

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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## Poetry.

### A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

Come, listen while to me, my lad,  
Come, listen to me for a spell!  
Let that terrible drum  
For a moment be dumb,  
For your uncle is going to tell  
What he felt.

A youth who loved liquor too well.  
A clever young man was he, my lad,  
And with beauty uncommonly blessed,  
Ere with beauty and wine,  
He began to decline,  
And behaved like a person possessed;

I protest  
The temperance plan is the best.  
One evening he went to a tavern, my lad,  
He went to a tavern one night,  
And drinking too much  
Rum, brandy, and such,  
The chap got exceedingly  
And was quite

What your Aunt would call a "fright."  
The fellow fell into a snore, my lad,  
A horrible slumber he takes—  
He trembles with fear,  
And acts very queer;  
My eyes! how he shivers and shakes  
When he wakes,  
And raves about horrid great snakes!

'Tis a warning to you and to me, my lad;  
A particular caution to all—  
Though no one can see  
The viper but he—  
To hear the poor lunatic bawl,  
"How they crawl!"  
All over the floor and the wall!

Next morning he took to his bed, my lad,  
Next morning he took to his bed;  
And he never got up,  
To dine or to sup,  
Though properly physicked and bled;  
And I read  
Next day the poor fellow was dead!

You've heard of the snake in the grass my lad—  
Of the viper concealed in the grass;  
But now you must know,  
Man's deadliest foe  
Is a snake of a different class;  
'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass!

### The Glory of the English Tongue.

The following original stanzas are contributed to the "Spirit of the Fair," published at the New York Fair, by Richard Moncton Milnes, now Lord Houghton. They are graceful as well as musical.

STANZAS.  
Beyond the vague Atlantic deep,  
Far as the feathered quail sweep,  
Where forest glooms the nerves appal,  
Where burns the radiant western fall,  
One duty lies on old and young:  
With filial piety to guard,  
As on its greenest native sword,  
The glory of the English tongue.

That ample speech, that subtle speech,  
Apt for the need of all and each—  
Strong to endure, yet prompt to bend,  
Wherever human feelings tend—  
Preserve its force, expand its power;  
And through the maze of civic life,  
In letters, commerce, even strife,  
Forget not it is yours and ours.

## Select Tale.

### FEARFUL PERIL.

Mr. Carl Stenman visited Mount Hecla, in Iceland, just before its terrible eruption in 1845, and the following is his narrative of a fearful adventure which happened to him upon that sublime and desolate elevation:

"Having procured a guide I set off, at an early hour, on the morning following my arrival at Salsun (at the foot of the extinct volcano) praying for fair weather, good luck, and a safe return.

"The scenery, even from the first, was so different from any I had ever seen outside of Iceland as to be worthy of a better description than I am able to give. Suffice it to say that, as you push on, ascending summit after summit on your way to the great and awful centre of all, you find the danger, dreariness, and desolation increase to the most terrible sublimity, till at last, when you do finally stand on the highest point in this unliving world of chaos, you instinctively pray God, with an icy shudder shivering through your miserable frame, to restore you to the life you seem to have left for ever behind you.

"Oh, how shall I attempt to convey to any mind the awful scene of desolation that surrounded me when at last I stood more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the highest peak of the barren Hecla! Six mortal hours—three on horseback and three on foot—had I been clambering upward from the world below; and now, among the very clouds that rolled and swept around me, I stood in a world of lava mountains, ice and snow—the lava black as midnight, the snow of blinding whiteness—and not in all that region a tree, a bush, a shrub, a blade, or even a solitary living thing, excepting self and guide. Far as the eye could reach, when the moving clouds permitted me to see, was a succession of black, rugged hills, snow-crowned peaks, glistening glaciers, and ice-bound streams, into whose inanimate solitudes no human foot had ever penetrated—a world without plant or life—the very desolation of desolation—filled with yawning chasms, dreadful abysses and midnight caves, which had never echoed any sounds but the thunders of heaven, and the groanings and convulsions of earth. So wild and terrible was the scene, that I felt a strange thrill like madness, rush through my shivering frame, and quiver about my dizzy brain, and I shouted, to break the stillness of death, and heard my voice come dismally back in a hundred echoes, till it seemed to be lost at last in the bowels of the unproductive earth.

"Wrapping one of the blankets about me, to protect me from the freezing cold, and cautiously using my pointed stick to try every foot of ground before me, I now began to move about, over blocks and heaps, and hills of lava, and across narrow chasms, and pitfalls, and patches of snow and ice, my faithful guide keeping near, and often warning me to be careful of my steps. In this manner I at length ascended a ridge of considerable elevation, stumbling my way to the top, and now, and then displacing fragments of lava, that rolled crashing down behind me. As yet I had seen no signs of the mouth of the crater which, eighty years before, had vomited forth its terrific and desolating streams of melted black sand; but, on reaching the summit of this ridge, I looked down into a sort of basin, open at the lower side, and having three or four deep seams or chasms in its centre, into which the melting

snow and ice on its sides were running in small streams. A peculiar and not very agreeable odor came up with a thin, smoky vapor, and I fancied I could hear a distinct sound, something between a gurgle and a rumble.

"I suppose this is the original crater," I said, turning to the guide.

"The fellow was as pale as death, and every feature expressed surprise allied to fear.

"What is the matter?" I quickly demanded;

"have you never seen this spot before?"

"I have seen this place before, master, he replied, 'but never anything like this. When I was here last there was no hollow here, but only a level plain of snow and ice.'

"Indeed!" exclaimed I, feeling strangely interested; 'what, then, do you infer? that there is about to be a fresh eruption?"

"I fear so, master; what else can have caused this change? You see there is heat below, which has melted the thick glacier, and only a few streaks of ice now remain about the upper part of the sides while all the centre is gone."

"And the ground here has a slight feeling of warmth, too!" I rejoined as I bent down and laid my hand upon it.

"Let us leave, master!" returned the fellow, hurriedly, looking around with an expression of alarm. 'I do not like to remain here—we may be destroyed at any moment. Let us hasten down and report what we have seen.'

"Say said I, feeling strangely interested and fascinated by the perilous novelty, 'I do not think there is any immediate danger, for the snow and ice, as is plain to be seen, have melted slowly; and before I go away, never to return, I should like to venture into this basin and look down into one of those chasms.'

"Oh, no, master!" replied the guide, with nervous anxiety; 'do not do it! it might cost you your life!'

"At least I will risk it, if you will agree to wait for me!" said I, fully determined on the venture, even though I were to go without his consent.

"I will wait," he answered; 'but remember, master, you go down against my advice.'

"The crater or hollow was about 50 feet in depth, with gently sloping sides; and, using my pointed stick with the greatest care, I forthwith began the descent, often stopping to try the temperature of the lava with my hand, and finding it gradually grow warmer as I proceeded, though not sufficiently so to excite any alarm. In a short time I reached the bottom, and stood on the verge of one of the seams or chasms, which opened far, far down into the heart of the mountain. It was about four feet in width, zigzag in shape, and emitted strongly the peculiar odor before mentioned. A small, trickling stream, from a melting layer, of ice above, was running into it; but I could only see that it was running in the deep darkness below, from which came up a kind of hissing, boiling, gurgling sound, with something like a rumbling shock at slight intervals, and gentle puffs of heated air.

"The place, the scene, and withal the sense of danger connected with it, held me there with a sort of magnetic fascination, and I soon found myself strongly tempted to make a fatal plunge into the awful abyss. Knowing by experience that reason is not always able to govern and control the actions in such cases, I forced myself back a few feet, but still remained near the opening, deaf to the entreaties of my frightened guide, who now began to implore me to return before it should be too late. As the dread volcano had not been in action for more than thirty years before his birth, I believed that he could know no more of the danger than myself, and therefore preferred to act from the dictates of my own feelings rather than his fears; and as I was to pay him well for his services, I felt but little disposed to be hurried from a place which had cost me so much time, money and trouble to visit.

"Giving no heed, therefore, to his earnest solicitations, I now resolved to sound, if possible, the depth of the chasm before me, and then proceed to inspect the others; and for this purpose I pried off from a larger one a small block of lava, and advancing to the very edge of the chasm, dropped it down and listened to the hollow reverberations, as it went bounding from side to side, long after it was lost to the eye. The depth was so immense that I heard it for more than a minute, and then the sound seemed rather to die out from distance than to cease because of the block having reached its destination. It was an awful depth, and a fearful impression was with the terrible; and as I drew back with a shudder, a gust of hot, sulphurous air rushed and roared upward, followed by a steam-like vapor, and a heavy, hollow sound, as if a cannon had been discharged far down in the bowels of the earth.

"This new manifestation of the powers of Nature fairly startled me into a desire for flight, and I had already turned for the purpose, when suddenly there came a sort of rumbling crash, and the ground, shaking, heaving, and rolling under me, began to crumble off into the dread abyss. I was thrown down, and, on my hands and knees, praying God for mercy, was scrambling over it and upward, to save myself from a most horrible fate, when two blocks rolled together, caught my feet and legs between them, and, without actually crushing, held them as if in a vice. Then came another crash and crumblings of earth. So wild and terrible was the scene, that I felt a strange thrill like madness, rush through my shivering frame, and quiver about my dizzy brain, and I shouted, to break the stillness of death, and heard my voice come dismally back in a hundred echoes, till it seemed to be lost at last in the bowels of the unproductive earth.

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of it. Above me was a clear blue sky—beneath me a black and horrible, abyss—around me sickening vapors that made my brain grow dizzy. Rumbling and hissing sounds warned me that another convulsion might occur at any moment, and another would be the last of me. Home and friends I should never see again, and my tomb would be the volcanic Hecla!

I strove, with the madness of desperation, to disengage my imprisoned limbs, but I might as well have attempted to move a mountain. There I was fixed and fastened for the terrible death I was awaiting. Oh, God of mercy! what a fate.

"Suddenly I heard a shout; and, looking around I beheld, with feelings that I can never describe, my faithful guide hastening down the rugged sides of the crater to my relief. He had fled in terror at the first alarming demonstration, but had nobly returned to save me if possible, by risking his life for mine. May God reward him as he deserves!

"I warned you, master," he said, as he came up panting, his eyes half starting from his head, and his whole countenance expressing commingled terror and pity.

"You did! you did!" cried I; 'but oh! for give and save me!'

"You are already forgiven, master, and I will save you if I can—save you or perish with you."

"Instantly he set to work with his iron-pointed stick to break the lava around my limbs, but had scarcely made any progress when again the earth trembled, and the blocks parted, one of them rolling down into the yawning chasm with a dull, hollow sound. I sprang forward—I seized a hand of the guide—we both struggled hard, and the next moment we had both fallen, looked in each other's arms, upon the solid earth above. I was free, but still upon the verge of the pit, and any moment we might both be hurled to destruction.

"Quick, master!" cried the guide; 'up! up! and run for your life!'

"I staggered to my feet, with a wild cry of hope and fear, and, half supported by my faithful companion, hurried up the sloping sides of the crater. As we reached the ridge above, the ground shook with a heavy explosion; and, looking back, I beheld with horror a dark, smoking pit, where we had so lately stood.

"And then, without waiting to see more, I turned and fled over the rough ground as fast as my bruised limbs would let me. We reached our horses in safety, and, hurrying down the mountain, gave the alarm to the villagers, who joined us in our flight across the country till a safe distance was gained. Here I bade adieu to my faithful guide, rewarding him as a man grateful for the preservation of his life might be supposed to do.

"A few days later, when the long-extinct Hecla was again convulsing the island, and sending forth its mighty tongues of fire and streams of melted lava I was far away from the sublime and awful scene thanking God I was alive to tell the story of my wonderful escape from a burning tomb.

"Thit on it."

A good story has been told of a lying officer in the army having been victimized by a brother officer, (noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerves), and his getting square with him in the following manner. The cool joker, the captain, was always quizzing the lying officer, a lieutenant, for nervousness.

"Why," said he, one day, in the presence of his company, 'nervousness is all nonsense; I tell you, lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous.'

"Well," inquired his lying friend, 'how would you do, to pose a shell with an inch fathometer should drop it into a wall, and in which you had taken thet from a company of thirp-thooters, and where it was thertain, if you put your nose, you'd get peppered.'

"How," said the captain, winking at the circle; 'why take it cool and spit on the face.'

The party broke up and all retired except the patrol. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on the parade and talking in clusters, when along came the lying lieutenant. Lazily opening his eyes, he remarked:

"I want to try an experiment thit morning, and see how exceedingly cool you can be."

Saying this, he walked deliberately into the captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and, placing in the hottest corner a powder canister, instantly retreated. There was one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was upon the parade ground, the road being built up for defence. The occupant took one look at the canister, comprehended the situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened on the outside.

"Charley, let me out for your love of me," shouted the captain.

"Thit on the canister!" shouted he in return. Not a moment was to be lost. He had first caught up a blanket to cover his egress, but now, dropping it, he raised a window and out he bounded, sans culottes, sans everything but a very short under-garment; and thus with hair almost on end, he dashed upon a full parade ground. The shouts which hailed him called out the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a sergeant in front of him to hide himself.

"Why didn't you thit on it?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Because there were no sharpshooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the captain.

"All I got to thit, then, thit," said the lieutenant, "you might thit have done it; for I'll sthware there wasn't a thingle grain of powder in it."

The captain has never spoken of nervousness since.

The Stomach's Appeal.

The two objects of eating as to men and women are to give vigor to the body and to keep it warm; hence all food contains two principles in greater or less proportions, according to its quality—to wit, nutrition and warmth. We need nourishment all the year round, hence we must all the year round eat food which contains nourishment, that is, the flesh-forming principle; but in warm weather the food which contains the most mere fuel, should be to a certain extent curtailed, otherwise we will create too much heat within us, and that is fever, whose victims are counted by millions every year, this excess of heat, this fever, being generated by eating food which contains more warmth, more fuel, called carbon by chemists, than the season of the year requires. To a certain extent nature regulates the

demand and supply by diminishing the appetite as the warm weather approaches; but many misinterpret her endeavors, and because they find, as spring comes on, their appetites are not as vigorous as they were a few weeks earlier, begin to take alarm, think they are going to get sick, and conclude they certainly will get sick, unless they can get up the appetite of kind winter; hence they begin to take Dutch gin, under the name of Schiedam schnapps; plantation bitters; or cheap whiskey, with just enough colombo root or any other bitter to give it a trace of bitter and rob it of the name of "rot gut;" or dirty beer, or ale, or porter, all these things tending to cheat nature, into a call for more food than she requires, to impose on the stomach more labor than it can perform, hence laying the ground for summer fevers and dyspepsias, which bring death to thousands every year who might have lived to a good old age had they simply let themselves alone, and like any other dogs, or donkeys, or wild beasts, had simply given the stomach rest, and waited for an appetite. The general lessons for the spring are, eat only when you are hungry, and to the extent of satisfying an unstimulated appetite; eat less of carbonaceous food, such as meats, fats, oils, sirups, &c., and more of cooling articles, such as green salads, vegetables, berries, fruits, and whatever has a natural tartness or acidity, there being little or no carbon or heat in them; but they contain as much nutriment as the system requires.—Hall's Journal of Health.

The Lion's Roar.

The following is from Jules Gerard—but six to nine miles is a good way to hear a roar:—

"The very roar of the lion in its wild state—which is music which the most fastidious would deem worthy of listening to—is truly magnificent. His first note, when he commences to roar, is a low sound emitted from his chest and nostrils, but is audible from a great distance. This is a species of prelude, and immediately afterward it is repeated; but this time more loud and protracted, the jaws of the animal being still closed, or the mouth but slightly opened. The third and fourth outbursts are given to the air through the fully extended jaws, and with the full force of the lungs. To listen to this roar is terrible for those who happen to be crossing the monarch's path or to be marching through the lonely forest. At length, after two or three more utterances of the kind, the animal ends as he commenced, with less vigorous notes. The distance to which I have been able to trace the progress of the lion by his roar, when there have been no contrary winds and no mountains or other objects to interrupt the sound, is two or three leagues; but when he roars about a league off, one who is not accustomed to the sound would believe him to be close at hand."

Perils of Diving.

A very expert diver had been employed to recover the treasure from the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ship Ayla, wrecked a few weeks ago on the coast of Ceylon. Having, in a gutta percha dress, made his way into the saloon, he saw a large ground shark come sailing in at the door. With great presence of mind, he lay motionless on the locker, and watched it silently and grimly cruising about. One can well imagine his feelings when he saw its cold, green eyes fixed upon him, and felt it pushing against the leaden soles of his boots, and rubbing against his dress, the slightest puncture in which would have been certain destruction. After ten minutes of suspense, which must have seemed an age, during which the monster came back twice or thrice, to have another look at him, Mr. Pound's courage and coolness was rewarded by seeing him steer his way back as he came. Afterward he always armed himself with a large dagger when he went down to the wreck, from which he recovered altogether £220,000, having spent eight hundred and fifty hours under water.

Veracity.

The groundwork of all many character is veracity. That virtue lies at the foundation of everything solid. How common it is to hear parents say, "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know he will not deceive me. I build on that confidence."

They are right. It is lawful and just ground to build upon; and that is a beautiful confidence. Whatever errors temptation may betray a child into, so long as brave, open truth remains, there is something to depend upon—there is an anchor-ground—there is substance at the centre. Men of the world feel so about one another. They can be tolerant and forbearing so long as their erring brother is true. If we cannot believe what others say to us we cannot act upon it; and to an immense extent, that is saying that we cannot act at all. When you undertake to benefit a lying man it is like putting your feet into the mire.

A Chinese Oath.

At the late Middlesex Sessions, a case was heard in which the prosecutor was a Chinaman. Some interest was excited in consequence of the peculiar manner of administering the oath to the prosecutor, which was done in the following manner, through an interpreter:—The prosecutor held in his hand a common earthenware saucer, and after the administration of the oath, which was to the following effect—that he would swear by that saucer to speak the truth and nothing but the truth, so help him Jos (God), he then dashed the saucer violently on the ground, and it was broken into many pieces.

BRITONS ABROAD.—My travelling friend, cherish your British nationality as the apple of your eye. You may call it brag, boast, bunkum, if you like; but that "civis Romanus sum" of my Lord Palmerston still holds good in the remotest regions. Foreigners may scowl, glower, affect to undervalue it; but they acknowledge its potency at last. Here an Imam on the Dons in the Gulf of Mexico, but as a *Subdito Ingles* I should be quite content to land alone in Yucatan, or at Tehuantepec. We may underrate ourselves as much as we choose; but abroad thank heaven, Queen Victoria's name is still a tower of strength.—G. A. Sala.

"I feel," moaned a dying cobbler, "that I was weaker each succeeding day, and that I am fast approaching my end; a few more stitches and all will be over. In Heaven there is rest for the *solo*—earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal." Having said and he wished, he calmly breathed his last.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

Dr. Abram Gesner, well known in this Province, by his publications in connection with our resources, died at Halifax on Saturday last, aged 67 years.

Odors from boiling ham, cabbage, &c., are prevented by throwing red pepper-pods or a few pieces of charcoal into the pot.

Perussian-caps are found to poison children, if swallowed.

Pigeons are hatched in eighteen days; chickens twenty-one; turkeys twenty-six; ducks and geese thirty.

"B natural" is called the key-note to good breeding. "B sharp" we take to be the key-note of success in business, for if you are not you will certainly "B flat."

For a simple railway station in London—one of many internal metropolitan termini—it is necessary to remove no less than 610 houses.

The shock of an earthquake, of some six seconds' duration, was felt at Quebec, and other points in Lower Canada, on the 20th ult.

The Archdeacon Maximilian has proposed to have a Spanish Prince named his heir presumptive, in case he should die without children.

The St. Croix Herald says that John McAdam, Esq., will be a candidate for legislative honors at the coming election in Charlotte County.

An English wife and mother, exasperated at being beaten and kicked by her husband, brained the brute with a broomstick. A London Court Journal justified the deed.

A law has been passed by the Maryland Legislature to tax backslows above twenty-five years of age twenty dollars, and those above forty five years of age forty dollars.

The sum of \$10,000 has been assessed on Fredericton the present year for various purposes.

Shediac Harbor is now open. Schooners from P. E. Island have already arrived there.

The Paris Court of Cassation has decided that a husband has no right to take from the Post office a letter addressed by his wife to a third party.

Common cut-nails are easily driven into hard wood if rubbed with a little soft-soap; saliva is better than nothing for that purpose.

The sum of nearly four millions of dollars was expended in New York State upon the education of children in the public schools last year.

It is stated by those who ought to know that the buttcrut tree will run as much sugar as the sugar maple, and that the sugar from the buttcrut is of the better flavor.

Three of the largest brains in modern times were those of Drs. Chalmers and Abercrombie, and Mr. Thackeray; all of whom died suddenly and alone in bed.

The News states that the Commercial Bank is about taking legal steps against the Bank of British North America, to recover \$8,000, alleged to have been received by the late Mr. Cowie from Mr. Ketchum.

Hon. Manners Sutton, formerly Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick, has been appointed Governor of Trinidad.

In the heart of the city of London there is a church where to this day, in pursuance of some old bequest, on every Easter Tuesday the rector preaches what is called the "Flower Sermon," which is always about flowers, and the people who come to hear it bring bouquets of flowers in their hands.

According to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the exports from Great Britain to the British North American Provinces during the year 1863, were valued at Five Millions of Pounds sterling.

To Australia, twelve and one-half Millions; to India, Fifteen Millions, and to the United States—the portion not blockaded—Fifteen Millions.

The emigration from Europe to New York continues to increase from week to week. The number of arrivals last week were 957, making the number since January 125,400, against 10,600 to the corresponding period of last year.

In Chicago, a few days ago, a man caught a rat that three years before he caught and branded in Albany, N. Y. There was no mistaking the thing; it was the same old rat; whose tail had been abbreviated and side burnt three years ago, seven hundred miles from Chicago.

Try this, some of you:—Fasten a nail or key to a string, and suspend it to your thumb and finger and, on every Easter Tuesday, the rector preaches what is called the "Flower Sermon," which is always about flowers, and the people who come to hear it bring bouquets of flowers in their hands.

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Try this, some of you:—Fasten a nail or key to a string, and suspend it to your thumb and finger and, on every Easter Tuesday, the rector preaches what is called the "Flower Sermon," which is always about flowers, and the people who come to hear it bring bouquets of flowers in their hands.

According to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the exports from Great Britain to the British North American Provinces during the year 1863, were valued at Five Millions of Pounds sterling.

To Australia, twelve and one-half Millions; to India, Fifteen Millions, and to the United States—the portion not blockaded—Fifteen Millions.

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## General News.

Disastrous Career of a Mad Dog.—About noon on Sunday last, a large Newfoundland dog in a mad state came into the premises of Mr. Joseph Billings, township of