

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

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NO. 20

Poetry.

SPRING CLEANING.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of cleaning paint, and scrubbing floors, and scouring far
and near;
Heaped in the corners of the room, the ancient dirt lay
quiet,
Nor rose up at the father's tread, nor to the children's
sneer.
But now the carpets are all up, and from the staircase
top
The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom
and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but
new presented,
Wherein we dwell, nor dreamed of dirt, so sooty and con-
taminated?
Alas! they're turned all upside down, that quiet suit of
rooms,
With slops and rags, and soap and sand, and tubs and
pails and brooms;
Chairs, tables, stands, are standing round at sixes and at
sevens,
While wife and housemaid fly about like meteors in the
heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floor were cleaned a week
ago,
The carpets shook, and windows washed, as all the neigh-
bors know;
But still the sanctum had escaped—the table piled with
books,
Pens, ink and paper all about, peace in its very looks—
Till felt the women on them all, as falls the plague on
men,
And then they vanished all away—books, papers, ink
and pen.

And now when comes the master home, as come he must
of nights,
To find all things are "set to wrong" that they have
"set to right."
When the sound of driving tracks is heard, though the
house is far from still,
He looks for papers, books or bills, that all were there
before,
And sighs to find them on the desk or in the drawer no
more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss afloat,
And wishes she were out at sea, in a very leaky boat.
He meets her at the parlor door, with hair and cap awry,
With sleeves tucked up, and broom in hand, defiance in
her eye;
He feels quite small, and knows full well there's nothing
to be said,
So holds his tongue, and drinks his tea, and sneaks away
to bed.

Select Tale.

THE FALSE CLERK.

A THRILLING EVENT.

[The subjoined narrative, published originally in
Chamber's Journal, is stated to have been transla-
ted from a foreign newspaper. It is necessary to
remind the reader that the Island of Mauritius, ap-
pertaining at this time to the English, was origi-
nally colonized by the French, and that the popula-
tion yet consists, in a great measure, of persons of
that nation, to whom by a formal treaty between the
parties concerned their ancient laws and usages
were preserved without any material alterations.]

About twelve years ago, the Senior Clodomir
Frenois, a rich merchant of the Island, was dis-
covered dead in his own habitation. His body was
found lying on the floor, with the head mutilated
by a pistol, and all doubt as to the cause of the cat-
astrophe was dispelled by the discovery of the fatal
weapon by the side of the corpse, as also of a
piece of paper in the handwriting of the deceased.
The paper contained the following words.

"I am ruined. A villain has robbed me of twenty-
five thousand livres sterling; dishonor must be
my portion, and I cannot survive it. I leave to my
wife the duty of distributing among my creditors
the means which remain to us, and I pray God,
my friends and my enemies, to pardon my self-de-
struction. Yet another minute and I shall be in
eternity.

Signed, CLODOMIR FRENOIS.
Great consternation was caused by this trag-
ic event, which was the more unexpected as the loss
alluded to in the above note had never been made
public.

The deceased had been held in great esteem all
over the colony as a man of strict honor and prob-
ity and was universally lamented. His attached wife,
after endeavoring faithfully to fulfill his last
wishes, found her grief too great to permit her
to mingle longer with the world, and soon she for-
med the resolution to consecrate her remaining
days to the service of religion. Two months after
the sad end of her husband, she entered a convent,
leaving to the nephew of the late merchant, a phys-
ician, the charge of completing the distribution of
the effects of Frenois among his creditors.

A minute examination of the papers of the de-
ceased led to the discovery of the period when the
unfortunate merchant had been robbed, and this
period was found to correspond with the date of the
disappearance of a man named John Moon, being
in the employment of Frenois. Of this man, on
whom suspicion not unnaturally fell, nothing could
be learned on enquiry; but shortly after the dis-
position of the late merchant's property, Moon re-
appeared in the colony; and when taken up and ex-
amined as to the cause of his flight, he stated that
he had been sent by his master to France to re-
cover certain sums due to the merchant there, in
which mission he had been unsuccessful. His fur-
ther avowed that if Clodomir Frenois, in his corre-
spondence, had thrown any injurious suspicions up-
on him (Moon), the whole was but a pretext to ac-
count for the deficiencies of which the merchant
was the cause and the author. This declaration,
made by a man who seemed to fear no injury, and
whose worldly circumstances remained to appear-
ance the same as they had ever been, had the effect
of silencing, if it did not satisfy, the examiners;
and the affair soon fell, in a great measure, out of
the public mind.

Things remained for a short time in this con-
dition, when one morning Mr. William Burnett,
principal creditor of the late Clodomir Frenois,
heard a knocking at his gate at an early hour. He
called up one of his servants, who went down and
opened the door, and immediately returned with the
intelligence that a stranger who seemed desirous of
keeping his person concealed, wished to speak with
Mr. Burnett in private. Mr. Burnett rose, threw on
his dressing gown, and descended to the parlor.
He saw there a stranger of tall person, seated in an
easy and familiar attitude upon a sofa. The back of
the visitor was turned to Mr. Burnett as he en-
tered. Rather surprised to see a stranger conduct

himself so like an old friend of the house, Mr. Bur-
nett said aloud:

"Sir, may I beg to know your business with
me?"

The stranger turned round, and advanced to salu-
tate his host warmly and courteously. Mr. Bur-
nett started back, and uttered a loud exclamation
of surprise and alarm. Well he might, for before
his eyes stood his friend and debtor, Clodomir
Frenois, whom he had beheld nearly a year before,
a murdered corpse, and whom he himself had fol-
lowed to the grave!

What passed at that interview, between Mr.
Burnett and his strange visitor, remained a secret.
Mr. Burnett was observed to issue several times,
pale and agitated, from his dwelling, and to visit
the magistrate charged with the criminal processes
of the colony. In the course of that day, while
John Moon was regaling himself with tea under
the palm trees of his garden along with a Circas-
sian female, whom he had purchased sometime pre-
viously, he was arrested, and taken to prison by
the officers of justice.

On the following day he was brought before the
criminal court, accused with robbing the late Clo-
domir Frenois, the crime being conjointed with
breach of trust and violence. Moon smiled at the
charge with all the confidence of a man who had
nothing to fear. The Judge having demanded of
him if he confessed the crime, the accused replied
that the charge was altogether absurd; that clear
testimony was necessary to fix such a delict upon
him; that so far from there being such evidence
produced, neither the widow of the deceased, nor
any one person in his service, had ever heard the
pretended robbery even once mentioned by Frenois,
during his life.

"Do you affirm your innocence?" repeated the
Judge gravely, after hearing all the others had to
say.

"I will vouch my innocence," replied Moon,
"even before the body of my late master, if that
be necessary."

[Such a thing often took place under the old co-
lonial law.]

"John Moon," said the Judge, in a voice
broken by some peculiar emotion, "it is before your
late master that you will have to assert your in-
nocence, and may God make the truth appear!"

A signal from the Judge accompanied these
words, and immediately a door opened, and Clo-
domir Frenois, the supposed suicide, entered the
court. He advanced to the bar with a slow and
deliberate step, having his eye calmly, sternly fixed
on the prisoner, his servant. A great sensation
was caused in court by his appearance. Uttering
shrieks of alarm and horror, the females present
fell on the spot. The accused fell on his knees
in abject terror, and, shuddering, confessed his
guilt. For a time no voice was heard but his—
However, as it became apparent that a living man
stood before the court, the advocate of the prisoner
gained courage to speak. He demanded that the
identity of the merchant be established, and the
mystery of his existence be explained. He said
that the court must not be misled by what might
prove to be a mere accidental likeness between a
person living and one deceased; and that such an
avowal as that of the prisoner, extracted in a mo-
ment of extraordinary terror, was not to be held of
much weight.

"Before being admitted here as an accused or
witness," continued the advocate, addressing the
resuscitated merchant, "prove who and what you
are, and disclose by what chance the tomb, which
so lately received your body, mingled with bullets,
has given up its tenant, and restored you to the
world in life and health?"

The firm appeal of the advocate, who continued
steadfast in his duty under circumstances that
would have closed the lips of most men, called
forth the narrative from Clodomir Frenois which
follows:

"My story may soon be told, and will suffice to
establish my identity. When I discovered the rob-
bery committed by the accused, he had then fled
from the island, and I speedily saw that attempts
to retake him would prove fruitless. I saw ruin
and disgrace before me, and came to the resolution
of terminating my life before the civil day came. On
the night in which this determination was formed,
I was seated alone in my private chamber. I had
written the letter which was found on my table,
and had loaded my pistol.—This done, I prayed for
forgiveness from my Maker for the act I was about
to commit. The end of the pistol was at my head,
and my finger on the lock, when a knock at the
outer door of the house startled me. I concealed
my weapon and went to the door. A man entered
whom I recognized to be the sexton of the parish
in which I lived. He bore a sack on his shoulders,
and in it the body of a deceased man, which was
destined for my nephew, the physician, then living
with me. The sexton of bodies for dissection, as
the court is aware, compels those who are anxious
to acquire skill in the medical profession, to pro-
cure them by any possible secret means. The sexton
was at first alarmed when he met me.

"Did my nephew request you to bring this body?"

"No," replied the man; "but I knew his anx-
iety to obtain one for dissection, and took it upon me
to offer him this body. For mercy's sake, continu-
ed the sexton, "do not betray me, or I shall lose
my situation and my family's bread."

While this man was thus speaking, a strange
idea entered my mind, and brought to my despair-
ing bosom hopes of continued life and honor. I
stood for a few moments absorbed in thought, and
gave to the resurrectionist the sum which he ex-
pected. Telling him to keep his own counsel, and
that all would be well, I sent him away and car-
ried the body into my cabinet. The whole of the
family had been sent out of the way on purpose,
and I had time to carry into execution the plan
which had struck me. The body was fortunately
of the same stature as myself, and like me in com-
plexion. I knew the man; he had been a poor of-
fender, abandoned by his family.

"Poor relic of mortality!" said I, with tears in
my eyes, "nothing which man may do can now in-
jure thee; yet pardon me if I rudely disfigure thy
lifeless substance. It is to prevent the ruin of not
one but twenty families! And should success at-
tend my attempt, I swear that thy children shall be
my children; and when my hour comes we shall

rest together in the tomb to which thou shalt be
borne before me."

And by this portion of the merchant's narrative
the most lively interest was excited in court, and
testified even by tears from many of the audience.
Frenois then proceeded:

"I then stripped off my clothes and dressed the
body in them. This accomplished, I took up the
pistol, and with a hand more reluctant than when
I applied it to my own person, I fired it close to
the head of the deceased, and at once caused such
a disfigurement as rendered it impossible for the
keenest eye to detect the substitution which had
been made.

"Choosing the plainest habit I could get, I then
dressed myself anew, shaved off the whiskers I had
been accustomed to wear, and took other means to
alter and disguise my appearance, in case of being
subjected by accident to risk of betrayal. Next
morning saw me on board a French vessel, on my
way to a distant land—the native country of my
ancestors. The expectations which had led me to
the execution of this scheme were not disappointed.
I knew John Moon was the man who robbed me,
and who now stands at the bar of this court, and
that he had formed connections in this island which
would, in all probability, bring him back to it as
soon as the intelligence of my death gave him pro-
mise of security. In this I have not been disap-
pointed. I have been equally fortunate in other
respects. While my unworthy servant remained
here in imaginary safety, I have been successful in
discovering the quarter in which, not daring at
first to betray the appearance of wealth, he had
lodged the whole of the stolen money. I have
brought it with me, and also sufficient proofs, sup-
posing his confession of this day set aside alto-
gether, to convict him of the crime with which he
stands charged. By the same means," continued
Clodomir Frenois, with a degree of honorable pride,
in which all who heard him sympathized, "will I
be enabled to restore my family to their place in
society, and redeem the credit of a name on which
no blot was left by those who bore it before me,
and which, please God, I shall transmit unstained
to my children and my children's children."

The news of Clodomir Frenois' reappearance
spread rapidly, and the high esteem in which his
character was held, led to a universal rejoicing on
the occasion. He was accompanied from the court
to his home by a dense multitude, who welcomed
him with prolonged shouts. It would be vain to
attempt any description of the feelings of his wife
who was thus restored to the beloved being from
whose sake she had quitted the world. She was
released from her ecclesiastical vows, and rejoined
her husband, no more to part till the grave really
claimed the one or the other.

The Polish National Hymn.

The following is the translation of the national
Prayer of the Poles:—

"1. O Lord, who, for so many centuries, didst
surround Poland with the magnificence of power
and glory; who didst cover her with the shield of
Thy protection when our armies overcame the ene-
my; at Thy altar raise our prayer: deign to re-
store us, O Lord, our free country!"

"2. O Lord, who hast been touched by the
woes of our injured lands and hast guided the mar-
tyrs of our sacred cause; who hast granted to us,
among many other nations, the standard of cou-
rage, of unblemished honor; at Thy altar we raise
our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free
country!"

"3. Thou whose eternally just hand crushes the
empty pride of the powerful of the earth; in spite
of the enemy vilely murdering and oppressing,
breathe hope into every Polish breast! At Thy al-
tar we raise our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord,
our free country!"

"4. May the Cross which has been insulted in
the hands of Thy ministers, give us constant strength
under our sufferings! May it inspire us in the
day of battle with faith that above us soars the
spirit of the Redeemer! At Thy altar we raise our
prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free coun-
try!"

"5. In the name of His Commandments, we all
unite as brothers. Hasten, O Lord, the moment
of resurrection! Bless with liberty those who now
mourn in slavery! At Thy altar we raise our
prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free coun-
try!"

"6. Give back to our Poland her ancient splen-
dor! Look upon her fields soaked with blood!
When shall peace and happiness among us?
God of wrath cease to punish us! At Thy altar
we raise our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord,
our free country!"—From "The Polish Captivity,"
by Sutherland Edwards.

A Mother's Grave.

Earth has some sacred spots where we feel like
loosening the shoes from our feet, and treading with
holy reverence; where common words of pleasure
are unfitting; places where friendship's hands have
lingered in each other, where vows have been plighted,
prayers offered, and tears of parting shed. Oh,
how the thoughts hover around such places, and
travel back through immeasurable space to visit
them. But of all the spots on the green earth, none
is so sacred as that where rests, waiting the resur-
rection, those we once loved and cherished. Hence
in all ages, the better portion of mankind have
chosen the loved spots for the burial of their dead,
and in those spots they have loved to wander at
even tide to meditate and weep. But among all the
chapel houses of the dead, if there is one spot more
sacred than all the rest, it is a mother's grave.—
There sleeps the mother of our infancy—she whose
heart was a stranger to every other feeling but love,
and who could always find excuses for us when we
could find none for ourselves. There she sleeps,
and we love the very earth for her sake.

The cedars of Lebanon, it is stated, do not ex-
ceed four hundred. There are none of recent growth
as the goats browse on the twigs. Of their age,
Hooker, the eminent botanist, says none of them
are over five hundred years, but this is refuted by
another who professes to know, who says that sev-
eral of them have been identified as the very ones
described by the Crusaders.

Why are darning stockings like dead men?
Because they are men-dead.

About Cloves and Allspice.

Cloves are produced by a tree which is a native of
the Molucca Islands, and were like nutmegs a long
time under the exclusive control of the Dutch gov-
ernment, who for many years would not allow the
trees to grow upon any except the island of
Amboyna, from whence the highest priced cloves
still come. The tree is from 15 to 30 feet high,
with large aromatic leaves and bunches of very ir-
regular flowers. The spice is the unopened flower-
buds, which are beaten out by means of rods and
then dried. The little ball at the top of the clove
is the unexpanded petals; by softening the clove in
hot water there can be carefully laid open by means
of a pin. The main portion of the clove is what
would be the fruit were it allowed to grow on and
ripen. Our word clove, comes from the French
clou, a nail. That being the name by which the
French call them on account of their resemblance to
a little nail. They contain a good deal of volatile
oil, upon which their value depends. This oil is
sometimes extracted in part and the cloves after-
wards sold. These can be told by their lighter
color and by having the buttons or rounded portion
broken off. Cloves readily absorb a considerable
amount of moisture, and it is the custom of large
dealers to keep them in a damp place in order to
make them wet heavily and look fresh and plump.
It is bad economy to buy cloves or any other spice
in a ground state for, aside from the risk of adulter-
ation, the oil is absorbed by the paper in which
they are put up.

Allspice is from a tree, nearly related to the clove
tree; it grows in the West Indies where it is large-
ly cultivated for its spice, which in this instance is
the fruit. The berries are gathered when green,
for if allowed to remain on the tree until ripe they
have an unpleasant flavor. It is also called Pimen-
to, and Jamaica pepper. The name allspice was
given because it was thought to have the flavor of
cloves, cinnamon, and nutmegs combined.—*Amer.*
Agriculturist.

Nelson's Nightcap.

Doctor Burney, who wrote the celebrated an-
nogram on Lord Nelson after his victory of the Nile,
"Honor est a Nilo" (Honoratio Nelson), was shortly
after on a visit to his Lordship at his beautiful villa
at Merton. From his usual absence of mind, he
forgot to put a nightcap upon his portmanteau, and
consequently borrowed one from his Lordship. Pre-
vious to his retiring to rest he sat down to study,
as was his custom, and was shortly after alarm-
ed by finding the cap in flames; he immedi-
ately collected the burnt remains, and returned
them to his Lordship with the following lines:—

"Take your nightcap again, my good Lord, I desire;
I would not detain it a minute;
What belongs to a Nelson, where'er there's a fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it."

Paternal Advice.

"Ven you arrive at the dignity of sawin' wood,
Lafayette, if you is elevated to that ere profession,
mind an' always saw the biggest fest, 'cause vy?
you'll only have the little uns to saw ven you gets
tuckered out. Ven you eats pi, as I s'pose you
may, if you live to be a man, eat the crust first—
'taint a good thing to top off with. If it's tough and
thick as sole leather. Ven you piles up wood, al-
ways put the big uns on to the bottom—always,
Lafayette, 'cause it's mighty hard exercise to lift
'em to the top of the pile. These are the results of
holseration, Lafayette, an' may be depended on, it
is it's for your good I say it." "Vy, father, in
his responded young Hopeful, "vot a 'normous 'experi-
ence you must a had."

Origin of Newspapers.

Mankind are indebted to Queen Elizabeth and
Lord Burleigh for the first printed newspaper,
which was entitled the English Mercurie. The ear-
liest number is still in the British museum Library
and bears the date of July 23, 1588. During the
civil wars, periodical papers, the champions of the
two parties were very extensively circulated, and
were edited by such writers as Needham, Birken-
head, and D'Estrange; all are of considerable abili-
ty. In the reign of Anne, there was but one daily
paper, the Daily Courant. The first Provincial
Journal in England was the orange Postman, start-
ed 1700, at the price of a penny, but a half penny
was not refused. The earliest Scottish newspaper
appeared under the auspices of Cromwell, in 1652.

The Profits of Sheep Husbandry.

In sheep growing, there are three distinct sources
of profit sought, viz: Increase of number by natu-
ral propagation, growth of increase in size and weight,
and the annual product of wool. The ewes used in
breeding should possess as nearly as possible, the
points of excellence desired in the offspring. They
should, at least, be two years old—of good strong
constitution—well fed, and well sheltered. Such
ewes, with such management, will generally realize
the fond hopes of the shepherd for increase. Growth
afterward is natural, easy and rapid. The product
of wool depends much upon the health of the sheep,
both for strength and beauty of fibre, and weight of
fleeces.

To Preserve Iron from Rust.

Melt fresh mutton suet, smear over the iron with
it while hot, then dust it well with unsalted lime,
powdered and tied up in muslin. When not used,
wrap the iron in burlap, and keep them in a dry
place. Use no oil for them at any time, except
salad oil.

AN ITEM IN THE EXPENDITURE OF THE FRENCH EM-
PEROR.—All children born throughout the French
Empire on the 16th of March, 1850, birthday of
the Prince Imperial, were formerly adopted as god-
children by his Majesty and the Empress Eugenie.
The births numbered on that day no less
than 3785. Deaths have since reduced the figure
to 3165, and, by loss of parents, there are now 200
of them orphans, whose education has been aided
by Imperial bounty. It would seem that the charge
on their Majesties' privy purse has been up to this
period an aggregate sum of 500,000fr. (upwards of
£20,000.)

The tall mountains are the sublime apostles of
nature, whose surpluses are snows, and whose ser-
mons are avalanches.

"Where is the Past?" inquired a tutor one day
of a very little pupil. "Where the morning comes
from," was the prompt and pleasant answer.

General News.

PROVISIONS, PRICES AND TAXATION IN THE SOUTH.

Provisions are assuredly not in sufficient abun-
dant to justify any waste or unnecessary consump-
tion; but that they are as scarce as the high prices
demanded for them would indicate is untrue. There
are enough in the country to support the army and
the people. The scarcity of supplies in the prin-
cipal markets are owing to three causes, viz: The
holding back for higher prices by some holders, the
government impressment of shipments on the way
to market at prices two-thirds below the rates paid
by the citizens, thus alarming producers and check-
ing consignments, and the very bad condition of
the roads entirely obstructing transportation in
many localities. The extreme scarcity of sup-
plies at the principal markets, and especially in
this city, ran up the prices with amazing rapidity;
and as Richmond fixed the prices of the country,
they jumped up everywhere just as they did here.
Every village, every cross-road, nay, every farm
house, established Richmond prices, and the general
fear that the government would get the surplus on
hand at lower rates induced a system of hiding and
dealing out in small lots from garrets and cuddies
in a clandestine manner to persons who would com-
mit and go out covertly and do business more by
knowing winks and nods than words. Then the con-
striction put upon the markets regulating prices re-
acted upon the rural districts, and the government
seizing supplies at prices so much under the market
rates, was itself cut off by the hiding system from
what it might have had at these rates. The law of
impressment now in force with, we hope, improve-
ment in the condition of things. It is a concession on
the part of the government as to the necessity of re-
cognizing the prevailing rules of valuation. It had but
one alternative to this, and that was to establish or
govern prices for the whole country. The great
measure, however, in the hands of the government
is that of taxation. That is the agent with which
it may lift up its own present credit, and in a great
degree check the rumors and corrupt system of ex-
tortion and speculation. This disease, which now
so seriously affects the country, and threatens to
embarrass the government not a little, requires the
most energetic treatment. It is deep seated, and
the knife should follow it to the very core. The
government, in laying its tax, should be guided not
only by its wants, but by the general standard of
values. If goods and produce, and if the fabrics of
mechanical industry, are ten times their ordinary
value, then why not levy the tax in like proportion?
So with real estate, and all like kinds of personal
property. This is the only mode of keeping up the
government credit. If the government has to pay
the people ten or fifteen times its value for every
bushel of corn or wheat, or pound of bacon it buys
for the army, then the people must pay the govern-
ment ten or fifteen times more revenue in the form
of taxation than they ever paid before. It is plain
that they are entirely able to do this, and we feel
assured they are perfectly willing to do it.—*Rich-
mond Examiner.*

GREAT FISHING.—The run of Gaspereaux in the
harbor on Saturday, and since, has not been equal-
led for years. At one haul of the seine by Messrs.
Stackhouse and Belyon (three seines being employ-
ed in the haul) on that day, in Butternick Chan-
nel, on the Carleton side, nearly thirty boats loads
of fish were taken—worth at least \$6000. Parties
drifting were equally successful. We crossed the
harbor about sunset; its surface was covered with
boats, most of which, so far as we could see, had
enormous "takes." The nets were being hauled, in
some cases, with an apparently solid mass of fish in
them, and we noticed more than one instance where
the floats attached to the nets had been dragged
under the surface of the water by the great weight
of fish. We never saw the like of it. The weirs
were doing an equally good business. This morn-
ing we learn, the catch was as good as on Satur-
day.—*Globe.*

We regret this week to record the untimely death
by drowning of Mr. Harry Kelson, nephew of Gen.
Kelson, residing a short distance above Fredericton.
On Tuesday last, the deceased, in company with his
brother and a young man named Black, went shoot-
ing wild geese, and drifting down in a canoe accord-
ing to the report, the canoe was overturned, and the
three men simultaneously. It appears, how-
ever, that the discharge of the pieces, and the con-
sequent motion, upset the light craft, and all were
precipitated into the River. Young Black swam to
the island, Mr. H. Kelson, after clinging for some
time to the canoe, sank to rise no more; and his
cousin was rescued by some parties who had wit-
nessed the occurrence from the shore, in an almost
lifeless condition.—*Reporter.*

THE REVENUE.—The Royal Gazette of Wednes-
day contains a statement of the revenue collected
at St. John for the half year ending 30th April,
1862 and 1863, and for the ports for the first
quarter of the fiscal year 1862 and 1863, which is
as follows:—

	1862.	1863.
Railway Import,	\$28,882.65	\$38,980.16
Imports,	159,031.06	179,130.88
Exports,	10,354.93	16,380.51
Bay of Fundy Lights,	4,734.15	4,773.97
S. & D. Seamen's Duties	1,458.57	1,445.27
Canoe Race Light Dues,	72.97	135.08
Copy Right Duties,	51.27	53.36
Totals,	\$201,585.54	\$240,899.16

We publish below the usual monthly statement
of receipts on our Provincial Railway, which will
be found to be quite encouraging. In addition to
what is there given we may state that the net pro-
fit on the road for the half year ending 31st May
inst. is about \$21,000 against about \$3,000 in the
same period of last year. This increase is very gra-
tifying, and enables us to believe that the road will
eventually pay.

Comparative statement of the Traffic receipts on
the E. & N. A. Railway for the month of April, in
1861, '62, and '63.

	1861.	1862.	1863.
Passengers,	\$3,794.41	3,495.30	3,983.49
Freight,	3,814.25	4,045.22	5,399.10
Mails & Sundries,	895.82	618.10	602.85
Totals,	\$8,494.48	8,158.62	10,585.45

Increase in the month, in favor of 1863 over '61
\$2,910.97, and over 1862, \$2,376.83.—*Globe.*

The election for Mayor on Tuesday, resulted in
the return of Isaac Woodward, Esq., by a majority
of 97 votes over John G. Campbell, Esq., and 303
over James Oliver, Esq. Mr. Smith withdrew from
the contest on Monday; the number of votes polled
is quite large. The best of feeling prevailed during
the day of election as throughout the canvass, and
although it was feared at one time that some reli-
gious discord might be occasioned by the contest, it
happily passed off in a most satisfactory manner.—
Presbyterian.

A man has died suddenly in London from the habit
of excessive smoking. His pipe still warm lay
on the table, at the foot of which he had fallen dead.

A bill has passed the Canadian Legislature to
prevent the execution of the death penalty in public,
by a vote of 61 to 51.

It is said that Mr. Sergeant Shee will be elevated
to the English bench. If so, he will be the first
Roman Catholic Judge in England since the period
of the Reformation.

The Canadian Militia will cost the Provincial
Government this year \$400,000. Of this sum
\$100,000 will be required to pay for accoutre-
ments, &c. obtained in England.

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

The *Australasian* arrived at New York on the
6th inst. Important debate had occurred in both
Houses of Parliament on the seizure of British ships
by Federal Cruisers, and in relation to protection
granted by Minister Adams to Mexican traders.

Many speakers urged that such proceedings cannot
be tolerated.