

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 1.

## Select Tale.

### RAFFAELLE SMITH'S ADVENTURE.

A RICH STORY.

Concluded.

Well, well," he said, when he had somewhat recovered himself, "if this is a farce, it is not a bad one. I must admit that the matron of the piece plays her part in the most captivating manner. But I think I may be allowed to call her a most puzzling old lady. Ah! if I only understood but one single word of this affair! If I only knew her son who is called Charles, and her brother, the major, who come to conduct me to the assembled company, to introduce me, and to offer me—something to eat, I hope! But I must hasten to put on the clothes of Charles—my most intimate though unknown friend! The lady said they were in the wardrobe. Ah! this is capital! Coat, waistcoat, patent leathers, all here; and on the dressing table, oils, brushes, cosmetics. Charles is evidently a swell of the most resplendent character!"

In a very short time Raffaello Smith was transformed into an elegant cavalier. While he was contemplating himself with some satisfaction in a glass, and taking in by several holes, the band of that article of attire which envelops the neither extremes, with a view of silencing the murmurs of his stomach, an individual entered the apartment and Raffaello heard behind him, in a deep bass voice—

"Well, my dear Mr. Smith, are you now ready? A glance at the tall, meagre, military form, that looked nose, that white moustache, told the painter that it was the major. Raffaello was by no means comfortable in spirit as he turned towards the old man. The latter, however, seemed to review him from head to foot with an air of satisfaction.

"I am glad to find that Charles has not deceived us. I must admit that you are a smart young fellow, and not ill-suited to the business we have before us. Your hand, Mr. Smith. We are not strangers, although we now see each other for the first time. I hope you haven't forgotten the instructions given you by Charles!"

"On that point, my dear sir," replied Raffaello, "you may be quite easy. I can assure you that I have not forgotten one word of what Charles has told me."

"Very good. You will recollect my niece's name is Emily, and that it is absolutely essential in order to save her in the eyes of the world, and particularly in the eyes of my old cousin Lucy's friends—it is imperative, I repeat, in order that our proceedings may not appear strange, unbecoming and abrupt, that you should pretend to have made the acquaintance of my niece while she was staying with her mother in London, a year ago. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, major, perfectly."

"Then let us go down at once."

Raffaello Smith experienced considerable hesitation at this critical moment; but the singularity of the adventure, the desire to see the conclusion, and it must also be added, the devouring appetite which tormented him, all united in compelling him to follow in the major's footsteps. The latter led the way down a vast and richly decorated staircase, and opening a door ushered him into a magnificent drawing-room, where the bewildered painter found himself in the presence of a brilliant and numerous assembly. The entrance of the major and painter produced a general sensation.

"I have the honor," said the major, to introduce to you Mr. Smith—the future husband of Emily Shuttloworth, my niece."

At this extraordinary announcement, Raffaello felt his knees giving beneath him—all the blood in his body seemed to be rushing into his cheeks—he was a victim to vertigo—he was fairly stunned—and if the major had not supported him, he would certainly have fallen backwards.

"Be cool," whispered the major; be self-possessed, Smith! master your emotions."

To recover himself cost the young artist the greatest effort he had made in his life. The major conducted him towards the lady whom he had already seen, and who was introduced to him as the mother of Emily. In a very short time Raffaello found himself surrounded by the relatives and friends of the young lady, whom he had no more idea of marrying than of allying himself, matrimonially, with a squaw of the Choctaw Indians. Raffaello felt himself somewhat of a culprit, as he stood there receiving congratulations, and overladen with marks of respect and friendship from the well-bred people congregated in a house where he had no better claim to present than a burglar. In an excess of embarrassment Raffaello turned in search of his military guide. He was resolved to put an end to an affair which was rapidly becoming too serious and too alarming for any man of delicacy to prolong by his silence. The major, taking him aside into a recess of one of the spacious windows, cut short the first efforts of the artist to carry out his honorable intention.

"Tut tut!" said he with true military promptitude; "not a word, my dear Smith. I repeat your arrival makes me the happiest man alive!"

"But my dear sir—your niece—"

"My niece thinks as I do, sir, and as her mother thinks. Mr. Smith, just imagine what we felt when we heard that a train had been run into only a few miles from Colchampton—several carriages smashed, sir—and had you been in that train, my niece would have lost a fortune of fifty thousand pounds."

The perplexed Raffaello could only repeat the numerals in reply.

"Yes my dear Smith," continued the major, "fifty thousand pounds, sir! For to-morrow the date gives in my old cousin Lucy's will expires."

"To-morrow the date given in your old cousin Lucy's will expires!" was all that Raffaello could repeat.

"To-morrow at twelve, sir! But that stupid dog, Charles should have told you all this. But perhaps, he has only very imperfectly explained to you my cousin's extraordinary will."

"Very imperfectly," replied Raffaello.

"Well I will furnish you with all the details—"

You must know that my cousin Lucy died a year since, leaving a sum of money amounting to fifty thousand pounds. Now that sum was left to my niece, Emily, on the express condition that she should be a married woman a year and a day after the testator's death. Failing in which, all the property goes to charities. We loved Emily too much to force her into a hasty and distasteful union. Emily has not reached her twenty-first year; and she has never yet met any one on whom she could bestow her loving heart. Time went on, and we were on the point of resigning the brilliant fortune which had been left to her on such extraordinary conditions, when, a few days ago her brother Charles suddenly wrote to me—Emily shall be married before the appointed time! We at first received this information as a piece of idle pleasantry, but Charles spoke of you with so much admiration—he drew such a favorable picture of your disposition, your principles—he spoke in such a tender manner of the brotherly love which had united you and himself since your school days, that my sister and myself consented to render Emily rich and happy. You know the rest, my dear Mr. Smith. Charles sought you—he offered you the hand and heart, which you accepted—and in a few hours you came here to become my nephew and the husband of our dear Emily. Yourself, Emily, her mother, Charles and myself, are all to whom the secret of this impromptu marriage is yet known. In order to keep up appearances, we have told every one that you and Emily have known each other since the time of her spending some months in London, a year since; and that for a length of time you have been soliciting her hand. Hence you see why my sister and myself pretend to hail you as an old acquaintance from the first moment of your entering this house. That is my story, my dear nephew."

At the instant when the major had concluded his speech, and when the artist was about to avow with exemplary frankness and honesty, that he was not the real and expected Smith, there was a great commotion in the drawing room.

"Hasten, my dear friend," cried the major, "hasten to give your hand to your future wife at the altar! The carriages are at the door."

Raffaello reflected a moment. "If I speak out now," he said to himself, "I bring trouble, scandal, despair, upon this excellent family. I must tell the truth to the major when we enter the carriage—feign illness—anything to save my honor."

The major little suspected what was passing through the mind of the young man, whose arm was in his own, conducting him to a seat in an elegant brougham, which was drawn up with several other vehicles before the door of the villa. Raffaello Smith was an honest man, and his conscience revolted at the act he was about to perform. He leant forward and clutched the hand of the major, who sat opposite to him, with a cold and convulsive grasp. He could scarcely stammer out, in a low voice—

"I must speak out before we proceed a step further!"

The pallid features and trembling voice of the young artist alarmed the old man.

"What is the matter?" he cried, "what can you have to say at such a moment as this?"

"Sir," said the artist, "I am not the man whom you expected."

The major fell back on his seat as if struck by a cannon shot.

"You are not Mr. Smith!" he cried, in a choking voice.

Hereupon the painter related, with loyal frankness, the incidents which had conducted him to the home of Emily's mother; the error which had kept him there to the moment of his introduction to the guest in the drawing room, and the real, though apparently trivial, motives which prevented him from proclaiming the truth.

"Ah! sir," cried the major, in despair, "what shall we do now?—what step can we take? My niece is ruined. And that is not the worst, her reputation is compromised! lost! as well as her mother's and my own! Before more than twenty persons we have all three declared that we knew you some time. How can we retract those words without drawing upon ourselves the most terrible ridicule and scandal? This will kill my niece, sir!"

"I am ready to do anything," said Raffaello.

"How can I repair the misfortune of this fatal mistake?"

"It is too late," cried the major. There is no way of saving ourselves."

At this moment the coach pulled up at the Church door.

"What is to be done?" inquired the artist, as he alighted before the door of the sacred edifice.

"My dear sir," answered the major—whose military decision seemed to be restored—this is to be done; you must marry my niece. It is true you are a stranger to me; but so is my nephew's friend. The manner in which you have just spoken the truth to me tells me you are a man of honor. Hasten, sir, take Emily's hand!—but, remember not a word of this to any one: it's a secret between us both."

And with these words the major hastily pushed Raffaello into the church. In a few moments the young artist stood before the altar, beside a young and charming girl of twenty, whose face wore an expression as tender and pure as that of a Madonna painted by one of the old masters of Italy. She cast up her eyes at the approach of the young artist; her glance at first timid became in an instant more reassured as she saw what a handsome and more than all, what an open, honest face looked upon her own. As the major afterwards declared, it might have been seen by any one that the emotion and blushes of both Raffaello and Emily clearly betokened an affair of love at first sight.

The marriage was celebrated, and the ceremony was followed, to the great joy of the bridegroom, by a splendid repast. The major took advantage at a favorite moment to slip out, so as to intercept his nephew Charles, with his friend, the other and original Mr. Smith. He met them in a hotel in the neighboring town of Colchampton. He learnt that both had been passengers in the train which had been run into. Charles had escaped unhurt, but his friend had received a severe injury.

The major told all to his nephew. Poor Smith No. 1, after lying for some time in a dangerous condition, at length recovered, and was induced to go back to London, without making any protest against the marriage, to which a common form of surname

and the accidents of steam had given rise. Charles at first wanted to lodge the contents of a five-barrelled Colt's revolver in the breast of his improvised brother-in-law; but after a few moments he shook hands warmly with the man whom he found to be dearly loved by his sister, and soon became as devotedly attached to him as to the Smith of his school-days.

Raffaello had an excellent wife. Charles had made this pair more happy than thousands who have spent time and thought in choosing. Emily loves her husband. Raffaello Smith adores his wife but he is very careful never to tell her he was 'married for a dinner.'

## The Telegraph from Cape Race.

From the "Colonial Empire."

"The general form of Newfoundland is that of an irregular triangle, having the South coast as its base. At its South-eastern extremity is Cape Race, (from the Portuguese, *Cape El Ras*, the 'Captain's Cape,') which all the steamers running from England to New York, Boston, or Portland, endeavor to make, as it lies directly in their route or rather, in their way,—as a detour has to be made from the direct line in order to clear it. The coast at Cape Race is bold and rocky; the cliffs rise in precipitous out of the water, and their strata are tossed, and torn asunder, as if by some great convulsion of nature. A huge black rock lifts its head out of the deep water immediately in front of the Cape. The eternal swell of the Atlantic has worn great hollows in the cliffs; and in some places, masses of slaty rock stand out, isolated from the huge wall that breaks the restless Ocean over thundering against it, and throwing its flaming spray high up the precipices.

On the top of the cliffs, a very short distance from the edge, stands a well built light-house painted white, with red vertical stripes. A little further inland is the telegraph station, a small neat building, from which the wire can be seen stretching away on tall poles, standing out clearly on the moors and barrens which are the great feature of Newfoundland.

Two whale boats, of the very best description, are employed to board the steamers which pass. Both these boats were built at New York; one is a 'white-hull' boat, and the other, said to be the best of the two, was built in Brooklyn. The boats are kept in recesses of the rocks, one on each side of the Cape, so as to take advantage of that side which may be at the moment the most favorable for launching or landing—both operations being attended with considerable danger.

The crew consists of four oarsmen, natives of Newfoundland, and magnificent men they are, equal to any and every emergency. The fifth man is their steersman—Mr. Murphy the News Agent. He is said to be a native of Sydney, Cape Breton, and certainly, the way in which he manages a boat in all weathers, and makes his way on board vessels at times when the most daring would tremble, is something quite wonderful, and scarcely to be credited. To see him standing up with a foot on each gunwale, swaying with the motion of the boat in the most awful sea, and steadying himself with the tiller ropes, ready for his spring, in boarding, is enough to make the blood run cold while watching him.

In the night, or in unusually stormy weather, when the boat cannot undertake or get near the steamer, a tin canister is thrown over containing the latest news papers and despatches. These canisters are cylindrical, about 18 inches in length and six inches in diameter; they are carefully soldered up, and have a piece of lead at one end to make them float upright in the water, while straps at the side carry a slight pine staff, about three feet long, bearing a tiny flag, which serves to mark the position of the canister, and render it more readily seen and picked up.

Having obtained the news, the men pull for the shore with a long and powerful stroke, and the boat goes dancing over the waves in right gallant style. Murphy springs on shore at any available point; he is next seen scrambling up the cliffs, and rushing along to the Station House with the speed of a reindeer, for he is as active on land as on the sea. From thence, the news is sent off without an instant's delay, by wires which stretch from that point 400 miles westwardly to Port au Basque, over one of the wildest countries in the world—mountains, moors, ravines, roaring torrents and mad precipices following each other in quick succession.

Port au Basque is at the South Western extremity of Newfoundland, near Cape Ray—a name also derived from the Portuguese—*Cape El Ray*, the 'King's Cape.' From this point a cable is submerged across the main entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, here 57 miles wide, to Aspy Bay, at the North Eastern extremity of Cape Breton, between North Cape and Smoky Cape, both remarkable headlands rising directly from the sea to the height of 1300 feet, and 950 feet respectively.

From Aspy Bay, the line is brought through the broken but most picturesque country which forms the interior of Cape Breton, to the Northwest of the magnificent sea-lake known as the Great Bras d'Or, and passes on to its western extremity, at the peninsula of St. Peter's.—Thence it follows the post-road to Plaisance Cove, in the Strait of Canso, where communication is maintained with the shore of Nova Scotia, (the mainland of America) by means of a submarine cable not much more than half-a-mile in length. This is landed in a cove a little to the northward of Cape Porcupine, which cape is nearly a thousand feet in height.

Thence the Cape Race line follows the Eastern coast of Nova Scotia, by Antigonish, to Merigonish, (around the head of Pictou Basin.) on to Port Wallace and Pugwash, whence it strikes off to Amherst, and there intersects the main telegraph with the whole Western world, terminating only at the Pacific!

Thus we got the last news from Cape Race, the steamer 'City of Washington' having been boarded off that lonely mass of storm washed rock, on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The news reached here during the night, and we were thus enabled by much exertion, to lay it before our readers at an early hour on Monday morning. On the same day, in all probability, it was published at San Francisco, and doubtless caused as much sensation there as it appears to have done in all the towns and cities on the Atlantic seaboard.

## THE CARRIER'S ANNUAL ADDRESS, TO THE PATRONS OF THE Carleton Sentinel.

WOODSTOCK, JANUARY 1, 1862.

"Christmas comes but once a year,  
But when it cometh brings good cheer;"  
And though it brings the winters gloom  
Earth's summer beauties to entomb  
Beneath monotony's pale reign,  
Yet comes there pleasures in its train.

Skating when mild Luna's beams  
Sparkle on smooth frozen streams;  
Gliding fast in fur clad sleigh,  
When jocular, proud prancers neigh,  
With jingling bells, make roundelay.

Come days of lightsome mirth and glee,  
When friends hold high festivity,  
In heart-reunions, greetings dear,  
In wretched smiles and goodly cheer.  
Thus Christmas ushers in the year.

Another year's brief sands have run,  
Mid hopes and tears ends 61,  
And I (oh shades of halcyon dimes)  
Must mingle with its parting chimes,  
My expected annual New Years rhymes.

Friends of an independent press!  
For you my prayers shall still arise,  
That Heaven with richest gifts may bless  
Your lives. That nether propitious skies  
Our country's pathway still may be,  
Her sons industrious, good, and free.

Proud of the land we call our own,  
We ask that this no better home;  
Nor languid lands in sunnier zone,  
Can ever tempt our feet to roam;  
Nor cease to bless the Fathers land,  
That cast "our lines" in this dear land.

Hard times are here and scarce cash,  
Folks talk of universal crash;  
And yet though stocks may rise and fall,  
Banks break and trade go to the wall,  
One interest still survives them all.

My readers have investments there,  
Largely may they their riches share!  
Old Master Earth's, the Bank that's meant,  
She yields investors cent per cent,  
And fills the lap of sweet content.

The year that's gone! what has it done?  
Turn to the page of 61!

First here, at home, our native land,  
Have peace and joy on every hand,  
Their blessings scattered far and wide;  
Nor fall disease, nor war's red tide,  
Have come to blast our social flower,  
Or desecrate our social bowers.

But hark! what sounds salute the ear?  
The bugle shrill, the martial drum,  
The clash of arms, the hearty cheer,  
The shout—the British soldiers come!

Yes, British soldiers! Thirty score,  
With many a trophy from afar,  
With blood stained banners which they bore  
When valor turned the tide of war;

Banners which maid the sulphurous flame,  
Still flaunted proudly in the van,  
And bearing victory where they came,  
At Alma and at Inkerman.

What means this strange array? and why  
The excitement which each hour brings,  
The war portending tales that fly  
Constant on the electric wings?

It means John Bull won't longer brook  
The insults offered to his flag,  
But in resistless tones rebuke  
The Yankee's temerarious brag.

Oh Jonathan you are not big  
Enough a boy to thrash your mother;  
Settle secession and the 'Nig'  
Before you seek her fame to smother.

Rash act when Wilkes, law-reading elf,  
On high ambitious purpose bent,  
Sought to immortalize himself  
And humble England, on the Trent!

We want not war but must maintain  
The ancient honor of our land,  
Nor see her bright escutcheon stained  
By any desecrating hand.

But Jonathan I guess will say,  
Now that the Lion's roared, *du tell*  
You needn't make such daunted fray,  
We'll give up Mason and Slidell.

"A sound of woe from Windsor's stately piles  
While requiems toll, and her solemn aches,  
Comes; while the sorrow of the public heart  
Tells in these mournings that all bear a part.  
Britannia's Queen—Britannia's people mourn,  
While torch succeeding torch illumed each well,  
And Bannock Burn of England's chivalry:  
The rich plumed canopy, the gorgeous wall,  
The sacred march and subtle-vested wall,  
These were not rites of inexpressive show,  
But hallowed as the types of real woe.  
Beloved Monarch! for a nation's sighs,  
A nation's heart were with these obsequies,  
Yes, from a million hearts shall rise the prayer,  
God bless the Queen with strength this sorrow  
Deep to bear."

Now, patrons I must bid adieu,  
My muse is out, your patience too.  
There's much that I would like to mention,  
Which through the year has met attention,  
And marked the strangely varied stages  
Of time, as on the papers pages.  
And if next year the potent doing  
(If we can judge of what is brewing)  
You would read promptly, printed well,  
Why you must take the SENTINEL.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

The steamship "Bermuda" has reached England with a cargo of 2,000 bales of cotton, having sailed from the blockade at Charleston. The ship "Vanderbilt" has also reached Havana with another cargo.

Experiments are being made at the Washington Navy Yard with an apparatus for the ejection of "liquid fire." At a recent trial, a steady stream of the burning fluid was projected fifty yards from a force pump contrived for the purpose. The locality where the experiment was made was covered with a perfect sheet of flame.

The International Company have already laid the keel of a new steamer in New York, for the Saint John route.—She will be larger than the "New Brunswick," and is to be ready to commence her trips next spring.

Lord Milton, eldest son of Earl Fitzwilliam, has been making an extended tour in North America; He left New York last week in the "Asia" for Liverpool.

Queen Victoria's youngest son, Prince Leopold, eight years old last April, having shown symptoms of delicate health, has been sent to winter in the south of France.

A few months ago, the steamer Royal Charter from Australia, was wrecked on the coast of England, and afterwards sold for £4000. Messrs. Gibbs, Bright & Co became the purchasers, had the right to a safe in the wreck containing £7000 in gold. A few weeks ago, the safe was recovered with the £7000 in it.

The Daily News, which has generally shown a Northern bias, observes that "the United States Government has struck its best friend in the face, a friend that never yet when smitten on the left cheek turned the right for a second blow."

Some unknown person has forwarded to the Treasurer of the Baptist Missionary Society in London the sum of \$2,000 as a "Thank Offering."

There is a slight upward tendency in the English Deal Market. Messrs. Mac Kay quote them at 47 10s and 47 15s per standard.

By an invention on exhibition in Boston a pair of boots may be made in fifteen minutes.

A system of reporting by machinery is again announced, the discovery of a Frenchman named Scott.

A correspondent on board the U.S. ship "Savannah," blockading the mouth of the harbor of Savannah, sends us an account of the arrival of the stone fleet off that place and the total loss of five of the vessels by going ashore.—*Boston Traveller.*

The city of St. John contains a population of 21,317—an increase of 4,468 since 1851.

Alex. McKinlay, private Secretary of Commodore Dupont, is about to prosecute the Tribune for libel, for having published a statement of its correspondent, that he (Mr. McKinlay) had deserted to the Confederates with the orders and plans of the attack upon Port Royal.

A Paris correspondent of the London Daily News learns that when Mr. Slidell was taking leave of his wife on the Trent, he placed his despatches in her hands, in a box loaded with shot, and told her to go to her cabin, and sit at the port hole, and if any attempt was made to take the box, to drop it into the sea. Mrs. Slidell obeyed the command, but was not molested, and took the despatches to England.

It is said that a girl in England was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon. Since then a number of married men have invited the artillery to come and discharge their pieces on their premises.

A snow shoe club has been started in Quebec under the patronage of Lord Monck.

Several Englishmen now serving in our army, among them Col. Havelock and Capt. Stuart, have, it is declared, signified their intention to resign should further complication ensue. In other cases extraordinary and painful evidences of hostility to our cause has been shown. The general feeling however appears to be sincere regret at what they regard the inevitable issue.—*N. Y. Paper.*

The extra of the Canada Gazette, issued on Friday, contains a Militia General Order requiring one company of seventy-five men from each battalion of the sedentary militia to be immediately formed for active service, of volunteers from service men; no man to be accepted who does not volunteer for immediate service, and on a day's notice.—There is a general state of military activity among the Canadians, who are forming rifle regiments, artillery corps, naval brigades, &c., to defend themselves in case of a Yankee invasion.—*Boston Journal.*

The Frederick Reporter says, we expect Mr. Tilley by the steamer which leaves Liverpool to-morrow (28th inst.) We have by no means been left in ignorance of his active movement in England, but the communications which we have received have been strictly private.

The French press is as unanimous as the British in denouncing the conduct of Wilkes in his abduction of Mason and Slidell.

Arch Bishop Cullen has issued a Pastoral, warning the people against connecting themselves with secret societies.—*Reporter.*

CANADIAN BANK BILLS IN THE STATES.—There is a large quantity of Canadian paper circulating in the Northwestern States of the Union, and the people thereof are beginning to think that, as the Canadians insist upon a war they ought to be made to support it at their own solid expense. The Detroit (Mich.) Advertiser advises that nothing be done in haste; but as the least probability of a war between this country and England is a proper justification of the process men, in ordinary procedure, ought to begin gradually to substitute something else for the Canadian paper.—New England bank bills, it says, and Government Treasury notes may be made to take its place to a large extent, without producing any embarrassment, much less a panic in financial matters. If we were sure that our present amicable relations with Canada would continue, we should have no distrust of Canadian money, nor should we desire to have it excluded from circulation. But it is best to look this matter square in the face and provide for contingencies before it is too late.—*Boston Journal.*

## General News.

DEFENCES OF TORONTO.—The defences of Toronto are now being rapidly strengthened, in anticipation of the occurrence of anything unpleasant in the relations of Great Britain with the neighboring Republic. At the Old Fort, commanding the western entrance to the harbor and the railway approaches to the city, the most active preparations are being made. Yesterday afternoon the work was commenced of erecting a new battery of ten guns on the south side of the barracks, overlooking the extensive warehouses of the Grand Trunk Railway, the Queen's Wharf and the channel. Two hundred men of the 39th Regiment were detailed for the duty, and at 3 o'clock marched out to work, armed with pick-axes and shovels. They appeared quite jubilant at the prospect—remote as we trust it is—of active operations in the field, and set about their work, under the superintendence of an officer of the Royal Engineers, with a readiness and spirit characteristic of the British soldier. The breastwork on which they are employed will extend along nearly the whole south front of the parade ground, and will be a strong and formidable work. The guns to be mounted upon it—or rather behind it—are sixty four pounders, with one large Armstrong gun, which will command nearly the whole harbor. The timber for the platforms, &c., is now on the ground, and, and otherwise prepared for immediate use. There is an old earthwork, with a three gun battery, on this side of the fort, but it has for years been crumbling away, and now does not rise more than three feet above the surface of the parade ground. The new earthwork will be raised about ten feet inside of the old, and will have a base apparently of about 20 feet. There are now on the ground upwards of twenty old smooth bore cannon, "honey-combed" with rust, and long since condemned. The carriages for the new metal arrived by rail yesterday, and were hauled to the barracks on Messrs. Hendrie & Shelden's heavy wagons. The guns are expected to arrive to-day or to-morrow.—Very little information with regard to the work is to be obtained on the ground. The officer in charge, on being asked by our reporter, said he knew little further than the fact that it was to be a ten-gun battery, and that little he was not at liberty to communicate. The work is apparently to be pushed forward in great haste, 200 men being detailed every day for the purpose. They receive extra pay for the labor, and appear exceedingly anxious to be employed. It is reported that the government had intended to extend the fortifications along the bank of the lake to the new fort, planting batteries in all for thirty-six heavy cannon; and that, in addition, a heavy battery is to be erected on the north-west angle of the fort, overlooking the ravine, and commanding the Great Western and Northern Railways. It is also reported that about 10,000 men are to be erected on the common between the two forts; and that works are to be constructed at the eastern end of the city, somewhere in the neighborhood of the Don River. What truth there is in these rumors we have no reason of judging, but they probably arise from the fact of the council of military authorities lately held at Quebec, and the recent visit of His Excellency the Commander of the Forces in this city. A great deal of interest is taken in the warlike preparations now going on, and many of our citizens yesterday visited the fort for the purpose of satisfying their curiosity. Although guards are mounted at the gates, no obstacle is presented to an entrance, and visitors are at liberty to roam at will through the barracks and grounds.—*Leader, 3rd.*

The unequal and unjust manner in which the educational grants are allocated in the Province is not the only grievance that presses hard upon the mind of Protestants, and proves that our rulers have not the moral courage to be impartial. All Protestants who respect the laws pay a heavy tax on registry certificates of marriage. The latter in several cases falls heavily upon ministers. Not so with our Catholic fellow subjects. When the money of the State is to be divided they grasp more than their share; but when the revenues are to be raised, they are allowed to escape a portion of the burdens. They are utterly disregarded the law, decline and refuse to purchase marriage licenses, celebrate marriages, celebrate marriage without license, contrary to law; without proclamation of banns contrary to law, and also, we are told, without registration, contrary to law. The Protestants have a heavy burden—the Catholics are not required to bear it, simply because there is no power which seems to have any concern that *this law* of the Province shall be observed. The law, itself, is plain enough. It is thus: "Whoever, being duly authorized, shall solemnize marriage between any persons whomsoever, before proclamation of banns according to law, unless a license for such marriage is first duly observed, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall pay a fine of twenty pounds." Protestants being bound by this law comply with it, at whatever cost. A large section of their fellow citizens are not required to do so, but permitted to evade and violate the law. The former bear burdens from which the latter are exempt—an exemption unknown in purely Catholic countries. Now we humbly venture to think that Her Majesty's subjects in New Brunswick should be placed on an equal footing; that laws made, should be enforced; that if allowed to remain a dead letter as regards one lawless class, they should not be imposed upon law-abiding citizens. We trust we will be excused for our presentation of this *law* of the Province to the consideration of Her Majesty's subjects.—*Colonial Presbyterian.*

THE THREATENED FAMINE IN IRELAND.—The Roman Catholic clergy of the diocese of Ballinrobe, in the county of Mayo—12 in number have adopted a series of resolutions on the apprehended destitution in the West, and a memorial founded thereon to the Lord-Lieutenant, begging the interposition of the government. They assert that the staple food of people in that district has totally failed this year, notwithstanding what a high official excursionist has stated to the contrary." According to them "the miserable remnant of the potato crop which has survived consists, generally speaking, of small sprouts, tubers, which are unwholesome and unfit for human food." The humble proprietors of the western counties of Ireland are said to be doing their duty in a praiseworthy manner, towards the poor in their district who are suffering for want of food. The "fuel committee" are active, and have got supplies of coals, which they distribute as far as possible to the fuelless and others who are able to pay. The Marquis of Sligo has ordered a large quantity of coals for the poor of Westport, and Mr. G. Livingstone has followed the example. Colonel Knox, Sir R. Lynch-Blosse, Mr. Valetine, O'Connor, Blake, Lord Channorris, and Major Cream are supplying large quantities of fuel gratuitously, by getting their woods and plantations thinned and pruned.

A physician passing by a stone mason's shop, bawled out—"Good morning, Mr. B.—" Hard at work, I see. You finish your gravestones as far as "In memory of," and then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why, yes," replied the old man; "unless somebody's sick, and you are decorating them, then I keep right on."

A reduction of from 50,000 to 100,000 men is spoken of in the French army. The men are to be returned home on a furlough of one year.

A dying planter groaning to his favorite servant, said, "An' Sumb' I am going on a long journey—"

Never mind Massa, it am all de way down hill, said the negro consolingly.