

The Carleton

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

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Poetry.

The Innocent Dead.

How many a parent's heart will thrill with the agony of loss, but undying affection for dear little ones loved and lost, as they read such lines as these! We know not the author's name but the lines go straight to the heart of every bereaved parent—

Fold down its little baby hands—
This was a hope you had of old;
Fill it the brow with rosy hands,
And kiss its locks of shining gold.
Somewhere within the reach of years
Another hope may come like this;
But this poor babe is gone, in tears,
With thin white lips, cold to thy kiss.

In summer, a little heap of flowers,
In winter, a little drift of snow,
And this is all, through all the hours,
Of the promise perished long ago.
So every heart has one dear grave,
Close hidden under its joys and care,
Till over it gusts of memory wave,
And leave the little headstone bare.

Select Tale.

NINIAN GORE'S LESSON.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I really don't know what I had better do about it!"

The clock on the marble mantel had just struck four; there was a perfect Niagara of western sunshine pouring in at the window, and breaking in cascades of sparkles over the heliotropes and cloth of gold roses that filled the broad ledge; and the bright Italian landscapes that glowed on the walls seemed almost dim in the radiant positive light of the American afternoon.

Ninian Gore was leaning gracefully against the mantle, one ringed hand thrust away his chestnut curls, the other toying with the crimson tassels of his dressing gown—as perfect a specimen of the genus dandy as Broadway has ever created. Dallas Marryn sitting in front of the fire, and occasionally turning over a leaf or two in a book he was perusing, listened with a half smile on his face.

"I don't, upon my soul!" asserted Ninian, regarding himself complacently in the mirror— "What is a fellow to do when half a dozen pretty girls are bewildering him at once? How is he to make his selection?"

Dallas Marryn's lip curled slightly; he was strongly tempted to make a cutting reply, but the timely recollection that young Gore was his guest, restrained the rising sarcasm, and he quietly returned:

"I should suppose that one way would be to allow the young lady to make her own selection."

"My dear Dallas, they'd every one of them say yes the minute I asked them to make me a happy man. Do you suppose that I can't read the symptoms?"

Dallas laughed outright.

"Are you sure of your conquests?"

"Really my dear fellow," said Gore, patting his moustaches, with a smile, "one don't want to appear cocky, but the fact is that I've always been a sort of prize card among the ladies. Can't help it, I assure you, but there is something in my manners or appearance that will attract them. By the way, what a pretty little creature that Miss Roland is!—Did you observe how she hung on my every word at the ball?"

"No, I didn't," returned Marryn, biting his lip hard.

"No? Where were your eyes wandering to? Now I suppose she'll think herself very much wronged if I don't propose; but really, I'm not to blame for the interpretation she may choose to put upon my little gallantries. I don't know, though, that I could do a better thing, on the whole, if she is very much in earnest about it. Didn't I understand she was an heiress?"

"I believe she has some property," answered Marryn, in constrained tones. "But—"

"O, not another word, Dallas, I'll think about it awhile. Where are your sister's nice little guests this afternoon?"

"In the drawing room, I believe, among the crocheted patterns and embroidery cotton."

"And talking us gentlemen over of course."

"Probably not," remarked Marryn. "Doubtless they have something a great deal more sensible to talk about."

"You dear old blockhead," said Ninian, with a laugh, "how exceedingly unsophisticated you are for a fellow that has been brought up all his days in New York. You'll do better sometime. But I must really get myself up for an afternoon promenade, so au revoir!"

"The—unnitigated—puppy!" was Dallas Marryn's audible comment, the moment the door closed upon the retreating form of his spruce little college mate. "I've had several pretty powerful temptations since he has been here, but don't think I ever felt quite so much inclined to kick him down stairs as during the last half hour. Propose to Nora, indeed. I'd like to see what kind of an answer he would get."

And in his earnestness he gave the fire such a poke that the very canary in its cage uttered a remonstrating chirp.

How unfortunate it is that we don't always know just what other people think of us, or else Ninian Gore bethinking himself whistling up the stairs, and announcing his brown curls with *eau de cologne*, might have imbibed quite an unfavorable opinion of his host's taste.

"Hat gone again; now what did I do with that hat!" remarked Mr. Gore, when he was all ready for his walk, down to the very ebony cane and lemon-colored kid gloves. "Not on the hall table nor yet on the rack. I wonder if Miss Nellie Marryn has not mistaken it for Dallas' chapeau, and put it up in that closet out of her sitting room boudoir I ought to say. I've seen him go there for his hat time and again. Very odd that Miss Nellie could take Dallas' old concern for my hat. However, I'll look, for the servants are never on hand when you want them."

Ninian Gore ascended the velvet covered stairs, and walked deliberately into the dainty little room that his host's pretty sister had consecrated to her own piano and books and feminine work table. The closet in which he had a lingering hope of finding the missing article, was a large, dark one, lined with shelves, and opening directly from the boudoir. Commonplace people might have called Ninian

Gore's unauthorized investigations slightly impertinent; but then Mr. Gore was not a commonplace individual, and that circumstance makes all the difference in the world.

No—the hat was not on the second shelf, nor yet on the third. Perhaps it might be on the highest range, but Mr. Gore being a little personage, was as yet incapable of judging.

"Confound it!" was Mr. Gore's internal comment; "why couldn't I have been a long-legged fellow like Dallas? As it is, I don't see any better way than to climb up!"

And, just as he hung, like Mahomet's coffin half way between heaven and earth, there was the merry sound of girlish voices on the stairs! Could it be possible?—yes. It was!—They were coming to that very boudoir. He dropped noiselessly to the floor; to be sure he wasn't doing anything contrary to the Constitution of the United States, but he didn't exactly care to be caught by three or four pretty girls, climbing up a closet shelf. It was too much *a la* little schoolboy, in pursuit of his mamma's damsons and quince jellies. So he crouched down in the friendly shadow of the door, hoping they had only come on some brief errand, and would not stay very long. Vain unctious! for—

"Come, girls, this is the pleasantest room!"

exclaimed the clear voice of Dallas' sister Nellie. "But how on earth came Bridget to leave the closet door open?" she added, shutting the door with a slam, and, to Ninian's horror, turning the key in it!

Now, this was a pretty sort of a situation for a young man to be in, wasn't it? No use thinking of the "Captive Knight," and the "Old Oak Chest," with an interesting damsel boxed up in it; there was not the least gleam of romance in his case! How he wished he had emerged like a man, at the outset of affairs. Now it was too late!

"I'll perish here sooner than come out to be a laughing-stock to those girls!" was his brave resolution—perhaps the best he could have adopted under the peculiar circumstances.

Accordingly he sat down on the bandbox, and held his breath, while the gay maidens outside worked and chatted and laughed away, all unconscious of their unseen auditor.

"By the way," exclaimed a voice, which Ninian at once recognized as the silver accents of none other than Leonora Roland, "I haven't seen Dallas to-day."

"No," said Mrs. Marryn, "he is down stairs, playing the part of victimized host to that precious college acquaintance of his, Mr. Gore!"

"That little puppy?" ejaculated another voice, and Leonora chimed in, laughingly:

"Yes, that's the word exactly; did you ever see such a conceited little pup?"

"How he did bore you at the ball last night," said Nellie sympathizingly.

"Not so very much," returned Nora, "because you see the little animal amused me with the very exuberance of his affections. I watched him pretty closely, and I can take him off exactly. See this is the way he fingers his moustache. 'Pon my soul, Miss Roland!"

There was a peal of laughter, as Nora put her head on one side stroking her coral lips, and imitating Ninian's favorite drawl to a charm.

"Now, I dare say he thinks we are all ready to fall down and worship him," remarked Fanny Palmer. "Wouldn't it do him good for some of us to coax him up to the parlor, and then let him hang down again? Come, Nora, you're the very one to do it!"

"No," said Nora, decidedly. "It wouldn't be right. Dallas wouldn't approve of it!"

"Nonsense!" said Fanny. "Are you going to give up all fun just because you are engaged to Dallas Marryn?"

(Ninian Gore's hair stood on end at this revelation.)

"Not that exactly," said Leonora; "I wouldn't mind a little flirtation with some smart, wide awake fellow; but you see, I believe in the maxim, 'Hit one of your own size'; and it would be very ungenerous to practice any arts on that half-witted little fool! So I'll leave him alone!"

"Very true," said Nellie Marryn, and the conversation diverged into another channel.

Fifteen weary minutes longer Ninian Gore sat metaphorically speaking, on thorns, in that dark closet, before the bevy of girls concluded that it would be a splendid thing to go and take a walk, and departed to bonnet and shawl themselves accordingly. Ninian drew a deep sigh of relief as he heard the last footsteps pattering on the stairs!

"How to get out," is the question now as much as it ever was!" he groaned inwardly. "She did not take the key out of the lock, but what use is it to me, on the other side of the door! Hang keys! hang the hat! hang woman! hang everything!"

Hush! some one was ascending with a firm, manly tread; there was the carelessly-hummed fragment of "Traviata"—it was surely Dallas Marryn!

"Dallas! Dallas! hello!" he ejaculated in tones he scarce dared raise above his breath. "Help, for the love of humanity!"

Dallas had evidently paused to listen.

"Who is it? Where are you?" he exclaimed.

"Hush—sh—sh! here in this closet!—Don't shoot—it isn't a burglar!"

Dallas Marryn strode into the room, to the closet door, unlocked, and flung it open. There, to his surprise, cowered Ninian Gore, looking not unlike a frightened rabbit in its hutch!

"In the name of confusion, how came you here?" he ejaculated.

And Ninian, first exacting a promise that Marryn would not tell "the girls," related the tale of his unsuccessful search after the missing hat, and the awkward *contretemps* which led to his temporary incarceration. But he did not mention a syllable of the conversation he had overheard. No—he went quietly up to his room, and in the intervals of trunk-packing reflected upon his home troubles.

It produced two very excellent immediate results. One was, that from that hour Ninian Gore became a humbler and a meeker man, not to say wiser. The other was, that the next morning he took himself back to his native city much to Dallas Marryn's relief.

Some people take their bitter medicine in jelly, some in a lump of sugar. Ninian Gore took his in a dark boudoir closet.

Sir Robert Peel.

When Robert Peel then a youth began life as a cotton printer, near Bury, he lodged with his partner William Yates, paying eight shillings and sixpence a week for his board and lodgings. "William Yates' eldest child," says our author, "was a girl named Ellen and she very soon became an especial favorite with the young lodger. On returning home from a hard day's work on 'The Ground,' he would take the little girl upon his knee and say to her 'Nellie, thou little dear, wilt thou be my wife?' to which the child would readily answer, 'Yes,' as any child would do. 'Then I'll wait for thee, Nellie; I'll wait for thee none else.'"

And Robert Peel did wait. As the girl grew in beauty towards womanhood, his determination to wait for her was strengthened, and after the lapse of ten years—years of close attention to business and rapidly increasing prosperity—Robert Peel married Ellen Yates when she had completed her seventeenth year; and the pretty child, whom her mother's lodger, and fathers partner, had nursed upon his knee, became Mrs. Peel, and eventually Lady Peel, the mother of the Prime Minister of England. Lady Peel was a noble and beautiful woman fitted to grace any station in life. She possessed rare powers of mind, and was on emergency, the high toned and faithful counsellor of her husband.

For many years after their marriage she acted his amanuensis, conducting the principal part of his business correspondence, for Robert Peel was himself an indifferent and almost unintelligible writer. She died in 1893, only three years after the baronetcy had been conferred on her husband. It is said that London life—so unlike what she had been accustomed to—proved injurious to her health, and old William Yates was accustomed to say, "If Robert hadn't made our Nellie a 'lady' she might have been living yet."

Surgery in Afghanistan.

The Afghans, from their rough and hardy mode of life, acquire by experience a number of very practical, though, to be sure, uncouth, methods of righting themselves, their horses and their cattle, that may suffer from accidents. Their operations for the reduction of dislocations in the human subject are most original, and if report speaks at all truly, equally successful.

For a dislocation of the thigh, the unfortunate patient is sweated and starved for three days in a dark room, the atmosphere of which is heated by fires kept burning night and day, and the effects by this high temperature are increased by drenching the patient with copious draughts of warm ice water, or thin gruel. During the interval that this treatment is enforced on the patient, a fat bullock or buffalo is tied up and fed *ad libitum* with chopped straw flavored with salt, but is rigidly denied a drop of water. On the third day the patient is made to ride the bullock or buffalo astride, a felt animal intervening between the animal and the patient's side; his feet are next drawn down and fastened tightly under the animal's belly by cords passing round the ankles. All these preliminaries arranged, the animal is then led out to water, and drinks so greedily and inordinately that its belly swells to nearly double its former size. The traction produced by this on the dislocated limb is sufficient to bring the wandering bone to its socket.

The method of reducing a dislocated shoulder is quite as curious and interesting. It is managed thus: The hand of the dislocated limb is firmly fixed as close to the opposite shoulder as it can be by cords tied round the waist; between the bend of the elbow and the chest is placed an empty "mask" (a goat's skin water bag, in common use throughout Oriental countries as a means of carrying water), which is gradually filled with water; the weight of this suffices to overcome the resistance of the muscles before they have borne it a quarter of an hour, and the head of the bone flies back to its socket with the usual sound. Most masks when full weigh close upon a hundred weight, and many much more than this.

For a reduction of dislocation of the ankle joint, the injured extremity is placed in a hole dug in the ground and covered over with soft earth, which is firmly pressed down by stamping. The limb is then pulled out by force, with the joint returning to its natural position.—*Journal of a Political Mission to Afghanistan.*

Microscopic Writing.—At the London international exhibition, 1862, a machine for the execution of microscopic writing, was exhibited by a Mr. Peters, which has enabled the Lord's Prayer to be written in the 356,000th of a square inch—a space like a minute dot. The English Bible contains 3,560,480 letters: the Lord's Prayer, ending with "deliver us from evil," 223 letters; so that the Bible is 15,992 times longer than the prayer, and if we employ round numbers we may say it could be written in 16,000 times the space occupied by the prayer, or in less than the twenty-second part of a square inch. In other words, the whole Bible might be written twenty-two times in one square inch! This wonderfully minute writing is clearly legible when placed under a good microscope. In using the machine the operator writes with a pencil attached to one end of a long lever; whatever marks he makes on a piece of paper are infinitesimally reduced in corresponding motions, by which a glass plate is moved over a minute diamond point. By means of a geometric clack, beautiful geometric designs may be engraved on a similar scale of minuteness.—*Well's Annual.*

PASANT WEDDING IN GERMANY.—The German papers describe a wedding which recently was celebrated in a village at the gates of Berlin, which is inhabited chiefly by prosperous peasants; the village is Tempelhof. The wedding feast lasted two days, and during these forty-eight hours the bride changed attire five times. There were one hundred and twenty persons present at the wedding, and as they brought German appetites with them, sixty chickens, two hundred and twenty pounds of carp, three hundred and thirty pounds of cake, twelve large joints of roast meat were among the articles consumed.

A lady having accidentally broke her smelling-bottle, her husband, who was very petulant, said to her, "I declare my dear, everything that belongs to you is more or less broken." "True," replied the lady, "for even you are a little cracked."

Items, Foreign & Local.

An effort is making in California to introduce the cultivation of tea.

A terrible earthquake occurred at Manila on the 3d of June, ruining half the city; 2000 lives were lost.

It has been decided that aliens cannot be accepted as substitutes.

A Philadelphia paper notices that one effect of the draft in that city has been to drive away all the organ-grinders.

The Prince of Wales reviewed about 17,000 men at Aldershot lately.

It is stated that 25,000 slaves have within the past year been imported into Cuba.

The number of passengers who are at present leaving the Mersey for New York is said to be so great as to be almost unaccountable.

Notwithstanding the unsettled condition of the United States, there is little, if any, diminution in the number of emigrants from Ireland.

In 7 wards of Washington 2000 white men and 918 colored men have been drafted.

A grand rifle match, open to all the world, is announced at Berne. The prizes are valued at nearly 400,000 francs.

During the siege of Vicksburg, flour in that city was \$2000 per barrel.

Gen. Grant has captured 39,000 men since the first of April.

A letter from Richmond states that Jeff. Davis is very ill, and that doubts are entertained of his recovery.

Mount Etna shows signs of a coming eruption. Columns of smoke now ascend from the crater.

An ecclesiastical court has just convicted the Rev. Charles Beecher, a Unitarian minister, of heresy. This preacher is a brother of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Oriental parents sent salt on their new born babes, and in Greece, where they sometimes overdo the thing, the poor little creatures are in a terrible pickle.

A Canadian wife, living in Wexford, was so grieved at the dishonor of her husband, who voted for a bribe, that she hanged herself.

1,100 men were mustered into the U. S. service in New York, during the month of July. Nearly 250 were veteran soldiers.

In St. John on the 13th, the mercury in the thermometer was about 90 in the shade; and at one time it was 122 in the sun.

Mr. Hazlewood Jones, (son of the Sheriff of Charlotte) has been gazetted to an Ensigncy, without purchase, in the 18th Regt. of Foot, now on its way to New Zealand.

The N. Y. World thinks that as a trick to reconcile the Irish population to the draft, the last theatrical war-dance is contemplated.

The Pittsburgh Chronicle states that the restaurant keepers in that city buy frogs at \$8 per hundred.

It is reported that there are more applications for commissions in the negro regiments raising in the States than there are negroes for soldiers.

Run, it is now said, is a good substitute for tar, and is used in making gunpowder. It is not so pleasant but no more poisonous than the brandy, is it?

Some joker asserted that Gen. Kilpatrick was sent to New York on account of his name. We see by the Independent that Mr. Lincoln gravely (?) denies the truth of the statement.

The betrothal ring ordered by Senator Sprague for his intended bride, Miss Kate Chase, is a diamond solitaire set in enamel and not chased. The price of the ring was \$1,000.

The human body, in so advanced a stage of decay as to be entirely unrecognizable, can now be restored, by a chemical means, so as to present an almost natural appearance.

The G. S. of the Grand Division S. of T. of the United States, reports a falling off in the number of Divisions. The present number of Divisions is 105, with a membership of 950, and 8,793 lady visitors.

The Electric Light exhibited on the Boston State House on Thursday night last, had an illumination power of 10,000 or 12,000 candles without the reflector, and was visible at a distance of 20, 40, and even 70 miles.

In looking over the list of those excused, we are astonished to see the names of Wendell Phillips, Garrison and Carlos Pierce, who pay commutation money. Why do not these men go to the war, now that negroes are permitted to serve as soldiers?

The New York Republican papers are as dumb as fishes over the revelations that Gov. Seymour's investigations in Washington have produced regarding the infamous frauds in the conscription. It will take some little time for them to concoct an explanation, and then we must look out for "tail lying."

Slaves are rather poor property in Maryland. Seven likely, full grown, young negroes were recently sold in Montgomery county for \$120—an average of only \$18 per head. Before the war the same negroes were worth, on an average, \$1,800 a piece.

The Lady Godiva way of wearing the hair will be the mode instead of the net. The hair according to the new style for little girls, is to be crimped and then allowed to float down the back. This is the English mode, and when the hair is of a light auburn or golden hue, it is said to have a pretty effect.

An empty whisky cask in front of a distillery in Brooklyn, N. Y., exploded on Sunday afternoon, seriously injuring a man who was sitting upon it (the fire from whose pipe caused the explosion), and a little girl, who was struck by one of the flying staves. It seems that whisky casks are still hoisted and sent down within a few yards of a child, which was quickly seized, in water about five feet deep, and succeeded in getting the body ashore.

Dr. Johnson was called in, and gave his opinion that the child was dead, nevertheless, by the application of the usual remedies, viz., hot water, salt, and brandy, for about half an hour, animation was again restored, and the child is now doing well. Such promptness of action as the mother displayed under circumstances that would have rendered many useless, deserves the name of heroism.

—(Sarina C. W.) Canadian.

THE KING OF GREECE.—Advices from Copenhagen mention that the itinerary for the young King of the Greeks has now been adopted. The Prince will leave Denmark in September next for Brussels, London, and Paris, to visit the King of the Belgians, Queen Victoria, and the Emperor Napoleon. He is to be accompanied by Count Sponneck, who will remain with him as private counsellor. The Prince will travel under the title of Count of Athens.

Prince George will embark at Toulon on board a Greek vessel of war, and from that moment will assume his official character. The royal standard will be hoisted and the Greek flag will be hoisted on the ship, formerly of police at Copenhagen, and who is now appointed Danish minister at Athens, will leave for Greece in a few days, in order to make preparations for the young King's reception.

GEN. MEADE.—The Boston Pilot asserts that the veteran commander of the Army of the Potomac is a Roman Catholic, and many of the Copperhead journals assert that he is a Democrat. We presume that in either case it would not make any difference in the value of his services. It is as well however, that the truth should be known. General Meade is a Philadelphian. His family resides here. His sons have been drafted here. He is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and his family holds a pew, where it has long been in regular attendance, in St. Mark's Church. General Meade's religious life, as regards politics, has been Whiggish. His family were all Whigs, and though opposed to the anti-slavery agitation before the war broke out, the General has since become an earnest supporter of the whole war policy of the National Administration, like Burnside, Grant, Rosecrans and other conservatives.—*Phil. North American.*

We understand that vast preparations are afoot, under the auspices of the new Hudson's Bay Company, for the development of the territory under their control, the particulars of which will shortly be announced. It is understood that Mr. Watkin, whose name in connection with the Grand Trunk Company is well known, is on his way west with a view to the immediate extension of telegraph facilities to the Pacific. The apparatus is already ordered and will soon be on its way, and the very close will see vast progress made with this great enterprise.—*Quebec Mercury.*

General News.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS AND THE AMERICAN WAR.—The General Correspondence of Vienna publishes the following:—

"We have received intelligence from London, which, if confirmed, would appear of the highest importance. Lord Palmerston is reported to have conceived the idea of submitting the American quarrel to the arbitration of the King of the Belgians. The impartiality of the King cannot be doubted, seeing that he has just proved it so strongly by his action against England, to whom he is so nearly allied, in the Anglo-Brazilian difficulty. Provided the contending American factions should consent to submit their differences to the king's decision, the condition of a suspension of hostilities until the delivery of the award would probably be imposed. Even with such a temporary truce the termination of the war would undoubtedly be attained, for neither party would care to assume the responsibility of commencing the strife. The journey of M. Jules Davaux, the chief of King Leopold's cabinet, to London, whether he has conveyed the result of his sovereign's decision in the Brazilian conflict, has probably some connection with the American project."

RECIPROCITY.—While we hear it reported that numbers of persons belonging to this State are taking passage for St. John and elsewhere out of the country, to evade, as they imagine, the draft and its consequences, it is a fact of no little importance and interest that there is unquestionably more than a corresponding disposition on the part of exempted and aliens to act as substitutes, provided, of course, that they can receive a fair compensation. We also hear it upon reliable authority that within twenty-four hours there have arrived in Boston a party of more than one hundred Canadians, whose business here, expressly, is to be employed in a similar capacity; and they report that large accessions will be made to their numbers if those who are here meet with the success they hope for. The price demanded by those men is \$300 per capita.—*Boston Journal.*

THE GREAT WEST.—In the last ten years there have been built at the west 3,655 miles of railroad, at a cost of \$254,720,354, mostly Eastern or imported capital. The Illinois Central Railroad Company alone sent into Illinois \$30,000,000, and built a road which enabled the Federal Government to sell \$11,000,000 worth of land, and the company to sell \$20,000,000 more to actual settlers, making \$31,000,000 concentrated in that State by the operation of an explosion of fine dynamite. Chicago, to swell the aggregate receipts of grain at Chicago during the ten years to 156,544,554 bushels (the value of 1860 at Chicago), would be worth \$126,000,000, thus exceeding by \$31,000,000 the grain was made available. In 1861, the quantity of grain increased to 47,997,409 bushels, the southern route being closed; and in 1862 the amount was 60,150,330 bushels. These figures but indicate the extent of that prosperity which has developed so rapidly during the last ten years in the northern section of the West.—*Scientific American.*

A dreadful explosion occurred in Horrell's mines, in the Park, Pennsylvania, on Monday morning, the 18th inst. Eight boys, and six seriously wounded of three more, and six seriously injured, were entering through the old drift, to commence the labor of the day, and when a part of them had arrived about half way to the present working, an explosion of fine dynamite occurred.

Upon reaching the mouth of the drift, the citizens, who had been alarmed by the explosion, found a stream of flame pouring from it. Two of the bodies of the boys had been thrown outside, and portions of the harness and shoes from off the feet of the others were seen floating over the feet of the men who were immediately rescued. The bodies were immediately buried in fresh dug earth, which is the remedy resorted to in these cases, and they are now recovered.

On Tuesday last, a little boy aged four years while playing about "Watson's Dock," fell into the river. A small girl ran into the house on the premises to call for help. The mother, Mrs. Furnier, a milliner and dress-maker, was at dinner on the second story of the building, as soon as she heard the word did not wait to run down stairs, but immediately jumped out of the window, over 20 feet high, and was within a few yards of the child, which was quickly seized, in water about five feet deep, and succeeded in getting the body ashore. Dr. Johnson was called in, and gave his opinion that the child was dead, nevertheless, by the application of the usual remedies, viz., hot water, salt, and brandy, for about half an hour, animation was again restored, and the child is now doing well. Such promptness of action as the mother displayed under circumstances that would have rendered many useless, deserves the name of heroism.

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THE MYSTERIOUS GOVERNMENT OF POLAND.—What we turn to another part of the picture, and what we regard as the most extraordinary revolution of the present rebellion. Somewhere in the Polish kingdom sits the secret and mysterious National Government, guiding and directing every movement, inspiring the whole country with hope and determination, and not only resisting, but baffling and defeating the Russian Government in every step it takes against Poland. Utterly unseen, and located no one can tell exactly where, this strange body levies troops, imposes taxes, moves armies about, punishes traitors, and enacts laws which are cheerfully and fully obeyed from one end of the country to the other. Its influence extends no one can tell how far, but certain it is that it has an open ear at the most secret councils of the Russian Cabinet.

We know of no counterpart in history to this extraordinary institution, save the famous Wehrmacht, and even it had not the authority or power possessed by the National Government. It is its spirit which has kept the insurrection alive, which has done more than any field operations could have done to secure the emancipation of Poland; and it is looking to it that makes all men hopeful of the final result in this contest. England has declared that however deep her sympathy for Poland, and however profound her conviction