

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

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WHOLE NO. 848.

Poetry.

A MEDITATION OF ST. ELIGIUS.

*Juste for water Mary sent,
From where by Joseph's bench he stood,
With pitcher in his hand he went,
And drew the water very good.*
*Then home upon his head he bore,
The pitcher, to the brim upfilled;
But ere he reached the cottage door,
The pitcher broke, the water spilled.*
*His cloak upon the ground he laid,
And in it gathered up the gold;
Obscured there the water stay'd,
And home he bore it sweet and cool.*
*Eligius said: "It is not good;
The hands that all the world control,
Had there been room for wonders, would
Have made his mother's pitcher whole."*
*"But even an ancient fable told
In love of thee, the Truth indeed,
Like broken pitcher, yet may hold
Some water for a loving need."*
*"Thy living water I have spilt,
I thought to bear the pitcher high;
It sinks and soles into the ground:
There the wet fragments scatter'd lie."*
*"Christ, gather up my life's poor board;
It sinks and soles into the ground:
Bear in thy worn garment, Lord,
What in thy well as first I found."*
*"For if it sink in bubbled foam,
And I sit down to look and mourn,
What will they do I left at home,
Thinking and waiting my return?"*
*"What will he say whose love will drink
Of any cup that love hath fill'd,
If I be left on Sychar's brink,
My pitcher broke, my water spill'd?"*
*"Lift, then, and bear my life, thy gift,
Too heavy to be borne by me,
And I the cross will try to lift,
And bear all humbly after thee."*
—George Macdonald.

Select Tale.

A ROMANCE OF LIMA.

Many years ago a young Englishman, a medical student named Astley, went to Lima. The love of adventure was strong upon him, and all he met with in his country was too tame to satisfy it. Proud of the profession for which he was studying, and trusting to it for subsistence, strong and healthy in body and in mind, he left England with a bold heart, and this was the life he led, and what came of it.

At a time when the difficulty of procuring subjects for anatomical study was very great, and when to procure them honestly was impossible, as the prejudice against dissection was so strong, that no one was willing to submit the body of any one connected with him to examination, it is well known that there were men who made it their business to obtain, at no small risk, bodies, generally those of the newly buried, which they sold to surgeons, medical students, or indeed to any one who stood in need of the ghastly commodity.

This class, known as "body snatchers" and "resurrection men," has died out, since there is happily now little prejudice against what has been triumphantly proved to be a necessary branch of scientific study; but at the time of our story their hideous work was a thriving and profitable one.

Richard Astley, in common with the rest of the profession, availed himself of their services, and many times in the black night his door was opened to those who did not knock, but who were expected and waited for, and who, entering silently, stealthily deposited a dead burden upon the table prepared for their reception. Old and young, men, women and children, all in turn lay out that grim table, and Astley's skillful instruments cut their way to secrets that were destined to benefit the living.

Though he was not hard hearted, it was not unnatural that in the time he should grow so much accustomed to the sight of his "subjects" as to feel nothing but a momentary pity as he put aside the clustering curls of infancy, or uncovered the face of a man struck down in the glory of his years.

One night, as many nights before, the stealthy visit was paid, and Astley took his lamp to examine the new subject. Neither strong man nor tender child this time, but a young and beautiful woman. The dead face was so lovely that it did not seem possible that light in the closed eyes, and color in the pale lips and cheeks, could make it livelier. The fair hair had fallen back, and gave no shade to the white brow, and the long fair lashes lay in a thick fringe upon the violet-tinted underlids.

She was very tall and slender, and her hands—one of which hung down as she lay upon the table were long and perfectly shaped. As Astley lifted the hand to lay it on her breast, he thought how beautiful it must once have been, since now, when there was not the faintest rose-tint to relieve the deadly pallor of it, it was so exquisite. She wore one garment, a long flannel shroud, very straightly made, through which scanty drapery the outline of her slender limbs was distinctly visible, and below which her delicate feet were seen, bare to the ankle.

Astley was troubled as he had never been before. The idea of treating this beautiful corpse as he had done all others brought to him in like manner was repulsive to him, and he recoiled from it as from the thought of sacrilege. But how could he rid himself of the lovely incubus? It was possible that the men who had brought it might be bribed to take it back again, and if they should refuse—but he was incapable of distinct thought upon the subject, and could only determine that in any case the beautiful thing before him, should be treated with reverence and respect. He gently covered it from head to foot with a long white cloth, and looking the door of communication between his bedroom and the room in which it lay, threw himself upon his bed without undressing, for the night was nearly gone.

But his sleep was broken, and his dreams were feverish, and in some way all connected with what lay in the next room. Now it seemed to him that he gazed in through the locked door, with hands folded on its breast, and eyes still fast closed, and stood by his bed-side; and now the dream was that he had opened a vein in one of the delicate arms, and that warm, living blood poured fast from it; and finally, he woke with a cry of horror from a ghastly dream that he had entered the room, and found that some unknown hand had anticipated him in the work of dissection.

The horror was upon him after he awoke to know it was a dream, and opening the door he looked in

upon the table. No change there of any kind. The long sheeted figure lay in the half light of dawn as he had seen it in the lamp-light, very straight and still.

It was not until nearly noon that Astley raised the covering to look once again upon the beautiful dead face, and when he did so he saw with wonder, not unmixed with terror that a change had come upon it. He could not tell what it might be; the deadly pallor was there still, but in some way the face was not the same. He looked into it long and curiously. Surely a change had passed over the eyes, for though they were still fast shut, they looked now as though closed in sleep rather than in death. He lifted an eyelid tenderly with his finger; there was not death in the eye; unconsciousness, trance, there might be, but not death.

He was certain now that she was not dead, though he could find no life in her pulses. For hours he strove to call back the spirit, until at length color returned, and warmth, and life, and she lay before him sleeping tranquilly like a child. He had placed her on his bed, and now sat by her side with a throbbing heart to await her awakening.

She slept so long, and in the waning light looked so pale, that he feared she was again about to fall into the strange deathly trance from which he had with so much difficulty recovered her. In his terror that he cried out for her to awake, and the sound of his cry awoke her with a start.

He had prepared a speech that was to calm and reassure her when she woke bewildered to find herself so strangely clothed and lodged; but she no more needed calming and re-assuring than an infant too young to know its mother from any other woman. She looked round with a wondering gaze that was almost infantile, and her eye resting upon Astley, she sat up in the bed and asked him in his own language for food. It was evident that she had no recollection of illness, and neither anxiety nor curiosity as to her present position.

She ate the food which was brought to her with appetite, and would have risen from the bed apparently unconscious that she wore no garment but a shroud, had not Astley persuaded her to lie down and sleep again.

He left her sleeping, and went to another room profoundly puzzled. Here was this beautiful woman, ignorant, and almost helpless as a child, thrown upon him for protection, as it was clear that she did not remember anything which would lead to the discovery of her friends. It was possible that her senses had left her altogether, never to return; the lovely creature might be a harmless idiot all the rest of her days. Her speaking English was another puzzle. She might be an Englishwoman—her beauty was certainly of the Saxon type—or she might only have learnt the English language; but it so, how came that knowledge to have been retained when all else seemed gone.

His perplexity was interrupted by the entrance of the cause of it. She stood at the door wrapped round in one of the bed coverings, looking at him with a sweet, childish, vacant expression, that was touching in its helplessness. "I must call you something," he thought, as she stood apparently waiting for him to speak, "her name shall be Mary."

"Are you better, Mary, and will you sit in the chair?"

She paid no attention to the inquiry, but took the offered seat, and began silently rocking herself to and fro. It had such a ghostly effect to see her there by the lamplight, robed in the long white drapery, with her beautiful face still pale, though no longer deathly, rocking herself in silence, that Astley felt a sensation very like fear thrill through him. He must do something, for he could not bear this. He took up a book, the first that came to hand—it was an English one—and offered it to her, asking if she would like to read.

She took it with a childish smile, and laying it upon her knees, began to flutter its leaves backward and forward, playing idly with them.

"Good heavens!" said Astley to himself, "she is mad, imbecile at any rate; I must do something with her."

But it was impossible for him to think with her before him, and taking her by the hand he said: "Now, Mary, you must go back to bed, and to-morrow."

She did not wait for the end of the sentence, but rose at once to do as she was bidden, threw down the book, and letting fall the coverlet that had enveloped her, walked quietly back to the inner room.

Astley listened the door, and felt as if he were mad from sheer bewilderment. She must have clothes the very first thing, and how were they to be procured without taking some one into his confidence? Even if he knew where to go for them, he knew nothing of what a woman's clothes should be. It was evident, then, that some one must be told of the extraordinary adventure, and it was equally evident that it must be a woman in whom he confided, as he required practical help of a kind no man could give him.

The morning dawned before he could arrange any settled plan, and finally he decided that he could not if he would rid himself of the charge of her, therefore she should remain in his house, and he would tell all to the woman who acted as his housekeeper, who chanced to be absent at the time, but whose return he was expecting that very day. He would bind her to secrecy by the most solemn oath he could devise, and if she failed to keep it, why—at any rate he was in a terrible scrape, and this seemed the best thing to be done. The woman returned early in the day, and Astley at once told all, and implored her assistance. To his great relief she agreed at once to do all that lay in her power for the unhappy girl, and a few arrangements made, Astley left the house for the day, determined to shake off the unpleasant impression which the whole thing had made upon him.

Returning at night he found Mary comfortably clothed, and looking less pale and ill. His housekeeper told him that she had been dressing her child, having apparently no idea of assisting herself at all.

It would be impossible to describe minutely how intelligence dawned, and grew swiftly in the poor girl's mind. It was not a gradual growth from infancy, but came in fitful snatches. The greatest change came first, when her face brightened from its sweet, blank vacancy of expression at Astley's approach, and then she began to wait upon him like a loving child. He devoted himself to her very ten-

derly, almost as a mother devotes herself to her child, and with infinite patience taught her to read and write. She learned also to sew, and was not unskilful in such woman's craft; but what he taught her was learned quickest, best.

Two years passed, and Mary had developed so rapidly that she was much like other women in knowledge and acquirements, but she had no memory of anything before her trance. Astley told her the whole story, and urged her to try and recall something of the time before, but it was in vain, her memory was clean gone. And the present time was so happy that they cared little for the past. She was something belonging so entirely to him, even her life she owed to his care, and loved him so intensely, there being no one in the world whom she knew or loved beside, that he could not fail to be very happy; and the mystery of the bond between them enhanced its charm.

They were married, and still she lived in the same privacy as before; her husband and his love sufficed for everything; she shrank from entering a world of which she knew nothing. Astley's acquaintance had long ago decided that if he was not mad, he was at least eccentric enough to make his society undesirable, and had fallen off one by one, leaving him none but a professional circle. He had the reputation of being skilful, and his practice was a large one; his spare hours were devoted to his home, which was his heaven.

(To be continued.)

The Wolf-Man of Setapora.

It was while we were sojourning in the province of Oudh—India—in a place called Setapora, that there swagged up to the bungalow, one day, a Hindoo, with very strange features and awkward manners. His jaws and hands were both in motion, and he evidently desired a favor. I went out to him and tried, but could get nothing from him but wild, guttural sounds and frightful gestures and grimaces. He was not dumb, but no man could interpret his language—it evidently belonged to the lower order of beings. He was a pitiable object to behold. In height, about five feet. Head, compressed, or suppressed at the top, and quite round. Hair growing within two inches of the brow. Ears, large, and looking as though they had been stretched. Eyes, black—very large, with a disposition to turn up, and could roll in all directions without pain, and were evidently very keensighted. They were very healthy looking, and when in a fit of anger glowed and flashed like a very demon's. Face and whole countenance small and chubby. Under jaw broad and round, being very strong. Teeth, large and quite even and regular, resembling the front teeth of a horse. The upper set were very much worn, especially the front few, displaying when the mouth was closed a round aperture or entrance, indicating that he had tugged for his life long after infancy. Lips, thrown back in a very unsightly manner, which prevented him from walking very erect. They were very large also, and as he wore nothing but a slight cloth about his loins, plainly proved to every one that he had never learned to walk upon his feet. Legs were bowed from the hip joint to the ankle. Gait, too awkward for description. All could see that it required the exercise of both will and muscle to walk erect. Feet, not very large, but most singularly shaped. The toes were naturally formed, but were turned far outward, the outer part of the great toe being very hard and tough. Hands, also presented a similar appearance, the fingers reminding you of claws.

I frequently succeeded in getting him to run on all fours, and he could distance me in the shortest time. He seemed to have a good memory, and was grateful for kindness. He evidently knew that a wolf had raised him, and delighted to show by strange actions their mode of life. He would show his teeth like a wolf, growl like a wolf, and put the wolf in to his face and eyes, and dash off on all fours, quite elated with his performances. When required, he would show us, by signs, how he used to be treated. Seeing himself with one hand by the throat, he would lustily box his ears with the other, until his howls would make you tremble, and hence a wolf was at your heels. There was no mistaking the animal training of the poor fellow. He would pick his food out of the dust and eat it without a sign of human taste. In short, he could act like a wolf, eat like a wolf, and looked like a wolf. He shunned society, and feared a white face. He was not crazy.

It appeared that he was carried away from one of the villages near Setapora by a wolf, when an infant. Chase was given, but without success. Years passed by, and the occurrence died out of the mind of the people, for such a thing was not new; wolves are constantly carrying off children; and wolves are kept to prevent these incursions. He was rescued by one of her majesty's officers under the following circumstances: The gentleman was out in a jungle hunting, and started a pack of wolves. Being well mounted, he gave chase. This human wolf attracted his attention, and after much strategy and rapid riding, he succeeded in cutting off the retreat and escape of a node script animal; seeing himself confronted by a man he prostrated himself before him, and with difficulty was driven by threats to the settlement. He was shortly afterwards claimed by friends who had supposed him long since dead; he has now, if living, been several years in Setapora. These are the main facts, as related to me by natives who claim to be conversant with the whole affair, and some of them were the friends of the rescued man. He also communicated to me, by signs, the whole story, wonderfully embellished by his actions. His excitement knew no bounds, when he entered into a description of the chase between himself and the officer. Running, and leaping, growling, and gnashing his teeth, he would show how he defended himself; and then, suddenly coming up to me as the supposed officer, he would throw up his hands, and sink to the ground in token of submission.

During all this his face would undergo strange twinges, and his body gyrate in a manner painful to behold. He was the most eloquent beast I ever saw.—Rev. Dr. Hicks, Missionary to India.

The Jews would not set their foot upon a piece of paper, lest the name of God might be written upon it. Take care lest you set your foot upon a man; for the name of God is written upon him.

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game, because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

The Queen as a Scripture Reader.

The picture by Mr. Gourley Steel, R.S.A., painted for a Newcastle publisher, representing the Queen reading the Scriptures at the bedside of an aged fisherman, is at present on view in Mr. Hill's gallery, Princes Street. We had the opportunity of seeing the picture some time ago in the artist's studio, and of noticing the ability and success with which the incident is commemorated by him on the canvas. The story, now well known, was originally told at a meeting of the Army Scripture Readers' Society by the Rev. H. Hallatt, one of the chaplains of Osborne. It is as follows:—The incumbent of Osborne had occasion to visit an aged parishioner. Upon his arrival at the cottage, as he entered the door where the invalid was, he saw sitting by the bedside a lady in deep mourning, reading the word of God. He was about to retire, when the lady remarked, "Pray remain. I should not wish the invalid to lose the comfort which a clergyman might afford." The lady retired, and the clergyman found lying on the bed a book with texts of Scripture addressed to the sick; and he found that out of that book portions of Scripture had been read by the lady in black. That lady was the Queen of England. This beautiful incident in the widow's life of the Royal lady speaks more than volumes of eulogy.—*Edinburgh Courier.*

Woman.

To the honour, to the eternal honour of the sex, be it stated, that on the part of duty no sacrifice is to them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from love, honour, innocence, and religion. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded; but the voice of affliction—never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of kind woman. Trepidation though she be, and as delicate as the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage which knows not and fears not consequences. Then she displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them; that resignation which neither murmurs nor regrets; and that patience in suffering which seems victorious even over death itself.

A Pair of Shots.

A Western hunter and his brother spent a year in and about the Rocky Mountains. They had two rifles, one bullet, and one keg of powder. With these, he says, they killed on an average twenty-seven head of buffaloes a day. The fact that they did all this with one bullet led to the following question:—How did you kill all these buffaloes with only one bullet?—"Well, we shot a buffalo; I stood on one side, and my brother on the other. Brother fired; the ball passed into the barrel of my rifle. The next time I fired, and brother caught my ball in his rifle. We kept up the hunt for twelve months, killing nearly two hundred buffaloes per week, and yet brought home the same ball we started with."

Defence of the Goose.

It is a great libel to accuse a goose of being a silly bird. Even a tame goose shows much instinct and attachment; and were its habits more closely observed, the tame goose would be found to be by no means wanting in general cleverness. Its watchfulness at night-time is, and always has been, proverbial; and it certainly is endowed with a strong organ of self preservation. You may drive over dog, cat, hen, or pig; but I defy you to drive over a goose. As for a wild goose, I know of no animal, biped or quadruped, that is so difficult to deceive or approach. Their senses of hearing, seeing and smelling are all extremely acute; independently of which, they appear to act in so organized and cautious a manner when feeding or roosting, as to defy all danger.—*Sportsman.*

SEKING DOUBLE.—A devotee of Bacchus stepped out of a hotel at Elmira the other evening, and his perspective faculties not being particularly distinct, he tumbled unawares into the canal. After paddling around about half an hour, he succeeded in getting out and obtaining admittance into the house. Shaking his hat by the stove, he exclaimed: "I say (hic) mister, this may be a darn good tavern, (hic) but I think your house (hic) has got a 1-e-e-t-l-e larger cellar than it can well afford."

Cried Sylvia to a reverend Dean:—
"What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heaven?"
"There are no women," he replied;
"She quick returns the jest—
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

If a man during fifty years chews every day two inches of solid plug tobacco, and millions do it, it will amount at the end of that time to nine thousand three hundred and sixty-six feet, or a mile and a quarter of tobacco, half an inch thick and two inches broad, and will cost one thousand dollars.

A fellow who had been hooked by an unruly cow, limped in his gait. A lady remarked that the man appeared to be intoxicated. "Yes," replied the fellow, "the fellow has been taking a couple of hours."

The London *Athenaeum* says that "Ladies' heroes may be ranged in two principal divisions, gloomy mesmerizers, who compel pretty women to marry them by the power of the eye, and irreclaimable scamps, with whom all the fair sex fall in love from their own delightful instinct."

FRIENDS.—Josh Billings says of friends: "I got mine and manage to keep them by not asking them for anything but advice; you can't ask anything of a man that he loves to give more, and costs him less, than advice."

If men could find the fabled fountain that is said to restore youth and health and beauty, with what eagerness they would rush to drink its waters. Yet with scarcely less eagerness do they now rush to drink of waters that bring upon them premature old age, and disease, and loathsome ugliness.

If you in larger find no bliss, and loathe cigars—no child to kiss—no wife to love—no gal to hug—don't seek oblivion in the jug; and if you haven't any sister, just ask some chap to lend you his to spark for a while—then apiece, and all the rest will come in time.

Items, Foreign & Local.

Canadian papers speak of Mr. John A. Macdonald, Mr. Cartier, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Olney, as those who will likely form the deputation to the Imperial Parliament in connection with the questions of Confederation and Defence.

The *Fredericton Herald* says, we are informed that in the vicinity of Texas River between fifteen and twenty tons of mouse lie scattered about, and that the destruction of these animals is still going on.

It is rumored that the five regiments ordered home from India are to be sent to Canada; also that all the regiments on service here are to be recruited up to 1200 strong. So says a Canadian paper.

It is said that arms are being brought into Belfast by certain Roman Catholics under cover of the funeral, and this rumor is to some extent borne out by the fact that coffins have been frequently moved about the town at night.

According to the census of the kingdom of Italy taken on the 31st of December, 1863, the population amounted to 22,104,789, being an increase of 175,613 during the year.

A work edited under the eye of the Emperor of Austria, has just been issued from the Imperial printing establishment of Vienna. It is an exact representation in colors of all the jewels, trinkets, and other treasures belonging as heir looms to the Austrian crown.

The tree under which Grant and Pemberton held the interview which resulted in the capitulation of Vicksburg has disappeared, root, branch, trunk and all, carried off by souvenir hunters.

The Mormon temple at Salt Lake City will seat 9,000 persons.

King Victor Emmanuel has resolved upon establishing a naval station in the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, and a frigate, a corvette, and a despatch boat are now being armed at Genoa for that service.

The largest carpet manufactory in the world is that of Crossley & Sons, at Halifax, England. This firm has a capital of one million six hundred and fifty pounds sterling, and employs 4,400 work people.

Wilmer & Smith's European Times says that the tendency in the English money market to gloomy apprehensions is now greater than it has been for several years past—greater than the gloom in the very depth of the Crimean war, ten years ago, or in the midst of the Indian mutiny.

It is thought the secret investigation now being carried on by a committee of the House of Lords, in the Elmdon case, will result in the deposition of the Lord Chancellor.

A Palermo paper states that a few days ago a solitary hunter, near Motta St. Anastasia, in the district of Sicily, suddenly sunk down to the level of the plain, leaving no trace behind except a few trees which stood on its top, and are still partly visible. This strange phenomenon is attributed to the violent action of Mount Etna, though the distance is considerable.

A private in the 6th Iowa cavalry, stationed somewhere on the frontiers of Dakota, where whiskey was not an article to be had, added the following postscript to his wife in Dubuque: Annie, drop your letter in whiskey, so that I can get a smell of it once more.

The Imperial Government intend spending £200,000 on fortifications at Bermuda, and also for building a dock, if it is practicable. Convicts will be sent out to perform these works, and they will likely lodge in the hulks in which they arrive.

It is estimated that two square miles of the city of Rochester were under water during the recent flood. It is thought that the city was damaged to the amount of \$2,000,000.

The eruptions of Vesuvius and Etna are likely to be followed by an outbreak of Stromboli. Letters from Sicily announce that symptoms of activity in that volcano have appeared, in already columns of smoke, turrowed with streaks of light rise above it.

The rumor is revived that Lord Palmerston intends to retire from public life at the close of the present Parliament, and that Earl Russell will succeed him as Prime Minister, and Mr. Gladstone as leader in the House of Commons.

There is a parrot in France which is known to be 65 years old, and is believed to be at least 70.

A case has been tried in England which turned upon the question whether the word "team" meant a wagon and horses, or the horses only. It was decided to mean the latter, and the Duke of Marlborough, who was the plaintiff, lost the suit.

The *Fredericton Herald* says, Private letters from England, to parties in St. John, place our prospects, financially, in a very unfavorable light. The British people, it appears feel somewhat disappointed at the turn affairs have taken in these Colonies, and the rejection of Confederation—a scheme which has received their favor and encouragement,—is viewed with great suspicion.

Galvanized iron telegraph wire is recommended for clothes lines, because "it never rusts, never needs to be taken in, never breaks down, &c."

It is stated that England is about to follow the example of France in the formation of a cemetery near Sebastopol, into which may be gathered the bones of the English soldiers scattered in graves all over the Crimea.

It is reported that Bishop Clifford, of Clifton—a brother to Lord Clifford—succeeds Cardinal Wiseman as Archbishop of Westminster. Dr. Clifford is only 42 years of age.

The Emperor Napoleon's speech advocated the abolition of imprisonment for debt. When the news of his amiable despatch reached the Debtor's Prison, of Clieby, all the inmates illuminated their windows in token of the remembrance of their jailors.

In Illinois a genius advanced on behalf of a certain famous accident railway that "an experienced corner and six practical jokers will follow each regular train in special cars, together with a few surgeons and reporters."

The Boston Commonwealth says, a colored girl recently entered the Winthrop school with a hundred per cent. of correct answers, beating every white girl but one in the district, and she a little Irish girl.

The cavalry in the British army is about to be armed with breech-loading carbines on the Westley Richards principle. Arms of this description are sighted up to 800 yards and make most wonderful practice. The Government also contemplates the introduction of muskets of a superior character into the infantry arm of the service, which would then possess the most effective and costly weapon yet introduced.

On the night of the 20th ult., the Catholic convent of St. Benoit, Galata, Constantinople, took fire. Two of the walls of the lofty building fell outwards without any warning, killing the assembled nuns, police and spectators, also the inmates of a neighboring house, in all upwards of a hundred persons. Before the flames could be arrested, forty two houses and four shops were destroyed.

A sheep belonging to Mr. Friend, of Carmel, Me., lately added 6 live lambs to the owner's flock. Is there another case on record of such a wonderful increase?

General News.

The *Toronto Globe* referring to the position which the Nova Scotia Government, and the people of New Brunswick have recently taken, says:—

"We by no means conceit that those measures which will place permanent barriers in the way of the great Confederation. On the contrary, the union of the Maritime Provinces will cause a full discussion of the larger scheme, and elicit favorable opinions in regard to it. The great Confederation, we have no doubt, will come, and possibly may work more harmoniously in consequence of the delay in its accomplishment. But it is impossible to conceal from ourselves that this action on the part of Nova Scotia is a fresh indication that the larger union is a thing of the future, not of the present, and it seems to us that our Government will speedily be called upon to adopt a new policy on the whole subject. It is impossible that Canada can delay its constitutional reforms for an indefinite period, while New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are going on with their smaller union, building their railways, and speaking and thinking of a junction with Canada as a thing of the future. The present Government was formed to carry the larger Confederation if it was found practical; but, if not, the smaller federal arrangement of Upper and Lower Canada. If the former cannot be had, the latter must, of course, be proceeded with, care being taken to leave an open door for the Lower Provinces whenever they choose to come in."

EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.		
	Month ending 31st Mar. 65.	Corresponding Mo. last year.
Passengers	\$3,292 78	\$4,257 73
Freight	4,853 31	7,421 19
Mails & Sundries	509 25	477 50
Totals	\$8,655 29	\$12,156 42
Decrease		\$3,501 13.

P. E. ISLAND.—The Colonial Secretary informs the people of P. E. Island that they will have to pay their Governor's salary, amounting to \$1,500, after a short time. The British Government has been paying this salary since the Island was established a separate Colony; and the wonder is that it has been continued so long.

NEW METHOD OF BUYING AND SELLING.—A Paris letter describes a singular scheme:—"On the site of the old Theatre Lyrique a huge building is in course of construction by a company of tradespeople, who are about to start a new principle in the art of buying and selling. There will be sold in this gigantic warehouse every imaginable article of food, dress, furniture, ironmongery, &c. The purchaser on paying for his goods will be handed a receipt which he will keep until by successive purchase he has receipts for 100 francs (£4) on presenting which the company will exchange these for a bond of that sum. At the end of every year a lottery will take place, and if the purchaser be in luck and his number comes out he will be repaid the whole sum he spent; but if Dame Fortune is not propitious, he may have to wait 50 years to recover the money he has spent. Thus, if I buy a coat, price £4, at the end of two years, if I am fortunate, my £4 is paid back to me, or to my grandson, A. D. 1923. This sounds awfully like a joke, but the company is positively formed; it starts with a capital of 30,000,000 francs, and has paid down 3,000,000 for the ground purchased."

ROYAL VISIT TO DUBLIN.—The announcement that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will open the Dublin International Exhibition with the pomp and circumstance of a royal inauguration has given a new impulse to the undertaking, and excited the liveliest expectation amongst the citizens. We (Dublin Express) believe that it would afford the Prince of Wales sincere gratification, if circumstances rendered it expedient that she should accompany his Royal Highness, but her medical advisers do not deem it prudent that in her present delicate state of health her Royal Highness should encounter the fatigue of the voyage. Although the ceremony will be deprived of the grace and charm which it would receive from the presence of the Royal Princess, no effort will be spared to render it imposing and splendid. The reception of the Prince of Wales will, we confidently anticipate, be worthy of a loyal people, and of a gracious and popular prince. He has already given proof of the interest which he feels in this country, and has endeavored himself to Irishmen of all classes by the gracious and kindly spirit which prevails in his intercourse with them, and his equanimity in Ireland. He is coming back upon a special mission of importance, to give the sanction and lustre of royalty to a work which, it is hoped, will be one of practical and permanent advantage. His presence will, we trust, dispel the dark suspicion of dissimulation which rises upon some localities. It will excite the spirit of Patriotism, and awaken in renewed strength and ardor the feelings of loyal attachment to the throne which lives in the breast of every intelligent and independent Irishman.

TWO SLAVEES TWINS.—The Philadelphia *Ledger* has intelligence by a North Carolina gentleman that the Simmes Twins are still living on their plantation, near Salisbury, N.C., but for the last two years their domestic happiness has been disturbed by a falling out between their wives, and by children. Up to the period that each of the five children all prospered well enough, but one of them had a sixth, and this awake envy and jealousy to such a degree that the two sisters, not being bound together like the twin brothers, would no longer live under the same roof, though still in different houses, on the same plantation. The brothers are now, it seems, about fifty years of age, but one, the smaller and feebler of the two, looks, it is said, now fully ten years older than the other. They can turn back to back or face to face, but that is as far as the remarkable bond that unites them permits. There is an artery as large as the femoral artery that connects them.

A few years since they visited London and consulted the leading surgeons, begging every opportunity of cutting the umbilical that unites them, so that in case of the death of one the life of the other might be saved. Among other experiments tried to determine the safety of such an operation, a ligature was tied firmly for a few minutes round the connection between them, so as to prevent the circulation of blood through the liver. But it seemed as if each would expire if this were longer persisted in. The smaller of the two fainted away and lost all consciousness, and there were symptoms that the same effect would follow to the other. Should one die the other probably would not live, though if the smaller and feebler died first, it might be worth while to try the experiment of operating, but there could be little reason to expect success. Although their feelings and passions are generally the same, their mental operations are not wholly governed by the same law. Each can hold a conversation with a different person at the same time. One does not necessarily know, therefore, what may be communicated to the other. Since the breaking out of the rebellion they have both dressed in the Confederate grey, and they are both members of the same church, having united with a small Baptist church in their neighborhood, of which they have been considered very worthy members, though born Simmes.

The Mark Lane Express says the price of wheat, during the past year or two, has been lower in London than on any previous occasion in the present century, with two exceptions. The highest we have averaged for 1854 was £1 23, and the lowest £1 13 per bushel.