

The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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WHOLE NO. 874.

Poetry.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

"A Life on the Ocean Wave"
The man who wrote it was green;
He never has been to sea,
And a wave he never has seen.
He never has seen a wave
As it dashed over the vessel's deck
He never has seen a fire at sea,
Or been floating upon a wreck.
He never has been aroused
From his morning's gentle doze
By the sound of the splashing water,
As it fell from the horrid hose.
He never has heard a man
Scrubbing right over his head,
With a noise sufficient to rouse
From the grave the slumbering dead.
He has never seen a fat woman
Growing thinner day by day,
And leaning over the vessel's side,
Throwing herself away.
While the people look carelessly on,
Though in tears the woman may be,
And unfeelingly say it is nothing at all,
Only the roll of the sea.
And oh! he has never been sick,
And crept into bed in his coat,
While every motion increased his throes,
And his feelings were in his throat.
That man may have sailed in a boat,
In some puddle or on a sound,
But if he has been to sea, and wrote
Such a song, he deserves to be drowned!

Select Tale.

A Mistake, and its Results.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

It seems a long time ago since the journey from Cork to Dublin took two days. There are those living, I suppose, who remember when it was a matter of three or four, but I speak of a more modern period, albeit the railway from Dublin to Kingston was then the only one in Ireland. At this time, Blamont's large four-horse cars formed the grand trunk from the south to the metropolis; while smaller vehicles, meeting the principal conveyance at certain points, acted as branch-lines to the main line. From one of these latter I took the large car at Michael's town, on an intensely cold day, the last, or last but one, of October, 18—, I was going to Dublin for my Michaelmas Term examinations in Trinity College; and having filled the whole summer, I felt some apprehension about the result of the ordeal through which I had to pass, and wondered much whether I should come back "plucked." The dark leaden sky, and the cutting north-east wind, were in dreary keeping with the sombre thoughts that troubled me. I occupied the box-seat, an honor that was dearly purchased by facing the blast; and Stapleton, the driver, predicted snow (early in the season as it was) before we reached Kilkenny, our destination for that day. We delayed for half an hour, I remember, at Clonmel, about two o'clock; there was a good deal of excitement in the town, from the expectation of a special commission for the trial of prisoners, connected with two terrible agrarian murders of recent occurrence in the South Riding of Tipperary. As we journeyed on, the driver entertained me with details of different outrages that he knew of, pointing out, now and again, the scenes where they took place, and winding up with the ominous announcement: "Mark my words for it, but the Ribbon boys will give them enough to do this winter; they won't let much grass grow under the peo-ple's feet any more."

I forgot how many stages we had travelled from Clonmel when we stopped to change horses at a small public-house on the roadside; something was amiss with the shoe of one of the horses, and a sharp altercation ensued between the driver and the stable boy on the subject, that ended with an injunction to "hurry, hurry off like blazes" to a neighboring smith to remedy the defect. As I foresaw that there would be some delay, I proposed to one of my travelling companions to join me in a run to warm our feet until the car overtook us. As he declined, I set off alone, calling back to Stapleton, when I was a few paces on, to know if there was any turn upon the road.

"No, sir," he replied, and then added—"Keep to the left, and you'll be all right."

Laughing at this unintentional pun, and repeating the old couplet to myself,

"If you go to the left, you'll be sure to go right; If you go to the right, you'll go wrong—"

I dashed on at full speed, and very soon noticed a road that branched off at right angles to the main one, I concluded that this was the reason of this direction. I was at all times a very swift runner, while the intense cold of the evening broadened my energies still more. "By Jove!" I exclaimed, "I'll astonish them a bit; old Jem will think I'm lost before he picks me up," and the expectation of gaining credit by my prowess as a walker, accelerated my speed to unusual rapidity. The day, I have already remarked, was specially gloomy, and the evening shadows were now darkening into night with more than ordinary swiftness. Once I was for a moment at fault about the road, as I came upon a slight divergence from the direct line, but recalling Stapleton's words—"Keep to the left"—I followed that direction, and trudged on upon this unknown way into the quickly-gathering darkness. At last I began to wonder why the car did not come up; but concluding that the smith's operation caused the delay, I still went forward until the road became unusually rough and broken; and then, as far as the dim light allowed, I observed that the vegetation at the sides encroached far more than I had ever known upon a main coach road.

"Oh, 'tis impossible I have gone astray!" I exclaimed, not allowing the unpleasant thought

to intrude; and I still continued my course, though at a more doubtful pace, until I suddenly halted, on perceiving that the narrowing line of roadway appeared to cease altogether, and I found myself actually walking on moist boggy ground. "Where on earth am I?" I cried in consternation, peering through the darkness. As far as I could discern, I seemed to have wandered into some moor or commonage that stretched along the base of a deep acclivity; not a sound could I hear on any side, but the moaning sigh of the wind as it swept by, with penetrating bitterness, and once the wild cry of some bird, startled from its rest by my approach. I made two or three efforts, but they proved ineffectual, and each time I became more bewildered, and stumbling over rocky projections or roots of trees, occasionally sinking ankle-deep into wet miry ground. "God help me!" I exclaimed at last in utter despair, and almost bursting into tears of vexation. "I'll have to wander about here all night, and perish with cold before morning." Another desperate effort to reach some pathway met with a like issue, save that by, I suppose, some consequent change of position, a bright light suddenly broke upon me, so bright and close, that I was considerably startled at the unexpected appearance.

I thought of the Will-o'-the-Wisp, and fancied, from the evident nature of the ground, that it might be the meteor of the marsh; but as I moved cautiously forward, I saw that it came through the open door of a cabin, and a closer access showed why I had not sooner detected it. The tenement before me was curiously constructed; the ground on three sides rose at a considerable elevation, and it seemed as if a dark cavernous recess had been formed in the yielding soil, and in it this rude habitation erected. I walked straight to the door, but saw no one within or immediately near the cabin; the light came from a large peat fire, piled upon a hearthstone at one side of the room; and so bright was the illumination, that it not only disclosed every object inside, but enabled me to notice distinctly the nature and peculiarity of the building without. I hesitated to enter, notwithstanding the tempting look of the fire, where there was no one to invite me. I called loudly once or twice, but no reply came; and at length I passed within the doorway, and proceeded without ceremony to warm my limbs at the welcome blaze. "Some one is sure to be here in two or three minutes," I thought; "this fire has been freshly made up." The room where I stood seemed to be the only one the place could boast of, and wretched enough it was; an old bedstead with a tattered curtain, occupied one corner; beside the fire, rose a huge pile of dried sticks lying loosely together, that nearly reached the ceiling; a large log of timber, against the wall at the side opposite the fire, formed a kind of rude seat; while a stool or two, and an old rickety table, made up the remainder of the furniture. When some short time elapsed, I began to feel a little nervous at the position in which I found myself; apart from the vexation I experienced at having gone astray, and the difficulty I might find in reaching Dublin in time for my college duties. I remembered the troubled state of the country and this lonely spot, at the foot of some mountain, was no desirable place to be caught in at night, alone and unarmed.

CHAPTER II.

I was deliberating whether I had better make another attempt to find my way, or stay until some one came, when the dead silence was broken by the noise of evidently more than one person approaching. As the parties came nearer, I could discern that some conflict or struggle was going on; at first, there were voices, but a peculiar panting sound such as accompanies the movement of people where effort is made by resistance, until at length, in a low, deep voice, like the growl of a mastiff, the words reached me: "Curse you, will you come on? I'll knock you on the head if you don't. The ominous tone in which this brief sentence was uttered, evidently close to the doorway, made me bound back from the glare of the fire, and without a moment's thought, I glided behind the pile of brushwood before referred to, between which and the end wall of the cabin a narrow passage afforded bare space for concealment. I had scarcely effected my purpose, when three men entered the apartment, or rather two, dragging in another between them.

"Shut the door, Bill," gasped the elder of the two, for he was out of breath, and perspiring profusely. The young man addressed as Bill complied, and then drew a large iron bar across the closed entrance. The screen behind which I was concealed was so loosely constructed that I could see through the interstices all that went forward, while I devoutly hoped that it would prove sufficient to hide me from observation.

The third individual of the party, who seemed to have been brought in as a prisoner, was a mere strapping fellow, not much more than twenty, and had, I could notice by the freckled, an expression of extreme alarm on his pale young face as he looked upon his captors. "There!" cried the elder man, giving him a violent push backwards, and shaking his closed fist at him, "you are co-act at last, you miserable spalpeen!"

I had my eye upon you, when you little thought it. I suspected you even the very night you took the oath; and to-night I tracked you down to the police barrack, and saw what you were after; but as there's a heaven above it's the last chance you'll ever get of doing the like!"

"I tell you, Barney, on my solemn oath," began the young man, in a voice that trembled with agitation; but before he could utter another word, a quick, sharp knocking at the door interrupted him, and seemed to startle the whole party. The two men looked inquiringly

at each other for a moment. "Oh!" exclaimed the younger, who had been addressed as Bill, "'tis Gran, I suppose," and walking forward, he admitted, after a moment's pause, an old grey-haired woman, with a cloak thrown over her. "An' where were you now, at this hour of the evening?" asked Barney, accompanying the inquiry with an oath.

"An' where was I, is that it? After them devils of goats there, that were wantering off a good two mile and more from here; and near enough I was, had luck to them tumbling in the dark into the Wizard's Hole about there in the bog; and 'tis a night, glory be to God, that would shiver the heart out of your body. But what's along here? asked the old woman suddenly. What's the matter? Isn't that Ned Sweeney?"

"Matter enough!" returned Barney gruffly. "He only wanted to get the rope round my neck and Bill's here; he was tarrin' informer on our hands; but never you fear, we'll stop that work. Here, Bill, lend a hand will ye," and the speaker strode across the room with some strong cord in his hand, that he had drawn from his pocket. The poor youth uttered a wild cry of terror that rung through the whole place of the two men seized him.

"I tell you, Barney," he cried imploringly, "I wasn't going to tell a word to mortal soul; all I wanted with Connors was to ask him about the rabbits at the colonel's." "Whist you jabber, you thin-skinned varmint, you. Keep your breath to cool your porridge. I wouldn't believe ye, if ye kissed all the books in the barony. Ye'd have told that same fox cub of a peeler of our tramp to-night if I didn't stop your tongue. Ha! you'll never see daylight again, please providence. Here, Bill, tie that hand tight, will ye."

I could see from the spot where I was sheltered, that after a brief and feeble struggle the unfortunate victim had been bound hand and foot, and was sitting upon the log of timber before mentioned. I was at first so absorbed in interest at what I witnessed, as to be half unconscious of my own peril, but a terrible sense of it soon recurred. That I had most unfortunately fallen upon a party of desperate ruffians there was no doubt, nor could I entertain a hope of escaping deadly death, if I were detected, and at length I perceived that my whole frame as I realized the horrible position I was in. I was afraid, too, to stir, as an unguarded movement might so disturb the frail screen in front as to betray me; and the narrow passage between it and the wall scarcely afforded standing room. Bitterly did I curse the mad stupidity that led me into such danger; nor did many minutes elapse before a fresh accession of alarm was caused by the anticipation of instant discovery. Barney and Bill, as I had heard them named, after binding their prisoner, returned to the fire, where the old woman had remained, holding her long skinny hands over the blaze, and apparently not much interested, one way or the other, in the operations that were going on.

(To be concluded.)

The Wonders of a Watch.

Very few of the many who carry watches ever think of the complexity of its delicate mechanism, or of the extraordinary and unceasing labour it performs, and how astonishingly well it bears up and does its duty under what would be considered very shabby treatment in almost any other machinery. There are many who think a watch ought to run and keep good time for years without even a drop of oil, who would not think of running a common piece of machinery a day without oiling the wheels, of which do but a fraction of the service of a watch. A watch struck with this thought the other day, upon hearing a person remark, that by way of gratifying his curiosity, he had made a calculation of the revolutions which the wheels in a watch make in a day and a year. The result of this calculation is as suggestive as it is interesting. For example:—The main wheel, or makes four revolutions in twenty-four hours, or 1,440 in a year; the second, or centre wheel, twenty-four revolutions in twenty-four hours, or 8,769 in a year; the third wheel, one hundred and ninety-two in twenty-four hours, or 59,088 in a year; the fourth wheel, (which carries the second hand,) 1,440 in twenty-four hours, or 525,960 in a year; the fifth or "scape wheel," 12,960 in twenty-four hours, or 4,728,480 revolutions in a year; while the beats or vibrations, make in twenty-four hours, are 388,800, or 141,812,000 in a year.

FROZEN KINDNESS.—The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel of the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying among the rocks on the top of the hill where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of all these trees, if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire with it. Just so in a family, love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters happy; if they take care never to say a word about it; if they keep it a profound secret, as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the home will seem cold even in summer, and if you live there you will envy the dog when any one calls him "poor fellow."

A husband complained of his wife before a magistrate for assault and battery, and it appeared in evidence that he had pushed the door against her, and she in turn had pushed it against him; whereupon the counsel for the defendant said that he could see no impropriety in a husband and wife adoring each other.

Woman's Trials and a Hint to Men.

FOLKS.

Do ever men folks think how much work they make a woman by going into a house with muddy boots? It would take but a moment for them to use the scraper and leave outside the house the dirt which they track over the floor, oil cloth and carpet, or which they leave on the stove hearth or fender—all of which must be mopped, cleaned scraped and wiped off. If your wife, mother or sister fail to clean up the mess you great big boy or man have made, what a howl you raise because things about "the house look so like a sin." And when you go home at noon or night, do you ever notice how you let? Of course not, or you would not do such careless things. You enter the door with a shan—it closes half, and some woman must shut it after you. Your overcoat is thrown on a chair in one corner of the room—your hat sails into another corner to light upon a stand, or under it—gloves are thrown on a table—neck-wrappers hung on the first handy chair and down you sit in the centre of the room where every one must navigate around you. After you have been two hours in a house, the place resembles the grounds of a cat fight. Hat, boots, coat, newspapers, overcoat, gloves, boots, jack-knife, hair brush, and all articles you may have in your hands are scattered as though a hurricane had swept through the room. Books, papers, magazines, almanac and memorandum book are routed from their place. And when you have to leave, what a time is there! No one knows where your things are. "Where is my hat?" "Where is my overcoat?" "Who had my gloves?" Every one in the house is put upon the witness-stand, and in a moment to get you started down town to launch a steamer or to start a new stage-coach. Then, after you are gone, the woman must spend a quarter of a day, more or less, in picking up things you have scattered. The trouble is you don't think. It would take you but a moment to hang up your coat and hat—to put your gloves in your coat-pocket—to draw your neck-wrapper through the sleeve of your overcoat and to cultivate your bump of order. It takes but a moment to put an article in its place, and then it can be found. The woman who takes care of the house has enough to do without choring after her liege lord or waiting on a lot of men all day. A woman's work is never finished. You expect her to keep the house neat and tidy. If it is not so you run to a saloon. You expect her hair to be always smooth—her dress always in order—her stockings always neat—your clothes always in order—the dust swept from its thousand gathering places—something good to eat three times a day besides lunches, and her to be as neat and attractive as she was the night you popped the question. How can she be all this, if she has to spend half her time picking up what you throw down. If your wife, mother or sister be neat, you should be. If not, teach her neatness by good examples. We print this little chapter in hopes that it will make some men who read it a little more thoughtful and neat, and that it may help those who never have too much help.

Bill's Advice.

Old Bill W.—was a full-blown specimen of the genus "loafer," and, like many of his tribe, considerable of a wag, never sparing either friend or foe when a chance occurred for a sell, and frequently "taking in" strangers when opportunity offered. One of his last experiments in this line is thus related:

He was standing one pleasant spring-day in front of the Pavilion Hotel at A—, when a man came along driving a team, consisting of a very large, fine horse, harnessed beside a small, shaggy, inferior-looking pony.

"Hallo! stranger, stop minute," shouted old Bill, and, walking up to the stranger's team, he surveyed it with a critical eye for several minutes, finally remarking:

"That's a fine horse you have there, friend a very fine boss."

"Yes, sir, he is that. Do you want to buy?" responded the stranger.

"And the pony—is he yours, too?"

"Yes, he's mine. Do you want to buy him?" demanded the driver, beginning to become impatient at the delay.

"Wal, no, stranger," with great deliberation, "I don't want to buy; but, if I were you, I'll tell you what I'd do," and again he paused to give another attentive glance to the animals before him.

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, if I were you, and owned them horses, I'd have the little un gruffed, and then he'd be a match for the big un by fall!"

And having fired his shot, old Bill retreated in good order, followed by a volley of curses both loud and deep.

Put Water on the Stove.

The air acts upon water like a sponge; it sucks up and secretes more or less of the fluid, but with this difference, viz., that the warmer the air, the more water it will secrete. In a cold room the air often feels damp; warm the air by a stove and it becomes dry and unpleasant—the moisture has been absorbed and hidden in the air, and the sponge-like capacity of the air draws the moisture from the skin.

The practical lesson now aimed at, is that, when we heat the air of a room by a stove or furnace, we make it a drying sponge, and it sucks up the air from the surface of our bodies and lungs, and not only produces unpleasant sensation, but injures the health, to say nothing of its drying out and cracking or warping the furniture. To remedy this, there should always be an artificial supply of moisture to the air when heated by a stove or furnace. (The open chimney or grate carries off so much air, that the dryness is not so greatly felt.) A wide open vessel of water on a stove, partially supplies moisture. But even this is not enough for the greatest comfort and health. A cloth frequently dampened and hung on a chair or frame near the stove, is preferable. Every one must have noted the healthy effect of a few clothes hung on a frame to dry in a hot room. We heat our whole house by a hot-air furnace in the cellar, as being the most economical as well as the most convenient and comfortable method. But the warm air comes up saturated with moisture, derived from a wide vessel placed within the furnace cover, just over the fire, and always kept supplied with water. The lack of sufficient water apparatus has caused many otherwise good furnaces to be thrown aside as disagreeable and unhealthy. The so-called "burned air" is simply deprived of sensible moisture. A stove heated room may be made far more pleasant by supplying plenty of moisture.

Let teachers, and sextons of churches, act upon the above suggestions, and keep a spacious wide mouthed evaporating vessel upon the stove. If this does not suffice, and at any time hanging of a few damp handkerchiefs, or the mounts on chairs near the stove. The effect will often be almost magical.—Scientific American.

MARRIAGE NOTICES.—A Western paper gives the following notices:—"All notice of marriages, where no bridecake is sent, will be set up in small type, and printed in some outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, it will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves or other bride favors are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends the ceremony in propria persona, and kisses the bride, it will have especial notice, very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, stolen, or coined from the brain editorial."

SETTLEMENT.—Now, then, when are we going to have a settlement of this account? We exclaimed an irascible creditor to an importunate debtor. "We have had a settlement," was the reply. "When—where—how?" began the creditor. "Didn't I come in to see you last month about it?" asked the debtor. "Yes." "And I meant to settle it then, didn't I?" "Well—yes, I believe so." "Very well, then, wasn't that a settle meant?"

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.—An aged female darkey is said to have presented herself at a certain office, when the following dialogue took place:—

Old Woman—"Is dis de Freedmen's Bureau place?"

Answer—"It is. What will you have?"

Old Woman—"I wants my bureau, too. Ise told that all de freed folks is tified to one. I don't want to be put off with a little washstand, but I wants a big bureau, and a looking-glass, too."

Our informant left without learning the result.

What is joy? To count your money and find it a hundred pounds more than anticipated.

Items Foreign & Local.

In France last year out of 700,000 railway passengers, only one was wounded.

In one of the New England pin factories 192,000 of these useful little things are made, prepared and packed every hour.

Four of the New York dry goods houses have sold three millions each in the last six months.

An immense number of skeletons have been gathered together at Petersburg, Va., and sold to the bone mill.

The prize fight for the belt of England will take place 1st November.

No less than three murders were committed in Louisville, Ky., in one day last week.

Three Fenians made an unruly demonstration in New York on Sunday last, and on being arrested threatened to call the Brotherhood to arms and burn the city.

It is stated that indications of petroleum have been found in Cuba, and a stock company formed in Havana and a subscription list opened.

The hog cholera prevails in Indiana to a fearful extent, almost ravaging the cattle disease in England. One farmer lost 45 hogs in nine days.

The state of Switzerland, following the example of some of those in Germany, have passed resolutions against duelling.

The New York Financial Chronicle is informed that Secretary McCulloch is likely shortly to call in and destroy fifty millions of currency.

A company has been formed, and a grant obtained from the Queen, to lay a submarine cable between Porto Rico, Cuba, and the United States.

The abundance of pears in England has been so great that they have been sold at four pence for 24, being cheaper this season than potatoes.

At the Illinois State Fair at Chicago, representatives of two rival artificial leg establishments had a walking match. The victor made his mile in nineteen minutes.

Mr. Juggonath Sunkersett, the head of the Hindu community, died recently in Bombay. He was a Hindu Brahmin, and a large throng of mourning friends.

A schoolmistress in St. Louis was fined last week \$20 and costs, amounting in all to \$60, for cruelty towards one of her scholars, a little boy, she whipped him until the blood ran down his back.

Coal in New York sold for eleven dollars a ton in London, with a population of three millions to be supplied from fields two hundred and fifty miles distant, the price of coal is five dollars and a quarter.

The New Orleans Picayune estimates that the entire cotton crop for the country this season will be 1,250,000 bales. Opinions vary as to the amount of the old crop still left in the South, the conjectures being from 700,000 to 1,000,000 bales.

The ladies of Germany have been invited to meet in congress at Leipzig to discuss such questions as women's work, the establishment of commercial and industrial schools for women, medical classes and degrees, &c.

Three young sisters identified themselves with charcoal recently in Paris, and were found dead in a kneeling posture by their mother. Their father had committed suicide by throwing himself from a church steeple, and their brother, a soldier, had blown his brains out.

Large quantities of sheep, horses, cattle and pigs are daily purchased in Toronto for the United States markets. Many articles of Canadian manufacture and growth are also daily sent across the line. A few years ago the same articles were largely imported from the United States by the Canadians.

The Earl of Granville has been in London in attendance on Her Majesty. When he left England he had on his farm near London 130 million cows; when he returned he found but three—They had fallen victims to the Cattle Disease.

Cholera is progressing alarmingly in France. The people are pouring out of Rouen with all possible haste in order to avoid the cholera. The railway stations are crowded with fugitives, and the troops are to be removed from the town.

Col. Jacques, who gained much notoriety by his visit to Richmond with Edmund Kirk, and his interview with Jeff. Davis, has been arrested in Louisville for causing an illegal operation to be performed upon a woman, which resulted in her death.

Colonel St. Leger Grenfell, sentenced as a rebel conspirator to imprisonment for life on the Dry Tortugas, has been sent to his destination. The unfortunate convict was formerly an officer in the British army, and is highly connected in England. He served with distinction in the Confederate army, and was known as one of the most daring officers in the cavalry.

On Friday last two boys were fighting in front of a Windsor, N. S., hotel. Mr. Lake, a gentleman from the country, who had been attending to court business in town, interfered to stop the quarrel. The colored man and one of the boys, who belongs to a respectable family, have been arrested.

The scientific name of the cattle murrain in England is pneumonum pecorum epizootica typhosa. The public are always demanding that things should be called by their right names. There is no excuse now for them if they miscall this.

Paris gossip gets off a rich joke on the distinguished Frenchman, M. Emile de Girardin, who recently gave a dinner at Paris to Abdel-Kader, and during the conversation said:—"I shall be happy to present you with my Two Sisters," meaning his new play. In translating, the explanation that it was M. Girardin's play was left out, and the Emir politely replied that "he would be very happy to accept the ladies, although his harem was quite full."

The citizens of Opelousa, La., have passed a most oppressive ordinance against the negro. One section of it provides that no negro shall be permitted to rent or hire a house in the limits of the town, under any circumstances, and any negro found occupying a house shall be ejected and compelled to find an employer, or leave the town in 24 hours.

A shocking colliery accident has occurred at one of the Kildare-hall Company's collieries near Wigan. A cage, containing eight of the pitmen was being hauled up the shaft, when the rope slipped off the drum of the winding gear, and the consequent jerk snapped in two the truck rope. The cage, which had almost reached the top when the accident happened, was precipitated to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of three hundred yards, and all the men were instantly killed by the fall.

Nearly half a million (495,592) people in New York live in tenement houses and cellars. There is a story of an inspector who found four families living in one room, chalk lines being drawn across in such manner as to mark out a quarter of the floor for each family. "How do you get along here?" inquired the inspector. "Very well, sir," was the reply, "only the man in the farther corner keeps boarders."

The Gold-Ranger of Canada, has made a report to the 2nd Inst. He alludes to the discovery of numerous quartz veins in Rigault and Vaudeville, one of them, when assayed, yielded four feet below the surface, \$498,000 to the ton, and another \$84; the cost of crushing being estimated at \$7 to \$12 per ton. Specimens of the quartz were sent to New York and Boston. The alluvial was assayed and given for lead. The alluvial was not tried; several companies still proceed with work, but have sent men to search for quartz.—Montreal Transcript.

General News.

Mr. Hall, writes as follows, from "Winter quarters in Igloo, &c., &c., December 10th, '64," to Mr. Chapel, that the information may be conveyed to Mr. Grinnell, who has taken so much interest in the Arctic explorations:

"I will give you very briefly what the people of England and America will be most interested to learn. When I come down I shall bring my despatches and journals up to the time of writing to you. These will be committed to your care for transmitting to the States. The most important matter that I have acquired relates to the fact that there may yet be three survivors of Sir John Franklin's expedition—and one of these is Crozier, the one who succeeded Sir John Franklin in his death. The details are deeply interesting, but this must suffice for the present."

—Crozier and three men with him were found by a cousin of Ouse-la (Albert), Shoo-she-ark-nah (John), and Ar-toos (Frank), while moving on the ice from one igloo to another, thus coming having with him his family and engaged in sealing. This occurred near Neitcheille, (Boothia Felix Peninsula). Crozier was nothing but skin and bones—was nearly starved to death; while the three men with him were well. The cousin soon learned that the three fat men had been living on human flesh—the flesh of their companions, who all deserted the two ships that were first in the ice from one igloo to another, thus coming having with him his family and engaged in sealing. This occurred near Neitcheille, (Boothia Felix Peninsula). Crozier was nothing but skin and bones—was nearly starved to death; while the three men with him were well. 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