

# The Carleton Sentinel

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## Poetry.

### THE LITTLE PEOPLE

A dreary place would be this earth  
Were there no little people in it;  
The song of life would lose its mirth,  
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms like buds to grow,  
And make the admiring heart sorrow;  
No little hands on breast and brow,  
To keep the thrilling love-words tender.

No babe within our arms to leap,  
No little feet toward slumber tending;  
No little knee in prayer to bend,  
Our lips the sweet words tending.

What would the mothers do for work,  
Were there no pants nor jackets tearing?  
No little ones to comfort the old,  
No cradle for their watchful caring?

No rosy boys at windy morn,  
With rattle to the school-house hasting;  
No merry shouts as home they rush;  
No precious morsel for their tasting.

Tall, grave, grown people at the door,  
Tall, grave, grown people at the table;  
The man on business all intent,  
The dame languishing as 'tis able.

The sterner souls would get more stern,  
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,  
And man to stoic coldness turn,  
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that time to which we reach,  
Through Time's mysterious, dim unfolding,  
The little ones with cherub smiles,  
Are still our Father's face beholding.

So said his voice in whom we trust,  
When in Jordan's calm a preacher,  
He made a child confront the proud,  
And in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,  
Were there no babes to begin it;  
A doleful place this world would be,  
Were there no little people in it.

\* Their angels do always behold the face of my Father  
which is in heaven. Matt. xvii, 10.

### GENTLE NETTIE MOORE.

In a little white cottage,  
Where the trees are ever-green,  
And the climbing roses blossomed by the door;  
I've often sat and listened  
To the music of the birds,  
And the gentle voice of charming Nettie Moore.

Chorus.—O! I miss you Nettie Moore,  
And my happiness seems o'er,  
While a spirit sad around my heart has come;  
And the busy days are long,  
And the nights are lonely now,  
For you're gone from our little cottage home.

Below us in the valley,  
On the river's dancing tide,  
Of a summer eve I'd wander on my open boat;  
And when the moon was rising,  
And the stars began to shine,  
Down the river we so merrily would float.

Chorus.—O! I miss you Nettie Moore, &c.

And often in the autumn,  
By the dew-damp lawn,  
We would wander on the fields far away;  
But those moments have departed,  
Gentle Nettie too is gone,  
And no longer sweetly with her can I stray.

Chorus.—O! I miss you Nettie Moore, &c.

Since the time that you departed,  
I have longed for you many a day,  
But I'll wipe all the tears from my eyes;  
For as soon as life is past,  
I shall meet you once again,  
In Heaven, darling, up above the skies.

Chorus.—O! I miss you Nettie Moore, &c.

## Select Tale.

### KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

The glowing sun of midsummer afternoon poured through the curtainless windows of the village school, and small curly heads drooped like delicate flowers in the languid air. Among them all, little Katie's sunny ringlets fell the lowest; you might have seen that the very eyes had forgotten to look on the long line of hard words in the worn spelling book, and that the silken fringes of the drooping lids were pillowed lovingly upon the sweetest little cheeks in the world.

Yes, in the heated air, smoothed by the lazy drone of the hungry flies and the restless hum of young student voices, Katie had fallen asleep. She was dreaming, too. She was dreaming of the little brother, Charlie, who in the bright spring-time, when the violets were just opening their eyes after long sleep, had strayed away from earth, and passed through those gates of glory always open for the entering of little feet; and she dreamed that she clasped him to her lonely little heart and begged him never to leave her again. Amid the greatness of her joy, she sobbed aloud, and started to find Belle's soft arm around her, and to hear her whisper:

"What is the matter, darling?"

Before poor Katie could well collect her thoughts to answer, the school was dismissed; and she heard the teacher exclaim, as she pointed to the darkened west, "Hurry home, children, or you will be caught in the shower!"

Then Katie poured into the sympathizing ear of her little friend all her troubles, and finished by saying: "I could not bear to find it only a dream; I feel as if I must see Charlie once more."

"Where do you think he is?"

"In heaven, I know," replied Katie, "mother says he cannot come back to us, but we can get to him some time;" and her sob broke out afresh.

"Why don't you go to him now?" cried Belle.

"I don't know the way," replied Katie; "I was very sick when they took him in the little coffin, and I don't know where they went."

"Are you sure he went to heaven?" asked Belle eagerly.

"Oh! I know it," replied Katie.

"Then," said impulsive Belle, "then I can show you the way; I saw where they put your little brother." The glad light in Katie's tearful eyes was beautiful to behold.

"Well, will you show me, Belle now—this very afternoon?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Belle; and with clasped hands, unthinkingly of the gathering gloom, these little pilgrims set forth on their journey to heaven.

Once on the way, a doubt oppressed little Belle.

"Oh!" said Katie, with great assurance, "how

Charlie would run to open the door!" and her cheek flushed with anticipation.

"Do you suppose Charlie is very happy?" urged Belle.

"Very," said Katie, emphatically.

"And what does he do all the time?"

"Plays with the angels with such lovely wings," cried Katie, with great animation. "And they pick up stars and lie all over the floor of heaven; rain-bows, I suppose they keep them all summer; and oh! Charlie used to love rainbows. He once cried because—"

"Dear me," said Belle, interrupting her in great dismay, "it rains Katie and we are ever so far from home; what shall we do?"

"But we are almost to heaven, ain't we? Let us hurry and go there."

"Yes," said Belle, "I see the door."

"Where? where?" cried Katie breathlessly.

"There!" responded little Belle, pointing to the little rising ground and the iron door of the village vault.

"Oh," faltered Katie with disappointment; is that heaven? O Belle! it is like a great grave!" and her little lip quivered sadly.

"Why," said Belle, "that is where they took your brother—the very place—and you said he had gone to heaven; besides," continued she, "when we get through the little dark door it may be all bright and beautiful on the other side."

"Perhaps it is," said Katie, more hopefully.

But now the large rain-drops began to fall fast, and the thunder-storm, in all its sublimity burst upon the little travellers.

The burdened west seemed gleaming like an ocean of flame, and the floor of heaven resounded to the solemn tread of the mighty thunder. Still the little children, with clasped hands and pale lips, pressed on, and the angels who do always behold the face of our Father, watched over them lovingly, and they walked securely in the heavenly company.

At last the busy pattering feet reached the gloomy entrance, and Katie's sweet hopeful lips were pressed close to the cold door.

"Knock," cried Belle; and, with all her strength Katie did knock, and a hollow echo was all the reply, while the dead from within heeded not the call from fresh, young hopeful lips, and the little brother, with closed eyes and pale clasped hands, heard not the sweet imploring cry.

"Charlie, dear Charlie, it is your own sister, your own sister Katie; won't you open the door?"

"He does not hear you, Katie, it thunders so," said Belle; "let us wait a little while;" and they waited. Soon there was a lull in the storm, and again Katie, strong in faith, knocked at the dreary door, and her loving cry, "Charlie, dear Charlie," echoed sadly back.

"Do you hear anything?" asked Belle, with parted lips; "is he coming?"

"No," replied Katie, "but I feel as if he is just behind the door; but it was only rain."

"Perhaps," suggested Belle, with large imaginative eyes, "perhaps he is playing with the angels, a great way off, in a beautiful garden."

"Oh," sobbed Katie; "I hope he will not love that little angel better than me."

"Knock once more—only once," whispered Belle.

With wavering faith again the little soft hand pleaded for entrance, and the tremulous voice cried piteously.

"Charlie, darling, sweet little brother, please open the door to your own poor Katie. Don't love the little angel better than me. O Charlie! Charlie!"

She threw herself upon the wet ground, and sobbed in an agony of grief and disappointment.

"Katie," said Belle, half frightened at this outburst, "let us go home now, and come again to-morrow and try."

She rose without another sob or fresh tear even upon her wet cheek; but the grief-stricken expression of the sweet child's mind was pitiful to behold. Back again over the dreary way went Katie and Belle. Little shoes wet, little dresses dripping, little heads bent down like dew-laden flowers, little hearts very heavy.

At Katie's door stood her anxious mother peering through the shadows for her darling. The child sprang to those loving arms, and with one cry, that spoke all the agony of bitter doubt that crept into her young confident heart, exclaimed:

"Oh mother! I have been knocking at the door of heaven, and Charlie would not let me in."

Dear, grief-stricken Katie, refusing to be comforted in this thy first sorrow, it may be that ere the violets come again, God's hand will beckon unaware and with a better guide thou shalt, indeed find the door of heaven. Then knock little pilgrim, and thou shalt be heard amid the hallelujahs of the heavenly choir. Back shall roll the blessed portals, and Charlie shall lead thee, with eager wings, to the feet of Him who loves little children, while the songs of the angels shall be: "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

### Hints on Etiquette.

In all associations, keep constantly in view the adage; "too much freedom breeds contempt."

Never be guilty of practical jokes; if you accuse yourself to them, it is probable you will become so habituated as to commit them upon persons who will not allow of such liberties. I have known a duel to arise from a slap on the back.

If there be another chair in the room, do not offer a lady that from which you have just arisen.

Always suspect the advances of any person who may wish your acquaintance, and who has had no introduction; circumstances may qualify this remark, but as a general principle, acquaintances made in a public room or place of amusement are not desirable.

Never converse while a person is singing; it is an insult not only to the singer, but to the company.

The essential part of good breeding is the practical desire to afford pleasure, and to avoid giving pain. Any man possessing this desire requires only opportunity and observation to make him a gentleman.

If, in public promenade, you pass and repass persons of your acquaintance, it is only necessary to salute them on the first occasion.

Do not affect singularity of dress by wearing anything that is so conspicuous as to demand attention and particularly avoid what I believe I must call the ruffian style.

Never lose your temper at games, and particularly avoid the exhibition of anxiety or vexation at want of success. If you are playing whist, not only keep your temper, but hold your tongue; any intimation to your partner is decidedly ungentlemanly.

Let presents to a lady be characterized by taste—not remarkable for intrinsic value.

Except under very decided circumstances, it is both ungentlemanly and dangerous to cut a person; if you wish to rid yourself of any one's society, a cold bow in the street and particular ceremony in the circles of your mutual acquaintance, is the best mode of conduct to adopt.

Never introduce your own affairs for the amusement of a company; it shows a sad want of mental cultivation, or excessive weakness of intellect; recollect, also, that such a discussion cannot be interesting to others, and that the probability is that the most patient listener is a complete gossip, laying the foundation for some tale to make you appear ridiculous.

### A Handsome Soul.

One day last winter, a little boy from the South, who was on a visit to the city, was taking his first lesson in the art of "sliding down hill," when he suddenly found his feet in rather too close contact with a lady's rich silk dress. Surprised, mortified and confused, he sprang from his sled, and cap in hand, commenced an earnest apology:

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I am very sorry."

"Never mind," exclaimed the lady, "there is no harm done, and you feel worse than I than I do."

"But, dear madam," said the boy, as his eyes filled with tears, "your dress is ruined. I thought you would be very angry with me for being careless."

"No, no," replied the lady, "better have a soiled dress than a soiled heart."

"O, isn't she a beauty?" exclaimed the lad, as the lady passed on.

"What? That lady?" returned his comrade.

"If you call her a beauty, you can't choose for me. Why she is more than thirty years old, and her face is yellow and wrinkled."

"I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the little hero; "her soul is handsome anyhow."

A shout of laughter followed, from which the little fellow was obliged to escape. Relating the incident to his mother, he remarked:

"O, mother, that lady did me good. I shall never forget it; and when I am tempted to indulge my angry passions, I will think of what she said."

"Better have a soiled dress than a soiled heart."

### Absence proper for Husbands.

Miss Mulvih says: "A lady of my acquaintance gives it as her *sine qua non* of domestic felicity, that the men of the family should always be absent at least six hours in the day." And truly, a mistress of a family, however strong her affection for the male members of her household, who papa and the boys are always pottering about, popping in and out, at all hours, everlastingly wanting something, or finding fault with something else, is a considerable trial to even feminine patience. And I beg to ask my sex generally—in confidence of course—if it is not the greatest comfort possible when, the masculine half of the family being cleared out for the day, the house settles down into regular work and orderly quietness until evening? Also, it is good for them as well as for us, to have all the inevitable petty domestic "bustlers" go over in their absence; to effect which ought to be one of the principle aims of the mistress of a family. Let them if possible, return to a quiet smiling home, with all its small annoyances brushed away like the dust and cinders from the grate—which, *en passant*, is one of the first requisites to make a fireproof look comfortable. It might be as well, too, if the master himself could contrive to leave the worldly mud of the day at the scraper outside his door."

### An Ingenious Cat.

In Le Nord, it is related that a cook was recently greatly perplexed by the disappearance, day after day, of a cutlet or a steak from the kitchen table when she was preparing the dinner. In each day's tale there was a deficiency of one. At last it occurred to her that, as the bell was rung every day while she was preparing dinner, and when she went to the door there was nobody there, there must be some connection between the two occurrences. Once this idea had entered her mind, she determined to satisfy herself on the point. The bell rang at the usual time but instead of answering it, she hid herself in a cupboard. She had hardly done so before a cat rushed into the kitchen, sprang on the table, seized a cutlet in its mouth, and vanished. Her mistress was made acquainted with this felonious act on the part of the animal, and it was determined to set a watch to see how it had been trained to this mode of robbery. The discovery was soon made. At the usual time when the cook had her dishes arranged for the stove, the concealed watcher saw the cat creep stealthily towards the bell wire, hook her claws in it, give it a furious pull, and then rush away kitchenward.

### Leap Year.

It was on a cold, cold evening I had sought my downy bed; early visions, strange fantastic, chased each other through my head. I was in a crowded ball room, and he leaned upon my arm, and I felt his heart within him beating wildly in alarm. Crimson blushes, deeply dying, all suffused his handsome face; madly did I long to clasp him in a passionate embrace. On my cheek I felt his breathing, and his whiskers touched my hair, and his bosom heaved in raptures when the music filled the air. Then I loved him and whispered, for my heart was warm with wine, whispered I, in trembling accents—"Dearest, say will you be mine?" Tattered then his limbs beneath him, and he mere yanked once more, then all motionless and lifeless, sank upon the waxed floor. As he fell I heard a ripping, as when cloth is torn apart; but though thought it was the rending of the tendons of his heart. When with care I had revived him there he lay and feared to move; said I, "Whisper, whisper to me tell me what's the matter, love." Then his lips they slowly parted, and his eyes sent such a glance, as with fluttering accents, said he, "Love I fear I've burst my pants!"

"I wish," said a son of Erin, "I could find the place where men don't die, that I might go and cud my days there."

### Maxims for Husbands.

Resolve in the morning to be patient and cheerful during the day. Laugh heartily on finding all the buttons off your shirt—as usual. Say, merrily, "Boys will be boys," when you discover that the children have emptied the contents of the water jug into your boots. On gashing your chin with a razor, remember that beauty is but skin deep; and in order to divert your thoughts from the pain, recite a speech from Hamlet, or indulge in one of the harmonies of your native land. If breakfast is not ready for you, chuckle and grin pleasantly at the menials; remembering that a merry heart is a continual feast, and depart to your daily business, imagining yourself a sufferer from indigestion.

THE WORD COCKNEY.—In the reign of Edward III, a knight held some land at Cuckney, in Nottinghamshire, free of rent during the reign of the king, on condition of his shoeing the king's palfrey or saddle-horse on each foot, with the king's nails and materials; but if he failed it was to be given the king another, worth four marks. The knight of Cuckney attended at the king's stables to perform his duty, when one of the monarch's farriers offered to instruct him how to do it; but he refused to save his purse he declined the offer; consequently, by his ignorance he lamed the horse. This was repeated until he had more marks to pay than the value of the land by which act of folly the word Cuckney became proverbial, even at court, and every stupid, untutored citizen was called a Cuckney Knight, which was changed to Cockney.

You can stop a clock at any moment, but you cannot stop a watch. This same remark, my brethren, applies to the stopping the talk of a man and of a woman. He is a great, coarse, ugly machine, but you can silence him. She is a beautiful, fragile jeweled thing—but she will run on until she stops herself.

An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged himself in a right good pothen, was accosted by the inspecting general,—"What makes your face look so red?" "Please your honor," replied Pat, "I always blush when I speak to a general officer."

The reason an old maid is generally so devoted to her cat is, that, not having a husband, she naturally takes to the next most treacherous animal.

A horse-dealer, describing a used up horse, said he looked as if he had been editing a newspaper.

Rude white boy—"Clear the track nigger!" "Small American Citizen of African descent—"Now you jest! I'll luff me later. I guess you'll wish you was a nigger yourself afore dis war's over."

People do not support the gospel—the gospel supports them. The gospel will live whether they do or do not, have their five or fifty, or five hundred dollars; they attack, neglect or cherish it; but without the gospel, the good tidings, there is for them no life, neither in this world or the world to come.

"Don't put too much confidence in a lover's vows and signs," said Mrs. Partington to her niece. "Let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a tarnation, and eyes like an asterisk; but such things often come from a tender head than a tender heart."

Few secrets would ever escape if the following rule were complied with: Never confide in the young; new paths lead. Never tell your secrets to the aged; old roads seldom shut closely.

As in men, so in books—the soul is all in which souls must deal; and the soul of the book is whatsoever beautiful, and true, and noble we can find in it.—Kingsley.

In all places, and in all times, those religionists who have believed too much, have been more inclined to violence and persecution than those who have believed too little—I suspect the reason is, that indifference is a much less active principle than enthusiasm.

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.—Those who think that in order to dress well, it is necessary to dress extravagantly or grandly, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. We have seen many a remarkably fine person robbed of its true effect by being over-dressed—Nothing is more unbecoming than overloading beauty.

As we cannot judge of the motion of the earth but by some radiant and celestial point beyond it, so the wicked cannot judge of their progress in iniquity but by fixing their attention on some bright character that is not of them, but above them.

A GOOD REASON.—"What is the reason that men never kiss each other, while the ladies waste a world of kisses on the feminine face?" said a foolish "gent" to a lively girl the other day. The young lady answered, "Because the men have something better to kiss, and the women haven't." The gent "saw it" immediately.

If you must form harsh judgments, form them of yourself, not others, and, in general, be attending to your own deficiencies first. If every one would sweep up his own walk, we should have clean streets.

An Irishman, in writing a letter to his sweetheart, asking whether she would accept of his love or not, writes thus:—"If you don't love me, please send back the letter without breaking the seal."

He is the most mischievous of incendiaries who inflames the heart against the judgment; he is the worst of schematics who divides the judgment from the heart.

What constellation is like an empty fireplace? The great bear.

We use riches as children use toys—to amuse us till we fall asleep.

After successfully popping the question, the next thing is to question the pop.

Truth bears the stamp of no man's name; it is God's own coin.

Ladies should never put pins in their mouths. Their lips should be roses without thorns.

An acquaintance suggests the propriety of changing the popular name needle-work to needless work.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

The latest novelties in England are Quakers wearing mustaches.

The Charleston, South Carolina, hotels charge from \$12 to \$20 per day.

There are in Ireland forty thousand cottiers, or one-acre tenants.

Martel, the celebrated Cognac brandy merchant, is dead.

The Paris coachmen have established a newspaper.

Mrs. President Lincoln, it is stated, has abandoned crinoline.

The French Admiral Renaud died at Toulon on the 26th ult., of acute inflammation of the liver.

A barber in Bangor employs women as assistants, and it is reported that they prove very dexterous and efficient.

It is stated that Heenan, the prize fighter, is not expected to live long. He has never recovered from his contest with King.

The damage from the effect of the recent gale along the American coast is estimated in Boston papers at over \$250,000 to \$500,000.

The Prince Imperial of France entered his ninth year on the 16th inst.

The number of eggs employed in Paris alone in clarifying wines is about 4,500,000 a year.

A Munich Journal states that the private property of the late King is valued at 4,000,000 gulden.

Indian Rugs.—We notice that 2,022 cwts. of rugs were exported from Madras last year, being the first time that this article appears in the list of exports.

Two magnificent swords, presents from the King of Siam to President Lincoln, has arrived at Southampton, England.

The New York Commercial says the Government credit is so bad that its brokers find great difficulty in buying even at above the market rates on "change."

There is a little girl in Illinois, eleven years old, who persists in eating flies whenever she catches them. Remonstrances have no effect.

It is proposed to establish a Chair of Celtic Literature in the University of Glasgow; and a committee has been appointed to consider the best mode of proceedings so as to secure this object.

Strawberries have made their appearance in the New York markets at the moderate price of a dollar a dozen.

There is said to be a man in Ohio by the name of Barber, who lifts, without any apparatus, 2824 pounds, which is 240 pounds more than Windship ever lifted.

Two-Storey Railway Carriages.—The Illustrated News has engraving of the new two-storey third-class carriage in use upon the Bombay, Baroda, and Central Indian Railway.

Elithi Barrit, the learned American blacksmith, has been lecturing at Huxley, Inverury, and Peterhead, and other towns in the North. He has since left for London.

The Town Council of Aberdeen have voted the sum of £100 in aid of the movement for the erection of a statue to the Queen to be erected in that city.

Chief Engineer of Railways in that Province. If this is so what will become of the Intercolonial Survey?

A boy died at Oswego, N. Y., last week of a disease that baffled all the cow doctors, and a post mortem examination revealed in her stomach a steel watch chain twelve inches long, and five ounces of tannery nails.

At a great mass meeting held in London on Good Friday, resolutions declaring that it was the duty of the British Government to intervene on behalf of Poland were adopted. Upwards of 5000 persons were present.

Although the Pope has been able to go through all the laborious solemnities of the Passion Week, his health is represented to be in a most critical state, and doubts of his recovery become daily more confirmed.

Recently in the Senate, the Chaplain prayed in the following words:—"O To the Senate of the United States and our rulers give brains, BRAINS, BRAINS, O Lord God!"

A Miss Higazi, a colored female lecturer, recently made her debut at Zion's Church, Syracuse, on the "herosim of colored men." She is a new candidate for oratorical honors, and the Syracuse Journal says she fully sustained the expectations of her friends.

Proposal to make Gibraltar an Island.—We learn from Madrid that a company is forming at Cadiz for cutting a ship canal from some point in Trafalgar Bay into the Mediterranean, so as to facilitate the transit of wind-bound vessels waiting to rain some weeks at the straits for entrance.

There has been a great falling off in the value of the annual productions of Ireland. In the year 1850 it was estimated at £29,477,000. In 1863 it was but £27,327,000. Here is a decline of more than 60,000,000 dollars in four years.

The Irish Census Commissioners, state that in that country of 2,400 parishes, 199 do not contain a single member of the Established Church; 575 have one but not more than twenty Churchmen; 416 have more than 20 but not more than 50; 349 have more than 50 but not more than 100—so that about two-thirds of the parishes of Ireland do not contain 100 Churchmen.

Lord Lifford, in a letter to the Times, says he knows of an able bodied man in Ireland, the father of a family, who receives but £3 10s. and his oatmeal food as wages for six months. He also remarks that some years ago emigration was pointed out as the great sinews for Irish ills; now it is commented on as itself an evil.

The New York Times, in an article on amalgamation says:—"We shrink from putting on paper the stories which reach us to the prevalence amongst young white ladies of preference for colored men—pure blacks having the precedence in all cases where there is room for choice."

It is estimated that 130 private balls are given every evening during the season in Paris. In the season of thirty six days this makes 4780 balls, 2,700,000 francs for carriages, 25,500,000 for ball dresses, 1,800,000 for head dresses, 17,550,000 for ribbons, gloves, fans, &c. Altogether Paris is said to dance through 2,000,000 francs a day.

The number of letters in the Alphabet of different languages is as follows: English 26, French 25, German 26, Spanish 24, Greek 24, Latin 25, Slavonic 27, Arabic 28, Persian 31, Turkish 33, Georgian 35, Hebrew, Chaldean, Syriac and Samaritan, 22; Coptic 32, Sanscrit 32, Bengalese 21, Burmese 10.

The fall on the Snake foot of the Columbia is said to surpass that of Niagara. The fall over which pours the entire volume of the river is a sheer precipice one hundred and ninety eight feet high, being thirty eight feet higher than the precipice of Niagara. Snake river is said to be fully as large as the Niagara, and it takes the stupendous fall at one solid leap. A scouting detachment of United States troops are accredited with the discovery.

A Naval Court Martial is in session at the Philadelphia Navy Yard for the trial of Acting Master Charles Donahower, upon the charge of murder of James Gray, mate of the British bark "Saxon."

The charge is preferred by the Secretary of State at the instance of Lord Lyons. The "Saxon" it will be remembered, was captured by the "Vanderbilt," and Mr. Donahower has once been acquitted of the alleged crime by a Court of Inquiry.

## General News.

The following is a complete list of the Laws passed during the recent Session of the Legislature:—An act to provide for defraying certain expenses of the Civil Government of the Province. An act to provide for the repair and improvement of Roads and Bridges, and other Public Works and Services. An act to incorporate the Fredericton Skating Club. An act to provide for the erection and maintenance of a Poor House and Almshouse in the parish of St. George, County of Charlotte. An act to incorporate the Victoria Skating Club of St. John. An act relating to the Savings Bank in the City of St. John. An act to explain an act intitled "An act to amend the act relating to the administration of Justice in Equity."

An act to define the boundaries between the Counties of Charlotte and Victoria. An act to amend the act to provide for Reporting and Publishing the Decisions of the Supreme Court. An act to authorize the New Brunswick Sugar Refining Company to increase their Capital Stock. An act to authorize and empower the Trustees of Schools of the parish of New Brunswick, in the County of Northumberland, for the time being, to sell and convey a certain piece of land in the said Parish, and dispose of the proceeds thereof, and for other purposes. An act in addition to Chap. 137, Title xxxvii, of the Revised Statutes. "Of the jurisdiction of Justices in Civil Suits."

An act to amend the act intitled "An act to amend the act relating to the administration of Justice in Equity." An act to amend the County of York to assess for Agricultural Rates. An act in addition to an Act relating to the Corporation of the City of St. John to improve the streets in that part of the City of St. John on the western side of the harbor. An act to provide for more effectually repairing the streets, bridges and sidewalks in the lower highway district in the parish of St. Stephen. An act to continue and amend an act intitled "an act to incorporate the Petesville Bridge Company." An act relating to the Municipality, in Queen's County. An act further to amend the law relating to offences against the person. An act for the alteration of the local government in several parishes of Lancaster, Simonds, and St. Martins, in the County of St. John. An act to amend an act to provide for the erection of a City Hall in the City of St. John. An act to incorporate the Little Digby River Dredging Company. An act relating to Licensure and other similar offences. An act to extend the jurisdiction of the Police Magistrate of the City of St. John, in actions of debt wherein the Corporation of the said City is interested. An act for the repayment of certain moneys expended in the repair of the Sewers in the City of St. John. An act relating to the Harbor of the City of St. John. An act to incorporate the Chipman Boom Company. An act to establish additional Circuit Courts in the City and County of St. John. An act relating to the issuing of Warrants by Justices of the Peace, in the Parish of Police Officers and Constables in the execution of their duties. An act to incorporate the Trustees of the St. Andrews Society, of St. John. An act to incorporate the Sackville Rural Cemetery Company. An act in aid of the construction of Railways. An act to amend the act to incorporate the Free Baptist Church in New Brunswick, and to provide for the drawing of names to enable the Rector, Church Wardens and Vestry of Christ's Church, in the parish of Woodstock, to convey certain lands in the County of York. An act to incorporate the People's Bank of New Brunswick. An act to incorporate the Boy's Side Cemetery Company. An act to facilitate the winding up of the affairs of Incorporated Companies. An act relating to affidavits, declarations and affirmations made out of this Province for use therein. An act relating to certain lands required for certain purposes in the City of St. John. An act to amend an act intitled "An Act in amendment and consolidation of the Laws relating to Highways."

An act to explain and amend an act intitled "an act to authorize the extension of King St. in that part of the City of St. John called the Point St. John." An act to explain an act relating to lands required for Railway purposes. An act to incorporate the St. Stephen Branch Railway Company. An act to incorporate the Albert Railway Company. An act for establishing and maintaining a Police Force in the parish of St. Stephen, County of Charlotte. An act to incorporate the Vernon Mining and Smelting Company. An act to enable the Justices of the Peace for the County of Northumberland to sell certain lands and invest the proceeds in other lands. An act further to enlarge the jurisdiction of the City Court, of the City of St. John, and in amendment of the law relating to said Court. An act to establish the Shire Town of the County of King's County, and to provide for the procuring a site for and the erection of Public Buildings in the parish of Sussex, within the same. An act to amend the European and North American Railway Extension Company. An act to incorporate the Woodstock Railway Company. An act in addition to and in amendment of an act relating to the Militia. An act to incorporate the European and North American Railway Company. An act to amend an act intitled "An Act in amendment and consolidation of the Laws relating to Highways."

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