

The Carleton

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, P.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 47.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866.

WHO.

Poetry.

NOAH'S DOVE.

Forth from the ark the dove has gone,
On pinions that outstrip the wind.
Day fades, yet lo! she journeys on,
If she a resting place may find.
Where she may find her weary wing,
T'ween sea and sky, sole living thing.
Cease, thou bright creature, cease to roam,
Burst the dark waters everywhere:
They roll above thy feet, and at last
For thee no resting-place is there.
Back to the ark on drooping plume,
She hastens thro' the closing gloom.
Like thee I left my father's hearth—
Ark of my childhood's joyous hour—
This sin and sorrow deluged earth,
Eager of foot to wander o'er.
This "wandering foot," this "weary breast,"
Where shall I find a place to rest?

Bright bird, were mine thy wings of wind,
To cross that dark, deep gulf, the Past;
An ark, like thee, I yet might find;
There rest, and then, returning back
Vain wish! Time is that fatal urn,
O'er which no traveller may return.

To all life is an onward track;
And 'tho' it is a changing scene,
This is unknown—returning back
To be again, what we have been.
Time past has made us what we are,
No time can make us what we were.

An arkless dove art thou, like me,
Of "wandering wing," of "weary breast,"
Pierced for refuge and for rest?
The "tempest-tost," the "sorrow-driven,"
There is a resting place in heaven.

Select Tale.

THE WRONG WOMAN.

The following good story is told of an Austrian General who fell in love with a fair Venetian lady:
In spite of the inveterate aversion on the part of the Venetians, it sometimes happened that some of the dark-eyed daughters of Venice reveled the humiliation of their country by vanquishing the heart of a blue-eyed German, who despite the opposition of the fair Italian's friends became the life-long slave of his charmer. But marriages of this kind are exceedingly rare; for the Venetian women, to do them justice, have always felt and resented the insult and degradation of their country in its subjection to the stranger, even more keenly than the men.

Still, as we have observed, there are instances, of Austrian officers marrying Venetian ladies; for love, who rules the "court, the camp, and the grove," is not always a respecter of patriotic feelings. His arrows fly past the lines which statesmen and diplomatists have drawn to mark the boundaries of nations, and transfuse hearts, whose sole means of communication is the "language of the eyes," into eternal union.

One of these Austro-Venetian marriages which made considerable noise both in Venice and Vienna, were between General Gablentz, a grim veteran of some fifty years of age, and the Signora Morisini, one of the wealthiest of the merchant princes of Venice.

The General, who was not supposed to be a marrying man, was one day, in the autumn of last year, taking a leisurely stroll through the Giardini Pubblici, or Public Promenade. The General was accompanied by a young subaltern, for whom he had evinced a great liking.

All at once the attention of the veteran was attracted by a remarkably stately and graceful lady walking in advance of them.

"Mein Gott!" said the General, in a loud, harsh tone of voice, "but that is a beautiful figure of a woman."

The abrupt loudness of the tone in which this was spoken caused the object of the General's eulogy to turn suddenly round, and a wave of wind blew aside her veil, and revealed a face of the most perfect symmetry, lighted up with a pair of eyes—large dark eyes which flashed upon a volley of rays, which seem to say a thousand things at once, and which certainly discharged upon a well-seasoned veteran a fire which moved and melted him more than the fire of musketry or artillery by which he had been exposed in the whole course of his military life.

There and then old Gablentz owned himself completely vanquished. The next step was to prevail upon his enslaver or her guardian to accept the homage of the heart and land due to her victory.

Now, at the time, the General was a perfect stranger to the lady. He had never cast his eyes upon her before that instant. He did not know her name, where she lived, or to whom she belonged.

Clearly, then, the first step towards the accomplishment of his object was to make himself acquainted with these.

The General, therefore, requested his young friend, as the greatest favor he could confer upon him, to dog the footsteps of the lady, and, if possible discover her name and abode, with as much more kindred information as he could make himself master of.

The young officer executed his commission. Without letting his movements be perceived by the object of his pursuit, he trailed her along the Grand Canal, in a gondola which he hired, to

employer, old Gablentz, who, overjoyed at the prospect of being son-in-law to the father of so beautiful a woman, lost no time in waiting upon the Signora Morisini.

The Venetian was surprised at the ardor of the General; but contrary to the expectations of the lover, he made no objection to the match. The preliminaries were soon over, and the happy bridegroom appeared at the altar. The bridegroom had just repeated the vows after the officiating priest, and the lady had raised her veil in order to pledge herself to "everlasting love, honor and obedience," when the gallant and amorous General gave a loud exclamation, of a nature more suited to the atmosphere of the barracks or the mess room than to that of the sanctuary.

"A fraud! a vile fraud! a mean, cursed fraud!" he shrieked, rather than spoke, the bridegroom.

Intense was the astonishment of all present, but no one, excepting the bridegroom himself, and the gentleman who acted the part of friendly spy for him, understood the cause of the General's extraordinary and unseemly behavior.

The latter gentleman, however, though greatly marring at the affair, readily sympathized with the infuriated bridegroom; for there before the altar arrayed in a bridal costume, stood not the fresh and radiant beauty of the Giardini Pubblici, but a dry and faded—we might almost say, a withered and scraggy-faced, though tall and stately in her person—lady, old enough to be, at least, the mother of the young and blooming creature whose fascinations had vanquished the poor old General.

When the officiating priest had recovered the composure disturbed by the bridegroom's outburst of fury, he demanded to know the cause of such conduct.

"Cause! echoed the General; 'cause enough! That is not the lady that I bargained for!"

"But that is my daughter!" said the Venetian, stepping forward and confronting the warrior with a mien as fierce and stern as his own. "That lady is my daughter; though we are the subject of a foreign rule, I at least am not so cowardly a slave as to put up quietly with the gross insult you now offer me!"

A general altercation ensued, but the end of it was that the General was compelled to marry the mature and unblushing, middle-aged bride whom he had led to the altar.

The Austrian Commander-in-Chief in Venice, on being appealed to, and on the affair being explained to him, insisted that the honor of the Austrian army, and even of the Emperor were involved in the affair. "For," reasoned the Commander-in-Chief, "you procured my influence, which is that of the Emperor, to prevail on the Signora Morisini to give you the hand of his daughter; and inasmuch as the lady is his daughter, and his only daughter when you made your suit, you must be sensible that it would never do to break your word."

The poor, crest-fallen General was compelled to take the middle-aged lady "for better and for worse." It is possible, however, that he may have consoled himself with the reflection that the unpleasant looking pill which he had promised to swallow might be rendered palatable by a gliding of some of his father-in-law's gold.

The source of the mistake was easily cleared up.

Old Morisini had a son, settled as a merchant, in Genoa. This son who was married, had a daughter bearing the same name as her aunt—Jafano Morisini.

This daughter—the beauty of the Giardini Pubblici—was on a visit to her grandfather, at Venice, when, in the manner related, she was seen by General Gablentz, and who, because her name was Morisini, and she lived in the same house, very illegitimately jumped to the conclusion that she must be the old Venetian, Morisini's daughter. In his impatience to have the fair one for his wife, he had dispensed with a long courtship, and, indeed, with any interview with the lady, satisfied with her father's consent; and, fearing probably that his own age, and rough and rugged address and countenance, might not make a tender impression on the soft and dazzling creature whom he desired to make his wife.

A Distinction.

The experienced are aware that there is no severer trial of temper than the milking of a refractory cow. Such a cow, by refusing to stand still, and by kicking over the milk two or three times, had vexed me so beyond all endurance, that, procuring a good cudgel, and having got the cow well cornered, I proceeded to administer a most wrathful flogging. My father that moment made his unexpected appearance, and suspended the operation of chastisement by saying:—"Herron, my son, don't strike that cow again; never strike a cow; it never does them any good—never!"

About a week after this my father was doing the milking himself, and the cow proved unusually troublesome, as I inferred from loud sounds in the direction of the barn-yard. Going to the spot, I arrived just in time to see the cow in a very close corner of the fence, and the boot of my paternal relative administering kicks of the heaviest kind thick and fast. "Father," said I, very quietly, "I thought you told me never to strike a cow." "Yes, that is true," was the reply, while the punishment continued with unabated vigor, "that is true, but did I say anything about kicking them? Did I say anything about kicking them? Striking does no good, but kicking seems to curl 'em right up!"

"Sir, I will make you feel the difference between a kick and a strike." "Ah, Miss, why should your arrows when you never had a bow?"

Cards Spiritualized.

The following curious article is taken from an English newspaper of the year 1773, and is there called, "The Perpetual Almanack; or, Soldier's Prayer Book"; by Richard Lane, a private soldier, belonging to the Forty-second Regiment, who was taken before the Mayor of Glasgow for playing cards during divine service.

The sergeant commanded the soldiers to church, and when the parson read his prayers he took his text. Those who had a Bible took it out; but this soldier had neither a Bible nor common prayer book; but pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them out before him. He first looked at one card and then at the other. The sergeant of the company saw him, and said:

"Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard. When the service was over, the constable took Richard prisoner, and brought him before the Mayor.

"Well," said the Mayor, "what have you brought that soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, Sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you more than man ever was punished."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march; I have neither Bible nor Common Prayer Book; I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intention."

"Very good," said the Mayor.

Then, spreading the cards before the Mayor, he began with the Ace:

"When I see the Ace, it reminds me there is but one God."

"When I see the Deuce, it reminds me of Father and Son."

"When I see the Tray, it reminds me of Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

"When I see the Four, it reminds me of the four Evangelists that preached, viz.—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John."

"When I see the Five, it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps. There were ten, but five were fools, and were shut out."

"When I see the Six, it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth."

"When I see the Seven, it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the works He made; and balthowed it."

"When I see the Eight, it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God drowned the world, viz.—Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives."

"When I see the Nine, it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. There were ten, but nine never returned thanks."

"When I see the Ten, it reminds me of the Ten Commandments, which God handed down to Moses on a table of stone."

"When I see the King, it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty."

"When I see the Queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who went to hear the wisdom of Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon told which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash themselves; the girls washed to the elbows, and the boys only to the wrists—so King Solomon told by this."

"Well," said the Mayor, "you have given a description of all the cards in the pack except one."

"Which is that?" said the soldier.

"The Knave," said the Mayor.

"I will give you honor a description of that too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the Mayor, "if you will not term me to be a knave."

"Well," said the soldier, "the greatest virtue I know is the constable who brought me here."

"I do not know," said the Mayor, "whether he is the greatest knave; but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots in a pack, I find three hundred and sixty-five—as many days as there are in a year."

"When I count the number of cards in a pack, I find there are fifty-two—as many weeks as there are in a year. And I find four suits—the number of weeks in the month."

"I find there are twelve picture cards in the pack, representing the number of months in the year; and on counting the tricks I find thirteen—the number of weeks in a quarter. So you see, Sir, the pack of cards serves for a bible, almanack, and common prayer book to me."

THE START NAKED INTERLUDE.—A man's wife in South Bend, Ohio, presented her husband with a very fine boy. Next morning the man stepped into the Mayor's office and stated that the night previous a fellow came stalking into his house, stark naked; that he was their yet. Three policemen at once started on the run to onst the intruder. When they got to the house they asked to see the fellow that had come in the night before. The nurse brought out the baby.

The bright fire is the eye of the home; it bespeaks cheerfulness, peace, cleanliness, comfort. About it the small, sweet courtesies of life,—in which there is no parade nor affectation, which manifest themselves in kind words and affectionate looks—cluster naturally and gracefully.

Stupidities.

Hall's Journal of Health enumerates the following. The list is capable of being indefinitely extended. Indeed, if one should specify all the silly and ridiculous habits and practices by which the majority of reasoning mortals are injuring themselves, he would make a chapter as long as the Atlantic cable:

Walking along the streets with the point of an umbrella sticking out behind, under the arm, or over the shoulder. By suddenly stopping to speak to a friend, or other cause, a person walking in the rear had his brain penetrated through his eye, in one of our streets, and died in a few days.

Stepping into a church aisle, after dismission, and standing to converse with others, or to allow occupants of the same pew to pass out and before, for the courtesy of precedence, at the expense of a greater boorishness to those behind.

To carry a long pencil in vest or outside coat pocket. Not long since, a clerk in New York fell, and the long cedar pencil so pierced an important artery, that it had to be cut down upon from the top of the shoulder to prevent his bleeding to death, with a three months' illness.

To take exercise or walk for the health, when every step is a drag, and instinct urges us to repose.

To guzzle down glass after glass of cold water, on getting up in the morning, without any feeling of thirst, under the impression of the health-giving nature of its washing-out qualities.

To sit down to a table and "force" yourself to eat, when there is not only no appetite, but a positive aversion of food.

To take a glass of soda or toddy, or sarsaparilla, or mint drops on a summer day, under the belief that it is safer and better than a glass of cold water.

To economize time, by robbing yourself of necessary sleep, on the ground that an hour saved from sleep is an hour gained for life, when in reality it is two hours actually lost, and half a dozen other hours actually spoiled.

To persuade yourself that you are destroying one unpleasant odor by introducing a stronger one, that is, attempting to sweeten your own unwashed garments and person by enveloping yourself in the fumes of musk, eau de cologne, or rose water; the best perfume being a clean skin and well-washed clothing.

Schamyl, the Circassian.

After his capture in 1859, Schamyl, the celebrated Circassian Chief, was sent with his family to Kaloug. He seems to have expected nothing but harsh treatment from his conquerors, but the Russian policy was otherwise, and he has from time to time, it appears, been loaded with Imperial favors. A spacious house is at his disposal, and an income more than sufficient for his wants. On the occasion of the death of his favorite daughter, a courier was sent to Schamyl in the Caucasus with the body of the deceased. This seems to have touched the venerable chief, who at once addressed an autograph letter to the Czar, which is at length given in the Prussian papers.

Schamyl here declares himself to be no less vanquished by the Emperor's kindness than by his arms, and begs that he and his children be allowed to take the oath of fidelity. "I am ready," he says, "to pronounce it before the entire people. I invoke, as the witnesses of my loyalty and of the purity of my thoughts, Almighty God and Mahomet, his prophet. I will take the oath before the body, scarcely chilled, of my beloved daughter Naphisat, and upon the holy Koran." The Czar at once acceded to his request, and accordingly on the 7th inst., Schamyl and his sons took the oath of fidelity to the Emperor and the Grand Duke of Kaloug. After the ceremony the representative of the nobles of the province addressed the exile in the name of the Russian Government.

"Life in peace, valiant veteran," he said, "in this city your noble character is honored, and where your calm and modest life is a theme of constant praise. May you long continue this irreproachable life, glorifying the high magnanimity of your protector, our beloved Sovereign, Alexander the Second."

The reply of Schamyl, as given in the Russian papers, is full of protestations of loyalty, and reads as though it had been very freely translated from the original Arabic by a Russian official.

Oiling a Ventriloquist.

A gentleman going down the river on a steamer the engine of which was upon deck, he sauntered to see the working of the machinery. Near him stood a man apparently bent upon the same object. In a few minutes a squeaking noise was heard on the opposite side of the engine. Seizing the oil can—a gigantic one, by the way—the engineer sought out the dry spot, and to prevent further noise of that kind, liberally applied the contents of the can to the very joint. All went on well for a while, when the squeaking was heard in another direction. The oiling process was repeated and quiet restored; but as the engineer was coming quietly towards the spot occupied by the gentleman and the stranger he heard another squeak. This time he detected the true cause of the difficulty. The stranger was a ventriloquist. Walking straight up behind him, he seized the astonished joker by the nap of the neck, and emptied the contents of the can down his back. "There!" said he, "I don't believe that old engine will squeak again."

An individual was praising the wit of a man who had a very limited intellect. "Oh, yes," said a lady, "he must possess a rich fund of it, for he never spends any."

Hindoo Loom.

Nothing can be more rude, or, in appearance, less calculated for delicate manufacture, than the loom of the Hindoo weaver, which he sets up in the morning under a tree, before his door, and takes down again at sunset. It consists merely of two rollers, resting on four stakes driven into the ground, and two sticks which cross the warp. These are supported at each end, the one by cross ties to the tree, under the shade of which the loom is erected; and the other by two cords fastened to the foot of the weaver; thus enabling him to separate the threads of the warp, for the purpose of crossing it with the weft.

For the greatest convenience, he digs a hole in the ground to put his legs in. He uses a piece of wood or stick, or almost anything that comes to hand, for a shuttle; and yet with such rude instruments as these, the Hindoo weaver produces stuff so fine, that when spread on the grass, they intercept it with its colors.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL ART EXHIBITION was a great feature of the Church Congress recently held in York, England, and was large and magnificent. The vestments, &c., loaned by different churches are valued at more than \$45,000 besides the articles exhibited by different manufacturers. Some of the vestments were extremely gorgeous, made of the richest silks and velvet, with elaborate embroidery, and studded in profusion with diamonds and other precious stones. One chasuble, for material and embroidery alone, without jewels, is valued at \$1,100. The vestments from Brighton are of the most gorgeous character. Over the mantle-piece is a very curious crucifix, the property of Lady Sewell, containing a fragment of the true Cross, relics of the twelve Apostles, and 36 Saints of the Western Church. You may rub your eyes if you like, but this is not Rome or Naples, but York, England, and this is an exhibition of the Anglican Church.

SYMPATHY WITH NATURE.—Acting on a healthy spirit, the contemplation of the order of life and growth and constant change in material things would seem to be the surest instrument for breeding humanity and evenness of mind; for contemplation of Nature tends, above all other things, to fill people who are susceptible of deep feeling of any sort with awe; and few states of mind are so favorable as this of awe to the development of wide sentiments of beneficence. Awe, unless it be the servile awe of the gaping, uncultured clown, is one of the most ennobling of all emotions; and no emotion has any title to be called noble at all which does not throw a man into deeper harmony with everything that is going on around him.

INTEGRITY.—Some travellers on a hot day in summer, oppressed with the noontide sun, perceiving a plane-tree near at hand, made straight for it, and throwing themselves on the ground, rested under its shade. Looking up as they lay, towards the tree, one of them remarked to the other, "What a useless tree, to man, is this barren plane!"—But the plane answered them, "Ungrateful creatures! at the very moment you are enjoying benefit from me, you rail at me as being good for nothing."

THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH.—It is a curious fact connected with deep mining that from the hours of twelve at night till three in the morning the disturbing influence in the bowels of the earth obtains increasing activity. At that time it is observed by miners that water falls from places where none is observable during the day. The volume in the wheel is perceptibly increased, the atmosphere is charged with gases which often prevent the lights from burning, and small particles of earth and rocks are observed to fall from the tops of the drives. Whether this phenomenon is to be attributed to the diurnal motion of the earth or other causes, it is worthy the attention of the curious.—Geological Advertiser.

TREASON.—It has been eloquently said that the grass soon grows over blood shed upon the battlefield, but never over blood shed upon the scaffold. Treason is an offence which rarely exists without seeming excuse. It pleads at the bar of history as an effort, if an unwise one, to vindicate an honorable cause; and when the calamities which it has occasioned are forgotten or have ceased to be feared, compassion for the sufferer is changed by an easy transformation into condemnation of his judges.—Froude's England.

A colored cook, expecting company of her own color, had nothing that she thought good enough to set before them. Her mistress said, "Chloe, you must make an apology."

"La! missus, how can I make it? I got no apples, no eggs, no butter, no nuffin to make it with."

A HAPPY ANSWER.—A young gentleman the other day asked a young lady what she thought of the married state in general? "not knowing, I can't tell," was the reply; "but if you and I were to put our heads together, I could soon give you a definite answer."

A royal soul may belong to a beggar, and a beggarly one to a king.

The gayest smiles are often the saddest weepers.

Love can excuse anything except meanness; but meanness kills love, and cripples even natural affection.

Time never passes so slowly and testily as to the idle and listless. The best cure for dullness is to keep busy.

The poor man has often recently complained that he has nothing to live on, the rich still often that he has nothing to live for.

Items Foreign & Local.

San Francisco has received nearly \$400,000,000 in treasure within nine months.

Lord Clarendon is dying from the effects of tobacco smoking.

The Austrian Government has adopted the Lindner gun for the army.

A man was accidentally boiled to death in a foundry vat in Troy last week.

A horticultural show at Poona, India, created a great sensation.

Twenty per cent. more marriages in Ohio this year than in any year before or during the war.

At \$150 a bale the South will realize from her crop of cotton alone about \$235,000,000.

The project of bridging the Mississippi at St. Louis has been abandoned.

London sends out no mail and has no postal delivery on Sunday.

There are at the present time 1061 political newspapers in Europe.

Umbrellas were unknown in Glasgow till 1782.

Upwards of 2,000 different kinds of nails are made.

The manufacture of pottery in England employs 110,000 persons.

It is found that of the dry substance of the egg, 40 per cent. is pure fat.

Ten thousand negroes have been buried in Natchez since 1850.

Having paid out the cable Cyrus W. Field is now paying out \$200,000 old debts. Good boy, Cyrus.

The method of blowing fires by means of the jet in the chimney or fire was known to the ancients.

A little boy was blown away by the tornado from St. Louis, and a reward is offered for his recovery.

A pound of cotton spun by hand will make a thread 107 miles long, but spun by steam it will make a thread 167 miles in length.

Ten couple of rabbits, introduced in Geelong, Australia, in 1859, have yielded 50,000 head for consumption.

Nearly 2,000 Germans leave Europe every week for the United States in the Bremen and Hamburg mail steamers alone.

The recent excessive rains in the south of England have caused the production and growth of fungi to an enormous extent.

An East River Ferry Co. has had to pay \$2,000 for letting a little boy passenger get drowned.

Three prisoners who were chained together on a Mississippi steambot, by common consent jumped overboard and were drowned.

Eight room houses in perfect order and in the nicest and most healthy part of London are rented for from \$250 to \$300 per annum.

Lord Brougham has talked with a lady who lived in the reign of Charles II.—his great-grand aunt.

The bulk of Mormon proselytes are from Protestant nations—no Irishman or Frenchman is a Mormon.

Sam Jennings, a rich miser, died recently in Ohio, leaving a fortune of \$2,000,000, which his heirs are quarreling about.

Two deaf mutes from the Ohio Deaf and Dumb Asylum, were married on Wednesday, before the last, by a deaf and dumb minister.

The are 55 Protestant churches in China and 95 Protestant missionaries are also settled in Nagasaki and Yokohama, in Japan.

The English papers announce that the receipts of the Atlantic Telegraph Company now amount to \$1,000,000 per annum.

Two negroes have been returned to the State Legislature of Massachusetts. The St. John Globe judges this an evidence of advancing Society.

George Dennis, of Scarborough, England, lost his wife on Monday, married another on Tuesday, took her home on Wednesday, and she presented him with a child on Thursday.

Not long since an Amsterdam merchant, after lavishing a fortune on furniture and paintings, caused the floor of one of his apartments to be laid with Spanish dollars at one edge.

A piece of land in Newstead, N. Y., worth about \$50, has been in litigation before the courts for seven years, and the costs now amount to \$2000; yet the parties continue to fight.

It is said that the eldest daughter of the late Gen. Scott died broken-hearted in a French convent, because her father would not consent to her marriage with a young French nobleman and officer.

Baron James de Rothschild is in a very critical state of health. He is the only surviving son of the founder of the house, is chief of the Paris branch of the Rothschilds and the most eminent financier of the whole family.

The Jewish Consistory of Paris has, says the London Globe, Paris correspondent, convoked a grand meeting of Rabbis to be held in the city during the Universal Exhibition of next year, to make some new regulations respecting the food of Israelites.

The population of the Island of Candia (or Crete) is about 300,000, of whom only 70,000 are Mussulmen, the remainder being Greek Christians. The Mussulmen live chiefly in the fortified towns, while the Christians reside in the open country and the mountain regions.

Reports that the crops in that hyperborean clime are very abundant this season. The wheat, it is thought, will average forty bushels to the acre, while the later crops are proportionately heavy and have almost entirely escaped injury from frost.

The News says, "New York papers are now forced to admit that the Reciprocity Treaty conferred benefits, even greater benefits, upon their own people than it did upon British Americans, and urge the making of an effort to secure the renewal of reciprocal trade relations."

A movement is on foot in England (literally) headed by no less a personage than the Countess de Naillies, to abolish the use of shoes, so far as children are concerned; or, in other words, to have them go barefoot out of doors, as well as in the house—wearing only a strip of leather on the sole of the foot to prevent injury. The advantages of the plan are gravely set forth and advocated in the Medical Times and Gazette.

Sarah Donelson, of Red Bluff, California, is a plucky woman. She recently had a fight with five armed Indians, knocked two down, punched a third in the head, and then retreating to her room, had used her rifle against the whole until they beat a retreat, carrying off their wounded. She had her thumb shot off, but otherwise is as good as new, and now proposes to travel on her nose.

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