

The Carleton Place Herald is published every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, by JAMES POOLE, Editor and Proprietor.

Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: Six lines and under first insertion, 75 cents and 20 cents each subsequent insertion; six to ten lines first insertion, \$1.00, and 30 cents each subsequent insertion; above ten lines, call for particulars.

Song of the Wife. In silence, weary and worn With book—every one had been read— A woman sat in the room...

The Burnt Bank Note. It was a bitter cold night—so cold and wet, that even the stony Mr. Ralph Holdfast put an extra log upon the fire, and made himself a glass of hot brandy and water.

Flax Cultivation. Some months ago I published in the columns of your valuable paper an article on the cultivation of flax. I again deem it advisable to remind the farmers of the importance of this valuable branch of Agriculture.

Speech of Mr. Adams, the American Minister, and Lord Palmerston, at the Lord Mayor's Banquet. The Lord Mayor—I am about to associate with this toast the name of a gentleman whose mind was necessarily, under the circumstances, occupied much with the affairs of his own country, which, unhappily, at this moment is in a condition to require the sympathies of the world.

Speech of William L. Yancey at Fishmongers' Hall. While Mr. Adams was addressing the guests of the Lord Mayor at Guildhall, Mr. Yancey, Confederate Commissioner, who was accompanied by Hon. Dudley Mann, was speaking to the ancient Guild of Fishmongers at their annual dinner.

Speech of William L. Yancey at Fishmongers' Hall. The mode of handling flax, as at present carried out in Canada does not secure to the farmer the best quality or most remunerative price, as it is well known by those who have seen it grown in Ireland, the seed is never allowed to ripen.

Speech of William L. Yancey at Fishmongers' Hall. The Sarnia (Ontario) townships that a sad accident occurred in the township of Moore, on Monday last which resulted in the death of two boys, of the age of 7 and 11 years respectively the sons of Mr. Joseph Watson of that place.

him down stairs, all they could get out of him was: "I did not know Mr. Holdfast had a friend so near; he could not nurse him more tenderly than I was on my knees." In which speech the doctor showed more sagacity than he supposed.

When the sick man revived, it was to drivelling life. His brain remained affected. He had lost all remembrance of the fire, and his weakened intellect still glimmered about only one idea. For a long time those about him could not make out what he said; until at last, when he was enabled to utter about with a crash, and found him in the garden of the cottage to which his brother had removed him, trying to wrap a cloak about a scarecrow.

Having taken out some money for the necessary travelling expenses of the morrow, he produced a stout black cloth frock-coat; then opening a seam inside the breast, he inserted the bank notes, and with a needle and thread sewed down the aperture.

There was already a crowd round, for the village was close by—a half-dozen of flames, which stood to windward of the flames. Into this Ralph ran before he well knew where he was: then suddenly recollecting that he had left his money behind, he made as if he would enter the house again, but a dozen hands restrained him.

General Williams, the Commander of the Forces in Canada, has been summoned to Quebec to confer with the Governor General upon the military defenses of the Province. Important dispatches for the Legislature Government are said to have been forwarded by the steamer on Saturday—Montreal Advertiser.

The Duke of Newcastle is threatened with total blindness from amaurosis. His physicians have warned him that there is no hope of restoring the health of his optic nerves. To be happy the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to envy is in real life; one man's success is another's poverty.

left him alone for moments. It was not until they were on the point of sailing that he saw him again, and the opportunity was so tempting that he could not resist the cruel indulgence. Everything settled. The boxes were corded; and John's little capital was safe in a pocket-book, ready to purchase the articles which they proposed to sell in the colony—when it was stolen—and they never heard of it again.

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