

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIV.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1862.

TERMS. \$1.50 if paid in advance.

NO 19

## Poetry.

### SUMMER LONGINGS.

Oh! my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May,  
Waiting for the pleasant ramble,  
Where the fragrant hawthorn branches,  
With the woodbine alternating,  
Scent the dreary way.  
Oh! my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May.  
Oh! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May,  
Longing to escape from study,  
To the fair young face and ruddy,  
And the thousand claims belonging  
To the summer day.  
Oh! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May,  
Oh! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May,  
Sighing for the pleasant ramble,  
Where the fragrant hawthorn branches,  
With the woodbine alternating,  
Scent the dreary way.  
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## Select Tale.

### THE DOUBLE ROBBERY.

Towards the close of the last century Northumberland and the border were terribly infested by those of the bucculent mind—particularly obnoxious specimens of the genus thief known as “rivers” or “lifters” of cattle.

Almost all the rascals who followed this not un-lucrative profession trusted chiefly to mere brute force to carry out successfully their nefarious schemes. There was, however, one exception to this rule to be found in the person of a celebrated freebooter, known as “Dickey of Kingswood.” This worthy openly expressed his disapprobation of his rivals’ vulgar mode of following their profession, and repeatedly boasted that he could achieve twice as much by his cunning as they could by their brute force. Nor was this assertion of his mere empty boasting—far from it.

In a few years time Dickey’s name became the terror of the country side. No farmer felt secure when he retired to rest at night that his cattle might not have vanished ere morning. So cleverly, moreover, were all Dickey’s enterprises conducted, that no man could ever succeed in making personal acquaintance with him. He openly set justice at defiance, and laughed at the futile efforts of the law to punish him. Perhaps, however, the best way to illustrate the adroitness and good luck which characterized all Dickey’s proceedings will be for me to relate the story of one of his exploits.

It appears, then, that during the course of his peregrinations through Northumberland, one fine afternoon, Dickey’s eyes were gladdened by the sight of a field near Denton Burn, a village distant three miles from Newcastle.

Determined to possess them, Dickey hung about the place till nightfall, watched where the animals were driven to, and—his usual good fortune assisting him—speedily secured his prize. He also contrived, by the exercise of his accustomed cunning, to leave such traces behind him as made the owner of the oxen certain that the freebooter had made off towards the Tweed. Thither he accordingly proceeded in hot haste. In the interim, however, Dickey had lost no time in “making tracks” towards the west country, and so expeditions were his movements, that in a short time he reached Lancashire in Cumberland. Here he fell in with an old farmer on horseback, who, being delighted with the appearance of the oxen, forthwith purchased them.

Dickey was of course rejected at getting rid so pleasantly of a charge which could not fail to be troublesome—viz, possibly, dangerous—for him longer to retain. The farmer, moreover, was mounted upon a splendid mare, which Dickey, with his peculiar ideas on the subject of *meum* and *tuum*, at once resolved, by fair means or foul, to secure. He therefore, willingly accepted the farmer’s hospitable invitation to accompany him to his house in order that they might “crack” a bottle of wine in honor of their bargain. Presently Dickey inquired of the farmer if he would sell him his mare?

“Sell you my mare?” exclaimed his host, all agast at this proposition. “Sell my mare! No, thank you! Why, there’s not her equal in the whole north country!”

“Do not doubt it, Mr. Musgrave,” responded Dickey “and from what I saw of her paces this morning, I am quite of your opinion that there’s not her equal within a hundred miles of us; but,” added the obsequious Dick, “since you will not sell her, I can only wish you long life and good health to enjoy her.”

This sentiment was of course duly honored in a bumper.

“I hope, Mr. Musgrave,” next observed Dickey, “that you keep a close look-out after your stable-door, because now, when that confounded rascal, Dickey of Kingswood is allowed to be at liberty, a man cannot be sure but that any fine morning he may find his stable empty.”

“Stable! ha! ha!” chuckled the farmer. “I think,” he continued, “that Dickey of Kingswood would find it rather difficult to steal my mare out of her stable!”

“Indeed! where may her stable be situated?” inquired Dickey.

“Her stable! God bless you, sir!” answered Mr. Musgrave. “Her stable is in my bedroom!” I’m a bachelor, and so every night I fasten her to my bed-post. I have had a mangle put up for her in the room, and no music is so pleasant to me as to hear her grinding her corn all night by my bedside.”

Dickey was astounded—as well he might be—at such unheard-of precautions; but, disguising his astonishment, he contented himself by simply ex-

pressing to the farmer his hearty approval of the means he adopted to secure the safety of his favorite.

“I suppose you have a good look upon your bedroom door?” was Dickey’s next “feeler.”

“Come with me, and I will show it you,” replied the unsuspecting farmer.

This was of course just what Dickey wanted. He examined the lock carefully, and soon satisfied himself that he could pick it without much difficulty.

He, however, declared to Mr. Musgrave that it was “just the right sort of lock;” it couldn’t have been better, in fact; “it was quite nonpickable,” &c., &c.

Again the loving cup passed around, and after draining a bumper to their “next merry meeting,” Dickey departed.

The old farmer, after his guest’s leave-taking had been completed, carefully went the rounds of his house, locking doors and closing windows with all due precaution. He then, as usual, tied his mare to her accustomed post, retired to bed, and was soon lulled to sleep by the sound of his favorite’s grinding her corn.

So the night wore away. Presently, as the first gray streaks of day began to appear, Mr. Musgrave awoke, and feeling very cold and chilly, looked round to ascertain the cause. To his astonishment he found that all the coverlets had been taken off his bed, and that his blankets had been spread out upon the floor. For what purpose? thought Mr. Musgrave. Was he the victim of some horrible nightmare, or was he really awake? Mechanically his eye glanced to the spot where his mare should have been. She was not there! She was not there—stolen! During the night some thief had broken into the farmhouse, had picked the lock on the door of the bedroom, had spread the blankets over the floor, so that the hoofs of the mare should make no noise, and had thus triumphantly made off with his prize.

Of course Mr. Musgrave roused his household, and commenced a vigorous search after the thief. It was useless. The despoiler had left no traces behind him, and so Mr. Musgrave was obliged to return home disconsolate, and to content himself with venting curses—neither few nor far between—upon the thief.

In the meantime our friend Dickey—for his was the deed—was comfortably mounted upon Mr. Musgrave’s favorite mare, and was every moment increasing the distance between her outraged owner and himself. So great was the speed of the mare, that by break of day Dickey felt himself secure from pursuit. He had directed his steps to the eastward and whilst crossing Haltwhistle Fell, whom should he encounter but the veritable owner of the oxen he had stolen two or three days before, and had just sold to Mr. Musgrave.

Dickey knew the owner of the oxen well, but luckily for the freebooter, that injured individual did not know him. He therefore accosted Dickey, and inquired if he had seen any oxen in the course of his travels, similar to those which he described himself to Dick as being in search of.

“Why to be sure I have!” replied Dickey; “with the very same marks as you describe, grazing in Mr. Musgrave’s fields at Lancroost, only yesterday. I was rather struck,” he continued, “by their appearance, and learnt on inquiry, from one of his servants, that Mr. Musgrave had purchased them just yesterday. Undoubtedly the oxen are yours.—I would advise you to go to Lancroost at once, and claim them.”

“Certainly I will,” replied the other. “But I am knocked up with walking, and it is a long way to Lancroost. I see you ride a good beast. Will you sell her?”

After some hard bargaining, terms were agreed upon, the purchase money was paid down on the spot, and Dickey and the farmer separated: the former to seek his stolen oxen, actually from the very owner of the stolen mare he was himself riding; whilst Dickey proceeded “where he listed.”

The next day the farmer reached Lancroost, and, of course, at once recognized his own oxen grazing in the field. He forthwith rode up to an elderly man standing near, whom he judged to be the owner of the field, and exclaimed:

“I say, friend, those are my oxen in your field! How may you have come by them?”

“And I’ll be d—d,” replied the other (after taking a long, astonished look at the animal on which his questioner was mounted), “if that’s not my mare you are riding! How may you have come by her pray?”

Each of course described the person from whom they had respectively purchased the oxen and the mare, and when this was said, they discovered that the tale had indeed been “sold” by a rogue of no common order.

So laughable, however, did the joke appear—even to those who had to “pay the piper” in the affair—that neither party could prevent breaking into a peal of merriment when the particulars were fully disclosed.

It was now clear that the only way to settle the affair, was for each party to take back his own property. Mr. Musgrave was of course overjoyed at the recovery of his favorite mare; and the Denton Burn farmer, being equally delighted at the recovery of his favorite oxen,—it fell out that, in the general bust of rejoicing, Dickey was allowed to quietly pocket the sale money of both mare and oxen.

Whether Dickey ultimately came to an untimely end, or whether he reformed his ways, and died, duly “shrined” in his own bed, history telleth not. Certain it is, however, that to this day his deeds are “household words” in many parts of Northumberland, and that the mention of his name amongst the peasantry is considered synonymous with “cuteness.”

“A man who will maliciously set fire to a barn,” said Mr. Slow, “and burn up twenty cows, ought to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I like to do it.” Slow is very severe sometimes.

The Albany Argus says of a brother editor, that his “allusions to the subject of temperance would come from him with better effect if his nose had not turned State’s evidence against his mouth.”

A non-poetic and unamiable friend of ours in the hardware line we caught once trying to sing a familiar serenade. He opened on the first line thus:—“Roll on German silver plated moon!”

## SOMEBODY IN MY BED.

Few of our readers, perhaps, have ever been placed in the situation in which our doctor once found himself. The following is his story:—

“I believe Captain” said the doctor “I never told you my adventure with a woman at my boarding house, when I was attending the lectures?”

“No; let’s have it,” replied the individual addressed, a short, fat man of about fifty, with a highly nervous temperament, and a very red face.

“At the time I attended the lectures, I boarded at a house in which there were no females but the landlady and an old colored cook—”

Here the doctor made a slight pause, and the captain, by way of requesting him to go on, said, “Well.”

“I often felt the want of female society to soften the severe labor of my study, and to dispel the ennui to which I was subject—”

“Well,” said the captain.

“But as I feared that forming acquaintances among the ladies might interfere with my studies, I avoided them all.”

“Well.”

“One evening after listening to a long lecture on physical anatomy, and dissecting a large negro fatigued in body and mind, I went to my lodgings.”

“Well,” said the captain.

“I went into the hall, took a large lamp and went directly to my room, it being after one o’clock.”

“Well.”

“I placed the lamp on the table, and commenced undressing. I had but my coat off when my attention was attracted to a dress and a quantity of petticoats lying on a chair.”

“Well,” said the captain, who began to show signs that he was deeply interested.

“A pair of beautiful small shoes and stockings were on the floor. Of course I thought it strange, and was about to retire but then thought it was my room, and I had at least a right to know who was in my bed.”

“Exactly,” nodded the captain—“well.”

So I took the light, went softly to the bed, and with a trembling hand drew aside the curtain. Heavens! what a sight! A young girl, I should say an angel, was in there asleep.”

“Well,” said the captain giving his chair a hitch.

“As I gazed upon her, I thought that I never witnessed anything more beautiful. From underneath a little nightcap, rivaling the snow in whiteness, fell a stray ringlet over a neck and shoulders of alabaster.”

“Well,” said the excited captain, giving his chair another hitch.

“Never did I look upon a bust more perfectly formed. I took hold of the coverlid and gently pulled it down.”

“Well,” said the captain, betraying the utmost excitement.

“To the waist.”

“Well,” said the captain, dropping the paper and renewing the position of his legs.

“She had on a night dress, buttoned up before but softly I opened the two first buttons—”

“Well,” said the captain, hitching his chair right and left, and squirting tobacco juice against the stove, made it fairly fizzle again.

“I thought it was taking a mean advantage of her—seized my coat and boots and went and slept in another room.”

“It’s a lie!” shouted the excited captain jumping up and kicking over his chair—“IT’S A LIE!”

At a printer’s festival the following toast was given: “The editor and lawyer—the devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires the original of the latter.”

“Tommy, my son, run to the store and get me some sugar.” “Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring me a plug of tobacco?”

Tell me, thou mighty deep, with waves so blue and clear, is there a good time coming when hoops will disappear? Some foreign, neck-bound shore, some inland far away, where those outrageous street balloons shall all be stowed away? The mighty deep was riddled by a squall and answered sadly, “none at all.”

“Your hand annoys me exceedingly,” said a French nobleman in Paris to a talkative person, sitting near him at a dinner, and who was constantly suiting the action to the word. “Indeed, my lord,” replied the gabbler, “we are so crowded at the table that I do not know where to put my hand.” “Put it in your mouth,” said the nobleman.

A respectable surgeon in London, in making his daily rounds to see his patients, had occasion to call at a house at Charing Cross, where he left his horse to the care of a Jew boy, whom he usually saw in the streets. On coming out of the house, he naturally enough expected to find his trusty servant treating himself to a ride; but no—Mordcau knew the use of time and the value of money a little better—he was letting the horse to little boys in the street, a penny a ride to the Horse Guards and back.

“A fine old Irish gentleman,” at Lynn who did not own a flag, wishing to celebrate the Federal victories, hung out a blue shirt and a white one, “wid the ould woman’s red petticoat,” saying, “he jabsers, I’ll have the imblins, any how.”

A cup of coffee is a sure barometer, if you allow the sugar to drop to the bottom of the cup and watch the bubbles arise without disturbing the coffee. If the bubbles collect in the middle, the weather will be fine; if they adhere to the cup, forming a ring, it will be rainy day; if the bubbles separate without assuming any fixed position, changeable weather may be expected. Try it.

“Bob, you say that you believe diseases contagious. How long have you entertained such notions?” “Ever since I sat alongside a blue-eyed girl, and caught the palpitation of the heart.”

As thorns are to the rose, so are pins to lovely woman. A female in full dress is never unprotected.

Anna Maria Story was married to Bob Short. A very pleasant way of making a “story short.”

## MURMURING.

I was tired of washing dishes; I was tired of drudgery. It had’t always been so, and I was dissatisfied. I never sat down a moment to read, that Jamie didn’t want a doughnut, or a piece of paper to scribble on or a bit of soap to make bubbles. I’d rather be in the penitentiary, I said one day, than have my life teased out so, as Jamie knocked my elbow, when I was writing to a friend.

But a morning came when I had one plate less to wash—one chair less to set away by the walls in the dining room; when Jamie’s little crib was put away in the garret, and it has never come down since. I had been unusually fretful and discontented with him that damp November morning that he took the croup—Gloomy weather gave me the headache, and I had less patience than at other times. By and by he was singing in another room “I want to be an angel,” and presently rang out the metallic croup. I never hear that hymn since that it don’t cut me to the heart; for the croup cough rings out with it. He grew worse towards night, and when husband came home, he went for a doctor. At first, he seemed to help him; but it merged into inflammatory croup, and was soon over.

I ought to have been called in sooner,” said the doctor.

I have a servant to wash the dishes now, and when a visitor comes, I can sit down and entertain her, without having to work all the time. There is no little boy worrying me to open his jack-knife, and there are no whittlings over the floor. The magazines are not soiled with looking at the pictures, but stand prim and neat on the reading table, just as I leave them.

“Your carpet never looks dirty,” say weary worn mothers to me. “Oh, no,” I mutter to myself, “there’s no muddy little boots to dirty it now.” But my face is weary as theirs—weariness with sitting in my lonesome parlor at twilight—weariness with watching for the little arms that used to twine around my neck—for the curls that brushed against my cheek—for the young laugh which rang out with mine, as we watched the blazing coal fire, or made rabbits with the shadow on the wall waiting merrily together for papa coming home—I have the weath and ease I longed for, but at what a price? And when I see mothers with grown-up sons driving to town or church, and my hair silvered over with gray, I think what might have been, had I murmured less at the providence of God.—Reader—your mother you may be—had you heard this mother tell her story, you would have felt to say with the writer—“I will be more patient with my little ones—I will murmur less.”—[Mrs. Stephens.]

TO TAKE THE SCENT OUT OF CLOTHING.—Sitting on the piazza of the Cataract was a young, lippish looking gentleman, his garments highly scented with a mingled odor of musk and cologne. A solemn-faced, old-looking man, after passing by the dandy several times, with a look of aversion which drew general notice, suddenly stopped, and in a confidential tone said:

“Stranger, I know what’ll take that scent out of your clothes; you—”

“What! what do you mean, sir?” said the exquisite, fired with indignation, starting from his chair.

“Oh, get mad, now—swear, pitch round, fight, just because a man wants to do you a kindness!” coolly replied the stranger.

“But I tell you I do know what will take out that smell—phew! You just bury your clothes—bury ’em a day or two. Uncle Josh got awful of a skunk, and he—”

At this moment there went up from the crowd a simultaneous roar of merriment, and the dandy very sensibly “cleared the coop” and vanished up stairs.

SKIN DISEASES.—Little black spots are occasionally observed upon the nose and forehead of some individuals. These specks, when they exist in any number, are a cause of much unsightliness. They are minute corks, if we may use the term, of coagulated lymph, which close the orifices of some of the pores or exhalant vessels of the skin. On the skin immediately adjacent to them being pressed with the finger nails, these bits of coagulated lymph will come from it in a vermicular form. They are vulgarly called “flesh-worms,” many persons fancying them to be living creatures. These may be got rid of, and prevented from returning, by washing with tepid water, or proper friction with a towel, and by the application of a little cold cream. The longer these little pests are permitted to remain in the skin, the more firmly they become fixed.

Oh, marry the man you love, girls, if you can get him at all; if he is rich as Croesus, or as poor as Job in his hall. Pray, do not marry for pelf, girls, ’twill bring your soul into thrall, but marry the man you love, girls, if his is ever so small. Oh, never marry a fop, girls, whether he is little or tall; he’ll make a fool of himself and you, he knows nothing well but to drawl. But marry a sober man, girls, there are a few left on this ball; and you’ll never rue the day, girls, that you ever married at all.

It was told as a good-natured joke, of a certain old doctor, that being out in the graveyard taking a morning walk, a visitor asked the doctor’s servant where he could find his master. “He has gone to visit some of his old patients,” was the dandy’s reply.

An elderly lady who was handling a pair of artificial plates in a dental office, and admiring the fluency with which the dentist described them, asked him, “Can a body eat with these things?”

“My dear madam, mastication can be performed by them with a facility scarcely excelled by Nature herself,” responded the dentist.

“Yes I know; but can a body eat with ’em?” replied the woman.

A colored man in Norwich, Conn., having enlisted, a friend suggested to him that if Jeff Davis caught him, he’d hang him.

“No, sir,” he replied, “don’t you believe that. Jeff Davis ain’t the man to hang fifteen hundred dollars, nor ‘any other man.’ I’m safe, I’ll bet.”

A Western paper speaks of a man who “died without the aid of a physician.” Such instances of death are very rare.

## General News.

THE PROGRESS OF ENGLAND.—“The year’s trade and navigation accounts are always an astonishing record of our doings. Some persons are fond of settling what is the ‘mission’ of this country. Considering that we have just sent abroad in a year of declining business about £60,000,000 worth of our cotton, woolen, silk, and linen manufactures, and apparel of various sorts, it might be thought that our mission is to clothe mankind. Half of all that we send them is something to wear. Our own demands upon others have been neither few nor small. We have many mouths to feed. Not to speak of such great articles as corn and sugar, what can all our hens have been about that we must needs buy in 1861 200,000,000 eggs more than last year? Our weakness for drinking of ‘course’ manifests itself in the year’s account. Nearly 25,000,000 gallons of spirits paid duty last year either at the Custom-house or to the Excise on being taken for home consumption. 25,000,000 gallons for 29,000,000 people, in addition to the above 10,000,000 gallons of foreign wine and the much beer as 42,000,000 bushels of malt might make! Some of the landmarks of the history of our times are in these registers of trade. Observe, for instance, three several dates—1841, when Sir R. Peel came into power to introduce the great commercial reforms; 1851, when they had time to do some of their work, and we were just about to see the further influence of the Great Exhibition and the gold discoveries; and 1861, or the time present. A little tabular statement will show at a glance, at each of these periods, the value of our exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures, and the tonnage of the ships that entered and cleared at our ports with cargoes in the foreign and colonial trade:

Exports. Ships entered and cleared. 1841. £51,545,116 7,325 tons. 1851. 71,448,722 13,471,377. 1861. 125,115,133 21,922,602.

It is curious to mark, in respect both to the exports and the shipping, how near the numbers in 1861 are to the sum of the two former years added together. The dates are not selected for the purposes: they are every 10 years.”—Times.

They have had a great ball lately in Richmond, according to female rebel authority in Baltimore, at which Miss Hetty Carey, one of the pretty daughters of Mr. Wilson Carey, a prominent association teacher of the latter city, figured. The story goes that she appeared at the ball dressed as a captive slave, with her hands tied at her wrists, and bearing the shield of Maryland on her bosom, indicating thereby the claims by which the state is kept in the Union. Jeff Davis came forward during the evening and released her manacled hands by the cords that bound her wrists, and thus, in the person of the lovely Hetty Carey, freed Maryland from her bondage to the Federal power, amid the stormy applause of the company.

WRECK OF A STEAMER.—FIFTY LIVES LOST.—A telegram from Milford, of the second says:—The steamer Mars, bound to Bristol from Waterford, was totally lost, last night, on Crow Rocks, about three miles from the Haven, during a heavy gale and thick fog. Six men have arrived here from the wreck, and report about fifty lives lost, and three hundred cattle perished. Lloyd’s agent has visited the spot where the vessel was lost, and he reports herself sunk in deep water. The body of a young woman has been washed ashore; name unknown. Only two of the crew were saved—named James Case and Joseph Cross, both of Bristol—and four pigriders. There was nothing saved besides.

The Madrid Gazette announces that among the articles sent from Spain to the Universal Exhibition in London, is a mechanical hand, invented by an Andalusian artist, which enables the wearer to pick up the smallest objects, and even to write, merely by the impulse of the muscles and nerves of the arm.

A DEARLY BOUGHT VICTORY.—The New York Tribune has the following melancholy summing up of the victory at Pritchard:—“But for these reinforcements, every regiment would have been killed or captured. As it was, we lost General Prentiss’s Brigade, forming the advance (with no pickets thrown out) which was completely surprised on the morning of the 6th and nearly all taken prisoners, including the brigadier. Our troops mainly fought gallantly through the day but were outnumbered and steadily pressed back, losing six batteries of Artillery (36 guns) most of their tents and camp furniture, their field hospital, with their sick and most of their surgeons, and only the tremendous fire of the gunboats and the sight of Buell’s advancing columns across the river, checked the advance of the rebels, and saved the bulk of Grant’s corps. Gen. Beauregard manifestly thought he would bag all that was left next day. But the next day, his forces were outnumbered in turn, and after a desperate struggle fought back, but they left very few behind as prisoners save the desperately wounded, and we are waiting for evidence that we took any cannon or even captured their own.

A TORCHING SCENE FROM THIS BATTLE FIELD is thus related by a wounded witness from Newbern:—“The Lieutenant was in advance of his men in the bayonet charge, when a volley from the enemy shattered his right leg and the Captain’s left. They were both removed and lay side by side, when William called to the surgeon and said, ‘Surgeon, you must amputate my leg. I cannot stand this.’ The Captain tried to persuade him not to have it removed, but he was determined, and said it must be done. The Surgeon then administered chloroform and amputated his leg.

As soon as the operation was performed, William called for a cigar, and smoked it very leisurely until the fire was near his lips. The Surgeon then came along and inquired, ‘How do you feel now, lieutenant?’ to which he replied, ‘Very comfortable, but I feel as if that stump of a leg you cut out was on again and the toes were cold.’ The captain said it made him shudder to hear William speak so coolly, and he turned his head so as to look in his face. As he gazed at him he thought his eyes looked strangely. At that moment William sat up and in a voice which never sounded louder or clearer, shouted to his men—“forward, march, and fell back dead.”

The discovery is reported in Chili of an enormous quantity of silver, at a place about 100 leagues from Copacabana, in the great desert of Aconcagua. The operations with regard to its abundance, even on the surface of the soil, are most extraordinary.

The waste paper of the English Government Office, which is collected and sold by the Stationery Office, produced above \$55,000 last year. This is independent of the “blue books” printed, but not read, which, after the lapse of a certain time, are disposed of as waste paper.

Paris letters describe the freshest “stunning” costume of the Empress as of white tulle trimmed and clouded with diamonds half way up to the skirt—a waist of sky blue velvet, bows on the shoulders ornamented with acorns of diamonds—a necklace of diamonds on blue velvet—a collar of blue velvet with diamond wrist caps and black hair fastened with a diamond comb. Altogether the effect is described as dazzling, and we can readily believe the statement. Eugenie seems to know only two things: how to be good and how to dispense dry goods and diamonds.

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