

The Carleton Sentinel.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

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Poetry.

"Going Alone."

With curls in the sunny air tossing,
With light in the merry blue eyes,
With laughter so clearly ringing,
A laugh of delight and surprise,
All friendly assistance disdaining,
And trusting no strength but his own—
The past facts and trials forgotten,
The baby is "going alone."

What woe! what misadventure
This day of rejoicing and pride!
How often the help that he needed
Has carelessly gone from his side!
He has fallen while reaching for sunbeams,
Which, just as he grasped them have flown.
And the tears of vexation have followed,
But now he is "going alone."

And all through his life he will study
This lesson again and again;
He will carefully lean upon shadows,
Will fall and weep over the pain.
The hand whose kind help was the surest
Will coldly withdraw from his view.
The sunniest eyes will be clouded,
And he will be walking alone.

He will learn what a stern world he live in,
And he may grow cold like the rest,
Just keeping a warm sunny welcome
For those who seem truest and best;
Yet, chastened and taught by past sorrow,
And stronger and manlier grown,
For trusting his all in their keeping,
He learns to walk bravely alone.

And yet not alone, for our Father
The faltering footsteps will guide
Through all the dark mazes of earth life,
And "over the river" deep tide.
Oh! here is a helper and guide,
A strength we can perfectly trust,
When all human aid is failing,
"The dust shall return unto dust."

Select Tale.

THREE SIMPLE MEN OF THE EAST.

The following story was heard by its present narrator, in Ceylon:

In Kandy, during the days of the Kandyan kings of the island of Ceylon, on a pleasant, cool December evening, three strong men were sitting in a rest house, or ambulatory—that is, a small open building raised for the benefit of travellers by some pious person, in accordance with the saying of Buddha, that the gods reward such work of charity.

As the men sat in the glow of the sunset, a middle-aged widow, in deep mourning came by. The three men rose and bowed to her. She also made a bow to them.

"That bow was for me," said one of the men. "No," said the second, "it was mine." "No," said the third, "it was to me she bowed." They quarrelled over the matter for some time, but at last agreed that it would be better to run as fast as they could after the widow, and ask her to come to them. They did so, reached her out of breath, gasped at her question, and the only answer they got was, "To the greatest simpleton among you."

Then they returned to the rest house calmly, but only to quarrel again.

"Did I not tell you," said one, "that she bowed to me? I am the greatest simpleton here." "No," said each of the other two, "I am, more of a simpleton than you." They quarrelled thus for some time, and from words coming to blows, they fought till they were stopped by the police, who looked them up for the night in separate cells, and carried them next day before a judge. The judge, having heard the cause of dispute, called upon one of the men to produce evidence for his claim to be so great a simpleton.

"My lord," said he, "when I was about eighteen years old, my father and mother, set eyes on a young woman whom they chose to be my wife. They thought she would be faithful, industrious, and thrifty. She was expected, also, to inherit a few fields. She was of the same caste as ourselves, and of good family. Proposals, therefore, were made and accepted, and, soon afterwards, according to the custom of the country, I had to visit my future mother-in-law at whose house, though not allowed to do so by the strict rules of society, yet, by some contrived chance, my intended wife, would show her face to me. I had far to travel, and, starting at mid-day, arrived late in the evening, when I was most cordially received, and most kindly requested to stay for the night, and return home next day. To this I consented, with all seeming reluctance, although it had been the object of my journey, and I was fully persuaded that a glance at my future partner in the cool of the morning, would be better than one in the dusk of the evening. I had an excellent dinner, and slept soundly under a roof which I already regarded as my own. In the morning I awoke refreshed, and went out of doors to wash myself as usual. I found, of course, awaiting me, a brazen pot full of water for washing my face, hands and feet, as well as a piece of wood charcoal for cleaning my teeth. I finished my ablutions soon, and, on looking back, observed a beautiful young woman, who sat at some distance from me, washing rice for our morning meal. Her embarrassed air, and some smiles which stole over her face almost against her will, easily told me that she was my betrothed; and I, in defiance of our customs, quietly went near, and spoke to her, as there was nobody in sight. She was not so shy as to leave her work and run away, but stayed, and returned short modest answers to my questions. At length, I went very close to her, tapped her on the shoulder, and playfully taking up a handful of the rice she was washing, had just put it in my mouth, when, to our utter confusion, her mother made her appearance. I quickly removed myself to a respectable distance, but had not time to bite or swallow the rice, and so was obliged to keep it between my gums and cheek. This showed as a lump, which my mother-in-law, who was to be, most unfortunately, mistook for a gum-boil.

"Ah! how are you this morning?" she said. "You have got a gum-boil." "Yes," answered I, "but it does not give me any pain at present, so I intend to leave it alone till it forms matter." "You should get it cured immediately. I shall send for a doctor." "No," said I, in bitter desperation, "we have a very good doctor practising near our village. I shall, as soon as I reach home, put myself under his care." But my evasions and excuses could not baffle her officiousness. The doctor was sent for, and, until he came, she lectured me on the evil of permitting any sickness to come

to a head, and now and then she felt my gum-boil. The doctor at length arrived, and he also examined it. He pronounced it to be one of a very malignant sort, but curable. Now during all this time my officious mother-in-law had her eye on my cheek, and I had committed myself so far that I could not undo her. Shame at confession of a falsehood, as well as the fear of exposing my previous indiscretion, alike kept me silent. I sat mute with astonishment at the position to which I had reduced myself, until the doctor, who had been busy in the kitchen, suddenly came out, and, before I had time to avoid him, put a red-hot iron hook into my gum-boil. I howled and jumped, but he had made a deep wound, and out of it came the rice I had inside. All present now saw the truth, and the doctor picking up the rice, cried at me, "You big simpleton, when you only had rice in your mouth, why did you not say so?" I made no answer, but took to my heels and ran home. Then I lost a good wife and the prospect of a good fortune, and have ever since believed myself the greatest simpleton yet born."

Having laughed heartily at this story, the judge turned to the second man, and asked, "What evidence have you, sir, of your right to the bow you claim?"

"My story is short," he answered, "but will show that I have as much right to the bow as any man. I married early, and tried to be happy, but found my wife could not manage the house without help; so I married another (polygamy being allowed in my country), and thought that all would be well managed by the two, and I should get my rest after my day's labor in the fields. But, alas, I was mistaken. I had no more rest at home. If I spoke to one wife for a few minutes, the other complained that I did not speak to her. I was not able to bestow on one, the least attention, or kindness by deed, word, or even by a look, without suffering from the other's jealousy. Thus I lost all peace at home, and was quite miserable whenever bad weather or any other cause obliged me to stay in doors, and at night I had no sleep; if I tried to sleep with my face towards one wife, the other complained: if I slept with my face to the ground, both complained. I was harassed in this manner until I lost my patience, and told them there was only one thing to be done, and that was, they must take me each by a leg and pull away till they divided me between them. I had no sooner spoken, than they took me at my word. They seized me by the feet and began to pull away with all their strength, each trying to pull the other. In this extremity I could only scream for help. The neighbors rushed in, and I was extricated; but such was the laughing, jeering, and hooting at the simpleton who had thus given himself up to his wives, that I had to fly from my country, and now I am here, a beggar. My countrymen have ever since, even up to this day, spoken of me as the Great Simpleton."

This story having been told, the third man, at the request of the judge, related the following:

"I married, at about the age of twenty, a rich young woman; but instead of adding to her wealth by trading, or following some lucrative course of life, I did nothing until our money was all gone. Then being compelled by hunger, and touched by the position and entreaties of my wife I went to work. I labored all day in a rich man's garden, and with my earnings bought a small quantity of rice and returned home. My wife baked three cakes of the rice, and we sat down to eat them, when a dispute arose between us as to which had a right to two. I said that I ought to get two, as I had toiled all day and earned them all; my wife maintained that she ought to get two, as she had brought with her so much money and had fed me so long, and had, besides, to make and bake the cakes. Both of us were obstinate, and we would by no means consent to an equal division. At length, my wife hit upon a plan. She proposed that we should sit, by the cakes, and whoever spoke first should get only one. I agreed, and so we sat up all night without speaking. About daybreak I fell asleep, quite weary, and so did my wife; but we rose soon, and looked at our cakes, and remained silent. We did not sit much longer in this manner, but both faintly. Shortly after this, our neighbors, seeing our door closed, and hearing no voice or sound of stirring within, came and knocked. As they received no answer they broke open the door, and found us apparently dead but warm. So, fancying us to be actually dead, they made a pile of wood and most unfortunately just underneath me. It burnt the wood on my side of the pile so quickly that the heat roused me at once, and I jumped up with a loud cry of 'Oh!' The next moment my wife started up and cried, 'Ah, you got only one cake!' Our neighbors were surprised at this performance of the corpses but when my wife in great glee boasted of her victory, and explained herself, they laughed at us uproariously, and told us that we were both of us the greatest simpletons they ever heard of."

The judge settled the claims of the three simpletons, thus: "You are really three very great simpletons, and it is not easy to decide which of you ought to get the bow. The first, however, suffered not only from his folly, but on account of his love, and because he had not observed the approach of the doctor with the red-hot iron hook. The second suffered because he committed a mistake, and his wives took unjust advantage of it. But the third suffered starvation, solely because of his foolishness and is therefore the greatest simpleton. In the present quarrel, however, all three have been equal simpletons in fighting for so worthless a thing as a passing fly's bow."—All the Year Round.

Old Letters.

I always keep my letters, and occasionally, on some dreary autumn or winter day, I draw from my hiding-place for a twelve-month the little old trunk that for generations has been an heirloom in the family, and, bringing it out in the light of my pleasant study, reanimate the lifeless forms that lie buried within its black sides, and spend half the day in walking with these old friends the dreary paths of passed-away. What care I thought aged trees creaked and waved their branches in speechless supplication for quiet and peace in their declining years, and the evergreen sigh mournfully as the chilling winds rush through them and stay not to daily with their graceful leaves as did the summer breeze—though the old house moan and rook from cellar to garret, and the rats go scampering through the wainscot at the sound of the un-

sual tumult. I and my cheerful fire and these old letters are having a grand re-union, and the nectar of memory has made me oblivious of the outer world to-day.

Here are packets yellow with time that often, deep in the stillness of a winter's night, have been opened and coned through recipients of a tear drop as thoughts of school days away from home with gentle counsels and anxious enquiries after health came linked with the familiar words. The needed hints in regard to improvement of time and the value of money; home advice as to the repairing of a garment, and questions as to whether others will last through the term; cheering words of comfort among strangers, and assurances of love and fond remembrance among the dear ones, written with the intention of lightening the burden of homesickness, but from their very kindness adding much thereto—and more are familiar as household words, and need only a sight of the hastily written address to be called again into consciousness.

Here are packages of later origin, each marked with the inevitable stamp—letters from true and tried friends, worth their weight in gold; letters of condolence, letters of joy; words of cheer for darkest hours, of reproval for vain thoughts and frivolous babblings; essays on politics and public economy, to prove the wisdom of the writer and the patience of the reader; two-sheeted craft laden with ballad and trumpery; fair missees crossed and re-crossed till one is reminded of the illustrations of a sewing-machine's unravelling stiches; selections of poetry; pressed flowers; darning letters. Oh, he that has no little black trunk stowed away for a twelve-month to pull out on such a dark and gloomy day as this, never knows the joy and pleasure of old letters from faithful and foolish friends!

Here is one from a pet, the schoolmaster's pet, who in twelve years seemed to have united the experience and wisdom of many women of twenty-five with the grace and loveliness of childhood, and has answered the call of the Father with precious arms gathered in her short career. See how careful it is punctuated for the teacher's critical eye, and with what earnest desire the short fingers tried to make straight the long lines that would go crookedly any way; how after the master has returned to his studies, she writes him as "Most dignified," "to do nothing to disgrace the high-sounding title of Senior, not even to put his feet on the mantle-piece"; to beware of the silken meshes of Love's net; and mixes in occasionally, burning with the fire of her last and newest study, a few well chosen French phrases, setting off thereby more fully the beauty and purity of her child-like English.

Love letters? Of course. That packet in the corner there, none of those bound with cotton strings or rubber bands, but the one tied with a blue ribbon, a little soiled I perceive, the bare sight of which gives me that dizziness Burns speaks of, and sets me at the old wondering whether single life be not contemptibly selfish and unnatural.

See how the rollicking words go tripping over the untied page to the rarest and the sweetest music that ever floats through human life; with what careless grace the most delicate and dignified letters join hands with the coquettish little partners and tiptoe on as the delicious surges rise and sink. See those great top-heavy, tumble down T's and F's come rolling in, almost staggering with the amount of purple ink that has mounted to their brains, as if they had drunk too deeply of the strong wine of Love; while here and there is an A or an N with its feet planted firmly, striving to withstand with its sober dignity the mad march of its thoughtless companions.

And so we run through the packet. The alphabet is having a grand gala-day—look at that jolly B nearly splitting its sides with laughter—and poor commonplace words are dressed with most becoming witchery. But stop! here are some at the bottom of the packet that look more sober, even downcast. The big capitals are all in straight-jackets, and the little cursive letters are as demure as stealthy paces, white-clad nuns. 'Tis too much like a mad-house, or a funeral of dead hope; let us tie them up again and lay them away in their corner; and, reader, I'll carry the little black trunk to its hiding place till I can see more clearly—it grows dark so suddenly these winter days—and wait till the storm howls less furiously down the big chimney and sends less pitiful wailings through every crevice and cranny, ere I show you more of its treasures.—The Round Table.

Rather Fast.

Artemus Ward in speaking of his return from the wars, tells us the following story:

I must relate a little incident which happened to my humble servant on his return from the wars. I was walking along the street, looking so gallant and gay, in my brass coat and blue buttons and ornate military harness, when a excited female rushed out of a house, threw her pump handles around my neck—which part I did not mind much, as they were very fair, round ones—and exclaimed,

"Do I behold the one again?"

"You do—and I think your holdin' me too fastly."

"I try'n, to release the eccentric femal's arms."

"Oh, have you come back—have you come back!" she wildly cried, hangin' tighter to me neck.

"Certainly I've come back, or else I wouldn't be here. But I don't think I know you meuchly."

"Not know me—your own Carretta Rosetta Belletta—who has not set eyes on you for mor'n two years. Yes," she continued, placin' her hands onto me shoulders, and lookin' up into me face like a dyin' boss fly—"yes, I see me own Alfred's eyes his nose, his ears, his hair."

"Madam, sez I, excuus me, but allow me to correct you. El I am not mistaken, these carses and eyes and noses belong to myself, individually, an' your Alfred never owned 'em scarcely!"

"Away with this farce," sez she. "You can't deceive your own Carretta. Cum into the house and see your little son, Lincoln Burnside McClellan Benzer."

It was evident that the femal was mistaken—that it was not me but another one she wanted.

"How old is he?" sez I.

"Which?" sez she.

"Them little son, Lincoln Burnside McClellan and so forth."

"He's just six months old—the little darlin'."

"Well, Madam," sez I, "let little Lincoln McClellan Burnside and so forth is only six months old, 2 years, I think there's a mistake somewhere, an' that I'm not Alfred but another man altogether."

The woman shot into the house like a flash, an' this was the last I see of my own Carretta Rosetta Belletta, but I pity Alfred.

Items, Foreign & Local.

In 1860 Illinois raised one hundred and fifteen million bushels of corn.

A Palermo paper publishes a letter giving an account of gross ill-treatment by Italian soldiers of some English travellers at Palermo. Even a young lady of the party did not escape their indecent sorcery.

A Mrs. Jennings died at St. Louis the other day, from being beaten, kicked and stamped upon by her villainous husband.

A sad accident occurred at the Oil Springs, Canada, a few days ago. In sinking a shaft a premature explosion took place, killing four persons instantly.

It is said that Secretary Chase will almost immediately retire from the Cabinet.

A London merchant has left Kossuth a legacy of \$5000.

A paper has been started at Bordeaux, France, to advocate spiritualism.

Fashionable ladies in Paris now wear waistcoats, shirts, collars, cravats—and in some instances the breeches.

The Italians are highly delighted with the reception given to Garibaldi in England. Several very cordial telegrams have been received in England from Italian cities.

The expenses of the United States are thirty five dollars a second.

The New York Herald says if we do not finish the war this summer the war will finish us.

A letter from Rome mentions that all the jewels and the gold crown of the statue of the Virgin, in the church of Santa Rocco, at Rome, have been stolen.

The spiritualists have told Mrs. Lincoln that she will not predecease the White House after next 4th of March. She is in deep distress about it.

At a dancing match in Chicago recently, a buxom Dutch girl danced nine hours constantly, when her partner acknowledged himself fairly beaten and very tired. The dancel then took six glasses of lager and quietly went to breakfast.

A young and beautiful damsel, having two lovers and not knowing which to prefer, settled the matter by marrying one and dloping with the other.

A philosopher, who married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call his wife *brun sugar*, because, he said, she was *sweet but not refined*.

In Philadelphia, one out of every thirty-five who get married, sues for a divorce.

The Paris Police report over 10,000 dead newborn infants having been found at the gratings of the reservoir, into which the sewers empty, during the last year.

Mr. Greenleaf Houlton has been appointed American Consul Agent at St. Andrews, in place of Mr. B. L. Chaboudon.

The Bishop of Peterborough, formerly tutor of Queen Victoria died on the 18th, at the advanced age of 84 years. He graduated at Christ's College in 1803; his end was peace.

The son of Queen Pomare, heir presumptive of Tahiti, has come to France to study two curious things in combination, namely, cathedral music and military matters—the high roads to civilization, according to Tahitians.

A Buffalo paper says that more than thirty applications have been made to the Chief of Police of that city in the past two weeks, by parents who wanted assistance in finding the whereabouts of runaway daughters.

A married woman is under arrest at London for placing her new-born child upon a bed of live coals on the kitchen hearth where it was burned to a charred mass.

The Duke of Sutherland, one of Garibaldi's admirers and principal entertainers in London, "runs and does nothing"—belongs to the fire brigade, never misses a fire, and is passionately fond of contending with the devouring element.

The Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee has been presented with the title deed of a fine new house in Montreal by his friends in that city.

The citizens of Halifax have purchased a house for the reception of fallen women, with the object of reclaiming them from their degradation.

One hundred persons have been assassinated at Imola, during the year. The population of this Italian place is only 11,000.

The use of basins has just been officially condemned in Turkey and the sale under the severest penalties, is prohibited.

The settled and unpaid accounts of the United States Treasury Department last week were over \$140,000,000.

A very magnificent mansion is about to be built in Paris by Baron Rothschild.—It will cost nearly four millions of francs.

New York city has a church for every 8,000 inhabitants, and a grocery for every one hundred.

The French now make bonnets out of India rubber painted to imitate Leghorn braid.

Horace Greeley in an article in the Independent states that the free will offerings of the American people during the last three years, in connection with the Sanitary Commission, and otherwise, either for the soldiers or their families, amount to not less than \$200,000,000.

The Legislature of Prince Edward Island has agreed to send Delegates to meet the joint Delegations of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, on the question of the union of the Provinces.

One of the notorious female abortionists of New York is building a one hundred thousand dollar mansion on Fifth Avenue, in which to pursue her infamous trade.

Two mines are now worked in Newfoundland—one of lead, and one of copper—each employing over one hundred persons.

The Prince and Princess of Wales intend to visit Ireland this summer.

The Rothschilds are to open a bank in Mexico, on a capital of \$60,000,000.

The President of the United States has presented Captain Amos Crosby, of the barque Mary Durkee, and Captain Joseph Cook, of the ship Research, both of Yarmouth, with a massive gold watch each for kindness rendered to distressed American seamen.

An ancient Tomb has been discovered near Inverness, containing a coffin and urn, in which were the skeletons of a man and woman and also that of an infant. The bodies were doubled up and lying on their faces. It is supposed this sepulchre belongs to an era long anterior to the Roman invasion of England.

The Carleton Battery of ten Armstrong 200-pounders, is nearly complete. Sergt. Marston, who has had charge of its construction, thinks that in conjunction with a battery of twelve guns on Partridge Island, and the small battery on Red Head this battery would be able to give a good account of any iron clads which might wish to pay a hostile visit to our harbor. We shall hope so, and yet we have no particular wish to have the experiment tried.—Freeman.

The Bury (England) Times says that such is the demand for passage to the United States that no engagement can now be made in any steamer for New York until near the end of May.

Chicago claims to be the greatest fur market in the world, and supports the claim by the following list of furry animals killed this season:—3,300 buffaloes, 550 bears, 1,550 red foxes, 28,000 mink, 250,000 muskrats, 2,258 otters, 540 fishers, 1,600 martens, 70 cross fox and 3,600 wolves.

General News.

FACTS FOR EMIGRANTS.—The following extract from the Cincinnati Gazette shows the destiny that awaits emigrants to the United States at the present time. The state of things described in Cincinnati is not confined to that city. In New York the remuneration for female labor is still lower, and the state of the working women, especially of those who strive to make a livelihood by sewing, is one of destitution and suffering.

"It has been announced in all the city papers that a transportation agent here had received advice of the shipment of 384 English girls by one steamer, for the West and a market. Is not this a queer market to ship English girls to, where war is continuing mauls and making widows, and where sewing-women make coats and pantaloons for twenty-five cents each, drawers for six cents, fine shirts for twenty-five cents, and other articles at prices which make it an unprofitable mystery how they keep soul and body together; and this too, with coal at 28 cents per bushel, and beef at 20 cents per pound. We are not disposed to shut the door in the face of girls who have crossed the Atlantic, but we think that an exhibit of the wages of women in this city would show that the female market is glutted now."

The Canadian Legislature assembled on the 3rd. The Hamilton Spectator declares that the Government will be sustained by eight majority, but the fact that the loss of Mr. Foley gives the opposition an additional vote, makes this doubtful. We judge by the papers that the opposition yet hardly know what course to pursue, but it is said they will immediately move a no-confidence vote. The Hon. J. A. McDonald, in his explanations, said:—

"With reference to a threatened abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty and the bonding system, one of the first things the Government did before going to their constituents, was to put themselves in communication on that subject with the Home Government and the Lower Provinces, which were as much interested in it as ourselves. He had also done the same thing with reference to the establishing of a more intimate commercial union with the sister Provinces. * * * The question of improving communication with the seaboard, was also one of the greatest importance, and had engaged the attention of successive Governments since 1849. The threatened repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty and bonding system had increased immeasurably the importance of this question, which was surrounded by many difficulties, in his opinion, had been increased by the action of a previous Administration. By various Governments, from 1849 to 1862, expediency of having access to the sea by railway between Canada and the Lower Provinces, had been admitted, and negotiations with that view had been carried on; but the question took another shape in 1862, by the action of the Macdonald-Sirtey Administration, by which Canada assumed certain liabilities under a quasi treaty of arrangement. A difficulty had since arisen—the late Government contending that that arrangement was at an end, and that Canada was no longer bound to carry it out, while the Lower Provinces insisted with considerable force that the arrangement could not be cancelled without the consent of all the parties entering into it. Long and arduous negotiations had been entered into. This correspondence and the whole question was now under the consideration of the Government, and they would be able to announce before long the conclusions which they had arrived at. They would be able to satisfy communitations had been received from the engineers appointed by gentlemen opposite, speaking in strong language of the kind attentions and great assistance had received from the authorities of the Lower Provinces.

In 1858, a gentleman, walking on the outer end of Meigs's wharf, had his hat blown off by the head of a summer afternoon gust of wind and in trying to catch it before it went overboard, he tipped on the plank and tumbled head foremost into the waters of the bay. The tide was running a strong flood at the time, and as he came to the surface, Special Officer Van Ness, who happened to be on the dock at the time, and seeing the man was in danger of drowning—not being a swimmer—plunged in after him and secured him from death. This was not accomplished without great danger to the officer, but both men succeeded in being landed on the dock. The rescued man gave his name as Charles Bernard Egerston, and offered to handsomely reward him, but Mr. Van Ness refused to accept anything for his humane act. A short time since Mr. Egerston died in Liverpool and left Officer Van Ness a legacy of \$50,000.—Alta California.

A STARTLING CONFESSION.—The New York World in a recent article on the signs of the times, launches forth into the following startling strain:—

All the signs which portend a supreme social catastrophe gather in the air—the passions of political calumny and intolerance creep into every household, pollute the ordinary intercourse and poison the common relations of men. The machinery which has made the vast governments of his country execrable in the eyes of mankind is openly set up in our streets. Spies go about the land; the drum usurps the forum; the bayonet supplants the press. Men are taken from their beds under the cover of the night to vanish alike beyond the confines of ancient Greece as publicly recommended, the deportations of modern Russia are openly practiced. And all these things are done with jubilation and applause; without shame as without remorse; without respect for the insulted past; without consideration for the imperilled future.

A SOR FOR SPIRITUALISTS.—In the spiritual circles of New York there is getting to be quite an excitement over a new Medium of a somewhat extraordinary character. No one knows where the modern enchantress comes from, or how she acquired her art. But all devout believers say you may take a look of any one's hair and lay it on her magic table, and forthwith the diviner of future events proceeds to give a detailed history of the life of the person from whose head the hair in question was plucked, and to mark out his future career. She had almost lost the zenith of her mysterious fame when a young lady, who was about to be married, took a lock of silken hair and laid it on the enchanted table of marble. Instantly the prophetic commenced to give details of the life of some young girl who, she said, had long since passed away. The young lady protested that it was hair of her intended husband; but the seer persisted in her story, and intimated that the young man was a wife. The fair inquirer departed in high dudgeon but resolved to put the matter to the test the same evening. So when her arrival secured she accidentally gave his hair a delicate little pull, whereon "all the silken curls came off bodily, leaving the young man's head perfectly bare. Disgraceful as the discovery may have been, it served to establish the fame of the wonderful Medium, who reigns supreme over a whole rowful of "locks," and is the great sensation of the day among all the lovers of spiritual marvels.

A black bee, with wings enamelled, according to nature, wore with a tri-color ribbon a little in front of the left shoulder; is a sign that the wearer belongs to the National Covenant—the new organization of ladies in the United States to discourage extravagance. The Washington Covenanters are now appearing in calicoes and gingham, cotton gloves and collars. In New York, steps are taking for a calico dress promenade concert.

A sub-marine torpedo boat, built in New York, which on the trial trip proved entirely satisfactory in all respects, has been ordered by the Navy Department, and the officials are very much excited about it.

Carleton Co. Agricultural Society. EXHIBITION OF 1864.

REVISED PREMIUM LIST. An adjourned meeting of the Council of the "Carleton County Agricultural Society" was held at the office of H. E. Dibley, on the 9th of April, when the following additions were made to the Premium List of 1863.

CLASS I.—LIVE STOCK. Best Stallion, 4 years 2nd do 1 50 Best 4 yr old Steers 2 00 Best 4 yr old Oxen 2 00 Best 3 yr old Steers 1 50 Best 3 yr old Oxen 1 50 Best 2 yr old Steers 1 00 Best 2 yr old Oxen 1 00 Best 1 yr old Steers 1 00 Best 1 yr old Oxen 1 00 Best 1 yr old Horses 1 00 Best 1 yr old Cows 1 00 Best 1 yr old Calves 1 00 Best 1 yr old Pigs 1 00 Best 1 yr old Sheep 1 00 Best 1 yr old Goats 1 00 Best 1 yr old Rabbits 1 00 Best 1 yr old Ducks 1 00 Best 1 yr old Geese 1 00 Best 1 yr old Turkeys 1 00 Best 1 yr old Chickens 1 00 Best 1 yr old Poultry 1 00 Best 1 yr old Fish 1 00 Best 1 yr old Fowls 1 00 Best 1 yr old Swine 1 00 Best 1 yr old Hens 1 00 Best 1 yr old Cocks 1 00 Best 1 yr old Ducks 1 00 Best 1 yr old Geese 1 00 Best 1 yr old Turkeys 1 00 Best 1 yr old Chickens 1 00 Best 1 yr old Poultry 1 00 Best 1 yr old Fish 1 00 Best 1 yr old Fowls 1 00 Best 1 yr old Swine 1 00 Best 1 yr old Hens 1 00 Best 1 yr old Cocks 1 00 Best 1 yr old Ducks 1 00 Best 1 yr old Geese 1 00 Best 1 yr old Turkeys 1 00 Best 1 yr old Chickens 1 00 Best 1 yr old Poultry 1 00 Best 1 yr old Fish 1 00 Best 1 yr old Fowls 1 00 Best 1 yr old Swine 1 00 Best 1 yr old Hens 1 00 Best 1 yr old Cocks 1 00 Best 1 yr old Ducks 1 00 Best 1 yr old Geese 1 00 Best 1 yr old Turkeys 1 00 Best 1 yr old Chickens 1 00 Best 1 yr old Poultry 1 00 Best 1 yr old Fish 1 00 Best 1 yr old Fowls 1 00 Best 1 yr old Swine 1 00 Best 1 yr old Hens 1 00 Best 1 yr old Cocks 1 00 Best 1 yr old Ducks 1 00 Best 1 yr old Geese 1 00 Best 1 yr old Turkeys 1 00 Best 1 yr old Chickens 1 00 Best 1 yr old Poultry 1 00 Best 1 yr old Fish 1 00 Best 1 yr old Fowls 1 00 Best 1 yr old Swine 1 00 Best 1 yr old Hens 1 00 Best 1 yr old Cocks 1 00 Best 1 yr old Ducks 1 00 Best 1 yr old Geese 1 00 Best 1 yr old Turkeys 1 00 Best 1 yr old Chickens 1 00 Best 1 yr old Poultry 1 00 Best 1 yr old Fish 1 00 Best 1 yr old Fowls 1 00 Best 1 yr old Swine 1 00 Best 1 yr old Hens 1 00 Best 1 yr old Cocks 1 00 Best 1 yr old Ducks 1 00 Best 1 yr old Geese 1 00 Best 1 yr old Turkeys 1 00 Best 1 yr old Chickens 1 00 Best 1 yr old Poultry 1 00 Best 1 yr old Fish