POETRY.

COMMON SENSE.

There is nothing aggravates a man,
So much as being told
He has no common sense, and can
No point aright behold;
You shut him up in just this way,
Whate'er he may commence—
"Pooh! pooh!—you don't know what you say!
It is not common sense!

All other senses people will
Allow they don't possess,
To have this common sense they still
Decidedly profess!
But very often those who think—
With not much diffidence—
They have it—quite the truth will blink
That they've no common sense.

For, so it is, we always find,
Ourselves we cannot know!
However modestly inclined,
Sure are we wrong to go.
And those who may absurdly boast
With understanding dense—
That they have certainly the *most*—
Have *least*—of common sense!

A BACKWARD SPRING.

Spring, Spring, direful Spring,
Of woes unnumbered, Oh give ear!
Weather like this is not the thing
To make your presence welcome here.
Frost and snow, you sure must know,
As late as this is a pretty go;
And chilling cold and wintry air
Makes us savage and apt to swear;
Yet we could a welcome give
If in comfort you'd let us live.
Spring, Spring, direful Spring,
Of woes unnumbered, Oh give ear!
Weather like this is not the thing
To make you very welcome here.

Spring, Spring, cheerless Spring,
All your mildness is a cheat,
Rheumatism's pains you bring,
Likewise corn on many feet.
Coughs and colds and ague shakes,
Fevers and all sorts of aches,
All attend your chilly reign;
And we sigh for warmth again,
Hoping you'll soon draw it mild,
And give us a rest ere we get riled.
Spring, Spring, etc.

Spring, Spring, dismal Spring!
Overcoats are all worn out,
And we've scarcely anything
That is thick enough and stout
To withstand your wintry blast,
Blowing as 'twould blow its last,
And we nearly all begin
To find our boots and shoes too thin;
So we hope you will arrange
Soon to make a little change.

Spring, Spring, comfortless Spring,
Give old Winter a lively rap;
Let him know its not the thing
To linger longer in your lap.
He has now had time enough,
And we've had a *quantum suff.*
Of his frost and ice and snow,
And we're anxious he should go;
Oh, dear Spring, just bid him pack—
Don't on all your friends go back!
Spring, Spring, gentle Spring!
Give us plenty of warmth and sun;
Now we all your praise will sing,
Notwithstanding what you've done.

A PRAYER.

Wearied and tired and worn,
Loathing what is, dreading what is to be,
Shrinking from burdens that must be borne,
Father, I come to Thee!

I lay my burdens down
One moment, that my hands Thy cross may take,
When shall I lift them up to take the crown,
Given for Christ's dear sake!

I'm wearied with the heat,
And still the sands grow hotter 'neath my thread,
Beside no cool stream walk my aching feet,
No shade is o'er my head.

I come to Thee for rest,
Bring Thee love and trust—both weak thro' pain;
Oh lift me till I lie upon Thy breast,
Love me to peace again.

And lay Thy precious hand
In softest touches on my head to-day,
And let me by Thine own strong breath be fanned
Through all the desert way.

Then, though my heart be sad,
Though I am wear and the way seems long,
Thy blessed presence here shall make me glad,
In Thee I shall be strong.

LITERATURE.

HOW THE EDITOR READS THE PAPER.

[*From the Danbury News.*]

The sensations of an editor on first glancing over his paper and detecting errors in it are somewhat different from those experienced by the reader on making like discoveries. The latter is either amused at the blunder or incensed at the carelessness which causes it, and both cases arrives at the conclusion that the trouble is avoidable, and that the editor is to blame for not avoiding it. He never saw an editor take his first glance over a copy of the edition. Perhaps the edition is worked off when the opportunity is afforded the weary man. He has either trusted the proofs to some one else, or read them himself, but the feeling of dread is just as great in the latter as in the former case. The proof-reader may not consult the copy and so perpetuate the blunders of the compositor, and perhaps the compositor may neglect to undo the wrong he has done, although his attention is plainly called to it on the proof. When about to make this preparatory survey, the editor does not take a cigar in his mouth and elevate his heels to the desk, as is the popular tradition. Dying men don't do that way, you know, and we have come to the conclusion that an editor examining his paper feels very much like a man who is about to pass into eternity. He reads along carefully and slowly, like a man feeling his way across a piece of doubtful ice. Suddenly, his face becomes distorted with an awful pain. He dosen't cry out, he dosen't rant; the anguish within him is so broad, and deep and intense, that he dares not trust to words. He just simply reaches up and takes a handful of his own hair, and tugs at it until the tears come into his eyes. Then he takes up the paper, which he has taken the precaution to kick across the room on discovering the error, and resumes the torturing search; for after all it is but a search for errors and agony, and not an agreeable and instructive perusal. Suddenly he groans—not an expectant groan like from one who hopes for help to reach him through it, but the groan of one who is beyond the reach of hope, who feels that the warm sunshine, the kind glance of friendship, the beautiful flowers and the song of the birds are gone forever and forever from him. It is a smothered groan, accompanied by a kick out of the leg, as if the party had in that moment taken an eternal leave of all things earthly. There is still another search with aching eyes and throbbing brain, and the paper is smashed down on the floor, and the infuriated man bounds up from his chair, and catches both his hands into his hair, and dances around like a madman. He dosen't call upon heaven and earth to witness what he is going to do, and to blight him if he should not do it. He dosen't dash into the composing room and scorch the men with his wrath. Even this slight relief is denied him. The paper is worked off, and the scrutiny that would cheerfully attack a needle in a haystack would fall paralyzed before a search for the author of the great wrong. He dosen't say anything at all—not a single intelligible word escapes his ashen lips, as he holds his hair, and prances about in the dingy solitude of his room. And when he is done he sits down and groans, and afterwards puts on his hat and rushes forth into the street, rushes anywhere to get away from the face of man, to get away from himself and everything belonging to him.

A Missouri paper is responsible for the following:—

A tired husband went home from his work one night, and, taking off his coat, requested his wife to mend a rent in the sleeve, then sank upon the sofa behind the evening paper. Wife-like, she took up the coat; woman-like, she dived into the pockets. From the inside pocket she drew forth a letter, directed, in delicate chirography, to her husband. With darkening brow, she quickly took the supicious-looking missive from the envelope, and without noticing the date, began to read:

'Dear George—I am lonely, oh, so lonely, since you left me last Thursday night.'

'Ah, ha! that was lodge night, he told me,' said the now thoroughly interested woman, as she glanced viciously over at her husband, who appeared to be just falling asleep. 'Oh, how can you sleep, with the weight of this deep sin upon you. But I'll see what more the brazen huzzy has to say, if it kills me.'

With one hand pressed on her throbbing heart, she read on:

'I know I am foolish, darling, but when you are away there seems to be a barrier between me and all that is bright and lovely. The sun does not shine half so bright; the moon is but a white spot in the sky, and the stars stare coldly down when you are not with me, lord of my life and heart.'

'Was it for this? was it for this?' moaned the unhappy wife.

'Fortune speed the day when we may be united in those indissoluble bands that are sacred in the eyes of heaven and earth—'

'What mockery! Does he or she consider that his vows made to me are not sacred? What are they going to do with me, anyway, I wonder? Poison, perhaps. Oh, false, false, perfidious man! O, wicked, hellish, designing wanton!'

Still the suffering woman read the letter, though each word burned to ashes a thousand hopes and joys.

'When we need meet no more clandestinely, and tremble in each other's embrace—'

'I'd make you tremble if I had you in my embrace a minute!'

'When my head may be pillowed in safety upon your breast—'

'The fiendess!'

'and your arms twine in loving pressure about me—'

'Furies!'

'and our lips smother the tender words that would escape between them.'

'Oh, the sirenic she-devil!' hissed the woman, as she tried to keep down the boiling rage within her. She crushed the letter in her hands, then threw it upon the floor and sprang upon it with her heels, as though it were a snake, and ground it into the carpet. Then, with clenched hands and compressed lips, she strode rapidly back and forth across the room, ever and anon making a move as it to spring like a fury upon her husband, who, with a paper over his face, was apparently sound asleep, dreaming, perhaps, of the wicked temptress that had come between him and his fond wife. Presently a reaction took place, and the wretched woman sank into a chair and found relief in that blessed panacea for female ills—a flood of tears.

Grown calmer after a while, she picked up the rumpled letter, smoothed out the creases, and with an air of mingled despair and resignation, looked for the signature.

'Your ever loving and devoted, but poor, apprehensive—'

What's this! Firt — flut — tering birdie. A-d-a—Ada. Why, bless me! this is one of my own old letters to George. What a fool I—'

A sound from the sofa, first like escaping steam, and then like a car rattling o'er the the stony street, assured her that her ridiculous actions had been witnessed by her husband. Burning with shame, the foolish woman flew to her room, locked herself in, and she is almost as miserable now as when she felt that she was a wronged and deceived wife.

A Bishop on Cremation.—That eminent prelate, the Bishop of Manchester, in England, has declared himself in favor of cremation. At the consecration of a burial ground at Bolton, he said that it had been proposed by an eminent London physician, that, instead of burying our bodies in the ground—a practice which was said to entail sanitary mischief and a great loss of valuable land—we should burn dead bodies; and it was now a question of the cremation of bodies instead of their interment. He felt a sort of shudder at the idea of burning the dead, and yet the time might come when the idea would have become familiar to their minds, and in a hundred years or so it might perhaps become the custom for bodies to be burned. People who had believed in immortality had in previous times burned the bodies of their dead. The ancient Romans believed in immortality, and yet they belived in burning the bodies of their dead. Cremation was certainly quite as decent as the practice of interment, for anything that he saw, and urns containing the ashes of dead were more pleasing than coffins. He simply, however, referred to the subject because he wished his hearers to dissociate the resurrection from physical conditions. Could they suppose that it would be more impossible for God to raise up a body at the resurrection, if need be, out of elementary particles which had been liberated by the burning, than it would be to raise up a body from dust and from the elements of bodies which had passed into the structure of worms? The omnipotence of God is not limited, and He would raise the dead whether He has to raise our bodies from the churchyards, or whether he has to call our remains like the remains of some ancient Roman, out of an urn in which they were deposited two thousand years ago.

Wilmot, Port George, March 20th, 1871.

Messrs C. Gates & Co., *Gentlemen.*—I have much pleasure in sending you this testimony for the encouragement of yourselves and for the benefit of suffering humanity.

In April of 1870, my wife was most distressingly afflicted with a severe pain through her chest, side, and both shoulders. We endeavoured to obtain medicine to give ease, but was never able to get any that gave relief until I got some of your Life of Man Bitters and No. 1 Syrup, which not only gave relief but effected a perfect cure. During the time my wife was taking your medicines, we took a little child whose mother had died of consumption. When the little one was left motherless, it was twelve months old, and weighed only fifteen lbs., being but a little short of a living skeleton. We gave it one bottle of your Bitters and two bottles of your No. 1 Syrup, which acted like a charm, quieting its nerves and giving health and vigor to its whole system. We consider it now a healthy child, and has been so but with one exception. When it was taken with cholera apperantly in its worst form, passing little else than blood, we got one half bottle of your Certain Check, which made a certain cure, and the child is now perfectly healthy. Also my daughter was very much afflicted with sick headache and female weakness, which had she not got relief, must have terminated in consumption. A few bottles of your No. 2 Bitters and No. 1 Syrup effected a complete cure.

William H. Brown.

Sworn to before me, this 5th day of April 1871. G. B. Reed, J. P.

A BUSINESS RULE.

BY A BUSINESS MAN.

A rule of business we advise,
Sound, sensible, and truly wise:
'Tis simply this, no more nor less—
Make known your business through the press.
Yes, advertise, and never grudge it,
And swell thereby your golden budget;
A dollar spent in Printers' ink
Returns ten-fold, we surely think;
Yea, advertise, and rise to fame,
To all the world your wares proclaim.
Early to bed and early to rise,
Never get "tight," and advertise. 3l

Four professional gamblers of Omaha recently killed four days' time in a continuous game of "draw." During the time one of the party won $11,000 and then jumped the disconsolate crowd of three.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Venetians propose to erect a monument to Byron.

The second and third volumes of Mr. Froude's "History of Ireland" have just appeared in London.

Great Britain is at this moment engaged in annexing that vast group of Islands known as the "Fijis." The "old country" has been a long time in making up her mind upon the subject.

Heretofore nobody has ever been known to get drunk on cotton gin, but an Ohio man has discovered how to distil alcohol from the cotton fibre, and cotton gins will besubject to the ban of prohibitory laws.

The steamship "Prussian" from Liverpool yesterday for Quebec, took out fifty Warwickshire farm hands and 180 children, to find homes in Canada. The next steamer of the same line will carry 150 labourers from the agricultural districts.

The Alaska fur trade is not a bad thing for the United States Treasury. The Government receives $268,000 direct. The skins of the seals are taken to London, cured and brought to the United States, and the duties paid amount to $200,000 more.

A monster gun is to be constructed at the Woolwich arsenal in England. It will weigh eighty-one tons, and be sixty inches in diameter. The great coil for this new canon welded early in May by the great steam hammer of the arsenal.

A Yokohama letter of March 26th says the French Steamship Company's steamer Nile, on the 20th became disabled and was blown ashore on the coast of Jeddo. It is believed she had 150 persons on board, of whom only four are known to be saved. Vessel a complete loss.

There are 38 persons to a square mile in the British empire; 260 in the United Kingdom; 201 in India, and 41 (?) in the colonies. In some parts of India the density of population more than equals that of England. The Queen rules over 234,762,593 souls; her people dwell 441,142,651 houses, and the area of the lands they inhabit is not less than 7,760,440 square miles.

Englishmen are in high spirits over the wonderous charge that seems to have come over the Queen. Ordinarly very solemn, not to say severe, she seems of late to have recovered her former elasticity of spirit and at the Windsor review, as on one or to other recent occasions, was smiling and bowing in the most affable manner. Some say that this charge has been occasioned by the Duchess of Edinburgh, who, besides being bright and lively, has no fear of her mother-in-law.

The total yield of the ice in Maine for the present season, including old ice on hand, cannot be reckoned short of 1,500,000 tons and it may possibly reach 2,000,000 tons. Of this amount probably 300,000 have been sold or bargained for at $3 per ton, or a total of nearly $1,000,000. This price is a renumerative one; netting a large profit to owners. If the rest of the crop is sold at the same figures, the total amount realized from Maines ice product will be between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000. To transport this product to a market will require a fleet of no less than 5,000 vessels. To carry away the product of the Kennebec will require over 3,000 vessels, on an average of nealy fifteen vessels a day from opening of the river navigation to it closes.

Foreign outlook for Wheat.—The European papers continue to report very favorable weather for the crops, and unless present indicatians prove false, next year will see a good harvest. We have as yet no estimates as to the breadth of wheat, &c., planted, and although it would doubtless be of a large extent, it must be remembered that scarcity and dearness of seed are important elements in determining that point. The Pesth "Lloyd," in a review of the Hungarian wheat market, states that even last year the seed question had an important bearing, and this season will only witness an aggravation of the difficulty. The wheat exporting countries are also being added to, notably Australia, which bids fair to become our great rival: her exports to England this season amounting to some 6,450,000 bushels.—*Canadian paper.*

A retired physician writes: "How does it happen that amid the everlasting cry against drunkeness, we never hear a word against its sister evil, gluttony? I think I can assert with truth, that in a long practice, three have died among my patients from over-eating where one has died from drink. Whence comes apoplexy, paralysis, dyspepsia, and a host of other diseases but from too much and too rich food taken under the most imprudent circumstances? And yet we hear of no society formed to prevent the growing vice. A man eats until he drops down and expires with apoplexy by the road side, when up comes the coroner with a jury of twelve good men and true, who pronounce a verdict, "Died from intemperance." So he did, but what kind of intemperance was it? I have heard more than one minister in the pulpit expatiate with great vehemence against the sin of drunkenness, whose very appearance was proof positive that he was pre-eminently guilty of gluttony."

Next August Iceland observes the millennial anniversary of its colonization. In the year 1374 Igwalk, a Norwegian adventurer landed on the shores, and established a settlement. Two hundred years latter a band of refugees from Norway founded a Republic, and ordained that they should be governed by an Althing or Parliament. In the next century the Norwegian King overthrew the young republic and established his dominion. In the fourteenth century the country came into the possession of Denmark, under whose rule it has since remained. But the year brings with it other causes of rejoicing than a thousand years national life. The king of Denmark has made notable concessions which restores to Iceland something of its national freedom. A constitution has been granted re-establishing the old Althing and creating an autonomity. The relation between it and the former governing kingdom will be much the same as those between Swedes and Norway independent nationalities owing allegience to the same King.

The Czar in Engnand.—His Imperial Majesty the Czar of Russia is expected to visit Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, in the first week of next month. During the Queen's absence in the Isle of Wight the *employes* in the Lord Chamberlains' department, under the supervision of Mr. W. Seabrook, her Majesty's Inspector of Palaces, are engaged in preparing the State apartment which overlook the North terrace for the Emperor's reception. The suits of the rooms selected will be nearly similar to the apartments used by their imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of the French on their visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle in April, 1855, and will include the Vandyke Room or Ball-room, the Zucharelli-room or Queens State Drawing-room and the Council Chamber [which was used as the bedroom of the Emperor and Empress of the French.] The Audience Chamber and the Presence Chamber will be reserved for the use of the Emperor's suite, and apartments for the latter will also be provided in the Round Tower or Castle Keep. The State apartments are now closed to the public, and in consequence of the Emperor of Russia will remain closed till after the Imperial visit to the Queen.

In the House of Lords the Marquis of Salisbury said the next harvest in India promised to be abundant, and the present provision against famine was undoubtedly ample.

Transplanting in the Night.—A gentleman, says the "Western Ruralist," anxious to ascertain the effects of transplanting at night instead of day, made an experiment with the following results. He transplanted ten cherry trees while in bloom, commencing at four o'clock in the afternoon. Those transplanted during the daylight shed their blossoms, producing little or no fruit, while those planted in the dark maintained their condition fully. He did the same with ten dwarf trees after the fruit was one-third grown. Those transplanted during the day shed their fruit; those transplanted during the night perfected their crop, and showed no injury from having been removed. With each of these trees he removed some earth with the roots. The incident is fully vouched for; and if a few similar experiments produce a like result it will be a strong argument to horticulturalists, &c., to do such work at night.

A Narrow Escape.—One of the most remarkable escapes ever made was made by M. de Chateaubrun during the Reign of Terror in Paris. He was sent to execution with twenty other prisoners; but after the fifteenth head had fallen, the guillotine got out of order, and a workman was sent for to repair it. The six remaining victims were left standing in front of the machine with their hands tied behind them. A French crowd is very curious, and the people kept pressing forward to see the men arranging the guillotine. By degrees M. de Chateaucrun, who was to rear of his companions, found himself in the front line of the spectators, then in the second, and finally well behind those who had come to see his head cut off. Before the man could get the guillotine in working order night began to fall, and M. de Chateaubrun slipped away. When in the Champs Elysees he told a man that a wag had tied his hands and robbed him of his hat, and this simple individual cut him free. A few days later M. de Chateaubrun escaped from France.

RANDOM READINGS.

When is a match frivolous? When it makes light of things.

Next to a diary, the most difficult thing to keep is a lead-pencil.

Black silk dresses with holes in the elbow are said to be much worn.

Why is a retired carpenter like a lecturer? Because he is an ex-planer.

By an Irishman—Why is a storm when it's clearing up like castigation? Sure an isn't it a-bating?

Why is a hen sitting on a gate like a penny? Because it's head's on one side and it's tail's on another.

Josh Billings says: "Success don't konsist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one the second time."

Why is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Because he can't "go" a step-father.

A French wit said of a man who was exceedingly fat that nature only made him to show how far the skin would stretch without breaking.

An obituary notice in a Western paper contained the touching intelligence that the deceased "accumulated a little money and ten children."

A judge, on being asked to give his opinion as to the proper length of a sermon, replied, "Twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy."

An instructor asked a French girl why beer in French was feminine. She replied that it was probably owing to the fact that the boys liked it so well.

A. D. 1900. Scene before a cremation undertaker's shop: Small boy—"I say, sir, is dad done yet? If he is, please put his ashes in this 'ere tin kettle."

Nearly 200,000 people have already suffered the loss of their homes and property by the floods in Louisiana.

The Federal Council of Internationals in New York resolve to dissolve, the organization having proved a failure in the United States.

Reports from Louisiana continue discouraging, and the necessity for immediate relief is represented to be very urgent. The President has already ordered 90,000 rations to be sent.

A Boston school boy, who was directed to write a composition on riches, handed in this: "Soonasever I git verry writch in deed golly won't i act Jenny Russ."

An Irishman, seeing a ship very heavily laden, and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed: "Upon my soul! if the river was but a little higher, the ship would go to the bottom!"

"What is Heaven's best gift to man?" asked a young lady on Essex street, Sunday night, smiling sweetly on a pleasant-looking clerk. "A hoss," replied the young man, with great prudence.—*Danbury News.*

Which of the Fiji Islands are you from?" asked a visitor of one of Barnum's cannibals, the other day. "Tipperary, bedad," was the reply of the ravenous anthro-pophaginian.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

Advices from Constantinople say that the Suez Canal difficulty is settled by DeLessep's acceptance of the tonnage rates prescribed by the International Commission.

How many troubles might mankind be spared if they would only stop to hear each other's explanations! How many ailments both of body and soul, if explanations came more frequently and freely.

The Arkansas peace negotiations have failed and both parties have ceased sending away their troops, and are firmly maintaining their respective positions, while the Federal troops continue to control the situation.

Among Mr. Summer's valued treasures are the Bible used by Bunyan when he wrote "Pilgrim's Progress," containing the autograph of Bunyan, while the margin is full of notes; also the manuscript of Burns' poem "Scot's wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

A Dubuque man has asked for the protection of the courts against three widows who are trying to force him into a marriage. He must be silly, says an exchange, not to know that if he told either one of the trio of the intentions of the other two that a fight would ensue which would result in the death of all three.

Friends are discovered rather than made. There are people who are in their own nature friends, only they don't know each other; but certain things, like poetry, music and paintings, are like the Freemasons' sign—they reveal the initiated to each other.—Mrs. Stowe.

A gentleman travelling on horseback "down East," came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he; "a herd of cattle would starve to death on that land." "And sure, yer honor, wasn't I fencin' it in to kape the poor bastes out of it!"

Frances Ellen Burr is said to be the first lady who has avowed a preference for cremation. "There is nothing unpleasant," she says, "in the thought of a handful of ashes in a tasteful urn. How much better than the other thing! Have the people become morbidly wedded to the lugubrious winding-sheet and its dismal accessories?"

The new Captain-General of Cuba, General Concha, having now been for some little time at Havana, we ought soon to know whether the Spanish are in earnest in the proposition or treaty which was lately put forward as a basis on which it was supposed the contest between Spain and Cuba might be arranged, and whether the latter will accept it as satisfactory. The principal provisions of the proposed agreement are these. Cuba is to remain permanently united to Spain, and to be governed by a Spanish officer for at least two years. The slavery question is to be left in abeyance for the present. The Island to pay salaries of ll officials, including a parently an army of 20,000 men and a large naval force. A general amnesty to be granted to every one except officers who have deserted to the insurgents. Cuba is to be represented in the Cortes.

"While journeying by rail," says a traveller in an English paper, "I witnessed the following incident. One night, just after I had scrambled into my sleeping berth, I heard loud and angry voices proceeding from the rear of the car. 'I tell you this is a sleeping car, and you can't come in without a ticket.' 'Begorra, I had a ticket.' 'Where is it?' 'I've lost it.' 'If you really had the misfortune to lose your ticket, perhaps you can remember your berth.' There was an interval of silence, Paddy evidently employing his thinking powers. 'Och, by jabers!' he exclaimed at length, 'I was born on the 26th day of October, 1838.'

The Detroit "Free Press" relates the following curious coincidence: "I dreamed the other night," said Bijah, as he helped his honor into his overcoat, "that I asked to borrow fifty cents of you, and you handed it out." "Curious coincidence," replied his honor, as he buttoned his coat; "I had the same dream, except that I told you I would see you hanged first."

THE GREAT.

Of all the great, how few
Are just to heaven, and to their promise true!
Pope.—

Goethe says, "Christ is himself the one unanswerable proof of Christianity."

GOODNESS.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
Tennyson.—

The Chinese have a saying that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be drawn back by a coach and six horses.

SLEEP.

Sleep is no servant of the will;
It has caprices of its own;
When courted most it lingers still;
When most pursued, 'tis quickly gone.
Sir J. Bowring.—

Nothing is rarer than a solitary lie; for lies breed like Surinam toads; you cannot tell one but out it comes with a hundred young ones on its back.—Washington Allison.

PLEASURE.

But pleasures are like popies spread,—
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever.
Burns' "Tam O'Shanter."—

Has it never occurred to us, when surrounded by sorrows, that they may be sent to us only for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we wish them to sing?

GOLD.

Thou more than stone of the philosopher!
Thou touchstone of Philosophy herself:
Thou bright eye of the Mine! thou loadstar
Of the Soul! thou true magnetic Pole, to which
All hearts point duly north, like trembling needles!
Byron.—

THE ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

OF NATURAL ACCIDENTS—PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

Let not Prosperity elate thine heart above measure; neither let thy soul be depressed unto the grave, because Fortune beareth hard against thee.

Her smiles are not stable, therefore build not thy confidence upon them: her scorns endure not forever, therefore let Hope teach thee patience.

To bear well adversity, is difficult; but to be temperate in prosperity is the height of wisdom.

Good and ill are the tests by which thou art to know thy constancy; nor is there aught else that can tell thee the powers of thine own soul; be therefore watchful when these are upon thee.

Behold prosperity, how sweetly she flattereth thee; how insensibly she robbeth thee of thy strength and thy vigour? Though thou hast been constant in ill fortune? though thou hast been invincible in distress, yet by prosperity art thou conquered; not knowing that thy strength returneth not again, and yet that thou again mayest need it.

Affliction moveth our enemies to pity, success and happiness cause even our friends to envy.

Adversary is the seed of well-doing; it is the nurse of heroism and boldness. Who that hath enough will endanger himself to have more. Who that is at ease will set his life on hazard?

True virtue will act under all circumstance; but men see most of its effects when accidents occur.

In adversity man seeth himself abandoned by others; he findeth that all his hopes are centered within himself; he rouseth his soul; he encountereth his difficulties, and they yield before him.

In prosperity he fancieth himself safe; he thinketh he is beloved of all that smile at his table; he groweth careless and remiss; he seeth not the danger before him; he trusteth to others, and in the end they deceive him.

Every man can advise his own soul in distress; but prosperity blindeth the truth.

Better is the sorrow that leadeth to contentment, than the joy that rendereth man unable to endure distress, and afterwards plungeth him into it.

Our passions dictate to us in all our extremes; but the effect of wisdom is moderation.

Be upright throughout life; be content in all its changes; so shall all occurences be profitable; so shall every thing that happeneth unto thee be the source of praise.

The wise maketh all things the means of advantage; and with the same countenance beholdeth he all the appearances of fortune; he governeth the good, he conquereth the evil he is unmoved in all.

Presume not in prosperity, neither despair in adversity; court not dangers, nor meanly flee from before them; dare to despise whatever will not remain with thee.

Let not Adversity tear off the wings of Hope; neither let Prosperity obscure the light of prudence.

He who despaireth of the end shall never attain unto it; and he who seeth not the pit, shall perish therein.

He who calleth Prosperity his good; who hath said unto her, With thee will I establish my happiness; to he anchoreth his vessel in a bed of sand, which the return of the tide washeth away.

As the water that passeth from the mountains kisseth, in its way to the ocean, every field that bordereth the rivers, but tarrieth not in any place; even so Fortune visiteth the sons of men; her motion is incessant, she will not stay, she is unstable as the winds, how then wilt thou hold her? When she kisseth thee thou art blessed, but, behold! as thou turnest to thank her, she is gone to another.

PAIN AND SICKNESS.

The sickness of the body affecteth the soul: the one cannot be found without the other.

Pain is of all ills that which is most felt; and it is that which from nature hath the fewest remedies.

When thy constancy faileth thee; call in thy reason; when thy reason quitteth thee, call in thy hope.

Suffering is a necessity entailed upon thy nature; wouldst thou be protected from it by miracle? or shalt thou repine because it happeneth unto thee, when, lo! it happeneth unto all.

It is injustice to require exemption from that which thou wert born unto; submit with modesty to the laws of thy condition.

Wouldst thou say to thy seasons, Pass not on, lest I grow old? Is it not better with an equal mind, to suffer that which thou canst avoid?

Pain that endureth long is moderate, blush therefore to complain of it; that which is violent is short; behold! thou seest the end of it.

Thy body was created to be subservient to thy soul; while thou afflicteth thy soul because of pain, behold, thou settest thy body above it.

As the wise sorroweth not because a thorn teareth his garment; so the patient grieveth not his soul because that which covereth it is injured.

DEATH.

As the production of the metal proveth the work of the alchemist; so is Death the test of our lives; the assay which sheweth the standard of all our actions.

Wouldst thou judge of a life, examine the period of it; the end crowneth the attempt; and where dissimulation is no more, there truth appeareth.

He hath not spent his life ill, who knoweth to die well; neither can he have lost all his time, who employeth the last portion of it to his honour.

He was not born in vain who dieth as he ought; neither hath he lived unprofitably who dieth happily.

He who remembereth he is to die, is content while he liveth; he who striveth to forget it, hath no pleasure in anything; his joy appeareth to him a jewel which he expecteth every moment he shall lose.

Wouldst thou learn to die nobly, let thy vices die before thee! Happy is he who endeth the business of his life before his death; who, when the hour cometh, hath nothing to do but to expire; who wisheth not for delay, when he hath no longer use for time.

Avoid not Death, for it is weakness; fear it not, for thou understandest not what it is; all that thou certainly knowest is this, that it putteth an end to thy sorrows.

Think not that the longest life is the happiest; that life which is best employed doth a man the most honour, and he after death shall rejoice in the advantage of it.

This is the complete Economy of Human Life.

SUGAR.

THE Subscribers offer for Sale—

12 hds. Bright Retailing Sugar in Bond or duty paid.

MACDONALD & OWEN.

March 9, 1874.

LOVETT HOUSE!

HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

THIS FAVORITE HOTEL, having been renovated and newly furnished in first-class style, is now open for the reception of transient and permanent boarders. Horse Cars pass the house every ten minutes.

Halifax, April 27, 1874. 4i

Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes.

JUST received, ex "Alhambra" from Boston, the choicest lot of Smoking Tobacco ever offered for sale in Charlottetown. Lovers of the weed can now be supplied with almost every kind of Bright and Dark Tobacco manufactured in America,

Contest Twist, Virginia TOBACCO
Charm Twist " "
Oriental Fig, " "
Navy 5's, " "
Fine cut " "
Invincible Fig, " "
McDonald's Canadian Bright Navy,
do " Solace,
do " Dark.

Also on hand a good assortment of Cigars and Pipes, which we sell cheaper than any other store in Charlottetown.

BLATCH McKENZIE & CO.

Jan., 5, 1874.

SYRUP.

10 CASKS RASPBERRY LEMON STRAWBERRY SYRUPS of the very best qualities at

CARVELL BROS.

Ch'town, Feb. 16, 1874.

"When people see a man advertise they know he is a business man, and his advertizing proclaims that he is not above business, but anxious to do it. Customers, like sheep, are gregarious, and flock where they see others go. If nobody else were engaged in the same business, it would be important to tradesmen and dealers to advertize in the paper, because they are tempted to buy what they read of. But others are engaged in the same business, and even if they do advertize, it becomes the more important for you to do so; if they do not advertize it becomes doubly important.—*Anon.*"

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T. B. REAGH, Principal.

Ch'town, Jan. 5, 1874.—tf

PARK'S COTTON WARP!

WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN.

No's 5's to 10's.

WARRANTED to be FULL LENGTH and weight, STRONGER AND BETTER in every respect than any other English or American warp.

Beware of Imitations. None is genuine without our name on the labels. For sale by all dealers.

WM. PARKS & SON,

New Brunswick Cotton Mills, St John N. B.

Feb. 2nd, 1374.— 1y

Manilla.

ORDERS filled, direct from manufactor Montreal, at manufacturers prices, quality unsurpassed, all sizes obtainable, six ply to ships hawsers. For all supplies now is the time to send in your orders. Wholesale and Retail dealers attention solicited

CARVELL BROS.

Aug. 1873 tf

FOR SALE.

80 bags SALT,
100 bbls. HERRING,
13 bars YELLOW METAL 11 16.

HUGH MONAGHAN.

Foot Pownal St., Ch'town, Feb. 9, 1874. tf

ABSOLUTE DIVORCES OBTAINED FROM COURT of different States for desertion &c. No publicity required. No charge until divorce granted. Address

M. HOUSE, Attorney, 194 Broadway. New York, December 12, 1873. 6mo

1000 MEN WANTED.

MESSRS. SCHREIBER & BURPEE beg leave to give notice that they will have a full Summer's employment for

One Thousand Men,

upon their Works, on the Line of Railway, from the early opening of Spring. Apply on the Works.

Ch'town, P. E. I., April 13th, 1874. 1m

Rubber Boots.

36 Cases

Rubber Boots & Shoes,

Foi Ladies, Children and Gents

Newest Designs, for sale at Lowest Prices.

A. B. SMITH

Nov. 11, 1872.

NEW CONSGNMENTS.

Received during the past week.

PICKSTONE'S washing crystals,
WRAPPING paper, and paper Bags,
PARK'S Cotton Warp,
VALENCIA Raisins,
WALNUTS,
ALMONDS, in shells, and shelled,
CONFECTIONARY,
COFFEE,

CARVELL BROS.

Ch'town 13th Sept, 1873.

Sacks. Sacks. Sacks.

4 BALES 3 Bus. Grain Sacks, containing 250 Sacks each,

FOR SALE.

CARVELL BROS.

Ch'town, Jan. 5, 1874.—isl pat

COAL.

150 TONS Albion Mines ROUND COAL for Sale.

CARVELL BROS.

Ch'town, Feb. 16, 1874.

Ship Bread.

50 BBLS. No. and No. 2, good and cheap at

CARVELL BROS.

Tobacco.

500 Boxes all kinds, choice brands which we guarantee to sell lower than can now be imported.

CARVELL BROS.

Aug. 11, 1873. tf

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FOR THE AFFLICTED!

LIFE of MAN BITTERS

—AND—

COMBIND ME DIC INS.

CURES.

Dropsy in its worst form; Liver Complaint; Jaundice; Swelling of the Limbs and face; Asthma, of whatever kind; Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Consumption, Spitting of blood, Bronchitis, Sick Head-ache, Running Sores. Erysipelas, Stoppage of the Menses, Kidney and Gravel Complaint, Measels, Fevers, Sea Sickness, Heart disease, Pleurisy, Piles, Worms, Rheumatism, Spinal disease, or Affection of the Spine, Coughs, Colds and Whooping Cough, Diptheria and Sore Throat, Pains in the Stomach, Diarrhœa, Dysentry, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Toothache and Ague, Sprains, Strains, Felons, Chilblains, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Sore Eyes, Lame Back and Side, Cuts and Cracked Hands, &c.

☞For Certificates, &c., taken before Justices of the Peace, see Pamplets which can be furnished at the Agencies.

For sale by dealers generally.

Agents at Charlottetown, T. DesBrisay Wholesale Agent, Wm. R. Watson.

Manufactured by

CALEB GATES, & Co.
Middleton, Annapolis, Co. N.S

Dec 1, 1873.

FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.—See Deuteronomy, Cap. xii., verse 23.

CLARKE'S

World Famed Blood Mixture

Trade Mark—'Blood Mixture.'

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER & RESTORER

For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impurities, cannot be too highly recommended Eor Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin Diseases, and Soras of all kinds it is a never-failing and permanent cure;

It Cures old Sores.
Cures Ulcerated Sores or the Neck.
Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs
Cures Blackheads or Pimples on the Face.
Cures Scurvy Sores.
Cures Cancerous Ulcers.
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.
Cures Glandular Swellings
Clears the Blood from all impure Matter.
From whatever cause arising.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietor solicits sufferers to give it a trial to test its value

Thousands of testimonials from all parts.

Sold in Bottles 2s 3d each, and in Cases, containing six times the quantity, 11s each—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases BY ALL CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world

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THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; or SELF PRESERVATION. A practical Guide to Health, Strength, and Vigorous Old Age. Address to the Nervous, the Sedentary, the Dyspeptic, and all those whose constitutions have become debilitated or relaxed from irregularities of life, climate, age or disease, or from over-taxed or abused energies, whether of body or mind; with the Instructions for the Treatment of all Disorders resulting from the Loss of Nervous or Physical Force. By S. LA'MERT, M. D., L. S. A., &c., 37 BEDFORD SQUARE, London.

"An excellent manual for all who may learn how to use life and not abuse it.—*Church and State Gazette.*

"On the subjects of diet and the regulation of the functions the advice throughout is admirable."—*Mirror.*

Dr. La'Mert is the only regularly-qualified Practicioner, who, for thirty years, has devoted his entire attention to the cure of these disorders.

Patients residing in the Colonies can be successfully treated by correspondence, and remedies will be forwarded in secrecy and safety to any address.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE may be had, price one shilling stg., in Halifax, Nova Scotia, J. H. Woodrich, Drug Store; Yarmouth, H. A. Parr; Pictou, Henry Ellott; St. John, N. B, H. Chubb & Co., and in Charlottetown, P. E. I., of Messrs. Bremner Brothers, 44 Queen Street.

Important Caution.—The public are earnestly warned against a piracy of the above work emanating from a so-called "Peabody Institute," Boston, which unblushingly appropriates the titles of two works, published by Dr. La'Mert for thirty years.

March 30th, 1874. 1y.

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EDINBURGH REVIEW, (*Whig.*)

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Dec. 17, 1873.

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The properties of Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

Grateful Thousands proclaim Vinegar Bitters the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. Walker's Vinegar Bitters, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with Vinegar Bitters. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, Walker's Vinegar Bitters have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of Walker's Vinegar Bitters occasionally.

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Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelminitics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

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IS warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex, acquired or constitutional, Gravel and Pains in the Back. Sold in Boxes, 4s 6d each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

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October 13, 1873. 1y

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A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau Street, New York.

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JOHN RUTHERFORD, General Manager.

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SMOKING & CHEWING TOBACCO,

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74 Boxes Tobacco, in Solace, Sunshine, Virginian, Navy and Black Diamond.
3 Cases Cigars in Victoria & Flor Gertrude.

Samples can be seen at Sale Room

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Ch'town, April 13, 1874.