

# The Carleton Sentinel.

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WHOLE NO.—920.

## Poetry.

### DRIFTING RAIN.

BY EDWARD A. CRAIG.

The night is dark and rattling fast  
Against my window-pane—  
I hear borne on the fitful blast,  
The never-ceasing rain.

It beats itself against the sash,  
As unresisting to the breeze;  
Now comes it on with thund'ring crash,  
Now moans as funeral dirge.

And when it comes with hoarsest noise,  
It mingles me the pleasure  
Of those who sit to hear the voice  
And tarry to her wiles.

Of their loud, wild, tempestuous laugh,  
Who live as though this earth  
Had no beyond—no future quaff  
And think plain life a dearth.

But as it means it mingles me,  
In pleasure's Satan's power—  
That those who laugh with wildest glee  
Are as the drifting shower.

Too soon an end they're fully 'll meet,  
With hearts that bleed in pain;  
They'll wait as doth the driving sleet  
Or never-ceasing rain.

Oh! blessed rain, a lesson leave  
To my poor erring soul—  
Thy promptings on its tablet's burn,  
With motto, "stay thou whole!"

I know the life I ought to live,  
I see my duty plain;  
But still I wait the gifts God 't give  
In folly's drifting rain.

I think that I must something lack,  
Some erring subtle—  
My mind points out the upward track;  
And still I cannot lack.

Oh! rain, blest rain, inspire me—  
Give me an impulse true;  
I want in life to be useful,  
Nor waste my life in strew.

I want to leave behind a name  
Of benefit—of power—  
I would not have it linked with shame,  
Or lost before an hour.

And yet I have not strength to throw  
My present life away—  
To aim myself for my great foe  
And fight it while I may.

My faults I know—I have the will;  
And shall I ask in vain,  
For power to take the lesson—still  
Borne on by drifting rain.

Sheffield, N. B., Aug. 17, 1866.

## Select Tale.

### MOTHER MAGGIE'S MISCHIEF.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Old Mother Maggie was about the busiest character in the forest. But you must know there is a great difference between being busy and being industrious; and this was the case with Mother Maggie.

She was always full of everybody's business but her own,—up and down, here and there, everywhere but in her own nest, knowing every one's affairs, telling what everybody had been doing or ought to do, and ready to cast her advice gratis at every bird and beast of the woods.

Now she bustled up to the parsonage at the top of the oak-tree, to tell old Parson Too-whit what she thought he ought to preach for his next sermon, and how dreadful the morals of the parish were becoming. Then, having perfectly bewildered the poor old gentleman, who was always sleepy of a Monday morning, Mother Maggie would take a peep into Mrs. Oriole's nest, sit chattering on a bough above, and pour forth floods of advice, which, poor little Mrs. Oriole used to say to her husband, bewildered her more than a hard northeast storm.

"Depend upon it, my dear," Mother Maggie would say, "that this way of building your nest, swinging like an old empty stocking from a bough, isn't at all the thing. I never built one so in my life, and I never had headaches. Now you complain always that your head aches whenever I call upon you. It's all on account of this way of swinging and swaying about in such an absurd manner."

"But, my dear," piped Mrs. Oriole, timidly, "the Orioles always have built in this manner, and it suits our constitution."

"A fiddle on your constitution! How can you tell what agrees with your constitution unless you try? You own you are not very well; you are subject to headaches, and every physician will tell you that a tilting motion disorders the stomach and acts upon the brain. Ask old Dr. Kite. I was talking to him about you only yesterday, and says he, 'Mrs. Maggie, I perfectly agree with you.'"

"But my husband prefers this style of building."

"That's only because he isn't properly instructed. Pray, did you ever attend Dr. Kite's lecture on the nervous system?"

"No, I have not time to attend lectures. Who would sit on the eggs?"

"Why, your husband to be sure; don't he take his turn in sitting? If he don't, he ought to. I shall speak to him about it. My husband always sits regularly half the time, that I might have time to go about and exercise."

"O Mrs. Maggie, pray don't speak to my husband; he will think I have been complaining."

"No, no, he won't! Let me alone. I understand just how to say the thing. I've advised hundreds of young husbands, and I never gave offence."

"But I tell you, Mrs. Maggie, I don't want any interference between my husband and me, and I will not have it," says Mrs. Oriole, with her little eyes flashing with indignation.

"You're yourself in a passion, my dear; talk, the more sure I am that your system is running down, or you

wouldn't forget good manners in this way. You'd better take my advice, for I understand just what to do,"—and away sails Mother Maggie; and presently young Oriole comes home, all in a flutter.

"I say, my dear, if you will persist in gossiping over our private family matters with that old Mother Maggie!"

"My dear, I don't gossip; she comes and bores me to death with talking, and then goes off, and mistakes what she has been saying for what I said."

"But you must cut her."

"I try to, all I can; but she won't be cut."

"It's enough to make a bird swear," said Tommy Oriole.

Tommy Oriole, to say the truth, had as good a heart as ever beat under bird's feathers; but then he had a weakness for concerts and general society, because he was held to be, by all odds, the handsomest in the woods, and sang like an angel; and so the truth was, he didn't confine himself so much to domestic life as Timothy Timonise and Billy Wren. But he determined that he wouldn't have old Mother Maggie interfering with his affairs.

"The fact is," quoth Tommy, "I am a society bird, and nature has marked me out for a course beyond the commonplace, and my wife must learn to accommodate. If she has a brilliant husband, whose success gratifies her ambition, and places her in a distinguished public position, she must pay for it. I'm sure Billy Wren's wife would give her very bill to see her husband in the circles where I am quite at home. To say the truth, my wife was well enough content till old Mother Maggie interfered. It is quite my duty to take strong ground, and show that I cannot be dictated to."

So, after this, Tommy Oriole went to rather more concerts, and spent less time at home than he did before, and what was all that Mother Maggie effected in that quarter. I confess this was very bad in Tommy; but then birds are no better than men in domestic matters, and sometimes they take the most unreasonable course if a meddling old Mother Maggie gets her claw into the nest.

But old Mother Maggie had now got a new business in hand in another quarter. She bustled off down to Water-dock Lane, where lived the old music teacher, Dr. Bullfrog. The poor old Doctor was a simple-minded, good, amiable creature, who had played the double-bass, and led the forest choir on all public occasions since nobody knew when. Latterly some youngsters had arisen who sneered at his performances as behind the age. In fact, a great city had grown up in the vicinity of the forest, tribes of wandering boys broke up the simple tastes and quiet habits which old Mother Nature had always kept up in those parts. They pulled the young checkerberry before it even had time to blossom, rooted up the sassafras shrubs, and gnawed on their roots, fired off guns at the birds, and, on several occasions when old Dr. Bullfrog was leading a concert, had dashed in and broken up their concert by throwing stones.

This was not the worst of it. The little vultures had a way of peering at the simple old doctor and his concerts, and mimicking the tones of his bass-viol. "There you go, Paddy-go-dunk, Paddy-go-dunk,—unph,—chank," some rasal of a boy would shout, while poor old Bullfrog's yellow spectacles would be belated with tears of honest indignation. In time, the jeers of these little savages began to tell on the society in the forest, and to corrupt their simple manners; and it was whispered among the younger and more heady birds and squirrels, that old Bullfrog was a bore, and that it was time to get up a new style of music in the parish, and to give the charge of it to some more modern performer.

Poor old Dr. Bullfrog knew nothing of this, however, and was doing his simple best, in peace, when Mother Maggie called in upon him one morning.

"Well, neighbor, how unreasonable people are! Who would have thought that the youth of our generation should have no more consideration for established merit! Now, for my part, I think your music teaching never was better; and as for our choir I maintain constantly that it was never in better order, but—Well, one may wear her tongue out, but one can never make these young folks listen to reason."

"I really don't understand you, ma'am," said Dr. Bullfrog.

"What! you haven't heard of a committee that is going to call on you, to ask you to resign the care of the parish music?"

"Maddam," said Dr. Bullfrog, with all that energy of tone for which he was remarkable, "I don't believe it—I can't believe it. You must have made a mistake."

"I mistake! No, no, my good friend, I never make mistakes. What I know, I know certainly. Wasn't it I that said I knew there was an engagement between Tim Chipmunk and Nancy Nibble, who are married this blessed day? I knew that six weeks before any bird or beast in our parts; and I can tell you, you are going to be scandalously and ungratefully treated, Dr. Bullfrog."

"Bless me, we shall be ruined!" said Mrs. Bullfrog; "my poor husband—"

"O, as to that, if you take things in time, and listen to my advice," said Mother Maggie, "we may yet pull you through. You must alter your style a little—adapt it to modern times. Everybody now is a little touched with the opera fever, and there's Tommy Oriole has been to New Orleans and brought back a touch of the artistic. If you would try his style a little—something Tyrolese, you see."

"Dear madam, consider my voice. I never could hit the high notes."

"How do you know? It's all practice; Tommy Oriole says so. Just try the scales. As to your voice, your manner of living has a great deal to do with it. I always did tell you that your passion for water injured your singing. Suppose Tommy Oriole should sit half his days up to his hips in water, as you do,—his voice would be as hoarse and rough as yours. Come up on the bank, and learn to perch, as we birds do. We are the true musical race."

And so, poor Dr. Bullfrog was persuaded to forego his pleasant little cottage under the cat-tails, where his green spectacles and honest round back had excited, even in the minds of the boys, sentiments of respect and compassion. He came up into the garden, and established himself under a burdock, and began to practice Italian scales.

The result was, that poor old Dr. Bullfrog, instead of being considered as a respectable old bore, got himself universally laughed at for aping fashionable manners. Every bird and beast in the forest had a gibe at him; and even old Parson Too-whit thought it worth his while to make him a pastoral call, and admonish him about courses unbefitting his age and standing. As to Mother Maggie, you may be certain that she assured every one how sorry she was that old Dr. Bullfrog had made such a fool of himself; if he had taken her advice, he would have kept on respectably as a nice old Bullfrog should.

But the tragedy for the poor old music teacher grew even more melancholy in its termination; for one day as he was sitting disconsolately under a current-bush in the garden, practising his poor old notes in a quiet way, thump came a great blow of a hoe, which nearly broke his back.

"Hullo! what ugly beast have we got here?" said Tom Nookes, the gardener's boy. "Here, here, Wasp, my boy."

What a fright for poor, quiet old Bullfrog, as little, wiry, wicked Wasp came at him, barking and yelping. He jumped with all his force over a patch of bushes into the river, and swam back to his old home among the cat-tails. And always after that it was observable that he was low-spirited, and took very dark views of life; but nothing made him so angry as any allusion to Mother Maggie, of whom, from that time, he never spoke except as *Old Mother Mischief*.

**Anecdote of Antoinette Brown.**  
While Antoinette Brown was studying theology at Oberlin, Prof. Morgan, who improved every opportunity to persuade her that there was more congenial as well as more effective and Scriptural employment for a young lady than preaching, once gave her this subject for a dissertation:—"It is a shame for women to speak in the church." (1 Cor. 14: 35.) Antoinette read an essay of half an hour's length, learnedly discussing the Greek word *laos*, there used, quoting the classics, and proving to her own satisfaction that it is one of those words in which the sound resembles the sense, like rattle, ring, &c., and that it ought to be translated *babble*.

Prof. Morgan heard her patiently to the end, and then smiling archly, asked, "Is it not rather a poor compliment to the sex? 'Let the women hold their tongues; for it is a shame for them to be babbling in the church.' But," he continued, "let us look a little at the New Testament usage of this word." So turning to John 6: 63, he read as follows:—"The words that I *babble* to you, they are spirit, and they are life; also John 7: 46:—"Never man *babbled* like this man;" and 2 Peter 1: 21:—"Holy men of God *babbed* as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," and many other passages. Poor Antoinette blushed scarlet, for she was possessed of much maidenly modesty and beauty; but, convinced against her will, concluded to let that passage stand as one in which she and St. Paul differed.

**Big and Little.**  
The world is agreed in allowing magnanimity to be a most rare and excellent virtue. And yet what is admitted to be true and beautiful in theory is not always admired when it appears in actual practice. For meanness feels insulted by the very presence of a quality superior to itself; and hatred is never more energetically alive than when it is met by forbearance and love. It is this paradox in human nature which accounts for the manner in which great and good men have been abused and vilified by their own generations, and afterwards honored as illustrious benefactors; and they who gild the tombs of the prophets, and but repeat the crimes of their predecessors, and even while adoring the great men of the past, are ready to crucify, with remorseless hate, the equally good men of their own age. History runs in this channel. For what is the history of human affairs but a record of the conflicts which in a thousand ways have arisen between the few high-souled and magnanimous men who have toiled in usefulness for the good of mankind, and the many selfish and narrow-minded and ignorant and prejudiced men who are always willing to sacrifice great public interests for the sake of mere personal and private gain. Selfishness is the rule; magnanimity the exception. The one is from beneath, the other is from above. The one is illustrated in Judas, the other in Christ.

**OVER-SENSITIVENESS.**—A great deal of discomfort arises from over-sensitiveness about what people may say of you or your actions. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre with the assembled world as spectators; whereas all the while they are playing to empty benches. They fancy, too, that they form the particular theme of every pass-by. If, however, they listen to imaginary conversations about themselves, they will, at any rate, defy the proverb, and insist upon hearing themselves well spoken of.

(From 'London Society.')  
**Tact.**

(Concluded.)

How often have we seen the 'ent let out of the bag,' and heard the secret told, or been let behind the scenes by some unfortunately communicative person, who is sure to say what ought not to be said. There is an amusing story told of a lady who was complimented upon a speech which her husband had made at some public meeting where he was anxious, for sufficient reasons, to create a sensation. Her friend, seeing how much pleasure he gave, continued speaking upon the subject, especially commenting upon a particular line of argument which he considered to be well and conclusively put. 'Ah!' she said, 'I am very glad you were struck by that; for, dear fellow, he took so much pains with that passage.' So she, for want of tact, lost to her husband for ever the reputation he so much desired, of having made an impromptu speech.

An impatient temper which cannot brook delays, but insists upon a hearing and a reply, regardless of the 'convenient season,' is utterly subversive of all tact, and is a direct rebellion against its very first principles.

But if there is one subject which more than any other needs the aid of tact, it is the education of the young. It is said that one great secret of education is in knowing what to notice and what to pass over unnoticed. Sometimes the germ of a very serious fault may lie hidden beneath some inoffensive habit which escapes comment, if not attention; while that which is but a passing phase of childhood or youth, and which would not leave a trace behind, becomes the object of the severest and most irritating scrutiny.

How often these precious early years, which should be years of happiness wherein we lay up, as in a storehouse, the antidote for coming sorrows and trials, are embittered by tactless management. The very evils which it is so much desired to eradicate are fixed by the way in which they are combated.

A parent, a governess, or a tutor, has the theory about education, and must bend the theory or pupil to it, utterly regardless of the peculiar constitution of his mind. Some particular virtue is, perhaps, to be inculcated, and by continually harping upon it it becomes odious in the pupil's eyes; or it may be desired that a particular friendship should be formed in order that some quality, or grace, or tone of thought should be cultivated, but by perpetually forcing it upon the pupil feelings of envy or dislike are engendered. We remember to have heard that, when a man was asked why he disliked another who was really worthy of his regard, he said, 'he could not tell, unless it was that when they were young he was always cramped down his throat as a pattern boy.'

Now is this all. In the daily intercourse of life we find ourselves constrained to keep some people at a distance, for fear of what they may say or do. We dare not expose our inmost feelings and tenderest memories to their rough and impertinent handling.

The absence of tact also blunts men's perceptions. They cannot appreciate those delicate shades of character which go far to make a man great. We have not long since had a striking instance of this in a controversy that has taken place, in which one of the most remarkable men of our times has laid bare the workings of his own mind, and has shown to the world at large how deficient his adversary is in that delicate instinct called tact, which would have enabled him to have understood and respected the transparent beauty of that character which is not the less beautiful in that it is unlike his own.

In society we find a just tribute paid to it in the welcome that is invariably given to the man who possesses this gift. He says the right thing at the right time, and in the right place. He puts every one at his ease. There is none of that 'sitting upon thorns' as to what he may say or do. He never outstays his welcome; he never obtrudes himself where he is not wanted; he is never gauche; and when he takes his leave he is ever conscious that something pleasant has gone from us.

Generally speaking, the selfish, the vain, the conceited have no tact, for it involves a certain amount of the spirit of self-sacrifice; neither does it take up its abode by the side of ambition or self-will; nor does it associate with reverence or a dictatorial and dominating temper.

It prefers the will of others to its own; with gentleness it abstains from wounding another's feelings, and treats adverse opinions with respect, having an especial reverence for the aged and infirm, or those who have a natural claim upon its dutiful consideration. It cannot exist where there is not some self-discipline and self-control, for its very essence lies in quiet forbearance of self and tender consideration for others.

It is a beautiful and touching sight to see the young acting upon its impulses. Youth is especially the age of thoughtlessness—the present absorbing every other interest; but when this gives place to a tender and almost sensitive regard for the feelings and wants of others, and the young put a constraint upon themselves that they may not say or do what can displease, it is a sight which is as beautiful as it is rare.

It has often occurred to us as doubtful whether it ever goes hand in hand with great intellectual vigour. Of course there are exceptions to every rule; but, generally speaking, we very much doubt whether, by one of those just laws of compensation, it does not belong rather to moderate ability. We are inclined to think that it has no place with very high intellectual power, which is apt to absorb into itself all other lesser things, and cannot condescend to those

smaller details which make up our daily life. We do not say that it is so: we merely throw it out as a suggestion, as a possibility. But if it be so, it accounts for the way in which so many of our greatest men have it not; why it generally belongs to women; why the French are so conspicuous for it, for, as a nation, they are not such deep thinkers as either the German or the English amongst whom it is more rarely found.

It certainly exists among the poor, and among the country poor, who are more simple in their tastes. It seems to us to be one of those gifts by which the balance of good and evil is equalized in the world.

Precious gift! 'Aussi rare qu'il est utile.' How can it be obtained? That is the question, for we must all desire it; and to this we can only reply that we believe it cannot be acquired; that it is a natural instinct, a sixth sense, which is given only to a few. As there are some who have a talent for music or drawing, others for the study of foreign languages or for philosophy, so there are others who have this gift of tact, by which they are enabled to avoid the shoals and quicksands, the Scylla and Charybdis which founder the barks of other men.

To what purpose then, you may ask, have we introduced the subject, if it may not be attained like many other graces? To this we reply that if we have been able to dissociate it in the minds of any from hypocrisy, from uncertainty and double dealing, we shall have gained our point; for there are so many who have persuaded themselves that it is contemptible and inconsistent with true manliness of character, whereas we believe it to be one of the rarest and greatest gifts we can possess, which will enable us, if we fortunately possess it, to do much good in our generation.

### Wonderful Relics.

On the east bank of the Connecticut are the Portland stone quarries, which have been worked for 150 years. At present, in the three quarries, about 1,000 men are at work, and 30 to 40 vessels are employed in carrying the stone to the great markets. These excavations, which have now reached a depth of 105 feet below the surface of the water in the river, have revealed untold wonders. The stone is said to be full of fossil remains in its lowest depths. I might call it a great charnel house, but this is too gloomy a term to apply to it. It is rather God's great book of records, which has been carefully preserved and hermetically sealed up till within the last few years. On the countless leaves of this book are found the records of past ages. They tell us of the climate, of the seasons, and of the storms; of the birds and animals; and, more wonderful still, they tell us of the men of those ages, show us their implements, and shadow forth something of their customs. They also open to us their graves and show to us their modes of burial, the men lying in one posture and the women in another. These men had all three fingers and a thumb, and four toes. The comparatively more recent of them were six to seven feet high; but as we unfold the leaves further, and proceed far back in the cycles of time to the lower depths of the rock, we come to a race of giants twelve feet high, with feet twenty-two inches in length. These men wore shoes, and had domesticated animals of peculiar structure and great size. The only human instruments so far discovered were made of slate, and brought probably from Vermont.

This sandstone basin is believed to be of the same geological age as the basin of Paris in France, but the fossil remains are more numerous than those in the Paris basin, more wonderful, and in a better state of preservation. How easy it is to see a thing after it is pointed out to us! Just as it is easy to use and apply Kepler's laws, after Kepler has discovered them. These quarries were worked more than one hundred years, and were used for sidewalks and buildings, before the fossils were discovered! Now the practical eye can see them almost everywhere.

The most indefatigable observer, and the most industrious collector of these facts, is Dr. Barrett, of this place, who has spent almost a lifetime in collecting fragmentary evidences and surmounting difficulties. He is said to have a remarkable knowledge of comparative anatomy, and to be in many respects a very learned and remarkable man, who has been far in advance of his times. Many years since the fact of a pre-Adamic race dawned upon him, and he announced it in conversation. Presently similar discoveries have been made in Europe, and learned men are beginning to admit the fact. Agassiz carries the existence of man on earth back 70,000 years. Dr. Barrett says man trod this valley at least 90,000 years ago, but not our race; the present race is a new and distinct one.—*Boston Transcript*.

### Playing for a Man's Head.

During the 'Reign of Terror' few men came to play at the Cafe de la Regence. People had not the heart, and it was not pleasant to see through the panes the cars bearing the condemned through the Rue St. Honoré to execution. Robespierre often took a seat, but few had any wish to play with him, such terror did the insignificant little man strike into every one's heart. One day a very handsome young man sat opposite him, and made a move as signal for a game; Robespierre responded, and the stranger won. A second game was played and won, and then Robespierre asked what was the stake. The head of a young man was the answer, 'who would be executed to-morrow. Here is the order for his release, wanting only your signature, and be quick—the executioner will give no delay.' It was the young Count B. that was saved. The paper was signed, and then the great man asked, 'But who are you, citizen?' 'Say citizenship, Monsieur; I am the Count's betrothed. Thanks and adieu.'—*London University Magazine*.

## Items Foreign & Local.

Montevideo is suffering a financial panic. Philadelphia has a female Arc Club. A fearful famine is raging in India. The first Savings Bank established in England was in 1801.

During June there were 42 picnics, with 15,000 persons, at Niagara Falls. In the first five months of '66, 196,000,000 eggs were imported into England.

An exchange says a business that pays to run it into the ground, is the poorest business. An armless shoemaker in Cincinnati does the finest quality of sewed work with his toes.

Catharine Luther, the last of the Reformer's family, and a Catholic, died lately in Germany. Military men do not make very civil authorities.

Two men killed each other in Mobile recently for "lovely women."

Two negro highwaymen robbed and shot a man dead near Savannah recently.

An insane woman in Mobile roasted her child to death.

The pick-pockets have all left New York. Pocket books are safe there now.

A man dropped dead in the streets of London of cholera on the 24 inst.

About 4,119,071 lbs. of wool, so far, in Michigan, and only one-third of the clip at that.

Very few applications for pardon are now being made to the President.

Negro families in Georgia are emigrating to Liberia.

Prince Hohenzollern is having a silver leg made to replace the one lost at Sadova.

Old shot and shell, cannon, &c., picked up on battle-fields, sold for \$112,000 in Savannah.

Seven thousand negroes convened in Choctaw, Ala., to discuss the subject of emigration.

Over eighty woolen and calico mills are at present being built in Georgia.

Francis Joseph's family is styled the 'house of Mis-hapsburg.'

A woman in St. Louis last week abandoned her four children—leaving them with a carman.

Mr. Behon, of Norfolk, Va., left \$80,000 to the Catholic Church.

A carrier-dove flew from Lewiston to Saltabuss, Me., a distance of six miles, in six minutes.

There are about 4,500,000 Sabbath scholars in the United States.

In a Berlin military hospital some amputations are performed with circular saws.

22,000,000 barrels of ale and beer are consumed every year in Great Britain.

Tennessee is to have a college for colored students.

It is said the King of Prussia intends to assume the title of Emperor of Germany.

An Ohio man recently drew a 520 lb. wagon eleven miles for a wager of \$40.

Great numbers of American books are being republished in London.

Prince Christian has been made a Knight of the Garter.

There were 2163 entries for the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon.

There are 30,000 public prostitutes in New York.

The present pension list of the United States is about \$16,000,000 per annum.

The London *Reader* regards the defeat of the Austrians at Koniggratz as the greatest on record.

The colored gentlemen in Arkansas assume themselves by firing indiscriminately upon white citizens.

The Bistritz, which has now acquired a historical name, is a small stream, varying in depth from four to six feet.

Viccount Strathallan and Lord Polwarth have been appointed Lords in Waiting in ordinary on Her Majesty.

The total imports at New York for the past week were \$6,253,994, of which general merchandise was \$3,875,179.

One pound of green copperas, dissolved in one quart of water, and poured down a sink-drain, will effectually destroy the fastest smells.

The London *Saturday Review* thinks it possible that there are a million of people in London who have never heard of Dr. Spurgeon.

## General News.

**THE TWO GERMANIES.**—The New York Evening Post thus puts into tabular form the newly reported division of Germany into two unions, the first being that composed of all south of the river Maine, and the other of those north, including Prussia:—

INDEPENDENT GERMANY.		
States.	Square Miles.	Population.
Bavaria.	20,629	4,613,748
Wurtemberg.	7,525	1,890,906
Baden.	5,918	1,385,952
Darmstadt (entire).	3,245	815,371
	36,317	8,538,177

PRUSSIAN GERMANY.		
States.	Territory.	Population.
Prussia,	72,032	13,566,215
Saxony,	5,776	2,122,148
Hanover,	14,840	1,842,976
Hesse Cassel,	3,749	726,686
M'klenb'gSchwerin,	4,845	541,395
Holstein,	3,671	573,003
Oldenburg,	2,441	297,471
Nassau,	1,731	443,618