

# The Carleton Sentinel.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XVI.

WOODSTOCK, N.B., SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864.

NO. 27.

## Poetry.

### OVER THE RIVER.

Parted for ever! oh, dread words of sorrow!  
When the dark shadow falls over the heart,  
We breathe them, nor think of the glorious morrow  
That dawns when the season of death shall depart.  
We turn a deaf ear to the voice of creation,  
When, wilder'd with grief, we bend over the tomb;  
And we take not to heart the sweet, sweet consolation,  
After the wintry winds summer flowers bloom.  
Parted for ever! parted for ever,  
Oh, no! soon again the dear ones we shall see:  
Over the river, over the river,  
Angels are waiting and watching for me!

Often I fancy I hear their fond voices,  
Borne, like sweet music, upon the hush'd wind:  
I know by the echo each dear one rejoices,  
Nor shares in the grief of the loved left behind.  
No, no, they repeat, "over the dark troubled river  
We cannot return from our beautiful shore;  
And believe, oh, believe we're parted for ever!  
For soon shall we meet to be parted no more."  
Parted for ever! parted for ever,  
Oh, no! soon again the dear ones we shall see:  
Over the river, over the river,  
Angels are waiting and watching for me!

### THE ARAB.

The interesting fact on which this ballad is founded, occurred to Mr. Davidson, the celebrated traveller, between Mount Sinai and Suez, on his overland return from India in 1820. He related the story to me shortly before his leaving England on his last fatal journey to Timbuctoo.—LOVER.

The noontide blaze on the desert fell,  
As the traveller reached the wished-for well;  
But vain was the hope that had cheered him on,  
His hope in the desert—the waters—were gone.

Fainting, he called on the Holy Name,  
And swift o'er the desert an Arab came,  
And with him he brought of the blessed thing,  
That failed the poor traveller at the spring.

"Drink!" said the Arab—"tho' I must fast,  
Forth of my journey is not yet past,  
This long ere my home and my children I see,  
But the crystal treasure I'll share with thee."

"Nay," said the weary one—"let me die,  
For thou hast even more need than I;  
And children hast thou that are watching for thee,  
And I am alone—none watch for me."

"Drink!" said the Arab—"My children shall see  
Their father returning—fear not for me—  
For I have had more to do than this day,  
Will watch over me on my desert way!"

## Select Tale.

### THE OLD MAN'S TALE ABOUT THE QUEER CLIENT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

"It matters little," said the old man, "where, or how, I picked up this brief history. If I were to relate it in the order in which it reached me, I should commence in the middle, and when I had arrived at the conclusion, go back for a beginning. It is enough for me to say that some of its circumstances passed before my eyes; for the remainder I know them to have happened, and there are some persons yet living, who will remember them but too well."

"In the Borough High Street, near St. George's Church, and on the same side of the way, stands, as most people know, the smallest of our debtors' prisons—the Marshalsea. Although in later times it has been a very different place from the sink of filth and dirt it once was, even its improved condition holds out but little temptation to the extravagant or consolation to the improvident. The condemned felon has as good a yard for air and exercise in Newgate, as the insolvent debtor in the Marshalsea Prison."

It may be my fancy, or it may be that I cannot separate the place from the old recollections associated with it, but this part of London I cannot bear. The street is broad, the shops are spacious, the noise of passing vehicles, the footstep of a perpetual stream of people—all the busy sounds of traffic, resound in it from morn to midnight, but the streets around are mean and close; poverty and debauchery lie festering in the crowded alleys, want and misfortune are pent up in the narrow prison; an air of gloom and dreariness seem, in my eyes at least, to hang about the scene, and to impart to it a squalid and sickly hue.

Many eyes, that have long since been closed in the grave, have looked round upon that scene lightly enough, when entering the gate of the old Marshalsea Prison for the first time; for despair seldom comes with the first severe shock of misfortune. A man has confidence in untiring friends, he remembers the many offers of service so freely made by his boon companions when he wanted them not; he has hope—the hope of happy experience—and however he may bend beneath the shock, it springs up in his bosom, and flourishes there for a brief space, until it droops beneath the blight of disappointment and neglect. How soon have those same eyes, deeply sunken in the head, glared from faces wasted with famine, and sallow from confinement, in days when it was no figure of speech to say that debtors rotted in prison, with no hope of release, and no prospect of liberty! The atrocity in its full extent no longer exists, but there is enough of it left to give rise to occurrences that make the heart bleed.

Twenty years ago, that pavement was worn with the footsteps of a mother and child, who, day by day, so surely as the morning came, presented themselves at the prison gate; often after a night of restless misery and anxious thoughts, were they there, a full hour too soon, and then the young mother turning meekly away, would lead the child to the old bridge, and raising him in her arms to show him the glistening water, tinted with the light of the morning's sun, and stirring with all the bustling preparations for business and pleasure that the river presents at that early hour, endeavor to interest his thoughts in the objects before him. But she would quickly set him down, and hiding her face in her shawl, give vent to the tears that blinded her, for no expression of interest or amusement lighted up his thin and sickly face. His recollections were enough, but they were all of one kind—all connected with the poverty and misery of his parents. Hour after hour had he sat on his mother's knee, and with childish sympathy watched the tears that stole down her face, and then crept quietly away into some dark corner, and sobbed himself to sleep. The hard realities of the world, with many of its worst privations—hunger and thirst, and cold and want—had all come home to him, from the first drawings of reason; and though the form of childhood was there, its light heart, its merry laugh and sparkling eyes were wanting.

"The father and mother looked on upon this, and upon each other, with thoughts of agony they dared not breathe in words. The healthy, strong-made man, who could have borne almost any fatigue of active exertion, was wasting beneath the close confinement and unhealthy atmosphere of a crowded prison. The slight and delicate woman was sinking beneath the combined effects of bodily and mental illness; the child's young heart was breaking."

"Winter came, and with it weeks of cold and heavy rains. The poor girl had removed to a wretched apartment close to the spot of her husband's imprisonment; and though the change had been rendered necessary by their increasing poverty she was happier now, for she was nearer him. For two months, she and her little companion watched the opening of the gate as usual. One day she failed to come, for the first time. Another morning arrived, and she came alone. The child was dead."

"They little knew, who coldly talk of the poor man's bereavements, as a happy release from pain to be departed, and a merciful relief from expense to the survivor—they little knew, I say, what the agony of those bereavements is. A silent look of affection and regard when all other eyes are turned coldly away—the consciousness that we possess the sympathy and affection of one being when all others have deserted us—is a hold, a stay, a comfort in the deepest affliction, which no wealth could purchase, or power bestow. The child had sat at its parents' feet for hours together, with his little hands patiently folded in each other, and his thin face raised towards them. They had seen him pine away, from day to day; and though his brief existence had been a joyless one, and he was now removed to that peace and rest which, child as he was, he had never known in this world, they were his parents, and his loss sunk deep into their souls."

"It was plain to those who looked upon the mother's altered face that death must soon close the scene of her adversity and trial. Her husband's fellow-prisoners shrunk from obtruding on his grief and misery, and left to himself alone, the small room he had previously occupied in common with two companions. She shared it with him; and lingering on without pain, but without hope, her life ebbed slowly away."

"She had turned one evening in her husband's arms, and he had borne her to the open window, to revive her with the air, when the light of the moon falling full upon her face, showed him a change upon her features, which made him stagger beneath her weight, like a helpless infant."

"Set me down George," she said faintly. He did so, and setting himself beside her, covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears."

"It is very hard to leave you George," she said, "but it's God's will, and you must bear it for my sake. Oh! how I thank him for having taken out my boy. He is happy, and in heaven now. What would he have done here, without his mother?"

"You shall not die, Mary, you shall not die," said the husband, starting up. He paced hurriedly to and fro, striking his head with his clenched fist, then resting himself beside her and supporting her in his arms, added more calmly, "Pouse yourself, my dear girl—pray, pray do. You will revive yet."

"Never again George; never again!" said the dying woman. "Let them lay me by my poor boy now, but promise me, that if ever you leave this dreadful place, and should grow rich, you will have us removed to some quiet country churchyard, a long, long way off—very far from here, where we can rest in peace. Dear George, promise me you will."

"I do, I do," said the man, throwing himself passionately on his knees before her. "Speak to me Mary, another word; one look—but one!"

"He ceased to speak; for the arm that clasped his neck, grew stiff and heavy. A deep sigh escaped from the wasted form before him; the lips moved, and a smile played upon the face, but the eyes were pallid, and the smile faded into a rigid and ghastly stare. He was alone in the world."

"That night in the silence and desolation of his miserable room, the wretched man knelt down by the dead body of his wife, and called on God to witness a dreadful oath, that from that hour, he devoted himself to revenge her death and that of his child; that from thenceforth to the last moment of his life, his whole energies should be directed to this one object, that his revenge should be protracted and terrible; that his hatred should be undying and unextinguishable; and should hunt its object through the world."

"The deepest despair, and passion scarcely human, had made such fierce ravages on his face and form, in that one night, that his companions in misfortune shrank with horror from him as he passed by. His eyes were bloodshot and heavy, his face a deadly white, and his body bent as if with age. He had bitten his under lip nearly through in the violence of his mental suffering, and the blood which had flowed from the wound had trickled down his chin, and stained his shirt and neckerchief. No tear, or sound of complaint escaped him; but the unsettled look, and disordered haste with which he paced up and down the yard, denoted the fever that was burning within."

"It was necessary that his wife's body should be removed from the prison without delay. He received the communication with perfect calmness, and acquiesced in its propriety. Nearly all the inmates of the prison had assembled to witness its removal; they fell back on either side when the widow appeared; he walked hurriedly forward, and stationed himself alone, in a little raised area close to the lodge gate, from whence the crowd, with an instinctive feeling of decency, had retired. The rude coffin was borne slowly forward on men's shoulders. A dead silence prevailed the throng, broken only by the audible lamentations of the women, and the shuffling steps of the bearers on the stone pavements. They reached the spot where the bereaved husband stood and stopped. He laid his hand upon the coffin, and mechanically adjusting the pall with which it was covered, motioned them onward. The turnkeys in the prison loaves took off their hats as it passed through, and in another moment the heavy gate closed it. He looked vacantly upon the crowd and led heavily to the ground."

"Although for many weeks after this, he was watched night and day, in the wildest ravings of fever, neither the consciousness of his loss, nor the recollection of the vow he had made, ever left him for a moment. Scenes changed before his eyes, place succeeded place, and event followed event, in

all the hurry of delirium; but they were all connected in some way with the great object of his mind."

"When the fever left him, and consciousness returned, he awoke to find himself rich and free; to hear that the parent who would have let him die in goal—Would! who had let those who were dearer to him than his own existence, die of want and the sickness of heart that medicine cannot cure—had been found, dead in his bed of down. He had all the heart to leave his son a beggar, but proud even of his health and strength, he had put off the act till it was too late, and now might gnash his teeth in the other world, at the thought of the wealth his remissness had left him. He awoke to this, and he woke to more. To recollect the purpose to which he lived, and to remember that his enemy was his wife's own father—the man who had cast him into prison, and who, when his daughter and her child sued at his feet for mercy, had spurned them from his door. Oh, how he cursed the weakness that prevented him from being up, and active, in his scheme of vengeance!"

"He ceased himself to be carried from the scene of his loss and misery, and conveyed to a quiet residence on the sea coast—not in the hope of recovering his peace of mind or happiness, for both were lost for ever; but to restore his prostrated energies, and meditate on his darling object. And here, some evil spirit cast in his way the opportunity for his first, most horrible revenge."

"It was summer time; and wrapped in his gloomy thoughts, he would issue from his solitary lodgings early in the evening, and wandering along a narrow path beneath the cliffs to a wild and lonely spot that had struck his fancy in his ramblings, seat himself on some fallen fragments of the rock, and burying his face in his hands, remain there for hours—sometimes till night had completely closed in, and the long shadows of the frowning cliffs above his head cast a thick black darkness on every object near him."

"He was seated here, one calm evening in his old position, now and then raising his head, to watch the flight of a sea gull, or carry his eye along the glorious crimson path, which commencing in the middle of the ocean, seemed to lead to its very verge where the sun was setting when the profound silence of the spot was broken by a loud cry for help; he listened, doubtful of his having heard aright, when the cry was repeated with even greater vehemence than before, and starting to his feet, he hastened in the direction from whence it proceeded."

"The tale told itself at once: some scattered garments lay on the beach; a human head was just visible above the waves at a little distance from the shore; and an old man, wringing his hands in agony, was running to and fro, shrieking for assistance. The invalid, whose strength was now sufficiently restored threw off his coat, and rushed towards the sea, with the intention of plunging in, and dragging the drowning man ashore."

"Hasten here, Sir, in God's name; help, help, Sir, for the love of Heaven. He is my son, Sir, my only son," said the old man frantically, as he advanced to meet him. "My only son, Sir, and he is dying before his father's eyes."

"At the first word the old man uttered, the stranger checked himself in his career, and raising his arms, stood perfectly motionless."

"Great God!" exclaimed the old man, replying—"Heyling!—To be Continued."

### Curiosities of the Ocean Bottom.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells very singular stories of his adventures, when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some new sketches of what he saw at the "Silver Banks," near Hayti:

The banks of coral on which my diversings were made, are about forty miles in length, and about ten or twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when he is submerged, with but little obstruction to the sight."

The bottom of the ocean, in many places, is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of these more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more, giving the reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymphs. In other places the pendants form arches and arches; and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through these in the deep winding avenues, he finds that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral, which had been buried beneath "old ocean's wave." Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if those lofty columns were towers belonging to those stately temples that are now in ruins. There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants in every crevice of the corals, where the water had deposited the least earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, almost of every shade, and entirely different from plants I am familiar with, that vegetate upon dry land. In particular attracted my attention: it resembled a sea fan of immense size and variegated colors, and the most brilliant hues. The fish which inhabit those "Silver Banks" I have found as different in kind as the scenery is varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from the symmetrical body of the globe-like sunfish; from those of the dullest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark."

Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs; one of the small size resembled the bull terrier. Some darted through the water like mice, while others could be scarcely seen to move. To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish beheld, while diving on these banks, would, were I enough of a naturalist to do so, require more than my limits would allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there. The sun-fish, saw-fish, white shark, blue or shovel-nose shark, were often seen. There were often fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their position as a shrub; the only powers they possessed was to open and shut when in danger."

Some of them resembled the rose in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were the ribbon fish,

from four to five inches to three feet in length. They build their houses like beavers, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which, I should think, would weigh from four to five hundred pounds."

### Freaks of Wealth.

Men have ever been proverbially found of crying out against women's folly and extravagances; we have discovered one or two instances that have still more deeply convinced us of their own failing in this respect. There is no accounting for their whims and eccentricities, as may be seen from the following facts:—The wealth which now exists in Amsterdam, falls much short of what it was previous to the French Revolution, or during the period of Dutch commercial preeminence. It is not long since strangers, in visiting Amsterdam, were shown the spacious house of a merchant, who, after having lavished much on furniture and paintings, actually caused the floor of one of his apartments to be laid with Spanish dollars, set on edge. Another gentleman in Holland, determined to make a pavement before his residence of large massive plates of silver, and to surround it with an ornamental chain of the same costly material. Before carrying his plan into effect, it behooved him to obtain the sanction of the authorities. The worthies, however, void of the sympathy, set their faces against a proposition which might have compelled them to increase the strength of the town guard. Enraged at their non-compliance, the gentleman determined to punish them. He ordered his dwelling, situated in the principle street, immediately to be pulled down, and on its site erected the one now standing. It is literally covered with diabolical figures, amounting, it is said, to three hundred and fifty."

### Thin Skinned People.

Occasionally one meets with individuals whose moral cuticle is as sensitive as the leaf of the mimosa. Every random conversational shaft is, in their estimation, as palpably intended for them, as was the arrow labelled "for the right eye of Philip," for that monarch's dexter optic. It is painful to be in the society of such people. One is afraid to speak, lest he should hurt feelings that are always on the qui vive to be hurt. Censure a fault common to the race, and your thin skinned acquaintance at once appropriates the stricture. To vainly generalize, he focalizes; the local point being self. Conscience has, in some cases, its share in bringing home a casual expression to the business and bosom of an individual; but egotism and conceit are, we believe, at the bottom of a good deal of the morbid sensitiveness one encounters. A man or woman must be very vain who imagines that his or her particular weakness is a matter of sufficient interest to society to provoke its continual ridicule. Be assured, ye of the tender moral epidermis, that most of the expressions at which you take umbrage would have been uttered though you had never been born, the world has something else to do than to make caps to your measure, and if, by chance, you come across one about your size, don't suppose it was got up specially for your caput—there are plenty of heads that it will fit besides yours. The best way is not to put it on."

### The Human Figure.

The proportions of the human figure are strictly mathematical. The whole figure is six times the length of the foot. Whether the form be slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is departure from the highest beauty of proportion. The Greeks make all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point on the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the length of the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the same as the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended."

### Dinner as an Educator.

You will find that a great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents often forget this; and therefore, instead of swallowing their food in silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation be genial, kind, social and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation any more than you would in your duties. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table the better for your children. Every conversation with company at your table is an education of the family. Hence, the intelligence and the refinement, and the appropriate behavior of the family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education.—Dr. Todd."

### The way of the World.

We were travelling through Canada, says a correspondent, in the winter of 1862, and after a long day's ride, stopped at the Lion Inn: and the contents of the stage, numbering about nine persons, soon gathered around the cheerful fire. Among the occupants of the rooms we observed an ill-looking cur, who had shown his wit by taking his quarters in so comfortable an apartment. After a few moments, the landlord entered, and observing the specimen of canine species, remarked:—"Fine dog that! Is he yours, sir?" approaching one of the passengers."

"No, sir,"

"Beautiful dog! Yours sir!" addressing himself to a second."

"No," was the blunt reply.

"Come her, pup! Perhaps he is yours sir?"

"No," was the reply.

"Very suggestive animal! Belongs to you, I suppose, sir?"

"No he doesn't," was the answer.

"Then he is yours, and you have a treasure," (throwing the animal a cracker.)

"Nothing of the kind."

"Oh! (with a smile) he belongs to you as a matter of course?" addressing himself to the last passenger."

"Wouldn't have him as a gift."

## Items, Foreign & Local.

General McClellan is reported to be one of the heirs to the personal fortune of the late Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde). The General's father was an own cousin to Lord Clyde.

A daring robbery of three lacs of rupees sent by the Bank of Bengal to Patna, was recently effected on the Indian Railway. The carriage containing the money was broken into by Chas. Forest, a third class passenger, who threw out six boxes, each containing 4,000 rupees; but he afterwards could obtain no assistance to remove them, and was caught with the property in his possession.

An impatient woman in New Jersey heard of her husband's death one morning last week and got married the same night. Chinese junks are busy capturing French, English and Portuguese vessels in the Lampona Passage and destroying them, as they have no ports into which their prizes can be taken.

In the districts of China, ravaged by the rebels, the surviving population feed on the emancipated bodies of the dead for want of other food.

A large population of Oriental Jews has recently been discovered in China.

At Spotsylvania the rebels piled up their own dead for breakfasts.

A man named Lewis is under arrest in Philadelphia for an attempt to murder his own sister, against whom he had conceived an extraordinary hatred.

The Pennsylvania reserves went into the field 15,000 strong, in 1861; they return home 1,500 in 1864. Such are the fruits of the war!

A new Protestant version of the Scriptures is in the course of publication in Paris.

The British Parliament has a bill before it to suppress organ grinding in the streets.

Since the commencement of the march on Richmond the Federal Government has sent forty-eight thousand men to reinforce General Grant!!

A California paper relates the story of a woman whose husband was killed after she had been married four weeks; in three weeks more she married again; that husband lived two weeks; in two weeks after he died she married his brother, and six months after her last marriage she gave birth to a child by her first husband.

The Mormons, with 100,000 people in Utah, "boast that in all their settlements is not to be found a drinking saloon, a billiard table, or a bowling alley; and with pride point to their cities, their churches, their school houses, their manufactures, farms, and possessions, as evidences of their advancement and industry."

The members of the Legislative Council of Canada, through their speaker—U. J. Tiesler—declined the invitation of the Chamber of Commerce, St. John.

A mountain of rubies in the interior, is the latest discovery reported from Vancouver Island.

Two detectives in the secret service of the United States Government, have been arrested on a charge of robbing a paymaster at Washington of \$73,000 last summer.

A recent discussion in the French Chamber of Deputies disclosed the singular fact that while the grant of public money made to the churches was 1,400,000 francs, the grant made to the theatres amounted to 1,520,000 francs.

It has recently been discovered that certain old guns used as posts on the quay at Peel, in the Isle of Man, were rifled. The British Government has ordered them to be transported to Woolwich, where they are to be preserved as the earliest specimens of rifled ordnance.

A foot race recently took place in England in which the winner ran a mile in the extraordinary time of four minutes, twenty and a half seconds, being the fastest time ever made in running that distance.

A Western Court has decided that a kiss is a valid consideration, and forced an old bachelor to redeem the promise made to a pretty maid that he would give her a pony for a kiss. He had tried to crawl out of his bargain.

A clock has been recently invented which resembles an ordinary thermometer. Its progress is marked by the indicating scale on the side. When 1,400,000 francs, the grant made to the theatres amounted to 1,520,000 francs.

In a recent number of the Leipzig Medical Gazette there is a case of successfully practiced transfusion of animal blood into a human subject, "twelve ounces from the veins of a lamb having been injected with benefit to the local patient."

A fine English race horse imported by an Artillery officer at Halifax came over in the last steamer to New York but died a few days after arrival.

The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser says "the immense resources of the country have received a new illustration in the prompt response that has been made to the Treasury demand for a further sum of \$75,000,000."

Induction.—The Rev. James Salmon had been inducted into the pastoral charge over the Presbyterian Church, Chipman, Quebec.

On the 10th of June the Crystal Palace has been opened ten years. During that period it has been visited by the extraordinary number of more than fifteen million and a quarter of persons.

The Wisconsin papers generally concur in the opinion that the crops in that State are already permanently affected by the absence of rain, and that the yield for the season, in proportion to the extent sown, must be extremely light. The Milwaukee News says it is more than five weeks since rain has fallen in that vicinity.

Some of the papers say that small pox is flourishing vigorously in New York.

Samples of refined sugars may now be had at the St. John Refinery.

Bishop Colenso has been deposed by the Metropolitan Bishop of Capetown.

There are now in the States sixty officers of European navies who are especially detached to watch and report their progress in ship-building.

As a lady was leaving the cars in Grand Trunk Depot, on Monday, just as they were starting, her hoop skirt caught in the step of the car, and she was dragged sixty feet before the united strength of three men could release her, which was only done at last by the hoop skirt being torn from her body and carried away by the wheels. She was in great danger of being drawn under the wheels, but escaped with some slight bruises.

It is said that the cathedral in Mexico is the largest building in America, it being five hundred feet long, four hundred feet wide and seating thirty thousand persons. One picture hanging on its walls is so ornamented with pearls that it is said to be worth \$14,000,000, and the most extravagant magnificence is displayed throughout the establishment.

It was admitted in a recent debate in the House of Commons that during the last ten years Ireland had lost two and a half millions of its population, and that the exodus is still going on at the rate of one hundred and twenty thousand per annum.

The horn of a sword fish was found sticking through the copper of the ship Donald McKay, when she went into dock in London a few weeks ago. It had pierced four and a half inches through the plank, and brought up against a timber inside, when it appeared to have broken off from its socket in the head of the fish.

A California herdsman, the largest stock and land owner in the United States, lost last winter, through lack of food, 7,000 head of cattle. He owns this year 48,000 cattle, besides 9,000 calves.

## General News.

### BYE ROAD COMMISSIONERS.

From the Royal Gazette we clip the following from the instructions to Bye-road Commissioners—

"No payment is to be made to any person for work or materials on roads and bridges except in Cash or Bank Notes, or in Cheque bona fide payable at sight."

"No order for goods on store or shop is to be tendered or given in payment for work or materials of any kind."

"No Commissioner is allowed to set off Money due for work or materials on the public account, against any claim or debt due to himself or others, nor receive any allowance as per centage on goods, materials or provisions furnished for the public service, on any pretence whatever."

"The fact of any violation of these Rules will be brought before His Excellency and the Council, in order that the unfitness of the person violating them may be specially recorded."

Our evening contemporary notes the large sums saved in this province by improved methods of ship building. The large sums introduced into the country by the sales of ships is still more noteworthy. It is said to be the intention of the Provincial Secretary to lessen—nay almost totally to remove the duties payable under the tariff on articles used in shipbuilding. It is a state-maintenance idea. The United States cannot do so. Canada cannot do so. The other provinces are not supplied with the staple woods, New Brunswick will build ships to an extent hitherto unknown. American and European will contract for our ships, or bring capital here for investment in an honorable and profitable enterprise. Nor will the revenue suffer when trade and population increase. It is no wonder that Mr. Buckle dilates on one fact, that the repeal of bad laws (so numerous have bad laws been) forms a large part of modern statesmanship, and is itself a source of no little fame.—Pres.

Congress has passed the Gold Bill, and if the President signs it, it becomes a penal offence—

1st. To purchase or sell gold coin or bullion delivered and payable the next day.

2nd. To purchase or sell gold coin or bullion payable the same day, but deliverable the next.

Therefore, it is a penal offence to purchase or sell gold coin or bullion which has just arrived on board a California steamer too late to be delivered on the same day.

3d. To purchase or sell gold coin or bullion in exchange for a check on a bank or a banker, no matter how large may be the amount to the credit of the drawer, in the bank or at the banker's on whom the check is drawn.

4th. To purchase or sell exchange for delivery in eleven days; but it is perfectly legal and proper to purchase or sell it for delivery in ten days.

5th. To purchase or sell exchange deliverable to-day and payable to-morrow. It has long been customary to purchase and sell exchange one or two days before packet day, payable on that day. This now becomes a penal offence.

6th. To purchase or sell gold coin, bullion or foreign exchange at the Board of Brokers, at the Merchant's Exchange, in the street, or in the office of house of any other person than the purchasers or sellers.

Any person guilty of the above heinous crimes against the United States of America, on conviction, shall be fined in any sum not less than one hundred dollars, nor more than one thousand dollars, or be imprisoned for a period of not less than three months, nor longer than one year, or both, at the discretion of the Court, and shall likewise be subject to a penalty of one thousand dollars for each offence. What does it mean, by saying that the offenders shall be imprisoned for a period not less than three months, nor longer than one year, or both, at the discretion of the Court?

One-half of the penalty imposed shall accrue to the informer. Here is a chance for active, industrious men to make an honest living.