs of life; it moved, turned over, and was clasped in its mother's arms and its own arms.

An innocent young girl of Rochester, N. Y., after being accused and arrested for stealing gold rings, and hauled around for two weeks from the jail to the police court, and then to a felon, and condemned to the society of the degraded and corrupt, has at length been saved from a life in the State's prison by the confession of another girl.

A bronze statue of Sir John Franklin has been erected in London near the Duke of Wellington, between Carlton House and Pall Mall.

The bears are very hungry and plenty in Maine this season.

General News.

THE NEW SETTLEMENTS.—The season has now arrived when the working men who have remained in the city should once more ask themselves what advancement they have made during the year. Have they been able to save any money during the past year? Are they in any respect better off than they were a year ago? Have they all money enough now to buy food and clothes and fire-wood to keep them comfortable during the approaching winter? Do they feel perfectly satisfied with their condition? Are they as independent as they wish to be? Are they making sufficient provision for sickness and old age?

If they can answer Yes to all these questions we congratulate them; but if they cannot, then let them ask themselves why they cannot, and make an effort to put an end to the state of dependence in which they then lived, and to become owners of land and their own master. These men settled, some on the Grand Lake, in Quebec County, and in Sarny, some in John'sville, some in Albert County, and to-day all of them who persevered are absolutely independent, owners of houses, of barns full of oats, barley, buckwheat, potatoes, hay, &c., and cattle, sheep and horses. They are positively wealthy compared to those who shrink from the very appearance of difficulty and preferred to live in filthy lanes and alleys, paying high rents for their miserable tenements, and dragging on a precarious existence on such wages as they could earn, rather than venture into the woods, even in company with hundreds of others.

We constantly receive the most cheering accounts from the settlements. The New-Scotia settlement, a gentleman who does business in the neighborhood assures us is one of the most thriving and flourishing in the Province now as it is. The settlers who three or four years ago were worth little or nothing, are now worth seven head of cattle each, draught oxen, sheep, &c., and have plenty of food for themselves and fodder for their cattle, and are selling large quantities of oats, &c., so that the property actually accumulated by the settlers is worth more than all the wages they could possibly have earned if they had remained in St. John.

The difficulties which frighten so many are but imaginary, and vanishing as soon as they are fairly grappled with. We wish some of the men who now toil in mills and at other heavy work, or hang about the corners waiting for a chance job, would see those settlements for a few days, and see the happy and contented faces, and independence that they too may attain if they muster courage to break old associations and to brave some difficulties. They would soon be convinced of their folly and glacially avoid themselves of the great opportunity now within their reach.—*Freeman.*

The *Intercolonial Journal of Commerce* says:—"The advantage of building up an independent system commercially as well as politically, for British America, is so very obvious that it is difficult to understand how it can be questioned by any mind of ordinary intelligence. There are many obstacles of course, but the more existence of war, and happier and more independent, the more it is a relief to afford carrying opponents material for alleging that the thing is impossible. The removal of these obstacles is, of course, the principal reason for entering into the political union of the colonies, apart from other considerations, with a view both to the social and commercial stability of the separate provinces, that they should be rendered more independent, in every sense, of the communities across the line. It is not possible for us to sense to observe what is now transpiring there without feeling the absolute necessity, as a measure of safety, of our steering clear of that maelstrom of democracy before which all existing institutions, laws, customs, and happier and more independent, are as mere chaff. To be in any way dependent, either politically or commercially, on a country passing through the stages of a revolution, of which the end may possibly be universal anarchy and destruction, would be the height of imprudence. Who is there that can now entertain the slightest leaning towards annexation as an idea to be entertained for the benefit of these provinces? On the contrary, who does not see that the great object of all others, are as mere chaff. To be in any way dependent, either politically or commercially, on a country passing through the stages of a revolution, of which the end may possibly be universal anarchy and destruction, would be the height of imprudence. 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