

# The Carleton Sentinel

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## Poetry.

### HYMN OF THE HARVESTERS.

We gather them in—the bright green leaves—  
With our scythes and rakes to-day,  
And the mow grows big, as the pitcher heaves,  
His lift in the swelling hay.

O ho! a field! for the mower's scythe,  
Hath a ring as of destiny,  
Sweeping the earth of its burden lithe,  
As it sings in thankful glee.

We gather them in—the nodding plumes  
Of the yellow and bearded grain,  
And the flash of our sickle's light illumines  
Our march o'er the vanquished plain.

anon, we come with a steed drawn car—  
The cunning of modern laws;  
And across stoop to its clanking jar,  
As it rocks its hungry jaws.

We gather them in—the mellow fruits,  
From the shrub, the vine and tree,  
With their russet, and golden, and purple suits,  
To garnish our treasury.

And each has a juicy treasure stored,  
All beneath its painted rind,  
To cheer our guests at the social board,  
When we leave our cares behind.

We gather them in—this goodly store—  
But not with a miser's gush;  
For that great All Father we adore,  
Hath but given it in trust.

And our work of death is but for life,  
In the wintry days to come;  
Then, a blessing upon the reaper's strife,  
And a shout at his Harvest Home.

## Select Tale.

### A TRUTHFUL STORY OF TO-DAY.

Mrs. Smith! of course you know her. Her husband, Mr. Smith, is a wholesale dealer in codfish, gimbles, molasses, cotton goods and patent medicines. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are the real *bon ton*, the *recherche* of society, and the beau monde considered Mrs. Smith the belle of their peculiar element. You meet Mrs. Smith upon the street, and politely raise your hat, or more properly duck your head in a bow, in token of "I would cut it off if it would afford you any pleasure."

Now you would hardly believe that Mrs. Smith, that richly dressed and fashionable lady, with proud and elastic step, and a contemptuous curl at servant girls upon her beautiful and haughty lip, was once a servant—ah, twice—a servant girl and a factory hand, in the Yankee land of Lowell. That's to her honor, for have not kings married commoners, and dukes made duchesses of peasant girls? She was haughty and proud a few months ago, but there had been a change. Those who once found her in arrogance, now find her amiability, and those who thought her haughty now love her for her sympathy and kindness. Thereby begins our story.

Mrs. Smith was at one time the most unpleasant mistress, servant girl ever attempted to please—and, if by dint of perseverance, one of them remained in her employ two weeks. Mrs. Smith's astonishment was plainly visible.

Well Smith put on airs as well as Mrs. Smith—it was by lucky accident he got started and followed up his fortunes until he had obtained his present importance. Tell Smith how he worked at common labor a few years ago, how he learned the art of buying and selling for profit by graduating from house waiter to stewardship, and thus got his first idea of "trade," he will probably say—"Ah, then were old times." Old times, sure enough! Just a decade gone since "them old times."

"Mr. Smith," said the lady to her senior partner, in a tone that said plainer than her words—"I have an order for you this morning; the steamer has arrived. I see by the morning papers there are three hundred women on board and I should think you might get a real good servant woman. I want no more girls about the house. I believe if I have as much trouble another six months with servant girls, as I have had within the past six, I shall go distracted, die, or be obliged to do my own housework."

"Well, my dear," replied Mr. Smith in a bantering tone of voice—bantering with Mrs. Smith was like boys venturing on thin ice—"if you do the first act, I shall take good care of you in an asylum, if you do your housework, I will pay you servant's wages regularly. There!"

For a moment Mrs. Smith held her breath—then came low mutterings. Smith began to move—Then came the first sharp drops from between the pearl-like teeth and rosy lips. Smith was in the hall. Then with a thundering majesty she spoke—and Smith was making his exit at the street door.

A boy and girl came running into the breakfast room, while yet the clouds hung over the atmosphere of this cosy place.

Mrs. Smith smiles—and the sunshine breaks through. "Not yet dressed," and the full tide of noonday brightness shines resplendent around, meliorated by the tones of a mother's voice.

"I would like a situation," said a mild sweet voice, at the intelligence office. The face was not what was actually called pretty, but there was a charm about the whole person, which was rather prepossessing. "The intelligence office looked at the woman—as only men in that station can—to see if the woman would fit the place, and if the place would fit the woman."

"I have only one place," he replied—"Mrs. Smith's, and she is the hardest woman to suit with help in this city. But if you have a mind to you can try the place, if you stay there a month I'll charge you with the fee, if not, I'll get you another place."

The woman was satisfied to try and a boy was sent to show her the lady's residence.

"Mrs. Smith," soliloquized the woman as she walked up toward the mansion—"Mrs. Smith." A paleness overspread her face as she caught a glimpse of the features of Mrs. Smith through the window, when she turned to go into the basement of the mansion, but with an effort she gathered courage and her cheeks grew red with the returning flush.

"Mr. — sent this woman," said the boy to Mrs. Smith, as they entered the breakfast room, where the children were making ponds out of egg shells, and floating them in bowls of coffee.

"Another woman," cried Ed, running up to

her and catching hold of her gown. Another woman, a lisp little Kate, as she followed her brother's example.

"Madam never mind them," said Mrs. Smith, as the woman placed her hands upon their heads, "Ed and Kate," she continued, go and be dressed—go this instant or I'll whip you."

The children did not heed the mother and the woman seemed hardly conscious of the presence of either. She seemed all attention to other thoughts perhaps about her own child, or those she loved and left behind.

The office boy the while saying—"And Mr. — says he hopes she will suit you; and since there's been so much in the papers about girl's wages they are all going off in the country, and this one came on the steamer yesterday from the States."

The boy's errand done, he left the mistress with the woman. Mrs. Smith seated herself upon the lounge, while the woman stood gazing in apparent astonishment around her.

"What countrywoman are you?" Mrs. Smith inquired as she began the formula of her accustomed catechism.

"American," the woman articulated in reply, as if half afraid to speak.

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-six."

"Maid or widow?"

"Widow."

"Can you take good care of children, ma'am?"

Ed and Kate are two dear sweet children and if you are in any way cross, I fear you will not suit me."

"I am very fond of children, madam," and the woman fairly shuddered as she uttered the word madam.

"Can you wash for the family? There are only four of us."

"I can try."

"Can you cook a good dinner, if our servant man helps you? For sometimes we have company; at other times we are not so particular."

"I believe I can. My sister used to praise me for being so good a cook."

"Your sister! Poor soul perhaps she was not a judge." The woman bit her lips until the blood fairly started from their trembling veins. "Well! I want you to do chamber work too, and make yourself generally useful about the house."

"Now what wages do you expect?"

"Thirty-five dollars a month, I was told were the usual wages."

"Thirty-five dollars!" and Mrs. Smith raised her eyes in surprise. Why you must mean twenty-five dollars; that is the highest wages I ever paid!

she exclaimed.

And Mrs. Smith smiled, for she had overheard the boy say the woman had just arrived, and she was one of those women opposed to high wages for servants.

"I suppose it must be twenty-five," said the woman, timidly. "I do not know what wages are paid here for help; I only arrived yesterday."

"I can assure you, Bridget, that twenty-five dollars a month is good wages, and if that will do, why—I'll try you."

"Bridget, Mrs. Smith called her—and so she had called every girl and woman of the fifty she had had. Bridget's first duty was to wash and dress little Kate and Ed, and somehow or other the children were made to look unusually neat this morning, and Bridget's eyes were red as if from weeping, and Ed and Kate each had a valuable story to tell their mother an hour afterwards how the new woman had kissed and hugged them almost to pieces."

When Mr. Smith came home to supper that evening, he was agreeably surprised to find the house in unusually good order. Mrs. Smith was in cheerful spirits, for she had found less to do than she had for a long time before. Bridget seemed to be ahead of her in everything to anticipate her wants. The children minded her as if by instinct, and Mrs. Smith declared that if Bridget was as good every day in producing comfort in the household as she was the day of her arrival, she would not part with her for thrice her wages.

Two months rolled around, and Mrs. S. began to be very uneasy, in her new situation, for she had no occasion to direct or superintend the affairs of her household, and having less cause to complain, she grew irritable and nervous. One day there had been an unusual number of visitors and whatever went wrong in the parlor to raise Mrs. Smith's ire was visited on the head of the unoffending Bridget.

"Husband," was Mrs. Smith's ejaculation of complaint, as soon as Mrs. Smith entered that evening, "to-morrow morning when you go down town, leave a note at the intelligence office, telling them to send me another woman. Bridget was quite saucy and impudent to-day, and I will not put up with a servant's impudence."

"But, wife," was Smith's remonstrance, "I thought Bridget was the chief, par excellence of housemaids, and I think you said—"

"Mr. Smith, I know what a servant must be," she exclaimed, "and I do not want you to tell me."

"Yes, yes, I have no doubt you do," and Mr. Smith balanced the soup plate on his fingers as if in the act of washing it, and Mrs. Smith's face flushed red as scarlet.

"Mr. Smith," she exclaimed—and sank back, unable to articulate more—and just then Bridget entered, and cut short her accumulating words.

The twilight of evening had come, and the sitting room was lighted. Mr. Smith took out his portfolio, rang the bell, and Bridget entered the room.

"Bridget," said Mr. Smith, "I am sorry, but Mrs. Smith says she will dispense with your services after to-morrow. You have been here two months—I wish I could say two years—and I am sorry to part with you. Sign this receipt, and here is a bonus with your wages." And he placed a package of coin by the side of the paper.

Bridget took up the pen, and in a neat hand wrote "Frances Dupue."

Mr. Smith took up the receipt and glanced at the name, and then walked across the room and held the paper before his wife. "Mrs. Smith," said he, "her name is Frances—not Bridget." A deep blush suffused Mrs. Smith's face.

"Frances, what State are you from?"

"Massachusetts," she replied.

"What part, Frances?"

"Lowell."

"Were you acquainted with Mr. Robert Dupue's

family? they have the same name as yourself," she eagerly inquired.

"Yes, quite well," she answered quietly.

"And is the old gentleman still living?" Mrs. Smith earnestly asked, and continued, "I have not heard from them for a long time."

"No, he is dead," she replied, with a sigh. "He has been dead nearly a year."

"Dead! Poor old man!" Mrs. Smith exclaimed, and she brushed a tear from her cheek. "Tell me, Frances, all you know of him and his death, and I will be thankful to you for it."

"I suppose his death was like that of many poor old men's," she began, and continued as a sad expression stole over her face: "The old gentleman had two daughters. The younger got married and emigrated to St. Louis with her husband, leaving the elder at home with her father. Finally, she too, got married, and like her sister emigrated West with her husband, and left the old gentleman alone, and I believe he never heard from her afterwards—only through strangers. I heard that they came to California, and it was said that her husband, Mr. Smith, was rich."

"Frances, hasten your recital," exclaimed Mrs. Smith, excitedly, "and tell me about Mr. Dupue's death."

"The tale is a short one, madam," Frances returned, and she gave Mrs. Smith a look that made her tremble. "The old gentleman," she continued, "was left alone to the tender mercies of strangers. A long sickness followed, and exhausted his once competent means—for in the absence of those who should have been at his bedside, there was no one to take care of his affairs. After all was gone, they mercifully sent him to the almshouse."

"Oh, my God! and he died there?" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, between the choking sobs that escaped her lips.

"Oh, no, he did not die there," Frances replied, "for his younger daughter returned. She had buried her husband at St. Louis, and after gathering her estate together, she turned her attention to her father's house. The misfortune of her only parent and friend was another sad blow to her; but she soon provided another home for him, and for nearly a year she nursed and watched over him, and on his death bed received his last blessing in reward for her dutiful conduct. He is buried beside his wife in the old burying ground."

Frances grew pale at her recital, and her tears fell, as did those of her hearers.

"Ah! then my poor father is dead!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, "and Ella, my sister, what became of her?"

"She remained in Lowell some time after her father's death," continued Frances, "expecting to hear from her sister Elizabeth to whom she had often written, without receiving any reply. She finally concluded to come to California. She arrived here two months ago, and by a strange fatality was introduced into her sister's house as a servant, where she has remained ever since."

Her words were so calmly spoken that Mrs. Smith was startled. "How could this be?" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, as she sprang towards Frances, "and I not know you?—Ah, Ella Frances, my sister, and Mrs. Smith extended her arms to embrace her, but Frances quietly prevented her from doing so, as she replied,

"No, Elizabeth. I came here as your servant; as such you have treated me, and as such I will leave you."

And she left the room. Not the prayers of her sister, nor the entreaties of her brother-in-law could change her resolve.

It was a terrible lesson to Mrs. Smith, and she will never forget it. Ella Frances Dupue was soon afterward married to a merchant who knew her at St. Louis, and appreciated her, and she is now mistress of a home equal in wealth to her sister's and more replete with happiness.

With the exception of the names, this Story of To-day is true; and the actors need not blush at the recital, for this is one of the many that are stranger than fiction.

### Politeness at Home.

As home is the sphere of every amiable virtue—in theory, at least—so also it should be the sphere of every amiable accomplishment, and the school of politeness. That genuine and sincere good breeding which is so easily distinguishable from pretentious affections, always commences at home, where natural courtesy of heart, and not mere fashionable vanity, is its motive. The young man who treats his mother and sister with politeness is only true gentleman; for "un gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme," as the French say, and real politeness is not to be assumed and cast aside at pleasure. Though a deference to the softer sex is allowed to be one of our national characteristics and merits, we are still very far from being a truly polite nation; nor can we ever become such until parents learn to realize how important it is that the child at home should commence to be taught politeness when it is learning its letters. As far as our own observation goes, American parents, like English parents of the middle class, know no medium in this respect between two equally unamiable extremes; they either permit their children to be as rude and unmanly as so many boys, until future years teach them to assume politeness in company, or a species of hypocrisy; or subject them to such iron discipline in the matter that their good behaviour becomes a kind of mechanical habit, by which all the youthfulness of heart is crushed out, and they themselves are reduced to mere surly automatons. Either of these systems is a most sad mistake, and rears the child to be anything but truly polite in after years.

Quite things get into the newspapers. Thus it is related that a diffident Hartford bachelor went to the sea shore in August to seek refuge from the dulness of his celibacy, and one dark evening, enjoying a breeze on the piazza of his hotel, happened to take a seat that had just been vacated by the husband of a loving wife, with whom the happy man had been chatting. In a few moments the lady returned, and mistaking the stranger for her husband, lovingly encircled his neck, and gave him an affectionate kiss, with the remark, "Come, darling, it is not about time to retire?" He did not faint but the shock was very severe.

We always like to see ladies and gentlemen with beautiful rich gold rings on their fingers, and long-dirty finger nails—it looks so neat and genteel.

### A Hero in Heaven.

What a happy thought, when, amid the ills of life, the heart is lacerated with sorrow and the brain with wild care, that, beyond all earthly woe, far down the river of time, there is rest for the weary, and we may have a home in heaven. Earth has its joys; all along the journey of life, the care-worn soul may get an occasional ray of sunlight and pluck the choicest flowers. But too often the sunshine is followed by storms, and the flowers have concealed amid their fragrant leaves piercing thorns the sting of which will linger long after their beauty is gone and fragrance forever wasted. But in that home in heaven, no clouds obscure the sun, and in those amaranthine bowers no thorns or poisons are ever concealed. Here we may have dear, cherished friends, and think them tried and true; but, as time steals on, they forget the "long ago," forget to be constant, and in their new associations the love we thought so sweet is bestowed upon others, and new altars of friendship are reared, which may be torn down in turn by one cold breath of distrust. And if, perchance, we strive to summon from the past the confidence of yore, 'tis all in vain; for friendship's blossoms bloom no more when confidence has fled. But in our home in heaven perpetual blossoms adorn the lovely tree of friendship—coldness, deception and distrust are forever excluded from that genial clime. There are no wasted treasures, no blighted hopes, no broken hearts, but all is peace and love in heaven.—*Alma Ashton.*

### Luther.

"From this place (Strasbourg) to Mayence, down the Rhine, there is nothing of interest except the old city of Worms, immortal for the part it played in the Reformation. It is now half desolate, but I looked upon it with the profoundest emotions. Luther rose before me with that determined brow, and strange, awful eye of his, before which the boldest glance bent down. I seemed to behold him as he approached the thronged city. Every step told of the fate of a world, and on the single will of that single man rests the whole Reformation. But he is firm as truth itself, and in the regular beatings of that mighty heart, and in the unflinching step of that fearless form the notorious read their destiny. The Rhine is lined with battle fields, and mighty chieftains lie along its banks, but there was never the march of an army on its mighty shores, not even when Bonaparte trod there with his strong legions, so sublime and awful as the approach of that single man to Worms—the fate of a nation living on the tread of the one—that of the world on the other. Crowns and thrones were carried by the former—the freedom of mankind by the latter."

What is the heading valor of Bonaparte on the bridge of Lodi, the terrible charge of McDonald at Wagram, or Nevat at Waterloo, compared to the steady handed courage of this fearless man, placing himself single handed against kings, and princes, and facing down the whole visible church of God on earth, with its prisons and torture, and death placed before him. But there was a mightier power on earth within him than human will or human courage—the upspringing and uplifting spirit of God bearing him on with its sweet promise, and nerving with its divine strength till it could thrub as calmly in the earthquake as in the sunshine. Still his was a bold spirit, doing all, and more than man dare do."

### Looking out for Sights.

There are some people always looking out for sights. They cannot pay a visit, they cannot receive a friend, they cannot carry on the intercourse of the family, without suspecting some offence is designed. They are as touchy as hair triggers. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his obstruction to some motive personal to themselves, and to take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in everybody they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to find some unfortunate word, or some momentary taciturnity mistaken for an insult.

AMUSING INCIDENT.—An amusing incident took place in a linen-drapery's a short time since. A good looking honest-faced country girl came to town with her 'bean' to do a little shopping. The magnitude of the shop, the piles on piles of goods, the dazzling array of articles, the rows of busy shopmen, quite overpowered our good friend, who scarcely knew what to do. Her 'bean' obstinately refused to go in but loitered about the door. The shopmen being all busy just at the time, the young woman was obliged to remain standing a few moments. At length a dapper fellow, with gold watch chain and dourishing whiskers, came bowing and smiling up to the blushing customer, with "Anybody waiting on you, madam? The color deepened on her cheeks as she hesitated and drew a long breath, till, finally with a nod of her head towards the door, she faltered out, "Yes! sir, he is."

As on of the Emerald Isle meeting a countryman whose face was not perfectly remembered, after saluting him cordially, inquired his name. "Walsh," was the answer. "Walsh! Walsh!" responded Paddy, "are ye not from Dublin? I knew two old maids there of that name—was either of them yer mother?"

A cockney tourist met a Scottish lassie going barefoot towards Glasgow. "Lassie," said he, "I should like to know if all the people in these parts go barefoot?" "part on 'em do, and part on 'em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

A fellow who has some music in his soul, says that the most cheerful and soothing of all fireside melodies are the blended tones of a cricket, a teakettle, a loving wife, and the crowing of a baby.

An Irishman recently handed in to the telegraph office a despatch intended to inform another Emerald, employed upon the public works in a neighboring town, of the decease of a friend. It read thus: "Barney, come home; I died last night."

A Judge said to a toper on trial for drunkenness: "Prisoner you have heard the complaint for habitual drunkenness; what have you to say in your defence?" "Nothing, please your honor, but habitual thirst."

## Items, Foreign & Local.

Patti gets £150 (seven hundred and fifty dollars) per night in Paris, for singing.

A Swedeborgian journal called the *Progressionist*, has been started in London.

Brigham Young has ordered the largest organ in the world to be built for his Tabernacle at Salt Lake.

A soldier received fifty lashes on the bare back, on the parade ground at Quebec, a short time since, for attempting to shoot a Sergeant-Major.

There is a pear tree, 240 years old, in Philadelphia which still bears fruit.

In Haverhill, Mass., shoe making is extensively followed by women.

The Fall is the best time to set out strawberries; also ornamental trees, &c.

Coal miners in the States are receiving from \$90 to \$125 per month, for eight hours labor per day.

The *Charleston Mercury* has a savage article on Jeff. Davis. It says he has lost the confidence of both the army and the people.

The agricultural exports of the United States—exclusive of cotton—in 1860, were \$90,849,550; in 1862, with a million of men in the field, and no Southern exports, they reached the sum of \$155,142,074.

A London weekly gives circulation to the rumor that "the Rev. Beecher Stowe" has been looking out for an opposition tabernacle, in the neighborhood of Mr. Spurgeon's.

The new Canadian Militia Bill provides for the establishment of military schools for the instruction of Militia officers, at an estimated cost of \$100,000 a year.

A miner at Pike's Peak writes, that the miners are very much discouraged. They have to dig through a solid vein of silver four feet thick before they can reach the gold.

Three of the negro soldiers who were concerned in the horrible massacre of a family in Kentucky, were hanged a few days since in the presence of thousands of spectators.

The difficulty with the Indians of Manitoulin Island has been settled by the Canadian Government conceding all that was claimed by the Indians.

The *Richmond Examiner* justifies the Lawrence massacre as "a gallant and perfectly fair blow at the enemy."

According to a Port Royal correspondent the thunder of the bombardment of Charleston was distinctly heard at Beaufort a distance of fifty miles.

Judge Wright of the Police court of Boston, decided lately that "bar tending" is no lawful employment, and sentenced a man who claimed this calling to the House of Industry.

It is estimated that the butchers of New York lost thirty thousand dollars last week, by the spoiling of their fresh meat, in consequence of the excessive heat. Many of the large packing houses there have suspended business, until cooler weather shall prevail.

A rifle match recently took place in Hamilton, (C.W.) between ten Sergeants of the Rifle Brigade, (regulars) and ten Sergeants of the Volunteers. The firing was at two, three and four hundred yards, five shots at each, and the Volunteers won by 84 points, beating their opponents at each range.

The Portsmouth *Chronicle* tells of a man (with a strong-minded wife) who came to that city from Salmon Falls to enlist as a substitute. The wife attended her husband to the Provost Marshall's quarters, saw him mustered in, took his \$400 and his citizens clothes after he had donned his military uniform, bid him good bye, and returned to her home. The couple are said to be comparatively wealthy.

A curious case has been heard in Paris. It is a question of a disputed legacy, the legatee being no less a person than Queen Victoria, to whom a lady of English birth, residing in France, had bequeathed a sum of 100,000 francs for the benefit of the poor of London. Some of the other legatees endeavored to interpose a technical obstacle, but judgement was given by the Tribunal of the Seine in favor of Her Majesty.

The *N. Y. Journal of Commerce* says—"We have the very highest authority for saying that it is the design and intention of the Government to stop its action so as to force all existing banks in the United States to wind up their affairs and withdraw from the field, in favor of institutions to be established under Mr. Chase's system, and controlled at Washington."

The London *Daily News* says that owing to the large increase in the yield, the harvest is estimated to be worth £20,000,000 to £30,000,000, more than that of last year, and there will consequently be no necessity for the importation of large supplies of breadstuffs from abroad.

Thirty of the German Sovereigns assembled at Frankfurt—including the Emperor of Austria—and three kings went to the theatre to hear Patti, and it is said suffered much, the house being comparatively small, and of course crowded to excess.

The official returns say that the horrors of the earthquake at Manila were not originally overstated. 8,000 persons have perished, and two-thirds of the buildings, public and private, have been destroyed. The Government of Spain has sent 40 millions of reals, and the Queen has sent half a million. The customs dues are to be abrogated in the island, especially as concerns all building materials.

The Rochester *Democrat* states that a prominent fruit grower in Western New York, from a single tract of 10 acres, sent to market 1,300 bushels of strawberries of the Wilson seedling and Triumph Eagle varieties of last year, and there were some 400,000 of the same crop sold at an average price of one shilling a quart, realizing the snug sum of \$5,000.

Mr. Alexander Smith, the poet, has recently published a volume of *Essays* called "Dreamthorp," of which a critic says, "Never since the days of Charles Lamb has such charming prose been presented to the world."

For a long time past the Reading Railroad Company have been nightly robbed of large quantities of coal in Philadelphia, and on Sunday night the police made a descent on the thieves and arrested forty-five out of about a hundred men and women who were carrying off the coal in bags, baskets, wheelbarrows, handcarts, &c. To so great an extent has this system of robbery been carried on that some of the parties have even built comfortable houses with the money they got for coal thus obtained.

It appears that Bishop Colenso cannot be tried with any hope of a result satisfactory to the orthodox, without a new act of Parliament. Most of the English Bishops have forbidden him to officiate in their dioceses, but he can go back to Natal, and exercise his office there as long as he sees fit. It would seem that the discipline of the English Church needs improving.

A Physician of Springfield, Ohio, has hit upon an instrument which, as singular as it may seem at first sight, is not the most unpromising one for the general diffusion of a taste for music and of an economical enjoyment of a skilled musical competent for the purpose of extending music from competent performers into every family, cheaply almost as gas and water. His mode is to locate in some central part of the city a musical depot, presided over by some highly skilled performer on the piano or melodeon. To this instrument an electrical attachment may be made to communicate with a thousand other pianos in the city, these again having their own peculiar magnetical attachments.

## General News.

A MEXICAN AMAZON.—Among the Mexican prisoners taken to France by the transport *Rhone* is a young Indiana warrior 25 years of age, who was Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment of *Zatecas*, and who, in the course of seven years, rose step by step from the ranks by her courage and talents. She followed her husband to the army and was soon promoted to the rank of second lieutenant for her distinguished bravery. The death of her husband, killed in action, afforded her an opportunity of avenging his death and of rising another step. The French defeat at Guadalupe on the 5th of May, 1862, obtained for her the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, second in command of the regiment, in which position she again greatly distinguished herself during the siege of Puebla. This singular woman handles the sword like a first rate fencing master, and she made herself not only respected but feared by the soldiers, who looked upon her as a supernatural being. After *Ortega* surrendered at discretion at Puebla she was brought to Vera Cruz and was lodged on board the *Rhone* until she could sail for France. Her order of embarcation mentions her rank and gives her a right to sit at the field officers' table. She is said to be of agreeable personal appearance, although, as might be expected, rather more masculine in her ways than altogether becomes her sex.

AN INGENUOUS MODE OF SHOP-LIFTING.—The Paris police have just succeeded in arresting two shoplifters who have for some time been exercising their craft to the prejudice of hatters, dealers in embroidery, and jewellers, in Paris. Many complaints had been lodged with the police, but all efforts to discover the thieves proved fruitless, until some of the tradesmen remembered that the robberies, had all coincided with the visits of an elegant lady, accompanied by a nursemaid in peasant costume, carrying a baby dressed in very rich embroidery. A watch was accordingly set on these two persons, and the other day an agent of the detective police caught the nurse in the act of secreting some valuable lace while her mistress was pretending to make some purchases. It was then found that the pretended baby was a doll with a wax-work face and hands, while the body was hollow pasteboard, and served as a hiding-place for the articles stolen. The two women were taken to the Prefecture of Police, and on searching their lodgings a considerable quantity of stolen goods were found, as well as a great number of pawn tickets relating to property which had been obtained in a similar manner.