

his bosom and two of his children are buried in the dark waters of the Mississippi. Others were lost—some twelve or fifteen.

It is said, and truly, there is a great indifference to human life in these regions—I confess it was a painful sight to witness such a total absence of any proper feeling as was exhibited on this melancholy occasion. The bar of the H. R. W. Hill was the first place visited by many who had just escaped death, and even while the holy work of rescue was going on, the ribald jest circulated freely among those who sat drinking and smoking around the stove, unchecked even by the sight of the poor idiot and his three children, who standing at the same fire must have reminded them that though they were saved, others had been hurried but an instant before into eternity.

CHANGE OF COLOR IN FISH. John, on sporting, says that the change of color in fish is very remarkable, and takes place with great rapidity. Put a living blackbun trout into a white basin of water, and it becomes within half an hour, of a light color. Keep the fish living in a white jar for some days, and it becomes absolutely white; but put it in a dark colored or black vessel, and although, on first being placed there, the white colored fish shows most conspicuously on the dark ground, in a quarter of an hour it becomes as dark colored as the bottom of the jar, and consequently difficult to be seen. No doubt this facility of adapting its color to the bottom of the water in which it lives, is of the greatest service to the fish, in protecting it from its numerous enemies. All anglers must have observed, that in every stream the trout are very much of the same color, as the gravel or sand on which they live; whether this change of color is a voluntary act on the part of the fish, I leave it for the scientific to determine.

A DUEL.—An Englishman, "brave as Julius Cæsar," challenged a Frenchman to mortal combat. Knowing John Bull to be a dead shot, the Frenchman, being, the challenged party, and having a choice of place, time, and weapons, selected night, a large, dark apartment, and pistols. The seconds were to remain outside, and give the word, after receiving which, each was to fire when he pleased. "Fire!" cried the seconds, when the combatants had been locked in, and declared themselves "ready." But no sound was heard. Johnny Bull could find no hint for an aim; and his adversary hearing him groping round the room, fired at random. John was safe enough now; and after searching every corner of the room in vain, for any indication of the "whereabout" of his antagonist, he at length exclaimed: "Come, I'm tired of this fun; besides, I'm satisfied." He had groped his way to the fireplace, and now placed the muzzle of his pistol up the mouth of the chimney, and fired. There was a shriek, a yell, and down came the Frenchman, dead as a door-nail!

EDITORS COMING DOWN.—Mr. Knowlton, editor of the Worcester *Palladium*, has condescended to take the post of Mayor of the city of Worcester. We are sorry to observe that in numerous instances, lately, editors have come down from their exalted position to incur the responsibilities of what are called "high offices." We have invariably refused all overtures of the kind.

"Doctor," said a querulous, suffering invalid, who had paid a good deal of money for physic to little apparent purpose "you don't seem to reach the seat of my disease. Why don't you strike at the seat of my disorder?"

"So I will," was the prompt reply, "if you insist on it;" and, lifting his cane, he smashed the brandy-bottle on the sideboard.

Sarah, Dutchess of Marlborough, was accustomed to give an annual festival, to which she invited all her relatives, many of whom were expectant legates at her demise. At one of these festivals, in allusion to her numerous progeny and descendants, she exclaimed—

"What a glorious sight to see such a number of branches flourishing from the same root!"

"Alas!" sighed Jack Spencer, to a first cousin near him, "the branches would flourish better if the root was under ground!"

A SCENE AT THE FRENCH POLICE.

[The following is a curious specimen of the police reports of the Parisian journals:]—"A man named Couscousson was lately tried by the Tribunal of Correctional Police, for having beaten Madame Couscousson, his wife. "It appeared that you thrashed her with great brutality—what have you got to say for yourself?" asked the President. "Pray, Mr. President, if your wife wouldn't let you carry an umbrella, what would you do?" "Oh, the monster! Oh, the brigand!" chimed in Madame Couscousson. "What he says there is not true," Mr. President. He was drunk when he beat me!" "Who doesn't get drunk now and then?" asked M. Couscousson. "But you get drunk always," answered the wife. "And, Mr. President, when he's drunk he insists on going to bed with his boots on, and with his umbrella—that is his character." "I wear my boots in bed to keep my feet warm," observed the accused. "I don't so much object," said the wife, "to the boots, though they dirty and tear the sheets. But I do object to the umbrella.—Think of a wet umbrella in bed, Mr. President." "It is in the witness of the umbrella," replied the husband, "that I find my excuse. A prudent man is never without his umbrella when it rains; and as it was raining when I went to bed, I took it with me." "Oh, you drunkard!" shrieked Madame Couscousson. "But I appeal to all women here present," she continued, turning round to the auditory, "if it be pleasant to be in bed with a damp umbrella?" "It was raining, I tell you, and I was afraid that I might have dreamed that I was getting wet, and as I have a great antipathy to water, I took my umbrella with me as a precaution." "Yes, and you beat me when I wanted to remove it from bed." The Tribunal cut this discussion short by condemning M. Couscousson to two days' imprisonment."

A DODGE.—When Deacon B. got into a bad position, he was very expert at crawling out of it. Though quick tempered, he was one of the best of deacons in the world. He wouldn't, in a sober moment, utter an oath, or anything like one, for his weight in cider. At the close of a rainy day, he was milking upon a knoll in his barnyard, on one side of which was a dirty slough, and on the other an old ram, that, in consideration of his usually quiet disposition, was allowed to run with the cows. The deacon was piously humming "Old Hundred," and had just finished the line ending with "exalted high," when the ram, obeying a sudden impulse to be aggressive, gave him a blow from behind that sent him up a short distance only to fall directly into the slough, where the dirty water was deep enough to give him a thorough immersing. As he crawled out, and before he rose from his hands and knees, he looked over his shoulder at the ram, and vociferated, "You d—d old cuss!" but on looking around, and seeing one of his neighbors at the bars looking at him, he added in the same breath, "If I may be allowed the expression."

AUSTRALIA.—The continued abundance of gold is strikingly illustrated by anecdotes of the miners. Recently a digger, going to pay for his license, found himself short of half an ounce of gold: "Here, old fellow," cried another laboring man, holding out his own bag, "take some of this." The London Quarterly Review, in an article on the Australian mines, gives a ludicrous account of the practical equality which the abundance of gold makes between masters and servants. The following is an illustration:

One stockmaster, whose hands had deserted him, went to the diggings to induce them to return to shear his flocks, and made up his mind to submit to their own terms.

"Well, master," said the fellows, we'll return and do the job, provided—

"Yes," interrupted the master joyfully, "I agree—"

"Provided we have the wool."

As he was turning away, they offered their old master fifteen shillings a week to stay and be their cook."

HEAVY.—A poet at Galena advertises that he has just composed a poem on lead—the whole made out of his own head. There's candor for you!

A SENSIBLE DOCTOR.—A handsome young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints, with which she was afflicted.

"In the first place," said she, I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, you should take air and exercise."

"And, doctor, I am quite fidgety at night, and afraid to lie alone. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, I can only recommend that you take—a husband!"

"Fie! doctor. But I have the blues, terribly. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, you have, besides taking air, exercise, and a husband, to take—the newspaper."

Sensible doctor, that.

PULPIT ECCENTRICITY.—The first settlers of Peterborough were Scotch, as were their ministers. Of one of these it is recorded that he commenced a sermon thus: "This is a stately house; who meet here? The folk, they meet here; and the de'il, he meets here too; and he's among the foremost and fattest o' ye. An' he's pecking out at ye, like a wee mouse in the wa'; ye donna see him, but he kens ye. An' now where's the gun to shoot him wi'? Here it is," said he, lifting up the Bible, and taking aim, "here is the gun—too! he's dead! he's dead!"—*Congregational Church.*

What is it which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet gave two to each of his children?

Why are the snows of Mount Blanc like a ship builder?

Why is a tall, thirsty woman like a ship upon the rocks?

Why is a man ascending Mount Vesuvius like an Irishman trying to kiss a pretty girl?

A lover on the point of marriage was conversing with his sweetheart on the Chinese custom of bandaging the feet of female infants.—He said he supposed it was done to keep them from gadding about, and that he approved of the custom. "Then," cried the sweetheart, "a Chinese wife will best suit you." The jig was up. They never married.

"You may talk," said an Irishman, "as you please about it, but be jabers, Scotland is the finest country in the world for natural productions. 'How so?' cries one. 'Impossible!' exclaims another. 'Give us your reason,' demands a third. 'Why gentlemen,' said he, 'don't ye see that Scotland has got a whole river of Tay running through it!'

GOOD ADVICE.—Be content as long as your mouth is full and body covered—remember the poet—kiss the pretty girls—don't rob your neighbor's hen-roost—never pick an editor's pocket, nor entertain the idea that he is going to treat—kick dull care to the deuce—black your own boots—sew on your own buttons, and be sure to take a paper and pay for it."

The Paris Universe has this startling criticism on Proudhon's new book:

"The author is not content with insulting, according to his custom, the Clergy, Christianity, and God himself; he goes further—he insults the Emperor and the Empire."

"Have you said your prayers, John?"

"No ma'am. It ain't my work; Bill says the prayers, and I the amens! We agreed to do it 'cause it comes shorter."

Economical youth, that.

GRAHAMITE PUDDING.—Cut up four lath in a peck of saw-dust. When well mixed, bake it by placing pipkin in the sun for half an hour. Serve up with sauce made by soaking a cedar shingle in a pail of well water.

Dobbs, in speaking of Down East Clergymen, says that their words are in such a hurry to reach the congregation, that they all take a north-west passage through the nose.

SCENE IN A SHOE STORE.—Clerk—"What number do you wear, five or six?"

Irish Customer—"Five or six! shure I could never afford to wear but two at a time."

COMMUNICATIONS.

[FOR THE CARLETON SENTINEL.]

MR. EDITOR.—A petition to the High Sheriff to call a meeting of the Rate Payers to accept or refuse the Municipal Act, is in course of signature in this County, and has already been signed by Justices Rice, Hammond, Beveridge and, I think, Baird, besides a number of titled persons.

I believe this step has been taken, or has rather been forced upon the people by a disagreement between the Grand Jury and the Court, arising out of a disallowance of measures recommended by the Jury, which has apparently convinced all concerned that as the Court is at present constituted, it is impossible so to conduct the affairs of the County as to give satisfaction to the Rate Payers.

A public meeting was called by the Sheriff at the request of some members of the Grand Jury as soon as the Court was adjourned, at which it was very properly stated by one of the speakers—in calling attention to the composition of the Court—that the commission was composed of gentlemen who had formerly held the same situation in the County of Carleton, with but two exceptions (Capt. Bellefleur and Judge Wetmore), that in making up the Commission, due regard for the interests of different localities, and the claims of individuals had been overlooked by the Government, and that every representation in reference thereto had been hitherto entirely disregarded,—that the Grand Jury were the guardians and keepers of the public purse, forming as they do a representative body of the Rate Payers, and that as no assessment can be levied on the County, without their consent, so ought they, after the money has been collected, to be the only and proper judges as to how it should be disbursed, in the payment of services rendered to the County by any person, whatever his office might be. It was also stated that in view of the fact of the Victoria Justices having formed part of the Carleton Commission when a system of extravagance was pursued in that County and which has since been so signally condemned, it was not surprising that the people should no longer be silent on the subject, especially after the recent refusal of the Court to adopt and carry out the recommendations of the people as expressed by the Jury for the disposal of their own money, and for the regulation of their own affairs. You may not be aware of the fact, but it is nevertheless true, that since the organization of the County there has been funds in hand—care has always been taken by the Justices to have it so—and they claim and have exercised the right in Special as well as in General Sessions, to appropriate and pay out this money as they saw fit, without the concurrence of any Grand Jury. The Grand Jury had recommended to the Court that an ordinance regulating the arrangement of sleighs and sleds might be rescinded or not enforced and this the Justices refused to carry out.

In this state of affairs it has become obvious to the French population, who alone are affected by the sleigh regulation, that they cannot have a fair chance among English magistrates, and as they form a large proportion of the Freeholders and contribute perhaps three quarters of the expenses of the County, they do not seem disposed to submit any longer in quiet. Could the advantages that have accrued to your County by the introduction of a system which makes every County officer responsible to those who appoint him be explained fully to them—the astonishing change your Municipal Council has made in the fiscal affairs of the County—as I am informed nearly three hundred pounds now in hand—all debts paid and no necessity for a County rate this year—the control of their own Schools—and what is of great importance to this new County, the expenditure of the road money—I feel quite sure they would not hesitate to accept the law. But it unfortunately happens these people are obliged to get their information second hand, and it is not always the case that this information and instruction is either regulated by truth or in keeping with common sense.

It is reported by some and believed by many not acquainted with the French population of