

The Carleton Sentinel

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Our Queen and Constitution.

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Poetry.

PICKINGS FROM PUNCH.

A GOD-SEND TO THE CANADA ROUND.
God speed you, Guards and Rifles, Line regiments and Artillery,
Punch flings his old shoe after you and drains his glass ofillery.
And here's his toast, "May boiled and roast, and drink and clothes and fring,
No'er fail your pluck, and here's good luck, stout arms and legs untiring."

The St. Lawrence has its sleet and fogs, its lee-wind keen and free;
On sea there's storm before you, and frost upon the shore;
In the long, long march, through pine and larch, along the trampled snow,
With the icy breath of sleep death about you as you go.

But John Bull clothes your bellies and your backs with food and furs,
And in your own brave veins the blood of manhood cheerily stirs;
So if there's pith in meat and drink, and manly hearts be sides,
All safe you'll find, and to arms you'll stand, where rolls the St. Lawrence wide.

And the blessing of your countrymen, and countrywomen too,
Will cling and close about you, as hearty blessings do,
Surpassing warmth of food and fire, from heart to heart they'll run—
And England's wide and watchful arms will clasp her every son.

There are broadsword chins among you—there are heads all grizzled grey;
There are lads of tender nurture, and rough slips that none would stay;
There's gentle blood and simple—there's the nobleman and clown,
For suffering and for danger by common duty bound.

The foiling Guardmen throw their crust of tuppenny away,
And sets to work as lightly as he set to play;
From club, boudoir, and drawing-room, and hunting-field, he's there,
To face the lot that others face, and fare as others fare.

And some leave wives and children, sweethearts, and parents dear,
Warm hearts for as they darkness—full cups for sorrow cheer;
From the general to the private, not one among them all,
But blithely makes his sacrifice, be it great or be it small.

And shall we grudge them a comfort that purse of fourpence pay,
A God-send and a greeting, as they sail upon their way?
Blow fair, ye winds, be merciful, grim winter, to our brave,
May our blessings serve to strengthen, our prayer have power to save!

Select Tale.

A DUEL IN 1830.

I had just arrived at Marseilles with the diligence, in which three young men, apparently merchants or commercial travellers, were the companions of my journey. They came from Paris, and were enthusiastic about the events which had lately happened there, and in which they boasted of having taken part. I was for my part, quiet and reserved; for I thought it much better, at a time of such political excitement in the south of France, where party passions always rise so high, to do nothing that would attract the attention; and my three fellow-travellers no doubt looked on me as a plain, common-place seaman, who had been to the luxurious metropolis for his pleasure or on business. My presence, it seemed, did not incommode them, for they talked on as if I had not been there. Two of them were gay, merry, but rather coarse boozing-companions; the third, an elegant youth, blooming and tall, with luxuriant black curling hair, and soft eyes. In the hotel where we dined, and where I sat a little distance off, smoking my cigar, the conversation turned on various love-adventures, and the young man, whom they called Alfred, showed his courages a packet of delicately perfumed letters, and a superb lock of beautiful fair hair.

He told them that in the days of July he had been slightly wounded, and that his only fear, while he lay on the ground, was that if he died, some mischance might prevent Clotilde from weeping over his grave. "But now all is well," he continued. "I am going to fetch a nice little sum from my uncle at Marseilles, who is just at this moment in good-humor, on account of the discomfiture of the Jesuits and the Bourbons. In my character of one of the heroes of July, he will forgive me all my present and past follies; I shall pass an examination at Paris, and then settle down in quiet, and live happily with my Clotilde." Thus they talked together, and by-and-by departed in the court-yard of the coach-office.

Close by was a brilliantly-illuminated coffee-house. I entered, and seated myself at a little table, in a distant corner of the room. Two persons only were still in the saloon, in an opposite corner, and before them stood two glasses of brandy. One was an elderly, stately, and portly gentleman, with dark-red face, and dressed in a quiet colored suit; it was easy to perceive that he was a clergyman. But the appearance of the other was very striking. He could not be far from sixty years of age, was tall and thin, and his grey, indeed almost white hair, which however, rose from his head in luxuriant fullness, gave to his pale countenance a peculiar expression that made one feel uncomfortable. The brawny neck was almost bare; a simple, carelessly-knotted black kerchief alone encreased it; thick, silver-grey whiskers met together at his chin; a blue frock-coat, pantaloons of the same color, silk stockings, shoes with thick soles, and a dazlingly-white waistcoat and linen, completed his equipment. A thick stick leant in one corner, and his broad-brimmed hat hung against the wall. There was a certain convulsive twitching of the thin lips of this person, which was very remarkable; and there seemed, when he looked fixedly, to be a smouldering fire in his large, glassy, grayish-blue eyes. He was, it was evident, a seaman like myself—a strong oak that fate had shaped in a mast, over which many a storm had blustered, but which had been too tough to be shivered, and still defied the tempest and the lightning. There lay a gloomy resignation as well as a wild fanaticism in those features. The large bony hand, with its immense fingers, was spread out or clutched, according to the turn which the conversation with the clergyman took. Suddenly he stepped up to me. I was reading a royalist newspaper. He lighted his cigar.

"You are right, sir; you are quite right not to read those infamous Jacobin journals." I looked up, and gave no answer. He continued: "A sailor?" "Yes, sir."

"And have seen service?" "Yes."

"You are still in active service?"

"No." And then, to my great satisfaction, for my patience was well-nigh exhausted, the examination was brought to a conclusion.

Just then, an evil destiny led my three young fellow-travellers into the room. They soon seated themselves at a table, and drank some glasses of champagne to Clotilde's health. All went on well, but when they began to sing the *Marseillaise* and the *Parisienne*, the face of the gray man began to twitch, and it was evident a storm was brewing. Calling to the waiter, he said with a loud voice, "Tell those blackguards yonder not to annoy me with their low songs!"

The young man sprang up in a fury, and asked if it was to them he alluded.

"Whom else should I mean," said the gray man, with a contemptuous sneer.

"But we may drink and sing if we like, and to whom we like," said the young man. "Vive la République et vive Clotilde!"

"One as blackguardly as the other!" cried the gray-beard tauntingly; and a wine-glass that flew at his head from the hand of the dark-haired youth, was the immediate rejoinder. Slowly wiping his forehead, which bled and dripped with the spilled wine, the old man said quite quietly: "To-morrow, at the Cape Verde!" and seated himself again with the most perfect composure.

The young man expressed his determination to take the matter on himself; that he alone would settle the quarrel, and promised to appear on the morrow at the appointed time. They then all departed noisily. The old man rose quietly, and turning to me, said: "Sir, you have been witness to the insult; be witness also to the satisfaction." Here is my address: I shall expect you at five o'clock. Good-night, Monsieur l'Abbé! To-morrow, there will be no Jacobin less, and one lost soul the more. Good-night!" and taking his hat and stick, he departed. His companion the abbé followed soon after.

I now learned the history of this singular man. He was descended from a good family of Marseilles. Destined for the navy while still young, he was sent on board ship before the Revolution, and while yet of tender years. Later, he was taken prisoner; and after many strange adventures, returned in 1793 to France; was about to marry, but having been mixed up with the disturbances at Toulon, managed to escape by a miracle to England; and learned before long that his father, mother, one brother, a sister of sixteen years of age, and his betrothed, had all been led to the guillotine to the tune of the *Marseillaise*. Thirst for revenge, revenge on the detested Jacobins, was now his sole aim. For a long time he roved about the Indian seas, sometimes as a privateer, at others as a slave-dealer; and was said to have caused the tri-colored flag much damage, while he acquired a considerable fortune for himself. With the return of the Bourbons, he came back to France, and settled at Marseilles. He lived, however, very retired, and employed his large fortune solely for the poor, for distressed seamen, and for the clergy. Alms and masses were his only object of expense. It may easily be believed, that he required no small degree of popularity among the lower classes and the clergy. But, strangely enough, when not at church, he spent his time with the most celebrated fencing-masters, and had acquired in the use of the pistol and the sword a dexterity that was hardly to be paralleled. In the year 1815, when the royalist reaction broke out in La Vendée, he roved about for a long time at the head of a band of followers. When at last this opportunity of cooling his rage was taken from him by the return of order, he looked out for some victim who was known to him by his revolutionary principles, and sought to provoke him to combat. The younger, the richer, the happier the chosen victim was, the more desirable did he seem. The landlord told me he himself knew of seven young persons who had fallen before his redoubled sword.

The next morning at five o'clock, I was at the house of this singular character. He lived on the ground-floor in a small simple room, where, excepting a large crucifix, and a picture covered with black crepe, with the date, 1794, under it, the only ornaments were some nautical instruments, a trombone, and a human skull. The picture was the portrait of his guillotined bride; it remained always veiled, excepting only when he had slaked his revenge with blood; then he uncovered it for eight days, and indulged himself in the sight. The skull was that of his mother. His bed consisted of the usual hammock slung from the ceiling. When I entered, he was at his devotions, and a little negro brought me a cup of chocolate and a cigar. When he had risen from his knees, he saluted me in a friendly manner, as if we were merely going for a morning walk together; afterward he opened a closet, took out of it a case with a pair of English pistols, and a couple of excellent swords, which I put under my arm; and thus provided, we proceeded along the quay toward the port. The boatman seemed all to know him: "Peter, your boat!" He seated himself in the stern.

"You will have the goodness to row!" he said; "I will take the tiller, so that my hand may not become unsteady."

I took off my coat, rowed away briskly, and as the wind was favorable, we hoisted a sail, and soon reached Cape Verde. We could remark from afar our three young men, who were sitting at breakfast in a garden, not far from the shore. This was the garden of a *restaurant*, and was the favorite resort of the Marseillais. Here you find excellent fish; and also, in high perfection, the famous *bolle-brasse* a national dish in Provence, as celebrated as the *olla podrida* of Spain. How many a love-meeting has occurred in this place! But this time it was not Love that brought the parties together, but Hate, his step-brother; and in Provence the one is as ardent, quick, and impatient as the other.

My business was soon accomplished. It consisted in asking the young men what weapons they chose, and with which of them the duel was to be fought. The dark-haired youth—his name was M———insisted that he alone should settle the business, and their friends were obliged to give their word not to interfere.

"You are too stout," he said to the one, pointing to his figure; "and you—to the other—" are going to be married; besides, I am a first-rate hand with the sword. However, I will not take advantage of my youth and strength, but will choose the pistols unless the gentleman yonder prefers the sword."

An Eastern editor heads his list of Births, Marriages and Deaths—"Hatched, Matched and Dispatched."

A movement of convulsive joy animated the face of my old captain: "The sword is the weapon of the French gentleman," he said; "I shall be happy to die with it in my hand."

"Be it so. But your age!"

"Never mind; make haste, and en garde."

It was a strange sight; the handsome young man on one side, overbearing confidence in his look, with his youthful form, full of grace and suppleness; and opposite him that long figure, half naked—for his blue shirt was furled up from his sinewy arm, and his broad, scarred breast was entirely bare. In the old man, every sinew was like iron wire: his whole weight resting on his left hip, the long arm—on which, in sailor fashion, a red cross, three lilies, and other marks, were tattooed—held out before him, and the cunning, murderous gaze riveted on his adversary.

"Twice he but a mere scratch," said one of the three friends to me. I made no reply, but was convinced beforehand that my captain, who was an old practitioner, would treat the matter more seriously. Young L——, whose perfumed coat was lying near, appeared to me to be already given over to corruption. He began the attack, advancing quickly. This confirmed me in my opinion; for although he might be a practiced fencer in the schools, this was proof that he could not have frequently been engaged in serious combat, or he would not have rushed forward so incautiously against an adversary whom he did not yet know. His opponent profited by his ardor, and retired step by step and at first only with an occasional ward and half thrust. Young L——, getting hotter and hotter, grew flurried; while every ward of his adversary proclaimed, by its force and exactness, the master of the art of fence. At length the young man made a lunge; the captain parried it with a powerful movement, and before L—— could recover his position, made a thrust in return, his whole body falling forward as he did so, exactly like a picture at the Académie des Armes—"the hand elevated, the leg stretched out"—and his sword went through his antagonist, for nearly half its length just under the shoulder. The captain made an almost imperceptible turn with his hand, and in an instant was again *en garde*. L—— felt himself wounded, he let his sword fall, while with his other hand, he pressed his side; his eyes grew dim, and he sank into the arms of his friends. The captain wiped his sword carefully, gave it to me, and dressed himself with the most perfect composure. "I have the honor to wish you good morning, gentlemen; had you not sung yesterday, you would not have had to weep to-day;" and thus saying, he went toward his boat. "This the seventeenth!" he murmured: "but this was easy work—a mere greenhorn from the fencing-schools of Paris. 'Twas a very different thing when I had to do with the old Bonapartist officers, those brigands of the Loire." But it is quite impossible to translate into another language the force energy of his speech. Arrived at the port, he threw the boatmen a few pieces of silver, saying: "Here, Peter; here's something for you."

"Another requiem and a mass for a departed soul, at the church of St. Genevieve—is it not so, captain? But that is a matter of course. And soon after we reached the dwelling of the captain. The little negro brought us a cold paste, oysters and two bottles of *vin d'Artois*. Such a walk becomes gives an appetite," said the captain, gayly. "How strangely things fall out!" he continued in a serious tone. "I have long wished to draw that crape-veil from before that picture, for you must know I only deem myself worthy to do so when I have sent some Jacobine or Bonapartist into the other world, to crave pardon from that murdered angel; and so I went yesterday to the coffee-house with my old friend the abbe, whom I knew ever since he was field-preacher to the Chouans, in the hope of finding a victim for the sacrifice among the readers of the liberal journals. The confounded waiter, however, betrayed my intention; and when I am there no one will ask for a radical paper."

"When you appeared, my worthy friend I at first thought I had found the right man, and I was impatient—for I had been waiting for more than three hours for a reader of the 'National' or of 'Figaro.' How glad I am that I at once discovered you to be no friend of such infamous papers! How grieved should I be, if I had had to do with my instead of with that young fellow!" For my part, I was in no mood even for self-felicitation. At that time, I was a reckless young fellow, going through the conventionalism of society without a thought; but the event of the morning had made even me reflect.

"Do you think he will die, captain?" I asked. "Is the wound mortal?"

"For certain!" he replied, with a slight smile. "I have a knack—of course for Jacobins and Bonapartists only—when I thrust *en quarte*, to draw out the sword by an imperceptible movement of the hand, *en tierce* or *vice versa*, according to circumstances; and thus the blade turns in the wound—and that kills: for the lung is injured, and mortification is sure to follow."

On returning to my hotel, where L—— also was staying, I met the physician, who had just visited him. He gave up all hope. The captain spoke truly, for the slight movement of the hand and the turn of the blade had accomplished their aim, and the lung was injured beyond the power of cure. The next morning early, L—— died. I went to the captain, who was returning home with the abbe. "The abbe has just been to read a mass for him," he said; "it is a benefit which, on such occasions I am willing he should enjoy—more however, from friendship from him, than out of pity for the accursed soul of a Jacobin, which in my eyes is worth less than a dog's! But walk in now."

The picture, a wonderfully lovely maidenly face, with rich curls falling around it, and in the costume of the last ten years of the preceding century, was now unveiled. A good breakfast like that of yesterday, stood on the table. With a moistened eye, and turning to the portrait, he said: "There's to memory!" and emptied his glass at a draught. Surprised and moved, I quitted the strange man. On the stairs of the hotel I met a coffin, which was just being carried up for L—— and I thought to myself: "Poor Clotilde! you will not be able to weep over your grave."

How MEN EARN THEIR LIVING.—The London Times of recent date in an article describing the preparations now in progress for the great Industrial Exhibition of 1862, refers to some curiously named and untimely trades as follows:

"In the trades' list to which we have already referred there are apparently numerous flourishing branches of which many of our readers will, we think, hear for the first time. For instance a cumber manufacturer sends strange, so also do nail dealers, head and slay makers. In animal substances used in manufactures there is a list of piddle elve makers, pot creil makers, raff merchants, and rag breakers. Machine makers, of course, give a long list of, till now almost unheard of trades—Camboose makers come under the class of naval architecture, and beetle finishers in hemp manufactures. There is a trade of silk assayers, and under woollens we find regatta manufactures and tela makers. There is a large trade of shawl darners, a distinct and extensive branch of business, there are maw, skin dealers, many valentine makers, book manufacturers, hane makers, and heck makers. All these trades, however, are well known in their own peculiar districts, and have each been classed in the Commissioners' trades' list under their proper branches. From the same index we find that gold cloth makers, and gold weavers are not things of the past, but still survive amid this prosaic iron age, and are thriving branches of business. There are some trades, however, which the compilers of the book have been utterly unable to allot to any class. Perhaps our readers may be more successful. Here they are: Compounders, Fluters, Hardening Manufacturers, Iron Liquor Manufacturers, Jaquet Manufacturers, Machine Combers, Perchers and Stiffeners, Pinders, Plain-back Makers, Ratle Makers, Rib Makers, Scribbled Makers, Shethery Manufacturers, Shive Turners, Silfners, Stretchers, Tin Spirits Manufacturers, Ward Grinders, Willow Square Manufacturers, Woole Grinders, Wooley Tooth Makers."

"There are cases in which 'notes and queries' ought at once to interfere. What in the name of goodness, can 'Compounders' mean? what stiffeners, pinders, perchers, wooley tooth makers? And oh! what are scribbling millers?"

Money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

"The arrangements of nature are admirable!" exclaimed a young lassie, during the late high wind. "The same wind which disarranges our criminal, blows dust in the eyes of the wicked young men who would take advantage of our confusion."

Philosophical young lady, that!

"Well, Patrick, how do you feel to day?" the doctor asked. "Oh, doctor, dear, I enjoy very poor health entirely. This rumatic is very distressing indeed. When I go to sleep I lay awake all night, and my toes are swollen as large as a goose hen's egg; so when I stand up I fall down immediately."

An old Yorkshireman being informed by a betting acquaintance that, "his friend the captain" would hold the stakes, the canny Northerner replied, "Ay, ay, that's all very well, but who's the 'captain'?"

How A SKYLARK PREACHED A SERMON.—Stories, as well as poems, concerning the skylark abound; but one of the best, both for interest and as showing the constant love of Englishmen for this truly English bird, came to my knowledge a few months ago. As you are doubtless aware there is no such thing as a song bird natural to Australia; there are birds who chatter, birds who shriek, but no bird that sings. Well, there was a young man who went out from England as a gold-digger, and was lucky enough to make some money, and prudent enough to keep it. He opened a "store" (a kind of rough shop where everything, from candles to coffins, are sold) at a place called "The Ovens," a celebrated gold-field, above 200 miles from Melbourne. Still continuing to prosper, he, like a dutiful son, wrote home for his father and mother to come out to him, and, if they possibly could, to bring with them a lark. So a lark was procured, and in due time the old folks and their feathered charge took ship and departed from England. The old man, however, took the voyage so much to heart, that he died, but the old woman and her lark landed in sound health in Melbourne and were speedily forwarded to Mr. Wilted's store at The Ovens.

It was on a Tuesday when they arrived, and the next morning the lark was hung outside the tent, and at once commenced piping up. The effect was electric. Sturdy diggers—big men with hairy faces and great brown hands—paused in the midst of their work, and listened reverently. Drunken, brutal diggers left unfinished the blasphemous sentence, and looked bewildered and ashamed. Far and near the news spread like lightning—"Have you heard the lark?" "Is it true, mate, that there is a real English skylark up at Jack Wilted's?" So it went on for three days, and then came Sunday morning. Such a sight had not been seen since the first spade of the golden earth had been turned! From every quarter—east, west, north and south from far off hills and from creeks twenty miles away, came a steady concourse of great rough Englishmen, all brushed and washed as decent as possible. The movement was by no means preconceived, as was evident from the half-ashamed expression of every man's face. There they were, however, and their errand was—to hear the lark! Nor were they disappointed. There, perched in his wood and iron pulpit, was the little minister and, as though aware of the importance of the task before him, he plumed his crest, and, lifting up his voice, sang then a sermon infinitely more effective than the bishop himself could have preached. It was a wonderful sight to see that three or four hundred men some reclining on the ground, some sitting with their arms on their knees and their heads on their hands, some leaning against the trees with their eyes closed, so that they might the better fancy themselves at home and in the midst of English cornfields once more; but sitting, lying, or standing, all were equally quiet and attentive, and when, after an hour's steady preaching, the lark left off, his audience soberly started off, a little low-spirited perhaps, but on the whole much happier than when they came.—*Boston's Home Pets.*

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Items, Foreign & Local.

The *Rinaldo*, with Messrs. Masou and Slidell on board, has safely reached Bermuda. She proceeded from thence to St. Thomas, where those gentlemen will embark in the regular mail packet for England.

The late Prince Consort was a Colonel of the Grenadier Guards.

Gen. Scott was met in Paris by his wife. It is probably well known that, owing to a mutual incompatibility of temper, they have not lived together for many years.

More than 700 horses are employed in the conveyance of troops between St. John and Riviere du Loup.

There is now \$275,000,000 in gold in the United States.

The Federal Government expended last year, for fire arms, in Europe, \$22,000,000.

Parliament meets on the 6th of February. Government and people alike await with anxiety its action respecting American affairs.

An Englishman attached to the steamer *America*, while coming from New York in one of the Jersey City ferry boats, got into an altercation with an American about the Mason and Slidell surrender, and while so engaged was wounded somewhat seriously by a third party with a pen knife.

The United States House of Representatives has abolished the franking privilege.

The story going the rounds of the newspapers about four soldiers deserting from the garrison, here, is incorrect—only one deserted; he was a Yankee acquainted here and at Hualton, and his comrades say they are well rid of him.

The banks of the United States have already advanced \$125,000,000 to Government.

The South owes Northern merchants and manufacturers \$500,000,000.

There has been, recently, a very violent eruption of Mount Vesuvius. A strata of lava 24 feet deep and 3/4 of a mile wide poured down the sides. 6000 inhabitants were fleeing from their homes.

At Sebastopol, 253,012 rounds of cannon ammunition were expended. There were 100 mortars and 266 guns of various sizes used in the siege.

\$5,000,000 will be necessary to meet the expenditures for New York city for 1862.

The old Government House at Toronto was destroyed by fire on the 12th inst.

The Halifax Reporter says that Lieut. Colonel Taylor has been sent out from the Horse Guards to inspect the Volunteer and Militia forces of the British North American Colonies, in order to see if they can be relied on in case of emergency.

Austria has sent to the United States a protest against the capture of Mason and Slidell, declaring that the act is not in accordance with international law.

A foot of light dry snow is equal to an inch of rain.

California is getting to be a wine country. Three million gallons were made last autumn.

At present there are about 3000 troops in garrison at Halifax.

The Prince of Wales has written to the Council of the Agricultural Society, expressing her Majesty's desire that, instead of a statue of herself being raised as a memorial of the Great Exhibition, one of her late consort should be substituted.

Several of the Provincial and United States papers speak of the Reciprocity Treaty expiring in 1861. This is an error. It cannot be annulled by the United States until 1869. The terms of the Treaty are positive and explicit on this point and whatever irresponsible writers may say, it is not to be presumed that the United States Government will cover itself with the disgrace of violation of treaty obligations. Canadian papers which have announced that the Treaty may be annulled in 1864, should correct the error they have conveyed.—*New Brunswick.*

On the authority of the Kingston News, it is stated that on the 14th, a detachment of forty men of the Forty-seventh regiment, under the command of Lieut. King, was dispatched to the Victoria bridge as guard. It is understood that a force will be kept stationed at both ends of this important structure hereafterward.

It is said that frost-bitten feet can be speedily and certainly cured by being bathed with kerosene oil, well warmed in at the stove.

Twenty one of the students now in Harvard University, Boston, are from Nova Scotia.

The Dublin Daily Express says it is rumored that the Reform Club in Dublin are about to exclude The O'Donoghue from their fellowship, in consequence of the part he took at the seditious meeting in the Rotunda.

A fat woman is now exhibiting at New York, who, when she came there, was obliged to have a place prepared for her in the baggage car, as she was so large that she was unable to get through the door of the regular passenger car.

At the late funeral of the wife of Rev. Josiah Brewer, in Stockbridge, the coffin was borne upon a bier by eight women.

The last session on which the people of England were called upon to put themselves into mourning for the death of a Prince Consort was just 133 years ago. Prince George of Denmark, the consort of Queen Anne, having died on the 20th of Oct. 1708. The inauguration of the Lord Mayor of Dublin (Alderman Molyneux) took place on the 1st inst., and was conducted with great ceremony.

EXTRAORDINARY GUN.—The immense 300-pounder Armstrong gun, manufactured at the factory of Sir W. Armstrong, at Elswick, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, has been forwarded to the Royal Arsenal, to be subjected to a series of experiments at Shoeburyness. This extraordinary weapon is constructed on the muzzle-loading principle. It weighs 12 tons 8 cwt.

The dependence upon poultry in furnishing human food is increasing in America. In Europe poultry has always been one of the great staples. The entire poultry produce of France is stated at \$36,676,000.

General News.

We understand by the Bridgetown N. S. Register that on Thursday, 2nd inst., there was a heavy gale of wind in that locality. The tide was unusually high at the time; and of course the Bay of Fundy shore was thoroughly deluged. The same paper reports that the Breakwater at Chute's Cove is carried away, and that at Port William and Port George are seriously injured. Many fish-houses, too, and other property, were also swept away during the storm. These Breakwaters cost a large amount of money and labor, and a number of vessels sail from them to St. John and the French States during the season. They were valuable conveniences to the public, and their injury and loss will be severely felt.

A MISER.—The following is from the Sentinelle du Jura:—"An extraordinary instance of avarice has recently occurred in the town of Valcourt. An old man of eighty, worth 90,000 francs, a short time ago lost his sister, who had lived with him for several years; but he could not reconcile himself to the idea of paying the expense of a coffin for her, and so he took four rotten old planks to a neighbor, and got him to nail them together. He then went to order the bell to be tolled and the gong to be rung, but after he had done so, he fell in with an idiot belonging to the village, who offered to do both jobs for 2 francs, which was somewhat less than the miser had agreed to pay, and he hurried back to the bell-ringer and grave-digger to say that he should not need their services. Then, to avoid the expense of paying the executioners, he carried the crucifix to his house himself. On the day of the funeral he hired four women to act as bearers, because they were cheaper than men; but in trying to remove the coffin to the hearse, they found it too heavy for them, and let it fall. The shock caused the rotten planks to give way, and the body, which was wrapped in a dirty old sheet, rolled out. It was rolled into a ditch, as well as could be, and was taken to the cemetery. There it was found that the grave dug by the idiot was so small that the coffin could not enter, and accordingly after the usual prayers had been read by the priest, it was left on the ground, orders being given to the idiot to dig the grave larger. Two gendarmes, hearing of all this, arrived at the cemetery, and found that the idiot had thrust the coffin into the grave upright, and had covered the head of it with only a few inches of earth. They caused it to be removed, and the grave enlarged, and reinterred it. The old miser, in order not to lose a few hours of time, did not attend the funeral. A complaint was preferred against him for having caused the funeral to be done in such a scandalous way, and he was fined 3 francs by the Police Tribunal of the district; he was also made to pay the cost of enlarging the grave."

THE INDIANS MOVING.—We are informed that the Six Nations held a grand council a few days since, and deputed four of their Chiefs to wait upon the Indian Agent, David Thorburn, Esq., and request him to inform the Commander-in-Chief that there were 600 of them armed, drilled, and equipped, and ready to take the field in an hour's notice, if their services should be required. This is no more than might have been expected, considering the liberal and humane treatment which the Indians have received from the British Government. During the war of 1812, the Indians did good service to the Government, and we believe will do the same again should the occasion unfortunately arise.—*St. Catharines Journal.*

A NOBLEMAN IN THE PULPIT.—On Sabbath last, Lord Tevahan preached twice in the Victoria Hall, Belfast, to large audiences. This is the first occasion, we believe, in which a peer of the realm has appeared in the capacity of a preacher in this town. For some time Lord Tevahan has devoted himself to this line of public usefulness in England, where, it is said, his ministrations have attracted large audiences.—*Belfast (Ireland) Paper.*

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