

The Carleton Sentinel.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

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Poetry.

[Our friend treats as trifling what was, as we stated at the time, a fact. The writer who signed himself "Trade" is dead. We publish the following lines however with pleasure.—Ed. Sen.]

To the Editor of the Carleton Sentinel.

In a late number I think you said,
Your correspondent Trade was dead,
For which reason you should decline
To publish Agriculture's lines.

The reasons you assign are not good,
As Trade is composed of a large brood,
Some full fledged and some in down;
Some great knaves and some great clowns.

But not being given to poetry or rhyme,
But a few lines just happened to find,
I think quite suitable on this occasion,
Which Trade can have for deletion.

The day was dark, the market's dull,
Change was scarce, Gazette's were full,
And half the town was breaking;
The country of the sea was steep,
Bankers and bankrupts sat up shop,
And honest hearts were breaking.

When near the Change my fancy fled,
A faded form with hasty stride,
Heathen grief and heathen sleep,
Her name was Credit and she said,
Her father Trade was lately dead,
Her mother Commerce drooping.

The smile that she was wont to wear,
Was withered by the hand of Care,
Her eyes had lost their lustre;
Her character was gone, she said,
For basely she had been betrayed,
And Speculation was her name.

That honest industry had tried,
To gain fair Credit for his bride,
And found the lady willing;
But ah! a fortune hunter came,
And Speculation was his name,
A rake not worth a shilling.

The villain was on mischief bent,
He gained both Dad and Ma's consent,
And then poor Credit smarted;
He fled her fortune and her fame,
And left a blot upon the name,
And left her broken-hearted.

While thus poor Credit seemed to sigh,
Her cousin Confidence came by,
Methinks he must be clever,
For when he whispered in her ear,
She checked the sigh, she dried the tear,
And smiled as sweet as ever.

Select Tale.

THE POISONED FLOWERS.

AN INCIDENT IN THE REIGN OF ONE OF THE EARLY KINGS OF FRANCE.

There are various traditions as to the origin of the Golden Lily upon the shield of France. Among these is the following incident, said to have occurred in the latter part of the eleventh century, during the reign of Philip Augustus.

Thus France was only fifteen when he ascended the throne, but the strong hand with which he seized the reins of government, saving the turbulent nobles and protecting the common people against their aggressions, soon convinced them that he was not to be despised for his youth. Though by this course he greatly endeared himself to the mass of his subjects, his life was more than once threatened, and even attempted; but these plots invariably originated among the haughty nobles, who were restive under the restraints imposed upon them by the king's strong arm and just and kindly heart.

In the summer of the seventh year of his reign, weary of the cares of state Philip retired with his court to his royal residence at Chaumont, which was a favorite resort to him. Among his train was Geoffrey, Count de Nevelles, the natural son of Louis VII, and therefore the king's half-brother. He was a mild, inoffensive man, apparently well content with the title and estate conferred by the late king upon his mother, and which he had inherited at her death, but unfortunately he married a haughty, ambitious woman, who was ill-inclined to forego her claims to royalty. At the death of Louis, she openly asserted that there had been a secret marriage between him and the late Countess de Nevelles, and that upon the head of their son should rest the crown of France—he being the elder born, and urged her husband to assert his claims. But this the Count refused to do; being ill-fitted by nature to act a part requiring more than usual energy and ability, besides entertaining too strong an affection for the young king, who had treated him with marked kindness, to seek to deprive him of his rightful inheritance.

If Philip heard of the pretensions which the Countess set forth, he manifested no outward token of displeasure or distrust; on the contrary, he gave his brother many evidences of his confidence and regard, appointing him to certain honorary offices near his person, though he took care that they were such as conferred little power. This was a new source of grievance to the haughty Countess, who, relinquishing the idea of becoming Queen, had fondly imagined that on account of Philip's youth, his brother would obtain such a strong ascendancy over his mind as would make him King in reality, if not in name. This disappointment was felt with increased bitterness when she became the mother of a son, in whom centered all her ambitious hopes, and all the love she was capable of feeling for any one.

Unlike our modern fair ladies, the 'dames of high degree' of that remote period were early risers, and the Countess de Nevelles often took long rides on horseback before the dawn was off the grass, unattended, save by her groom, who kept at a respectful distance, just near enough to be within call should his lady require any assistance.

One morning she passed in front of a little cottage, situated in a perfect wilderness of bloom. As an involuntary ejaculation of surprise and admiration escaped her lips, a pretty intelligent looking girl raised her bright eyes from the rose bush she was pruning.

'I have some much handsomer within, arranged in bouquets,' she said, smiling, 'if madame would like to examine them.'

Throwing the reins of her horse to her atten-

dant, the Countess alighted, much to the surprise of the servant, who had never known his haughty mistress to be guilty of so much condescension before.

As the Countess entered the little, low room the pretty flower-girl displayed her beautiful collection of bouquets with pardonable pride.

'All or any of them are at your service, with the exception of this,' she said, pointing to one composed of golden lilies and white roses, relieved by a few leaves of green; 'this is for the King.'

'So King Philip buys flowers, pretty maid?' 'Yes, madame; I have orders to bring them to the palace daily. The golden lily is his favorite flower, and there are only these in bloom to-day.'

'I will take this,' said the Countess, selecting one of the bouquets, and taking from her purse a gold piece of more than double the value. 'But first bring me a cool draught from the spring yonder.'

With a light step the young girl took a pitcher and passed out to the spring that was but a few feet from the door. As she passed the window, on returning, she glanced in, and saw to her surprise her visitor bending over the stand of flowers, and apparently shaking something from her hand upon those she had laid aside for the King. When she took it away her eye caught the gleam of a small golden flask, such as the ladies of that period used for their cosmetics and perfume. But when she entered the room she found her in the same position in which she had left her. She could not forbear an exclamation of surprise as she observed how deathly pale was her countenance.

'Tis but the odor of the flowers,' said the Countess, as drawing her robes around her she turned to the door. 'Take my advice, my good girl, place the stand nearer the window, and be not much over them; their perfume is too strong for so close and small a room.'

There was something about these words, carefully spoken though they were, that deepened the undefined suspicions in the young girl's heart, and following her suggestion, she placed the stand of flowers directly in front of the open window. Then, by a close examination of the bouquet designed for the King, she detected the presence of a fine, white powder, so impalpable as to be imperceptible to the eye upon the white petals of the rose, but clearly visible upon the lilies, whose peculiar shape, by exposing the leaves to the full rays of the sun as well as their vivid coloring, threw it into strong relief. As she bent over them, the faint but penetrating odor that arose made her so giddy that she would have fallen, had it not been for a tall, shapely youth who had just entered, and whose lively shew that he was in the service of the King.

It was her lover, Francois, King Philip's body-servant, and who, passing by the house, stepped in to have a little chat with his betrothed.

'How now, Marie?' he said, looking into her pale face. 'What has frightened the roses from your cheek, *ma petite*, and given you such a strange look?' The honest-hearted fellow was sincerely attached to his royal master, and he listened to Marie's account of the strange conduct of her visitor, and the suspicion to which it gave rise.

'It has a bad look,' he said thoughtfully; 'though be like there's nothing in it. By good luck, I have orders to attend his majesty in his private apartments an hour hence. I will put him on his guard; then, surely, no harm can come of it.'

Somewhat to the surprise of Francois, the king manifested no disquietude at this disclosure, though his grave look and the attentive manner with which he listened showed that he considered it of no light import. He bade him charge Marie to tell no one what she had discovered, but to come to the palace with her flowers, an hour earlier than her wont, by no means forgetting her golden lilies.

King Philip sat in his audience hall, surrounded by his usual retinue. A number of the royal family stood near him, among them the Count de Nevelles, his wife, and their little son, a sweet boy of three, whose winning and sprightly ways made him a great favorite with the King.

'And please your majesty, Marie, the flower girl is waiting without,' said one of the guard, opening the door.

'Admit her,' said the King.

Marie had never seen Philip in his robes of State, and the royal pomp that surrounded him impressed her with a feeling of awe as she entered. But this was quickly dissipated by the King's gracious manner as he bade her approach.

'I see you have not forgotten my favorite flower,' he said, taking the basket from her hands. 'Just admire these queenly lilies, fair Countess, and inhale the fragrance of their robes.'

'But why do you start and turn so pale?' he added, as with an involuntary shudder she drew back from the flowers he would have placed in her hands.

'I—I crave your majesty's pardon,' she stammered, 'but the odor of the rose always affects me thus.'

The King's eyes followed the Countess as she retreated to a window at the further end of the hall, under the pretext of obtaining air; he then fixed them searchingly upon her husband's face, whose mind seemed to be entirely occupied by the rose, laughing boy he held in his arms.

Attracted by the bright color of the lilies, the child stretched out his hands for them. A sudden thought struck the King, as he observed this.

'See how eagerly little Louis is regarding

them!' he said turning to the Count. 'Give them to him.'

With a fond smile the proud father took the flowers and held them up before the boy, who, clutching them with both of his dimpled hands, raised them, with a gleeful shout, to his lips.

Instantly a deathly pallor overspread the face, and with a faint gasp he fell back dead in his father's arms.

The Countess had kept a furtive watch upon the king's movements from her retreat, and forgetting everything, in her terror, sprang forward to arrest her husband's arm. But she was too late.

'Monster!' she exclaimed, glaring upon him like a tigress robbed of her young. 'You have destroyed your child!'

'And you,' said Philip pointing significantly to the flowers, 'still eloped in the child's rigid fingers, 'You would have murdered your king!'

'Is this the woman who called at your cottage this morning?' he enquired, turning to Marie.

'The same, your majesty.'

As soon as the Count comprehended the full import of these words, he cast a look of horror and detestation upon his wife; then taking his dead boy, he laid him upon the pile of cushions at the king's feet.

'I can lay before you no stronger proof, sire, he faltered, 'that I was ignorant of even the existence of this base plot against your life!'

As Philip looked upon the still, sweet features of the child, and then upon the wretched father, his eye softened.

'You are right. God knows that I would have spared your loyalty such a terrible test!'

'I wish you all to bear witness,' he said, addressing those around him, 'that I fully exonerate Count de Nevelles from all complicity with his wife in this attempt upon the life of your king.'

'As for you,' he added, turning to the guilty woman, 'I give you twenty days to leave the kingdom. If, after that time, you are found anywhere in my domains, you shall suffer the full penalty of your crime.'

King Philip did not forget the debt of gratitude that he owed to Marie and his faithful attendant. He was present at their marriage, which occurred a few days after, bestowing a liberal dowry upon the bride, and various other substantial marks of his favor. And ever after in commemoration of his providential deliverance, he bore upon his shield the 'Golden Lily.'

Does the Spider Bat His Web?

Yes; but it is not eaten till it is done with, or too much broken to admit of being mended. When the spider swallows his web he is simply giving his particular illustration of the rule that in nature nothing must be wasted, nothing lost. If the first principle which looks upon us upon all of the works of God be liberality or grand profusion, the second is a wise, superb economy. This appears in things which are least. The spider clings to a broad leaf, and weaves his old patterns over again in new silk, and the slender tissues are not worthless, even when some rude blow shivers or entangles them. Moreover, when he eats his web, he is one small link in a universal cycle of incessant reproduction and change. Liebig, in his *Natural Laws of Husbandry*, states that when a leaf fades and falls it is a kind of empty envelope, a poor *simulacrum* of its former self. In the very act which we call felling, the best part of its substance was given back to the lough or the spray on which it hung, and there reabsorbed. When the tree seems to lose in leaves, it really gains in wood, as the torn web nourishes the spider. Age and age since, the earth brought forth abundantly, and every bud and every tree, like the whole mighty network of thicker and forest, drew their juices of life from her bosom. Stretching out broad and deep along what is now the mountain limestone, we find the same old network of vegetation lying in her bosom again—the wood changed into coal. Here is the earth herself swallowing what she had first brought forth, and keeping it stored up in her 'coal-measures' till we need it to-day. Dig out the coal, let the hearth be bright, and let the forge glow, and then watch how the dark vapors creep and spread over the sky, like some mighty spider's web. Even this last product of the furnace and the chimney is too precious to lose. Ten thousand green leaves attract and suck in the rich carbon, which the atmosphere has distilled from the smoke. Through their innumerable mouths the unwearied old plant swallows her own workmanship again, as a tree extracts the substance of its own falling leaves, or as the spider eats its web.

Girls Playing.

There is hardly another sight in the world so pretty as that of a company of young girls—almost women grown—at play, and so giving themselves up to their airy impulse that their footsteps barely touch the ground. Girls are so incomparably wilder and more effervescent than boys, more untamable, and regardless of rule and limit, with an ever-shifting variety, breaking continually into new modes of fun, yet with a harmonious propriety through all. Their steps, their voices, appear free as the wind, but keep consonance with a strain of music inaudible to us. Young men and boys, on the other hand, playing according to recognized law, old traditional games permitting no caprices of fancy, but with scope enough for the outbreak of savage instincts; for, young or old, in play or in earnest, man is prone to be a brute.—*Luethorne.*

As bees breed no poison, though they suck the deadliest juices, so the noble mind, though forced to drain the cup of misery, can yield but generous thoughts and noble deeds.

Marriage among the Chinese.

On the auspicious day itself, I hastened to witness the lady leave her mother's home, about seven o'clock in the evening. She was in the little room, to which her earliest associations had been confined, surrounded by women and matrons (her mother among them) weeping and wailing. She had trimmed herself, powdered her face, rouged her lips, musked her robes, and, as she could afford them, displayed her finest jewelry. Had she been too poor to have jewelry by her, she would readily have supplied herself for the time at the nearest pawnbroker's.

The bride chair was at the door, and chair bearers and musicians. A concourse of spectators stood outside, eager, if not impatient, to catch a glimpse at the *shing*, *alias* 'the new woman.' After the procession was duly arranged, the bride was carried out of her room, as if *et armis*, by her brothers, and she was placed in her nuptial sedan seemingly in a helpless condition. When she was carried out of her father's house, she was lifted over a pan of charcoal. This precaution was explained as necessary to prevent the lady carrying off with her all the good fortunes of the family? This is one interpretation, but there may be others equally absurd. The chair was capacious and elegant. The bride sat within, arrayed in a cloak fringed with tiny tinkling bells, and on her head she wore a singularly-shaped hat, with a veil of beads, &c., that almost completely covered her face. Every symbol of gaiety was exhibited, identified with their traditions of a wedding occasion, when, according to their phraseology, the 'phoenixes sing in harmony,' and compatible with the bridegroom's finances.—The whole retinue hurried along winding streets lined with staring spectators, preceded by men and boys with torches and crackers. By this time a messenger had announced that the lady was approaching, and all was astir at the bridegroom's where the gates were opened to receive the gaudy banners, pink umbrellas, red boxes, and other pieces of baggage, which heralded the bride. Presently the chair bearers rushed in. Three heavy crackers intimated that the bridal sedan had actually come. This conveyance was attended by four bridesmaids on foot, in black dresses and with pink sashes; but they were old women! A singularly dressed mistress of ceremonies came out to escort the young bride. As she stepped out of her chair, a horse-saddle was laid on the floor, over which she had to stride. Her four maids supported the lady in passing into the inner apartments. Here she met the bridegroom, who, by the way had to be searched for and led out for introduction to his future companion,—a farce sometimes played at a Chinese wedding, as if to denote extreme modesty or timidity on the part of the husband on entering on his new responsibilities. The couple, on meeting, knelt down and paid their religious vows to Heaven. Next a document with the marriage contract was publicly and distinctly read. Worship was then paid to the ancestral tablets of the husband's family. After this the pair was conducted into the bridal chamber, which was in a very short period well crowded with friends and visitors. Here standing side by side, two cups of wine-soup were joined by a scarlet thread were exchanged between the couple. This part of the ceremony was concluded by what is called *sahchung*, or throwing a plateful of various fruits, berries, and confections among the crowds of spectators, who were eager to pick up what they could. On this the bridegroom 'came out of his chamber rejoicing.' The bride was detained within to be unveiled and to change her upper dress, which by this time must have become excessively cumbersome.—*Our Own Fireside.*

A very great Rascal.

Two young lawyers, Archy Brown and Thomas Jones, were fond of dropping into Mr. Smith's parlor and spending an hour or two with his daughter Mary. One evening, when Brown and Mary had discussed almost every topic, Brown suddenly, in his sweetest tones, struck out as follows:

'Do you think, Mary, you could leave father and mother, this pleasant home, with all its ease and comforts, and emigrate to the far west with a young lawyer who had little beside his profession to depend upon, and with him to search out a new home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify, and make delightful and happy like this?'

Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, 'I think I could Archy.'

'Well,' said he, 'there's Tom Jones, who's going to emigrate, and wants to get a wife, I'll mention it to him.'

A COCKNEY'S BLENDER.—A country gentleman was strolling out with a cockney friend—a genuine cockney—when they finally approached a meadow in which was standing a glorious crop of hay. The cockney gazed at it wonderingly. It wasn't grass—it wasn't wheat—it wasn't turnip tops.—'Yy, vat ever does you call this stuff?' said he to his companion.

'That—why, hay, to be sure!' was the reply.

'Hay! he! come, that's cutting it a little too thick! If that's hay, just show me the hay-corn—come now!'

'Ah,' said old Mrs. Rosenbury, 'larning is a great thing; I've often felt the need of it. Why, would you believe it, I am now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year, and them's Spring, Fall and Autumn. I learnt the names of them when I was a little bit of a gal.'

Some bibulous chaps in Rutland, Vt., who stole the other day some 'pretty good whiskey' from a cask that nobody seemed to own, found to their horror and disgust, not long after, that the cask contained, besides the whiskey, the body of a negro preserved for dissection.

Dancing.

Were a book to be written upon the discordant opinions held by different nations, or by the same people at different periods, upon any given subject, none would present a more contradictory estimate than the harmless recreation of dancing. For some thousands of years, in the early stages of the world, it was exclusively a religious ceremony. The dance of the Jews, established by the Levitical law to be exhibited at their solemn feasts, is, perhaps the most ancient upon record. The dancing of David is also frequently quoted; and many commentators have thought that every psalm was accompanied by a distinct dance. In several of the temples a stage was specially erected for these exercises, but, in process of time, they seem to have been practised by secular as well as spiritual performers. The daughters of Shiloh were thus recreating themselves in the vineyards when they were caught by the young men of the tribe of Benjamin, who presently danced into their good graces, and carried them off for wives—a process which is frequently imitated even in these degenerate days. The heathens, also, could 'sport a too' in the very earliest ages. Pindar calls Apollo 'the dancer'; Homer, in one of his hymns, tells us that this deity capered to the music of his own harp; and from Calimachus we learn that the Nereides were proficient in this elegant accomplishment at the early age of nine years. For several centuries it was confined to military movements, when a little was a grand 'ballet of nations,' opposing armies became partners in the dance of death, and cut throats and capers with equal assiduity. Since those turbulent and operative days it has been limited to festive and joyous occasions; but how various the estimation in which it has been held by inconsistent mortals! Socrates, a wise Grecian, took lessons in this art from Aspasia. Cicero, an enlightened Roman, viewed the practice of dancing against Gallicus, as a grave and heinous offence. Of the moderns, many hold it an utter abomination to dance upon a Sunday; while others signalize the Sabbath by an increased hilarity of heel. In Germany a band of enthusiastic dancers formerly testified their devotion to St. Vitus by dancing round his shrine, until they contracted a malarial fever, of the same district, would suffer martyrdom rather than hearkenize their legs by any similar profanation.

Change of Tune.

An Irishman employed about a map at Brighton was one day surprised and delighted by the entrance of an old acquaintance. After ten minutes jollification, the friend, led, when Pat's employer said to him—'So, Pat, you know that chap in your own country, did you?'

'Och, an' sure I do, an' it's a lucky day I met with him here. It's a fine boy he is, wid all his family. His grandfather was a general—his father was a general—and he'd been a general himself if he had not come away.' But what was he after in your pockets? I thought I saw him put his fingers there rather slyly.—Clapping his hands to his pockets, Pat ascertained that both watch and pocket book were missing. 'Murder!' he cried, gesticulating like a whale with a dozen harpoons in his side; 'the thafe! the spalpeen! the coorse! I knew him well wid all his family. His grandfather was hanged—and his father was hanged—and he'd be hanged himself if he'd not run away!'

Secrets of Love.

One of the great secrets of conjugal felicity is a resolution to bear with each other's failings. Throw the veil of affection around them and conceal them. Then you must learn to cultivate good-tempered forbearance, which is the best method of lessening a present evil and ensuring mutual correction. The imperfections of human character constitute the strongest claims on love. All the world approves the good that we exhibit, and if husband and wife only estimate that in each, which all are constrained to value, what do they more than others? It is infirmities of character, imperfections of nature, that call for the pitying sympathy, the tender compassion that makes each the comforter, the monitor of the other. Forbearance helps each to attain command over themselves. Few are so utterly evil as to abuse a generous confidence or a calm forbearance.

FAME.—Thackeray, when speaking about fame, would frequently tell the following anecdote. When at dinner in St. Louis one day, he heard one waiter say to another, 'Do you know who that is?' 'No,' was the answer. 'That is the celebrated Mr. Thatcher.' 'What's he done?' 'Blessed if I know,' was the reply.

Deacon Simpkins's wife died while on a visit to her friends in the city, and was brought home for burial. A sympathizing friend hastened to the deacon's house to console him.—'How terrible must the shock have been to you! deacon! Were you prepared for it?' 'Lor, no!' was the answer. 'I never knew a word out, till the hearse came, lickety out right up to the fore-door!' The sympathizer sighed, and left the premises.

'Papa,' said Mr. Brown's youngest son, the other day, can I go to the circus?'

'No my boy,' affectionately replied Mr. B.; 'if you are a good boy, I will take you out to see your grandmother's grave this evening.'

A cheerful happy temper keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, excludes each gloomy prospect, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Whoever looks for a wife without imperfections will never find what he wants. We love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our wives in like manner.

Items Foreign & Local.

At the Dante Festival, on the 14th of May, in the city of Florence, not less than 1,700 mayors from all parts of Italy were to be present at the unveiling of the colossal statue of Dante, the work of the sculptor Fazzi.

Since the death of the late Czar with the Princess Dagmar has discontinued her studies of the religion of the Greek Church, and will shortly be confirmed as a protestant.

The baron and baroness Van Santen were lately put under bonds in a New York Court, to keep the peace. The baroness was alleged to have brandished a razor in asserting her household rights.

A small locomotive, water tank and all, weighing but 200 pounds, was lately tried near London. It was managed by a boy eight years old, who had it under perfect control, and stopped it in its length on request. The power was half a horse. The cost for fuel was under one half-penny per hour.

Fortunians still seems to hold up its head in various parts of Ireland in spite of the police. The county of Limerick appears to be the most infested by it at the present moment.

Among the new names for ladies' mantles we hear of the 'Wife's Bliss,' the 'Husband's Torment,' 'Barker's Terror,' the 'Sheriff's Joy,' the 'Poor man's Horror,' the 'Rich man's Dread,' and the 'Maiden's Delight.'

News has been received of the destruction by fire of Morteau a large village on the border of Switzerland. One house remains standing, and 1200 or 1300 people are living in the open air. The wind was very high at the time of the conflagration, and the fire extended to the village of Pins, where many cottages were destroyed. The Empress of the French, on hearing of the catastrophe, at once sent £200 to be distributed among the victims.

It is said that Capt. Hallows, of the 15th Regiment, will receive the appointment of Adjutant General of Militia vice Lieut. Anderson, resigned.

An anonymous gentleman in London has given the munificent sum of £10,000 to the almshouses of Christ's Hospital for the Blind, in the hope that it may draw forth additional similar sums for the relief of indigent blind persons of forty years and upwards.

Sunday, January 22, was a memorable day in Utah. On that day a Christian Society was organized and services held under the shadow of the Mormon Temple, greatly to Brigham Young's wrath.

Mrs. Bloomer, the dress reformer, now residing at Council Bluffs, Iowa, long since abandoned the costume introduced by her and which still bears her name. She no longer wears the breeches.

The Chinese Government has commissioned a French officer to establish a mint at Peking, at which Chinese coins are to be made after the model of those of France.

At a recent execution at Athens the criminal suddenly fell one of the two executioners to the ground. The second at once drew a poniard and plunged into the breast of the criminal, who still continued to make a violent resistance. The man's arms were at length bound and his head laid on the sliding plank, but in consequence of the fall he only lay on his shoulder. A second attempt severed the head from the body.

A mock funeral of Mr. Lincoln took place in Matamoros, Mexico, when the news of his death was received. The procession was composed of soldiers in the streets, and had a ceremony upon something they pretended was the body of the late President.

New York City is said to contain 150,000 Germans. Of these 43,000 are Jews, 45,000 are Roman Catholics, and 62,000 are Protestants.

A German writer asserts that during the war from 1791 to 1814 France alone raised and consumed 4,556,000 men. The conscriptions of Napoleon amounted to 2,276,000.

In various parts of the United States we hear of women being employed in large numbers to do the agricultural work.

It is said that Chase and Stanton are both in the field for the next Presidency of the United States.

A man in Paris lost a pocket-book containing \$20,000, and gave a boy 25 cents for finding it.

A New York correspondent of the Boston Traveller says that the Fenians manifest great excitement about the Mexican emigration.

The Fenians look upon it as very unfortunate that they should have to put off the days of their wrath upon England. They are said to be all ready to march upon Canada or to slip to Ireland.

Since the Richmond press became Yankee paper, says Prentice, they have exhibited an immense improvement in patriotism, but a falling off in talent.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal says that Gen. Doyle has been appointed Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick. The report is not credited.

Readers for missing men in the Camp at Fredrickton have been issued.

Bishop Potter (Protestant Episcopal) of the Diocese of New York, has published a pastoral address to his clergy, urging some of them, who have been fraternizing with ministers of other religious denominations, to abstain from such a course, as it is contrary to the laws of the Church to which they belong.

The foreign mail, which arrived at the State Department, in Washington, on Sunday, brought several large bagfuls of resolutions of sympathy from cities, boroughs and societies in Great Britain, and many more from the Continent. Several of these papers were prepared in the most artistic styles, in costly morocco cases and portfolios.

Recruiting for Mexico, for some time so active in the States, is now being quietly pursued in Toronto. Officers on our militia are ordered to the rank they hold here, a fact which shows the thoroughly military character of what is, on the other side of the line, sometimes sought to be cloaked under a pretence of ordinary emigration.—*Toronto Leader.*

Hailstones sometimes fall with a velocity of 112 feet in a second, and rain at 34 feet in a second.

The New York Herald says: 'All that we hear from every part of the country gives indication that the season will be a great one for fruit, and that all other crops will be also very large. Thus, now that we have peace, we shall soon have plenty and do not must go the prices of all the necessities of life.'

The latest news from New Zealand proves that the Maories are still far outside the pale of civilization. On one of the rivers they lately captured a schooner, the *Elipse*, on board of which, beside the crew, were three prisoners. All of the crew were supposed to be prisoners. The *New Zealanders* have a peculiar art in preserving the heart of their enemies. It was thought that the Missionaries had persuaded them to abandon this practice, but it is placed beyond a doubt that they hung the Rev. Mr. Valchert, one of the clergyman above named, a Methodist, and despatched him; they scooped out and devoured his brain, and one fanatic priest fasted on the skull of his eyes.

JERR. DAVIS IN PRISON.—A letter received by a prominent gentleman in this city from a friend at Fortress Monroe, dated May 23—Tuesday last, says: 'I have seen Jeff. Davis and C. C. Clay. They are confined in what used to be a paymaster's office. It is now made into a prison. Jeff. was put in there to-day. The way he kicked and fought was surprising. He said he never would submit to it; but four good stout men laid him down and put the fetters and handcuffs on. He has nothing but a spoon to eat with, and lives on soldier's fare.'

General News.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.—Prominent among the utterances of the self-styled 'ablest statesmen in America,' was the threat that when the war in the States was over and the South subdued, the immense army of the North having nothing else to do, would invade Canada and devastate the Maritime Provinces with fire and sword. Well, the war is pretty high over, the game is nearly up with the South, the great Northern army is to a large extent disbanded, and yet there is no sign of hostile demonstration towards either Canada or the other British North American Provinces. On the contrary, a much better feeling exists between Great Britain and the United States, and there appears to be much less risk of interruption of friendly relations, now that peace is all but restored, than there was in the very height and excitement of the war. So far so good, as far as England and the Colonies are concerned, but we must not, nevertheless, shut our eyes to the fact that there is not likely to continue, and that in all probability