

The Carleton Journal.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XVII.—NO 29.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK N.B., SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1865.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WHOLE NO. 862.

Select Tale.

THE HISTORY OF THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

(Continued.)

That night, from restless thoughts, I fell to sleep in a fitful slumber. And in sleep I dreamed a dream, and the dream was this: I thought that I had wandered far into the heart of a strange and beautiful garden. Flowers of all hues and trees of every foliage blossomed up about my path. Bright green humming-birds, crimson butterflies, and all the legendary winged things that I had read of in fairy tales, floated, and flashed, and hovered in the rosy air. And, as I paused to breathe the fragrance of the flowers, and marvel at the wonder of the place, I heard the voice of Margaret calling to me through the dreamy bowers. I listened, and again, and again, the voice called me by my name. So I followed the sound till at last I found myself below a mighty tree, and before me was a form like an angel. Radiant wings, that seemed to have been dipped in rainbows, cast a warm and glowing shadow over the lucid shrouder. The white feet hardly touched the purple flowers. So graceful, too, and so harmonious in all proportion was the form beside me, that it seemed to contain an undulous and ever varying motion hidden in rest. And, gazing at the dazzling apparition, I recognized, with eyes softer than stars, and smiles warmer than summer, the face of Margaret. Yes, the face was hers; but a glorified change seemed to have passed over it. It seemed to me to be such as her face would be, had we met, not on earth, but in heaven.

"Taste," she said, in a voice of the strangest melody, "taste of the marvelous fruit which grows upon this tree. For surely this is that other fairer growth which flourished in Paradise long ago, and which was guarded by the watchful cherub with the flaming sword, lest man should eat and live. But eat, you," she said, "for no warning angel forbids to pluck from you ambrosial branches their glowing burden. Eat, and become as I am, fairer than the child of earth whom I have dwelt among—fairer as the love we bear each other, O, my angel!" Wondering, I looked up, and lo! I stood beneath a tree, in shape, in foliage, and in flower, the counterpart of my own created plant. The same, but fairer; the same in all, but laden with a golden fruit that already intoxicated me by its fragrance. I stretched my arm, plucked from the boughs above a dazzling apple, and put it to my mouth. No sooner did it touch my lips than, O wonder, O magic, O delight! earth reeled beneath me; tenfold glory rushed down upon me; tenfold warmth came with the summer wind upon my cheek; music filled my ears, and light my eyes; my feet spurned the ground; I felt wings behind me; I mounted in the air, and, with the lovely vision at my side, flew upward, upward, till, in soaring, I awoke.

I awoke, and it was morning. The window-pane was already reddening in the first flush of the dawn's east. The recollection of my dream, which was very vivid, excited me too much for sleep. I arose, and unfettered the easement; and, waded from breezy uplands and dewy river-banks, the fresh morning air fanned my cheek and blew the sleep from my eyes. Then I remembered that it was my marriage morning. I dressed myself and descended into the garden. The day was fast gathering light. The dew was deep on blossom and bell; and where I walked, the fragrance of the awakening meadows seemed to fill me with health.

Instinctively my steps led me to the weird tree; and then, for the first time, I perceived with astonishment that, hitherto unobserved—for the poor plant had been sadly neglected of late—perhaps even during the past night-time, the tree had burst into fruit.

Gorgeous golden globes were hanging on the boughs, like pomegranates, of a fiery red. As I looked at them wistfully, my dream of the past night occurred to me, a voice even seemed to whisper in my ears. Scarcely knowing what I did, I extended my hand and plucked one of the fruit. The tree shivered in branch and leaf and seemed to shrink up. This I hardly heeded. The apple was of a most delicious and aromatic fragrance, and I began, with great curiosity, to eat it. The sensations which followed it is difficult to explain, but I conceive them to have been similar to what I have heard described as the effects of opium. A serene and tranquil sense of enjoyment, to which every thing about me seemed to suggest new sources, began to pervade my whole being, and, as it were, to flood every nerve with pleasure. Such too, was the happiness which I experienced, that I was unable to conceive how I could ever have felt otherwise; it seemed to me, indeed, that the most trivial annoyance. "For the first time," I said, "I breathe the breath of life!" And, save in an unnoted elasticity of movement, there was, in what I felt, no symptom of intoxication. On the contrary, never had I felt more clear-headed or self-possessed. Not only every physical sensation, but every mental perception seemed expanded to its fullest development.

While I thus stood, basking and stuning myself, so to speak, in the realization of these new sensations, I cast my grateful and wondering eyes upon the tree, and it was not without surprise that I observed that the broken stem, from which I had just plucked the fruit, had already swollen, and turned purple and livid, presenting an appearance not unlike a tumor on a human body; and emerging from the orifice of the wound, I saw a small, green insect crawl forth,

about the size of a common fly, but snouted and pig-shaped, and covered with diminutive bristles.

At any other time the first impression which this would have caused me would probably have been one of disgust, for, small as the creature was, it was preternaturally monstrous in its appearance, being both hideous in form and loathsome in color. My next impression might have been one of scientific curiosity; but now the only sensation which I felt was that of great amusement, and I laughed inordinately at the sight of this diminutive deformity.

I gathered more of the fruit, and thrust it into my bosom. In each case the same phenomenon occurred. Whenever an apple was plucked the stem swelled, and turned a livid purple hue, and forth came a small green insect of the most loathsome appearance.

Not regarding this, I turned away and walked back to the house. As I reached the threshold the joy-bells began to ring out clearly from the distant spire, and I found that I had only just time to seek my bride, and accompany her to the church.

I hardly dare go on; but the end is nearly come. Still I think I hear the mad bells clashing clamorously and cheerily as they rang in my merry marriage morning. And we were wed. And I became forever through life, till death—in health, in sickness, in wealth, in want—the sworn guardian of another gentler life than mine; a fair young life, whose fate was given to my hands.

Oh, but it was a merry morning, that! And they pelted us with flowers in the porch, and flung them in our path as we walked by. Just emblems! perishable blooms, that died before the night fell, and withered up like all my hopes!

Far and far into the distant, dreamy south we went to find our future home, my young wife and I. And I breathed my love upon her cheek, and folded her to my heart, and felt her light arm tremble on my own.

And softly—oh, so softly—from the darkened hills rose up our nuptial night! And brightly the stars lighted their bridal torches for us. "And would," I whispered, creeping to her side as she gazed into the loving and lustreous spheres above, "would, dearest, I were heaven, to gaze on thee with all those myriad, myriad eyes!"

Then I spoke to her of my dream, and told her how that I had eaten of the fruit of the tree, and how marvelous were its properties. And I showed her the golden apples, and fed her on their delicious juices. Ha! ha! she was ever fairer marriage-feast than that?

And I watched the color flush into her cheek, and the light rise into her eyes, and the delicious intoxication tremble through her veins. "And we were so happy that night—so happy! And when sleep came at last, it seemed so sweet and natural to slumber on her breast, knowing that I should wake to look into her eyes. And so I did sleep, and I did wake, and forever the dream was over!"

I awoke; but an iron pain was hanging on my lids. My cheeks were burning, and my lips were cracked and swollen, and my breath was like fire, and my tongue seemed bursting in my mouth.

With pain and difficulty I lifted myself up, and looked around me, and cold, cold and corpse-like, in my arms lay my beautiful young wife! Beautiful no more; for the gray, ghastly morning light fell upon her brows, and there were white and livid, and blotched all over with loathsome, purple spots. And, pah! from every loathsome wound were crawling forth hideous, green, mis-shapen, insect reptiles! Ha! ha! She was not even a lovely corpse—my bride.

Had not given her beauty to the grave—Must I go on? Will you have the horrible details? The lying poison had done its work; the frailty, weaker constitution of the two was destroyed. Mine survived—wrecked, shaken to its foundations—a wreck forever!

Margaret was dead. I lived; if that be life in which time was stricken and razed from my perception. I know not how many terrible days, or weeks, or months, thus whitened my hair, and crushed me into sudden age. But years have passed since then—long, awful years—and still, as though but yesterday she died, the anguish of that morning is fearfully present to me. Would to God the malignant fate which robbed me of my bride and my youth, had taken from me, in the same hour, my memory and mind!

Melchior paused; he was greatly agitated, and so entranced was I by the extraordinary history which he had just unfolded to me, that it was many moments before I could find voice to utter other than a few barren and silly common-places, meant for consolation.

But no, he said, I have sinned, and it is justly that I suffer. I was filled with evil arrogance, in the blind estimation of my own powers. I thought, in the pride and folly of my heart, to mount on knowledge to the spheres, and stand face to face with Divinity! Impotent boaster that I was! I have found that is only through death and suffering that man draws near to God.

At first, and when the agonizing realization of all my loss was somewhat deadened, I endeavored, with the brutal egoism that had characterized my youth, to forget in active life and amid crowds, the misery of the heart.

I dwelt amid thronged cities, and wrestled with my fellow men for their miserable prizes; the suffering of my heart lent me a wild energy. I succeeded in all I undertook; I became the counsellor of kings; I trod the floors of costly palaces; I learnt to look into the dark heart of states; princes sought my favor; I was renowned, and—miserable!

To some, suffering brings a tender and melan-

choly sympathy with their kind; it was not so with me. I felt that the mystery of a great sorrow hung about me, and shut me from communion with the lesser griefs and joys of others. I knew that I was disliked and feared, and I scorned and crushed those who made me feel it. The barren life which surrounded me, with its noisy struggle for its puny and unworthy objects, chafed and irritated me. I said, "I will seek repose in solitude;" so I traveled far, and fled to the desert.

To its antique sources I tracked the course of the mighty and mysterious Nile, till my foot sounded in the palaces of the Ptolemies, and I saw the great sand-seas stretched around me. Then the silence was too awful for I felt myself fearfully alone with God; and at night I dared not gaze into the vast heaven above me, knowing he looked down on me through the stars. Neither in cities nor in solitude had I yet learned the true lesson of grief. So I returned to Europe, and, in my wanderings, halted among these hills. Here I have dwelt for years; and with years have come repentance and patience.

I was silent and we walked on. "You have read," said Melchior, suddenly, "of a Spartan general, who, on the night that he was wed, murdered—innocently murdered, if murder be ever innocent—the woman that he loved; and her spirit, they say, haunted him through life. Think you his guilt was equal to my own? or his suffering to be measured with what I have felt?"

I could not answer. "The tree," he resumed, "the evil tree is withered up, and dead; and the evil desires that created and nourished it are at rest forever. And Margaret lies in yonder valley (for there I caused her body to be brought), where daily by her grave, I may mourn and pray; and there, too, daily, renew flowers fairer than these which bloomed and perished on our bridal path. And if to those that have sinned, and in sorrow repented, the All-wise One, in His infinite mercy, has vouchsafed forgiveness, then is it not in vain that I have wept, and prayed, and hoped upon that grave?"

"I think that the sands have nearly run out, and that my hour must be at hand; I think, and hope so, for I have fulfilled the life of man. I have loved and sinned, and suffered, and repented. What remains? Death. And the rest is there!" He pointed to the skies. That evening Melchior died.

A young lady of wealthy parentage, a fledgling from one of our fashionable boarding schools, a type of modern excellence, was recently united by the sacred ties of matrimony to a gem of a beau. The mamma and papas on both sides being surrounded by all the concomitants of luxury and many an agreeable paraphernalia bespeaking the possession of the "dast," determined to get a "fine establishment" for the young couple, and accordingly they were fixed in a mansion on Walnut street.

A few days after this, a school companion of our heroine called upon her, and was surprised to find so many servants about the house.

"Why, Mary," said she, "what in the name of sense have you so many servants about you for?"

"Ah, replied madam, 'we haven't any more than we want. There is but one cook, one chambermaid, two housemaids, one housekeeper, and—child's nurse. I'm sure there are none too many.'"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed her friend, "what do you want with a child's nurse? Oh! that is too funny."

"Well, we haven't any immediate use for her, but when we were married, Charles said we would want one, and you know it's not always best to leave things until the last moment."

THE USES OF LABOR.—It has been written, "An endless significance lies in Work." A man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seeds rise instead, and stately cities; and, withal, the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and a foul, unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how the meanest sort of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of red harmony the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Repose, Indignation, Despair itself—all these like hell-dogs, lie leaguering the poor soul of the poor day worker, as of every man—but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murthering far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of labor is in him—is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up? and of our smoke itself there is made bright blessed flames.—Carlyle.

MAN AND WOMAN.—Man is strong—woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is grand in action—woman in suffering. Man shines abroad—woman at home. Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—woman relieves it. Man has science—woman taste. Man has judgment—woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice—woman of mercy.

A gallant old gentleman, of the name of Page, finding a lady's glove at a watering place, presented it to her with the following words: If from your glove you take the letter G, your glove is love, which I devote to thee. To which the lady returned the following answer: If from your Page you take the letter P, your Page is age, and that won't do for me.

A race between a camel and a horse was the last novelty in California.

The Origin of Camp Meetings

In the highlands and rural districts of Scotland, the sacrament of the Lord's supper is celebrated seldom more than once or twice a year, and the occasion becomes one of great solemnity and impressiveness. Several parishes usually unite in the ordinance, and the attendance of as many ministers as possible is secured. Ministers who have gifts especially adapted to this service are always in requisition. These gatherings being always in the summer or early autumn, are held in the open air. No church would hold the people who are sometimes collected. The tables at which, after the Scotch custom, the communicants sit while the "bread is broken" by the minister, and the "tables are served" by the elders of the church, are often spread in the churchyard under the branching yews, beside the tombstones of some of their dead ancestors, some of whom were martyrs to their faith in the old days of persecution.

NEVER SATISFIED.—Some people are never content with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads alike whether it rain or shine. Even when they have their own way, they like it no better than their way, and, indeed, consider their most voluntary acts as matters of compulsion. A child about three years old was crying because his mother had shut the parlour door. "Poor thing," said a neighbour, compassionately, "you have shut the child out!" "It's all the same to him," said the mother, "he would cry if I called him in and then shut the door. It's a peculiarity of that boy, that if he is left rather suddenly on either side of the door, he considers himself shut out, and rebels accordingly." There are older children who take the same view of things.

WATCH THE ENEMY.—There is in the bosom of every human being, whatever his surroundings may be, an instinctive sense of right and wrong. These two principles are ever at war with each other in the human breast, and our acts are good or evil in proportion as we listen to their teachings. The moment a young girl entertains an impure thought against the strong restraints of purity, she is lost—the moment a young man allows his sense of honor to sleep, his destruction is certain.

WHO'S MASTER.—A Scotch minister, in visiting some members of his flock, came to the door of a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of contention within. After waiting a little, he opened the door and walked in, saying, in an authoritative voice, "I should like to know who is the head of this house?" "Well, sir," said the husband, "if you sit down a wee, we may be able to tell ye, for missus and I are just trying to settle that point."

A MODEL WIFE.—At a recent marriage in Paris the bridegroom, an honest and industrious workman, was uneducated, and when called on to sign the register, marked a cross. The bride had received an excellent education. Nevertheless, she also signed a cross. The bridesmaid having expressed her astonishment, the young wife replied, "Would you will humiliate my husband? To-morrow I will commence myself teaching him to read and write."

"SIZE IS OF NO ACCOUNT."—A gifted African of the boot-black persuasion, while dancing like St. Vitus over a customer's boots the other day, observed his partner pointing wisely over a newspaper, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

First member of the firm—"Julius, what you lookin' at dat paper for? you can't read."

Second member—"Go way, fellow! guess I can read; I see big enough for dat."

First member—"Dat ain't nuffin. A cow's big enough to catch a mice, but she can't do it."

"SIZE IS OF NO ACCOUNT."—A gifted African of the boot-black persuasion, while dancing like St. Vitus over a customer's boots the other day, observed his partner pointing wisely over a newspaper, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

First member of the firm—"Julius, what you lookin' at dat paper for? you can't read."

Second member—"Go way, fellow! guess I can read; I see big enough for dat."

First member—"Dat ain't nuffin. A cow's big enough to catch a mice, but she can't do it."

"SIZE IS OF NO ACCOUNT."—A gifted African of the boot-black persuasion, while dancing like St. Vitus over a customer's boots the other day, observed his partner pointing wisely over a newspaper, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

First member of the firm—"Julius, what you lookin' at dat paper for? you can't read."

Second member—"Go way, fellow! guess I can read; I see big enough for dat."

First member—"Dat ain't nuffin. A cow's big enough to catch a mice, but she can't do it."

"SIZE IS OF NO ACCOUNT."—A gifted African of the boot-black persuasion, while dancing like St. Vitus over a customer's boots the other day, observed his partner pointing wisely over a newspaper, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

First member of the firm—"Julius, what you lookin' at dat paper for? you can't read."

Second member—"Go way, fellow! guess I can read; I see big enough for dat."

First member—"Dat ain't nuffin. A cow's big enough to catch a mice, but she can't do it."

"SIZE IS OF NO ACCOUNT."—A gifted African of the boot-black persuasion, while dancing like St. Vitus over a customer's boots the other day, observed his partner pointing wisely over a newspaper, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

First member of the firm—"Julius, what you lookin' at dat paper for? you can't read."

Second member—"Go way, fellow! guess I can read; I see big enough for dat."

First member—"Dat ain't nuffin. A cow's big enough to catch a mice, but she can't do it."

"SIZE IS OF NO ACCOUNT."—A gifted African of the boot-black persuasion, while dancing like St. Vitus over a customer's boots the other day, observed his partner pointing wisely over a newspaper, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

First member of the firm—"Julius, what you lookin' at dat paper for? you can't read."

Second member—"Go way, fellow! guess I can read; I see big enough for dat."

First member—"Dat ain't nuffin. A cow's big enough to catch a mice, but she can't do it."

Items Foreign & Local.

Two English newspapers are now published at Yokohama, in Japan.

Hardly a cotton field is to be seen at the South. All is corn.

A subscription list in favor of Abraham Lincoln's widow has been opened in Paris, and the money received impeded.

In the Corps Legislatif, on Friday, June 23, M. Thiers said Mexico would be evacuated, or otherwise France would advance, if not towards her property, at least towards national honor, such as an income-tax, which was proposed in the previous sitting.

It is understood that the second son of the Prince and Princess of Wales will be christened Southern Christian Emmanuel of the Pantheon.

The Paris Society for the Encouragement of National Industry has offered a prize of \$300 for an ink which will not corrode steel pens.

It is estimated there are now 20,000 Americans in Europe who spend on an average \$10 per year, or nearly one million and a half per week.

It is said that Dr. Charles Makay, recently Times correspondent at New York, is about to make a tour through the British American Provinces to see a view of learning and giving publicity in the Times to their views on the subject of Confederation.

A French man named Guibaut, father of 5 children, recently blew out his brains in this strange manner; he filled a large apothecary's vat with gunpowder, and introduced a closed candle into his mouth; he then applied a lighted match to the open part, and the powder exploded. His head was blown to pieces in a dreadful manner.

The Jews in New York are to have a hotel built for their particular benefit, so that roast pig, smoked ham, or other unclean food shall not appear upon their tables.

The Secretary of the London Hospital writes to the Times that in twenty years, more than two thousand cases of bites of dogs have been brought to that hospital only.

At the recent dedication of a Temple at Cincinnati, the Rabbi defined a true Israelite to be one "who trusts in God and believes in the divine truth of the Bible, need no king to govern, no Messiah to redeem, and no miracles to demonstrate the truth of religion."

A Roman Catholic church, for French residents of London, is to be built in Leicester Square, on the well known site of the Pantheon. It is to be called Notre Dame de France.

It is said that the Prince of Wales proposes to purchase Calbridge in the county of Kidare. This will be a great gratification to those Irish patriots who see a royal owner of Irish land, and to have him frequently visiting the country.

At an entertainment on board the Great Eastern, Mr. Adams, the American Minister said the interests and objects of the Government of Great Britain had all along been to maintain peace; and now that the contest which had distracted the United States had been put an end to, the sole object they had in view was peace also.

It is remarked as a curious fact that of the millions who stood round the high altar of St. Mary's, Woodfields, on the occasion of the consecration of Dr. Manning, recently, as Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, there were not less than 100 who had either been in the Church of England, or had been born in the bosom of English Churchmen.

A good story is told of a Northern merchant who was eating his dinner at the Battle House, at the time of the great explosion. Although badly cut by the flying fragments of the windows, he managed to rush to the telegraph office and send a message to his partner saying nothing but putty and glass. This done he fainted, and has been in a brain fever ever since.

The Hon. Richard Bethel, son of the Lord Chancellor, whose pecuniary difficulties are notorious, and who was outlawed in the London Bankruptcy Court a week or two ago, was arrested at Asot Races, and lodged in Reading Gaol, at the suit of one of the London Creditors.

This is the same individual who figured in the London scandal, and succeeded in bringing some temporary odium on his father.

The amount of gold now in existence is estimated at four thousand eight hundred and sixty-two millions; of silver, five thousand seven hundred millions—making the total of precious metals now existing, ten thousand five hundred and sixty-two millions of dollars, with an average annual product of gold throughout the world of over two hundred and seventy-one millions.

The epidemic at St. Petersburg has not seemed to be diminishing. By the last accounts the number of persons suffering from it amounts from 300 to 350 daily, and the number of deaths to twenty. The army, when finished, has to receive the 4350 patients in the hospitals. In new ones were admitted, 253 were sent away cured, and 97 died.

The N. Y. Post speaks of a cornfield out West, which was plowed, planted and cultivated entirely by machinery. On the same farm is 700 acres of timothy in a single field. Principally farmers, those Western chaps.

An anvil block, weighing 160 tons, has been cast at the Midland Works, Sheffield, England. The enormous mass was six weeks in cooling. The mould was dug out in the centre of the work shop, and the molten iron was run into it from five furnaces at once, the filling occupying twelve hours. The anvil, when finished, has to receive the blows of a twenty-five ton sledge hammer.

The brother of a young girl who had been seduced and died in child-birth, killed the vile seducer at Asot, Canada, last week, when the young man had thrust himself at the unfortunate girl's funeral.

A young French nobleman, the Comte Albert de Revel, has been lent \$10,000 by an eccentric uncle, on the condition that he shall marry a tall, slim lady, of "harmonious proportions," with long and thick golden hair. She must have an open forehead, blue eyes, a brilliant white skin, a well made nose, a small mouth, graceful limbs, and she is to be full of grace; and her character is to be slightly shaded with a poetic languor.

During the war the entire number of men recruited in New York City was over one hundred and sixteen thousand, exclusive of the twenty-five thousand three months men, at a cost for bounties and premiums of \$5,916,581, making, including the cost of the necessary expenses of the Volunteering Committee, the total expenditure for the military support of the Government by the city authorities of over seventeen millions and a half of dollars.

Queen Victoria completed the 25th year of her glorious reign on Tuesday last, June 20th. She has already reigned longer than any English sovereign since Elizabeth, with the exceptions of George III. and George IV. dying in the 54th year of her reign, and George IV. in the 60th year of his. Since the death of Edward III. in 1377, but five English sovereigns have reigned more than twenty-eight years, namely, Henry VIII., Elizabeth, George III., and George IV. British sovereigns date from 1066, the year the two Georges already mentioned above of their number got beyond twenty-eight years. Should their British Majesty reach to as great an age as her grandfather, who died in his 82nd year, her reign would be extended into the twentieth century, and be the longest in English history. All who wish to see good persons in great power, let them look to the Queen. She is the most popular of monarchs, and her popularity is the effects of her wisdom and her justice as a sovereign, as well as of her personal virtues.—Boston Traveller.

A shocking and fatal accident occurred in this city, near the head of the Tide, last week. Mrs. Grace White, wife of Mr. John White, went into their mill for the manufacture of bass-wood for chair backs, etc., near the house, and passing near an upright, revolving shaft, her dress caught in the coupling, and she was instantly drawn around it and her body shockingly mangled. Her head was literally torn from her body, by being brought in contact with the chimney near the shaft in its revolutions, and her lifeless remains thrown over the circumference of the wheel. She was about 68 years of age, and was a refined and worthy lady and was greatly esteemed.—Bellevue Age.

ON CONFEDERATION

SPEECH OF WILLIAM LINDSAY, ESQ., M. P., IN THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, JUNE 18, 1865.

Mr. LINDSAY said a great number of hon. members in treating of Confederation in committee took a great deal of trouble to show their loyalty; and yet we heard it said, and hon. members even here say, that if Confederation had been sustained, the minority would have rebelled. The late Government had not the opportunity to make offers of office that those opposed to the scheme had; for it was not expected that men would give up their offices for nothing, but that others should get them. The Freeman, last March, published a statement of the poll in which the returns for Carleton were incorrect; and these were published and re-published without correction. Then it has been said that there were "tricksters," "schemers," and "conspirators" on the floors of this House. I think such terms more applicable to those opposed to the Scheme than those in favor of it. The Antis Canada hold the same views that they do here, each said that the other Province would get the best of the bargain. One hon. member said it was certain that the Confederation, if it took place, would be a great blessing to the world. The Antis Canada hold the same views that they do here, each said that the other Province would get the best of the bargain. One hon. member said it was certain that the Confederation, if it took place, would be a great blessing to the world.

On the question of defence the Antis in Canada said that they would have to pay five times the amount they had been paying, and the same thing was said here. It is evident from this, and many other things, that they consider that New Brunswick was to get the best of the bargain. The Hon. Provincial Secretary, among other things, talked about quick medicine; I do not know where he got his idea, unless it was from an old quack medicine maker by the name of Jacob Hailey, who used to live down his way; and then he went on to speak of "something strong," and the hon. member looked at me and said, "I thought he must just have found it."

It was rumored before the Government was formed that that gentleman was anxiously looking for this "something strong" in the shape of office. Remarks have been made derogatory to the character of Mr. Tilley, although he has been characterized in Canada as one of the most leading statesmen of British North America. The Hon. President of the Council said he wished that some of the delegates had been on the floor so that he could reply to them, but it seems there was a time when that gentleman had opportunity to reply to Mr. Tilley, Mr. John, but he refused, as did also the hon. member for St. John, (Mr. Anglin). Mr. Anglin—I did meet him. Mr. Lindsay—Where? Mr. Anglin—On the floor of the House. I do not remember about that time seeing a few lines in the True Patriot on the subject, which I think ran something like this:

Oh the devil he heard they gave him at all, but showed their good sense and a shout and a hawl! We give thinking it time that still follows as him Give place to such men as our orator—

The hon. member for York (Mr. Needham) at the election told the people that they would all be taxed \$3 a head, man, woman, and child, and called out a man by name who would have to pay an enormous tax; but everybody knows who knew anything, that it is not so. But they got this up as their cry "Taxation." I have seen a handbill that was got up and circulated by the friends of the hon. members for York, and it ran thus:

OUR COUNTRY AND FREEDOM! You are called upon to-day to select four men to represent your interests and wishes in the General Assembly of this Province. I would now ask you seriously, do you wish to have a direct Tax placed on every Horse, Cow, Ox, Sheep, Pig, Hare, Harrow, Fork, Rake, Hoe, and other articles used in the raising of food? Do you wish to become the slaves of Canada? Do you wish to pay Forty-Five Millions of Money for Canada? Do you wish to pay for a Railroad to run from the Confederation to the United States? Do you wish to have your young men should be sent to Canada as soldiers to fight their battles? Do you wish Canada Oats, Beef, Pork, Butter, &c., to come into the country at one half the price you are now accustomed to pay? Do you wish the whole Revenue of this country to be handled by dishonest statesmen in Canada? If you wish these things, then vote to-day for Fisher, Street, and Dow. And will you get in return? Mr. Fisher is a Governor of one of the Lower Provinces, Mr. Street is a Judge, and Dr. Dow is some other fat Office. This, my friends, is all the return you can possibly expect.

Are we in New Brunswick not a happy and contented people? If so, why run the risk of being brought to poverty and ruin, merely to gratify the ambition of some half a dozen politicians?

Fellow Countrymen, look to it this day that you do not sell your birth-right for a Mess of Potage. Do not allow your personal friendship for Fisher, Dow, or Street, to mislead you in giving either of them a vote, but vote for the man who has your interests at heart, who are not expecting, and who do not wish any fat Office, who have some sticks in their own native country, who could not pick up their all in a few days and remove forever to Vermont. Remember that Fisher, Dow, and Street, have pledged themselves to the people of New Brunswick, and to the people of Canada; they have pledged themselves to maintain our present rights and Freedom, our Revenue, and our men. We are now happy and contented, let us remain so. Then beware of those who would drive you into annexation with so corrupt a Colony as Canada. Again, I ask you to save your Country, by this day voting for Hatheway, Allen, Needham, and Fraser.

I am, Fellow Countrymen, "ONE OF YOURSELVES."

It was said here that New Brunswick was to get the worst of it by going into Confederation, but this idea was also given in Canada with regard to that country by those opposed to the measure. Mr. Dorion declares that the arrangement of 80 cents per head would relieve New Brunswick from the necessity of direct taxation. The estimated cost of the annuity of \$50,000 for ten years is about \$350,000, which gives an interest of \$17,500 per annum for ever; and Mr. Seymour also said the concessions were all made one way and that country by those opposed to the measure. No concessions to Canada