

The Carleton Sentinel.

WATTS & CO. Editors and Proprietors

Our Queen and Constitution.

TERMS. \$1.50 if paid in advance, \$2 if paid within 6 mos.

VOL. XIV.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1862.

NO. 42

Poetry.

MISS. ABIGAIL PRIM.

A ROMANCE OF CARABEVEVILLE.

Miss Abigail Prim was a beauty and belle,
With a figure exceedingly fine,
Her eyes were a sort of dim, butternut blue,
And her hair very much like a carrot in hue,
With a nose like a scarlet long-sine.

Miss Abigail Prim had plenty of beaux,
(And what pretty girl has not?)
There were soldiers, and sailors, and tinkers, and tailors
Who flew at her bidding as busy as bees,
While some of them "popped" on the spot.

But Miss Abigail Prim was a hard-hearted flirt—
I say it with tears in my eyes—
And though they protested, and promised, and swore,
They'd love her forever, and a month or two more
She gave not the least heed to their sighs.

Mr. Solomon Slow was a bashful young man,
And much deeper in love than the rest:
His shirt became buttoned, he walked thro' the mud,
Unheeding his patents, while chewing the cud
Of sad disappointment, like the "worm" in the bud,
That preyed on his buttonless breast.

One night, after staring an hour at the moon,
He was suddenly struck by a thought;
It struck him so suddenly just as he sat,
And seemed so remarkably pleasant at that,
That he nearly fell down on the spot.

"Yes, I'll ask her to-night if she'll be Mrs. Slow!"
He exclaimed as he jumped to his feet,
And Solomon hastened his dress to prepare,
To don his best coat, and to "click" up his hair,
And in half an hour more, after very much care,
He came forth most excessively neat.

Straightway he repaired to his lady-love's house,
And finding Miss Prim was at home,
With her heels on the fender, her nose in the air,
Having "done up" in paper her carry bag,
Reading Ethan Spive's last new poem.

Mr. Solomon Slow threw himself at her feet,
While his eyes with big tears grew dim;
But Miss Prim shrugged her shoulders and told him to
And be hanged, if he liked, for she'd have him to know
She'd not have a donkey like him.

The unfortunate Slow arose from his knees,
"Well, since we must part, I'll be
But my ghost, when I die, shall haunt you each night,
And now as I'm going for ever from your sight,
You may go to the—diablen for me!"

Select Tale.

THE WIFE-TAMER.

Mrs. Morton was a widow—young, pretty, rich widow, when Dr. Charles Strahan made her acquaintance. She was poor but very handsome when Squire Morton married her, and at his death, two years after, became sole heir, put on her widow's weeds, and pocketed her deceased husband's gold at the same time.

Madame Rumour said that poor old Morton never enjoyed a single hour after he married her; but how should Madame Rumour know? Of one thing, however, I can give my readers reliable information—Mrs. Norton had not been a widow twelve months ere she received, with seeming pleasure, very decided attention from Dr. Strahan.

Do you inquire who Dr. Strahan was? Well, he studied medicine, and had the title of M. D. conferred upon him, which he took pleasure in attaching to his name with a great flourish. But it is asserted that he never had half a dozen patients in as many years. He was of prepossessing appearance, a ready talker upon any subject, and was, in fact, first rate company. He played the flute and sang—was a good dancer, and an excellent partner at whist; besides, he had some literary reputation—He wrote poetry and two column sketches for the Weekly Leveller, and last, though not least, he dressed in good taste and in the height of fashion; how he did it to no one knew, but then it was no one's business.

But I must be allowed to correct one rumor which had gained considerable prevalence, to the fact that he had supported himself by his literary labors; an ordinary scribbler could hardly afford Strahan's wardrobe.

Old Squire Morton had been dead but little over a year when Dr. Strahan, despite all the gossipers could say, married the widow, and her fortune. The fact was he wanted a rich wife, as to her, she was anxious to leave her weeds and go into society again, and she could divine no readier way to accomplish these purposes than by marrying. When any one spoke to the doctor about her being a shrew he merely remarked that he should take pleasure in taming a shrew.

For three months they lived happily together, for it was in the height of the season, and between Cape May, Newport, Saratoga, and the White Mountains, they were alone with each other scarce three hours out of twenty-four; consequently it was impossible for them to disagree. But the season was soon over, and they returned to their quiet home—the place of all others to study a wife or husband. There is no unnatural excitement—no fashionable Mrs. A. to outdress; no profligate Mrs. B. to outdo in squandering money; no one to see, to please, but the "other half."

After a season of long-continued gaiety there necessarily follows one of extreme dullness; and when one is dull one is easily displeased. Now Mr. and Mrs. Strahan were both remarkably dull, and, as a matter, both were greatly displeased.

It was their third day at home upon which their first quarrel commenced. How it commenced neither could clearly tell. It is only known that Strahan expressed a desire to dine upon roast beef, upon which Mrs. S. said she abominated beef, and would have roast turkey and oyster sauce. He'd give "beef or nothing." She'd have turkey, and she commenced the war of the Strahans. One ordered the butler not to have fowl, the other gave strict instructions not to have beef, while Mrs. S. visited her friends and partook of turkey.

After supper Dr. S. gave a wine supper in the room which he dignified by the name of study—a sort of variety store, in which he kept his library, writing-desk, and spittoon. Here also were two glass cases, one of which contained a skeleton hung on wire; in the other was an Egyptian mummy.

The walls were hung with curiosities; among them a cane from a tree which grew over Washington's grave, a snuff-box from the wood of the Charter Oak, a ship from the United States frigate Constitution, minerals, shells, and fossils of all kinds, specimen ears of corn, enormous sized flowers and vegetables, cases of dried insects and pickled reptiles. Stuffed birds were perched about the apart-

ment and voluptuous French lithographs and portraits of distinguished personages were hung promiscuously on the walls; a long reading-table, arm-chairs, a prescription case, a mammoth bell-metal pestle and mortar completed the furniture of the "study."

During the same evening Mrs. S. had a whist party in the parlor.

Wine held her votaries in bondage longer than cards. Mrs. S. had dismissed her party and retired hours before her liege lord came to the door locked, and when he did come he found the door locked, himself without, and her within. In vain he called to her; she would not hear, and he was compelled to find a bed elsewhere, which he did, muttering to himself:

"I'll tame her yet."

He lay all night forming a plan to bring her to submission. In the morning he asked her to walk into the study; and there they renewed their fierce quarrel, during which Mrs. S. called her husband a heartless, brainless fellow, who married her for money. To which the doctor replied by calling her a low, vulgar woman, who was only glad to marry a professional gentleman and author to enable her to enter better society. After which she toyed with her fan, and finally pulled the bell cord and ordered the servant who answered it to bring her carriage to the door.

"Where are you going?" demanded the doctor.

"To ride, sir," replied the amiable Mrs. Strahan.

"I will go with you, if you please."

"But I do not please."

"Then I choose to go."

"Very well, then, you can go alone. I cannot go with you."

"You cannot go unless I accompany you, madame."

"Cannot, madame."

"Well, we will see."

The doctor walked out of the room, locked the door, put the key into his pocket, and left the house. She did not sit down and burst into a flood of tears, but waited patiently for the servant to return whom she had sent for the carriage. When he returned, she told him through the key hole, to return the horse to the stable, and place a ladder against the study window. The ladder was placed according to directions, and a turkey, with oysters and pastry, was brought up to her. The ladder was then removed, and everything was prepared for the reappearance of her husband.

Near the middle of the afternoon the doctor returned home, stepped softly through the hall toward the door, and peeped through the keyhole, expecting to see a striking picture of humility and contrition.

Sitting before his long reading table; on her right hand his bell-metal mortar, in which she was roasting his mammoth specimen apples, sweet potatoes, and her turkey. Near her stood his water-bath, in which she was cooking oysters, and she occasionally stirred them with his spatula; on the table stood one of the bottles of wine which had been left from the previous night's revelry, which the lady, for the want of a champagne opener, had deprived of its neck, with wedge-wood pestle and using a four ounce graduate for wine glass; she had used champagne baskets for firewood with an Indian tomahawk. On the left stood the doctor's writing desk, which she had broken open, and scattered on the desk, were tender missives of his earlier love flames, manuscript pages of tales and sketches, unpublished odes, unpaid tailors' bills, while the lady sat reading first a sweet love-letter, then an ode on Napoleon, and so on, throwing each page after page into the fire. Thus the husband's brain-work and wooden curiosities were made to cook the dinner.

The doctor looked silently on as long as he could then, taking the key from his pocket, he unlocked the door, and it was bolted on the inside.

"Mrs. S.," he shouted

"Well, sir?"

"Open the door."

"I am very busy just now, and can't be disturbed."

"Open this door immediately."

"I am busy, I tell you."

"I'll burst the door in, if you do not instantly open it."

"Do as you please, sir; but your mummy and giant's skeleton are placed against the door, so be careful and not break them."

The doctor was foiled. For a few moments he stood and thought what course it was best to pursue. Suddenly recollecting the ladder, he hastened through the hall out of doors, leaving the door unlocked and the key in it. His footsteps scarce died away on the stairs, before his wife had removed both cases from the door, drew the bolt and stood in the entry. It was but the work of a moment to throw the remaining letters, poems and manuscripts into the fire, remove the wine and eatables, lock the door upon the outside, and put the key in her pocket.

Meanwhile, the doctor was raising the ladder to the window, and by the time he had got it placed and ascended half its length, his wife and a favorite man-servant were watching him from a lower window.

The doctor pushed up the window and jumped in; the servant jumped out of the lower window and pulled down the ladder. In an instant the doctor saw that the bird had flown, and he rushed back to the window just as the ladder reached the ground.

"Put the ladder back again!" shouted the doctor.

"Let it be where it is," cried the wife from the lower window.

"Put it up instantly, or I'll discharge you," bellowed the upper window.

"Let it alone, and I'll double your wages," cried the lower window.

"Do as I tell you, blockhead," yelled the doctor.

"Come into the house, John," said the lady, coolly.

"Put up that ladder, you villain," persisted the wrathful M. D.

"John, do as I order you," complacently commanded Mrs. Strahan.

And John went into the house, leaving the medical gentleman heaping curses upon everybody in the vicinity, including his wife and servant.

All night the doctor was kept a prisoner. Just before his wife retired she put her lips to the key hole and whispered:

"Well, doctor, what is your success in taming a shrew?"

No answer.

"Good-night, doctor."

The next morning she came to the door and called:

"Doctor."

No answer.

"Doctor."

"Madam."

"Would you like some breakfast?"

"I am not particular."

"There is cold turkey left, if you would like it, sir."

The doctor deigned no reply, and the lady again left him alone.

During the afternoon she again stopped at the door and called:

"Doctor."

"Well, my dear?" very humbly.

"Would you like some dinner?"

"I should."

"Will cold turkey do for you?"

"Anything, my dear."

"If I let you out will you promise never to lock me up again?"

"I will."

"And not attempt to tame a shrew again?"

"Never."

"Then—you—may—come—out."

And the lady forthwith unlocked and threw open the door.

To this day, Dr. Strahan has never attempted to dictate to his wife what she shall eat, or when she shall ride, and has never been heard to boast of "taming a shrew."

Preserving Flowers in Sand.

Those of our readers who attended the late Horticultural Fair in this city, did not fail to notice those two framed wreaths of natural flowers that hung upon the wall near the horticultural tools.

They were the admiration of all, and many times did we hear visitors wondering by what process they were thus preserved in their natural form and color. It is this:—

Get the finest and whitest of river or lake sand, wash it so clean that the water when flowing from it will be pure as if from the well. Heat it very hot and while hot mix it thoroughly with stearic acid in the proportion of one lb. of the latter to 100 lbs. of sand. Let it cool. Take a small common sieve and nail boards under the bottom to prevent the sand from running through; place enough sand in the sieve to hold the flowers in position—no covering them; then with a sheet of paper twisted in the shape of a cone or tunnel, carefully let the sand pass through it, between, around and over the flowers—cover about half an inch. Set by the stove or in some warm place where the sand will be kept at a temperature of about 70° Fah. When they have remained sufficiently long, remove the boards carefully from the bottom and let the sand run out, leaving your flowers preserved in perfection.

The only difficulty is to know when the process is complete, different plants differing in the time required. Those with thick leaves and petals needing more than light ones. Seven hours are sufficient for some, while others require twelve and even more. Experience alone can determine this. It is best always for a beginner to experiment with a single plant at a time at first. When he has succeeded with a certain variety and noted the time required, he can proceed to others, and in a short time become versed in this art. It should be mentioned that the flowers for this purpose should be picked dry—say midday, after the dew is all evaporated.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Cries of Animals.

The voices of animals have a family character not to be mistaken. All the canine bark and howl—the fox, the wolf, the dog have the same kind of utterance, though on a somewhat different pitch. All the cat miaow, from our quiet feline companion to the lions and tigers and panthers of the forest and jungle.

This last may seem a strange assertion, but to any one who has listened critically to their sounds and analyzed their voices, the roar of the lion is but a gigantic miaow, bearing about the same proportion to that of a cat as its stately and majestic form does to the smaller, softer, more peaceful aspect of the cat. Yet notwithstanding the difference in their size, who can look at the lion, whether in his more sleepy mood as he lies curled up in the corner of his cage, or in his fiercer moments of hunger or of rage, without being reminded of the cat? And this is not merely the resemblance of one carnivorous animal to another, for no one was ever reminded of a dog or wolf by a lion.

Again, all the horses and donkeys neigh; for the bray of the horse is only a harsher neigh, pitched on a different key, it is true, but a sound of the same character—as a donkey himself is but a clumsy and dwarfish horse. All the cows low, from the buffalo roaming the prairie, the musk-ox of the Arctic ice-field, or the jack of Asia, to the cattle feeding in our pastures. Among the birds this similarity of voice in families is still more marked. We need only recall the harsh and noisy parrots, so familiar in their peculiar utterance.

Or take as an example the web-footed family—do not all the geese and the innumerable host of ducks quack? Does not every member of the crow family quack, whether he be the jackdaw, the jay, the magpie, the rook in some green rookery of the old World, or the crow of our woods, with its long, melancholy caw that seems to make the silence and solitude deeper?—*Prof. Agassiz.*

Not long ago a youth, older in wit than in years, after being catechised concerning the power of nature, replied: "Now, I think there's one thing nature can't do." "What is that, my child?" "She can't make Bill Jones' mouth any bigger, without setting his ears back."

A portly young friend of ours the other day contemplated for some minutes the ponderous dimension of a by-stander's feet, and then, in a tone of utter wonder, said, as he surveyed the man's upper works: "You'd have been a mighty tall man if they hadn't bent you off so far up."

An Editor's opinion on Editing.

Before you go for an editor, young man, pause and take a big think! Look around and see if there is not an omnibus to drive—some soul somewhere to be filled—anything that is reputable and healthy, rather than going for an editor, which is a poor business at best. We are not a horse, and have consequently not been called upon to furnish the motive power for a threshing machine; but we fancy that the life of an editor who is forced to write, write whether he feels right or not, is much like the steed in question. If the yea and nays could be obtained, we believe that the intelligent horse would decide that the threshing machine is preferable to the sanctum editorial. The editor's work is never done. He is drained incessantly, and it is no wonder that he dries up prematurely. No other people can attend baptisms, weddings, etc., visit halls or dazzling lights, get incriminated, break windows, lick a man occasionally, and enjoy themselves in a variety of ways, but the editor cannot. He must tenaciously stick to the quill. The press, like a sick baby, mustn't be left alone for a minute. If the press is left to run itself, even for a day, some absurd person indignantly orders the carrier boy to stop bringing "that infernal paper. There's nothing in it. I won't have it in the house."

A young lady from the rural districts of Hoosierdom lately visited Chicago with her beau. Getting into a city railroad car for the first time, she took a seat, while her lover planted himself on the platform with the driver. Pretty soon the conductor came to collect fare, and approaching the rustic maiden, he said:

"Your fare, miss."

The Hoosier rosebud allowed a delicate pink to manifest itself on her cheeks, and looked down in soft confusion. The conductor was rather astonished at this, but ventured to remark once more:

"Your fare, miss."

This time the pink deepened to carnation, as the rustic beauty replied:

"Wal, if I am good-lookin', you had'n't order say it out loud afore folks."

The passengers in the car roared with laughter, and the lover coming in to see what was going on, at once settled the fare.

Mr. C., who had been addressing open air meetings in Edinburgh, evinces considerable tact in parrying of interruptions from 'victims' staggering from 'over the way.' A drunken fellow vehemently interrupted him by asking:

"What will you substitute for the pair man's drink?"

"Substitute!" said Mr. C., "I would substitute that shocking old hat and shabby coat with better ones—a miserable meal of food for good substantial fare—and your 'present ignorance with a moderate share of useful information."

The laughter was turned against the shabby fellow, and he said no more.

ESSENCE OF MEANNESS.—The man who will take a newspaper for a length of time, and send it back "refused" and unpaid for, would swallow a blind dog's dinner, and then stone the dog for being blind.

He would do worse than that. He would marry a girl on trial, and send her back at the end of the honeymoon, with the words "don't suit" chalked on her back.

He would do worse than that. He would steal the chalk to write it with, and afterward he would use it on his shirt, to save the expense of a washing, and then sue his wife's father for a month's board.

Worse yet. He'd chase a rat ten miles over a corn-dorway road, and institute a post mortem examination after he caught him, in order to recover a stolen grain of corn.

DELETERIOUSNESS OF TOBACCO.—John Quincy Adams asserted that the abandonment of tobacco would add five years to the average age of human life. The Indians formerly poisoned their arrows with a decoction of tobacco, and soldiers in the United States army shrink dry by wearing tobacco under their arms, thus causing symptoms of illness.

Shoptan (thinking to have a joke upon the lady).—You want a very long and a very stout pair, I presume? Lady (not appearing to see the point) I want them very stout, of course, and as for their length, size smaller than your ears, I think, will suit.

"SUCH IS LIFE."

Old time first covers our head with hair. Afterward quietly moves them bare? First cuts our teeth with a mighty fess, Anon takes care that our teeth "cut" us; First manufactures us nimble legs, And then converts them to "stiff old pegs," Coming to earth with squalls and tears, Pleasure beguiled a few short years, Harass'd thereafter by care and doubt, Fighting for much we might do without, Hoping and trusting for bliss to come, So, in amazement, we reach the tomb!

The following epitaph was written on reading of the death of a lady whose name was Stone:—

"Curious enough, we all must say,
That what was Stone, should now be clay;
Most curious still, to own we must,
That what was Stone will soon be dust."

The following moving lines are from the album at Niagara Falls:—

"Tres fratres stolidi,
Took a boat for Niagara!
Magnum frothem surgetur
Et locum overturnitur.
Et omnes drowniderunt
Rui swimmer non potuerunt!"

A Kiss.—What's in a kiss? Really, when people come to reflect upon the matter calmly, what can they see in a kiss? The lips pout slightly and touch the cheek softly, and then they just part, and the job is done. There is a kiss in the abstract. View it in the abstract—take it as it stands—look at it philosophically! What is there in it? Millions upon millions of souls have been made happy while millions upon millions have been plunged into misery and despair by kissing; and yet, when you look at the character of the thing, it is simply a pouting and parting of the lips. In every grade of society there is kissing. Go where you will, to what country you will, you are perfectly sure to find kissing. There is, however, some mysterious virtue in a kiss after all.

Items Foreign & Local.

Among the names of the wounded soldiers at the Alexandria Hospital is that of Edward Thompson, of St. John, N. B.

Six criminals escaped from the Halifax County Jail on the 28th ult. They have all since been retaken.

It is estimated that the late Queen of Madagascar, in the course of her reign, caused 100,000 men to be put to death.

Tea is \$16 per pound in Petersburg, Va., celiso \$1.50 per yard, and U. S. Treasury notes selling at 75 per cent. premium.

Silk dresses to the value of \$200 were stolen at Halifax lately by a servant girl named Fraser.

Yellow Fever is raging in Wilmington, N. C.—The cases average 7 a day, and the papers of that city say the disease is very malignant, as they hear of no recoveries.

The employees on the Western Division of the Grand Trunk Railroad have resolved to give one day's pay to the Lancashire relief fund.

The 73rd Illinois regiment is commanded throughout by Methodist preachers.

The Boston "Post" says the amount of gold coined in the United States at present is \$35,000,000.

The Brunswick, Me., "Telegraph" considers Train's speech before the Irish Brotherhood, "decidedly reasonable, having no other effect than to injure his reputation with all right-minded men."

A large number of soldiers are encamped at Point Pleasant, Halifax, building a large Armstrong gun battery.

The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec has directed his clergy to recommend from the pulpit the raising of a subscription for the relief of the Lancashire operatives.

The "Globe" says that their shipyards present a degree of activity unparalleled, at this season, for many years—some of the yards having contracts for two or three vessels.

The Hamilton "Times" states that the Governor General on his trip from that city to Toronto, made the quickest run ever accomplished on a Canadian railway. The engine "London," built at Hamilton, performed the feat of running 40 miles in 40 minutes!

It is reported that the Earl of Mulgrave, Governor of Nova Scotia, has received the appointment of Governor of Victoria, Australia. The salary is said to be £7,000 sterling a year.

Rufus Paine of Cleveland, Ohio, was recently mulcted in the sum of \$20,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage.

It is estimated that all the bounties paid and to be paid to the soldiers will make an aggregate of \$37,000,000.

H. M. S. Amazon, arrived at Bermuda on the 7th from Vera Cruz. The yellow fever had prevailed on board to a frightful extent—over eighty deaths having occurred. A portion of the time she was used as a hospital ship at Vera Cruz.

In Quebec last week, two deserters from the 4th battalion of the 60th Rifles, were each sentenced to 15 years penal servitude for desertion with arms, accessories, &c.

Canadian Government 6 per cent. securities are quoted in the London "Times" of September 20, at 104 to 104½, with business doing at 107. Nova Scotia do, at 103½ to 104. New Brunswick do, 105 to 106, with no business doing in either.

The Portland Price Current says that one ton of wool was recently sold in that city upon which a profit of \$500 was realized by the parties who originally purchased the wool in the British Provinces.

Peaches at Rochester, N. Y., are so plenty and cheap, that farmers prefer to feed them to swine, rather than bring them to market.

The new revenue bill before the rebel Congress proposes to take one-fifth of everything a man has. Secession must be paid for.

Genl. Davis, who killed Genl. Nelson, has been given up for trial to the civil authorities of Kentucky.

A man has just emerged from the gum swamps of Mississippi, having been there two years, in entire ignorance that war was raging in the country. He is said to be surprised.

The Aroostook "Times" says that a man in Molokus who had volunteered as one of the quota of that place, deliberately cut off of his hands off at the wrist, in order to evade soldiering.

The 2nd Wisconsin Regiment has been reduced in a little more than one year, from 1,100 sturdy recruits to 59 worn and battle-grimed veterans.

A wild woman of the woods is the latest "sensation" in Paris. She was captured in some impracticable and unheard of place, and has been exhibited before the learned societies. Her hair measures 5 feet in length, and, being thick and woolly, looks an immense mantle, giving her the appearance of enormous size.

Timothy Daley, while at work in a saw mill in Hampton, Va., was instantly killed last week by becoming entangled in the belt of the main drum. He was drawn through a space of about 3 inches between the drum and the floor, and of course was instantly jammed almost to a jelly.

The jewelry store of Calvin Hersey, of Belfast, Me., was broken into on Wednesday night, 24th ult., and \$4000 in value of watches and silver ware stolen.

The Lewistown Journal states that a man by the name of Shelan, who resides in that town, being troubled with the rheumatism, having been informed that turpentine was a sovereign remedy, one evening last week, stripped himself, and with one hand applied the fluid, while in the other he held a lighted lamp. In the process of applying the remedy he unfortunately brought the lamp too near his body, the turpentine took fire, and his body was enveloped in flames. His screams brought assistance, and the flames were quenched, but however, before his limbs were terribly burned.

The Toronto Globe says that on the 25th September, 22,000 persons purchased tickets at the gate leading to the Upper Canada Exhibition Grounds, then being held in Toronto. On the same day, the Grand Trunk Railway brought in 2,000 persons from the east, and 2,200 from the west; the Great Western over 3,000, and the Northern Railway 1,500. Between four o'clock in the afternoon and half past seven in the evening, about 6,500 persons left the Union Depot, going east and west by the Great Western and Grand Trunk railways; and about 1,000 left by the Northern Railway.

Several columns of the Scottish American Journal and Albion (New York) are filled with advertisements of the Crown Lands Canada, number of acres, list of prices, &c. The object evidently is to secure a fair share of the immigrants which the United States are endeavoring to attract to their own shores. The prices at which the lands are offered for sale must lead to inquiry. At the same time we firmly believe that both as regards the price and quality of the lands, New Brunswick offers inducements, not one whit inferior, to industrious settlers.—*Evening Globe.*

General News.

Mr. TRAIN IN TROUBLE.—There was a great ratification meeting at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Monday, at the close of which Mr. G. F. Train was in collision with the Boston Police. The reporter of the Journal thus describes the affair:—

"As soon as the meeting was declared adjourned, George Francis Train burst from the body of the hall and mounted the platform against much opposition on the part of those who were immediately around him. On ascending the rostrum there was much tumult, which was increased by the band which continued to play.

"After a few moments' delay, two police officers went to Mr. Train and told him that the hall was engaged by other parties, and desired him to leave quietly, when he refused, saying that he had rights there and should maintain them.

"The officers then attempted to remove him and a severe scuffle ensued, resulting in their arresting him and taking him down the back stairs in double-quick time. Several pickpockets rushed into the crowd on the platform, and at least one gentleman lost his pocket-book.

<