

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XVI.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

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

NO. 1.

Select Tale.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Andrew Lee came home at evening from the shop where he had worked all day tired and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—what a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down, with knitted brows and a moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved with a weary step. "Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

There was invitation in the tone, but none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself and kept silence. He could find no fault with the chop, nor with the sweet home-made bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man if there had only been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellent that he feared an irritating reply. And so, in moody silence, the twin sat together until Andrew had finished his supper. As he pushed his chair back his wife arose and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory!" said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast-room, with his hands thrust desperately away down into his trousers pockets and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes, and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out, and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long, deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then, drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading. Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were, "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned over the ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on.

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her encouragement; it won't hurt her." Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper, and muttered, "O, yes. That's all very well. Praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen, and making your home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eye fell again to the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable, do for pity's sake, tell her you thank her, it nothing more. She can't expect it: it will make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you to."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence were written just for him, and just for the occasion. It was the complete answer to his question. "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no further, for thought came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convincing him of injustice towards his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as hands could make it, and had he offered the right return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort experienced? He was not able to recall the time or the occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from a closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for that yet. He still felt moody and unforbearing. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, and for ill-nature he had no patience. His eyes fell on the newspaper that lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence—

"A kind, cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy home, is like the rift in a cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a little while longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first. His moody acquiescent spirit had to be subdued. But he was coming right, and at last got right as to will. Next came the question as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say, but feared to say them lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning towards her, and taking hold of the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said, in a voice carefully modulated with kindness—

"You are doing that work very beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to observe that she lost, almost instantly, that rigid correctness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made and whiter than those of any other man in the shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?"

Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken through the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already shining through the rift it made.

"Yes Mary," he answered; "and I've heard it said more than once, 'What a good wife Andrew Lee must have.'" Mrs. Lee turned her face towards her husband. There was light in it, and light in her eye. But

there was something in the expression of the countenance, that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked, quietly soberly.

"What a question?" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up, and going around to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary?" he repeated, as he stood before her.

"Do you?" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was his warmly spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her.

"How strange that you should ask me such a question!"

"If you would only tell me now and then, Andrew, it would do me good." And Mrs. Lee arose and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee! He had never given to his faithful wife even the small reward of praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made the light around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, nor that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary. My own dear wife, I am proud of you—I love you—and my first desire is for your happiness. O, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon of his home, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down, and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

Epitaphs.

Materials for authentic biography are not commonly sought for in burial grounds. The man who should expect to find the truth, and nothing but the truth, on tomb-stones, would be quite likely to entertain sanguine hopes of obtaining Rhenish grapes from Texan Mesquit bushes, Smyrna figs from Canada thistles, or Superfine Genesee flour from the contents of a Canada sawpit. In fact to "lie like an epitaph" has long been considered the ultimate of mendacity. The unreliability of this species of post mortem literature is much to be deplored; for if the truth could be made to stare us in the face from every sepulchre, it might, perchance, make some impression upon us.

What valuable, or rather invaluable, practical as if from the cold lips of the dead? Imagine, for example, the thrilling not to say the stunning effect of a verse like the following, upon the nerves of any hard drinker who might chance to read it on the headstone of a victim of *delirium tremens*.

Beware of liquor! Fifty deaths I died—
Losing in turn, hope, energy, and pride—
The sense of shame, strength, will, all human feeling,
Ere, mind and body wounded past all healing,
I reached that goal of agony and sin,
A Drunkard's Grave—and blindly staggered in.

There are "sermons in stones;" we are told, and of all stones the most eloquent. The occasion of a wholesale railroad murder might be improved, we think, to the advantage of travellers, if not of railroad companies, by erecting a monument at or near the scene of the catastrophe, and recording the facts thereupon. Something of this sort would be suitable in a majority of cases.

Travelling at a speed insane,
Here train met and shattered train.
Upward cars began to fall,
Downward cars declined to wait—
Dash, smash, crash, shrieks, yells, and groans,
Scattered brains and splintered bones,
Forty killed and sixty lame,
Verdict—"Nobody to blame."

The tombstones of the victims of quack medicines might be turned to good account as a means of "counterbalancing" the quack advertisements of the day. A bit of rhyme like this, for instance, might have a good effect on over credulous invalids.

Beneath this slab I lie, a fixture,
Slain by a patent pill and mixture.
Avoid all quacks—touch not their pills—
Taste not their nauseous, poisonous pills:
Vials of wrath they sell—their boxes
Are of Pandora's worthy proxies.
They "cure" all ills that flesh is heir to—
As they cured mine—that you may swear to.

It will be seen from these off-hand hints and suggestions that epitaphs are susceptible of being made channels for useful popular information and media for the dissemination of wise counsel. Should they ever become so, meditations among the tombs would be more profitable than they can ever be so long as the mortuary marble is devoted to complimentary notices.

GIVING THE DEVIL HIS DUE.—There is a point in the following anecdote: A pastor was making a call upon an old lady, who made it a habitual rule never to speak ill of another, and had observed it so closely that she always justified those whom she had heard evil spoken of. Before the old lady made her appearance in the parlor, her several children were speaking of the peculiarity of their mother, and one of them playfully added: "Mother has such a habit of speaking well of everybody, that I believe if Satan himself were the subject of conversation, mother would find some virtue or good quality even in him." Of course this remark elicited some smiling and merriment at the originality of the idea, in the midst of which the old lady entered the room, and on being told what had been said, she immediately and voluntarily replied, "Well, my children, I wish we all had Satan's industry and perseverance."

NO SONG, NO SUPPER—NO PENCE, NO PIER.—On occasion of one of the meetings in a Chicago church to hear politics preached on Thanksgiving Day, the following incident occurred:—Dr. Clark said that, if when the plates were all handed in, the amount seemed to be generous and sufficient, they would conclude the services by singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

It not, he would pronounce the benediction and let the audience retire "unhonored and unsung." On inspection of the plates—the sum having been deemed satisfactory—the whole congregation joined heartily in singing "The Old Hundred Doxology," and were dismissed. There have been a good many strikes lately for higher wages; but this refusal to sing praise to God unless the plate is full, is the most novel.—*Cincinnati Enq.*

THE CARRIERS ANNUAL ADDRESS

To the Patrons of the "CARLETON SENTINEL."

WOODSTOCK, JAN. 1ST, 1864.

Ever and on, old time doth go,
Mantled in verdure or clad in snow;
Whether the gentle spring-time showers,
His budding promise of fruits and flowers,
Whether the Summer, with sunny feet,
Gives Spring's promise, fruition sweet,
Whether the Autumn, with golden fingers,
O'er hill-side, valley, and mountain fingers,
To point the landscape in sun-bright dyes,
Or rude and dead the storm-king flies,
Chilly and murky, with biting breath,
Spreading a reign of gloom and death,
Little reck he how his pathway's spread
With living hopes and with living dread,
Onward and ever his even pace.

No matter what hap's to the human race;
Carriage and war, with bloody hand,
Strew their bad fruits o'er the shrieking land,
Earthquake, or famine, or plague may fall
Ere the hopes of earth like a sombre pall;
Love lit bowsers and tear wet graves,
Where the cypress tree and the myrtle waves;
Caring for nothing, he onward goes,
Mantled in verdure or clad with snows.
Onward—he brings us another year,
As it goes let us linger beside its rear,
And gaze on the impress its record bears;
Mortley, in truth, is the garb it wears.

First, ere about my steps poetic roam,
Duty and choice demand a glance at home,
Home! how to-day will thousand hearts expand
—Salted hearts in many a far off land,
As falls that evidence soft, expressive, dear,
Of home, sweet home! in upon the wand'ring ear.
And tears will gush and longings strong arise,
For lo! y'd New Brunswick's soil, his healthful skies.

Here then, at home, doth peace, blest peace abide,
And generous plenty o'er our land preside.
Full barns, full cellars, on each hand appear,
To mark the bounty that has crown'd the year:
To show how earth responsive from her breast,
Hath large per cent, to those who did invest
At seed time, yielded. Trade in all her marts
Exalts in briskness. Lo, majestic darts
From hundred shipyards, to the surging main,
New Brunswick's ships, to carry in their train,
As waited for, Her own break the chain,
And busy manufacturers arise,
Increasing trade, promoting industry.

While wealth is largely drawn from forest, mine,
And sea,
And, knowing whence true greatness culminates,
That great minds only can produce great states,
Our country teeters with a generous hand,
Religion, learning, which throughout the land,
Exalt the status dear, of this our dwelling place.

England, fair mother of an hundred states,
Still rules the seas, and Empress sits serene
The arbitress of nations. Bondsman wait,
The fiat of her will, then to redeem;
And blessed with freedom, shall Poland wait
Longer in vain. Oh, England break the chain,
And let sweet freedom's breath sweep Poland's plains again.

England! our Fatherland, still great and free,
Gathers her riches from the farthest sea,
As first in war, so in peace cease,
With all those triumphs which make truly great,
In arts, in science, manufactures, still,
Earth owns her foremost; bows before her skill.

Victoria, our good Lady. Mourning still
The dispensation of her widowed heart,
Still her excited mission doth fulfill,
With all those triumphs which make truly great,
A charm to man's virtue. Matron break the chain,
Rather than monarch, seems the mother of the free.

The Prince of Wales, as every young man should, he
Hath taken his wife, and ere my muse shall start
On next year's lay, I hope will be a pappy,
And Alexandra bound more close to England's heart.

God bless the Queen; and bless her children too,
The red-cross banner and her stalwart braves,
Bless England's wide domain. To right still true,
Still may true freedom be where'er her banner waves.

France's Monsieur Nap, La Petit,
Seeking to turn a trump card up, he
Having sought else on hand did seek
To give his Empire Mexico;
This done, he next did seek to press,
The nations to a grand Congress,
To fix the map of Europe over—
—Hoping for France to get more clover.
And setting France to a-brewing,
To profit by the mischief doing,
Trusting thus, by a coup de main,
His waning glory to retain.
But Johnny Crapaud cannot pull,
Wool o'er the eyes of Johnny Bull;
John won't, and Russia won't, nor any,
Of the great powers, at this toss-penny,
Will once take a hand; *ad desparandum*,
Nap I try some other game at random.

Russia, with iron heel and savage heart,
Crushes the Poles, and smiles to see them smart,
Beneath his lash. And Poland strives in vain
To bruise his heel and burst his savage chain;
The still the fiercer that in Father's soil
Burned brightly, now, her own warms the Poles,
"Subdued, not conquered," still with bared breast
Their patriot spirits draw the bloody steel,
And weak, unaided, still their valiant steel
Makes the proud despots bloody pandours reel.
Russia awhile may triumph, but the pains,
The tears of innocence on Poland's plains,
Shall be avenged, and Russia's day shall come
When she shall see the avenger shall be dumb,
And, neth the weight of her black deeds that swell
To Heaven, shall sink down to oblivions hell.

Austria, I'm happy to say, has been wooing
The spirit Reform, and much better is doing
Than setting her woe; may she ne'er be found
Tripping.

Or return to first love such as fair woman whipping.

Prussia is ruled by a mad king, who would live
Neatly the exploded doctrines of kingly prerogative,
And trample the rights of people and nobles
To suit every turn of his whimsical hobbies.

But his son, who succeeds him, and married our Princess,
A much more enlightened and wise heart evinces,
And when he is King will reform the abuses,
And prove the success which true freedom produces.

Away in New Zealand, my thoughts now engaging,
A terrible war is, and has been long, raging,
The natives, whom Christendom long had regarded,
In their beathenish bondage, with love, and awarded
In treasures and treasures, vast stores past relation,
To give them the Gospel and Civilization.
Have, it seems, become adept at learning the uses
Of civilized life and its cruel devices,
Than the spirit of meekness and love; and now
—sigher
Their teachers and friends; while wife, mother and
daughter,
With husbands and sons, fall beneath their vile
malice.

But their race will be short, and, full soon, will the
choice
Of vengeance be felt at the gun and the gallows.

In Japan, too, our country's had trouble late,
And I'm sorry that justice compels me to state,
That Admiral Khaten—no doubt he's a brave tar—
Exceeded his powers, when so force an *accutor*.
He proved, while avenging his countryman's fate,
Which, perhaps, was deserved. Let us hope ex-
planations
May be made, to avoid any "grave complications,"
To prevent in the future that intercourse pleasant
Between the two nations—in danger at present.

Very much that's inviting remains to be printed.
Of the Old World, but Pegasus plainly hath hinted
That he's weary and hungry, and "fore he gins out
I have to try back a good part of our route,
So we'll just mount the telegraph wires, Atlantic
Not yet laid, but then poets may out such an an-
them up on the cable; lack-a-day, aint that bobin
some
We're home again ere we could mutter Jack Robin-
son.

Sadly and sorrowful, turns the muse, where torn,
That long proud emblem of a nation free,
The "Stars and Stripes" appear. The Eagle shorn
Of that bright plumage, which, in majesty,
Was late displayed, now sadly sits forlorn.
Or was internal foes; no more to swoop
From a proud erie high, and gather up
New states and territories. Grown too fast,
The union in its vast success had nursed
The cancer worm and evil, which have cast,
The lightning was upon it. Often cursed
By Africa's sons, in bondage bound,
That cry that try for vengeance, have they found
Their way to Heaven's notice? War and woe.
Over the States in warm embrace now go.
Kinsman and brother seek each other's life;
Nor break the clouds of sanguinary strife,
Dark, dark and bloody, still portentous fly,
Pregnant with evil, ere the heavy sky,
What fearful climax to a story.

So full of emprise, greatness, glory,
Alas! what failing calculation,
Has proved, this word'rous Yankee nation,
Which was the smartest in creation,
And even now in blow and bluster,
Will give declare that—you may trust her,
She's able, England old, to smother,
And wipe her out, and would but *ruther*
Not, being how as she's her mother,
I hope and pray, yes, I poor devil,
Do hope and pray she'll keep more civil;
Brag less and earnest seek to stifle.
The war, with men, green backs and rifle.
Or better, hang out the olive,
And try the silly part to negotiate.
North and the South, each to the other
Exclaim, "art thou not then my brother?"
Whether as one or twin we live,
Let us no more by warfare grieve,
The spirit of our Washington.

But he in feelings, interminable grave,
Rat! it'll be the bonds and shackles of the slave.
So mote it be. Let war's red banners furled
Sweep tell that time forebode to us
When shall that time forebode to us
When slavery, wrong, and ignorance and sin,
Shall disappear before the truths bright ray?
Oh, when shall come that consecrated day,
When the will bells that welcome the new year
Shall ring blest peace and love, in everywhere?

Now once again at home! here, first as last,
Tis well our retrospective glance to cast.
Have I forgotten ought? The *Chateaufort*
Affair, 'tis needless of it to speak.
We haven't got that Railroad yet, to scatter
Settlers from Fundy's to St. Lawrence's water,
And more than that, it is not likely, ah,
We'll get it by the aid of Canada,
Who has so meekly given us the go,
And played so false with Filley, Smith & Co.
No longer thus, to keep us in suspension,
'Tis urged to look to western rail-extension,
'Tis said suit us well, as it would bring this
section

By rail-road with St. John into connection.
It is not built yet; many ask will ever
That bridge be built, here, over St. John river?
If this is asked me seriously, why, well!
Until 'tis done I really cannot tell,
But when it is, if I'm alive I will.

Our brave Volunteers, all well-drilled and steady,
With panoply furnished, and true hearts are ready
To meet any foe that may dare show their noses,
In the shape of invaders. My rhyme here now closes
With wishes and hopes that my good patrons ever,
With blessings and happiness may abound. Never
To feel the rough touch of discontent biting,
Or anguish and sorrow their daily lives blighting,
But in joy, peace and plenty may every one dwell,
Is the wish from the heart, of the lad of the *Sentinel*.

At a Quaker wedding in Newport recently, says
the Providence Journal, the guests seated them-
selves according to the custom of the Friends in general,
and waited in silence for the service to com-
mence. For one hour and a half not a word was
spoken and scarce a movement made. At the end
of that time the spirit moved the parties to action,
and the groom and bride took each other by the
hand and offered and received the marriage vows.—
That cannot be called a "hasty marriage."

An arch suffering from the application of the
birch, said, "Forty rods are said to be a furlong.
I know better; let any one get such a plaguy
licking as I've had, and he'll find out that one rod
makes an archer."

THE IRRESPONSIBLE PARSON.—A pretty sinner
may chance to be more attractive than an ugly
saint, and parsons sometimes find it out.

A good story is told of a Yankee divine of an ad-
vanced age, who married, for a second wife, a dan-
sel young and handsome. When the elders of the
church came to him to inquire if the lady was a
suitable person to make a useful figure as a parson's
wife, he answered that he didn't think she was—
"But" added the irresponsible parson, "tho' I
don't pretend she is a saint, she is a very pretty
little sinner, and I love her." And the twain be-
came one flesh.

"It's quite too bad of you, Darby, to say that
your wife is worse than the devil." "An place
your Riverance, I'll prove it by the Howly Scrip-
tures—I can, be the powers. Did't you River-
ranchise, yesterday, in your sermon, tell us that if
we resist the devil he'll flee from us? Now, if I re-
sist my wife she flies at me."

The soul of a young woman is a ripe rose; as soon
as one leaf is plucked, all its mates easily fall after.
And a kiss may sometimes break out the first leaf.

AN IRISH CAUTION.—A son of Erin cautions the
public against harboring or trusting his wife Peggy
on his account, as he is not married to her.

"John" said a stingy old curmudgeon, who took
his meals in the kitchen, to his man at dinner, "do
you know how many panakes you have eaten?"
"No." "Well, you've eaten four." "All right
master," said John, "we'll divide the work—you
count and I'll eat."

Items, Foreign & Local.

The guerrilla general Morgan, it appears is at
Richmond; the Northern story of his taking refuge
in Canada turns out to be one of the many pure in-
ventions.

The "false hair merchants" of London import an-
nually at present no less than five tons of man-
made locks!

A modern Fagin has been arrested in New York
for teaching little girls to steal and buying their
plunder of them.

The receipts of the railways in the United King-
dom for the week ending Dec. 5, exceeded by 245,
523 the amount for the corresponding week in 1862.

It has been calculated that over £2,000,000 will
be the amount of ready money at the disposal of the
Marquis of Bute on his coming of age. He is in
his 16th year, and at Eton.

Col. Wm. Whistler, the oldest army officer in the
United States, except Gen. Scott, died in Cincin-
nati, on the 4th of Dec.

Infanticide is so prevalent in Southampton (Eng.)
that the mayor of the town has offered £50 reward
for whoever will give evidence that will convict any
of the criminals.

The bark *Priorities*, with 42,000 bush. Oats, for
Fortress Monroe, left Summerside, a few days since
—she was loaded by the Hon. J. C. Pope for Mr.
Vanborn. So says the *P. E. Islander*.

It is reported that a Confederate ram was lately
launched at Hull (Eng.) with steam up, and im-
mediately put to sea with sundry Southern looking
gentlemen on board.

The P. E. Island Monitor notices the sailing from
Charlottetown of the brig *Pakekah*, with thirty four
passengers, emigrating from the Island to New Zea-
land.

A monster steamboat, three hundred and seven
feet long, is building at New Albany, Ind. She is
named *Leviathan*, and will be long odds the largest
of Western floating palaces.

Black squirrels are swarming the Canadian woods
to a greater extent than for many years past, and
the weather-wise predict a severe winter in conse-
quence.

It is estimated \$25,000 a night are spent at the
Theatres in New York.

Chicago received 122,000 hogs in one week recent-
ly—in a continuous line they would form a long te-
legraph 150 miles long, or a sausage line 3,000 miles
in length—enough to reach from San Francisco to
New York.

The police authorities of Portland, Me., have
ordered that all persons found abroad after 11 o'clock
at night are to be questioned.

Brigham Young says that he can see more gold and
silver from the door of his house, than would equal
the whole currency of the world, but he will not
allow the mines to be opened as they would attract
to a million of dollars. The matter has been dis-
cussing hard to solve.

Refuse all five dollar bills on the New England
Bank, Boston, and the Southbridge Bank. It is the
only safe course, as the counterfeiters are so excel-
lently executed that only practised eyes can tell them.

A brick-making machine has been invented at
New Haven, which wets the clay, kneads it, forces
it through an orifice just the right size, and at the rate
of six per minute. The baking process of course
comes afterward.

An owl which was left in the barber's shop of
one Bassett, in Hartford, on Saturday night, took
advantage of the opportunity to kill a cat, several
birds, half a dozen rats, and then to pull to pieces a
number of stuffed birds, break a mirror and generally
smash up the shop.

Mr. Seward's report for Congress of diplomatic
correspondence since January last, will it is said,
comprise a printed volume of two thousand pages.
A Canadian named Grant has invented a sort of
shell which has several chambers, which successively
ignite as it flies, and each explosion gives it a
push on.

The American war and the consequent scarcity
of cotton have given an impulse to Egyptian agri-
culturalists, and this year the greater portion of their
crops is cotton.

A farmer on the Illinois prairies, to transfer his
products to the seaboard, has to pay eighty per cent.
of its value on wheat, thirty on pork, twenty on
beef, and four on wool. It takes one bushel of
wheat to send another to market; six bushels of
corn to send one to New York; while one pound of
wool will send one to the same market.

A contract for the construction of a tunnel, ex-
tending some two miles under Lake Michigan at
Chicago, for the purpose of supplying the city with
pure water, was awarded a day or two since; the
lowest bid for completing the same being \$315,139.
There were five other bids, ranging from that figure
to a million of dollars. The matter has been under
discussion for some months.

According to the Indian papers the man apprehen-
ded at Ajmere as the arch rebel Nana has been iden-
tified as a high priest of the Mahatras. He still
remains a prisoner at Cawnpore, and it is his dis-
creet determination to sue the Government for re-
lease arrest and imprisonment.

An ingenious personage has discovered a most
economical way of lighting cities, and proposes to
apply it to Paris. Balloons, from the cars of which
are emanate an electric light, are to be fixed at
certain stations, and hover over the city, at the pro-
portion of one balloon to 80,000 persons; the city
would be lighter at night than it often is in winter
by day.

The *Cork Examiner*, a well informed paper, pub-
lishes the following:—"A rumor is being spread
through various parts of the country, that Ireland
is on the eve of a revolution or rebellion. The sig-
nal for the rising is to be the landing in some of our
bays or harbors of an armament from America, pro-
vided with ample supply of arms and all the other
munitions of war for the use of all those who
yearn to throw off the yoke of the Saxon." It is
also believed that there is at this moment existing
in Ireland a secret society, having its headquarters
in Dublin, and branches in Cork, Tralee, and all
the other principal towns of the kingdom. The so-
ciety, it is said, is at this very moment actively en-
gaged in organizing the people and preparing them for
the anticipated invasion, having them taught military
drill wherever practicable. Thus they will be fitted
to avail themselves of the arms that shall be placed
in their hands by their foreign friends. It is further
hinted, in mysterious language, that certain per-
sons' whose present position holds them back, will
resume leading parts in the struggle when once it
has begun."

JOLLY UNDER CREDITABLE CIRCUMSTANCES.—The
Charleston Mercury thus describes the jolly effects
of the shelling in the city:—

It is curious as well as gratifying to see how
cool our citizens take the Yankee shelling of the
city. The people go to and fro in the streets very
much as usual. The ladies do not forget their usual
promenades; and when a shell falls, the crowds
gather about the sullen monster, or watch its frag-
ments, with a curiosity which is not in any way
lessened by their sense of danger. The young girls
and boys, as they hear the whizzing, look up and
cry, "There it goes!" or "Here it comes!" with a
superb feeling of confidence in Fate, if not with an
absolute sense of superiority and contempt. When a
house is struck, which is rather a rare thing, they
examine the hole, and measure its dimensions, and
even calculate the rate of progress which the enemy
will make in shelling down our ancient city. They
say, "at this rate it will require thirty guns, con-
stantly in play, for three years, to batter us into a
cocked hat."

General News.