

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 13.

WOODSTOCK, N.B., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1865.

WHOLE NO. 846.

Poetry.

WHERE THE OLD FOLKS LIVED AND DIED.

BY DAVID BARKER, OF EXETER.

I never shall tell who the old folks were,
Tis a wasting of time and breath
To give you names of the humble pair,
Who have passed through the courts of death;
But the spot where I just have cried,
Tis the lot where the old folks toiled and lived;
And the spot where the old folks died.

Tis dearer far to my weary heart
Than the dearest spot on earth;
For that was the spot on the hill,
Where the old folks gave me birth.
There's a slab near the spot on the hill
That will tell to the traveller there,
When the old folks passed through the gates of death,
And the names of the humble pair.

When I live of the toils and the cares of my life,
O, then at the spot where I cried,
Near the spot where the old folks toiled and lived,
Cuddled down by the old folks' side.

Select Tale.

A SINGULAR DUEL.

During the reign of Louis XVIII., a young English nobleman, George Lord Hardinge, visited Paris for pleasure, taking with him his sister and a few servants. He took lodgings at one of the principal hotels; and being a gay, extravagant young bachelor, soon entered into a whirl of giddy dissipation. Lady Emily his sister, was only eighteen—pretty, amiable, and inexperienced—and should have been under the care of a very different person from her brother, who for weeks gave little heed to anything except his own follies, leaving her much of the time alone, or to such company as chance threw in her way.

Among the other reprehensible things, Lord Hardinge had become passionately fond of the gaming table, where most of his time was spent, trying the chances of roulette and rouge et noir. Sometimes he came off winner, but generally loser; he seemed little to care which, however—playing rather for the love of the excitement than for gain.

Of course the young lord soon became an object of special regard to the *habitués* of the place, who fancied they saw in him one of the means or chances of increasing their fortune; and being bold, spirited, free and easy, particularly after his first bottle, he of course soon became on familiar terms with rather questionable characters—who, in England, in his sober moments, would never have been permitted to approach him. But he was in Paris now—in Paris to see life, have sport, and enjoy himself without restraint—and so what did he care?

Among others, who would have needed an influential voucher to have brought him into first-class society in England, was one Jean Vaudelemar, who claimed to have been a cavalry officer under Napoleon, and was generally known by the significant title of Monsieur the captain. Any one at all versed in the study of human nature, would have seen at a glance that at heart the man was a villain. He was in truth a gambler, a swindler, a rascal, and a duelist—a fellow of base sensuality, with something of the air, manner, and polish of a gentleman. Had his real nature been apparent to the most common observer Lord Hardinge would have shrunk from the contact; but as it was, the gay and thoughtless Englishman permitted the cunning fellow to worm himself into his good graces—to play, drink and carouse with him—and occasionally go home and spend the night with him at his hotel.

In this way Monsieur the Captain first got a glimpse of Lady Emily; and shortly after, at his request, an introduction to her by the careless brother, who, being somewhat in liquor at the time, thought little of the danger to which he exposed her, and spoke of the villain as his very dear friend. This was exactly what the gambler wanted; and he at once set all his wits to work to win the unoccupied heart of the lady, and, if possible, make his fortune out of the affair, even though his wife should result in her ruin. The captain was in reality a married man; but this fact, of course he concealed; and taking advantage of such opportunities as he could find, when the brother was away, he assumed a melancholy and romantic air with the sister, and spoke of himself as a man of great wealth and high connections, but unhappy, because he had never yet found that congenial, sympathetic soul, which, by perfect and divine unity with his, could so poetically and literally make the two natures and beings as one; and here the wily scoundrel looked down sadly and sighed deeply.

He did not go too far at once—for the gambler, as all professional gamblers are, was an adept in human nature. For the first, he sought only to excite a certain degree of interest, then sympathy, and then compassion—well knowing that if he could succeed to this extent, the inexperienced girl would soon be in his power, like clay in the hands of the potter, to be moulded to whatever evil purpose he might desire.

Lady Emily did not admire him at first; there was an instinct of her innocent nature that made him almost repulsive; and only the fact that the brother she fondly loved had spoken of him as his very dear friend, prevented her from receiving him with the most rigid dignity; but this secret repugnance, unfortunately, wore off by degrees, and at last the wily villain began to secure a place in her regard, and from that moment he felt certain of his final accomplishment of his base design. By calling for the brother at times when he knew he was absent, he secured many a private interview, which he took care to improve to his greatest advantage.

At last the critical moment came. By degrees he had won her regard, her sympathy, her affections; and one evening, when he believed the brother at the gaming table as usual, he took occasion, as it by an irresistible impulse, to pour into her ear the following tale.

"Oh, lady," he said, with well-assumed passionate devotion, throwing himself at her feet, "forgive me! I forgive me! no longer keep silent; I must speak; my tongue will no longer keep silent. I must tell you how I love you, adore you, worship you! Here me, sweet lady, for the love of heaven! Before I saw you, I was not happy, because of the yearning of my soul for some sweet companion,

which I never expected to find this side of the grave; but oh! Lady Emily, what was that unhappiness to what I shall now endure, if, after having seen you, I shall be doomed to lose you! to be the blind man, brought to see all bright and glorious things, and then, with sight removed, be plunged into eternal night! the deeper and the darker for having seen the light!"

In this wild strain he went on for some minutes, Lady Emily listened at one bewildered if not entranced. He saw his power over her, and his dark soul exulted in the fact. He took her hand with eagerness, pressed it, kissed it, rose gradually from his knees, glided his arm around her slender waist, drew her fondly to him, and put his foul lips to hers.

At this moment the apartment was dashed open, and, white with rage, Lord Hardinge was seen advancing, with long and rapid strides. The instant he reached the astonished gambler, he seized him by the throat, hurled him back, and struck him to the ground.

"Begone you base-born villain!" he cried, stamping his foot in rage.

He heard a low smothered cry, and looked around just in time to catch his sister, who, overcome by the excitement and the shock, was sinking down in a swoon.

Vaudelemar slowly rose to his feet, his now blanched features expressing the most malignant hate; and for a few moments, as he gazed upon the young nobleman, who was now giving his whole attention to his unconscious sister, he appeared to be debating with himself whether he should kill him on the spot or not.

"No," he muttered at length, "why make a felon of myself for a revenge that will be equally sure a few hours later, and leave me untainted with crime!" and with this he quitted the apartment, without a word to Lord Hardinge.

It was at least half an hour before Lady Emily was so far restored as to remember what had taken place; and then, in great trepidation, she demanded the meaning of the fearful scene.

"It means, Emily, that you were in the hands of a designing villain, who was only seeking your ruin."

"A villain, George! and you yourself presented him to me as your very dear friend!"

"I know, my dear sister, I am very much to blame for presenting such a scoundrel at all; but I did not know him then, except as a gentleman, and he had proved himself such a boon companion, and in a thoughtless moment, excited by wine, I called him my friend, never dreaming the term would have any more weight with you than a mere passing compliment!"

"And why do you call him a scoundrel now, George, what has he done?"

Lord Hardinge at once thrust a crumpled note into the hand of Lady Emily, which she found as follows:—"Scion of a noble house, beware! Go loss to the gaming table, and look more at home! A designing villain, known as Monsieur the Captain, is now secretly paying court to your innocent sister, while his own wife is pining in solitude for want of the necessities and courtesies of life! Make due inquiries, and set a watch, and you will prove the truth of this statement, penned by—

AS UNKNOWN FRIEND."

"His wife!" almost shrieked Lady Emily, as she reached that terrible revelation:—"Have I then been disgraced by the special attentions of a married man?"

"We must leave Paris at once!" said her proud, but now humiliated brother.

"Yes, yes, at once!" cried Lady Emily, in great excitement; "before this villain, as I now believe him to be, can do you personal harm."

At this moment the valet of the nobleman appeared and whispered something in his ear.

"I will be down directly!" was the answer of the master, turning a shade paler.

"What is it, George?" eagerly demanded the sister.

"Only a gentleman to see me on some private business."

"Oh, you must not fight with that base man!" cried Lady Emily, at once divining the fearful secret—"for you will be killed, and I shall be left without a protector!"

"Have no fear!" was the evasive answer of Lord Hardinge, as he hurriedly quitted the apartment.

As he expected, he received a formal challenge from M. Vaudelemar, demanding satisfaction for the insult of a blow, the note explicitly stating that no apology would be received. The nobleman at once declared his readiness to meet his adversary, but not in the ordinary way. He immediately sent for an English officer of his acquaintance, Major Basset of the Light Infantry and their conference resulted in the decision to give the Frenchman a meeting, provided he should accede to the terms and conditions which the challenged party claimed the right to propose. As Monsieur the Captain was known to be a dead shot, who had already killed several antagonists, and as Lord Hardinge had never fired a pistol half a dozen times in his life, these terms and conditions accordingly were, that the parties should meet on the following morning, at eight o'clock at a place designated in the Bois de Boulogne—that two duelling pistols should be then and there selected by the seconds, and one, and only one of these be loaded—that these pistols should then be effectually concealed under a handkerchief, and be drawn by the principals, according to lot, and that, when so drawn, each should be placed to the breast of the other, and both triggers be pulled at the word.

"We shall see," said Major Basset, with a grim smile, "if this redoubtable hero will have the courage to fight with an equal chance against him!"

Somewhat contrary to his expectations, however, Monsieur the Captain consented to the arrangement; and Lord Hardinge spent most of the night in making his will, and giving his friend instructions to be carried out in case of his fall.

At the appointed time, all the different parties appeared upon the ground, the nobleman with a solemnity due to an occasion involving life and death, but Vaudelemar with the nonchalance, either real or assumed, of one who believed himself the favored son of fate.

The lot fell to Monsieur the Captain to draw the first pistol; and as he weighed them both with his hand before determining his choice, he remarked, with a sardonic smile:

"If I can't tell by the weight which has the ball

for the heart of this accused Englishman, I deserve to die!" Immediately after he drew his pistol, and added:—"I have it now—all right!"

"God shall judge between us!" said Lord Hardinge, solemnly, as he lifted the remaining weapon. He was deadly pale, but his look was firm.

The principals were now placed face to face, only three feet apart, and the seconds took leave of them with tremulous agitation.

It was a terribly exciting moment—one or the other was about to be hurried into eternity—no one could say which.

"Farewell, my dear friend, and remember my instructions!" said Lord Hardinge to Major Basset, as he solemnly shook his hand.

Immediately after came the dreadful words:

"Are you ready, gentlemen? Fire?"

Both triggers were pulled together, there was only one explosion, and Monsieur the Captain fell dead, without a word, shot through the heart.

Lord Hardinge was hurried from the awful scene. He returned to England with his sister, an entirely altered man.

This singular duel is no fiction. It was an actual occurrence. Only the names of the parties have been changed.

Ice-Stars and Snow-Stars.

In Tyndall's late remarkable lectures upon heat as a mode of motion, we find the following pleasing and striking illustration of the fondness, so to speak, of nature for the display of her starry firmament, the highest, perhaps, of all her shows:—"How shall I dissect this ice?" In the beam of an electric lamp, we have an anatomist competent to perform this work. I will send the rays of this lamp thro' this block of pellucid ice. It shall pull the crystal edifice to pieces by accurately reversing the order of its architecture. Silently and symmetrically, the crystallizing force builds the atoms up; silently and symmetrically the electric beam will take them down.

I place this slab of ice in front of the lamp, a portion of the beam is arrested in the ice, and that portion is our working anatomist. Well, what is he doing? I place a *lamina* in front of the ice, and cast a magnified image of the slab upon the screen. Observe the image—here we have a star, and there a star, and as the action continues, the ice appears to resolve itself into stars, each one possessing six rays, each one resembling a beautiful flower of six petals.

And as I shift my lens to and fro, I bring new stars into view; and as the action continues, the edges of the petals become serrated and spread themselves out like fern leaves upon the screen.

Few are aware of the beauty latent in a block of common ice. And only think of lavish nature operating thus throughout the world. Every atom of the solid ice which sheets the frozen lakes of the north has been fixed according to this law. And to complete the charming spectacle in its resemblance to the aspect of the sky at night, each ice-star-fleur, by a certain direction of the illuminating beam, will be seen to yield a spot in its center, shining with the lustre of burnished silver. By immersing it in hot water you can melt away the ice all round the spot; the moment you do this, the eye of the star and flower, glowing with celestial brightness is gone, and not a trace of it is left. The spot is a vacuum. So creative skill evokes, builds its graces, its glories, out of nothing—out of everything. Nor is it to the eye alone that the ice and the firmament are equally full of stars. Our ears, trained by true science, may hear nature laying her beams in music. Meteors and stars are said to sound and sing—ice stars are known to have a voice whenever the flashing spark is struck, which unravels them from their frosty sphere. Snow, likewise, found in a calm atmosphere, exhibits the same regular and exquisite figures that we discover in ice. Snow-crystals are built upon the same type with ice-crystals, the molecules forming six-sided stars. The six-leaved blossoms assume the most wonderful variety of form; their tracery is of the finest frost-garden, and to their rays cling other spangled rosettes, the nebulae of the frozen field. Beauty is piled upon beauty, as if nature once at her task, delighted to show the wealth of her wonderful resources within the narrow limits of a snow-wreath, an ice-ship, melting at a breath, or within the boundless sweep of the hosts on night, enduring forever."

Moral Algebra.

A most curious expedient was Franklin's moral or prudential algebra as he called it. When asked by Dr. Priestley how he made up his mind, when strong and numerous arguments were presented for both of two proposed lines of conduct, he replied:

"My way is to divide half a sheet of paper, by a line into two columns, writing over the one *pro*, and the other *con*; then during three or four days consideration, I put down under the different heads short hints of the different motives that at different times occur to me, for or against the measure."

When I have thus got them all together in one view, I endeavor to estimate their respective weights; and where I find two (one on each side) that seem equal, I strike them both out. If I find a reason *pro*, equal to some two reasons *con*, I strike out the three. If I judge some two reasons *con* equal to some three reasons *pro*, I strike out the five; and thus proceeding, I find at length where the balance lies; and if, after a day or two further consideration, nothing new that is of importance occurs on either side, I come to a determination accordingly.

He added that he had derived great help from equations of this kind, which at least rendered him less liable to take rash steps.

CHARACTER.—There is but little originality in the character of the world. Most men are imitators. They do what they have seen others do, and say things they have heard said. Few have genius or courage to strike out a new path in thought or action. The general mode of education tends greatly to this result; everything is based on books, youths are hardly allowed to think for themselves; they are not taught to look within and draw upon the resources which Nature has placed there. Mental go-carts and carriages are so abundant that the mind is not suffered to use its own legs.

Josh Billings says there is nothing in this life that will open the pores of a man so much as to fall in love; it makes him feel as fluent as a tin whistler, as limber as a boy's foot-chance and as agile as a dandelion-master; his haric is all full of sunshine as a layfield. There ain't any more gile in him than there is in a stick of molasses candy.

Hints for Wives.

Never complain that your husband pores too much over the newspaper, to the exclusion of that pleasing converse which you formerly enjoyed with him. Don't hide the paper; don't give it to the children to tear; don't be sulky when the boy leaves it at the door; but take it in pleasantly and lay it down before your spouse. Think what man would be without a newspaper; treat it as a great agent in the work of civilization, which it assuredly is, and think how much good newspapers have done by exposing bad husbands, and bad wives, by giving their errors to the eye of the public.

Manage you in this way: when your husband is absent, instead of gossiping with neighbors, or looking into shop windows, sit down quietly, and look over that paper; run your eye over its home and foreign news; glance rapidly at the accidents and casualties; carefully scan the leading articles; and at tea-time, when your husband again takes up the paper, say, "My dear, what an awful state of things there seems in India;" or "what a terrible calamity at the Glasgow theatre;" or "trade appears to be flourishing in the north;" and depend upon it, down will go the paper. If he has not read the information, he will hear it all from your lips, and when you have done he will ask: "Did you, my dear, read Simpson's letter upon the discovery of Chloroform?" And whether you did or not, you will gradually get into as cozy a chat as you ever enjoyed, and you will soon discover that, rightly used, the newspaper is the wife's real friend for it keeps the husband at home, and supplies capital topics for every-day table-talk.

A Quaker woman's Sermon.

My Dear Friends:—There are three things I very much wonder at. The first is that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, clubs, and bricks into fruit trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked as to go to war, and kill each other; if let alone they would die themselves. And the third and the last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women: if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them.

Memory of the Dead.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were alarms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we loved in life. Alas! how often and how long shall these patient angels hover around us, watching for the spell which is soon forgotten.

Fourteen ways by which people get sick.

1. Eating too fast, and swallowing food imperfectly masticated.
2. Taking too much fluid during meals.
3. Drinking poisonous whiskey and other intoxicating liquors.
4. Keeping late hours at night, and sleeping too late in the morning.
5. Wearing the clothes so tight as to impede circulation.
6. Wearing thin shoes.
7. Neglecting to take sufficient exercise to keep the limbs and feet warm.
8. Neglecting to wash the body sufficiently to keep the pores of the skin open.
9. Exchanging the warm clothing worn in a warm room during the day for the light costumes and exposures incident to evening parties.
10. Starting the stomach to gratify a vain and foolish passion for dress.
11. Keeping up a constant excitement by fretting the mind with imaginary troubles.
12. Employing cheap doctors, and swallowing quick nostrums for every imaginary ill.
13. Taking the meals at irregular intervals.
14. Reading the trashy and exciting literature of the day, and going crazy on politics.

Beautiful Answers.

A pupil of Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"

"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

"What is hope?"

"Hope is the blossom of happiness."

"What is the difference between hope and desire?"

"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."

"What is duty?"

"A day without yesterday or to-morrow—a line that has no end."

"What is time?"

"A line that has two ends—a path which begins at the cradle and ends in the tomb."

"What is God?"

"The necessary being, the sun of eternity, the merchant of nature, the eye of justice, the watchmaker of the universe, the soul of the world."

"Does God reason?"

"Man reasons, because he doubts; he deliberates because he is conscious; he never doubts because he therefore never reasons."

CONUNDRUM.—Mr. Toot, coming home late one night from meeting, was met at the door by his wife: "Pretty time of night, Mr. Toot, for you to come home—pretty time, three o'clock in the morning; you, the father of a family."

"Three o'clock only; I heard it strike; committee always sits till one o'clock."

"Mr. Toot, you're drunk. It's three in the morning."

"I say, Mrs. Toot, it's one. I heard it strike one as I came round the corner, two or three times."

SOME YEARS ago Mr. Kidwell was preaching to a large audience in a wild part of Illinois, and announced in his text:—"In my fathers house there are many mansions." He had scarce read the words when an old man stood up and said:

"I tell you, folks, that's a lie! I knew his father well; he lives fifteen miles from Lexington, in old Kentucky, in a log cabin, and there ain't but one room in the house."

"Oh, my friend," said a doctor to an Irish patient, "be composed; we must all die once."

"And it's that vexes me," replied Pat, "if I could die half a dozen times, I'd not care a cent for this time."

AN IRISH TOAST.—May ye nivir die, nor nobody kill ye, till ye knock your own brains out against the silver knocker of yer own door.

EXAMINER.—"Who was the strongest man?"

Smart boy.—"Jonah."

"Why so?"

"Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down."

Items, Foreign & Local.

A secesh woman at Newton, Va., has papered her kitchen with greenbacks which she received from Union soldiers for pies last summer.

Horse flesh soup, horse flesh hash, horse flesh trifled, and horse liver, were on the bill of fare at the recent horse flesh banquet in Paris. Tickets were \$3.

There is estimated to be about 150,000 tons of the best grass fed beef on the Rio Grande and Platte Rivers which will not bring more than two cents per pound. The difficulty of curing it for the market is the cause of its low price.

The funeral of Cardinal Wiseman took place in London on the 23d ultimo, and was attended with great pomp. Many distinguished men took part in the proceedings, and the procession to the cemetery was three miles in length.

One of the Shetland mares lately imported by John S. Rarney of Ohio, lately gave birth to a colt, which is considered as the smallest specimen of the horse kind in the world, being only twenty inches in height, and only weighing twenty-one pounds.

The mother of the colt weighs only seventy-five pounds. Four men recently had a fight with axes, revolvers and guns, Shelby county, Tennessee, where in one man's head was split open, another's bowels blown out, and a third, who had fallen over a log, was being backed to pieces when his dog came to his rescue, and dreadfully mangled his assailant, saved his master's life.

A few days ago a young man was found suspended by the neck in the noose of a rope hung to a peg in a barn in Quincy. He was cut down unconscious. On being restored and questioned as to why he was in that position, he replied that "he had been thinking about a man that hung himself, and thought he should like to know how it would feel to be hung, but the rope was not so long as he thought it was."

A destructive fire occurred at Constantinople recently by which 100 lives were lost.

The Legislature of Nova Scotia has decided on the policy of making free grants of public lands, in lots of one hundred acres each, to aged Teachers who have been engaged in instructing the young for twenty years and upwards.

Farnworth & Jardine's Timber Circular of 3rd March describes the wood trade as still in a depressed state. St. John Spruce and Pine Dues were sold by auction at 27 2s. 9d. and 27 5s. per standard, and Pine at 27 6s. 6d. per standard.

It is estimated that the Printing Bureau department at Washington this year cost \$2,000,000. Its paper bill will sum up to \$1,277,000.

The San Francisco Bulletin says there are in that city about four hundred Hebrew children, who can be traced to the parents, and under teachers of different shades of religious opinion. Their number is regarded as small compared with the Hebrew population.

Chestnuts are seventy-five dollars a bushel, in gold, at Danvers, Colorado, and apples of the size of marbles are fifty cents each.

The price of mules having become so high, a company is to be formed at Hartford with capital of \$5000, and a Union market is to be put in operation by means of which the stockholders expect to get their meat at about twenty-five per cent. less than they pay at other markets.

Queen Victoria had temporarily emerged from her seclusion by receiving the Foreign Ambassadors, Members of Legations, etc., at Buckingham Palace.

Stanton, one of the St. Albans raiders, has been found guilty by court martial and sentenced to be hanged.

Brigham Young is reported to have said in a recent sermon:—"The North prays that their sword may strike into the hearts of every rebel, and I say, Amen!" And the South prays that the North may be cut down on a thousand battle fields, and again I say, Amen!

A drunken fellow named Clemens is under arrest in Washington for threatening to kill President Lincoln, on the 4th.

There is, it is said, a space of 1,131,000 square miles around the north pole, which is now a blank in our maps.

They have been trying pen as fuel for locomotives on the New York and Central railroad. It made a hot and steady fire and railroad men called it a success.

Two clairvoyant gentlemen, named Bonheur, are attending crowds to the Cirque Napoleon. They go through all the business which may be called legitimate, but do the extra novelty of drawing the portraits, blindfolded, with chalk on a blackboard, of whomsoever is called for. The likenesses are said to be capital.

Queer, isn't it, how things sometimes work in the world. John Brown's daughter is now keeping a school for negro children in the old mansion of Henry A. Wise, in Virginia.

It is proposed to establish in Boston a Theological Library, where individuals of every form of belief may find the full religious, ecclesiastical and theological literature of their denomination. A library of seven thousand volumes is already collected.

The Suez canal, which has been six years in constructing, is completed. It connects the Mediterranean and Red Seas, and is 90 miles long, 40 feet wide and 4 feet deep; but it is expected in due time to reach a width of the surface of 330 feet, and to attain a depth of 20 feet.

The Canadian Trade Review says Hon. Geo. Brown has sold his interest in oil-producing land at Bothwell for \$250,000 in gold.

California is raising her own oranges and lemons. They are grown principally at Los Angeles, where 100,000 oranges and 40,000 lemons were raised last year. The oranges sell for \$3 per hundred at the groves.

A distressing accident occurred at the Thames on the 28th ult. Ten of the cadets attached to the training ship "Warrior" were drowned in the Thames, in consequence of the upsetting of a boat.

Recent explorations show that the Mexican Empire contains a rich mine of coal. This discovery has been made at Ixtocla, about ninety miles from Mexico, and the coal is reported to be of excellent quality.

There is a man in Chicago who is doing a large business in healing the diseased by simply touching them. The hall in which he manipulates is daily crowded by hundreds afflicted by all the ills that flesh is heir to. His patients profess to believe themselves cured.

A letter from Havana says:—"The carnival is over, and a more disorderly one has not been seen for many years. The number of persons murdered and wounded during the three days and nights amounts to no less than fifty-six. Of these five are known to have been killed outright."

A member of the New York Assembly sent up the following resolution one day last week:—"Resolved, That the Clerk of this house furnish a copy of Webster's unabridged Dictionary to each member." Let them have the dictionary.

English workmen have surpassed the thinness of the sheet of iron lately sent to England from Pennsylvania, which was only one-thousandth part of an inch in thickness. A sheet only the fourteen-hundredth part of an inch in thickness has been rolled at Birmingham.

Cardinal Wiseman's dying words were:—"Well, here I am at last, like a child from school, going home for the holidays."

During the last week, 19 new petroleum companies were started in Philadelphia, representing \$12,000,000 of capital.

General News.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL POSITION OF CANADA AND THE OTHER BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.

Population and its rate of increase.				
	Population by the last Census.	Date of Census.	Rate Annual increase since previous Census per cent.	Estimated population Jan. '64, as Census returns; same rate inc'ed.
Newfoundland*	124,288	1857	1.50	137,000
Nova Scotia	230,531	1861	1.52	242,200
New Brunswick	252,047	1861	2.00	272,780
P. E. Island	80,857	1861	2.67	85,892
Canada	2,507,357	1861	3.48	2,783,079
Total	3,295,706	3,628,151