

The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XV.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N.B. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

NO. 46

Poetry.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

From the dust and gloom of the basement room
Mid rollers and wheels and bands,
Where the pressman watches his busy loom
With lily face and hands,
Where the teeming press with shuddering thrice,
To the living page gives birth;
Each shiver and jar felt wide and far
Over the busy earth;

From the dust and gloom of this noisy room
Flashes a spirit bright,
O'er mountain and lea, o'er land and sea,
Winging its arrowy flight.
O'er land and sea, o'er mountain and lea,
A motley burden it bears:
Freedom of slaves and bond for the free,
Bright hopes and sickening fears,
Many an eye as it comes looks bright
That will dim when its tale is told;
Hearts beating high as its wings flash by,
Grow suddenly bright;

The blushing cheek of secrets speak
As it whispers a loved one's name;
Or the mouldering fire of hate and ire
Burns forth in consuming flame.
Down the busy street, trod by hurrying feet,
It speeds on lightning wings,
And few too busy to stop and greet
The tidings that it brings:
At the broker's board it utters a word
What pales their cheeks with fright;
Whispers freedom nigh, and the exile's eye
With sudden joy is bright;

By the dungeon door it lingers to hear
The captive patriot's groan,
Then blows a blast that shakes with fear
The despot on his throne.
O'er her babe's soft sleep the young wife keeps
Her watch at evening gray,
In the glowing embers tracing the fire
Of the dear one far away,
Where the wild waves dash with a thundering crash
Upon the frozen shore,
Where the dying prayer and the shriek of despair
Are drowned by the tempest's roar,
Easily and slow does the spirit go,
The young wife's home to seek,
And the swathing tears from a widow's eyes,
Fall on an orphan's cheek.

O'er mountain and lea, o'er land and sea,
It speeds with arrowy flight,
And the earth is fanned by its freshening wing,
And glows in its spreading light;
The owls and the bats with startled cry,
Wait off to their cavern drear,
Ignorance flies with averted eyes,
And tyranny cowers in fear;
The clanking chain is burst in twain,
And myriad voices rise,
The generous heart and mighty arm
Of the Spirit of the Press.

Select Tale.

ONLY A JOKE.

I say Lotty, (my aunt always called me Lotty for Natlaura.) what are you writing there?
"A letter, aunt," I replied.
"A letter, who to?"
"It is an anonymous letter, aunt."

"Ah? my child," said she gravely, "you should not do it, it is very wrong."
"Wrong, aunt, why, I don't think it is when it is only a joke."

"Only a joke, my child, sometimes jokes turn out to be very serious."

"But this won't, aunt, let me tell you. Fred Lay is in love with Nina Agleron, but she does not care one straw for him; and even if she did, she would not encourage him for he is poor—Well Lena and I are going to send him a love letter; he will think it came from Nina, and we shall have some rare sport."

"Don't do it my dear. Let me tell you something that happened, when I was a girl, though it was only a joke."

"I seated myself at my aunt's feet to listen to her story. She tenderly stroked my curls and commenced:
"My room-mate and confidant, at boarding school was a most beautiful girl; her name was Irene Carleton. She was the daughter of a rich southern planter, and the favorite of the whole school. She told me one night, that Henry Saffarans, the head clerk at the village confectionery, had told her he loved her; she was so surprised she could not answer, but promised to do so at some future time, she asked my advice about it, and told me that she really loved him, for if he was poor, he was handsome and polished, but her parents would never be willing to marry him. I told her to do nothing which was likely to anger her parents, and to send to him to discontinue his attentions. She did so and in a very short time the whole school, by some means found out about their love affair."

"Lola Brown, my next best friend and myself, resolved to have some 'fun' at the expense of Irene and her lover. We wrote an anonymous letter to Henry; he, of course, supposing it came from Irene, answered it. We received it, and wrote another, and a regular correspondence was established. We took good care to keep them from meeting, for we knew if they did all would be discovered. In his letters Henry begged and implored for an interview, and all the while Irene was wondering why he did not come; but she was too proud to ask."

"Thus matters continued for two or three months when Henry finding an interview would not be granted, he proposed by letter. That was just what we wanted. The joke was so good that we told it to several others, after promising to keep the utmost secrecy about it. We answered in the affirmative, and told him to engage a priest and come at ten o'clock the next night and be married clandestinely. Silly, foolish girls we were, little thinking of the wrong we were doing, for we persuaded the chambermaid at the Seminary, a bright negro girl, to participate in the joke and personate Irene, and be married to Henry Saffarans."

"At the appointed hour, the girl, dressed in some of our garments, and a large black lace veil thrown over her head to disguise her, was waiting in the garden for Henry. We girls were concealed behind the shrubbery to witness the grand scene and disclosure, as we thought. We could hardly restrain our laughter as we saw Henry approach and take her hand which was encased in a kid glove; he whispered a few words in her ear and kissed her through the veil. I was so convulsed with laughter that I really thought I should die. I crammed my skirt in my mouth, and succeeded in keeping him from hearing me."

"Presently he drew her hand within his arm, and he rapidly walked away. This was more than we expected, and the thought of their really getting married burst upon us with overwhelming force—Here was a fix. Not one of us dared to interfere, and we could plainly see, by the light of the full

moon, that they had nearly reached the school church. We concluded to witness the whole thing if we could not stop it, and we hurried to the church. Cecily, the negro girl, we all knew, was very timid and would not interrupt the wedding because she thought we would take all blame."

"Half fearing, half-laughing, we witnessed the ceremony. A shudder passed over my frame when I heard the holy man pronounce Henry Saffarans and the negro girl man and wife. Henry clasped her in his arms, and raised the veil to imprint a kiss upon her brow; with a wild yell of rage he threw the girl from him. She staggered and fell, striking her forehead upon one of the benches."

"I rushed in to explain; but, before I reached the priest, Henry fell heavily to the floor; the marriage was too much for him—he was dead! Cecily was properly cared for, and she recovered. We confessed all, and were pardoned; but it was many years before I entirely recovered from the strange finale. Irene never recovered, but buried herself in a convent, and she still remains there, the victim of 'only a joke.'"

Dr. Cumming on Prophecy.

Lately, in the Music Hall, Newcastle, the Rev. Dr. Cumming, of London, delivered a lecture on "Prophecy, and the Signs of its Approaching Fulfillment." After stating that he was no prophet, but only an interpreter of prophecies that had been written, the Rev. Doctor proceeded to examine the prophecies that he considered, spoke of the period when the Millennium would commence. We shall merely indicate the argument, urged with reason, taste, and moderation by the speaker. He would first notice a remarkable prediction in the prophecy of Daniel: "And many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." This prediction had been remarkably fulfilled in our own day. No one would doubt that the dominant characteristic of the age was locomotion. If he were correct in his interpretations, we were approaching the Saturday evening of the world's long and weary week, after which there would not be the annihilation of the globe; for he believed its hills were everlasting. What did he believe would be done to it? He believed all sin would be eliminated from it; all the effects of sin would be exhausted; the Saviour's consecrating footstep would touch it, and His literally laid wave over it. He believed that, literally, its wilderness and solitary places should be glad, and its "deserts rejoice and blossom as the rose." Why should the world be destroyed? Would it not be tantamount to saying that the devil had got into it, and that God was beaten in trying to drive him out, and, therefore, that it was handed over to him as his own freehold? On the contrary, he believed that the devil was to be cast out. Headaches and, still worse, heartaches would cease, and death itself be destroyed. He could take them to places in his native Highlands so beautiful that he could live there forever if sin was absent. The Rev. lecturer then proceeded to point out the dates of prophecy. The 1,260 days mentioned by Daniel were shown to be not literally days, but years. They commenced from the time when the great western apostasy—the power referred to by Daniel—sprang into full manhood. This he took to be the year 532, when the Emperor Justinian passed an edict, investing the reigning Pope, John II., with universal dominion over the Church of Christ. Supposing he was correct in the date, it brought us down to the year 1792. In that year (1792) the great code of Napoleon was given—closing the era in which the code of Justinian had been in force. The great orifice of the Continental volcano was opened, and every papal kingdom in Europe was made to suffer the effects of the revolutionary wave. Then the Papacy began to wane and waste. Daniel then adds 30 and 40, and 50, saying that the man who arrives at the expiring of the latter period shall be greatly blessed. Adding 30 to 1792 brought you to 1822 and adding 45 to that brought you down to 1867. If these dates and calculations were correct, this economy would expire in 1867.

War being the precursor of the Millennium period, he asked if there was a nation in Europe that did not have with the throes of anticipated convulsions? What was Sir William Armstrong doing with his artillery? and there were our ironclads, cannon to carry two cwt., and shells of the most destructive nature. Every man felt that the next war to come would be European in its area, and tremendous in its havoc; and if it were not that war predicted, it would be the most tremendous struggle that the world ever passed through. He believed that the last desperate engagement would take place near Jerusalem, and that France and Russia and Great Britain would be the combatants. But whatever might be in the future, the spot where every man should be found—the holiest spot in the universe was the post of duty.

Artemus Ward on the War.

Not many more cute things have been said on the political managers of the present American war than the following, which occurs in Artemus Ward's famous lecture on Ghosts:—"The last subject of which I thought was the war. When I was apprentice to the printing business, in New Hampshire, having had a controversy with my employer, I ran away. I had no money, and could not beg, so I called at a farm-house and asked if they had any cakes to mend. They said yes, and wished I would fix it. I took the clock to pieces, ate my dinner, and then looked at the table, where lay the countless wheels. I knew that I never could put that clock together again. So I told the folks I felt a little dizzy, and would go out and get some fresh air, and I fled across the fields like the bright-eyed gazelle, or anything else that goes quick—These politicians who went to work to take the Union clock to pieces to get their dinners, never think to put it together again. They have stolen their dinner, but they will not restore the clock."

Leather Bonnets and Flowers.

Dame Fashion now endorses the generally received opinion that for some things there is "nothing like leather." The Philadelphia Gazette says:—"Yesterday were shown ladies' bonnets made of leather. What is more they are very pretty. In a week or so they will be in the market. We also examined very beautiful artificial flowers, the foliage of which was of the same material. The colors are almost the natural hue of the material—russet, in different shades. The price is about the same as for flowers with foliage of muslin or velvet."

Agitation is a divine Law upon which all Success is predicated in the Moral World.

We mean by agitation, commotion, discussion, a stirring up of mental and moral forces, controversy. It is the opposite of rest and stagnancy. It is that state of the mind and heart produced by the clashing of opinions, principles, and lines of action among men. It is to the mind what a tempest is to nature—what a fan was to the threshing floors of Judea. The proposition, then, is that the gospel is a moving a disturbing power among and in men.

Now there is something of an analogy in all God's works and laws, if we are wise enough to find the end of the intricate and interwoven threads, and trace it. And this law of agitation is no exception. Nature is full of voices expressive of this great law of successful being and action. Let us examine nature a moment.

What is the law of air? It has its uses and it answers the great ends of its creation. But what is its law of healthy being? Must it not be stirred, agitated, to be kept pure? What are storms, tornadoes, gales that sweep like an angel of fury across the earth and ocean? They move by law. And so do their gentle sisters who come with the more pleasant motion, and who with zephyr fingers toss lightly the curls upon the head of childhood. Let the air but remain quiescent for a limited period, let its vast laboratory be closed, and no wind, or tempest, or tornado, be brewed within the vast chamber of its seat of life, and how soon it ceases to fulfill the great law of its creation, and how quick these myriad lungs of man and beast send the fiery current of poison into the pulses of life, and scorch and shrink them so that they beat no more. Agitation in the air is its law of life; rest, quietude and stagnancy is death.

Water also finds the same law applied to its limpid structure. Find it where you will, it teaches you always the same lesson. The little rill which glides from the fissure of a rock on the mountain side, makes its little mimic cascade, its miniature Niagara, and goes dancing and foaming down its rocky path. Increasing as it flies, each separate globe or drop jostles and agitates his fellow until by a ceaseless onward movement they enter the capacious mouth of the ocean. Here the sun kisses them and they rise to the clouds, rocked in these airy cradles of the sky for awhile, they are again shaken down into the lap of earth, resting for a moment upon the leaf of a buttercup, daisy or rose, but to be shaken off by the wind to sink again into the channels or arteries of the old mother who bears us up, and then tossed out again from the rocky fissure of the mountain side. How mysterious the movements of the ocean and yet how sure, how regular! Currents, like highways cease not, and the great tidal movements pulsate with unvarying regularity from mid-ocean to the shores of every continent and island. Storms sweep over her face, toss her fiery billows to the heavens, while her thundering surges and deep ground swell play the grand diapason in the music of nature. Agitation is the law of water; rest is stagnancy, miasma, death.

Vegetation owns to the same law. The leaves upon those grand old oaks must be stirred, and the massive trunks have been rocked by a thousand tempests before reaching their maturity. They have literally been shaken into their places, while their roots and fibrous fingers—their vegetable muscles—have attained consistency and strength by the law of use.

Earth itself, to produce food for man and to become a granary sufficiently vast to feed all flesh, must be stirred and agitated. What is a farmer's plough but an instrument of the profoundest agitation to the soil which lies mellowed and loose from its curved and polished side? Thus our old mother is never quiet. The miner's lamp explores her bowels, and his pick is unceasingly active; the mechanic, with his ringing hammer,—the manufacturer with his spindles,—and the tramp of unnumbered millions, of all pursuits, all races, colors and climes shake her with their hasty tread, and feed from the table which she slowly spreads. Let old mother earth but play the grumbling conservative, and death to the race, ensues. Even the grave where our fathers sleep and to which we go, is no exception to the rule, for the worm quarrels and competes with his fellow worm for the dainty morsel which death gives them, until by agitation we are resolved into other forms of matter, to follow the law of our earth-state.

And is not the law of mental development essentially a law of agitation? The lad becomes a dunce unless he is stirred profoundly—aye, to the very depths of his mental powers. The half awakened powers of the youth thrust themselves into the work of life, and develop, mature, in a ceaseless conflict with other minds. To what do we owe our knowledge of the arts and sciences to-day, and how have we reached the topmost rounds of the philosophical ladder, but by this same law of mental strife, a ceaseless agitation of the moral forces of the world? No age has been exempt from a species of mental hunkerism, mental mummies, wrapped in the rotten cements of the dead past, forgetful of the living present and the opening future, sleeping as the dead sleep in the catacombs of ancient Thebes; but of what earthly or heavenly use are such minds? The world would stagnate were they in the Majority.—Rev. Sidney Dewar.

English Freedom.

The capital of English freedom is the accumulation of centuries; and the interest derived from it, as compared with that of younger free states, is to be computed at the difference between the rent of soil lately won from the wilderness, and that which is paid for the building-ground of cities. I am, and, as long as I live, I believe I shall be, a passionate lover of freedom. Individually, freedom is the vital necessity of my being. I cannot endure to cripple my personal freedom for anything less than my obligation to duty. What I, as a man, prize for myself, I assume that each community of men should no less ardently prize.—Baldwin Lytton, in Blackwood.

An enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knee, and was operating on the exposed portion of the urchin's person with great vehemence, when the young one dug into the parental leg with his venomous little teeth. "Blazes! what are you biting me so for?" "Well who began this 'ere war?"

Advice Gratis to the Slow-coach Family.

Don't take a newspaper; don't read one of any kind. If you hear persons discussing this or that great battle, ask stupidly what it all means. Emulate Rip Van Winkle, steep your senses in moral and mental oblivion, and pay no attention to what is passing about you; in this way you may save two or three dollars—the price of a paper—and lose \$500 or \$5,000 by not being informed about markets, supply and demand, and a thousand other things as essential to an enterprising man as light and air. If you have children don't take any paper for them; tell them "book learnin' ain't no count." Let them tumble in the highway unwashed, uncombed, in rags and tatters. If they don't graduate in the States Prison it will be through no fault of yours. If you are a farmer, plow, sow, and reap as your stupid old father did before you; soot at agricultural papers, and snoot and deride at progress of all kinds; then if you do not succeed in making other people think that they are all wrong, and that you alone are sagacious, it must be that the world is curiously awry and needs reforming badly. The sooner you undertake it the better. By not reading papers you will succeed, if a farmer, in having the finest crop of knotty, wormy apples that can be found; potatoes that would take the prize at any fair for rot; cabbages that are all leaves and no head; turnips destroyed in the shoot by worms; hay mouldy and musty, because you despised barometers and cut it just as the mercury was falling; corn half a crop, because you exhausted the land with it for years and starved Nature to such a pitch that she had nothing to yield in return; all these calamities and many more will befall you because you don't keep pace with the times. You call it "hard luck," but men of common sense call your course by a name you never heard of—stupidity; that's more "book learnin'."

A man that does not take a paper of some kind or another in this time of the world must expect to be a prey to all sorts of swindlers, a victim to bad management, and out of spirits, out of pocket, temper, money, credit, in short everything under the sun that tends to make life bearable. The newspaper is the great educator of the people after all; so let us then exclaim—"The Press forever."

When Beds were first used.

In the first ages of mankind, it was the universal practice to sleep upon the skins of beasts. This was the custom among the Greeks and Romans, and also among the Celtic nations and ancient Britons. This custom prevailed till modern times among the common people in some parts of Germany. These skins, some of which were worn, in the day, were at night on the floors of their apartments. In process of time, the skins were changed for loose rushes and heather, and afterwards for straw. Pliny says that the beds of the Roman gentry were generally filled with feathers, and those of the commons with reeds, which we vulgarly call "cat tails." Straw was used, even in the royal chambers of England, so late as to the close of the thirteenth century. Beds, filled with chaff, heath, or straw, are used by the common people in many parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and also in France and Italy, at this day. Beds were for a long time laid upon the ground, till at length the custom of raising them on feet and pedestals, which anciently prevailed in the East, was introduced into Italy, and adopted in Britain. The ancient Romans had various kinds of beds for repose; as their *lectus cubicularis* or chamber beds, whereupon they slept; their *table beds*, or *lectus discubitorius*, whereon they ate, (for they always ate lying, or in a recumbent position); there being usually three persons to one bed, whereof the middle place was accounted the most honorable as well as the middle bed. These beds were unknown before the second Punic war; The Romans then sat down to eat on plain wooden benches, in imitation of the heroes of Homer; or, as Varro expresses it, after the manner of the Lacedaemonians and Cretans. An innovation in the practice is ascribed to Scipio Africanus, who brought from Carthage some of those little beds called "Panicum," or "Archi," which were of wood, very low, stuffed only with hay or straw, and covered with the skins of sheep or goats. These beds, in respect of delicacy, differed little from the wooden benches; but when the custom of bathing prevailed, the practice of resting themselves more commodiously by lying along than by sitting down was adopted. As for the ladies it did not seem consistent with their modesty to adopt the mode of lying; accordingly they kept to the old custom all the time of the commonwealth; but from the first Caesars, they ate on their beds. As to the youth who did not put on the toga virilis, they were long kept to the ancient discipline. When they were admitted to the table, they only sat on the edge of the beds of their nearest relations. Never, says Suetonius, did the young Caesars, Caius and Lucius, eat at the table of Augustus; but they were set "in imoloo," or as Tacitus expresses it, "ad lecti fulera." From the greatest simplicity, the Romans by degrees carried their dining beds in the most surprising magnificence. Pliny assures us, it was no new thing to see them crowded with plates of silver, adorned with the softest mats and the richest counterpanes. Sapphires, spears of Helogabalus, says that he had beds of solid silver; and Pompey, on his third triumph, introduced beds of gold. They also had their *lectus lustralis* on which they studied; and a *lectus funebus* or *emortuus*, on which the dead were carried to the pile. In modern days beds are articles of great luxury and expense; and the sums required in former times to furnish a decent house, will now scarcely suffice to procure a bed.

An Editor Sold.

The Editor of an American paper was recently presented with a stone upon which was carved the following letters. The Editor was informed that the stone was taken from an old building, and he was requested to solve the inscription. It read:

FORG LOR LITA A
ATT URBUS HLAG St—
In

Eminent men were called in to consult upon the matter, and after an immense amount of time consumed, they were informed that the stone was "For cattle to rub their tails against."

An old bachelor says that he has received a basket of peaches this season, that look as though pretty girls had watched their growth and tinted them with their blushes.

Items, Foreign & Local.

The town of Eastport, (Me.) has exported \$75,000 worth of fish oil since July last.

The quota of Maine, under the call for volunteers is 7,581.

A henry is being built in Massachusetts that will cover 6 acres of ground.

The Sultan of Turkey has made a bid for Laird's rebel rams.

A monthly newspaper is about to be started in Jerusalem.

A widow lady in Cincinnati was bitten by a pet dog lately, and died shortly after in terrible agony.

The N. Y. Supervisors have passed the ordinance appropriating \$2,000,000 to raise volunteers under the new call.

New York city drinks 250,000 quarts of pure milk daily, besides a great deal that isn't pure.

A silk bonnet in Richmond costs \$200—gloves \$10 a pair.

A Vermont clergyman is in jail for flogging his wife. He claimed the right as patriarch of his family.

The State of Minnesota has increased the reward offered to \$200 per head for killing Sioux warriors.

A correspondent of the Montreal Witness says that the shock of an earthquake felt in England on the 6th inst., was felt in Canada the same day.

Investigation has shown that the number of men who have been actually killed in the war raging in the adjoining Republic does not fall short of half a million.

The odd proposal has been made in England to turn the Great Eastern into a floating hotel, and anchor her off Cowes, to make occasional sea excursions.

John Hull, of Detroit, kept his word, and drowned himself because Valandigham was not elected.

To the Dutch the ladies of all nations are indebted for the invention of the thimble.

The French iron clads have failed to work well on their experimental trip, rolling so fearfully that no trial could be made of their guns.

The London Telegraph states that the rumor of the intended marriage of the Princess Helena is entirely without foundation.

A Chippewa squaw, who was the belle of her people a hundred years ago, still lives on the shores of Red Lake. She is 120 years old.

A chemical substitute for Indigo has, it is said, been discovered in Paris, which may largely effect the Indian trade in that article.

Stores made of soapstone have been introduced at Quebec. They are said to throw out a mellow and more uniform heat than iron.

A Paris letter relates that a poor little milliner found an English nobleman's pocket book with 50,000 francs in it. She restored it intact, and he rewarded her by "promising to speak well of her shop."

The News says the amount of revenue received at the port of St. John will be greater than has been collected at any similar period in the history of the Province. The deficiency of last month will be made up, and there will be a considerable surplus.

The new organ in the Music Hall, Boston, is equal to 6,000 voices. Its largest wind-pipes are 32 feet in length, and a man can crawl through them. Its finest tubes are too small for a baby's whistle.

The Quebecers have inaugurated a monument to the memory of both the British and French who fell at the battle of La Foye. There was a procession and speeches were delivered by both French and British orators.

Corn sixteen feet four inches high is seen in South Norwalk, Conn.

Dr. Winslow now lifts 2,600 pounds dead weight, and thinks he shall soon succeed in accomplishing 3,000 pounds.

The War Department has decided that Shakers and Quakers must either fight or pay.

Messrs. A. C. Dennison & Co., of Mechanic Falls, N. H., are about to commence the manufacture of paper from straw.

A widow named Gallop has just died at Southampton, (Eng.) 102 years old.

The Mauritius Government paid £22,750 toward the immigration into that island of nearly 10,000 Indian coolies during the past year.

James Margoss, said to be the last of the veterans who fought under Admiral Rodney upon the memorable 12th of April, 1782, died in London a few days ago.

A man died in Vermont recently who was one of the party of soldiers who captured the British General, Sir Wm. Prescott, in July, 1777, or more than 86 years ago.

The Archbishop of Canterbury having recently handed a numerously signed petition to the Lord Chamberlain, praying that all places of amusement be closed in Passion Week, that official politely declines his Grace, saying in effect, that the great mass of the people must not be denied innocent amusement to gratify the wishes of extreme religionists.

The London Times notices the success which has attended the Colleges in Ireland, thus justifying the prediction that they would not answer because they were "godless."

The Weekly News in Auckland, New Zealand, has suspended publication, the greater part of the working staff being engaged in assisting to put down the rebellion.

The German papers publish the text of the Act by which the Prince of Wales formally renounces for himself and his heirs his right of succession to the Duchies of Coburg and Gotha, to which, by their constitutional law he would have been entitled through his late father.

A terrible massacre was committed by an insane woman in Lower Canada recently, where she murdered four of her own children with an axe, and then attempted to cut off with a razor the hand that perpetrated the deed.

The Six Nation Indians of Canada have had the foundation of a new Council Hall laid in Upper Canada, with imposing ceremonies.

A bridge, in Spain, over which a railway train was passing, fell, precipitating an engine and seven carriages into the water. The loss of life is supposed to have been large, but the number could not be ascertained.

The New York Commercial thinks Henry Ward Beecher ought to have a public reception on his return for the good service he has done the country in England.

The St. Louis papers say that the new hotel in that city, the Lindell, will be the largest in the world with the exception of the Hotel de la Paix. To build it alone has cost nearly two millions. It will accommodate 1500 people. A boarder, desiring a walk before breakfast, can travel through the entries an hour and a quarter without twice going over the same floor.

All practicing physicians agree that, when the eyes of a corpse are opened about two days after death, and the pupils are found to be mixed up so that nothing of them is to be seen, but the whole of the eyes is dissolved into a whispy or jellied mass, then real death is evident. Where this symptom is wanting, death is uncertain.

A Paris bookbinder lately found twenty six bank notes of 1,000 francs each, between the leaves of a book left with him for repairs. The owner brought the book at a stall for three sous, and did not know of the treasure.

General News.

A FORTUNATE CANADIAN.—Among the Canadians who made the first overland journey to British Columbia in search of gold was Mr. Watty, of Elgin, in the county of Huntingdon, C. E. A respectable young farmer who had some experience of mining in California. After his arrival he prospected the country, and in the spring took up a claim of 100 feet near the Cameron claim, which he worked in conjunction with a few others. We learn from a late arrival that Mr. Watty's claim is worked out, having yielded \$160,000, and that he is about to return to Canada quite satisfied with the result of his year in the gold-diggings of British Columbia.

The Boat race agreed upon by Capt. Crowder and Mr. Wilson of His Excellency's Staff, and James A. Harding, Esq., Sheriff of St. John, came off to-day, commencing shortly after 12 o'clock, opposite York Hotel, and ending in the river opposite the mills below the City. The St. John boat was rowed by two young men named Britton, residing in Carleton, and won by a long distance. The stroke adopted by Messrs. Crowder and Wilson was the long steady pull, the same which is said to be practiced on the River Thames, that of the Carleton rowers was short, quick, and muscular, up to about 50 strokes in the minute, and displayed a vast superiority over the slower method. It must however be granted that no amount of skill or strength of nerve could have propelled the losing boat, as there was during the whole time at least six feet forward, and the same length aft, partially or wholly under water. A vast concourse of people witnessed the race, and vented their feelings as prompted by the occasion.—Reporter.

Much satisfaction is expressed in official circles at the perfect understanding now existing between Her Majesty's Government and our own. The action of the former, in setting adrift the Rebel Commissioner Mason, and seizing the Anglo-rebel rams, is regarded as permanently settling the question of English intervention. That it is so regarded by the rebels, needs no stronger proof than the order of Jeff. Davis, requiring the British Consuls to leave his Confederacy. The story that the Porte is to buy the rebel rams, and that Earl Russell favors this transaction, is believed to be a canard of rebel manufacture.—N. Y. Tribune.

EFFECTS OF COMPOUND INTEREST.—In California any stipulated rate of interest is lawful, and the current rates are often fearful. In January 1861, (not yet three years ago) Daniel K. Vance borrowed \$1,300 of Morris Wise, payable on demand, with compound interest at 8 per cent. per month. Not being paid, Wise sued it and obtained a verdict a month ago for the snug little sum of one hundred and sixty millions of dollars. Vance not feeling able to lose so much money, Wise concluded to strike off one hundred and forty millions from the amount, and only have judgment entered for the trifle of twenty millions.

A Washington correspondent of the Independent says—"There was a sight to be seen in broad daylight a few days ago, in front of the Presidential mansion, which gave those who witnessed it a shocking idea of the onward strides which the vice of intemperance has made in 'good society' during the last few years. A woman clad in the richest and most fashionable garments, with diamonds flashing from her slender fingers in the slant Western sunshine, sat upon the stone balustrade, unable to proceed on her homeward walk without betraying herself. At last she rose and started on, swaying to and fro, and yet soon rested again, utterly unable to proceed. The carriage of a foreign minister passed by—the poor woman was noticed—and it turned, stopped, took in the lady, and carried her to her luxurious home. For the lady is wealthy and occupies a high social position, but she was drunk in the streets of Washington!"

After a violent thunderstorm, which passed about ten days ago over the commune of Alligneux (Cocarde), all the fields were found to be covered with mushrooms of all kinds, and large baskets full were picked up. Two days later a girl who was watching a flock of sheep found one of extraordinary size, measuring more than eight feet in circumference, and which, with the stem, weighed 4500 grammes.

The prosecution of prisoners in the several counties of England and Wales the last year, cost the government £653,545, and no wonder, when a man was recently convicted at Wellington for stealing a halfpenny, and a poor hungry woman kept in jail for three weeks for picking up a raw turnip in a field to feed a starving and sick child.

The Ottawa Citizen says—"A rumor is current at the 'Canada Club,' in London, that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will be prepared to re-cross the Atlantic to inaugurate the Parliament buildings at Ottawa, of which he laid the corner stone whenever it is desired by the Government of Canada."

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—A married woman made an advance of £600 to her husband out of the income of her separate estate to enable him to meet certain liabilities. He afterwards died, and a suit was instituted for the administration of his estate. His wife claimed to come in as a creditor against the estate of her deceased husband in respect of the sum advanced. This was the case of Woodward v. Woodward, which was heard first by Vice-Chancellor Stuart, and afterwards, on appeal, by the Lord Chancellor, who (affirming the Vice-Chancellor's decision) held that as the transaction was in the nature of a loan to the husband, and not a gift, the claim of the widow must be allowed.—His Lordship said, "Wisely or unwisely, this Court has firmly established the independent personality of a femme covert with respect to property settled to her separate use. It is a remarkable instance of legislation by judicial decision. The old common law has been entirely abrogated, and the power of a wife to contract with her husband has been established. I do not go so far as to say that in the bare case of a sum of money, part of the income of her separate estate being handed over by a wife to the husband, this Court would, of necessity, make an assumption for the payment; but it is quite clear and well settled that if money, part of the income of her separate estate, be handed over by a wife to her husband, under a contract of a loan,