

The Carleton Sentinel.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

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Poetry.

Thou Wilt Never Grow Old.

Thou shalt never grow old,
Nor weary nor sad, in the home of thy birth;
My beautiful life, thy leaves will unfold
In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth.
O, holy and fair, I rejoice that thou art there,
In the kingdom of light, with its cities of gold;
Where the air thrills with angel harmonies, and where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old!

I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin,
Haunting my footsteps wherever I go;
Life is a warfare my title to win—
Well will it be if it end not in woe.
Pray for me, sweet, I am laden with care;
Dark are my garments with mildew and mould
Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair,
And wilt never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old!

Now canst thou hear from thy home in the skies,
All the fond words I am whispering to thee?
Dost thou look down on me with the soft eyes
Greeting me with a smile and a benediction?
So I believe, though the shadows of time
Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold;
There in the bliss of that shadowless clime
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old!

Thus wilt thou be when the pilgrim, grown gray,
Weeps when the vines from the hearthstone are riven;
Faith shall behold thee, as pure as the day
Thou wert torn from earth and transplanted to Heaven.
O, holy, fair, I rejoice that thou art there,
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold,
Where the air thrills with angel harmonies, and where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old!

Select Tale.

THE WIFE'S GHOST.

One misty spring morning, a couple of fishermen, father and son, belonging to the little hamlet of St. Valery-en-Somme, were putting back to land, grumbling at their ill-luck, which made them return home as empty handed as they went forth. It was all the more provoking as it was in Lent, and fish was selling so well. Yet it seemed, as the old man remarked, as though the fish were bewitched for not a sole nor a herring, nor even a whiting, had they caught for the last three days.

"But stay—the charm seems broken!" cried he, with brightening countenance, as he began to haul up the net. "Here's something, however."

"Something heavy, too," added the son, helping him, and anticipating a plentiful draught from the weight of the net.

But scarcely had they perceived its contents than they felt it fall again.

"A dead body!" exclaimed the elder fisherman.

"A woman!" cried the younger one.

After the first moment of stupefaction, which was but natural in such a case, the two hauled the net into the boat.

On extricating the body from its meagre swathings, it proved to be that of a young and handsome woman, who must have been rich, for she wore a splendid pair of diamond button earrings, and several costly rings adorned her taper fingers.

On her head was a cap, frilled with rich lace that hung to her pale, wet cheeks, while a long and flowing nightgown covered her like a windsheet.

"I say, father, we have fished to some purpose, after all," observed the young man.

"Hush!" said the father, "it bodes no good to fish up a dead body."

"What, not even when it is tricked out in jewels?" cried the more sceptical son.

"After all," resumed the father, "perhaps the woman may not be dead yet; and instead of chattering here, we had best see if we can't bring her back to life again."

And, suiting the action to the word, the old fisherman drew off his flannel vest and wrapped it round the ladies bust; while his son, following his example, covered up her feet with his.

The father then took his brandy-bottle, and managed to force a few drops down the inanimate stranger's throat.

Now Claude, the son, being a trifle covetous, like a true Norman, had cast a sheep's eye at the diamonds in the first instance; nevertheless, covetousness soon gave way to compassion, and he began to rub the lady's feet and hands with piousness.

Their efforts were at length crowned with success, and the stranger opened her eyes, looked round her with a vacant stare, as though her reason had fled; then, without expressing the least surprise at the sight of the two fishermen, and as if merely dazzled by the light, she covered her face with her hands, and made no reply to their repeated questions.

Meantime the fishermen had continued veering towards the coast, and were soon within sight of their cottage, which stood nearer to the sea than any other.

"I say," asked the prudent Claude, "had not we better put away those jewels before all the gossips at the village see them? Of course, if the poor, dear lady recovers, we shall return them every one—honour bright!—and I'm sure she looks too genteel not to give us a handsome reward; but if she dies, why you know we've a right to the wails we find on shore."

"True," said the father, taking off the lady's earrings, while Claude speedily drew off her rings, which he handed over to the old man, observing that she would now be more comfortable. The old man consigned the trinkets to his tobacco-pouch.

"Here, Cleopatra!" cried he to a handsome girl who now appeared in sight, with a fishbasket on her head—"we've got a famous haul."

Cleopatra's joyous exclamation was quickly changed to a scream of horror the moment she perceived the apparently, lifeless form lying at the bottom of the boat.

"Don't be frightened," said Claude to his sister; "she isn't dead; so go and warm your bed at once while I bring her in."

"Poor thing! that I will, with all my heart!" cried the girl; "but you're quite sure she isn't dead, I hope? I'm so afraid of dead bodies."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Claude; "dead or alive, she'll reward our trouble."

And while Cleopatra ran off towards the cottage, he lifted out the stranger, and slowly followed his sister.

The day after the Norman fisherman had met with this adventure there appeared a paragraph in the Paris papers, stating that a collision had taken place between two steamers in sight of Dieppe.

During a thick fog the Havre steamboat had run down the Bordeaux steamer, which had sunk immediately, but all hands had been saved with the exception of two passengers, one of whom was a commercial traveller named Smith, belonging to a well-known English firm; and the other a Madame Limery, who was accompanying her husband, a shipowner of Bordeaux, on a trip to England. The unfortunate lady being asleep in her bed at the moment of the catastrophe, had not been able to join her husband on deck, whither the nurse had directly carried their infant.

To do the husband justice, he displayed such violent grief, when all hope of finding his wife's body was given over, that the captain had him narrowly watched, lest he should join her watery grave. And really Madame Limery deserved to be regretted. She was beautiful, without a tinge of coquetry, at once intellectual and unpretending—a rare combination—and so good, and so amiable too; loving her husband above everything in the world, with the exception of her child, to whom she was passionately attached. Yes, he regretted her so very deeply that, when three months after, the inconsolable widower was offered a young lady, whose dowry amounted to a million of francs, he was actually a whole week before he could make up his mind to accept the proposed match!

"But, you see," sighed the widower, to one of his friends to whom he announced the coming event, "such opportunities are not of every day occurrence. I should certainly have preferred wearing mourning a few months longer for my poor Hermance, but my future father-in-law is obliged to sail for India, where he is going to take up his abode. He wishes to see his daughter settled before he starts, and is, therefore, desirous that the marriage should take place without delay."

The wedding was celebrated most pompously, in spite of the bridegroom's faintly expressed wishes to give as little publicity as possible to so premature a marriage; for the young lady, so far from entering into his views, declared her determination that her wedding should be talked of for miles round; and that, being the richest heiress in Bordeaux, she did not choose to have the matter hushed up as if she were a nobody, and a poor girl.

Limery had, therefore, no alternative but to make up his mind to dance with as good a grace as possible at the ball, which followed the splendid banquet, to which two hundred guests had been invited, in his father-in-law's sumptuous mansion (or, we might say, his own, for the house formed part of the young lady's marriage portion), which was illuminated from the basement story to the attic the whole night long.

This magnificent wedding was the town talk for a week. The luxury displayed on the occasion was the theme of universal admiration, and nobody gave a word of regret to the memory of the shipowner's first wife, who, though she received her friends graciously, was not fond of general society, and did not mix much with the world since the birth of her little girl. The new Madame Limery, on the contrary, speedily announced her intention of throwing open her drawing-rooms every Thursday evening, besides resuming the grand monthly dinners which the shipowner had discontinued since he had been in mourning for his wife—two measures which, of course, increased the bride's popularity amongst the pleasure-seeking portion of the community.

Who, therefore, thought of regretting the poor drowned wife who slept amid the seaweeds at the bottom of the ocean, except, indeed, poor honest Bridget, her infant's nurse, who still wore mourning for her beloved mistress, under the pretext of having lost a relation of her own, and who, each month, levied a mite on her humble wages, to have a mass said on the fatal date for the soul of a quickly forgotten wife?

One morning that she had gone to church on this pious errand, she remained at prayers longer than usual; the priest had left the altar, and the baby had fallen asleep, when suddenly a hand tapped Bridget slightly on the shoulder. On turning round, she had nearly died of fright on beholding her for whom she was praying so fervently. The apparition, for such she deemed it, made a sign to be silent, and to follow her to a side chapel in a dark corner but little frequented.

Though seized with stupefaction, Bridget took the sleeping child and obeyed the summons with a faltering step. But the moment they had entered the chapel, the ghost gave way to the mother; and the passionate caresses, mingled with sobs, which she bestowed on little Bertha, convinced the nurse, beyond a doubt, that it was no apparition, but her mistress in the flesh, whom she saw before her.

The lady now related how she had been miraculously saved by the fishermen, and had fallen ill in their cottage, where she lay delirious for three weeks, at the end of which her ideas were still too confused to give any lucid account of herself. Then later came the fatal idea of trying her husband's love, and judging of the extent of his regret, which made her forbear sending him the news of her safety.

"And now I am come too late," added she, "and have found him married, and found a stranger in my home, who will teach my child to call her mother, while I have neither husband, child, or anything left in the world."

"How can you say so, madam?" cried Bridget; "when you have only to appear, for that woman to be obliged to leave your house directly?"

"What would be the use of so doing, since my husband no longer loves me, and since I have now the certainty that he never cared for me?" said the lady; "for if he had, he would not have forgotten me thus soon. Why should I destroy his new wife's happiness, and punish her for a sin not her own? Why make him ridiculous in the eyes of the whole province by depriving him of the fortune for which he sacrificed all memory of myself? No; the wife is dead—dead for ever; but the mother will live to protect her child, and woe to him, should it ever want protection!"

So saying, Hermance kissed the baby half frantically, and then returned it to the nurse, saying, "Go home, lest your absence should be remarked; but come to me to-morrow at this address."

So saying, she squeezed the nurse's hand and hastened from the chapel, leaving the good woman half petrified with surprise.

Three days after this scene, Bridget informed Monsieur Limery that she must give him notice. Her husband, who had been seriously wounded in

Africa, had been discharged from the army with a pension, and was coming home, she told him; and although having lost her own baby, she had taken to little Bertha, and grown to love her as if she had been her own child, she felt it to be her duty to go and take care of her invalid husband.

The poor woman shed tears as she spoke.

"I am very sorry indeed to hear this, Bridget," said M. Limery, evidently much annoyed. "I had hoped you would have remained with my little girl for good and all. Indeed, I should have thought it a duty never to part with you, knowing the confidence which the child's mother had in you."

"If you please, sir," said Bridget, "I could recommend a person who will take care of the dear child as well as I can."

"Who is she, Bridget?"

"She is a very good girl, sir, from the same part of the country as myself," replied Bridget. "Her husband died of the cholera; and as she is determined not to marry again, and could not bear to stay in the place where she lost him, she asked me to get her a situation."

"Well, Bridget, since we must lose you," said M. Limery, "it will be some comfort to have a person whom you can recommend."

"And I'm sure it will be a comfort to me, since I must leave my little darling, to leave her in such good hands," said Bridget. "So if you please, sir, Marianne had better come at once, so that I may show her what to do during the week, before I leave."

"Do, Bridget, and let me see her to-morrow."

"Please sir," observed Bridget, "Marianne is very shy, and I'm afraid she'll hardly be able to answer you properly."

"Never mind," said Limery; "since you answer for her that is all sufficient."

That same evening, agreed, the new nurse Marianne entered upon the duties of her situation; and the next day Bridget presented her to her master. The poor girl seemed so confused that she could hardly answer a word to the kind questions he addressed her, and she hung down her head so bashfully that he could not see her countenance. He only perceived that her hair was black; and not to add to her confusion, he quickly put an end to the interview.

[To be continued.]

Chinese Winter Dress.

In the north of China, where the winter is very severe, the inhabitants adopt a curious mode of protecting themselves against the cold. They put on one suit of clothes over another, until they carry about with them their whole wardrobe, their figure being thereby considerably increased in bulk. As the spring comes on they gradually discard these superfluous vestments and regain their ordinary dimensions. There is one peculiarity, however, which is worthy of notice, that notwithstanding the amount of clothing with which they envelop their body and limbs, they invariably leave the throat quite unprotected, however intense the cold. As they do not suffer from coughs, and very rarely from disease of the lungs, we must conclude that the exposure of the throat is a lesson from the Celestials. They take more care, however, of their auricular appendages, those of all classes being protected from frost-bite by small embroidered cases called "uhrtau," fitting over the ear, and lined with rabbit or squirrel skin! These are connected by a thin cord, which passes around the wearer's chin, or upper lip, and thus keeps them in place.

From this description of the winter garments of these singular people, the Chinese, I cannot help thinking the cunning Celestials have discovered, perhaps unwittingly, a very important fact; it is, that by means of the stratum or layer of air which must exist between each of their numerous suits of clothes, the radiation of heat from the body is retarded in its passage to the cold outer air. Thus it is retained in its original temperature for a much longer period than if it had merely to pass through one garment and stratum of air; each of these strata, also, being naturally warmer than the last as they approach the body, the outer air in coming to it reaches it considerably modified in temperature. Thus, for the same reason, we shall find two thin pairs of gloves warmer than one thick one.

Showing off at Church.

The piety that goes to church enveloped in costly lace, and crowned with a fifty dollar bonnet, is not of the kind which strikes a bee-line for the better world. When one enters a place of worship where the female devotees are dressed as for the opera and there is an odor of a perfumery store, a flutter of plumed, glittering fans, a multitude of heads tricked out in all the bravery of Fashion's Flora, and a general indication of a desire to adore the Creator *à la mode*, it is difficult to believe that the child-like simplicity of soul, which is essential to genuine religion, is a staple article in that congregation.

When the shepherd of such a showy flock pronounces the solemn words "The Lord is in his holy temple," it must occur to him, one would think, that Vanity and Ostentation have intruded themselves there. The rustle and the glare of silks, the flaunting of embroidered handkerchiefs, the display of splendid prayer-books, unadorned and clasped with gold, by no means symbolize the humility and contrition of spirit with which conscious offenders should bow before the Judge in whose pity is their only hope. We should like to know upon what principle persons who call themselves Christians attend public worship attired as for a fashionable fête. Can it be that dashing girls go to church to make conquests there; that gay young men go a lady-killers to the House of Prayer?

On one occasion the senior Stephenson accidentally met a gentleman and his wife at an inn in Derbyshire, whom he entertained for some time with his shrewd observations and playful sallies. At length the lady requested to know the name of the remarkable stranger. "Why, madam," said he, "they used once to call me George Stephenson; now I am called George Stephenson Esquire, of Tipton House, near Chesterfield. And further, let me say, that I have dined with princes, and peers, and commoners, with persons of all classes, from the highest to the humblest. I have made my dinner off a red herring at a hedge bottom, and gone through the meanest drudgery; I have seen mankind in all its phases, and the conclusion I have arrived at is, that if we're all stripped, there's not much difference."

The Little Chair.

There is a little chair that occupies a silent nook in a corner of a lonely room. It is never moved out of its place, and only occasionally touched by reverent hands, which softly wipe from its arms, and little cane seat, the atoms of dust, tears dropping fast meanwhile, but wholly unheeded. The little chair has not always occupied its corner so still and solemnly; only a few short weeks, and it was the constant companion, the sharer in all the restless fancies of a bright and busy child. Untroubled up and down the little feet pattered all day long, and only at night the blue eyes dropped wearily, and the loving little hands rested from their eager work or play.

But, alas! the blue eyes are closed now, the lashes lay tenderly upon the white cheek, the sunny hair curls lightly over a smooth, placid brow, and the little hands lay peacefully at rest over the heart whose quick pulsations have been suddenly and ruthlessly checked in the very beginning of its sweet young life. Death has been there,—that fearful, unrelenting destroyer, who shows no mercy, who annihilates even hope with one icy glance, and leaves to tender pity only the poor consolation of tears.

Has the reader known the anguish of watching day after day, and hour after hour, the fever throes and helpless agony of a little child?—of waiting, with sharpened nerves and quickened senses, for the least sign which could revive hope in the almost fainting heart?—of catching eagerly at some blessed indication of returning life, only to see the last dreadful struggle before it dies forever? O! to hear once more the sound of the pattering feet, the broken utterance of the tiny voice, more musical than music itself,—to see again the gentle look from the pleading eyes, and be able to yield a willing assent to the request of the baby lips!

But, no, no! heavy eyes may rain down tears enough to enshroud the little form,—the throbbing heart may break with its weight of sorrow,—but it will not bring back the idol of the household, or fill with its accustomed occupant the small, vacant chair. Mother! thou shalt go to him, but he cannot return to you. There is no remedy, no consolation, for such grief as yours, only the thought that the separation is not final; that there exists one more, and the strongest of all links, between your soul and heaven.

FAITH.—I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions, palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation.—*Humphrey Davy.*

EATING ECONOMICALLY.—What kind of food has the most nourishment and costs the least? is a question of great practical importance. A dollar's worth of meat, at twenty-five cents a pound, goes as far as fifty cents' worth of butter at half-a-dollar a pound. Three pounds of flour at eight cents a pound, is said to contain as much nutriment as nine pounds of roast beef, which at twenty-five cents is \$2.25; that is, twenty-five cents worth of flour goes as far as nine times that much money spent for roast beef as weighed at the butcher's stall. A pint of white beans, weighing one pound and costing seven cents, contains as much nutriment as three pounds and a half of roast beef, costing eighty-seven and a half cents. Of all the articles that can be eaten, the cheapest are bread, butter, molasses, beans and rice. A pound of corn meal goes as far as a pound of flour, so that, fine family flour at \$16 a barrel in New York City in July, 1864, and corn meal at four cents, the latter is just one half less expensive. If corn and wheat were ground, the whole product, bran and all was made into bread, fifteen per cent of nutriment would be saved, with much greater healthfulness.

A HORRIBLE PUN.—When engaged one evening in a disquisition on the difference between Irish and Scotch Celts, Dr. Whately gave a pleasant fillip to the conversation when it threatened to become dry, by suddenly asking, by the way, "What is the difference between an Irishman and a Scotchman on the top of a mountain in frosty weather?"

"One is *could* with the kilt, and the other is *kilt* with the *could*."

I love to look at a young man; there is hidden sensibility in the breast which at once charms and pains me.

The daughter of a clergyman happening to find the above sentence at the close of one of her father's unfinished manuscripts, as he had left it in his study, set down and added,

Them's my sentiments, exactly, all but the pain.

A French court has recently decided that a man who has a respectable wife cannot be considered a vagabond. This is putting rather too much on the poor woman's shoulders.

"When I was young I was poor: when I was old I became rich, but in each condition I found disappointment. When the faculties of enjoyment were, I had not the means; when the means came the faculties were gone."

A friend inquires if the prophet alluded to the present time of greenbacks and currency, when he said, "I will take away all thy tin."

When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure that it is high time for him to join a temperance society.

Wise men mingle innocent mirth with their cares as a hope either to forget or overcome them; but to resort to intoxication for the ease of one's mind, is to cure melancholy with madness.

Great men are always of a nature originally melancholy.

Items, Foreign & Local.

A very fine article of table salt is now being manufactured at the salt springs of River Philip, N. S., and it is said can be produced in any desired quantity.

One of the richest men of New York State recently died an idiot, through having overtasked his mind with cares and riches. Blessed be poverty.

There are at least 4,000,000 Germans in the United States.

At sutlers prices for tobacco, a steady smoker will smoke away a month's pay in the time it takes to earn it.

George Francis Train has become one of the Fenian brotherhood. George is a young man of progress.

The Montreal Transcript says a marble quarry, apparently of great value, has been discovered on the north shore, one hundred miles below the Saguenay. The ground is a brilliant pure white, with veins of red, brown, and blue. The quality is very superior, and the quantity inexhaustible.

The Confederate States Government have presented J. W. Ritchie of Halifax, with a handsome silver set, containing claret jug, goblets and silver in recognition of his services on their behalf in the Chesapeake case.

The executioner of Paris has \$6000 a year and house free.

It appears from a recently issued blue book that last year there were in England and Wales 5995 known thieves at large under sixteen years of age, and 28,203 above that age.

A curious circumstance occurred recently in Brussels, namely, the prosecution of a photographer by a gentleman for exhibiting his photograph at the shop door. He said that owing to the circumstance, and the ugliness of the copy of nature, he had lost a good chance of making a rich marriage!

Ohio's wool crop this year will be 10,000,000 pounds, worth \$15,000,000.

A locomotive got loose on the Brighton, Eng., railway, not long since, tore along fearfully, made a clean hole through a station house, carried away a tailor's shop, part of a house, an entire wall, and at last brought up against a building substantial enough to arrest its progress.

Mr. Cyrus Grant, of Acton, Me., has a yoke of perfectly matched Durham cattle, 8 years old, that weigh 8,500 pounds, and are still growing. He has repeatedly refused \$1,200 for them.

A woman in Brooklyn prison, for beating a child to death, recently died of remorse.

Mr. Edmund Bambrick died at Sackville, N. S., on the 24th ult., at the advanced age of 104 years.

The hard-working ox horses in New York are kept in good order upon thirteen pounds of hay and seventeen pounds of meal per day.

The sudden call for five hundred thousand sovereigns in England, on Spanish account, not only caused the recent advance in the rate of interest by the Bank of England, but caused a loss in public and private securities of forty million of pounds.

One of the famous Coldstream Guard, of London, recently committed suicide, because on having a quarrel with his sweetheart, which preyed upon his mind, he neglected his duty, and was reduced to the ranks; this did not improve his temper, and he had another interview with the girl, whom he persuaded to take poison with him, and he took the biggest dose, and died—*and she recovered.*

A huge golden nugget, or mass of the precious metal, weighing eighty pounds, and worth in greenbacks some \$44,000, was on exhibition at Chicago last week. It had just come in on its way to New York, forwarded by a mining company in a gold box.

Secretary Seward said in his speech at Auburn, last Saturday:

"We shall have no draft because the army is being reinforced at the rate of five or ten thousand men per day by volunteers."

Mr. Tom Thumb has a baby three months old—a little, cunning, crying doll of a thing, and in no respect peculiar or remarkable, except in the promise it gives of being a full-sized child, and, if it lives, of becoming as big again as either of its parents," says a New York correspondent of the Boston Post.

It is believed that Lord Carlisle has resigned the Viceroyalty of Ireland. He has won golden opinions from nearly all classes in Ireland.

The Buffalo Courier is informed that Mrs. Robt. E. Lee, wife of the Confederate General, and her two sons, have taken up their residence in the village of Niagara, at the mouth of the Niagara river.

Jocd Day, of Wesley, Me., lost seven of his nine children, within a space of two weeks, by diphtheria. At one time four were sick and three dead in the house.

Some of the Canadian papers affirm that the present war in the States is largely benefiting that Province in an indirect way. It is claimed that it is leading in Canada to an extended cultivation of flax and tobacco. Flax scutching mills, lined mills and tobacco factories are springing up in different parts of the country.

Rev. Dr. J. C. Hurd has returned. We have no doubt his many friends in the Province, especially his old congregation in Fredericton, will be glad to see him and to hear from him, after his visit to England.

Origin of the name Whig.—In the 17th century there arose in England a party opposed to the king, and in favor of a republican form of government, in which the people would have a voice; this party adopted as their motto, *We Hope in God*. The first letter of each word combined, read *Whig*, which was used to designate the party.

The Telegraph says, it is reported in town that one of the City Constables absconded on Monday morning with about \$200, which he had been collecting as taxes for the Chamberlain. He is said to have left in the steamer for Boston, but the knowledge of the fact did not transpire until yesterday.

Amongst the crowd which thronged the railway station, at Leeds, when the Premier left Yorkshire, was a boy whose evident desire to be noticed by Lord Palmerston was not unrewarded. The Leeds Lord Palmerston says—"With a very pleasant smile his lordship held out his hand to his youthful admirer, and said—'Here, young one, give us your paw'—a proof of geniality which brought the enthusiasm of the crowd to its culmination."

A new bank is being started to be called the Royal Canadian. The capital stock is to be two millions of dollars, divided into forty thousand shares of fifty dollars each, to be paid in instalments of 10 per cent, in 30 days from subscription, and the balance as the directors may appoint. Head quarters are in Toronto.

Leut. George F. Street, of St. Andrews, has been promoted to be Captain of the 10th Regt. of Foot.

The Gleaser says that St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle, during a recent confirmation held there by the Bishop of Fredericton, was in parts, decorated with choice flowers and green foliage; and on the Super-Altar on either side of the Cross, were placed magnificent bouquets of the choicest flowers, the welcome gift of a parishioner.

Potatoes were selling in Fredericton, last week, at 90 cents a barrel.

The London Times advocates the withdrawal of her Majesty's troops, from British America, because their presence there provokes the ill will of the United States.

Who is the largest man?—The lover, he is a man of tremendous signs.

General News.

THE SUGAR REFINERY.—The News has an article on the Refinery, which is likely to do a great deal of good. It ought to be generally known, and no doubt soon will be, that refined sugar can be had as low, if not lower, than impure raw sugars. Let the consumers ask for our own manufactures in sugar, cotton, etc., etc., and the dealers will take care to supply them. The News does not explain why, if legislation be needed to enable the Government to give a draw-back on exports of refined sugar, such legislation was not had last session. If we rightly remember the Government in their estimates, had special reference to this very matter, and even credit for their foresight. They certainly should give a draw back equal to the import duty on the raw material, and thus permit exports to Canada (where Repath's Refinery is so well protected), to Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.—*Presbyterian.*

MULLER, THE MURDERER.—FRANK Muller, the alleged murderer of Mr. Briggs, in a railway car in England, was this morning placed on board the steamship Emma, and is now on his way to England, where his trial will take place. He is in charge of Inspector Tanner, the officer who came before to arrest him, and to whom he was delivered on board the vessel to-day, though the inspector accompanied the deputy of the United States Marshal Murray and the prisoner from the Tumb. When taken out of his cell this morning Muller exhibited no particular emotion. A slight twitching at the corners of his mouth was observed, and a cold stare, which he took any interest in the proceedings. He was shabby looking as he came forth; his head was uncombed and he wore no hat, having lost his own since he was placed in the cell. The officers were unwilling to see him leave the Tumb bare-headed, and they found a glazed cap and presented it to him. It was large enough to cover nearly half his face. Muller appeared to be ashamed to wear it, and carried it in his hand. Entering a carriage, he was taken to the Emma, which sailed shortly afterwards.—*N. Y. Post, Sep. 3.*

THE INDIAN WAR AT THE WEST.—A letter from Omaha, Nebraska, to the N. Y. Post, furnishes some incidents of the Indian war on the plains. At Beaver Creek the savages captured a wagon train, with six men, two women and four children. The men were killed, and the women and children carried off. One of the women in the night took a pony and attempted to escape, but has not come in, and was doubtless murdered. Another escaped at early morning with her child, 8 years old. She walked 10 miles and went into the bushes and dug with her hands a place for herself and child to lie in, and remained there all day, while her savage foes were several times during the day within a short distance. She could see and hear them. She travelled next night 20 miles and reached a stage station half dead, but happy to have saved a single one from the wreck of her fortunes and family. She had not a drop of water or any food in this long and toilsome and lonely march. At Midway Station, 40 miles west of Fort Kearny, a party of Indians were seen who had