

# The Carleton Sentinel

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

### THE LITTLE GIRL THAT MEETS ME.

There's a little girl that meets me,  
And with laughter greets me,  
And to kiss her oft entreats me,  
As I stray  
Long the path of life, so dreary,  
Where the saddened heart, and weary,  
Shades the sunlight, shining near me,  
On my way.  
She has eyes as blue as heaven;  
(Only aged about eleven)  
But unto God has given  
Such a heart,  
That forever she is singing,  
And her sweet voice ever ringing,  
Beauty of the rapt heart bringing,  
Sweet as art.  
With her sunny hair, so curly;  
With her teeth, so white and pearly,  
I have met her, late and early,  
By the way.  
And I take her hand, and press it  
In my own, just to caress it—  
"Pretty little hand—God bless it!"  
I do say.  
May the world smile kindly on her,  
Benedictions fall upon her,  
Angels be her guard of honor,  
As she goes.  
Through this world of ours, singing,  
Peace to troubled spirits bringing,  
No grief her pure heart wringing  
With its woes.  
May the sweetest harp in heaven—  
Brightest crown that'er was given,  
Where the waves of life are driven  
Past the throne—  
Echo to her dainty finger,  
"On her pure brow ever linger,  
While each angel be a singer,  
Calling home!"

## Select Tale.

### A LOVE STORY.

BY JAMES BARNLEY.

"Truth is a stranger than fiction." This is an old saying, but many persons are disposed to question its truth. We turn away with a weariest feeling from the scenes of everyday life, and seek for something to interest us in the pages of romance. Yet, were we to make the search faithfully and honestly, we would find much in what we call the sober reality that is far more interesting, far more thrilling, than the most gifted writer of fiction can produce. And after all, those who write novels depend upon their observation and knowledge of human nature, than upon their imagination, for their productions. But people are slow to realize this, and to say that a story is taken from real life, is, as a general rule, to ruin it before it has had a hearing. Thus I scarcely know whether these pages will be acceptable to the reader, if I remark at the outset that they contain but a statement of what has already occurred in this great world of ours. Nevertheless, I will risk this, and proceed at once with my narration.

There lived in Paris, about ten or twelve years ago, a young lady of high rank, great wealth, and rare beauty. She came from an old, proud family, and was known as the most beautiful woman in Paris. She had turned the heads of all the young men of the city, both rich and poor. The young noblemen dreamed of her and fought about her; and it was even whispered that the Emperor himself was smitten with her, and the Empress jealous of her. Yet no one could tell the name of the happy possessor of the love of such a being. Of course, among the throng of admirers, one, at least, must be successful; but his name no one could tell. Angeline D'Arby was pure as she was beautiful; and it was universally agreed that it would take something more than a mere butterfly to win her heart. And indeed it was so.

Angeline was conscious (who is not?) of the admiration she excited; but among all who knelt at her feet, she saw no one to whom her heart could yield its homage. She could not love one unworthy of her, and she had not yet seen the lord of her destiny. Thus matters stood for a long time.

At last, there appeared on the scene a young man of wealth, position, and personal attractions, equal to those of the fair Angeline. He was the young Count de St. Croix, a member of one of the noblest families in France. He had just returned from Algeria, where his regiment had been in service, and where he had won his colonel's epaulettes and Cross of the Legion, by his soldierly qualities. He, of course, heard of the famous beauty as soon as he reached the city, and felt anxious to see her. His anxiety was speedily gratified; for he met her at a ball, within a week after his arrival.

It was, on his part, a case of love at first sight; but the lady was more guarded in her feelings. She felt drawn to the handsome colonel from the first; but as it would never do for such a belle to suffer herself to be made an easy conquest, she made him work hard for the prize he sought. The Colonel did not abandon the undertaking when he discovered its difficulties. He had not feared to face the Arabs, and he did not fear to make the attempt that was before him. He had a hard fight for it, but he succeeded, in spite of the coyness of the lady, and those thousand provoking restrictions by which French etiquette seeks to prevent the union of true, loving hearts. He succeeded entirely; so that when he made the final attack, the fair Angeline surrendered utterly, and gave her heart so freely to him that he found he was indeed complete master of it. Yes, they loved each other devotedly; and it seemed likely that French etiquette would be inflated after all.

Encouraged by his success, the Count urged that the marriage should be celebrated at an early day; and Angeline promised to become his wife within three months. It was necessary

to be prompt, as the war with Russia had commenced, and it was likely that the Count's regiment would be ordered to the East. Troops were being hurried off every day, and the Count anxiously waited his own summons, sincerely trusting, in spite of his desire to share in the excitement of the campaign, that he would not be ordered off until after his marriage. But alas for his hopes! Only a week after he had gained Angeline's promise, he received an order to proceed at once with his regiment to Marseilles, and embark for Turkey. He knew there was no alternative; so, after receiving the promise of his lady-love to be eternally faithful to him, and swearing undying devotion to her, he bade her adieu, and set off for Marseilles.

Soon after his departure, the beautiful young girl fell sick, and her physicians at once pronounced her disease *small-pox*—that fearful scourge from which no rank is safe. The disease assumed, in her case, its most frightful form; and for many days she hovered between life and death. At last, however, she recovered, but to meet a fate which, to a Frenchwoman, is worse than death. All her beauty was gone, and her face seamed and scarred frightfully. She shrieked with horror as she beheld herself in the mirror for the first time after her recovery, and fell back fainting. She resolved to retire from the world, and live for the remainder of her days in strict seclusion. It was now vain to think of marrying her lover, and never had she loved him so well as now. She would release him from his engagement, she would not even see him.

About a year after the departure of the Count, she was informed that he was in the drawing-room, and desired an interview with her. She refused, at first, to see him; but he urged his right to an interview so strongly, that, after muffled her face in a close veil, she descended to the room where he awaited her. As she entered, he sprang forward to clasp her in his arms, but she stepped aside.

"No, Henri, not now," she said, trembling.

"It is not the same Angeline whom you once loved."

Restraining her emotion, she told him in faltering accents the story of her sufferings and sorrow. Then removing her veil, she continued:—"Behold me! Is it the same face you once loved so well, and can you love me now?"

She could say no more, but burst into tears. In another moment, she was clasped in his arms, and his kisses were warming her heart to a new happiness.

"Angeline," the Count said at length, "were I unchained, I should still love you. Your affliction has only made you dearer to me. But look in my face, and tell me if you see any change there."

"None," she answered.

"I will tell you then. One day, I was leading my regiment to the charge at Sebastopol, a cannon-ball passed so close to my eyes that, while it left their expression unchanged, and my countenance unmarked, it robbed me of sight forever. I am blind!"

She drew closer to him, and her arm stole round his neck. She was happy now, for she knew they would never be parted again.

"Yes," he continued, "I am blind. I cannot see your face as it is now, but in my darkness it floats before me, so radiantly beautiful. Tell me, Angeline, will you be my wife now?"

She drew his head down to her, and, for answer, kissed the sightless eyes reverently and tenderly.

They were married in a few days, and never had the Count felt prouder than when he led away from the altar a bride whom every one else thought hideous. Neither of them cared for the comments of the world; for they experienced a truer happiness than they had ever known before.

Those who have attended the receptions of the Emperor Napoleon III, may have noticed a distinguished-looking officer leaning on the arm of a lady closely veiled, both evidently attracted to the spot by their love of music. They are the Count and Countess de St. Croix.

**Marriages in Spain.**  
The marriage ceremony in Spain is conducted differently from our own. Among the higher classes, it takes place at night, at the bride's house; and if from any special circumstances it is deferred till the morning it is fixed for a very early hour, and in neither case, is there any display though wedding feasts are provided. The guests are confined to the family or immediate friends, and are all, including the bride, dressed in black (which does not prevent them being often very costly attired. Second marriages are looked upon *toro vultu*, and discouraged in every way. Popular feeling is so opposed to them that a second-hand bride and bridegroom are considered legitimate objects of practical jokes and most annoying petty persecutions. It is all in good humor, but so is the ceremony performed by sail on an unfortunate land-lubber when crossing the line for the first time; and, as in the one case Father Neptune exacts a rigorous tribute, so in the other, must a handsome fine be paid to Hymen or his self-constituted representatives. On the other hand, facilities exist for those who desire to marry either once or twice, in the three and twenty convents which Madrid contains belonging to various orders, active as well as contemplative.

An immense quantity of modern confession of sin, even when honest, is merely a sickly egotism, which will rather glow over its own evil than lose the centralization of its interest in itself.

(From 'London Society.')  
**Tact.**  
"There is a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to speak and a time to keep silence." In quoting these words of the Preacher, we have no desire to preach, or to moralize upon undisputed truths. Our object is very different. We wish to speak of *tact*, which may be said to be the knowledge when and how to speak and to act; and hence the words of the Preacher seem to form and apt introduction to the remarks we propose to make.

Gifted as we are with power of mind and body, of thought, speech, and action; living amongst human beings possessing like faculties and passions; we find ourselves encompassed by difficulties out of which we cannot escape, unless we practically acknowledge that to everything there is a season.

The word *tact* is really a French word; but by use and custom it has become naturalized; and nowhere can we find any other word—certainly none in the English language—to express its meaning.

The French *tact* is in its first sense, 'le sens du toucher'; but it has also a further and figurative meaning, 'le jugement fin et délicat'; and a person who has *tact* is said 'd'avoir le jugement fin et subtil.'

It is not discretion, for that is the art of directing oneself; nor experience, which is knowledge gained by practice; but is something distinct from these, and infinitely more delicate. Discretion and experience may be acquired; but *tact* is innate—may almost be called a natural instinct, an intuitive gift, which not all, but only a few possess. 'L'homme qui joint à l'expérience, le tact des convenances est aussi rare qu'il est utile.' Rare indeed! for how frequently do we find men of genius, of cultivated intellect, failing in the game of life because they have not this invaluable gift. For want of it, even wise and kind men go blundering on, saying and doing the most *mal-ouppos* things, marring their influence, and wounding where they least desire to wound. Beauty, wit, and talent acquire a tenfold greater influence when combined with *tact*. A beautiful woman without *tact* is closely allied to the 'fair woman without discretion'; and the man of wit and talent, who knows not when to exercise his talents, converts himself and his jests into a nuisance.

There is especial reference to the proprieties of life—to what is reasonable and fit. This is well expressed in the French saying which we have quoted, 'Le tact des convenances.' It is the salt which seasons other great and good gifts that we value so highly. It adds a grace to the smallest acts, and embellishes mediocrity more than anything else, giving it a power and a place which it would otherwise fail to attain.

There have always been men of very moderate ability, who have been able to take and maintain a prominent position in the political world, for the simple reason that they have *tact*, which prevents their making mistakes, enables them to reconcile and remove opposition, and to take advantage of favourable circumstances as they arise.

We have at this moment before our minds a very striking illustration of this in a statesman who, with a moderate amount of talent, has attained to considerable eminence through his consummate *tact*. It may have been owing to his early and intimate acquaintance with French men and women, who certainly excel us in this respect; or, more likely still, that he inherited it from his parents, who also were remarkable for it—his father, a man of great reputation in the diplomatic world, and his mother conspicuous for the way in which she could gather together men of every shade of opinion, without offending any, because she was so encompassed with an atmosphere of *tact*, that her very presence softened animosities and promoted good humour, making even a 'sunshine in a shady place.'

Lord Palmerston was conspicuous for the *tact* with which he ruled over the House of Commons for so many years; and a living prelate possesses almost too large a share of this great gift.

*Tact* is like the soft answer that turneth away wrath. It mollifies, it soothes, it reconciles. It teaches men how to give and take. As the expert angler knows when to run out his line and to play with his fish, so the man of *tact* knows, by a kind of instinct, all the turns and twists of those among whom he lives, and can wait till the convenient season comes before he speaks or acts. Herein lies the secret of his success in life. He wastes neither words nor time in needless discussions, but, like the prudent husbandman, keeps his store ready against the time of need.

We have often heard it said by those who affect to despise it, that *tact* is a kind of hypocrisy. But this is a great mistake. There is no affinity between the two. There is no more want of truth in *tact* than there was in him who desired to be 'all things to all men.' Hypocrisy is pretending to be what we are not—What relation, then, can it have to that which is the knowledge when and what to say and do? We are not bound to blurt out all we think and know, at the bidding of any fool that asks a question. We are not living in such a Palace of Truth that we are bound to expose all the workings of our minds to the public gaze; nor are we bound to take upon ourselves the odious office of Mentor to our friends and acquaintance, and show our approval or disapproval of things that are happening around us. But it will be found that they who depreciate *tact* are either persons of very brusque manners, or exaggerated specimens of that characteristic which is peculiar to English men and women. We say 'exaggerated specimens,' because we refer to an 'intensity of that blunt honesty upon

which our countrymen pride themselves; and one can well imagine that they who consider it to be a duty to say what comes into their minds, irrespective of time, and place, and society, must be very intolerant of that tender consideration and instinctive thoughtfulness for others which is comprised in that one most expressive word, *tact*. The greatest harm we would wish them, is that they may experience its blessings, and then acknowledge its value. Then will they, we would fain hope, inflict less pain upon their friends, whom they so continually 'flay alive.'

It was cleverly and amusingly said of a mother and daughter, who are apt illustrations of the two qualities of mind now under discussion, that the mother was continually going about to put plaster on the wounds which her daughter made—the mother always saying and doing the right thing, and putting the world into good humour with itself; the daughter 'frumping' everybody, and, 'honest as the day,' always saying some unpalatable truth for which there was no necessity.

Wounds indeed they are which these anti-tact people inflict, and very deep wounds too. If there is a sore point—a tender subject—a raw anywhere, it is unfailingly hit; not maliciously, nor intentionally; but because they lack that invisible rein to guide and control them.

How often have we seen some poor victim almost vivisected during a morning call, when question after question is indiscreetly asked in the most blind and pertinacious manner, utterly regardless of the torture that is being inflicted.

(Concluded in our next.)

**Two in a Bed.**  
Ned and Charley are two room mates, but they occupy different beds. Ned's sleeping apparatus was so situated that he could get in on either side—that is to say, there were two fore sides; which Ned found very convenient.

One night, Ned and Charley had been out, and on returning, which they did near morning, both were considerably elevated. However, they walked to their room with an air that seemed to say, 'not so drunk after all,' and sought long and patiently for matches and lamp. After knocking the pitcher off the wash stand, and smashing the looking-glass, they finally give up the search and went to bed.

Went to bed—yes, that's the word, but owing to the darkness and confusion of their senses, they made a slight mistake. In short, Ned's bed had the honor of receiving the two friends—Charley getting in on one side, and his friend rolling in on the other.

'I say, Ned,' cried Charley, touching somebody's calf, 'there's a fellow in my bed.'

'Wonderful coincidence,' exclaimed Ned, feeling a strange elbow in the neighborhood of his ribs; 'there's one in my bed, too.'

'Is there?' cried Charley; 'let's kick 'em out!'

'Agreed!' said Ned.

And accordingly the two friends began to kick. It lasted about a minute and half, and Ned was sprawling on the floor. Charley was left in possession of the bed. For a moment all was silent.

'Issy, Ned,' cried Charley.

'What?' asked Ned, sulkyly.

'You kicked my fellow out.'

'You're luckier than I am,' said Ned; 'for mine has kicked me out.'

**Origin of Uniforms.**  
At the Restoration, when forces were established in England and Scotland, each country having its separate guards, line, and artillery, scarlet was the color almost uniformly adopted, save in one instance, when the King clothed in blue, faced with red, the Royal Regiment of English Horse Guards, which was embodied on the 26th August, 1661, under Aubrey, Earl of Oxford. These colors it still retains; but a corps of marines raised about the same time, and equally famous, wore yellow coats—the old Dutch uniform. On the 2d of April in the same year, 1661, the Scottish Life Guards rode through the city of Edinburgh 'in gallant order,' says Nicol, the Diarist, 'their carbines upon their saddles, and swords drawn in their hands. It pleased his Majesty to clothe their trumpeters and the masters of the kettle drum in very rich apparel. Colors were presented, and soon after the King gave to each gentleman a buff coat. In February, 1483, General Sir Thomas Dalzell obtained from the Privy Council at Edinburgh a license permitting the manufacturers at Newmills 'to import 2500 ells of stone-gray cloth from England, for his dragon regiment, the Scots Greys, which had been raised two years before—hence their costume, as well as their grey horses may have led to their present well-known appellation. This gray cloth cost 5s. an ell.—United Service Gazette.

**Box Mor.**—A busy housewife was sitting in a door way plying her needle. Her husband lounging on the rail; his foot slipped and he bruised his knee on the door stone. 'Oh!' he groaningly exclaimed, 'I have surely broken the bone!' 'Well, then,' said she, holding up her needle with its eye broken out, 'you and I have done nearly the same thing.' 'How so?' 'Why don't you see,' said she; 'I have broken the eye of the needle, man; and you have broken the knee of the idle man!'

'Well, Annie, how did you get along with that stupid lover of yours? Did you succeed in getting rid of him?' 'Oh yes, I got rid of him easily enough. I married him, and have no lover now.'

'Happiness is a roadside flower, growing on the highways of usefulness.'

'The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.'

**Velocity of Nervous Impressions.**  
The velocity of nervous transmission in our bodies has been examined, by inserting fine wires in the finger and toe of a living man; through these wires the nerves could be stimulated by an electric current, and the rate of propagation measured by very delicate means. No sensible difference was found between the velocity in the nerves of a man, and in those of a frog. In a creature so long as the whale, the rate of nervous transmission becomes very perceptible when the extremities have been moved. The fact of a harpoon having been thrown in the tail of a good-sized whale would not be announced in the brain of this creature till a second after it had entered; and as it would take a little more than another second before the command to move its tail would reach the appropriate muscles, a boat's crew might be far away before the animal they had pierced began to lash the sea. A very interesting fact connected with nervous transmission was mentioned by Dr. du Bois Reymond. This was the effect of temperature on the velocity of the nerve force. When the nerve was warm, the curves drawn on glass, were close together. Ice-cold water was then caused to flow over the nerve; when two new curves were drawn, they were widely separated from each other, showing that in the latter case the nervous force had travelled at a slower rate than in the former. Besides the time required for the transmission of a stimulus through the nerves, the mind takes a certain period to form conception, and then to prompt the limbs to act accordingly. This time, measured by a similar method, has been found to be about one-tenth of a second. Some strange results have been deduced from this fact. The passage of a rifle-bullet through the brain would not occupy more than the thousandth part of a second; a stroke of lightning would pass through the body in inconceivably less time; and thus a person killed by either of these means would die without consciousness having time to be produced. The plain aspect of those who have thus died, and the testimony of those who have recovered from a lightning stroke, go to prove that no pain was felt prior to the insensibility which followed the fact. The delicate and complex nature of the experiments by which all these results have been obtained has probably never been surpassed. The most refined and sensitive instruments are needed to carry them into execution, and all who looked on Professor du Bois Reymond's apparatus must have been at once bewildered and charmed.—*Intellectual Observer.*

**Farmers' Wives.**  
We find the following sensible advice to farmers in the *Old Farmer's Almanac* for 1866:—'Husbands, be mindful of your wives. Dutiful wives need watching as much as any. Not because they are liable to all sorts of improprieties which characterize indifferent or miserable wives, but because they frequently have one fault which works their ruin. They are liable to work too hard. Women are impulsive. Whatever their hearts lead them to do, they do with all their might, and, without knowing it, may work themselves to death. Perhaps your farm is mortgaged. Your wife is quite as anxious about the debt as yourself, and is willing to work early and late, and to endure privations from which you would shrink again and again. If you are not mindful she will one day fall in the midst of her work like an over-spurred horse that has been driven to death. Study to ease her burden. Above all things don't underestimate a woman's work. Make every arrangement about the house as convenient as possible. In short, you must take care of her, she will not take care of herself.'

**Liberty in Farming.**  
In this art, and almost in this art alone, 'it is the liberal hand which maketh rich.'

Liberty in providing utensils is the saving both of time and labour. The more perfect his instruments, the more profitable are they.

So also is it with his working cattle and his stock. The most perfect in their kind are ever the most profitable.

Liberty in good barns and warm shelter is the source of health, strength and comfort to animals; causes them to thrive on less food; and secures from damage all sorts of crops.

Liberty to the earth, in seed, culture, and compost is the source of its bounty.

Thus it is in agriculture, as in every part of creation, a wise and paternal Providence has inseparably connected our duty and our happiness. In raising domestic animals, the condition of his success is kindness and benevolence to them.

In cultivating the earth, the condition of man's success is his industry upon it.—*Journal Quinzy.*

**MOTHERS.**—Some one has said that a young mother is the most beautiful thing in nature. Why qualify it? Why young? Are not all mothers beautiful? The sentimental outside beholder may prefer youth in the pretty picture; but I am inclined to think that sons and daughters, who are most intimately concerned in the matter, love and admire their mothers most when they are old. How suggestive of something holy and venerable it is when a person talks of his 'dear old mother!'

It is good and elevating to believe that there are men who preserve in manhood the boyish bloom of their open-hearted teens; but as it is a rare fortune to meet them, let us honour, cherish, and love them, in proportion to their scarcity.

Dr. Barton, on being told that Mr. Vowel was dead, exclaimed, 'What! Vowel dead?—Let us be thankful it was neither I nor I!'

A hypocrite may spin so fair a thread as to deceive his own eye. He may admire the cobweb and not know himself to be the spider.

## Items Foreign & Local.

Cholera is on the increase in Russia.  
The health of the Pops is unsatisfactory.  
A Westerner calls a New York editor "a political boomerang."  
According to a census just taken the population of South Australia is just over 160,000.  
Upwards of \$1,000,000 have been invested in new buildings at Leavenworth, the present year.  
It is expected that the railway over Mont Cenis will be completed by November next.  
Punch says, the needle gun is not threaded with gun cotton.  
Seven thousand Mormons have passed through St. Joe from Europe this season.  
One hundred dogs are killed daily in New York.  
A shark seven feet long was caught last week in the basin of Miami.  
On Tuesday last, Mr. Haviland was elected Mayor of Charlotte town for the tenth time.  
Slate sturgeon is used for fuel on Western steamboats.  
The Danish Government has taken steps for introducing breech-loaders into its army.  
The income of A. J. Stewart, of New York, this year is over \$4,000,000.  
Proprietors of horse-flesh shops, the Washington Republican suggests, must be great chargers.  
M. Drouyn de L'Hays is stout, sixty-one, and wears spectacles.  
A pedlar was lately knocked down and robbed in a New York horse-car.  
Hopes are entered of the recovery of Count de Montalembert.  
Horace Greeley's white hat was recently bobbing around among the White Mountains.  
Prince Christian has been made a Knight of the Garter.  
New York spent three million dollars in the streets last year.  
The Columbian Hotel at Saratoga has been money out of it. It received \$100,000 from the destruction by fire; lost \$20,000.  
A merchant of Padua shot himself from despair at seeing the Austrian gona and the Italians come.  
A daughter of Thackeray has written a serial story, "The Village on the Cliff," for the Cornhill Magazine.  
The Bavarian Col. Pechmann committed suicide on account of the defeat of his regiment at Kissingen.  
A Mrs Jackson recently attempted to shoot a man in Nashville who had badly beaten her husband.  
Punch says, it is said an exhibition of Converted Rites will shortly take place in Exeter Hall.  
The memoirs of the first Napoleon, dictated at St. Helena, are to be got up in eight splendid volumes for the great exhibition.  
A man recently swam the Lake of Geneva, between Belote and Bellevue, which is considered a difficult feat.  
The managers of the New York State Agricultural Fair have prohibited "all theatrical, circus and mountebank performances."  
The famous "council tree" at Mount Morris, N. Y., 23 feet in circumference, and nearly two centuries old, was blown down a short time since.  
A proposition to restore to France the ashes of the son of Napoleon I. is favorably entertained by Austria.  
The health of Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, excites some apprehension.  
Fifty-seven volumes, which have lately been published in America, were stereotyped and printed in England.  
A fine new brig of 800 tons burthen, owned by Hon. John McAdan, Capt. Reed and others is now ready for launching at Robinson.  
The exports of gold from New York for the past week were \$157,383. Since Jan. 1, 1862, \$99,802. An increase over 1865 of \$2,147,387.  
The receipts of Internal Revenue for August 11, were \$251,577 31. For the whole week, \$7,129,013 24.  
Mary Schell, of California, sees a faithless swain for \$10,000, her estimate of the cash value of his broken promises.  
Madame Bonaparte, aunt of the present Emperor of the French, was recently severely injured in Baltimore by a fall.  
A Chicago colored woman set fire to the slanty in which she lived in order to destroy her infant, which perished in the flames.  
P. T. Barnum has been appointed one of the commissioners from the United States to the Universal Exposition at Paris.  
An auction of hair of young girls who have taken the veil was recently held at a convent in Paris, when 800 lbs. of hair was sold for \$1,200.  
A tower, 150 feet in height, and which will cost over half a million, is to be erected in conjunction with the Chicago Lake tunnel, to supply the upper stories of buildings with water.  
A report comes from Toronto that 125 boxes of ball-cartridges have been issued to the forces of the Government, and 3000 pairs of shoes have been bought or ordered for the men.  
Philadelphia speculators, in anticipation of cholera bought up all the chloride of lime in the city, which they are now anxious to sell at a discount.  
An old gentleman at Portland, of 74 years, who was worth \$40,000 two weeks ago, now gets his daily rations in a tin pail from the Relief Committee.  
Sir Hugh Ross, lately raised to the British peerage, assumes the title of Stratfordman, from an ancient seat of his family, the Roses of Kilravock, near Inverness.  
An item providing \$134,000 for the purchase and maintenance of gunboats on the lakes and river St. Lawrence was concurred in by the House of Assembly of Canada.  
The disbursements of the Treasury for the past week were on account of the War, \$534,749; Navy, \$775,814; Interior, \$381,324. Total, \$1,711,957.  
In Iowa a man about to be married suddenly learned of a mortgage on the lady's property; and though the clergyman and friends had assembled he refused to wed.  
Barnum is busily arranging a Zoological Association with a two million capital, a garden in New York and land in Connecticut to breed and train animals.  
Two negroes attempted to assassinate a Philadelphia barber named Hall. They made a failure of it, and confessed that the barber's wife promised them \$300 for the job.  
A man in Albany is troubled with a strange mania. It thinks he is a cancer. Very recently he nearly ate the side of a poor fellow's face off, and was then locked up.  
On the 29th July, 1849, 155 cholera cases with 23 deaths were reported at New York; on the 29th July, 1854, 11 cases and 6 deaths were reported, and on the 29th July, 1866, precisely the same number as in 1854.  
The imports of dry goods at New York for the past week have been \$2,267,108. Thrown on the market, \$1,711,158. Entered since Jan. 1, \$82,709,443. Thrown on the market \$78,745,185.  
A German woman who arrived at Bellevue, Ill., from the old country, was robbed of a chest containing \$10,000 in gold and silver by some scamp whom she had hired to convey her baggage.

## General News.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT IN A NEW CHARACTER.—Our American cousins do some extraordinary things for political purposes. A few days ago we were told, by telegraph, that the Judiciary Committee of Congress believed there was evidence to warrant ex-President Davis' trial for complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln. The character of the witnesses who have given testimony against Davis may be inferred from the following facts:  
A man calling himself 'Campbell,' testified before Judge Holt (a special Commissioner,) implicating Davis. When his statement was read over to him before the Judiciary Committee, and he was asked if it was true, he replied: "No, it is all false!" He was asked why he made it. He answered:—  
"I was informed by Mr. Conover that Judge Holt had offered a reward of \$100,000 for the capture of Jefferson Davis; that he had no authority really to do it; that now that Jefferson Davis was taken they had not enough against him to justify them in what they had done; that Judge Holt wanted to get witnesses to prove that Davis was interested in the assassination of President Lincoln, so as to justify him in paying the \$100,000."  
Here is the fullest admission of scandalism I have ever read of. Next to Judge Holt, Mr. Conover appears to have been the principal party in making and collecting false evidence. His wife was a witness before Judge Holt, under an assumed name. His sister-in-law was the party (Campbell was not the real name) of the party referred to above. He says:—  
"Conover's name is Charles Dunham. Conover told me that if I engaged in it it was not to be brought to trial, and that if this evidence got to him, he would leave the country. Conover directed me to assume the name of Campbell. There was a person described by that name who was supposed to be implicated in that affair, and I was representing this party. I met Conover, in the first place, by the appointment of Senevel. Senevel said I could make money out of it. I received \$1000 from Conover and \$200 from Judge Holt. I got \$150 at Boston and \$100 at St. Albans. I went to Canada to hunt up a witness to swear false, who was to represent Lamar. Senevel and Conover together arranged with me to go to Canada. Senevel saw the written evidence I was to swear to after Conover wrote it."  
The man Senevel of whom 'Campbell' speaks testified as follows before the Committee:—  
"Joseph Senevel sworn: His right name is William H. Roberts. His disposition before Holt read to him, and signed Joseph Senevel, he stated was false from beginning to end. He conversed with the evidence, and I learned it by heart. I made it to make money. I received \$375 from Holt, and \$100 from Conover. I told Conover that I was coming on here to testify to the truth; that I had not had any rest since I swore to what I did. He said I would be in a worse fix than I was now. This was on last Saturday. He said nothing more. I was not there to be no further trouble. When the false evidence I was to swear to was read over to me by Conover, Campbell and Conover's brother-in-law (Mr. Ansen) were present. Conover told me he knew what I received, and Conover asked me the same questions. I gave this evidence before Holt. When I was wrong Conover would not let his head. Conover was present when I was sworn by Holt. When near as I could, Campbell, Conover, and Holt present. Campbell and I rehearsed at the hotel in Washington. Conover said 'I was asked if such a sum would be satisfactory. I said it would. I can't tell how much I received. Conover was an agent of the Government to hunt up evidence.'"  
The facts have been brought out by a member of the Judiciary Committee, Mr. Rogers of New Jersey. Not harmonizing politically with the majority of the Committee, Mr. Rogers was not permitted to see the evidence taken until a few hours before Congress adjourned; otherwise the exposure would have been made in the House of Representatives. The Government's deep villainy of the conspiracy is altogether without a parallel.—*Telegraph.*

A telegraphic despatch to the Boston Advertiser, dated at Washington, contains the following:—  
"An interesting case to shipbuilders has just been decided by the Secretary of the Treasury. A vessel arrived at Gibraltar, Texas, having for cargo the sections of two iron steamers built in Glasgow, Scotland. The master of the vessel was fined \$1000 for non-conformity with the registry law, and refused admittance for the cargo of the vessel. The Secretary of the Treasury, however, directed the Collector to admit the cargo as other merchandise, and also ordered 'marine papers' to be granted the iron steamers, thus establishing the precedent of allowing vessels built in foreign countries the benefit of our registry laws."

One can scarcely speak of Montreal without alluding to the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, the most stupendous work of the kind ever yet constructed by man. The traveller may start at Portland and go to Quebec, 330 miles; or he may leave Portland for Montreal, 292 miles—all on the Grand Trunk. From there he may go to Toronto 353 miles, more, and still be on the Grand Trunk, and from Toronto to St. Maria; another stretch of 260 miles, and all the while be on the Grand Trunk. Besides this, it has numerous branches which make its total length 1200 miles, a greater extent of Railway than is under the jurisdiction of any other single company.—*Correspondence of Telegraph.*

SPAIN AND THE CHOLERA.—The British consul at Carthagena has telegraphed to the north of England, for the information of shipowners taking coals out for Spain, that England and her possessions have been declared free by the Madrid General Board of Health. A considerable number of vessels are on their passage out to Spain with coals, and to land esparto grass for the Lyne and the quarantine regulations that will be enforced will considerably inconvenience trade.

DROWNED.—A correspondent at Danforth writes to us that a young man by the name of George McAlister, was drowned in the Matamoras steam, near the mouth of the Baskahegan, on the 29th ult. He was in bathing, and venturing out too far in the stream, was carried down by the current and drowned. A small boy who was on the bank gave this alarm, but help was not obtained until too late. He was from New Brunswick, where he has a father living.—*Houlton Times.*

There appears to be good reason for supposing that an abundant supply of petroleum exists in the rocks of England. It is stated that the surface 'infiltrations' of various parts of Shropshire lead to this inference. Experimental borings are already in progress. The oil pit which has been sunk at Loeswood Green, in Flintshire, continues in active operation, and is increasing in produce.

The French Emperor has just presented to the Imperial Library of Paris a large Bible, of the thirteenth century, in two volumes. It is written on vellum, contains many valuable marginal notes, is illustrated in various portions, and is altogether a splendid specimen of old works of this kind. It was recently brought from Arabia.