

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

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WHOLE NO.—923.

Poetry.

CONVALESCENT.

Emerald with moss and purple with heather,
Gleams the broad moor to the red setting sun;
Love, let us sit amidst the blossoms together,
Our work for the day, like the bees' task, is done.

Sweet, oh how sweet is the breath of the clover,
Breeze-borne from meadow-lands over the moor;
Sweeter, yet sweeter, the blossoms that cover
The turf at our feet, and the hedge-roses o'er.

Sweet is the face, thy chestnut curls under,
My honey brown wife, and sweet are those eyes,
That looking through mine with innocent wonder,
Bids love's sweet memories wake and arise.

Waking, arising, they clothe thee with beauty,
Dropping low jewels, white pearls, on thy brow;
My dear little wife, thy nobly done duty
Has hallowed affection and strengthened its vow.

Thine have thy cheeks grown, my wild little blossom,
And weary the eyes that watched my sick bed;
I cannot thank thee, true wife of my bosom,
God thank thee, God bless thee, oh darling, instead.

But I can love thee, all truly, for ever,
In health, and in sickness, as thou lovest me;
And keep me fast by thee, till life's rapid river
Has passed through death's straits to eternity's sea.

Till that time comes, be it shorter or longer,
Though dark locks may whiten, and comely forms bow,
Thou know'st, and I know, our love will grow stronger,
And heart cling to heart, even closer than now.

Come, the broad moor, lately purple with heather,
Dons some grey for the night parted sun;
Love, hand in hand, like two children together,
We will go home, our day labour is done.

Select Tale.

IRISH BULLS.

Why the Irish, of all people, should be distinguished for bull-baiting, or why there should exist amongst the natives of Ireland such an innate and irresistible propensity to blunder, it is difficult to conjecture or decide. Mr. and Miss Edgeworth, in their inquiry into the etymology of Irish Bulls, endeavor to account for it thus: "That the English, not being the mother-tongue of the natives of Ireland, to them it is a foreign language, and, consequently, it is scarcely within the limits of probability that they should avoid making blunders both in speaking and writing." However this may be, an Irish bull is a thing more easily conceived than defined. Perhaps, did we search for its precedent among the long list of bold tropes and figures handed down to us from the old Greek writers and orators, the nearest approach we could find to it would be under the title of *Catachresis*,—a catachresis being the "boldest of any trope, necessarily makes it borrow and employ an expression or term contrary to the thing it means to express." This certainly conveys a just idea of what an Irish bull is or should be.

Many of the following samples we give as original; they occurred within our own personal knowledge, and were never before published. The rest we have selected from a variety of sources, and have been careful always to distinguish between blunders and bulls,—a distinction which is often neglected. Even Mr. and Miss Edgeworth themselves have misapprehended the difference in more instances than that of the renowned Paddy Blake, who perpetrated what they call "a most perfect bull." On hearing an English gentleman speaking in praise of the fine echo of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, Pat promptly replied: "Faith, sir, that's nothing at all to the fine echo in my father's garden in Galway, for if you say to it, 'How do you do, Paddy Blake?' it will immediately make answer, 'Pretty well, I thank you, sir.'"

One of the richest specimens of a real Irish bull which has ever fallen under our notice was perpetrated by the clever and witty, but blundering Irish knight, Sir Richard Steele, when inviting a certain English nobleman to visit him. "If, sir," said he, "you ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you will stop there."

Another by the same gentleman is well worth recording. Being asked how he accounted for his countrymen making so many bulls, he replied: "I cannot tell, if it is not the effect of climate. I fancy, if an Englishman was born in Ireland he would just make as many."

This, again, reminds us of that well-known instance of wounded Irish pride related of the porter of a Dublin grocer, who was brought, by his master, before a magistrate on a charge of stealing chocolate, to which he could scarcely plead "not guilty." On being asked to whom he sold it, the pride of Patrick was exceedingly wounded. "To whom did I sell it?" cried Pat. "Now, do you think I was so mean as to take it to sell?" "Pray, then, sir," said the J. P., "what did you do with it?" "Do with it? Well, then, since you must know, I took it home, and me and my old man made tay of it."

The next Irishman who comes under our notice is married, but not very happily. Having entered into holy bonds at the early age of nineteen, he discovers that it is much easier to get the ceremony performed than afterwards to maintain an establishment. Repenting him that he had procured a wife without the means of supporting her, he declares that he never will marry so young again if he lives to be the age of Methuselah.

We shall now proceed to Dublin, where doubtless still resides that old beggar-woman, who, whilst soliciting charity, declared she was the mother of *six small children and a sick husband*.

We wonder was this lady any relation to the poor Irishman who offered his only old sancepan for sale; his children gathering round him inquired why he did so. "Ah, my honeys," said he, "sure I wouldn't be after partin' wid it if it wasn't to get some money to buy something to put in it."

The next bull that occurs to me was uttered by a poor woman, who, in all the pride and glory of her maternal heart, was declaring to a kind-hearted listener, that since the world was a world there never was such a clever boy as her Bill—he had just made two chairs and a fiddle out of his own head, and had plenty of wood left for another.

A similar mechanical genius had that Irish carpenter in America, who, in sending in his little account to a farmer for whom he had been working, informed him that it was "for hanging two barn-doors and himself, seven hours, one dollar and a half."

Hornee Walpole records in his *Walpoliana* an Irish bull, which he pronounces to be the best he ever met with. "I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at a person who had been his nurse. "I hate her, for when I was a child, she changed me at nurse." This was indeed a perplexing assertion; but we have a similar instance recorded in the autobiography of an Irishman, who gravely informs us that he "ran away early in life from his father, on discovering that he was only his uncle."

It is only a few months since the *Times* perpetrated a most perfect bull. In a review of Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, the following sentence occurs relative to the self-denial of Enoch, who keeps his existence a secret from his wife, whom he finds married again and happy. "He died, but not until he died, did he mention to those around him who he was?" Now, who should ever expect, on looking over John Bull's great representative, to meet with such a genuine Irishism as that? We can only account for it by supposing it was perpetrated by an Irishman. We believe that a number of them are employed upon the staff of that august publication.

Not to be outdone, however, by its monster contemporary, an Irish paper announces, not many weeks since, the death of a poor deaf man called Gaff. He had been run over by a locomotive, and, adds the paper, "he received a similar injury this time last year."

Another excellent bull of the same kind was perpetrated by a coroner in the County Limerick this spring. Being asked how he could account for the fearful mortality last winter, he replied: "I do not know; there are a great many people dying this year who never died before."

A good one is related also of a poor Irish servant-maid who was left-handed. Placing the knives and forks upon the dinner-table in the same awkward fashion, her master observed that she had placed them all left-handed. "Ah, true indeed, sir," said she, "and so I have. Would you be pleased to help me turn the table?"

We shall give just one more rich specimen of Irish idiosyncrasy and blundering phraseology, and then shall have done. It is contained in an electioneering ball, literally and truly furnished by an inn-keeper, for the regaling of certain free and independent (?) voters during the time of a contested election in Meath. Some forty years ago, Sir Mark Somerville sent orders to the proprietor of the hotel in Trim to board and lodge all that should vote for him. For this he afterwards received the following, which he got framed, and it still hangs in Somerville House, County Meath. The copy to which we are indebted for this was found among the papers of the late Very Reverend Archbishop O'Connell, Vicar-General of the diocese of Meath. It ran as follows:—

My Bill
To eating 16 freeholders above stairs for Sir Marks at 8s 3d a head is to me £2 12
To eating 16 more down stairs and 2 priests after supper is to me £2 15s 6d
To 6 bells in one room and 4 in a nother at 2 guineas every bed, and not more than four in any bed at every time cheap enough God knows is to me £22 15s
To 18 horses and 5 males about my yard all night at 13s every one of them and for a man which was lost on the head of watching them all night is to me £65 5s 0d

For breakfast on tray in the morning for every one of them and as many more as they brought as near as I can guess is to me £4 12s 0d
To raw whiskey and punch without talking of pipes tobacco as well as for porter and as well as for breaking a pot above stairs and other glasses and delf for the first day and night I am not sure but for the three days and a half of the election as little as I can call it and to be very exact it is in all or therabouts as near as I can guess and not to be too particular is to me £79 15s 9d

For shaving and crapping off the heads of the 49 freeholders for Sir Marks at 13d for every head of them by my brother had a Wote is to me £2 13s 1d. For a woman and nurse for poor Tom Kernan in the middle of the night when he was not expected is to me ten shillings
I don't talk of the piper or for keeping him so long as he was sober is to me £20
The Total
2 12 0
2 15 6
22 15 0
4 12 0
79 15 9
2 13 1
10 10 0
£118 15 7

£118 15 7 you may say £111 0 0 so your Honour Sir Marks send me this eleven hundred by Bryan himself who and I prays for your success always in Trim and no more at present. If they would only keep quiet."

Daniel Bryan's Oath.

Daniel Bryan had been a lawyer of eminence, but had fallen, through intoxication, to beggary, and a dying condition. Bryan had married in his better days the sister of Moses Felton.—Week after week would the fallen man lie drunk on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if such another case was known. He was too low for convivality; for those he would have associated with would not drink with him. All alone in office and chamber, he still continued to drink, and even his very life seemed the offspring of the jug.

In early spring Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not go.

"But why stay here?" urged the brother, "you are fading away and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute?" "Hush, Moses, speak not," answered the wife, keeping back her tears, "I will not leave him now, but he will soon leave me—he cannot live much longer."

At that moment Daniel entered the apartment. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat on and his jug in his hand. "Ah, Moses, how are ye?" he gasped, for he could not speak plainly.

The visitor looked at him for a few moments in silence. Then, as his features assumed a cold, stern expression he said in a strongly emphasized tone:

"Daniel Bryan, I have been your best friend but one. My sister is an angel, though matched with a demon. I have loved you, Daniel, as I never loved man before; you were generous, noble and kind; but I hate you now, for you are a perfect devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister—she might now live with me in comfort, only she will not do it while you are alive; when you die she will come to me. Thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely hope that the first intelligence that reaches me from my native place after I have reached my new home, may be that you are dead."

"Stop, Moses, I can reform yet." "You cannot. It is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough to reform half the sinners of creation, and you are lower now than ever before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus, shall not find me among the mourners."

Bryan's eyes flashed, and he drew himself proudly up. "Go," he said in a tone of the old sarcasm, "go to Ohio, and I'll send you news. Go, sir! and watch the spot. I will yet make you take back your words."

"Never, Daniel Bryan, never." "You shall, I swear it!"

With these words, Daniel Bryan hurled the jug into the fire-place, and while yet a thousand fragments were lying over the floor he strode from the house. Mary sank fainting to the floor. Moses bore her to a bed, and having called in a neighbor, he hurried away, for the stage was waiting. For a month Daniel hovered over the brink of the grave, but he did not die.

"One gill of brandy will save you," said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of stimulants from a system that for long years had almost subsisted on nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal. "You can surely take a gill and not take any more."

"Aye," gasped the poor man, "take a gill and break my oath? Moses Felton shall never hear that brandy and rum ever killed me! If the want of it can kill me then let me die. But I won't die; I'll live till Moses Felton shall eat his words."

He did live. An iron will conquered the messenger death sent—Daniel Bryan lived. For one month he could not walk without help. But he had help—joyful help. Mary helped him.

A year passed away and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the courtroom at Burlington, and Daniel Bryan was on the floor, pleading for a young man who had been indicted for perjury. Felton started with surprise. Never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury, and the youth was acquitted. The successful court turned from the courtroom and met Moses Felton. They shook hands but did not speak. When they reached a spot where none others could hear them, Bryan stopped.

"Moses," he said, "do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?" "I do, Daniel."

"Will you now take them back—unsay them now and forever?" "Yes, with all my heart."

"Then I am in part repaid."

"And what must be the remainder of the payment?" asked Moses.

"I must die an honest, unperjured man—the oath that has bound me thus far was made for life."

That evening Mary Bryan was among the happiest of the happy.

"Oh! mamma, mamma," said a tow-headed little urchin in a tone of mingled fright and penitence, "Oh! mamma, I've been swearing!" "Been swearing, my child! what did you say?" "Oh! mamma," (beginning to sob), "I thud 'Old Dan Tucker!'"

"There is no sin we can be tempted to commit, but we shall find a greater satisfaction in resisting than in committing."—*Mason*.

The Sabbath is the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week.—*Longfellow*.

Condensed History of Steam.

About 280 years B. C. Hero, of Alexandria, formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by its power.

A. D. 540; Anthemius, an architect, arranged several caldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of a leather tube, which rose to a narrow top, with pipes extended to the rafters of the adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the caldron, and the house was shaken with the efforts of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam recorded.

In 1543, June 17, Braseo de Garay tried a steamboat of 200 tons, with tolerable success, at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a caldron of boiling water, and a moveable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A present, however, was made to Garay. In 1650, the first railroad was constructed at Newcastle on the Tyne.

The first idea of a steam engine in England was in the Marquis of Worcester's "History of Invention." A. D. 1663.

In 1601, Newcomen made the first steam engine in England.

In 1718 patents were granted to Savary for the first application of the steam engine.

In 1764 James Watt made the first perfect steam engine in England.

In 1766 Jonathan Hulls first set forth the idea of steam navigation.

1778 Thomas Payne first proposed the application in America.

In 1781 Marquis Jouffray constructed a steamboat on the Saone.

In 1785 two Americans published a work on it.

In 1789 William Smyington made a voyage in one, on the Forth and Clyde canal.

In 1802 this experiment was repeated.

In 1782 Ramsey propelled a boat by steam at New York.

In 1789 John Fitch, of Connecticut, navigated a boat by a steam engine on the Delaware.

In 1784 Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

In 1783 Oliver Evans, a native of Philadelphia, constructed a steam engine to travel on a turnpike road.

The first steam vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, in the month of June, 1819, from Charleston to Liverpool.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*.

The Unchangeable Land.

Things do not change in the East. As Abraham pitched his tent in Bethel, so does an Arab sheikh now set up his camp; as David built his palace on Mount Zion, so would a Turkish pasha now arrange his house; in every street may be seen the hairy children of Esau, squatting on the ground, devouring a mess of lentils like that for which the rough hunter sold his birthright; along every road plod the sons of Rehob, whose fathers, one thousand years ago, bound themselves and theirs to drink no wine, plant no tree, enter within no door, and their children have kept the oath; at every klan young men sit around the pan of parched corn, dipping their morsel into the dish; Job's plow is still used, and the seed is still trodden into the ground by asses and kine; olives are shaken from the boughs as directed by Isaiah, and the grafting of trees is unchanged since the days of Saul. The Syrian house is still, as formerly, only a stone tent, as a temple was a pin stuck in the following text: "Second Epistle of John fifth verse: and I beseech the lady, notwithstanding I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had in the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to the Second Epistle of Ruth, verse tenth: "Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground and said unto him: why have I seen grace in thine eyes seeing that I am a stranger?" He returned the book, pointing to the 13th verse of the Third Epistle of John: "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with pen and ink, but I trust shortly to come unto you and speak face to face that our joy may be full."

From the above interview, a marriage took place the ensuing week.

An Equivocal Compliment.

It is Scripturally asserted that "long hair is a glory to a woman." Some look well with it; short; but as a general thing, in the words of a contemporary, "when a lady in short hair imperiously requests our opinion of her appearance, we are reminded of an old deacon who had a carrot-haired clerk, that spent most of his time and all of his attention in the cultivation of a saffron-colored moustache, (similar to the one Dickens ascribed to Faginella Fledgeley,) and who asked the old man how he liked it. The deacon regarded him attentively for some time, with anxious solicitude apparent in every feature of his benign countenance, and impressively said to him, 'that if he lived long enough, was blessed by Providence, enjoyed good health, slept well at night, had good luck, and good luck, he would look like Satan in about six weeks!'"

BEAUTIFUL.—At a Sabbath School anniversary in London, two little girls presented themselves to receive the prize, one of whom recited one verse more than the other, both having learned several thousand verses of Scripture.

The gentleman who presided inquired: "And could you not have learned one verse more and thus kept up with Martha?" "Yes sir," the blushing child replied; "but I loved Martha and kept back on purpose."

"And was there any one of all the verses you have learned," again inquired the President, "that taught you this lesson?" "There was sir," she answered blushing still more deeply: "In honor preferring one another."

Behind the Times.

On the great grain growing region of the Campagna, near Rome, where the extensive plains afford the finest field in the world for the use of the reaping machine, the old sickle is still used, and the horse "that treadeth out the corn" is the only threshing machine known or believed in. The grain is cultivated and harvested just as it was 5,000 years ago! and what is true of this branch of industry is true of nearly every other. For example, so common a tool with us as a circular saw is rarely to be found in Italy. Even in Leghorn, a comparatively modern commercial city, can be seen in the shipyards two men, one at each end of an old-fashioned saw, working their way through a huge piece of ship-timber, accomplishing as much in one day as would be done with a circular saw in ten minutes. In some places can be found two hundred families sending to the same well for water to drink, or to use for cooking; the only machine they have for raising the water from the well being a rope raised on a certain jar, which each person carries to the well. A Yankee boy would not be sent to one of these wells more than half a dozen times before he would "rig up" some sort of a machine for raising the water, if he had no other tool than a jack-knife. Our American housewives are proverbially out of sorts if the family washing is not got through with in a single day. In Italy it usually occupies four days! A couple of saplings serve to make the common plow of the country; it is quite as often used without any iron as with it. In either style it disturbs the soil about as much as our ordinary curry-comb would if used for the same purpose.

On Dancing.

Dr. Eadie, one of the best Biblical scholars of this age, says in his *Cyclopedia*:—

From a collection of all the passages in Scripture in reference to dancing, it may be inferred:—

That dancing was a religious act; both in true and in idol worship.

That it was practiced exclusively on joyful occasions, such as national festivals or great victories.

That it was performed on such occasions only by one of the sexes.

That it was performed usually in the day-time—in open air—in highways, fields, and groves.

The men who pertained dancing from a sacred use to purposes of amusement, were deemed infamous.

That no instances of dancing are found upon record in the Bible, in which the two sexes united in the exercise, either as an act of worship or amusement.

That there are no instances upon record in the Bible of social dancing for amusement, except that of the "vain fellows," void of shame, alluded to by Micah; of the irreligious families described by Job, which produced increased impiety and ended in destruction; and of Herodias, which terminated in the rash vow of Herod and the murder of John the Baptist.

How to Court in Church.

A young gentleman, happening to set at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not being suitable for a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed her a Bible opened with a pin stuck in the following text: "Second Epistle of John fifth verse: and I beseech the lady, notwithstanding I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had in the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to the Second Epistle of Ruth, verse tenth: "Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground and said unto him: why have I seen grace in thine eyes seeing that I am a stranger?" He returned the book, pointing to the 13th verse of the Third Epistle of John: "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with pen and ink, but I trust shortly to come unto you and speak face to face that our joy may be full."

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Items Foreign & Local.

Parisians, it is said, never whistle. The Astor House in New York rents for \$75,000.

Empress Carlotta's trip to Europe has cost her two million francs.

The discovery of a musical composition by Mozart at the age of ten years is announced.

A contemporary thinks Bismarck's object is the Prussianification of Germany.

The Emperor of Austria is just 35 years old and is about "used up."

"Canticos" is the latest Philadelphiaism for getting on a spree.

Eight hundred soldiers died of cholera in one of the Prussian hospitals.

Two cabmen, in London, had a fight with whips. One of the cabmen was killed.

A man was fined fifteen pounds, in London, for "cracking" a woman's nose.

The late Prusso-Austrian war was very destructive to German vineyards.

Stephen Whitney at 35 was worth \$10,000,000 and was then trying hard to get rich.

New Castle, England, has manufactured locomotives to the value of \$30,000,000.

The first tea of this season's growth arrived at London on the 24th ult.—1,108,100.

Staple products of Vermont—sugar and girls, horses and sheep, butter and school houses and men—but unfortunately no "policy."

Our army statistics show that men of foreign birth were much shorter than those of American nativity. Maine furnished the tallest men.

Brick Pomeroy says he has a compositor in his office the friction of whose movements over the type in his stick fuses them solid like stereotype plates.

The Greek census of 1864 has just been published at Athens. The total population in that year was 1,400,000.

The fatal day when the suspension of the great house of Overend, Gurney & Co. ruined so many is still known in England as the "Overend Friday."

"Did the minister put a stamp on you when you were married, Mary?" "A stamp, Charlie! What for, pray?" "Why, matches ain't legal without a stamp you know."

A young man from the country, who paid a new acquaintance in St. Louis \$50 on account of inability to open a snuff-box, has concluded it was a swindle and wants his money again. The police are—etc.

The difference of time between the extreme west and east points in the United States is three hours and fifty minutes. When it is high noon at New York it is fifty-five minutes and forty-two seconds after 4 p. m. in London.

Twenty-four years in prison for costs.—A correspondent of the *London Herald* tells an extraordinary story. He says: John Frederick Barnickel instituted a suit in the year 1842 in the Admiralty Court, in respect of a vessel of which he was the owner, and being unsuccessful, he was condemned to pay his opponent's costs of the litigation; and not being able to do so, was arrested by an attachment issued from the Admiralty Court, and taken to the Queen's Prison, and upon the discontinuance of that prison, he was removed to Whitecross-street, where he now is. It may be well asked, how can this be? It appears that Barnickel, believing that he had been hardly dealt with in the litigation, and desiring to appeal to the Privy Council, refused to file his schedule, and until he did so, the Insolvent Debtors' Court has no power to discharge him. Being an insolvent debtor, the Registrar at the Court of Bankruptcy, as he officially visits Whitecross-street, from time to time to clear the prison, has, under the new law, no authority to adjudicate Barnickel's bankruptcy, and there he remains. Barnickel's opponent, who caused his arrest, has been dead some years, and so has the solicitor, and there is no person whatever interested in his detention. Yet 24 long and weary years, aye, the whole of manhood's prime, has this unhappy man spent within the walls of a prison for non-payment of £40. It may well be that liberty will now come to him as it did to the unfortunate man whom the French Revolution delivered from the Bastille, and that Barnickel will step out into a world which knows him not, to find relations, friends and acquaintances all gone, and everything strange around him; but still liberty is sweet, and from the sympathy of our common humanity and as an act of charity to a long suffering man, we would advise the organization of a society to liberate the unfortunate man from his detention.

A SIGNIFICANT CHOLERA FETTER.—It is a subject of remark that the Jewish inhabitants of the east end of London have escaped almost unscathed during the cholera epidemic. In the poorest community only lost about one in 2000, as compared with six in 1000 of the general population of Whitechapel, and 29 in 1000 of the Christians at Rotherhithe. Then, as now, the immunity was ascribed to certain observances and habits inculcated by the Jewish faith. For example, the houses of all Jews undergo a thorough cleansing once a year, and every room is time-washed at least as often; more than one family never occupy the same room (two or three more families sometimes occupy a single room); the lower order of the surrounding population; considerable care is taken with respect to the quality of the food used, tainted provisions being proscribed, and all flesh meat being inspected by a religious officer.

And, finally, the poorer members of the community are liberally cared for through the benevolence of the rich, applications for Work-house relief not being allowed.

A REBEL OUTBURST.—The Richmond Examiner vents its spite on General Miles, who has been relieved from command at Fort Mifflin, in the following billingsgate:—

"We bid Miles an affectionate farewell! Go, and never return—coward, inquisitor, torturer, executioner! Maledictions upon you! and may you feel the force of your own profligacy and crime. Grant, another day's indulgence, and you will be indicted upon the defenses! When you die, may your carrion be thrown to the dogs, and may they, loathing your vile flesh, leave it to the unfastidious buzzard. You have polluted our air and soil too long. Go! Relieve us of your insufferable presence. Believe us of an offensive object that provokes us to blasphemy. As we revere and love Jefferson Davis, so do we detest and condemn thee, hateful kite-obscenest of birds. Go!"

VAGARIES OF THE TELEGRAPH.—At a meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday last week, Mr. Horsfall, M. P., complained bitterly of the irregularity and incorrectness with which telegraphic communications were transmitted between England and India. He mentioned one instance in which orders were sent to India to purchase 1,000 bales of cotton; the orders received were to purchase "21,000 bales." Another message was sent to a gentleman in India that "his wife and daughter" had presented him with a fine "daughter," the message received by the gentleman was that "his wife had presented him with five daughters."

General News.

THE THREE ATLANTIC CABLES.—Now that the third Atlantic cable is in working order, and the second one, we hope, being grappled for, it