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Poetry.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's Darling was young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now,
Back from his beautiful blue veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from his fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride you know;
Somebody's hand hath rested there,
Was it a mother's soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair,
Been baptised in their waves of light?

God knows best! He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody's wifed his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer;
Somebody wept when he marred away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart.
Tenderly tury the fair young dove,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

Select Tale.

THREE LIVES.

(Continued from our last.)

"I have spared you all the trouble I could, Margery; done as far as I could without consulting you; but it is necessary that you should tell me your wishes about some things. Will you stay here after I am gone? or would you prefer to go to your father's? I have invested money enough in your name to make you independent; so you can choose your own course."

It seemed to me then that I would have died before I would have remained after he went away in his house. I thought I ought to have my money made good to me if I should be starving. I waited a moment till I could speak quietly.

"Thank you," I said, as I would have answered a stranger. "I shall not care to stay here. My plans for the future are all made. I should wish to get away from Kempton and I shall go to my grandmother Hamilton. She will be glad of my company. I should prefer that you would withdraw the investments you mention. I shall never use them. The money my father settled on me at my marriage will suffice for all my necessities. I think it might be well to leave your attorney the care of letting this house, furnished. It would be an easy manner of disposing of it. I shall remove all my personal effects as soon as you are gone. While you stay I thought it but right to continue my superintendence of the housekeeping, that you might not be uncomfortable."

I looked back to my book for a sign that the conversation was ended, but still he stood there and looked at me.

"Who are you?" he cried, after a moment, in a raised, passionate tone. "You are not Margery Hamilton, the impulsive, thoughtless, gay Margery I loved and won—the Margery that used to love me!"

"No, I am not Margery Hamilton. There is a difference between her and Mrs. Harrington. You should know me, for I am what you have made me."

He went out muttering between his teeth something which I did not hear.

The next day he went away. I think, at the very last, it took all his pride to sustain him, and make him go. After all, he was better than I—his heart was warmer and tenderer. I know my hand was cold when he touched it. My eyes looked stonily into his. I manifested no trace of emotion, because I felt none. The very fountains of my being seemed frozen up. Else, surely, the despairing tenderness that looked so wistfully out of his eyes would have moved me to some throbbing of pity. I think until the very last the hope had not quite failed him that I would relent, and ask him to stay. When he saw no softening in the cold resolve of my face he spoke his farewell.

"Good-by, Margery, wife. We shall never meet again, perhaps. May God forgive us both!"

"Amen!" I said, solemnly, for in that prayer at least my whole heart joined.

Then he went. The long, sad experiment was over. I was a wife, and yet no wife.

That was morning. Before noon everything which I wished to remove was packed and sent to the railroad station. I did not go home. I did not know whether my family knew anything of Fred's departure. They surely had heard nothing from me; and I could not have borne to see them just then. I thought it would be time enough after I was settled with my grandmother Hamilton at Woodstock. I discharged my two servants, locked my house, and sent the key to my husband's man of business. Then I turned my back on Kempton.

It was sunset when I stood before my grandmother's door. I had not shed a single tear when I parted with the man whom I had vowed to love and cherish till death came between us—not one when I went out from that home to which I had gone, with such bright hopes a bride; but when the door opened, and I saw my grandmother's kind face, with the look of surprise blending with her welcome, I remembered how helpless and lonely I was, and I burst into tears.

"Will you take me in?" I asked, amidst my sobs. "I have no other refuge."

She did not say a word. She just led me in silently up and stairs to a pleasant room. She untied my bonnet, took off my shawl, brushed my hair away from my face, and bathed my eyes very gently. Then, in the twilight, she sat down by me with her "Now, child!" and I knew she was ready for my story.

I kept back nothing. To her, at least, if she was to give me comfort and shelter, the whole truth

was due. I told her the whole sad history. She held my hand in hers all the time, and when I was through she did not reproach me. She only said, "Poor Margery! Poor Fred! How I pity you both! Perhaps your coldness was as much to blame as his passion. I think the most love was on his side. He could have gone on forever getting angry and making up; and never, perhaps, have loved you a whit the less. But you could not go on forgiving, and so the breach widened. Two natures that to all human judgment never ought to have come together. How often we see such things in this world! And yet, God knows. Some day we may see how it was all for the best."

"Do you think I ought to have said 'stay,' grandma?"

I asked this question longly yet fearing to know her verdict. She thought a while before she answered me.

"I can't say, child. As we grow older we form our opinions more cautiously; and there are some cases where it is hard to lay down the rule of right and wrong for another soul. I think he wanted you to ask him to stay; and that he would have stood if you had. But whether it would have been any better, whether there would have been any thing but the old, miserable scenes over again, a good deal more suffering, and then separation after all, I don't know. From the first I fear there was want of forbearance on your side, and want of love. It is too late to change any thing now, unless he should come back and ask you to live with him. If he should I should have no two minds about your duty. If we vow a vow unto the Lord we must keep it, even though it be to our hurt."

I shivered inwardly. I thought I had escaped from the fetters of my rash vow. I could not bear to feel that they had yet a possible hold on me. Perhaps grandmother read my thoughts. I did not express them. I only drew closer to her, and whispered, through the gathering night gloom,

"Will you keep me? May I stay with you?"

"Did you think I would ever send you away?" And then, when her soft, kind arms took me into their shelter, I cried again for joy that my rest was won.

The next day I wrote to my father and mother, telling them only that Fred was gone to California, and begging them to come over to Woodstock for all further explanations.

When they saw me they were most kind. I had always been their darling, and I know their hearts yearned over me in my desolation. They urged me not a little to come home; but at last I made them understand how trying it would be for me in Kempton, among all the old scenes and the old faces, with my changed prospects and blighted life. I think my mother, with a woman's sensitiveness to public opinion, sympathized fully with my feelings. My father did not, he at least ceased to oppose my determination. So my life with my grandmother began.

What a quiet life it was! For a year I never even went home. The only changes that came to me were the occasional visits of father, mother, brothers, and sisters; and they always came into my presence with hushed tread and carefully modulated voices, as one approaches a person on whom great sorrow has fallen.

I had received a letter soon after I came to Woodstock from my husband's attorney, telling me that, by Mr. Harrington's directions, the house I had vacated would not be let, but remain always ready for my occupancy. Also he informed me that he held property in trust for me to an amount which I knew covered more than half poor Fred's fortune.

This letter touched me profoundly. Fred had been so generous to me in spite of my coldness. Of course I should never occupy the house nor use the money, but it moved me to the heart to see what his care had been for me to the last.

After a year had passed my mother was taken suddenly ill. Then for a few weeks, I went home, and came back again in mourning clothes, with a new sorrow, an added sense of desolation.

Through every thing no words can tell how tender and pitiful my grandmother was. I found rest and strength leaning on her great strong heart. For her sake I struggled for cheerfulness, and learned still to find some interest in life.

When Fred had been gone two years a letter came from Charley Forsyth, the cousin he had joined in California, to tell me of his death. They had been up into the Indian region, Charley, and Fred, and two others, on a business expedition. They had been attacked by a party of hostile Indians of more than twice their own number. For a while they tried to resist and defend their property; but being overpowered at length, Forsyth and one of his companions had escaped, leaving dead upon the field Fred and the other.

By the tone of the letter, the pity, the tender sympathy it breathed for me, I knew that Fred had kept my secrets, and that Charley never dreamed that his going to California had been brought about by any alienation from me.

He had been generous to the last, my poor Fred! He had loved me and he was gone. Now, indeed, my heart smote me. Now I would have given worlds to have recalled the obstinacy of that last miserable week. Now if I could but have gone to his side and whispered, "Stay." But he would never wait again for word of mine. Those thirty, far off sands had drank his blood. Savage eyes had glared into his dying face; no friend, not one, had whispered a prayer on his parting soul could rise toward heaven. It was not love I felt for him even then, not the surging, passionate overflow of a woman's heart that I could have given him; but I was melted with a sorrow so intense, a pity so profound, that I would have laid down all the rest of my life only to have spoken one tender word which he could hear. Day and night, without sleep or rest, I mourned for him, sorrowed over the pitiable irremediable past. Again I believed, as I had done once, that he loved me as no one would ever love me again; and I blamed the poor requital I had made him for all the pain there had been in our lives.

In this passion of self-reproachful sorrow my grandmother strove after a while to comfort me. She let me grieve unreprieved at first, for she knew that wild rush of misery must have its way. Then she tried to persuade me to see God's hand in all, to believe that He knew how it would be from the foundation of the world; that it was His will, and in some way, in the midst of sorrow and darkness,

His work was going on, making our souls ready for the eternal morning. Perhaps Fred had drawn nearer to Him in loneliness and sorrow than he would ever have done in joy; and if human love and human help were far from him in his hour of peril the Divine arm had held him up.

How was it that, wise and tender as her words were, they sounded so hollow to my need, so empty to my longing? They seemed not to touch me. I listened in my dumb sorrow as one who heard not.

Of course my bereavement was generally known. The estrangement between me and my husband had never been made public. People had wondered at his going to California, young and prosperous as he was. They may have guessed, with Yankee shrewdness, that he was unhappy; but all certain knowledge of our affairs was confined to my own family. Every one sympathized with me, therefore, when the tidings of his death became known. Little thinking that I had never expected to see him again in this world, they pitied me for my great loss, and eyes and voices grew softer when I came among them.

I had been withdrawn from society before, and, except going regularly to church, I continued to seclude myself. My sorrow brought me but one new friend.

Six months before, Parson Wells, the good kindly old man who had broken bread for forty years in the church at Woodstock, who had married the elders, baptized the children, and buried the dead, had suddenly, after many years of poor health and constant suffering, lost his voice, and his people had been reluctantly obliged to choose his successor. It was with their old minister's entire approbation that their choice fell on the Rev. Hugh Walden.

I went to hear him for the first time, a little reluctantly. He was young I knew. Woodstock was his first parish. It seemed to me that after the teachings of Parson Wells, enriched by a lifetime of experience, this young man—who had never suffered, who only knew life by traditions gathered from books, not at all from grappling with its verities, standing face to face with the naked souls of men, in moments when the sense of eternity closing round them rent like a flimsy veil the disguises of mortality—could give us nothing to feel. Something to admire perhaps; pretty sentiment, graceful imagery, a rose or two to gather, the whipped syllabus of the banquet, no more.

I can see him now as he rose that day in his pulpit—grand yet simple. His great forehead, with the thin brown hair sensibly shading it; his eyes earnest with the depth of the soul looking through them; his mouth gentle and sweet as a child's. There was something in the cadence of his voice as he spoke which thrilled me as no oratory had ever done. He made no attempt to display, either in matter or manner; but there was an unconscious eloquence which carried his words home. I knew that I was in the presence of genius; that strange, subtle power which can dispense sometimes with experience, and reveal to its possessor depths of the heart which no commonplace knowledge of a lifetime could fathom. By virtue of his own capacity to feel—to enjoy and to suffer beyond the measure of most men—you knew instinctively that he could enter without profanation into the holiest of your sorrows.

And yet, feeling from the first his power to understand and to sympathize, I felt so keenly also my own anomalous situation, that I had held myself aloof from him, even as from others. When he had called I had never seen him. It was not until after the news of my husband's death that he made a visit expressly to me, and my grandmother being out, I was obliged to receive him alone.

I descended to the parlor with no idea of confiding in him. I meant only to listen to his condolences, and endure them as best I could. I hardly know how it was that my self-command failed me. I believe I was drawn on partly by my sense of justice, partly by my need of pity. When he looked at me with such compassionate eyes, and seemed to feel so much for me because I could not have been with my husband at the last, as if that were almost the bitterest drop in my cup of woe, I felt that he was thinking better of me than I deserved; and I longed to have him know me as I was, and speak, not to the general requirements of a wife's sorrow, but to the particular needs of my soul. So somehow, I hardly know how, I began at the very beginning, and told him all.

I did Fred justice. I told all that was noble and generous in his nature; all his tender care for me when he went away; but I kept back none of the misery of our life together. I poured out my whole soul, as the angels of resurrection may read it at the last—the wrong, the suffering, the remorse. Words can not tell the relief it was thus to anticipate the terror of Heaven's final sentence by submitting myself thus, with all my weary burden, to the judgment of a good man on earth.

"I can make no atonement," I said, fearfully when all was told. "Dead is dead, and I can not undo the past. Is there any hope of pardon?"

How his voice fell on my ear—calm, firm, yet tender, and inexpressibly sweet.

"If our hopes depended on the atonement we ourselves could make, where should we all be? Think Heaven that another has borne the burden of our transgressions. There is forgiveness for every soul which claims it, even the worst. You have been wrong indeed. A hasty, ill advised marriage is a terrible misfortune; and yet marriage is marriage, all the same. The vow voluntarily assumed is binding. You should have been more patient, more gentle, more long suffering; and surely at the last, when he waited for your bidding, you should have told him to stay. But the error is past—the forgiveness is present. We shall learn in time to thank God even for sorrow and remorse when they make us feel the need of Him."

Hitherto all my grandmother's tender consolations had been powerless. They had fallen unheeded in the throbs of my dull heartache. But in Mr. Walden's was an authority which carried them home. He talked to me for an hour, probing the innermost depths of my secret woe. And before he went I was able to pray with faith for forgiveness. That interview had drawn us near to each other as months of common acquaintance could not have done. When soul had spoken to soul heart and mind could not be strangers.

To be continued.

A lie is the handle which fits all sins.

A Brace of Tough Yarns.

B——y is noted among his friends for his big stories. The other day some one was relating in his hearing a remarkable feat of strength which he witnessed.

"That is nothing to what I saw in New Orleans in the winter of forty-nine," said B——y. "The load of shot I saw a man carry on that occasion beat everything in the lifting line that I ever heard of."

"Tell us about it," urged a listener, knowing that one of B——y's tough yarns was coming.

"Why, sir, I saw a man shoulder eight bushels of shot and carry it a square—carry it a whole square, sir, although he sank up to his knees in the pavements at every step."

"Oh, B——y, take off a bushel or two."

"Can't take off a shot."

"But that is no more wonderful," continued B——y, who was in a story telling humor, "than what happened to me last fall while hunting on Peoria Lake."

His listeners drew their chairs closer around him, and lighting a fresh cigar, B——y went on.

"I discovered a fine large buck on the bank of the lake. I crept cautiously within good range, and taking deliberate aim, fired. Down went the buck, and down I went—the gun being heavily charged, and kicked me over. I was considerably stunned, but when I recovered and got up, I found that I had fallen upon and killed a covey of quail. The concussion of the gun had thrown the ramrod out, and looking for it, I saw it floating on the surface of the lake, a few rods from shore. Passing the dead body of the buck, I waded out to the ramrod, the water being up to my armpits, when judge of my astonishment to find the ramrod strung full of the finest kind of fish, which it had impaled as it darted through the water. As I was about to wade out, I felt something crawling inside my pants. Curious to know what it was, I took off my suspenders, tied them around the bottoms of my pants, and waded ashore. Reaching dry land, I extracted a bushel and a half of eels from my pantaloons! It was the biggest shot I ever made."

There was silence for some time, when Col. B——y, who had been an attentive listener, simply remarked: "Augh, B——y, you will do."

The Wise Ambassador.

We remember reading, in an old French magazine, accounts of an ambassador from the court of the Emperor Charlemagne to that of an Eastern monarch. Dining one day in company with the barbarian king and the great men of the court, not knowing the regulations and the etiquette of the East, the ambassador, without dreaming of harm, moved with his hand a dish which had been placed near him on the table. Now the laws of the tyrant required that if any guest touched a dish that was brought forward, before the king was served, he should suffer the penalty of death; consequently, all eyes were turned upon the ambassador of Charlemagne, and there was an immediate outcry against him; for the courtiers of the tyrant thought to gain his favor by upholding him in his tyranny. The barbarian king feared to displease so great an emperor as Charlemagne, but he feared to transgress his own laws more, and he told the ambassador that he must suffer death for what he had done.

"Great king," said the Frank, "I submit to my fate. The laws of so powerful a monarch should not be broken with impunity. I die without a murmur, but in the name of the great emperor whose humble servant I am, I beg of your majesty one favor before I die."

"Thou speakest well," replied the barbarian king. "It is not my will that thou shouldst suffer death, but since the laws require it, I give thee the promise of a king, whose words is fate, that whatever thou askest shall be granted. I have spoken."

"Then I am satisfied!" replied the ambassador, proudly; and he glanced contemptuously at the obsequious courtiers. "All I ask is this, give me the eyes of every man who saw me commit the crime."

The tyrant seemed confounded, and his flatterers turned pale. But his word had gone forth, and must be kept. The Frank's request must be granted.

"It is well!" said the king. "Their eyes shall be plucked out for thee."

But when it was asked who had seen the ambassador move the dish, every courtier was eager to deny that he had seen the act. The servants also exclaimed that they had not witnessed it, and the king also declared that he himself had not.

"Then why should I die, great king?" said the Frank. "The deed cannot even be proved against me!"

The king was pleased; and not only pardoned him, but, acknowledging and praising his cunning and wisdom, sent him home to his master loaded with presents.

A Polite Hint.

Rev. Mr. H—— was stationed at Appleton, Wisconsin and was very much annoyed on the first Sabbath by the whispering and other improper conduct of some young gentlemen present. He stopped his discourse, and fixing his eyes upon the offenders, said, "I very much dislike to reprove any one in a congregation where I am not acquainted, as I am afraid of making as great a mistake as Brother R—— once made at F——. While preaching his first sermon he was very much disturbed by the misconduct of an individual in the congregation, who, though several times reprovod by Brother R——, only behaved the worse for it through the whole sermon. As Brother R—— was leaving the church after the services, one of the brethren accosted him with, 'Brother R——, didn't you know that man you reprovod to-day was a fool?' It is needless to say the nuisance was abated."

"Doctor, kin you tell me what's the matter of my child's nose? She sneeps a picking of it."

"Yes marm; it's probably an irritation of the gastric mucous membrane communicating a sympathetic titillation to the epithelium of the choeracrum."

"Thar, now, that's just what I told Becky. She 'lowed it was worms!"

Prentice thinks Lincoln is a very lean man to have the disposal of so many offices.

Editors should be able to live cheaply, for they very often get bored (board) for nothing.

Items, Foreign & Local.

A traveller in Indiana notices the number of women at work in the fields ploughing, hoeing, etc. A woman has died in the department of Gironde, France, who prolonged her life to one hundred and six years by living principally on garlic and shallots.

Horsman, member of Parliament, has jilted D'Israeli's daughter—promised to marry and backed out.

The Connecticut river is so low that an old fisherman reports that he saw a couple of suckers "lightering" a shad over the bar.

The latest fashion in Washington of asking a party what they will drink, is, "Please nominate your poison, gentlemen."

The Boston Journal says, a lady in this city has just had extracted from the end of her right thumb the fragment of a needle, which was accidentally broken off in her hip about twenty-eight years ago—Dr. W. H. Page, the surgeon who performed the operation, regards this as the most singular case which has come within his knowledge.

The British officers commissioned by the War Department to proceed to the United States for the purpose of reporting on the improved artillery used by the Federal army have returned home without accomplishing the object of their journey. Mr. Stanton, the Federal Secretary of War, having refused to permit them to carry out their mission.

Keatsage, whence the victorious Federal ship is named, is a mountain, half a mile high, near the centre of New Hampshire, one of the sentinel outposts of the White Hills, but not connected with them.

Fifteen square rigged vessels, from 1100 to 350 tons are building in Hancock County, Nova Scotia. Locusts are appearing in Wisconsin by the millions. They appeared last in 1840, fifteen years ago. Many cattle have been bitten to death by them.

New Zealand, advises to May 10th, received at San Francisco, mention another repulse of the British troops in an attack upon the natives. One hundred soldiers were killed and wounded, including several prominent officers. In another engagement the rebels were worsted.

The hens of New England last year furnished four million eggs for the market.

Three hundred thousand more letters pass through the Liverpool post office, of a year, now than was the case eight years ago. They are going to have a new and enlarged building.

The site of the old Fleet prison has been sold to the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Co. for £60,000. The Company intend to build their London terminus upon the ground thus acquired.

A hundred and sixty convicts will be released from the different prisons in New York under the operation of the recent law passed—which rewards the good conduct of convicts by a shortening of sentence. The working of the system will be something like the English Ticket-of-Leave.

Cold water is a determined foe to fevers, agues and consumption. Bathing in it is, therefore, highly recommended.

The Buffalo Courier says, on Monday a young stranger at the Falls of Niagara came to his death by being swept into the torrent while visiting the Cave of the Winds. It seems he insisted, in spite of the warnings of his guide, upon stepping on to a certain rock aside from the usual slippery path trodden by visitors. An instant after making the rash venture he slipped and went down. The guide returned and told the sad story. We could not learn that the youth (he was about sixteen years of age) had any acquaintance with him, and as he knew no trace has yet been found as to his identity.

The Stanford Mercury narrates the following occurrence:—An old gentleman of ninety determined to commit suicide. He ripped open one end of the flax mattress of the bed he was lying on got inside, tied the "tick" tightly round his throat, and deliberately set fire to the mass of flax into which he had thrust himself. For want of air the material would not burn, and the old man's life was saved, but only by a timely discovery, for the tightness with which he had tied the "tick" nearly resulted in strangulation.

The St. Andrew's Standard says, The Railway Bridge over the Frye Meadow caught fire on Sunday last, and about a hundred feet of it was burned before the fire was extinguished. An engine and several men were promptly despatched to ascertain and repair the damage. We learn that the bridge will be ready for use by Friday. The trains were pleased to know have run regularly, exchanging passengers at the bridge. The fire caught from embers blown from the woods, which had been burning for some days.

Last week a couple were married in Greenock whose united ages amount to about 150 years. One of the happy pair has had the felicity of three honeymoons, and the other that of no less than four!

Chicago is a virtuous place! The Mayor of the city is now charged with accepting a bribe of \$2000 the Comptroller with a fraudulent use of the public money, one of the Police Commissioners is under arrest for a worse charge, and the Superintendent of Police is "enjoined" for usurpation of office.

A new boiler for steam engines has been patented by an Irish inventor of the name of Elson. It consists of a number of cast iron bottles, twelve inches in diameter and six feet in length, set in ovens, and connected in their steam and water spaces. Forty-two of these evolve a power of sixty horses.

An insane woman, forty years old, living near Niagara Falls, being left unwatched for a few minutes, a day or two ago, ran to the river, and throwing herself in, was carried over the Falls. She appeared to recover her reason as she was swept along, for she cried loudly for help.

A bar of iron, valued at five dollars, worked into horseshoes, is worth ten dollars and fifteen cents; needles, three hundred and fifty five dollars; pen-knife blades, three thousand two hundred and eighty five dollars; shirt-buttons, twenty-nine thousand four hundred and eighty dollars; balance springs for watches, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

A rose tree now in full bloom at Glenoe, Long Island, is described as "a perfect tree, decorated with some 9500 buds and roses, hanging in bunches of from twenty to thirty each. It is one of the family of 'Rosa Baboli'—a standard or trunk shrub six feet in height, measuring five inches in diameter, the branches form an umbrella-shaped arch, and measure twelve and a half feet in diameter, or thirty six feet around."

Accounts from Buenos Ayres represent affairs there in a very bad condition. Men are murdered for money, and for very small sums; from revenge, from jealousy, and from the passion of a moment. In open day, in the early evening, in the public thoroughfares, in the thronged streets, and in the parks, murders have averaged for a long time more than one a day. The police are sadly deficient in preserving order, and there is the most alarming state of things. It is asserted that nine-tenths of the people go armed constantly.

A letter from Alexandria, Egypt, to an English paper says, the Maharajah Duleep Singh, when passing through Cairo, on his way to India with his mother's body, saw and fell in love with a girl at the Presbyterian Mission School, the daughter of one of the partners in a leading English mercantile house, and after some hesitation on her part the matter is settled, and they are to be married in a few weeks. The American missionary tells me that she is one of the most beautiful girls, both in person and character, that he has ever seen or known, and like the Maharajah himself, is a devout Christian.

General News.

MONSTER BLAST.—The monster blast of gunpowder, at Ardsel granite quarry, which was expected to be fired on the 5th inst. did not go off then, owing to some flaw in the splining of the fuse. The whole of the rubbish in the shaft had to be removed with great toil and trouble, the men working night and day till the flaw was discovered, which turned out to be within twenty-five feet from the powder.—Three splines of a new fuse were directly attached and drawn up in the shaft, tied round two large timber trees, and stemmed down.—The charge consisted of no less than about two tons weight of powder, and was deposited in one chamber. The shaft was forty-three feet in depth, and the chamber in which the powder was placed was about twenty five feet long. The charge was ignited by Mrs. Sim, and lifted an immense mass of rock, like a mountain of ice, computed to have been 30,000 tons and upwards in weight. The flame belched out in a semicircle on the seaward side. Not a single fragment of rock was seen to rise in the air, nor to be sent across the main road; and no damage was done to the houses situated within a few yards of the explosion. The explosion was seen by a good number of boats filled with spectators from Kentland, Lochaber, and Ballachulish, and all the surrounding hillocks and prominent points where a view could be obtained were crowded with people. The report was not loud, but deep and hoarse. At Durrar, a distance of four miles, the ground was felt strongly agitated as if by an earthquake.—*Scotsman.*

A MAN DISGORGES A LIZARD FROM HIS STOMACH AND DIES.—Apropos to the story about the Lizards in our last, is the following from the Lockport Journal of the 25th—

On Friday, April 9th, Dr. M. Caldwell, was called to see Mr. Frank Archey, residing on Chestnut street, beyond the old Catholic Church. The doctor found Mr. Archey suffering from severe hemorrhage from the nose, so severe that his friends thought him to be dying, and the doctor himself considered it a very critical case. The usual remedies were applied to arrest the bleeding. Large doses of acids were given, and the hemorrhage was slightly arrested. A violent irritation of the stomach was soon visible, and an attempt to vomit was made. Something was discovered in the throat, and the doctor immediately took therefrom a substance in a decomposed state, six inches in length, resembling somewhat the tale of an ordinary snake. The hemorrhage at once ceased, and the patient appeared better.

The next day the doctor called and found the patient bleeding again, and unable to speak. The acid was again given, and the same result followed. The stomach produced. An effort to vomit was made, and Dr. Caldwell took from the patient's mouth a substance seven or eight inches in length, in a state of decomposition resembling the remains of the organism of some reptile. The substance thus disgorged, was immediately put into spirits for preservation, and upon subsequent examination, the evidence seemed indisputable that the remains of a very large sized lizard had been thrown from the patient's stomach! One webbed foot, with three toes, about 14 inches in length, with regular joints, remained undecomposed, and was clearly discernible. Dr. Caldwell is of the opinion that the whole of this substance is the decayed organization of a lizard. How the reptile was introduced into the man's stomach, and how it grew, and when it died, is not found in any book of natural history. Mr. Archey died in about two weeks after the reptile substance was taken from his throat.

SOUTHERN MANIFESTO.

The Confederate Congress thus places itself before the tribunal of the world's judgement.

"The world must now see that the eight millions of people, inhabiting so extensive a territory, with such varied resources and such numerous facilities for defence as the benignant bounty of nature has bestowed upon us, and animated with one spirit to encounter every sacrifice of ease, of health, of property, of life itself, rather than be degraded from the condition of free and independent States, into which they were born, can never be conquered. Will not our adversaries themselves begin to feel that humanity has bled long enough, that tears and blood and treasure enough have been expended in a bootless undertaking, covering their own land no less than ours, with a wall of mourning, and exposing them far more than ourselves to the catastrophe of financial exhaustion and bankruptcy, not to speak of the loss of their liberties by the despotism engendered in an aggressive warfare upon the liberties of another and kindred people? Will they be willing, by a longer perseverance in a wanton and hopeless contest, to make this continent, which they so long boasted to be the chosen abode of liberty and self-government, of peace and a higher civilization, the theatre of the most causeless and prodigal effusion of blood which the world has ever seen of a virtual relapse into the barbarism of the rude ages, and of the destruction of constitutional freedom by the lawlessness of usurped power?"

These are questions which our adversaries will decide for themselves. We desire to stand acquitted before the tribunal of the world, as well as in the eyes of omniscient justice of any responsibility for the origin or prolongation of a war as contrary to the spirit of the age as to the traditions and acknowledged principles of the political system of America.

"On this continent, whatever opinions may have prevailed elsewhere, it has ever been held and acknowledged by all parties that government to be lawful, must be founded on the consent of the governed. We were forced to dissolve our federal connection with our former associates by their aggression on the fundamental principles of our compact of union with them; and in doing so, we exercised a right consecrated in the great charter of American liberty—the right of a free people, when a government proves destructive of the ends for which it was established, to recur to the original principles, and to institute new guards for their security. The separate independence of the States, as the sovereign and co-equal members of the Federal Union, had never been surrendered, and the pretensions of applying to independent communities, so constituted and organized, the ordinary rules for coercing and reducing rebellious subjects to obedience was a solecism in terms, as well as an outrage on the principles of public law."

"The war upon the Confederates was, therefore, wholly one of aggression. On our side it has been strictly defensive. Born freemen, and the descendants of a gallant ancestry, we have no option but to stand up in