

# The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

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WHOLE NO. 855.

## Poetry.

To the Memory of  
RICHARD COBURN.

Mourn every unit round the spacious sphere—  
Mourn every patriot, every Briton, mourn!  
The generous, good, the great, demands a tear—  
The good departed never to return.

But need we thus to mourning call mankind!  
Why call we Britain to lament her son!  
One deep spontaneous wail for such a friend  
From heart to heart seems round the world to run.

In morning weeds upon her sea-girt Isle  
May now be seen Britannia's self to weep;  
As from her cheeks fall down the tears the while,  
Like rain to mingle with the morning dew.

As those great giant spirits who deplore,  
In thought severe, and lowly drooping head,  
For her great patriot statesman, now no more,  
She weeps: for Coburn mingled with the dead.

Ah! well Britannia now may sigh and mourn,  
In boldness such as never, oh, how rare!  
Who could from such a loss the vessel turn,  
And, with precision due, show where we are.

With tears she asks who was it took the lead,  
Unfailing still, in truth, in freedom's cause?  
Who fought like him, our battles for our land,  
And turned to utter scorn men's partial laws?

The charmed crowd no more his voice shall hear;  
Nor Senates listening with an awe profound;  
Nor from his lips the Press, with swift career,  
His truth-fraught speeches, ring the world around.

It needs not that the sculptured form shall rise  
For him whose deeds are sacred for the pen;  
Whose name, whose fame are written in the skies,  
And live immortal in the hearts of men.

J. Watts.

## Select Tale.

### UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

"Crying again, Maggie? Why what on earth  
ails the child?"

Miss Samantha West had just come from the  
garden with a basket of freshly-gathered peas,  
and a mammoth sun-bonnet swinging from her  
arm, instead of being tied decorously under her  
chin, as it is the nature of sun-bonnets to be.  
She was one of those women from whom one  
instinctively receives the impression that they  
ought to have been born men—a tall, raven-haired  
female, with a step like a grenadier, a bass  
voice, and a very perceptible mustache bristling  
upon her upper lip. Moreover, Miss Samantha  
was an old maid—probably because no  
gentleman had ever yet mustered courage to ad-  
dress her matrimonially.

Altogether different was the slender girl who  
was dropping listlessly over a bed of needle-work  
in the shadow of the morning glories, whose  
blue eyes tossed to and fro at the window—  
Maggie West was twenty years younger than  
her tall sister, and as dissimilar as a bluish  
rose from a stalwart sunflower; gentle and  
shrinking, with hair that looked as if it had  
been dipped in sunshine; and large, wistful  
eyes, whose brown light trembled like the waters  
of a brimming spring. She did not look up  
at the spinster's resolutely propounded ques-  
tion, but only bent closer over her work.

"I know how it is," exclaimed Miss Samantha,  
setting down her basket of peas with an em-  
phasis that sent the silver green pods flying  
over the table in all directions. "You're just  
a pinin' your life away after that good-for-noth-  
in', shilly-shallyin' feller, Harry Winder—  
that's what you're a-doin'!"

"Samantha!" pleaded Maggie, shrinking back  
among the morning glories.

"Don't tell me!" ejaculated Miss Samantha,  
clapping her hands behind her back, man-fashion,  
and striding up and down the room, while her  
grey eyes flashed grim determination. "I  
know how matters is goin'." He's playin' with  
you, off and on, just as suits his convenience.  
You'd like to know what good sage tea, and  
tansy drinks and new milk after breakfast's  
goin' to do you, as long as this business goes  
on?"

"But, sister, I know—that is, I think—he  
loves me."

"Why don't he say so, then, like a man, in-  
stead of playin' fast and loose? 'Twan't so in  
my day. If a man liked a gal he said so, and  
they got married."

"Wait, sister—only wait," urged Maggie,  
tearfully. "It's only a little while since he be-  
gan to come here."

"Only a little while, eh? It's time enough  
for you to grow white as a sheet and as thin as  
a shad! Where's all your color, I'd like to  
know? The truth is, Maggie, a man has no  
business to steal a gal's heart away with his  
fine talk, and his poetry, and his gay uniform,  
and then toss it from him like a broken play-  
thing."

Maggie West shuddered as if her sister's  
hand had touched a raw nerve.

"Perhaps he has not made up his mind yet,"  
she faltered.

"Then it's high time he had," said Miss Sa-  
mantha, nodding her head. "I wish I was a  
man! I'd call him out afore you could say  
Jack Robinson, if he was a Lieutenant forty  
times over, and strutted about with twice as  
many shoulder straps stickin' to him! And I  
don't know but what I will, as it is," added the  
dauntless maiden, glancing toward a rusty rifle  
that hung above the clock, sole relic of the de-  
parted Squire West's Revolutionary days.

"Samantha!"

"For of all things," went on Samantha, "I  
hate a male coquette, officer or no officer. I'll  
tell you what, Maggie—I think it would be a  
good thing to ask him what his intentions is."

"Oh, sister! not for the world! Promise  
me—please promise—that you won't!"

And Maggie clung to her masculine sister  
with a face of piteous entreaty. "Well, then,  
I won't. But I'll be even with him some way  
—so if I'm not!"

Miss Samantha sat down to shell her peas  
with an iron resolve in her face that made poor  
Maggie tremble.

Ten minutes passed away, measured by the

slow ticking of the clock, the ripple of yellow  
sunshine along the kitchen floor, and the mono-  
tonous rattle of peas into the tin pan on Miss  
Samantha's lap; when all of a sudden that lady  
brought her clenched hand down on the table  
with startling emphasis.

"I've got an idea!"

"An idea!" repeated Maggie, somewhat be-  
wildered. "Tell me what it is!"

Miss Samantha shook her head inexorably.  
"Look here, Maggie; who should you say was  
the six humblest gals in the village—not count-  
in me?"

Maggie burst out laughing at the abrupt  
question. "Desire Jones is one, I should say,  
and Mary Griggs, and Mary Ann Patter-  
son—"

"Well?" said Miss Samantha, counting the  
candidates on her fingers.

"And Juliet Smith, and Faithful Skirving,  
and Jane Abigail Saunders!"

"All old maids," commented Miss Samantha,  
"and all good friends of mine, except Faithful,  
and we don't want her. Maggie, I'm goin' to  
ask 'em all to tea to-night, and 'tain't likely  
you'll be interested in our talk—"

"No," said Maggie, absently.

"So you can go over and spend the evening  
with Squire Jessup's darters. And now you  
just go to work and make the nicest strawberry  
short-cake you can get up, and a loaf of 'Lec-  
tion-cake, and a lot of cup-custards; that's a  
good gal, and I won't ask no more of you!"

And Miss Samantha perched her sun-bonnet  
defiantly on the top of her head, and strode off  
to distribute the invitations for the banquet,  
while Maggie tied on a little white apron, and  
began to beat eggs into billows of snowy foam,  
and pull over blooming raisins—while her  
thoughts, alas! were far away.

Lieutenant Harry Winder, happily uncon-  
scious of Samantha West's very unfavorable  
opinion concerning him, was sitting in the law-  
office, which—by virtue of innumerable printed  
bills and several yards of bunting—had been  
transformed into a Recruiting Station, with the  
legs of his chair inclined at an angle of forty-  
five degrees, and his feet among the books and  
papers on the table, while his hands were thrust  
cozily into his pockets.

And this was what the Lieutenant called  
"being driven to death with business."

As he lifted his feet among the debris on the  
table a bit of faded blue ribbon fluttered to the  
floor.

"Ah!" quoth Lieut. Winder, following its de-  
scend with its eye, "pretty Maggie's souvenir!  
Let me see—I stole it from her hair the night  
we walked in the moonlight—and how charm-  
ingly she blushed, to be sure! A nice little  
girl—very; pity she's so desperately in love  
with me! If I were a marrying man, I should  
certainly find pretty Maggie dangerous; but a  
fellow don't want to entangle himself at eight  
and twenty. The worst of the business is,"  
pondered Harry, stroking his mustache complacently,  
"that we can't flirt with a girl but she  
makes a serious matter of it, taking for granted  
that you're in earnest. That isn't our fault;  
they must take the consequences of their own  
folly."

Lieut. Winder's musings terminated in a  
prodigious yawn at this stage—a yawn whose  
length was only interrupted by a brisk knock  
at the door.

He put down his feet, and assumed  
the air of a military hero at once.

"Come in!" he cried, beginning to rustle  
among his recruiting papers with a business  
like energy.

The door slowly opened, revealing a short,  
stout woman who might have been seen forty-five  
summers—certainly no less—a woman who  
wore curl papers and a dingy green veil, and  
was attired in faded calico and a print shawl.

Lieut. Winder moved his chair a little back as  
she advanced upon him. There was something  
of the uncompromising in her aspect that rather  
intimidated him.

"Take a seat, ma'am," he said, blandly.—  
"What can I do for you this morning?"

The female dropped into a chair, and regard-  
ed him fixedly.

"You don't know me?" she began.

"I have not that pleasure, ma'am," said the  
recruiting officer, with hypocritical politeness.

"I'm Mercy Griggs," said the lady.

Harry did not know what to say, so he re-  
marked, "Ah, indeed?" and tried to look in-  
terested in the statement.

"I don't know how on air I'm goin' to be-  
gin," simpered Miss Mercy, twisting the end of  
her lilac-bordered pocket handkerchief. "It's  
an awful ticklish sort o' thing to talk about."

"Compose yourself, ma'am," said Harry,  
supposing he was about to become the confidant  
of the details of some desertion from his coun-  
try's standard, or possibly the recipient of the  
awful fact of 'bounty-jumping' among Miss  
Mercy's male relatives. "We soldiers are often  
called upon to discuss the most delicate points."

"Well, this 'en's powerful delicate," said  
Mercy, giggling spasmodically; "but I don't  
know as there's any use in beatin' about the  
bush. The fact is, Lieut. Winder, I'm think-  
in' 'bout gettin' married!"

"Indeed?" said Harry, rather puzzled.

"I ain't young," admitted Mercy Griggs;  
"and I find it's awkward without no man round  
to split kindlins, and bring water, and do such  
like odd jobs; and as it's Leap Year I thought  
a poor, lone woman might as well take advan-  
tage on it."

"Certainly," said Harry, assenting to the  
proposition, absently.

"Well then, Lieut. Winder, in plain English,  
will you hev me?"

"Have you?" repeated Harry, starting as if  
a bullet had struck him.

"Yes, or no—take me or leave me," said the  
lady, independently.

"No, ma'am, certainly not."

Miss Mercy Griggs rose up wrathfully.

"Then I'd like to know what you meant all  
these Sunday's a lookin' across to my brother  
Josiah's pew? D'y'e s'pose a lone woman's  
affections is to be trifled with this way? I'll  
have the law o' you."

(To be continued.)

'I and 'We.'

Once upon a time a poor 'natural,' who was  
employed to blow the bellows in the organ-loft  
of a country church, overheard the organist,  
speaking of his performances to admiring parish-  
ioners, and noticed that he spoke in the first  
person singular only. 'Last time I played  
'Sing O Heavens,' next time I shall play 'With  
verdure clad.' That was the way in which  
the organist spoke, and it went to the very heart  
of the poor bellows-blower.

At the first opportunity that offered, the idiot  
expostulated with the musician upon the injus-  
tice of his phrasing. 'It is all very well for  
you to say I played the organ,' remonstrated  
the lad, 'but where does the wind come from?'  
In these, or some such words, he endeavored to  
assert his own share in the anthem; but the or-  
ganist only said, 'Pooh, pooh!—go about your  
business.'

At the next public service in the church, a  
special piece of music being announced for per-  
formance, the organist, well prepared for the  
occasion, by study of his part, was in his place  
before the key-board. The moment came to be-  
gin. His well-trained fingers descended upon the  
scale, but the only result was an abortive  
flop. He tried again, with no better fortune.  
Then he looked up, and saw the face of the  
idiot grinning round the corner of the instru-  
ment.

"Blow away, do!" said the organist, with  
agony.

"Shall it be we?" said the idiot, with his hand  
upon the lever of the bellows.

"Nonsense, sir, as I bid you?" replied the  
performer in an angry whisper, and once more  
tried to bring music out of the organ. But it  
was as dumb as a four-post bedstead, or a kit-  
chen dresser.

"Shall it be we?" said the idiot, again look-  
ing round the corner.

"Yes, yes; see, see—anything you please!"  
said the organist in despair. The idiot blew  
the bellows, and the anthem proceeded.

Correct Speaking.

We advise all young people to acquire, in  
early life, the habit of using good language,  
both in speaking and writing, and to abandon  
as early as possible all use of slang words and  
phrases. The longer they live the more dif-  
ficult the acquisition of such language will be;  
and if the golden age of youth, the proper sea-  
son for the acquisition of language, be passed  
in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected  
education is very probably doomed to talk slang  
for life. Money is not necessary to procure this  
education. Every man has it in his power.—  
He has merely to use the language which he  
reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to  
form his taste from the best speakers and the  
poets of the country; to treasure up choice  
phrases in his memory, and to habituate him-  
self to their use—avoiding at the same time that  
pedantic precision and bombast, which show  
rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the  
polish of an educated mind.

Beware of Small Encroachments.

"Just a little, a very little, a very little,"  
said the Brook to the Bank. And the Bank  
was silent, and the Brook wore its sides  
till the earth melted away and the sands floated  
down the stream. "Just a little more," said  
the Brook again. And the waters pressed against  
the roots of the willows that grew beyond the  
bank and laid them bare. "Just a little, a little  
more," said the Brook again. And the widening  
stream advanced with fresh force till one by one  
the willows fell and were borne away in the tor-  
rent.—"Alas!" cried the Meadow, as the water  
closed on it, "if I had not neglected the at-  
tack on my bank, my fence would never have  
been destroyed; but now my protection is gone,  
and I am rightly served in being turned from  
a fruitful field into a watery waste."

WOMAN'S LIFE.—The lives of women are ne-  
cessarily more broken up into details than are  
the lives of men. The existence of the house-  
wife comprises a perpetual adaption of skill to  
the exigencies of the moment. "Accidents  
will happen in the best regulated families,"  
says the popular proverb, showing that a house-  
hold never can, arrange it as you will, be a  
mere routine; and when to the skill of the  
housewife is added the culture of the reason-  
able being, and the crowning duties of the Chris-  
tian, the result is very complex. The life of  
an educated woman, though worked out in a  
much smaller sphere, is generally more com-  
plex than that of a man; just as the education  
of a girl is often more complex than that of  
Harrow or Eton. It is often remarked that a  
girl suffers more than a boy by being brought  
up in an institution; nature intends her to do  
battle with all sorts of small duties and dif-  
ficulties, changes and chances; and she becomes  
stupid and inanimate if they are all withdrawn.  
This *variousness* makes it particularly difficult  
to write elaborate papers on the subject of their  
lives.

A journalist whose wife had just pre-  
sented him with twins, and who, for this reason,  
was compelled to neglect his paper for one day,  
wrote the following excuse: "We were  
unable to issue our paper to-day, on account  
of the arrival of two extra males."

## Potatoes with the Bones in.

We are told 'there is reason in roasting eggs'—  
and there might be said to be the same in  
roasting and boiling potatoes. But there will  
probably be few of my readers who can give  
a reason why the all but universal custom among  
the poor in Ireland is to only half-boil their po-  
tatoes, leaving the centre so hard that it is cal-  
led the bone of the potato. Considering that  
this root constitutes nearly the whole of the la-  
boring man's food, it seems extraordinary that  
it should not be properly cooked, especially as  
the want of fuel is hardly ever felt in this land  
of bogs. It is my habit, whenever any unusual  
phenomenon presents itself to my observation,  
to endeavor to unravel the mystery myself be-  
fore making enquiries of others. In the present  
case I stumbled on the true solution of the  
problem, and found it amply confirmed after-  
ward. There is scarcely a more indigestible  
substance taken into the human stomach than a  
half-boiled potato; and to a moderately dyspep-  
tic Englishman such a diet would be little less  
than poison. It is this very quality of indiges-  
tibility that recommends the parboiled potato to  
the poor Irishman. Rarely indeed have the  
laboring classes more than two meals of these in  
the twenty-four hours; and if they were well  
boiled the paucity of hunger would be insuffi-  
cient during a considerable portion of the day  
and night. Custom, unfortunately, is a second  
nature; and custom has so reconciled the poor  
Irishman's stomach to this wretched food that  
even the children complain if they find no 'bone'  
in their potato! The simplicity of their diet,  
their exposure to the open-air, their patient re-  
signation to their fate, and many other causes,  
render them little susceptible to the miseries of  
dyspepsia; while the bones of the potato pro-  
tract the period of digestion till sleep renders  
them unconscious of the gnawings of hunger.—  
As a feather will often show the direction of the  
wind better than a well-poised weather-cock, so  
this simple fact demonstrates more forcibly the  
poverty of the Irish peasantry than a philoso-  
phical dissertation on the subject.—*Dr. James  
Johnson's Tour in Ireland.*

## Power of Imagination.

Alexandre Dumas published in a daily Paris  
paper, a novel, in which the heroine, prosper-  
ous and happy, is assailed by consumption. All  
the gradual symptoms were most touchingly de-  
scribed, and the greatest interest was felt for  
the heroine. One day the Marquis de Dolo-  
mieu called on him.—"Dumas," said he, "you  
mean to let your heroine die?"—"Of course."  
After such symptoms as I have described, how  
could she live!"—"You must change the catas-  
trophe."—"I cannot."—"Yes, you must; for  
on your heroine's life depends my daughter's  
fortune."—"Your daughter's?"—"Yes; she, she  
has all the various symptoms you have describ-  
ed, and watches mournfully for every new num-  
ber of your novel, reading her own fate in your  
heroine's. Now, if you make your heroine live  
my daughter, whose imagination has been deeply  
impressed, will live too. Come, a life to  
save is a temptation!"—"not to be resisted."

Dumas changed his last chapters. His heroine  
recovered, and was happy. About five years  
afterwards, Dumas met the Marquis at a party.  
"Ah, Dumas!" he exclaimed; "let me intro-  
duce you to my daughter; she owes her life to  
you. There she is."—"That fine, handsome  
woman, who looks like Jeanne d'Arc?"—"Yes."  
She is married, and has had four children.—  
"And my novel four editions," said Dumas;  
and so we are quits."

## At Home.

The highest style of being at home grows out  
of a special state of the affections rather than  
of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals  
whose faces would be a passport to any society,  
and whose manners, the unstudied and sponta-  
neous expressions of their inner selves, makes  
them visibly welcome wherever they go, and at-  
tract unbounded confidence towards them in  
whatever they undertake. They are frank, be-  
cause they have nothing to conceal; affable, be-  
cause they have nothing to dread; unassuming,  
because they are contented with themselves; and  
in every occupation upon which it obliges us to  
enter. They who live least for themselves are  
also the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

"I like," said Mrs. Martington, "how  
they find out the distance between the earth  
and the sun?"—"Oh," said the young hopeful,  
"they calculate a quarter of the distance, and  
then multiply by four."

A minister travelling through the West  
some years ago, asked an old lady on whom he  
called what she thought of the doctrine of total  
depravity. "Oh," she replied, "I think it is a  
good doctrine if the people would only act up to  
it."

## Items Foreign & Local.

It is prophesied that the coming summer will  
be the hottest in ten years.

The Turkish Sultan has appointed as Minister  
of Public Instruction a man who can neither  
read nor write.

The United States Government owes 600 mil-  
lions of dollars for back pay and bounties to sol-  
diers.

Thunder can be heard at the distance of thirty  
miles.

Lightning can be seen by reflection at the dis-  
tance of 2,000 miles.

Electricity moves with greater velocity than  
light, which traverses 200,000 miles of space in  
a second of time.

The Emperor of Mexico owes Louis Napoleon  
a little bill of \$65,000,000.

The Halifax Messenger says another of the  
golden bricks was brought from the Waverly  
Diggins on Saturday last, weighing 400 ounces,  
the result of six days work—worth from \$8000  
to \$10,000.

The receipts on the Nova Scotia Railway, for  
the past month, exhibit an increase of \$1189.63,  
as compared with the corresponding month of  
last year.

Prussia proposes to expend \$7,500,000 in cre-  
ating a formidable fleet. Ten iron-clads are to  
be built. She has to borrow the money to do  
it with, however.

The Staygreen pear tree in New York, is in  
full blossom for the 22nd season.

A correspondent speaks of a railroad out west,  
famous for its terrible accidents, as "extending  
from Time to Eternity."

The West Coast of Africa mail reports that  
the crew of a slave ship from Rio Pongo had  
been murdered by the slaves, who had risen and  
overpowered them.

Cyrus W. Field, Esq., is in Paris on his way  
to the Isthmus of Suez. Mr. Field says there is  
every hope that the telegraph communication be-  
tween the old world and the new will be opened  
by the 1st August next.

Henry Russell, the popular composer, is ex-  
pected to receive the honor of knighthood from  
Queen Victoria, in recognition of his musical  
talent.

Count Steinbock, a Russian, expected in Paris  
shortly, lost 300,000 rubles at domino, in one  
night, at St. Petersburg.

Over 8000 steam engines are now employed in  
pumping oil in Pennsylvania; and Oil City,  
which four years ago, contained 100 inhabitants,  
now has a population of about 10,000.

The vicissitudes of a sailor's life are painfully  
exhibited in the recent returns to the English  
Board of Trade. Of 47,000 seamen whose names  
are recorded during the 12 years ending 1864,  
no less than 20,000 died from drowning, and more  
than 2,000 from accidents of various kinds.

The boat in which Booth crossed over the Po-  
toms into Virginia has been brought to Wash-  
ington. It is a small, dilapidated boat, with  
two oars. Relic hunters at once set to work to  
chip off pieces from the seats and other parts of  
the boat, but it was taken away from them as  
soon as possible and locked up.

A Massachusetts judge has decided that a hus-  
band may open a wife's letters, on the ground so  
often and so tersely stated by Mr. Theophilus  
Parsons, of Cambridge, that "the husband and  
wife are one, and the husband is that one."

The Richmond Cemetery contains 60,000  
graves, nearly all made within the last 4 years.  
It is the largest city of the dead in the South,  
and probably contains more soldiers who have  
fallen on the battle field than any other modern  
graveyard in the world.

The Globe says, the latest reports of the chan-  
ges in the U. S. Cabinet state that hon. Charles  
F. Adams is to succeed Secretary Seward; that  
Senator Sumner is to be Minister to the Court of  
St. James; that Preston King will succeed Sec-  
retary Welles, and that Mr. Stanton goes out  
certain. The successor named by gossip for the  
latter gentleman is Gen. Butler.

The Earl of Kinross and a Mr. Thistlethwaite,  
a wealthy lady, are preaching in the most hon-  
orable parts of London. The lady is said to be  
a fine preacher, both matter and manner being  
excellent. Mrs. T. is said to possess a peculiar  
gift in quoting and commenting upon Scripture.  
Their sermons are solemn and impressive.

Justice Neary, of Troy, has made a rule that  
any spectator appearing three days in succession  
at the police court room, will be arrested and  
punished as a vagrant.

The fact that the subscriptions for the Mexi-  
can relief fund, recently negotiated in Paris, amount-  
ed to twice the sum required, shows pretty plain-  
ly that French sympathy with the Empire is strong-  
er than it was believed to be.

Intelligent Southern men at Raleigh estimate  
the total loss of the States in soldiers, by death  
in the field and hospital, at 350,000. It is  
further estimated that there are not over 250,000  
able-bodied white men alive within the limits of  
the so-called Confederacy.

Near Chelmsford, England, recently, a very  
singular and sad incident occurred. Some boys  
having found a snake in a wood, fastened it, in  
fun, round the neck of a girl of sixteen. She  
was so much frightened that she was seized with  
hysterics, and has since been confined to an asy-  
lum, in a state of raving madness.

A sudden panic fell upon the worshippers on  
Easter day in a large church at Lisbon. An enor-  
mous spider was suddenly seen to descend to an  
ancient web that said to have existed for many  
years. The creature was so formidable that the  
women began to scream, and a scene of general  
terror and excitement followed. When Arachne  
was captured she was found to be, with legs ex-  
tended, nearly five feet long. She weighed six  
pounds.

Mr. G. J. Coleman, the greatest man of the  
age, died at Hertford Heath, Eng., on the 4th of  
April, at the ripe age of 77. He attained the  
enormous weight of 31 stone. His thigh meas-  
ured 4 feet in circumference; his knee was 32 inches  
round, and his ankle 28 inches. His exterior  
coffin was 3 feet 4 inches in breadth.

France has had 67 queens. Miserable lives  
they led. Eleven were divorced. Two executed.  
Nine died young. Seven were widowed early.  
Three cruelly treated. Three exiled. The rest  
were either poisoned or broken-hearted.

The Glasgow Mail reports that a new religious  
sect, "Perfectionists," has started up at John-  
stone. They pride that to be incapable of com-  
mitting sin of any kind, being pure and perfect  
in thought, word, and deed."

It is proposed to register all dogs in Ireland,  
charging a fee for the same. Sir F. Heygate, M.  
P., says it is true, as is often said, that the  
dog is the friend of man, but he is not a friend  
to his master's pocket, and he is not a friend to  
his neighbors' dogs; they destroy between 7,000  
and 8,000 sheep every year, and they are more  
numerous than pigs.

The Rev. John Armstrong, A. M., Rector of  
Victoria Parish, Carleton, died in his residence  
in Carleton, last week. The Rev. gentleman had  
just entered his 79th year, and until within the  
last few weeks has been actively engaged in the  
discharge of the duties of his sacred office.

A young woman in England, aged 22, born  
stone blind, was recently restored to perfect  
vision in four days by a surgical operation. The  
effect of her new sense was most curious. She  
had at first no idea whatever of perspective. She  
put her hand to the window to try to catch the  
trees on the other side of the street, and was  
utterly ignorant of all common things—what  
such things as a bunch of keys were, or a watch,  
or a common cup and saucer; but when she  
shut her eyes and was allowed to touch them  
(the educated sense), she told them at once.

## General News.

HARD ON JEFF