

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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NO. 5

Poetry.

Wouldn't you like to know?

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

I know a girl with teeth of pearl,
And shoulders white as snow;
She lives—ah! well,
I must not tell—
Wouldn't you like to know?
Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,
And wavy in its flow;
Who made it less,
One little tress,
Wouldn't you like to know?
Her eyes are blue (celestial blue!)
And dazling in their glow;
On whom they beam
With melting gleam,
Wouldn't you like to know?
Her lips are red and finely wed
Like roses ever;
What love's tips
These dewy lips,
Wouldn't you like to know?
Her fingers are like lilies fair,
When lilies fairest grow;
Whose hand they press
With fond caress,
Wouldn't you like to know?
Her foot is small, and has a fall
Like snowflakes in the snow;
And where it goes
Beneath the rose,
Wouldn't you like to know?
She has a name, the sweetest name
That language can bestow;
Treat her as you would,
If I should tell—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Select Tale.

THE DUELLISTS' REVENGE.

The bitter animosity existing in France between the royalists and imperialists, found its culmination on the restoration of Louis the Eighteenth, and innumerable quarrels and bloody duels were the result. In Paris the two factions met more numerously at the Palais Royal than at any other given point, and here the insult, the challenge, and its acceptance, followed each other in rapid succession, and both parties, immediately adjoining to some convenient locality in the vicinity, not unfrequently settled the whole affair within the hour.

In this state of affairs it behoved every man of mark to be a good swordsman and a dead shot, as about the only means of prolonging his life, for if known to be inferior in the use of deadly weapons, he was almost certain to be involved in a quarrel with some skillful antagonist, who would take both pride and pleasure in sending him out of existence. Wherever duelling was fashionable, there are always more or less professed duellists—men who have trained themselves to fight with deadly weapons, who know all the nice points of advantage, and how to obtain them, who have schooled their nerves to an iron rigidity, and their features, manners, and language, to express a certain confidence in their success, and who boast of glory in their individual prowess, and the number of victims they have unmercifully sent out of the world. These same apparently bold, reckless, daring, and bloody minded men are generally cowards at heart, and have really as much fear of danger as those whose timidity is made glaringly manifest; but like the professional gambler, they have been trained to calculate the chances for and against themselves, and seldom venture on what gives promise of a doubtful issue, so that to save yourself from the annoyance of these gentlemen, it is only necessary to have it generally known that in an affair of honor you would be quite as likely to kill as to get killed.

There were many of this class in Paris at that day who actually made a living by duelling—they had their price, like the Italian assassins of a former period, for getting rid of persons obnoxious to their employers—though, as we have already stated, they generally took care to know all the fighting qualities and idiosyncrasies of the proposed victim before actually closing the bargain of blood, and if they discovered too much danger in the case, they readily invented such an excuse as would save both their lives and credit; for who would dare question the motive and courage of men so famous for bloody deeds? Sometimes, however, they made serious mistakes, notwithstanding all their nice calculations, and then the world became a trifle better for suddenly getting rid of a human creature.

There were others who fought for the mere love of fighting, because their combative and destructive organs would never let them rest in peace, and these were always ready for anybody and any mode, it being immaterial to them whether they were to fight at their antagonist at ten paces, or cross swords with him for a quick settlement with dirks. Then again, there were others who fought to revenge slights, both real or fancied, or to settle personal or political animosities, or because they were embittered by disappointments, or because they were tired of living, and did not care to commit suicide. And of course, in all this range of character, there were many eccentricities displayed, for where duelling was so common that an ordinary meeting would hardly be mentioned on the following day, certain persons were sure to seek to make themselves remembered by some peculiarity that could not fail to be long talked of for its novelty. Most of these duels, as we have intimated, were between the royalists and imperialists—and when they met at the Palais Royal—the great head-quarters of Paris, the mode of insult was simple and easy. A saucy look, a grimace, or smile of contempt, was frequently sufficient to draw forth a challenge; but if these failed, a jostle, a push, or a tread on the foot, was always certain to be a success.

One day an imperialist officer, one Captain Honiton, who was suffering from gout, was slowly hobbling along under the famous wooden gallery of the palace in question, when being somewhat pressed by the crowd, and fearful of being injured in his suffering limb, he took a sudden step aside, and accidentally trod on the foot of an officer of the royal guards. Quick as lightning the latter, a young man of spirit and fire, seized the former by the nose, and then cuffed him on both sides of the head. The face of the imperialist turned deadly pale, as he said, quite calmly and politely, evidently

by controlling his passion by a master effort of the will:—
"I would have apologised for what was really an accident, had not Monsieur put it out of my power."

"I do not want an apology from such as you," was the insulting reply.
"Your name?" demanded the other.

"Lieutenant Duvaux, of the royal guard, at your service."

"I shall remember!" rejoined Captain Honiton, as he turned to depart.
"Pray do not forget," said the Lieutenant, at the same time treading heavily upon the gouty foot of the captain, and thus drawing from him an involuntary cry of pain.

Duvaux then walked away with a proud and haughty air, leaving the other suffering fearfully from pain and rage. As soon as he could extricate himself from the crowd, the captain called for a carriage, and was quickly driven away.

For a whole week, Lieutenant Duvaux remained in momentary expectation of a challenge from the man he had so grossly insulted, but none came. Another week passed away and the imperialist was not heard from.

"He is a coward, and unworthy of my notice," said the dashing young officer, with a smile of contempt.

"Why, what could you expect of a man who doubtless disgraced himself at Waterloo?" rejoined one of his brother officers with a sneer. "Bah! this comes of plebeian blood, Henri!"

Months passed away, and Henri Duvaux, who was the youngest son of an ancient and honorable family of royalists, was promoted to a captaincy. He had fought two duels since his insult to Captain Honiton, but still nothing had been heard of that officer, and the little affair was nearly forgotten, or remembered only as a sneering jest. More months passed. Captain Duvaux, affianced to a beautiful lady of rank, began to prepare for his wedding.

The morning of the intended wedding day arrived, and Captain Henri Duvaux rose early to prepare for nuptials that were to make him the happiest man in Paris. While engaged at his toilet, a servant announced a visitor—a stranger.

"I am engaged and can see no one now," was the reply.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur, la Capitaine," said the voice of the stranger, who had followed on the heels of the servant; "but I know you will see me."

"And who are you, sir? and why this intrusion?" demanded the young officer, in an imperious tone, as he coldly ran his eye over the person of a middle-aged man in plain citizen's dress.

"I am Captain Honiton, formerly of the Imperial Guard, at your service."

"Well, sir?"

"Monsieur la Capitaine seems not to know me; but yet Monsieur may have the happiness to remember the pleasure he once had in pulling the nose, boxing the ears, and treading on the toes of a quiet looking gentleman, under the gallery of the Palais Royal, some twelve months since."

This was said with the most freezing politeness; but there was something awful wicked in the cold grey eye of the speaker, as it all the time rested quietly and steadily on the other.

"Ha!" said Duvaux, flushing to the temples.

"I know you; but to save your reputation, you should have come sooner."

"My reputation, fortunately, was not in the keeping of a rather forward boy," returned the other, with a grim smile and mocking bow. "I have come at last to ask the pleasure of Monsieur le Capitaine Henri Duvaux to a little quiet walk, thinking the beautiful bride elect might be pleased to hear the prowess of her lover on his wedding day."

Duvaux bit his lips.

"I think," he said, "I should be justified in putting you off for the present; but I will not balk your kind intentions. We need not go far, nor wait long. Here are small swords, and twenty paces hence is the garden."

"Monsieur le Capitaine is so obliging," bowed the other. "Perhaps they lied who said Monsieur was a coward and would not fight?"

"You shall see!" cried the young royalist, almost bursting with suppressed passion. "Coward or no coward I have sent your betters to the devil, and you shall soon follow."

In less than ten minutes the two antagonists were in the garden, and their swords crossed.—Honiton was perfectly cool and self-possessed, but Duvaux was almost blind with rage. The latter was accounted the best swordsman in his corps, and there were the fewest number that could cope with him, which was one cause of his overbearing insolence; but in less than a minute he discovered to his horror that he was only a mere child in the hands of his antagonist, who seemed rather disposed to play with than fight him. In the course of five minutes, however, he received a disabling wound; and then like lightning, the blade of the other flashed before his eyes and severed his nose close down to his face.

"Monsieur le Capitaine did me the honor to pull my nose—I have done myself the honor to cut off his. Good-day, Monsieur. I will send my servant to look after you. When you are well I will call again. My compliments to the bride, and how does she like your beauty?"

This affable created a great sensation in the upper circles of Paris. The wedding of course did not come off on the appointed day, and subsequently the lady declined to marry a man whose features were so terribly disfigured.

From his sudden disappearance on the morning of the duel, nothing was seen or heard of Captain Honiton till his adversary had so far recovered as to be again abroad, when, at a like hour in the day, he was suddenly reappeared.

"I have been expecting you," said Captain Duvaux, when they again met.

"Monsieur la Capitaine does me too much honor. I hope my visits do not prove troublesome."

"Follow me," returned Duvaux, keeping himself fearfully calm.

He conducted his visitor into an empty hall, and produced a pair of pistols. Handing one to his enemy, he requested him to load it, while he proceeded to charge the other.

"You are more than a match for me with

swords," he said, "and so we will try these. It is my wish that one of us may not quit this hall alive. We will take our places and fire at the word."

"And Monsieur le Capitaine shall give the word," replied Honiton, with the most perfect sang froid.

At the first fire, the Imperialist received a flesh wound in the shoulder, and the royalist lost a portion of his right ear.

"Monsieur le Capitaine did me the honor to box my right ear," said Honiton, coolly; "I have done myself the honor to shoot off his."

In a couple of minutes the pistols were again loaded, and the foes in their respective places. This time Captain Honiton received a wound in the neck, not necessarily mortal, and Captain Duvaux lost a portion of his left ear.

The Imperialist coolly repeated his taunting words.

As they were taking their positions for the third time, Captain Honiton remarked, with bitter emphasis:

"Now, then, Monsieur le Capitaine, I will remember the foot!"

Both pistols cracked together at the word, and both antagonists fell back dead—the one shot through the heart, and the other through the brain.

So terminated this singular combat, the closing scenes of which were reported by a servant who saw and heard all.

A "Verdant" in a Cotton Mill.

A raw, straw-batted, sandy-whiskered, six-foot gawky, one of the purely uninitiated, came recently from Greene county, with a load of wood for a factory company. Not satisfied with contemplating the "poetry of motion" at a safe distance our hero must needs introduce himself between the cards, and get a nearer view. This move brought his "netter habiliments" into a dangerous proximity to the next card and thereby gave a tale.

"You, I say! She goes poofy, don't she, boss?" said Jonathan, inquiringly.

"She don't do anything else," responded the stripper. "But you must be very careful how you move around this hardware. 'Twas only last week sir, that a promising young man from Oxford, a student at college there, was drawn into that very card, sir, and before any assistance could reach him he was run through, and manufactured into No. 16, super extra, cotton warp yarn!"

"I see—wow! I believe you're joking!" stuttered Jonathan.

"Fact, sir," continued the stripper; "and his disconsolate mother came down two days ago, and got five bunches of that same yarn as melancholy relics."

"By the poker, that can't be true!"

"Fact, sir, fact! And each of his fellow students purchased a skein apiece, to be set in lockets, and worn in remembrance of departed worth."

"Is that a fact now? Was he really carded, spun and set in lockets?"

A sense of personal danger shot across our hero's mind; he began to retreat precipitately, without waiting for an answer. But there was not much room to spare between himself and the gearing of the card wheel. Another step backwards completed the ceremony of introduction. His unwhisperable being of large "calibre," the process of snarling them up in a hard knot was no ways slow.—Our hero "gave tongue" instantly.

"O! murder! Let go! You hurt! Blast your pieter, let go! An't you ashamed? Get out! Let alone one me; do—can't you?"

The card stripper threw off the belt, but the momentum of the cylinder kept it revolving, and our hero, supposing it in full operation, burst out anew.

"O, stop her, stop her, do! I can't well, and I order to be home. Father wants the steers, and mother's going to bake. Stop the tarmal masher can't ye? Do! An't ye got no feelin' for a teller in distress? O dear! I'll be carded and spun, and made into lockets! Je—ru—sa—lem! How I wish I was to Greene!"

The card was stopped at last, but Jonathan's clothes were so entangled in the gearing that it was no slight task to extricate him, and it was only by cutting out the whole of the "invested territory" that he was finally released.

A Duelling Anecdote.

Two Spanish officers met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilbao, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents.

"We wish to fight—to fight to death," they replied to the representations of their companions.

At this moment a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Romeo's apothecary, approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice said—

"Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan, with a large family and would—"

"My good man, don't trouble us now," cried one of the officers; "don't you see that my friends are going to split each other? We are not in a Christian humor."

"It is not aims I ask for," said the man. "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and having heard that those two gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffin."

At these words the individuals about to commence the combat burst into a loud fit of laughter, and simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other and walked away.

A FABLE.—A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards as he walked along he kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the ground, in hopes to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a goodly number of coins, gold and silver.

But all these years, while he was looking for them he saw not that the heavens were bright above him and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure: and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along.

At a wedding, when the officiating priest put to the lady the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest curtsy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please."

Sabbath Observance.

The right observance of the sabbath is one of the corner stones of a nation's prosperity—essential to its well being. God has always manifested a special regard for this his own holy day and views with supreme displeasure those who, in any way, slight it. Men may, for a time, disregard it with impunity, but eventually vengeance will overtake them. They may, for a season, rob God of this portion of time which He claims as His own, but in the end they will be made to repay it at a fearful cost, and at an enormous rate of interest. There was once a very wealthy man who always refused to part with any portion of his gains for religious objects. One morning some persons were seeking aid for an enterprise of this nature called on him. At first he declined giving anything. But while they were there he received a letter informing him of the loss of one of his vessels with her valuable cargo. To their surprise he immediately handed them a most liberal subscription and on their seeking for an explanation of his conduct, he told them that "he might as well give it willingly as have it taken from him against his will." So will it be with all—nations or communities, corporations or individuals—who use the Sabbath in thinking their thoughts, in speaking their own words, or in doing their own works. Sooner or later judgment will overtake them, and whether or not, they will be obliged outwardly at least to respect "the day which the Lord hath made."

The inhabitants of Taylor Village, near Dorchester, have changed the name of that place to Rock-Land.

The Canadian Government are advertising for ten thousand pairs of pantaloons for the militia. They are to be made from cloth of Canadian manufacture and delivered on or before the 20th April next.

A Halifax paper says, the severe frost of the last few days has improved the ice on our harbour, and rendered it comparatively safe for travelling. Horses and sleighs are now passing between town and New Glasgow.

Advices from St. Petersburg state that this is the severest winter experienced in Russia for many years. The rivers and the sea were frozen, but no snow had fallen.

There are no less than eighty-five languages spoken in New York city by natives of as many different nations.

The annual clip of wool in California for 1862 was 5,000,000 pounds.

The Island of Fayal in the Atlantic has been almost desolated recently by a succession of earthquakes. Many of the inhabitants have left it and gone to other islands of the Azorian group.

The debt of New York is at present \$27,000,000 and the debt of Boston upwards of \$10,000,000.

Montreal papers mention with much alarm the mysterious disappearance of several persons in that city, male and female.

The aggregate bank circulation of the Federal States was, in January, 1862, nearly \$24,000,000 less than in January, 1861.

The cargo of the ship George Griewold—the gift of America to the English operatives—was 12,736 barrels of flour, 400 boxes of bacon, 100 barrels of pork, 500 bushels corn, 500 barrels and boxes of bread.

It is estimated that the frauds committed upon the Federal Government since the war began amount to one hundred million dollars.

The Oil Wells at Enniskillen, in Canada West, have stopped flowing. There is great excitement in consequence.

About 18 inches of snow fell at Cincinnati on 15th inst.

A Connecticut editor, having got married, raised the price of his paper on the ground that a married man's paper is worth more than that of a bachelor.

The Quebec *Vindicator* entertains the idea that the portion of the Grand Trunk Road from Quebec to Riviere du Loup will be purchased from the company by the Province if the Railroad scheme be carried out.

The story of the great skating disaster at Harpersville, New York, is said to be untrue.

An intemperate man named John Adams, a dog-skinner, and hence called "Jack the Skinner" by the boys, was found dead one day last week on King Street, St. John.

The Boston Post says—"A man in New York went to bed drunk the other night, rolled out and broke his neck; his wife found him dead in the morning. Moral—Shun the flowing bowl—or else take the back side of the bed."

A number of leading fashionable ladies of New York city have decided to revive the obsolete custom of powdering the head, and have appeared at several parties and social gatherings with the hair done in the old style, and then thickly bedressed with powder.

Mr. Paul Murphy, the celebrated chess player, has arrived in Paris, having slipped through the blockade and reached Europe by way of the Havannah. He is reported a devoted Southerner.

The St. Croix Herald says, the St. Croix river closed on Thursday, January 8th, but is open again; vessels can come to the head of navigation.

Baron de Rothschild of London, has ordered for his town house a staircase of white Carrara marble, at a cost of \$40,000.

A wreath made from the hair of all the living Methodist Bishops and their wives and most of the Methodist clergymen of New York city, together with locks of hair of the honored dead of the Methodist Church, has been presented to Bishop James.

The Legislature of Nova Scotia has been summoned to meet for the dispatch of business on Thursday the 12th day of February—the same day that our own Legislature meets.

The St. John Globe says: "The Boston Journal of Thursday last comes to us printed on paper made entirely of wood. It is a very good article, is white and clear, but is not, the publishers say, as good as the manufacturers will eventually be able to make. There can be no doubt, whatever, that many of the efforts now making to produce good paper from new material will result in success, and it is quite likely that, in a short time, paper will be cheaper than ever."

The Washington *Chronicle* says there are strong grounds for believing that the reason why the Alabama permitted the Tonawanda to continue her voyage to Europe on giving a bond of \$60,000 as ransom, was that the commanders of the privateer and merchantman had known each other as Free Masons. When Captain Julius reminded Capt. Semmes of this, he let the vessel go ransomless by the bond, instead of destroying it.

The Halifax *Express* says—"It is rumored that the Home Government has decided to keep the office of Fishery Commissioner open for Mr. Howe's acceptance or rejection, as the case may be, until the month of May ensuing. Of course, the acceptance of any office of emolument under the British Government, would incapacitate a Colonist to sit in the Legislature. There cannot, it must be assumed, be any difference of opinion on a matter so self-evident."

The ex-Queen of Naples still positively refuses to return to her husband. On the 13th ultimo the King of Bavaria went to Augsburg, and for the fifth time tried to induce his youthful relative to consent to go to Rome, but his persuasions were in vain.—The unfortunate lady is said to declare that she will sue for a divorce rather than again live under the same roof with King Francis II.

An exchange says that in skating upon a pond at Bloomfield, New Jersey, some day since, a boy named Higgins fell through the ice, remaining in the water for eight or fifteen minutes, when he was taken out for dead. A village physician, however, applied a galvanic battery, with other means, and after six hours' labor succeeded in restoring animation.

The following is from the *Telegraph*. "A steady, industrious man named David Leonard, a farmer, living on the Ballis, was in his usual good health yesterday morning, and worked for some time, but having returned to the house for the purpose of having a 'silver' extracted from his finger, dropped dead while crossing the floor, without showing any previous symptoms of illness. He leaves a wife and two children."

We are commanded to let our light shine before men, the man with the red nose keeps his light shining before himself.

When a woman wishes to be very affectionate to her lover, she calls him a "naughty man."

Items Foreign, & Local.

A woman died in London recently through swallowing her false teeth.

An old lady named Mr. Mary Surette, died at Yarmouth last week, aged 102.

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General News.

THAT "NUGGET"—Much amusement has been caused in the City by the discovery that the great "nugget" which Mr. Sandburn of [Fredericton] found in the Nova Scotia gold mines, and which was supposed to be worth \$1,000, contained, when broken up, just \$15 worth of gold. The "nugget" had been left with Mr. George Hutchinson, watchmaker and jeweler, Market Square, who, with another gentleman, had engaged to purchase a conditionally, giving Mr. Sandburn \$100 on account, and guaranteeing to pay him \$16