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Poetry.

ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

O'er the hill the sun is setting,
And the eve is drawing on;
Slowly droops the gentle twilight,
For another day is gone;
Gone for aye—its race is over,
Soon the darker shades will come;
Still 'tis sweet to know at even
We are one day nearer home.

"One day nearer" sings the mariner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore,
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,
In the evening crisis with rapture—
"I am one day nearer home."

Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun;
For his goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done,
Thus we fall, when o'er life's desert,
Heart and hand-sore we roam,
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

Nearer home! Yes, one day nearer
To our fathers' house on high—
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky,
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
We are one day nearer home.

Select Tale.

THE UNMEANT REBUKE.

Charles Nelson had reached his thirty-fifth year, and at that age he felt himself going down hill. He had once been one of the happiest of mortals, and no blessing was wanted to complete the sum of his happiness. He had one of the best of wives, and his children were intelligent and comely. He was a carpenter by trade, and no man could command better wages or be more sure of work. If any man attempted to build a house, Charles Nelson must boss the job, and for miles around people sought him to work for them. But a change had come over his life. A demon had met him on the way, and he had turned back with the evil spirit. A new and experienced carpenter had been sent for by those who could no longer depend upon Nelson, and he had settled in the village, and now took Nelson's place.

On a back street, where the great trees threw their great branches over the way, stood a small cottage, which had once been the pride of the inmates. Before it stretched a wide garden, but tall grass grew up among the choking flowers, and the paling of the fence was broken in many places. The house itself had once been white, but it was now dingy and dark. Bright green blinds had once adorned the windows, but now they had been taken off and sold. And the windows themselves bespoke poverty and neglect, for in many places the glass had gone, and shingles, rags and old hats, had taken its place. A single look at the house, and its accompaniments told the story. It was a drunkard's home.

Within sat a woman yet in the early years of life, and though she was still handsome to look upon, the bloom was gone from her cheeks and the brightness had faded from her eyes. Poor Mary Nelson! Once she had been the happiest among the happy, but now none could be more miserable! Near her sat two children, both girls, and both beautiful in form and feature, but their garbs were all patched and worn, and their feet shoeless. The eldest was thirteen years of age, and the other two years younger. The mother was learning them to recite a grammar lesson, for she had resolved that her children should never grow up in ignorance. They could not attend the common school, for thoughtless children sneered at them and made them objects of sport and ridicule; but in this respect they did not suffer, for their mother was well educated, and she devoted such time as she could spare to their instruction.

For more than two years, Mary Nelson had earned all the money that had been used in the house. People hired her to wash, iron and sew for them, and besides the money paid, they gave her many articles of food and clothing. So she lived on, and the only joys that dwelt with her now were teaching her children, and praying to God.

Supper-time came, and Charles Nelson came reeling home. He had worked the day before at helping to move a building, and thus had earned money enough to find himself in rum for several days. As he stumbled into the house the children crouched close to their mother, and even she shrank away, for sometimes her husband was ugly when thus intoxicated.

O, how that man had changed within two years! Once there was not a finer looking man in town. In frame he had been tall, stout, compact and perfectly formed, while his face was the very beau ideal of manly beauty. But all was changed now. His noble form was bent, his limbs shrunk and tremulous, and his face all bloated and disfigured. He was not the man who had once been the kind husband and doting father. The loving wife had prayed, and wept, and implored, but to no purpose; the husband was bound to the drinking companions of the bar-room, and he would not break the bonds.

That evening, Mary Nelson ate no supper, for of all the food in the house, there was not more than food enough for her husband and children; and when her husband was gone, she went out and picked a few berries, and thus kept her vital energies alive. That night the poor woman prayed long and earnestly, and her little ones prayed with her.

On the following morning Charles Nelson visited the bar-room as soon as he awoke, but he was sick and faint, and the liquor did not revive him, for it did not remain upon his stomach. He had drunk very freely the night before, and he felt miserable. At length, however, he managed to keep down a few glasses of sling, but the close atmosphere of the room seemed to stifle him, and he went out.

The poor man had sense enough to know that if he could sleep he should feel better, and just feeling enough to keep away from home; so he wandered off toward a wood not far from the village, and sank down by a stone wall, and was soon buried in a profound slumber.

When he awoke the sun was shining hot upon him, and raising himself to a sitting posture, he gazed about him. He was just on the point of rising, when his motion was arrested by the sound of voices near at hand. He looked through a chink in the wall, and just upon the other side he saw his two children picking berries, while a little farther off were two more girls, the children of the carpenter who had lately moved into the village.

"Come, Katy," said one of the latter girls to her companion, "let us go away from here, because if anybody should see us with those girls, they would think we played with them." "Come."

"But the berries are so thick here," remonstrated the other.

"Never mind—we'll come some time when those little ragged, drunkard's children are't here."

So the favored ones went away, hand in hand, and Nelly and Nancy Nelson sat down upon the grass and cried.

"Don't cry, Nancy," said the eldest, throwing her arms around her sister's neck.

"But you are crying, Nelly."

"Oh, I can't help it," sobbed the stricken one.

"God must be our father, some time."

"He is our father now, sissy."

"I know it; but he must be all we shall have, by-and-by, for don't you remember that mother told us she might leave us one of these days? She said a cold finger was upon her heart, and—"

"—sh. Don't, don't, Nancy; you'll—"

The words were choked up with sobs and tears, and the sisters wept long together. At length they arose and went away, for they saw more children coming.

As soon as the little ones went out of sight, Charles Nelson started to his feet. His hands were clenched, and his eyes fixed upon a vacant point with an eager gaze.

"My God!" he gasped. "What a villain I am! Look at me! What a state I am in, and what have I sacrificed to bring myself to it? And they love me yet, and pray for me!"

He said no more, but some moments he stood with his hands still clenched and his eyes fixed. At length his gaze was turned upward, and his clasped hands were raised above his head. A moment he remained so, and then his hands dropped by his side, and he started homeward.

When he reached his home he found his wife and children in tears, but he affected to notice it not. He drew a shilling from his pocket—it was his last—and handing it to his wife, he asked her if she would send and get him some milk and flour, and make him some porridge. The wife was startled by the tone in which this was spoken, for it sounded just as that voice had sounded in days gone by.

The porridge was made nice and nourishing, and Charles ate it all. He went to bed early, and early on the following day he was up. He asked his wife if she had milk and flour enough to make him another bowl of porridge.

"Yes, Charles," she said; "we have not touched it."

"Then if you are willing, I should like some more."

The wife moved quickly about the work, and ere long the food was prepared. The husband ate, and he felt better. He washed and dressed, and would have shaved had his hand been steady enough. He left his home and went at once to a man who had just commenced to frame a house.

"Mr. Manly," he said, addressing the gentleman alluded to, "I have drank the last drop of alcoholic beverage that ever passes my lips. Ask me no more questions, but believe me now while you see me true. Will you give me work?"

"Charles Nelson, are you in earnest?" asked Mr. Manly, in surprise.

"So much so, sir, that were death to stand upon my right hand, and yonder bar-room on my left, I would go with the grim messenger first."

"Then here is my house lying about in its rough timber and boards. I place it in your hands, and look to you to finish it. While I trust you, you can trust me. Come into my office, and you shall see the plan I have drawn."

We will not tell you how the stout man wept, nor how his noble friend shed tears to see him thus; but Charles Nelson took the plan, and having studied it for a while, he went to work, getting the timber together, and Mr. Manly introduced him to the workmen as their master. That day he worked but little, for he was not strong yet, but he arranged the timber, and gave directions for framing. At night he asked his employer if he dared trust him with a dollar.

"Why, you've earned three," returned Manly.

"And will you pay me three dollars a day?"

"If you are as faithful as you have been to-day, for you will save me money at that."

The poor man could not speak his thanks in words, but his looks spoke for him, and Manly understood them. He received his three dollars, and on his way home stopped and bought, first a basket, then three loaves of bread, a pound of butter, some tea, sugar, and a piece of beef steak, and he had just one dollar and seventy-five cents left. With this load he went home. It was some time before he could compose himself to enter the house, but at length he went in, and set the basket on the table.

"Come, Mary," he said, "I have brought something home for supper. Here, Nelly, you take the pail and run over to Mr. Brown's, and get two quarts of milk."

He handed the child a shilling as he spoke, and in a half-bewildered state she took the money and hurried away.

The wife started when she raised the cover of the basket, but she dared not speak. She moved about like one in a dream, and ever and anon she would cast a furtive glance at her husband. He had not been drinking—she knew it—and yet he had money enough to buy rum with, if he wanted it. What could it mean? Had her prayers been answered? O, how fervently she prayed then!

Soon Nelly returned with the milk, and Mrs. N. set the table out. After supper Charles arose and said to his wife:

"I must go to Mr. Manly's office to arrange some plans for his new house, but I will be home early."

A pang shot through the wife's heart as she saw her husband turn away, but still she was happier than she had been for a long while. There was something in his manner that assured her, and gave her hope.

Just as the clock struck nine, that well-known foot-fall was heard, strong and steady. The door opened and Charles entered. His wife cast a quick glance into his face, and she almost uttered a cry of joy when she saw how he was changed for the better. He had been to the barber's and to the hatter's. Yet nothing was said upon the all-important subject. Charles wished to retire early, and his wife went with him. In the morning the husband arose first, and built the fire. Mary did not sleep till long after midnight, having been kept awake by the tumultuous emotions that started up in her bosom, and hence she awoke not so early as usual. But she came out just as the tea-kettle and potatoes began to boil, and the breakfast was soon ready.

After the meal was eaten, Charles rose, put on his hat, and then turning to his wife asked:

"What will you do to-day?"

"Wash and iron for Mrs. Bixby."

"Are you willing to obey me once more?"

"Oh—yes."

"Then work for me to-day. Send Nelly over to tell Mrs. Bixby that you are not well enough to wash, for you are not. Here is a dollar, and you must do with it as you please. Buy something that will keep you busy for yourself and children."

Mr. Nelson turned towards the door, and his hand was upon the latch. He hesitated, and turned back. He did not speak, but opened his arms, and his wife sank on his bosom. He kissed her, and then having gently placed her in a seat, he left the house. When he went to his work that morning, he felt well and happy. Mr. Manly was by to cheer him, and this he did by taking and acting as though Charles had never been unfortunate at all.

It was Saturday evening, and Nelson had been almost a week without rum. He had earned fifteen dollars, ten of which he had now in his pocket.

"Mary," he said, after the supper-table had been cleared away, "here are ten dollars for you, and I want you to expend it in clothing for yourself and children. I have earned fifteen dollars during the last five days. I am to build Squire Manly's great house, and he pays me three dollars a day. A good job, isn't it?"

Mary looked up, and her lips moved, but she could not speak a word. She struggled a few moments, and then burst into tears. Her husband took her by the arm, and drew her upon his lap, and then pressed her to his bosom.

"Mary," he whispered, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "you are not deceived. I am Charles Nelson once more, and will be while I live. Not by any act of mine shall another cloud cross your brow."

And then he told her of the words he had heard on the previous Monday, while he lay behind the wall.

"Never before," he said, "did I fully realize how low I had fallen; but the scales dropped from my eyes then as though some one had struck them off with a sledge. My soul started up to a standing point from which all the tempters of earth cannot move it. Your prayers are answered, my wife."

Time passed on, and the cottage assumed its old garb of pure white, and its whole windows and green blinds. The roses in the garden smiled, and in every way did the improvement work. Once again was Mary Nelson among the happiest of the happy, and her children chose their own associates now.

Romantic Pursuit and Capture of Rao Sahib.

(From a Calcutta Paper.)

Nena Sahib, Bala Rao, and Rao Sahib, were all connected with the atrocities of Cawnpore. Nena Sahib and Bala Rao, superintended the massacres in person; Rao Sahib, their nephew, remained at Bithoor, the family residence, in charge of the mansion; but more than one cold blooded murder was perpetrated by his orders, and a body of fugitives from Futtyghur, intercepted by his troops, were forwarded by him to Cawnpore to share the fate of other victims. After the restoration of our ascendancy it was, of course, the anxious desire of Government to capture these assassins. Rao Sahib has at last been delivered into our hands, and consigned to the gallows. It appears that, after escape from the advance of our troops, he joined Tantia Tope, the partisan who so long eluded our flying columns, and was only taken and hanged after two years' flight. After the dispersion of that chief's band, he wandered about India in disguise, settling sometimes at one place of pilgrimage, and sometimes at another, till at length, about a year ago, he took up his abode at Chinnassa, a small district in the territory of Jummoo, lying between the northern frontier of Punjab and the rugged hills of Cashmere. In this remote and secluded spot he remained for twelve months unnoticed and unknown till he was one day recognized by a Hindoo pilgrim with whom he had formerly had some cause of quarrel. The pilgrim immediately betook himself to Sealkote, the nearest station in the Punjab, and communicated the intelligence to Mr. McNabb, acting deputy commissioner. That gentleman took his measures without an hour's delay. Rao Sahib was on his guard day and night. His servants and followers watched for him; the arrival of a British officer in those parts would be instantly signalled, and at the first alarm the fugitive might plunge into a country through which it would be hopeless to follow him. It was necessary, therefore, that Mr. McNabb should succeed in getting to Chinnassa not only in person, but with such an escort as might be required for effecting the arrest, and yet excite no suspicion of his approach or his purpose. Such a problem was no easy one, nor was it facilitated by the circumstances that Mr. McNabb was so ill at the time as to be unable either to walk or ride. From Jummoo the Chinnassa is a distance of forty-five miles, through passes and over precipices of the wildest character, and seldom travelled by Europeans. The following scheme was adopted:—

A Telsider, or revenue agent of the Maharajah's, stationed a little beyond Chinnassa, either was or could very naturally be supposed to be, a defaulter in his accounts, and the Maharajah therefore, was to despatch a trusty secretary for the ostensible purpose of superseding him. That the secretary proceeding on such an errand should take an escort was but reasonable, and this pretext provided for an escort of fifty soldiers. Finally as the new agent might wish for his wife's company at the scene of his duties, a litter was provided for the conveyance

of the lady, and this character and conveyance Mr. McNabb appropriated to himself. He next took the precaution of sending his own litter back to Sealkote with a little public demonstration, in order that he might be thought to have returned to his station, and at the same time that his name might not by any chance be connected with the expedition to Chinnassa. This done, the party started; the secretary at the head of the soldiers and the British officer representing the secretary's wife, in the closed litter. Ninety hours of fatigue and peril hardly sufficed to bring the party to Chinnassa, when the original informer, who had been taken into the expedition, was sent forward; accompanied by trusty messengers, to see if the prize was still safe. The messengers presently returned, with the intelligence that the informer had found Rao Sahib and had taken a seat by his side. The soldiers, therefore, marched on, and presently a cry of success roused Mr. McNabb from his litter, to the astonishment not only of the villagers, but of the troops themselves, who had been kept in perfect ignorance of his presence. Rao Sahib could offer no resistance and made little defence. He confessed at once, surrendered himself with about £4,000 worth of jewels, which he still retained, and, after being duly tried, was hanged on the 21st of August at the scene of his crimes.

Live Gorilla in Liverpool.

Mr. Newby, naturalist, of Manchester-street has become the possessor of a live gorilla, which was brought to this port by two Frenchmen from Africa. We had an opportunity on Wednesday of inspecting this curious animal, which is, we understand, the first ever brought to England alive. When we entered Mr. Newby's private room, the illustrious young stranger was quietly reposing by the side of its owner, who assured us that it was remarkably gentle and intelligent—facts which were immediately demonstrated to our perfect satisfaction. "Dingy" was requested to stand upon the table and display its proportions, and it immediately complied. When in an upright position it stands about 3 feet high, and its resemblance to the human race is really astonishing. Encouraged by "Dingy's" docility, we examined it rather minutely, felt its hard hands, its sinewy thick arms, and its peculiarly formed feet. Every motion of the curious animal resembles in a striking degree the movements of man. Being supplied with a needle and thread "Dingy" showed that it was not totally unacquainted with the art of tailoring. It also drank tea after the most approved fashion, holding the saucer to its lips and sipping occasionally with all the ease possible to conceive. "Dingy" is inquisitive, examines the clock when it strikes for the apparent purpose of detecting the cause of the sound, prying into the corners of the room, scanning visitors, and performing numerous and amusing little antics. While we were present a gentleman offered "Dingy" an ignited cigar, but no persuasion could induce it to place the weed in its mouth. Thrusting the cigar aside, "Dingy" shook his head as if it meant to say, "No, no, I am not yet corrupted by the usages of civilization." It evinces the utmost tenderness to the few privileged visitors and is, beyond all doubt, the greatest curiosity ever brought to England. "Dingy" is quite a youngster, and this is probably the secret of its successful importation.—At present it is vigorous and healthy; but time alone will show whether the rigour of our climate will exercise a pernicious or fatal effect upon the interesting creature. It eats heartily, potatoes, bread, &c., being eagerly manured, so that their is some reason to hope that "Dingy" will make itself quite at home in England. We are not acquainted with Mr. Newby's intentions respecting the disposition of his purchase, and cannot therefore inform our readers whether they will have an opportunity of inspecting it or not.—*Liverpool Mercury*, Nov. 4.

THE MEMORY OF A MOTHER.—When temptation appears, and we are almost persuaded to do wrong, how often a mother's warning word calls to mind vows that are rarely broken. Yes; the memory of a mother has saved many a poor, miserable wretch from going astray. Tall grass may be growing over the hallowed spot where all her earthly remains repose; the dying leaves of autumn may be whirled over it, or the white mantle of winter may cover it from sight; yet the spirit of her when she walks in the right path, appears, and gently, mournfully calls to him, when wandering into the paths of error.

Those who are most ready to make a fuss about other people's want of modesty, are often they who are themselves most obnoxious to rebuke. Thus, it was a shrewd girl, and not devoid of true modesty either, who remarked when other girls were making fun of her short skirt and white hose, and affecting to be much shocked at the exhibition thereof at a party:—"If you'd only pull your dresses about your necks, where they ought to be, they'd be as short as mine!" She was not troubled any more.

"Sally," said a green youth in a venerable white hat and grey pants, through which his legs projected half a foot, perhaps more: "Sally," afore we go into this 'ere museum to see the box constructor, I want to ask you somethin'." Well, lehabod, what is it?" "Why, you see this 'ere business is guine to cost a quarter a piece, and I can't afford to spend so much for nuthin'. Now, if you'll have me, dam'd if I don't pay the hull on't myself. I will positively—!" Sally made a non-committal reply, which lehabod interpreted to suit himself, and he strode up two steps at a time, and paid down the "hull on't."

A Yankee shoemaker purchased of a pedlar half a bushel of shoe-pegs, all neatly sharpened at one end, and warranted to be of the best maple; but he found them on inspection to be nothing but pine. Not caring to be "taken in and done for" after that fashion, and being constitutionally fond of whittling, he went at them with his jack-knife, and sharpening the other end of each peg, resold them to the pedlar on his next trip, for oats!

A young conscript fell sick and was sent to the military hospital. A bath was ordered. It was brought into the chamber where the invalid lay; he looked at it hard for some time, then he threw up his hand and bawled. "Doctor, I can't drink all that!"

Items Foreign, & Local.

Apprehensions are entertained in the Northern States for the safety of California, in view of the evident designs of Louis Napoleon on the Pacific coast.

The *Machens Union* says, the publisher of the *St. Croix Herald* is in New York soliciting pecuniary aid on the ground that his office was mobbed by "secessionists." Some of the New Yorkers will explain by and by their Boston neighbors—sold again!

A prospectus has been issued in London of the Bank of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, with a capital of £1,000,000, in shares of £100.—Sir Edmund Head and Viscount Jarry are among the Directors.

It turns out that it is untrue that the Duke of Newcastle was indisposed with bronchitis; it is said the London *Times* originated the story.

The principal building of the Norway Iron Works, Dorchester Avenue, South Boston, was burned on Tuesday night last. 200 men have been thrown out of employment.

The *Halifax Express* says, the debate in the Catholic Institute on Wednesday evening last was well sustained, and the question—Are the political institutions of Great Britain or the United States the better calculated to promote the well being of mankind?—was decided in favor of the former.

Mr. Queneely, the Cambridge *savant*, a great admirer of the Greek poets, has given orders in his will that after his death his body shall be dissected, and his skin be taken off and tanned, in such a manner as to convert it into parchment, on which the *Iliad* of Homer shall then be copied, the singular MS. to be then deposited in the British Museum.

The New York *Post* says a movement is on foot in that city for the despatch of two or three ship loads of provisions to England for the relief of the starving operatives of Lancashire.

The *Montreal Gazette* states that Mr. O. Cremazie of Quebec has forged notes amount to the amount of \$86,000, and that his other liabilities amount to \$14,000, making in all a liability of \$100,000 against assets supposed to be worth only \$500.—His forgeries are made upon men of the highest standing in the community, and appear to have been kept up with success for some time.

Massachusetts has 37,000 more females than males while California has 67,000 more males than females, and Illinois 92,000 more males than females.

The Sons of Temperance in North America, now number 175,000.

Advices from New Orleans state that an ammunition cart exploded near Algiers, killing ten or eleven persons, and wounding some thirteen others.

The Adelaide legislature having decided that one uniform tariff should prevail throughout the whole of the Australian Colonies; a conference of delegates is to be had at an early day.

La France declaims against English perfidy on the American question, and accuses the British Government of a wish for the complete annihilation of a rival maritime Power.

The University of Oxford has responded to the appeal of Lord Derby in aid of the Lancashire sufferers by voting £1000, and it is probable that the University of Cambridge will vote a similar sum.

The *Coburg Gazette* states that the Prince and Princess Royal of Prussia have forwarded 2000 florins for the monument to Prince Albert.

Dr. Ripari, who is in attendance on Garibaldi, has sent a telegram to London to say that the bullet has been found unmistakably deep in the tibio-tarsal articulation, the spot indicated by M. Pirogoff, not as M. Nelaton supposed, the astragalus. The serious question now arises, "ought the bullet to be extracted?" and on this point, it is stated, surgical opinions are equally balanced.

The young Mortara, who at one time made such a noise in the world, is, according to accounts from Rome, quite Christianized. He has had conferred upon him the minor ecclesiastical orders.

The London trades' committee held a meeting on the 4th to arrange the proceedings connected with the reception of Garibaldi in London. It was stated at the meeting that Garibaldi would arrive in London in March next.

Sir Joseph Paxton and Mr. Brassey have left London for Paris, where the former will superintend the erection of the monster Crystal Palace, which the Emperor has resolved shall constitute a permanent attraction to his capital.

Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, the Attorney General of Ireland, has given £20 to the Lancashire Relief Fund. In a note accompanying the donation Mr. O'Hagan says:—"It is right that we should remember the noble liberality with which the English people helped us in the sore distress of the famine years, and imitate it, according to our means, now that so many of them are suffering."

The London *Morning Star* supposes that the loss to the guarantors of the International Exhibition, will not fall short of £50,000.

The First Anniversary Dinner of the Professed Cooks of England was celebrated lately at the Freemason's Tavern, London. Each *artiste* was allowed to cook his own dinner in the manner most agreeable to his own taste and ideas of culinary perfection.

A crowded public meeting at Oldham has resolved to urge Her Majesty's Ministers to advise the Queen to recognize the Confederate States.

Lately a party travelled in a balloon from Winchester to Harrow—a distance of seventy miles—at the rate of a mile a minute.

The London *Review* says that the fact of Mrs. Manning being hung in black satin has sent satin out of fashion from that day to this.

The importation of Russian grain from Taganrog are of unprecedented magnitude. Fully 600,000 bushels are at present on their way to Great Britain.

A celebrated trial is, says a letter from Berlin of the 15th ult, just concluded at Custrin, at which the chief of five prisoners at the bar, Karl Maarsch, confessed to have himself committed no less than thirteen murders within the last five years. The trial has excited an unprecedented amount of interest.

A young German student arrived in London a short time ago from Heidelberg, on a visit to some English friends. He was asked what he was most anxious to see after the Great Exhibition. "Blondin in the pulpit and Spurgeon on the tight-rope," was his reply.

The United States have now finished and in course of construction, fifty-one iron-clad vessels, ranging from 500 to 300 tons.

A Spanish provincial journal records an extraordinary instance of fecundity in the neighborhood of Grenada, where a woman gave birth to four boys, "all well formed and likely to live."

There is a rumor running through the Brazilian Department of the International Exhibition that a stone has been found which is larger than the Koh-i-noor and the Star of the South put together.

An exchange says, we understand everything in the shape of a steam boat, that can be had at all, has been taken up in St. John by the Federal Government; and that the River and Bay Steamers are being put in order as fast as possible for the service.

General News.

SUNDAY RACING IN FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* says:—

There is serious reason to fear that English sportsmen will refrain altogether from participating in the Grand Paris Races, to be inaugurated next year with the £4000 prize given by the city of Paris and the railway companies. It was taken for granted that this meeting would attract more first-rate horses from the English turf than had ever before been brought to France, and the objection which now threatens to be fatal to such a desirable international competition never seems to have occurred to the founders of the new races. This objection which has been raised—and very seriously raised—in England, is that the day fixed for the sport to come off is a Sunday. It has been represented to the French sporting authorities, with the most perfect courtesy and without any affectation of puritanism, that, out of deference to the habits and customs and deeply-rooted feeling of their own country, English gentlemen would scruple, even to a foreign soil, where different views of Sabbath obligations prevail, to take part in such a diversion as public races on a Sunday; and the suggestion has been very earnestly made that some week day should be chosen. The Frenchmen, while admitting that the objection is one that demands most respectful consideration do not seem disposed to yield to it. They say that Sunday is, by almost universal consent, the day fixed upon for horse-racing in France—that, while they are quite ready to conform to English habits in England, they do not feel that international courtesy calls upon them to alter a French custom for the existence of which many cogent reasons may be given. They consider it highly improper, in a national point of view, and in order to improve the breed of horses, to encourage the sport of horse-racing, which as yet, is but in its infancy in France. The best way to encourage it on a large scale is to interest the masses in the races. It is quite certain that the general public does not yet care enough for a race to make a great holiday, and shut up the shops for the sake of one, as it is done in England. On any day but Sunday the spectators would be few, and confined to a special class. Moreover (and this is a weighty reason), it is urged that the object of the city of Paris and of the railway companies in giving the great prize which was to attract large numbers of visitors, and give filip to business would be in a great measure frustrated, and the prize itself would probably be given up before long for want of sufficient encouragement. Such is the line of argument which I do not think is likely to be abandoned on this side of the Channel.

SACRIFICES OF A BARBARIAN KING TO ATENT AN EARTHQUAKE.—In July last there was a severe earthquake in Africa. The king of Dahomey, imagining that it was the perturbed spirit of his father speaking his wrath, appeased it by ordering public sacrifices of human beings. The first day three chiefs were beheaded, the next day twenty-four persons of less degree, the next day, twenty-four others. The fourth day was devoted to feasting, but on the succeeding day sixteen men and sixteen women of Sierra Leone, attired in European dress, after being paraded about and exposed to studied indignities, were beheaded with the heads of many horses and alligators, sacrificed with them, and whose blood thence was mingled. One was sacrificed against a tree, to which he was fastened by nails driven through his forehead, his heart his hands and his feet, and, with a horrible touch of the grotesque, a large cotton umbrella was stuck in the corpse's nape. In the market the King was seated on a dais making war speeches to his assembled subjects. Around were rows of gory heads—the heads of prisoners slain during the night after being frightfully tortured. All this was testified to by a Dutch merchant Euehart, who had been invited to visit the King, as he had a great curiosity to see a Dutchman.

THE MEXICAN CRISIS.—The New York *Times* thus summarizes a part of the last military news from Mexico:—

It appears that during the preceding fortnight, French forces, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, numbering altogether 13,800 men, landed at Vera Cruz. This force, added to that previously in the country, gives the French an army of 20,000 men. From the best data that can be obtained, there is reason to believe that from 5000 to 10,000 French troops will be landed during the present month, to complete the Emperor Napoleon's army in the Mexican army of invasion, numbering from 25,000 to 30,000 well equipped and efficient soldiers—some of the best in the