

# The Carleton Sentinel.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

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## Poetry.

### LOVE'S DISSENSIONS.

Alas! how slight a cause may move,  
Disensions between hearts that love;  
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied,  
That stood the storms when seas were rough,  
But in a sunny hour fell off;  
Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When Heaven seemed all tranquillity.  
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken,  
A word unkind or wrongly taken—  
O! love that tempests never shook,  
And eyes forget the smiling day,  
They were in courtship's smiling day,  
And voices lost the tone that shed  
A tenderness round all they said;  
Till fast declining one by one,  
The sweetest of love are gone,  
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
Like broken clouds, or like the stream  
That, smiling, left the mountain's brow  
As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
Yet ere it reach the plains below,  
Breaks into floods that part forever."

### A Posy of Questions.

What wisdom more, what better life, than pleaseth God  
To send? What worldly goods, what longer use, than pleaseth God  
To lend? What better fare than well content, agreeing with thy  
wealth? What better guest than trusty friend, in sickness and in  
health? What better bed than conscience good, to pass the night  
with sleep? What better work than daily care from sin thyself to  
keep? What better thought than think on God, and daily Him to  
serve? What better gift than to the poor, that ready be to starve?  
What greater praise of God and man than man to glory show?  
Who, unselfish, shall mercy find, that mercy shows to few?  
What worse despair than loath to die, for fear to go to  
hell? What greater faith than trust in God, through Christ in  
Heaven to dwell?

THOMAS TESSER, 1557.

## Select Tale.

### THE WIFE'S GHOST.

(Continued.)

On the eve of this day, the second Madame Limery had set off on a visit to one of her aunts in the country, where she was joined a few days afterwards by her husband; so that on her return, at the end of a month, she found Bridget gone and the new nurse established in the house, and so great a favorite with little Bertha, that she scarcely seemed to regret her former nurse at all, which the other servants considered a great piece of ingratitude. But the truth was Marianne was not popular in the kitchen. Her short replies, and the cold and even haughty manner in which she had checked Master Aspin, the valet's gallant attentions, had made the whole household set her down for a starched minx who was above her place. But Marianne seemed to care very little for the opinion of her fellow-servants; and as she never left the child for a moment, and never went out except to give her an airing, and received no visits from any follower, but remained shut up in the nursery, where she took all her meals, nobody could invent anything to urge against her, when her master and mistress came home.

"What sort of a girl is this Marianne?" asked Madame Limery of her own maid, the day after her return.

"I can hardly tell, ma'am, said the latter, "she seems so proud."

"Proud of what, I should like to know?" asked the young wife.

"Of master's protection, I suppose," insinuated the lady's maid, delighted at her own luminous idea.

"What do you mean, Rose?" asked her mistress pricking up her ears.

"Nothing, ma'am; only master said she was to be very kindly treated, because she is Bridget's friend, I suppose," added the sly creature.

Madame Limery said no more, but next time she saw Marianne, she observed her more attentively than she had hitherto done. This was not very easy to do either, for, whether from bashfulness or some other cause, Marianne's head was always hanging down; and, moreover, she wore one of those caps with deep quillings, similar to those worn by certain orders of nuns, which nearly concealed the upper part of her face. One thing, however, was evident, and that was, that so far from endeavoring to attract M. Limery's attention, according to the treacherous insinuations of the lady's maid, she seemed to avoid his looks most carefully, and never spoke to him but when absolutely necessary.

Feeling therefore quite easy on this score, Madame Limery, who was delighted to have the care of the infant Bertha taken off her hands, just when her health was in a delicate state, and her thoughts were busied with a splendid outfit that was preparing for the little stranger that was expected, proved a kind mistress to Marianne, much to the disappointment of the whole household.

"A sly jade!" said they; "because she's the last come, and looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, she must be treated better than any of us, forsooth!"

"Pride will have a fall!" observed Rose, sententiously, "so wait a bit!"

A year had now gone by. The shipowner's wife had brought him a daughter, much to Marianne's regret, who would have preferred a boy. She thought the father took too little notice already of the poor child, and now he had another girl, he would cease to care for her altogether. Yet Bertha, now in her fourth year, was such a sweet little creature, that she would have been her mother's pride, had she still been living; just as she was her nurse's pride; and, truth to say, the child regarded her affection most tenderly, for she would scream aloud if any of the other servants attempted to take her from her "own Marianne," as she called her.

This childish preference had, insensibly, contributed to increase the covert hatred that was brooding in the hearts of the domestics towards their offensive fellow-servant, whose only crime was the superiority of her mind and manners, which she never, however, obtruded offensively upon them.

At the time Bertha's little sister was teething, her nurse had scarcely been able to get a wink of sleep for a whole week, when Rose observed to her lady, "It is a great pity, ma'am, that I don't understand children, or I might have helped nurse, who is fagged to death. But I was always a clumsy hand at nursing, and I remember my mother beating me, within an inch of my life, for letting fall my little sister, who was lamed for life."

"For heaven's sake, never touch my child!" cried Madame Limery in alarm; "keep to your sewing, both for baby and myself, and don't meddle with what you don't understand."

"To be sure, I have enough to do without nursing into the bargain, for I make the most of my time. I only wished everybody in the house earned their wages as conscientiously as I do."

"What do you mean, Rose?" asked her mistress. "Is there any one you have to complain of?"

"Oh, la, no, ma'am! I'm sure I wouldn't turn informer any way," cried Rose, in an affronted tone. "I never tell tales against my fellow-servants—not I; only now that little Bertha is nearly four years old, I think her nurse needs to be after her, and might help baby's nurse, as she understands how to manage children so well."

The breakfast bell put a stop to this conversation, but the next day her mistress bid her maid send Marianne to her, as she wanted to speak to her.

Rose flew downstairs, and as she passed the kitchen, she popped in her head, and telegraphed to the man-cook this amiable message: "The storm's brewing now, as sure as I live." Then, calling to Marianne, in a pleasant tone, she requested her to go to her mistress, who wanted her particularly.

Though somewhat surprised, Marianne hastened to obey the summons, and taking little Bertha by the hand, entered her mistress's room. At the foot of the staircase leading to Madame Limery's apartments, the child held up its little arms to be carried, to which mute appeal Marianne immediately answered, and accordingly Bertha entered her step-mother's presence in her nurse's arms.

"Sit her down," said Madame Limery, with a slight tinge of impatience. "Really, my good girl, you spoil that child. Methinks it is time she walked without leading strings."

"Yes, ma'am," said Marianne; "only not to keep you waiting, I carried her, to come the quicker."

"Very well; now sit down, Marianne, for I want to talk to you," said Madame Limery, with patronising kindness. "You see that nurse has enough to do just now with my daughter. Now, couldn't you give her some assistance in the day time, as you are so clever at managing children?" She would then be able to get a little rest."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I am fully occupied with Bertha. I make her frocks, and mend her linen, and I assure you I don't lose a moment of my time."

"I know you don't," said her mistress; "but Rose could attend to the sewing, and she might also take care of Bertha, who, being older, does not require so much attention."

"I don't choose Rose to touch Bertha," cried Marianne, impetuously; "she's a slattern, and a careless girl, who would let her contract a number of bad habits. Besides, she doesn't know how to manage children."

"You don't choose!" echoed Madame Limery, gazing at her in surprise.

"No, madam, I do not," said Marianne, coldly. "Somebody must help nurse, however," resumed her mistress.

"You might hire an under nursery-maid," suggested Marianne.

"I know I might, but I don't intend to do so. Besides, it is not necessary that Bertha should have a maid exclusively attached to her service. I may have four or five children, and I should not think it necessary to have four or five nurses on that account."

"Bertha is not your child, madam," said Marianne, apparently restraining herself with some trouble; "and her mother left her sufficient fortune to pay a servant's wages."

"Highly, tightly!" cried Madame Limery, rising from her chair in a passion; "do you presume to give me a lesson?"

"By no means, madam. You asked me whether I could spare a few hours from Bertha, to devote them to your daughter, and I answered that I could not; that's all."

Then raising up the child, that was playing on the carpet, she walked towards the door.

"Was ever such insolence heard of?" cried the young wife, quite exasperated. "I shall turn you out—nay, I insist on your leaving the house at once."

"Don't attempt any such thing," said Marianne, whose blue eyes seemed to flash lightning. Then, restraining herself by a desperate effort, she added in a conciliatory tone, "believe me, madam, let us not push this quarrel any further. Forget my hasty words, and I on my part will forget—here she hesitated a moment—that which I might recollect if I chose."

"The girl is mad!" cried Madame Limery, ringing the bell violently. "Ask your master to step up directly," said she to the servant who answered her summons.

"Since you will have it so," observed Marianne, as if resigned to a struggle, "you must only blame yourself, unhappy woman, for what may happen!"

In another moment M. Limery made his appearance, when his wife hastened to meet him, and drawing him towards Marianne, who stood motionless in the middle of the room, "Pray, sir," said she, "is it by your orders that this creature twists me, and even threatens me in my own house?"

"What's the matter, my dear?" answered he, half astounded at being set upon thus unexpectedly.

"What can have happened?"

"Why, that she refuses to obey me, and pretends that she is to serve nobody but your daughter—and, in short, wants to play the mistress here."

"Is it possible, Marianne," said M. Limery in a reproachful tone, "that you, who have hitherto been so gentle and so polite, can now forget what is due to my wife?"

"I owe nothing to your wife, Charles Limery," answered Marianne, in a tone that thrilled him strangely. "I am here for Bertha only. If I am but let alone with her, I ask for nothing more."

"Do you hear her?" cried Madame Limery. "Was there ever such insolence? Will you explain what right this woman has to assume such a tone towards us?"

"My dear Martha, pray be calm," said the husband with some emotion; "there must be some misunderstanding in all this. Why do you meddle with Marianne? Leave her to Bertha, and take another maid to help you, if you please; but for heaven's sake, let us live in peace. You know I hate home quarrels."

"So you take her part against me, do you?" said the wife, half beside herself with passion; "and you expect I shall put up with being lowered in the eyes of my own servant? No, no, sir!" she continued, lashing herself into a fresh fury; "I have hitherto overlooked certain reports; but now I see how well founded they were. Either turn this woman out at once, or else I shall leave the house."

"Turn me out!" cried Marianne, shrugging her shoulders; "why, you ill-advised woman, I have only to speak a word to turn both yourself and your infant out of doors."

"This is beyond endurance," cried the young wife, stamping. "Who are you, and what right have you to speak to me in this manner?"

"Ask your husband," said Marianne, with a gloomy look; "for my part, I have not the courage to inform you."

M. Limery was evidently much moved.

"Really," said he, "I am at a loss to understand the meaning of your words."

"Then why do you turn pale?" cried Marianne, in an impressive voice.

And so saying, she snatched off the cap that partially concealed her features, and displayed a countenance usually expressive of gentleness, but rendered threatening by the feelings that agitated her at that moment. Her movement had been so abrupt that her comb had fallen from her head, and an abundance of flaxen locks streamed over her shoulders, while the two black ringlets, fixed with pins to the cap, had disappeared on the removal of the head-dress.

"Hermance!" exclaimed M. Limery, hiding his face in his hands.

"So you recognise me at last?" said she whom we will continue to call Marianne, in a tone of irony.

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me," said M. Limery, clasping his hands as he approached her.

But she motioned him away.

"Look after your wife!" said she, laying great emphasis on the word; "she requires your help, and I do not need your apology."

The poor young wife was, truly enough, in a most pitiable condition on finding what a strange and unexpected turn the scene she had herself brought about had taken in the end. She would have fainted had not a sense of the excess of her misfortune overcome even nature's weakness, and deprived her of the momentary boon of oblivion.

"Lost! dishonored!" muttered she to herself.

"Nay, do not say so," cried Marianne, whose anger had already given way to pity; nobody but Bridget knows this secret, and I have bought her tongue. As to myself, you know that I held my tongue for a twelvemonth or more; and unless either you or Monsieur Limery betray yourselves, added she, throwing a cold look at her former husband, "there will never be but one Madame Limery—namely, yourself."

Then taking up little Bertha, who had fallen asleep on the sofa—"This is my only love," added she. "If I'm left quiet with my daughter, I shall have neither a wish nor a regret for anything left in this world."

And so saying, she left the couple by themselves.

[To be concluded.]

### Singular Issue of a Wedding Ceremony.

One of the most singular illustrations of the well-known aphorism, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," occurred in Antrim a day or two ago. A dashing suite of three carriages, with the customary hymeneal embellishments, were furnished by a well-known local posy establishment to convey an apparently happy bride and bridegroom, and a joyous wedding party, to the historic town of Antrim, where the ceremony was arranged to take place. The party were said to have been in the highest spirits on the way, and, arrived in Antrim, at once proceeded to the sacred edifice in which the twain were to be made one. The officiating clergyman was in readiness, the bride and bridegroom took their places, and the pretty bridesmaids, with a pardonable flutter of expectation, arranged themselves in their allotted positions, and "all went merrily as a marriage bell" until the clergyman, in the course of the service, asked if any present knew of any just cause or impediment why the aspirants for matrimony before him should not be joined in that holy estate. The query was instantly responded to by a young gentleman in the body of the church, who protested that he had just reason to forbid the bans; and, amid excitement which can be better imagined than described, he requested permission to put a question to the bride. This was accorded him, and in a manly voice he asked her if she had not, some two years since, pledged her troth to him. The fair fiancee bent her head and answered "Yes;" and while her intended husband, in concert with the entire assemblage, gazed in utter bewilderment on the scene, the fickle fair one put a climax to the proceedings by adding—"And I will keep my word!" Instantly seizing her former lover by the arm she swept with him in majesty from the church, and entering one of the carriages which had driven the party to the sacred edifice, drove off at locomotive speed, with her recovered swain, to the residence of her mother, leaving the poor fellow in the church to ruminate over the inconsistency of woman, and doubtless hoping "better luck next time."

QUALIFYING FOR A PLACE.—An Irish woman, who was seen walking back and forward by Lalayette Square during the time it rained heavily, was asked why she did so. She replied, "Oh, then a husband machine, sure, didn't I hear there was a wet nurse wanted, and am I qualifying myself for the city?"

THE WATER THAT HAS NO TASTE IS PUREST; the air that has no odor is freshest; and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

### A Chinese Gentleman's House.

He first took us to his country house, now uninhabited. It was the perfect residence of a Chinese gentleman. There was a very large garden with bamboo hedges and large fish-tanks, edged with walls of blue bricks and perforated tiles. His pigs were in admirable condition, and as beautiful as the Prince Consort's at Windsor. About the grounds were outcrops, mangosteens, plantains, coconuts, daniens and small creepers, trained into baskets and pagodas. Inside the house, the drawing-room had doors sliding across circular openings. We then went on to this gentleman's private residence, entering by a Chinese triumphal gate. He tells me he has ten miles of carriage road round his estate. This, on a fine undulating tract of land reclaimed from the jungle, and laid out with rare taste. In the outskirts a tiger killed a man the other day. In his garden I found Jacko, living in a cage next door to a porcupine; there were also some rare birds. Further on some very small Brahmin bulls, a Cashmere goat, and a family of young kangaroos. There were all sorts of unknown beautiful flowers placed about in enormous Chinese vases. Here I first saw the tea plant growing. It is of the camel-ha tribe, three or four feet high, perhaps, and bears a small sweet flower, like an ordinary rose. Also I was shown the "moon flower," a kind of rounded convolvulus that only opens at night. There was a bower of "monkey cups," the pitcher flower which collects water, and from which Jacko refreshes himself in jungles. The palm palms produce water, by being pierced with a penknife, of a clear, cold quality. Several minute creepers were trained over wire forms to imitate dragons, with egg shells for their eyes; and there were many of the celebrated dwarf trees—the first I had seen—little oaks and elms about eighteen inches high, like small withered old men. The house here was superbly furnished in the English style, but with lanterns all about it. At 6 the guests arrived—mostly English—all dressed in short white jackets and trousers. The dinner was admirably served, in good London style, and all the appointments as regarded plate, glass, wines and dishes, perfect. The quiet, attentive waiting of the little Chinese boys deserved all praise. After dinner we lounged through the rooms decorated with English prints of the Royal family, statuettes, curiosities from every part of the world, and rare objects in the stone and cracked china.—Chinese Letter.

### An Insuperable Leg.

A member of the present legislature was addressing a temperance meeting the last winter, and after he had spoken for some time got rather prosy, but showed no disposition to "let up," though the audience waxed thinner. Finally the presiding officer got excited, and replying to a friend of the speaker, inquired how much longer he might reasonably be expected to speak? Whereupon the friend answered, "he didn't exactly know—when he got on that branch of the subject, he generally spoke a couple of hours."

"That'll never do! I've got to make a few remarks myself," said the president. "How shall I stave him off?"

"Well, I don't know. In the first place, I should pinch his left leg; and then if he shouldn't stop, I'd stick a pin in it."

The president returned to his seat, and his head was invisible for a moment. Soon after he returned to the "brother" who had prescribed the "pin style of treatment," and said:

"I pinched him, and he didn't take the least notice at all. I stuck a pin in his leg, and he didn't seem to care. I crooked it in, and he kept on spouting as hard as ever!"

"Very likely," said the wag; "that leg is cork!"

The president was suddenly taken with a fit, and the meeting was dissolved in a hurry.

TOO MUCH REWARD.—In a tract distributed by the Mormon preachers the following question and answer occurs: "What shall be the reward of those who have forsaken their wives, for righteousness sake? A hundred fold of wives here, and wives everlasting hereafter!"

### TO MY WIFE'S MILLINER.

Dearest to me than I dared to think!  
Dearest to me than the flowing pink!  
Dearest to me than the many I've known  
Of little milliners now full blown,  
Ah! when she came for her bill to call,  
Then, then I found she was dearer than all.

ATTRACTIVE.—All is not attractive that is good. Iron does not sparkle like the diamond yet it is useful. Gold has not the fragrance of a flower, yet it is valuable. So different persons have different graces of excellence, and to be just we must have an eye to all.

A quaint writer says:—"I have seen women so delicate that they are afraid to ride, for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail for fear the boat should overset; and afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to get married."

An Irish orator, in a recent speech, made the following capital parody on certain well known lines by his countryman, Tom Moore:—

The fool that is gilded, never harbors a doubt,  
But as truly is gilded to the close,  
As a bull, if you once set a ring through his snout,  
Ever after is led by the nose.

We are not apt to think that one of the great causes of the sadness of autumn is its silence—the absence of the birds. It is like the wilderness, whose characteristic is also silence—the absence of man; a much deeper silence reaching away back to the creation. Night also has its silence. But the greatest silence is that of the grave.

It is a remarkable fact that, although common sheep delight in verdant fields, religious flocks are not anxious for green pastures.

How quietly many a one live, if he could care as little for the affairs of others as he does for his own.

Cheerfulness, the opposite of vexation and sadness, is at once the ground and flower of virtue, and its crown.

What lady is made to carry burdens? Ella Fant.

What lady preaches in the pulpit? Minnie Stir.

What lady is good to eat? Sal Ladd.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

Dr. Cumming and Mr. Cobden have both been spoken of as the authors of the "new work on property of absorbing interest."

The Queen of Spain has issued a royal decree appointing a committee to erect a statue in honor of Christopher Columbus.

The Chicago Tribune says there is more than double the amount of wheat and corn in store, in that city, than there was a year ago.

Brownsville, Texas, has been evacuated by the Federals. "This," says the Richmond Examiner, "takes the last Yankee foot from Texas soil."

A scientific fight between two soldiers—one of the 16th and the other of the 17th Regts.—came off near Halifax on Wednesday last. The 16th man had his arm broken or disabled in the fourth round. He held out until the ninth round, and then "caved in."

In consequence of Garibaldi's resignation of the office of Grand Master of the Italian Freemasons, all the lodges of his jurisdiction have been convoked, for the 15th September, to elect his successor. It is said that their choice will most probably fall on M. Mordini.

Dates from Panama to the 25th state, that a resolution had been passed by the Chilean Chamber of Deputies not to recognize the Mexican Empire. A motion has also been passed, for an offensive and defensive agreement between all South American Republics.

Prof. Neumayer, of Munich, says the world is coming to an end in 1865. He adds that a comet will run against the earth and absorb it as one drop of mercury absorbs another.

A hog 9 feet in length, and weighing 1162 lbs., recently died a natural death at Palmyra, Wis.

A small balloon made of gold-beater's skin, two feet in diameter, was lately sent up from London, and after a twelve hours' voyage landed in Bavaria, about 500 miles distant.

Most of the Nova Scotia fishermen from the Labrador, have returned with only half fares.

It is said that the apple crop of Annapolis and western counties of Nova Scotia will be small this year.

The consumption of wines, has gone down nearly 40 per cent., in the States, and the consumption of cigars one-half.

The Poles and Bohemians have organized into a society in New York, and Polish ladies presented them with a banner.

A late fire at Constantinople has brought to light the Coronation Hall of the Emperors (Byzantine) from Heraclius down.

Complaints are rife all through France, of the effects of the excessive drought, which is being experienced there, as well as other parts of the continent. The grass is literally burnt up, the supply of water is running short in the wells and springs, and man and beast are alike suffering.

There are now four French dailies in Canada, a conclusive evidence, says a contemporary, that the French language is not dying out in that colony.

A woman in Union, Conn., does the washing and cooking for a family of three, and with the help of a boy to do the pegging, makes fourteen or fifteen pairs of boots a day.

The Archbishop of Canterbury confirmed fifty prisoners in Maidstone gaol on the 21st ult.

The Prince of Prussia has received a medal for the courage he displayed in saving the life of a soldier.

A man named Alexander Brown, was fined \$80 and costs at the Police Office, St. John, last week, for attempting to entice soldiers of the 15th Regt., to desert and go to the States.

A serious row took place at Eastport, Me., on the night of the 7th, between a party of roughs from Whiting, Me., and a party of returned soldiers belonging to Eastport, and two sailors belonging to a British ship. Knives were freely used. Three of the soldiers and the two sailors are dangerously wounded.

By the express command of Her Majesty, Lady Lyndhurst has had a residence assigned to her, for life, at Hampton Court Place.

It is stated that Dr. Colenso has accepted an invitation to be present and take part in the meeting, of the British Association in Bath next month.

The Canadian Government has decided not to remove to Ottawa this fall, owing to the unfinished state of the public buildings.

It is stated that the potato crop in Ireland is very large this season, and that there can be no risk of a scarcity of the "blessed root."

An English Government report, on convict prisons, just issued, contains the statement that "experience goes to show that it is female influences, exerted in some way or another, and not, as is often supposed, intoxication, which is the source of so much crime."

The Gloucester Telegraph learns that a gentleman named Saunders, recently deceased at Cambridge, has left the sum of \$10,000 to the town of Gloucester, and a like sum to the city of Newburyport, to be devoted to the suppression of the evil of intemperance in those two places.

The Eastport Sentinel notices the arrival there, of fifteen deserters from the garrison at St. John, who proceeded to Boston to enlist in the Federal army; and suggests that for every British deserter enlisted in the American Army, the British authorities "impress" into the army "a skeddaddler" from the States.

Sir Alexander Bannerman, the late Governor of Newfoundland, has taken his final departure from that Island, and arrived at Halifax on his way to England.

The Islander says, from present appearances we shall have any amount of grain and potatoes to dispose of to our neighbors this autumn.

During the revolution, with a population of 3,000,000, there were 295,000 men called into the service of the United States. If the same proportion was called out now, they should have an army of 4,000,000.

The population of Italy is stated at 21,777,334 persons. It is thus the fifth power in respect to number of inhabitants.

Mr. Downs has been invited to attend the New Brunswick Exhibition, in Fredericton, and to contribute some of the rare birds, &c., from his aviary.

The following novel item appears in a public document just issued:—"Paid the seal of the Court of Chancery, for wax, expended by him in sealing patents, £114 15s. 6d."

Mr. Wellington Cameron, of St. George, fell into the cabin of a vessel lying at St. Andrews on Tuesday evening, it is supposed striking his head against the stove, and was instantly killed.

On the 20th ult. a grand military spectacle took place in the Champ de Mars, Paris, in the presence of the Emperor of the French, the Emperor of the King of Spain, the Prince Imperial, and a brilliant staff. There were upwards of 70,000 on the ground, but their military movements were somewhat marred by the heavy rain which fell immediately after the inspection had commenced.

At the Alhambra, in Leicester Square, London, Mrs. Margaret Douglas, an Australian, is performing Capt. Barclay's feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. She is described as a very little woman not much under 50 years of age, and dressed in a gaudy costume, with knickerbockers and ankle boots. She walks on a raised platform which runs round the building, and it takes 19 peregrinations to complete the mile. She has up to latest devices completed about half her journey in time.

## General News.

PROTEST AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The following protest has been made by some of the citizens of Gloucester, where Lewis Gough awaits execution:—"We the undersigned inhabitants of Gloucester and its vicinity, in prospect of an execution about to take place in this city, desire to enter our protest against the punishment of death. 1st.—Because it is opposed to the merciful spirit of Christianity, which seeks not the destruction, but the repentance, of the offender. 2nd.—Because it tends to facilitate the escape of the guilty, from the reluctance of juries to convict when such an unusual sentence is to follow. 3rd.—Because the slaughter of a man by cold blood, by hardening the feelings of those who witness it, weakens the best natural safeguard against the commission of murder, and thus increases the crime it is intended to prevent. 4th.—Because the laws that accord with the spirit of Christianity, are most consistent with sound policy, which is proved by the experience of those countries in which capital punishment has been abolished, with a diminution rather than an increase of the crime of murder."

IRON SIDES NOT INVULNERABLE.—The impossibility of producing any armour plating of sufficient strength to protect vessels against the assaults of heavy ordnance, has at length been demonstrated beyond all possibility of doubt. On Tuesday, the floating Warrior battery was exposed at Shoeburyness, to the fire of the 600 pounder 12 3-inch Armstrong muzzle loader. The target formed the centre of a wooden framework, 30 feet by 20 feet, and had a backing of 18 inches of teak, protected by 44-inch armour plate; it was moored across the river, and the powder being reduced from 7