

# The Carleton Sentinel

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## Poetry.

### WHO GOES THERE?

Amid the darkness of the night,  
When foes intruded on his lie;  
The Sentinel must hold him well,  
And dare to live, fear not to die.  
Each leaf moved by the wind doth sound  
Like footfall of a stealthy foe,  
Who through the curtains dark of night  
His arm would stretch to strike the blow.  
So wary Sentinel prepare,  
And night afire with "Who goes there?"

The weary march he has endured,  
The toll upon the battle field,  
Full well he has tuned him for repose,  
But sleep aunts him, and must not yield:  
Should once he slumber on his post,  
Detected then by friend or foe,  
Short time for shift, for mercy none,  
The ready bullet lays him low!  
So wary Sentinel prepare,  
And night afire with "Who goes there?"

Thus balanced between life and death,  
Alive to danger, fearing none,  
The manly heart amid its cares,  
With sweetest tenderness beats on:  
And fancy on the rayless sky,  
His cottage home doth fondly trace,  
He hears the music of each voice,  
Smiles lovingly on each dear face,  
Still doth the Sentinel prepare,  
And night afire with "Who goes there?"

Drave soldier, thus confronting fate,  
No moment sure, he never fails,  
So long as he has limb and breath,  
Our brave defender never fails:  
His country's honour still he guards,  
Counts odds as nought, braves every foe;  
The British soldier should be true,  
In all that British freedom know;  
When age and suffering show the wear,  
None should be blind to "Who goes there?"

## Select Tale.

### PREJUDICES AND ANTIPATHIES.

#### CHAPTER I.

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.  
The reason why I cannot tell;  
But this I know, and know full well  
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.

Now, everybody can see this is a foolish thing—

Why should poor Dr. Fell be disliked without a cause?

But though everybody can see and acknowledge the folly of prejudices and antipathies, there are few who will altogether discard them; and it scarcely admits of dispute, that they are a very prolific source of disquietude and misunderstanding, and consequent unhappiness in homes innumerable.

Our friends the Herberts, for instance; we have told the story before, to be sure, but that was a long while ago, and it will bear telling again to another audience and with variations; so here it is:

When the London post brought the news to B—that Henry Herbert was actually married, the whole family—that is, William Herbert, his father; and Jane Herbert, his mother; and William Herbert, the younger, his brother; and Jane Herbert, the younger, his sister; and the old servant Nancy, to the bargain—were all up in arms. Never had there been such a commotion at Nine Elms Farm, except when some twenty years before it was currently reported that Bonaparte had landed on the neighboring coast, and with his bloodthirsty Frenchmen was putting to sword, without mercy, every man, woman and child that fell into his clutches.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" exclaimed the honest farmer, throwing on the dinner-table the letter that announced the awful fact—the fact, we mean, of his son Henry's marriage, not of the invasion.

"What's the matter, Herbert?" inquired his wife.

"Matter? Matter enough! Our Henry has gone and done it after all. He is married."

"Married? Married? Married!" was echoed round the table. "Married without letting us know of it!" added Mrs. Herbert.

"Why, he lets us know of it now, doesn't he?" said the farmer. "There's his letter; read it for yourself."

Mrs. Herbert snatched the letter from the table and read a few lines, but she had not patience to get through with it.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed; "and married to that—helpless creature, after all our warnings. Why, I'll be bound to say she cannot make a shirt, nor mend a stocking, nor, nor—There, I wouldn't trust her to wash a dishcloth?"

"Who is he married to, mother?" asked Jane.

"Who indeed? Why to Emily Garnet, that's who."

"Emily Garnet! What—that that fine lady! Oh, she is his wife, is she?" said Jane, very scornfully. "Oh!"

"Emily Garnet!" growled William Herbert, the younger; "what! that conceited doll—that proud bit of skin and bone!" and he followed up his sister's "Oh!" with an emphatic "Ah!"

"That boy is a fool," chimed in William Herbert, the elder, "and there's an end of it. He'll come to want; he has married a wife, and a pretty expensive, extravagant one. I know, with her fine looks and fine breeding. She'll soon bring his noble to nescience. If he must marry, why, in the name of wonder, didn't he pick out a good, homely, plain, hard-working girl, that would have helped him on in the world and been a credit to him? But there—Henry was always just gentleman Harry; and now he has got a lady for a wife, 'tis all right, I dare say." He spoke and looked, however, as though he thought it all wrong.

"A pretty sort of lady!" interposed Mrs. Herbert. "I think when people give themselves such airs as that girl did, when she was down here two years ago, they ought to have something at the back of it. But she—why she's as poor as a church mouse, I know."

"Just so," said Mr. Herbert; "doesn't Henry say in his letter, that money was no object with him in marrying, and that he is quite satisfied at having to work his way up through the world without looking to his wife's fortune?"

"A pack of nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Herbert, impatiently. "It's easy to see that Henry has been drawn into it by that artful child. Well, they won't live next door to us, that's a comfort, and she need not think to come here, though she is my son's wife."

"Oh, you needn't think she is going to stoop so low as to trouble us with her company," sneered Jane; "we are not half good enough for her."

"I think you had better look sharp after your five hundred pounds, father, else you won't stand much chance of getting it back again," said William.

"Stop, Bill! stop," interposed his father. "I have said that Henry is a fool for marrying that girl, and so he is, and I'll stick to it. But we mustn't be too hard on him neither. He has a right to marry where he likes; and as to the money, why, I lent it to him for five years certain, and I shan't come upon him for it before the time."

William grumbled something that his father did not hear, and soon afterwards left the table. Jane quickly followed to impart the astounding news to Nancy.

"Well, Nancy, what do you think? Our Henry is married!"

"Dear me! who to?"

"What should you think of Miss Garnet? Miss Emily Garnet?"

"What! not she that was here two years ago this summer with that old gentleman, and made such a fuss about going into the cowhouse? Not she, is it?"

"Yes, that's her."

"Gracious! What could master Henry be thinking of?"

And now that all the members of the household have given their opinion about the marriage, we may be allowed our turn to speak of this universally despised poor Emily Garnet that was, and of her much-to-be-pitied husband.

And to begin with the bridegroom. Henry Herbert was intended, by his father, to be a farmer, as all his ancestors for many generations had been before him. Accordingly, after a somewhat scanty education, he was taken from school and put to the plough.

But, somehow or other, it happened that the boy became growingly averse to this arrangement.

Probably the tyranny of his elder brother had something to do with this. At all events, after some time spent at the work of the farm, Henry plucked up courage to say that farming was not his taste, and to beg his father to put him to some other occupation.

Now, among the prejudices of Mr. Herbert was one which we have found very common to people of his class. He believed that "the farming interest," as he termed it, was the only respectable interest in the country; that, except among farmers, almost all virtue, honesty, talent and manliness were extinct; and that, in fact, for a man who did not either possess or cultivate a certain number of acres, to pretend to hold up his head on a level with himself, and such as himself, was a piece of gross impudence, not to be tolerated for an hour.

This was one of Mr. Herbert's prejudices; and among other objects of his most violent and deep-rooted antipathy were tradesmen—a set of idle, do-nothing, good-for-nothing scamps. He used to call them when he was in an ill mood, and any of them crossed his path. To be sure, there must be people, he supposed, to buy and sell, and keep shop, to cheat honest folks out of their money; but he could not conceive how any one with the spirit of a man could waste life in that way, behind a counter. For his own part he would rather go a jailing at once. At best, therefore, trade, in his view of the case, was a disagreeable necessity; and tradesmen were a race of people not for one moment to be compared with "honest, hard-working farmers like himself."

And while thus disposing, one after another, of every class in society but his own, and proud of his prejudices, Mr. Herbert thought himself very humble, unassuming and unambitious, because he took his meals in a brick-paved kitchen, went to market and to church without gloves on his hands, and wore thick-soled boots, leather gaiters, and a smock frock from Monday morning to Saturday night.—This was another of his prejudices.

"Not wish to be a farmer!" exclaimed Mr. Herbert, in most astounding amazement, when Henry had blurted out the confession. The Herberts always had been farmers, and always should be farmers, to the end of the chapter. The seed, breed and generation shouldn't be disgraced by—Why, Harry, you must be bewitched—not wish to be a farmer?

It was some time before Henry could induce his father to forego his stern resolution; but at length he succeeded in gaining permission to follow the bent of his inclination.

"But I never thought," said the staunch farmer, with a groan, "that I should live to see the day when a son of mine would demean himself by being a shopkeeper;—to stand behind a counter, and wear a linen apron, for all the world like an old woman! I tell you what it is, son Henry," he added; "it is pride and idleness; you are too proud and too lazy to work; we shall see what will become of it."

In course of time, however, the farmer softened down, and gave Henry his blessing, apprenticed him to a grocer in London, and returned home, thankful that he had one son, at any rate, who was made of the right sort of stuff.

All this, of course, had transpired years before; and, in due course of time, Henry had emerged from his apprenticeship, and begun to think of having a business of his own. So he borrowed five hundred pounds of his father, took a house in some part of London, and opened his shop.

When Henry's father lent him the money, his mother shrewdly intimated that his next step ought to be to look out for a wife; and she ventured to observe that her neighbor Martin's only daughter not only possessed all desirable requisites for the connubial estate, including a handsome dowry, but that she had been heard, on more than one occasion, to insinuate that she should, above all things, like to live in London; and also, though of course not in the same breath, her admiration of the person and manners of her former playmate, Harry Herbert.

The first part of his mother's advice met Henry Herbert's cordial approbation; the second he waived, with a promise of thinking about it. And almost the first business he transacted, on his return to London, was to "make love" seriously to Emily Garnet.

Emily was the daughter of a distant relation, to whose care Henry had been committed on his first entrance into London. At that time Emily was a little girl, but Henry happened to become mightily fond of her, and she of him; and before either had

stepped over the threshold of youth their day dreams were—with each—interwoven with the image of the other. This was all very interesting; but it was not coming to the point. But to the point Mrs. Herbert's advice—short and dim-sighted that she was—brought her son, perhaps a little sooner than would otherwise have been the case. He had his mother's consent to marry, that was very clear; and as to the choice of a wife, why, that he rather naturally supposed to be his own peculiar business.

Now Emily, in reality, did not deserve the scorn cast upon her. She was neither a conceited doll, nor a fine lady; she was not in the practice of girting herself any airs; and she could make a shirt and mend a stocking, and perhaps scour a floor too, if occasion required it. But she was a townbred girl, and when she had visited Nine Elms Farm, everything was so strange to her, that she shrunk into herself, and offended the prejudices of the farmer and his family by her timidity, and her ignorance of many things which, to them, were commonplace. Little did Mrs. Herbert then imagine that this "helpless thing" would some day be her daughter-in-law; and it was well, on all accounts, that she did not.

When Henry took Emily to wife, she was a portionless orphan; and Mrs. Herbert had a strange prejudice against marriages where nothing was to be got by them. And thus it turned out, that poor Henry, instead of receiving the congratulations he expected on his recently-formed union, was mortified and distressed by a short and sharp note from his mother, in which he was sarcastically told, that, "as he had brewed, so he must bake," and that, for her part, she hoped it would turn out better than she expected, but she could never bring herself to look upon the young woman he had married as her daughter.

(To be concluded.)

### Woman's Sphere.

An article in the London Weekly News contains some valuable hints, from which we extract the following:

"Have not women a mission in this world of ours? Was it ever intended by God or Nature that they should be ornamental? Was it not meant they should be 'worth their salt,' add to the common stock of productive industry, be really useful and supporting?—Most men earn their bread; the middle and higher classes of men, perhaps, the hardest workers—produce real hard cash to live upon, and to maintain others by. Have their wives and daughters no function in this world but to consume and spend? What do they do that produce any real return to society for the labor and cost for their subsistence? What judging from the mode of life, is the ostensible object of their existence in this present evil world. We have positively seen the wife of a man who toiled and slaved day and night to maintain a creditable appearance—we have seen her ring the bell for the servant to stir the fire, while her own feet were resting on the fender. Did providence ever intend that a rational human being should be of no more use than that—should be such a mere burden and incumbrance on the face of the earth as that—should be a mere nuisance to herself and every body else? Nay, do not think that fair brow and rosy cheek, that 'pretty oath, by yea and nay,' that we are rude and unmanly. Strike—but hear; strike—be it with large black eye or with fan from ivory fingers—but think—You have a body to be ever so dainty—a brain, be it ever so fantastical—a mind, be it ever so whimsical. Exercise, work, pursuit and object are indispensable to your health and your happiness. They would make you look twice as handsome, be twice as sweet tempered and cheerful, be doubly attractive, and ten times as good. Nature does not exempt the highest born, wealthiest, most delicate and elegant from the obligation of observing those natural laws of their being which she has made conditions precedent to her greatest gifts of health and comely contentedness. Hopeliness must be earned even by the most gifted—will never come or stay without being worked for. We demand to the curriculum of middle class female education. There are more ruffles than shirt about it. How long does a mother continue to play on a piano? Of all maids who are taught drawing, painting, wax flower making, how many wives follow it up? Even French and dancing—how long are these accomplishments retained after the cares of a family begin? To what end are these accomplishments, so elaborately acquired, so certainly lost? Which will stand a woman in most need in a general average of the vicissitudes of life, these or habits of industry in household thrift—cooking, millinery, the mysteries of the laundry, the arcana of the nursery? We admire the elegant. We are ever ready to admit that arts of refinement have a substantial value. 'Where virtue is, there are more virtuous'; but we deprecate the useful. These should have done; but those should you not have left undone."

### Boy Love.

One of the queerest and funniest things to think of in after life is boy love. No sooner does a boy acquire a tolerable stature than he begins to imagine himself a man, and to pass manish ways. He casts side glances at all the tall girls he may meet, becomes a regular attendant at church, carries a cane, holds his head erect, and struts a little in his walk. Presently and very soon he falls in love—yes falls as the proper word, because it best indicates his happy, delicious self-abasement. He perfumes his hair with fragrant oils, scatters essence over his handkerchief, and desperately shaves and anoints for a beard. He feeds upon the looks of his beloved, and is raised to the seventh heaven if she speaks a pleasant word, is betrayed into the most astonishing ecstasies by a smile, and is plunged into the gloomiest regions of misanthropy by a frown. He does upon a flower she casts away. He cherishes her glove—a little worn in the finger—next to his heart. He sighs like a locomotive letting off steam. He scrawls her dear name over quires of foolscap. He scornfully depreciates the attention of other boys of his own age; says Robert Tibbet dead because he said that the adorable Angelina had curly hair; and passes Harry Bell contemptuously for daring to compare 'that gawky Louisa' with his incomparable Angelina. Happy! happy! foolish boy love! with its joys and its hopes and its fears, its sorrows, its jealousies and its delights, its raptures and its tortures, its ecstatic fervors and its terrible heart-burnings, its solemn ludicrousness and its intensely prosaic termination.

### The Farmer's Wife.

It is a common saying, and perhaps as true as it is trite, that one woman is worth two men on a farm. It is certainly beyond dispute that those branches of husbandry which come mostly within a woman's department are among the most profitable parts of the business. The dairy is a source of great profit, if well conducted. It would not be a remarkable cow that would give thirty dollars in butter yearly,—and with a dozen cows yielding at that low estimate, the farmer, with the addition of a garden and a hog, will very nearly have a support for a family. And this in great part, from the labor of his wife.

The dairy, however, important as it is in the labors and profits of the farm, is not the only branch of rural economy which requires the care and labor of the wife. Poultry, though smaller in amount, is in proportion to the expenditure, an object of much profit. And the domestic manufactures, wrought by the spinning wheel (for there are some left yet), loom, needle, and other modes of processes of woman's handicraft, are not inconsiderable.

All these labors are in addition to the house keeping cares and duties which alone are considered by the industrious wives of the city to be quite sufficient for any woman.

The farmer's success depends very much on the industry and good management of his wife. It is in the power of the woman at least, to do a large share of the yearly income of the farm, if she is not equal to two men.

With a few cows, and a wife who is skillful and careful in the management of the dairy, the farmer always has a safe dependence, even though the drought or depredating insects, should somewhat diminish his crops. But the farmer's wife must not have too much required of her. Good dry fuel, and plenty of soft water, should be conveniently supplied, and all heavy and exposed work be performed by the farmer or his men. Then he will have a cheerful, tidy help-mate, who will bear up her end of the yoke in such an even, easy and agreeable manner, as to make the domestic duties a source of contentment and bliss.

### Bought His Own Boots.

Out West they tell a good story of an old-fashioned wealthy codger. He was never known to have anything in the line of new apparel but once; then he was going on a journey, and had to purchase a new pair of boots. The stage left before day, and so he got ready, and went to the hotel to stop for the night. Among a whole row of boots in the morning, he could not find the old familiar pair. He had forgotten the new ones; he hunted and hunted in vain. The stage was ready, and so he looked carefully round to see that he was not observed, put on a nice pair that fitted him, called the waiter and told him the circumstance, giving him a V for the owner of the boots, when he called for them. The owner never called! The old gent had bought his own boots!

### DISAPPOINTED.

A man applied to Doctor Jackson, the celebrated chemist, with a box of specimens.

"Can you tell me what this is, sir?"

"Certainly I can, sir; that is iron pyrites."

"What, sir?" in a voice of thunder.

"Iron pyrites."

"Iron pyrites! And what's that?"

"That's what it is," said the chemist, putting a lot on the shovel over the hot coals where it disappeared.

"Dross."

"And what's iron pyrites worth?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Why there's a woman in our town who owns a whole hill of that—and I've married her!"

### INGENUITY OF THE SHARPSHOOTERS.

The Richmond examiner of the 7th, pays the following tribute to the skill of the Yankee sharpshooters: "Conceive a line of battle beyond a breastwork; each man squatted completely out of sight, firing over his shoulders, while, instead of exposing his head and hands to the advancing confederates, he looks away from the enemy, and narrowly examines the stock of his own gun. Two little mirrors, scientifically placed at the proper angle and attached to the stock, enable the soldier to see the sight on his barrel, and all that comes within range without exposing any part of his precious person."

### A country girl one morning went

To market with a pig;  
The little cur tail, not content,  
Squealed out a merry jig.

A dandy, who was riding by,  
Who wished to pass a joke,  
"My dear, how comes your child to cry  
When wrapped up in your cloak?"

The country girl quite quick replies,  
"So bad a breeding had he,  
That ever and anon he cries  
When'er he sees his daddy."

### SPEECH AND SILENCE.

There are words that concentrate in themselves the glory of a lifetime; but there is a silence more precious than they. Speech ripples over the surface of life, but silence sinks into its depths. Airy pleasantness bubbles up in airy pleasant words. Weak sorrows quaver over their shallow being, and are not. When the heart is cleft to the core, there is no speech nor language.

### WORDS.

There are words, which, like the trumpets, cymbals, and drums of mountebanks, attract the public. The words "beauty," "glory," "poetry," have witcheries that seduce the grossest minds.

### An Irishman stepped into the post office at 8—

and enquired for a letter from the *cold country*, giving his name. The letter was produced. "Read her," says Pat. The obliging postmaster read her. "Read her again." Postmaster read her again. "How much on her?" "Thirteen cents." "Keep her," says Pat: "she's none of mine."

### Two lovers, like the two halves of a divided bank

note, however widely separated, always correspond with each other.

### Men speak of men's virtues when they are dead,

and all tombstones are marked with epitaphs of good and virtue. Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried?

## Items, Foreign & Local.

Forty-five thousand families of Poles have been Siberianized.

Late Paris fashions represent the ladies wearing coat tails a yard long.

A large portion of Moscow has been burned up. Two hundred and fifty houses went in one night.

There were four distinct shocks of earthquake at Montreal on the 21st ult.

Recent statistics prove that among the cabmen of Paris are several University men and bacheliers des lettres.

At a funeral in Honolulu, the procession consisted of one hundred and forty-four females, all dressed in black skirts, with white waists and straw hats tastefully trimmed, and with a broad sash of red and yellow ribbon over the shoulders, crossed with a rosette at the waist. There were several native marshals on horseback, wearing the same gaudy dresses.

The Canadian papers state that the Hon. George Brown is about visiting England in relation to the proposed constitutional changes.

Leon George Thompson spoke in Concord on Wednesday evening, the *Monitor* states, to the largest audience ever gathered in any building in that city. Twenty-nine years ago that gentleman was mobbed while speaking in that city. The world moves.

A wife in San Francisco lately put a petition for divorce in the court on the ground that her husband was a "confounded fool." The court wouldn't admit the plea, because almost every married man would be liable to the same imputation.

Elison, the pedestrian, at Calais, has been going through the feat of walking for four consecutive days and nights, with but twenty minutes rest each day. He performed the feat, lacking some twenty minutes, though at the last he was delirious.

A woman in London has just walked 1000 miles in 1000 hours.

An advertisement has been issued by the Mayor of Montreal stating that no person shall keep an establishment in that city wherein instrumental music, or singing, or both, are used as a means of attracting customers, under the penalty of being fined and imprisoned.

A movement is on foot in New York to send fifty thousand turkeys to Gen. Grant for Thanksgiving dinner for the army of the Potomac. Fifty thousand barrels of apples are to constitute the dessert.

Rev. Dr. Cahill, a celebrated Roman Catholic clergyman, died in Boston recently. It will be remembered that he was the writer of several letters to Louis Napoleon and the King of Italy, denouncing their policy in relation to the Italian question.

The Pope has just revived an antiquated privilege in virtue of which an association known as the Fraternity of Death has a right, annually, on the 1st of January, to grant a pardon to criminals condemned to death. A characteristic condition has, however, been annexed to this revival. The society is precluded from exercising its right in favor of political offenders.

The proclamation of the King of the Pumpkins, for 1864 took place recently at the Halles-Centrales, Paris, with the usual ceremonial. Its weight is one hundred and thirty-seven kilograms, and its largest circumference ten feet one inch. It was grown in the valley of the Loire, and sold for one hundred and eight francs.

Lately, three prepossessing girls, of from twelve to fifteen years of age, were arrested in Toronto, while in a state of intoxication, and conveyed to the police station.

Commissioner McDonald, of the Nova Scotia Railway, was burnt in effigy at Truro last week, because of locating the line to Pictou by a different route than the Truro people expected.

M. DuChailu has been heard from, on the Fernando Navier. He had a long journey into the interior of Africa before him, and did not expect to return to England for two years. He has just shipped a cargo of giraffes to the British Museum.

There were 87,189 slaves in Maryland when the war commenced. By the fortunes of war, and the votes of the people, all are made free.

Professor Hind is on a visit to Charlotte, and is favorably impressed with the value of the mineral deposits in copper, etc.

The *Rocky Mountain News* says that nearly one hundred persons have been killed by the Indians along the Platte and Arkansas rivers since the beginning of the outbreaks, about three months since.

The second annual squirrel hunt of the Rockville (Mass.) Hunting Club came off last week Friday, and the count on both sides was two thousand eight hundred and nine.

The names of one hundred and ninety-six of the streets of Paris are to be changed.

One provision of the Nevada Constitution is, that in civil cases three-fourths of a jury may render a verdict, the same as if the whole panel agreed. In Scotland a majority decides a verdict.

One of the uncles, usually found only in novels, has lately died in Ireland, leaving two nieces, now in a convent school in France, a fortune of one million pounds sterling.

A Sergeant and four privates of the Royal Engineers sailed from Southampton, lately, for Alexandria, on their way to Jerusalem. They are going out to make an exact topographical survey of the city and neighborhood, including all its more famous hills and valleys.

Boiling to death became a statute punishment in England in 1532—20th Henry VIII. This statute was passed in consequence of seven persons having been poisoned by Rouse, the Bishop of Rochester's cook. A very pretty young woman, Margaret Davies, was boiled for a similar offence in 1541.

The French murderer Latour, who was recently executed, sang all the way from the prison to the scaffold, a song of his own composition. He did not stop even, until the axe had descended and life was extinct.

Among the acts passed at the late session of the Alabama Legislature was one which makes the crimes of negro stealing, horse stealing, burglary, robbery and arson punishable with death by hanging, without discretion of the jury. Another to punish, by imprisonment in the penitentiary, for a term not exceeding five years, any impressing officer who violates the impressment law.

Thomas Winans is expected from England this fall in his cigar-shaped steamer. It cost \$150,000.

The *Popular Science Review* says:—"In making certain excavations in the rock of Gibraltar, the engineers have come upon a very extensive cavern containing the bones of numerous extinct mammals and of men. From what we have already heard this grotto bids fair to throw more light upon the question of the age of pre-historic man than any hitherto examined. As yet we have no minute description of the fossils discovered in this locality, but we have been informed that a very great number of specimens have been forwarded to this country by one of the Gibraltar authorities particularly interested in the geology of the excavation."

The word "caneen" has had a curious history. It is, perhaps, the only word in our language which, originally English, passed into a foreign tongue, and was afterwards taken back in a modified form. As originally spoken by the Saxon, it was simply *can*, but the Gaul, as his want, phoned the noun *can* into the adjective, and pronounced the letter *c* as *g*, brought it out as *can tin*, pronounced *caneen*. Adopting a thousand other French military terms, the dull Englishman took back his own original word in a new shape, without any inquiries on the subject, and hence we now say *caneen* instead of *tin can*.

## General News.

FRENCH ACTS.—The New York papers publish accounts of wholesale spoliation, robberies, and even higher crimes perpetrated by a gang of desperadoes and scoundrels in a railroad train and at the stations, while on their way from New York and Otisville to witness a fight between two men of the "braiser" stamp at the latter place. More outrageous proceedings we have seldom seen described.—The following, which we clip from the *Tribune*, is enough to make the very blood curdle in one's veins:—

"Arriving at Otisville, which was the terminus for the train from New York, on which these scoundrels had travelled, the conductor, aware of the limited accommodations at the only two hotels of which the village could boast, thoughtfully left three cars, with fire and light, for the passengers who could not find quarters in the place. Among the crowd who were thus thus were a soldier and his wife, who were desirous of proceeding further westward, and were ignorant of the train going no further than Otisville. Soon they were overtaken by the atrocious villains; the soldier was quickly set upon, robbed of all he had, beaten and thrown out of the carriage on the line of rail. His wife was seized, the lights extinguished, and despite her appealing shrieks and appeals for mercy, forcibly violated by over twenty of the hellish fiends in human shape. At last she managed to make her escape, and took refuge in Green's Hotel in the village, where she received every care and attention her state required. To add to the gross enormity of the crime, it is alleged that the woman was advanced in pregnancy. Even some of the most inveterate pugilists, who make the prize ring a profession, denounced openly in the strongest terms, the conduct of the villains; and would have executed the most summary Lynch Law justice on the guilty parties, had it been possible to identify them."

The crowd of villains were disappointed in reference to the fight, and taking the quickest way to return, re-commenced their plundering. At a place called Patterson, a large posse of police were in waiting for the ruffians, but having suspected some such proceeding, from an intimation thrown out by the conductor, they decamped before arriving at that place, where it was intended they should be bagged.

SHOCKING CASUALTY.—A young lady passenger on the Central Ohio Railroad, on her way from Lexington, Ky., to her home in Philadelphia, and a child, were killed on Wednesday east of Columbus, The *Statesman* says:—"When near Patsaskala, a brakeman ordered a lady who had seven children with her from one car into another. The mother, while passing out requested