

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAM WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

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WHOLE NO.—908.

Poetry.

AN OLD MAN'S IDYL.

By the waters of life we sat together,
Hand in hand in the golden days,
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath was praise.
When the heart kept time to the carol of birds,
And the birds kept time to the songs which ran
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
And trees with voices of Eden.

By the rivers of life we walked together,
And my darling, unafraid,
And lighter than any linen's feather,
The burden of being on us weighed,
And Love's sweetest miracles on us threw
Mantles of joy outlasting time,
And up from the rose-mornings grew
A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the garden of life we strayed together,
And the luscious apples were ripe and red,
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
Swooned with the fragrance which they shed,
And under the trees the angels walked,
And up in the air a mass of wings
Aweled us tenderly while we talked
Sally in sacred communings.

In the meadows of life we strayed together,
Watching the waving harvests grow;
And under the benison of the Father
Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to fro.
And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,
Broadened fairer the emerald banks,
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,
And the timid violet glowed thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
Neither myself nor my darling guessed;
Only we knew that something crowned us
Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;
Only we knew that something crowned us
Lingering lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the incandescent light
Of something higher than womanhood.

O the riches Love doth inherit!
Ah, the alchemy which doth change
Drops of folly and drops of spirit
Into something rare and strange!
My flesh is feeble and dry and old,
My darling's youthful hair is gray!
But our clasp and our love are cold
Languid as the footsteps of decay!

Harms of the world have come unto us,
Cups of sorrow we get still deeper;
But we have a secret which doth show us
Wonderful rainbow in the rain.
And we hear the tread of the years move by,
And the sun is setting behind the hills;
But my darling does not seem to die,
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
Dreaming the dream of olden days;
Tis a balmy summer weather,
And now the valleys are laid in snow,
Icicles hang from the slippery eaves;
The wind blows cold—'tis growing late;
Well, well, we have garnered all our sheaves,
And my darling, and we wait.

Select Tale.

THE STOLEN LETTER.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

[The following story related to me by a lawyer, although not coming directly within the sphere of my operations as a detective, I think entitled to a place in these "Recollections," for the curious phase of criminal life which it presents. I give it in the lawyer's own words.]

I served my time—never mind in whose office—and started in business for myself in one of our English country towns—I decline stating which.

I had not a farthing of capital, and my friends in the neighborhood were poor and useless enough, with one exception.

That exception was Mr. Frank Gatliffe, son of Mr. Gatliffe, member for the county, the richest man and the proudest man for many a mile round about our parts.

Well, Frank was a staunch friend of mine, and ready to recommend me whenever he got a chance. I had contrived to get him a little timely help in borrowing money at a fair rate of interest; in fact, I had saved him from the Jews. The money was borrowed while Mr. Frank was at college. He came back from there and stopped at home for a little while, and then got spread about our neighborhood a report that he had fallen in love with his young sister's governess, and that his mind was made up to marry her.

Frank told me he really was in love, and said he was determined to marry the governess.—Frank's father, being as proud as Lucifer, said no, as to marrying the governess, when Frank wanted him to say yes.

He sent the governess away with a good character and a fine present, and then he looked about for something for Frank to do.

Frank, in the meantime, had bolted to London after the governess, who had nobody else belonging to her to go to but an aunt.

The aunt refused to let Frank in without the squire's permission. Frank writes to his father, and says he will marry the girl as soon as he is of age, or shoot himself. Up to town comes the squire, and his wife and daughter; the upshot of it is, that the old man is forced into advising yes.

Frank introduced me to his future wife one day when I met them out walking, and asked me if he was not a lucky fellow.

I told him I thought he was.

The marriage was to be on a Wednesday. I was sitting in my office on the Monday morning before the wedding day trying to see my way clear before me, and not succeeding particularly well, when Frank suddenly bursts in, and says he's got a most dreadful case for me to advise on.

"Is this in the way of business, Frank?" says I, stopping him.

"It's in the way of business, certainly; but friendship."

I was obliged to pull him up short once more, or he would have kept me talking to no purpose all day.

"Frank, I can't have any sentimentality up with business matters. Please to stop and let me ask questions. Answer

in the fewest words you can use. Not when nodding will do instead of words."

I went on:

"From what you have been stating up to the present time, I gather that you are in a scrape which may interfere with your marriage?"

He nodded, and I put in before he could say a word:

"The scrape affects your young lady, and goes back to the period of a transaction in which her late father was engaged—don't it?"

He nods again, and I put in once more:

"There is a party who turned up after seeing the announcement of your marriage in the paper, who is ignorant of what he ought not to know, and who is prepared to use his knowledge of the same to the prejudice of the young lady and your marriage unless he receives a sum of money to quiet him? Now, first of all, state what you have been told by the young lady herself about the transaction of her late father."

"She was talking to me about her father one day so tenderly and prettily, that she quite excited my interest about him, and I asked her, among other things what had occasioned his death. She said she believed it was the distress of mind in the first instance; and added, that this distress was caused chiefly by a shocking secret—which she and her mother had kept from everybody. She told me that the great mistake of her father's life was his selling out of the army and taking to the wine trade. He had no talent for business, and his clerk, it was strongly suspected, cheated him."

"What was that suspected clerk's name?"

"Davager,"

"Davager," said I, making a note of it, "go on."

"His affairs got more and more entangled; he was pressed for money in all directions; bankruptcy stared him in the face. In a fit of desperation he—"

"Ah!" said I, "he had a signature to write, and signed another person's name to it."

"It was a bill. His principal creditor would not wait till he could raise the money. But he was resolved, if he sold off everything, to get the amount and repay—"

"Of course," says I; "but drop that. The forgery was discovered. When?"

"Before even the first attempt was made to negotiate the bill. He had done the whole thing in the wrong way. The person whose name he had used was a staunch friend of his, and a relation of his wife's; a good man as well as a rich one. He had influence with the chief creditor, and he used it nobly."

"In a business way, what did he do?" says I.

"He put the false bill into the fire—drew a bill of his own to replace it and then—only then—told my dear girl and her mother what had happened."

"Where was the father? Off, I suppose?"

"Ill in bed," says Frank, coloring—but he mustered strength enough to write a contrite and grateful letter the next day, promising to prove himself worthy of the noble promotion and forgiveness extended by him. But, alas, the thought of his crime continually preyed upon his mind. He became possessed of the idea that he had lowered himself in the estimation of his wife and daughter."

"Do you happen to know," I put in, "whether the letter we are speaking of contained anything like a confession of the forgery?"

"Of course it did," says he. "Could the writer express his contrition properly without making a confession?"

"Well, it is my opinion that this letter was stolen; and that the fingers of Mr. Davager, of suspicious commercial celebrity, might possibly be the fingers that took it."

"That is exactly what I want to make you understand."

"How did he communicate the fact of the theft to you?"

"He has not ventured into my presence. He actually had the audacity—the scoundrel—"

"Alas!" says I. "The young lady herself, Sharp practitioner, Mr. Davager."

"Early this morning, he had the assurance to approach her, while alone, and actually showed her the letter; put into her hand a note for me, bowed, and walked off."

"Have you got the letter he left you?" I asked.

He handed it to me. It was short and humorous. It began in this way:—

"To Francis Gatliffe, Esq., Jun.—Sir: I have an extremely curious autograph letter to sell. The price is a five hundred pound note. The young lady to whom you are to be married on Wednesday will inform you of the nature of the letter. If you refuse to deal, I shall send a copy to the local paper, and shall want your highly respected father with the original curiosity. Yours, &c., ALFRED DAVAGER."

"A clever fellow that," says I, putting the letter away.

"Clever!" said Frank, "he ought to have been horse-whipped within an inch of his life."

"Do you think I am saying anything libellous against your excellent father's character, when I assert that if he saw the letter he would certainly insist on your marriage being put off?"

"Feeling as my father does about my marriage he would insist on its being dropped altogether, if he saw this letter," says Frank, with a groan. "But even that is not the worst of it. The generous girl herself says that if the letter appears in the paper, with all the comments this scoundrel would be sure to add to it, she would rather die than hold me to my engagement."

"Did you think of asking the young lady whether this infernal letter was the only written evidence of the forgery in existence?"

"Yes, and she told me there was no other written evidence."

"Will you give Davager his price for it?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Frank, here is my proposal. I'm going to

try if I can do Davager out of the letter. If I don't succeed before to-morrow afternoon, you hand him the money, and I charge you nothing for professional services. If I do succeed I hand you the letter, and you give me the money instead of Davager—is it yes or no?"

"You know it's yes, ten thousand times over. Only you earn the money, and I—"

"And you will be glad to give it to me. Now go home; don't let Davager set his eyes upon you—keep quiet—leave everything to me—and feel certain as you please that all the letters in the world can't stop your being married."

Frank now took his departure, and left me to make up my mind what to do.

To be concluded.

A Capital Story.

Some years since an eccentric old genius, named Barnes, was employed by a farmer living in a town some six or seven miles westerly from the Penobscot river, Maine, to dig a well.

The soil and substratum being mostly of sand, old Barnes, after having progressed downward about forty feet, found one morning upon going to work that the well had essentially caved in, and was full near to the top. So, having the desire which men have of knowing what will be said of them when they are dead, and no one being as yet, he concealed himself in a rank growth of burdock by the side of a board fence near the mouth of the well, having first left his frock and hat on the windlass of the well.

At length breakfast being ready, a boy was dispatched to call him to his meal, when he lo! and behold! it was seen that Barnes was buried in the grave unconsciously dug by his own hands. The alarm being given, and the family assembled, it was decided to first eat breakfast, and then send for the coroner, the minister, and his wife and children. Such apathy did not flatter Barnes' self-esteem a bit, but he waited patiently, determined to hear what was to be heard and see what was to be seen.

Presently all parties arrived and began "prospecting" the scene of the catastrophe, as people usually do in such cases. At length they drew together to exchange opinions as to what should be done. The minister at once gave his opinion that they had better level up the well and let Barnes remain; "for," said he, "he is beyond the temptation of sin, and in the day of judgment it will make no difference whether he is buried five feet under ground or fifty, for he is buried to come forth in either case."

The coroner likewise agreed that it would be needless expense to his family or the town to disinter him when he was effectually buried, and therefore coincided with the minister.

His wife thought that as he had left his hat and frock it would hardly be worth while to dig him out for the rest of his clothes; and so it was decided to let him remain. But poor old Barnes, who had no breakfast, and was not at all pleased with the result of the inquest, lay quiet until the shades of evening stole over the landscape, when he departed to parts unknown.

After remaining incoherent for about three years, one morning he suddenly appeared (hatless and frockless as he went) at the door of the old farmer, for whom he had agreed to dig the unfortunate well. To say that an avalanche of questions were rained upon him as to his mysterious reappearance, etc., would convey but a feeble idea of the excitement which his bodily presence created. But the old man bore it quietly, and at length informed them, that on finding himself buried, he waited to be dug out again, until his patience was exhausted, when he set to work to dig himself out, and had only the day before succeeded, for his ideas being very much confused, he had dug very much at random, and instead of coming directly to the surface, he came out in the town of Holden, six miles east of the Penobscot river.

No further explanations were asked for by those who were so distressed and sorrowful over his supposed final resting place.

Work a Blessing.

Many young men have fathers that are well off, and they have no ambition, and no particular prospect. They scorn a trade. A man that is too well born for a trade is very well born for a gallows! Thousands of parents who by industry have gained a position which enables them to destroy their children, take the surest means of accomplishing their destruction by encouraging them in idleness, and allowing them to grow up with feelings of contempt for labor. No child ought to be reared to feel that it is disgraceful to work at whatever manual labor best suits his talents, no matter if his father is a minister, or a lawyer, or a senator, or the President of the United States.

Many young men are looking forward upon life with the general idea that they are going to enjoy themselves. They are provided with all the physical comforts, and they mean to be very happy. They have no trade. They slight their profession. They whole governing principle in life is to shirk anything like work; and they expect to have enjoyment without industry. But no man in this world will be happy who violates the fundamental law of industry.

You must work if you are going to be a happy man. I know you think it is hard; but if God had meant that you should be a butterfly, you would have been born a butterfly. And as you were not born a moth or a miller, but a man, you must accept the conditions of your manhood. And if there is one principle that is more important at the very threshold of life than another, it is that man is born to work.

At the beginning of the history of the race, it may have been a curse that doomed man to work; but, thank God, it has been changed to a blessing now. And the baptism of work is a baptism of blessing.—H. W. Beecher.

New Cure for Consumption.

Several times in each year some newspaper or medical journal announces some new specific for this disease. The last which we have seen comes all the way from Paris, having been translated for the Druggist's Circular of this city.

The author, or discoverer of this cure is no less a personage than Emile De Parade, former Professor of Comparative Physiology, and Proprietor of the Chateau de Bellemeche, near Amboise. The following paragraphs give the pith, manner, spirit and quintessence of the wonderful discovery:

Now it is believed everywhere that there is no remedy for this fearful disease. Iodine and Codliver oil are only very powerful palliatives. Well, then, a certain remedy, one of the most agreeable of remedies, is Indian meal of good quality used in the form of a pop. A diligent and prolonged use of this excellent food infallibly effects a cure, when the disease, however, has not arrived at its last stage.

But perhaps, some practitioners will ask—How does this aliment act to effect a cure? To this I respond humbly, I do not know; God alone knows how this aliment can dissolve the tubercles which form in the tissues of the lungs, and how it cicatrises the place which the tubercles occupied. All that I can say is, that I have for proof magnificent results acquired by long experience (the experience on which theory is often wrecked.) Yes, I could, were there need, cite the names of the persons whom the use of excellent food have reinstated in health; and who would sign their testimony with both hands, so overjoyed are they at their cure. Let any one tell me, moreover, how sulphate of quinine acts against fever, and also what fever is?

Therefore, so long as disease has not reached its last point, so long as the lung is not in a complete state of disorganization, there must be no hesitation in making use of this means of cure, which I repeat, is one of the most agreeable; but it acts only in the long run, since it is an aliment.

In the middle of France, in France Comte, in Italy, in Spain, where the use of Indian Corn is so common, pulmonary consumption is almost unknown. It is the same in Mexico, as several Mexican officers at Tours have assured me. Will not corn act as a highly preservative part in these different countries? As soon as it is perceived that cold, or what is believed to be such, becomes obstinate or of a bad nature, we should not seek to delude ourselves, but on the contrary to inform ourselves well as to the state, which is easily done by auscultation. Provided that the lungs be not in their normal state, Indian meal in the form of pop, with half milk and half water should at once be made our principle nourishment.

Any thing else may be eaten, only avoiding heating food, such as spices, coffee, pure wine, and liquors; but I repeat, corn meal must be the principal food, and be eaten three times a day during two or three months at least, the benefits of such nourishment will soon be perceived. The pop should be made thin, if too thick, it might fatigue the stomach and thus become indigestible for some persons. Its preparation is simple and requires but little care. It is made like the ordinary pop; it is stirred over a fire till it boils. The fire is then smothered with a few cinders, the stirring is discontinued, the pop is allowed to cook for eight or ten minutes; it is then taken from the fire and a little sugar or salt added. If milk cannot be used the pop should be prepared with broth or with water and butter; but milk is preferable. The essential thing is to use Indian meal of good quality. * * * Care should be taken that it is fresh. This meal should be kept in a bag, and stirred from top to bottom at least once a week. It is well to say, that after the flour of wheat, that of the Indian corn contains the most nutritious substance. The use of this precious meal can only be, then, in all cases, extremely advantageous for the health.

What is Earth?

What is earth, sexton? A place to dig graves. What is earth, rich man? A place to work slaves. What is earth, graybeard? A place to grow old. What is earth, miser? A place to dig gold. What is earth, school boy? A place for my play. What is earth, maiden? A place to be gay. What is earth, sempstress? A place where I weep. What is earth, sluggard? A place to sleep. What is earth, soldier? A place to lazie. What is earth, hardman? A place to raise cattle. What is earth, widow? A place for true sorrow. What is earth, tradesman? I'll tell you to-morrow. What is earth, sick man? 'Tis nothing to me. What is earth, sailor? My home is the sea. What is earth statesman? A place to win fame. What is earth, author? I'll write there my name. What is earth, monarch? For my realm 'tis given. What is earth, Christian? The gateway to Heaven.

PUSH AHEAD.—Wo to him who lacks energy in this age of push. He is a pigmy among Samsons. The little life he has in him is sure to be trampled out. Onward is the word, and the vigorous marchers are pitiless. They time their steps to the quick beating of their own hearts, and keep moving while the pulse throbs last.

Jenkins thus described the hangings of a New York belle: "She wore an exquisite hyphatun on her head, while her train was composed of transparent folk, and her petticoat of cramballun flour with Brussels three-ply of A. No. 1."

The Domestic Relations.

The late Lord Glenelg, though a bachelor, in one of his early contributions to the *Quarterly Review*, pronounces a warm and eloquent eulogium on the institution of marriage:—A life passed in retirement, where the feelings are not broken by a multiplicity of objects, or in familiar intercourse with romantic scenery, or in the bosom of domestic happiness, cannot fail to cherish the better inclinations of the heart.

It is, indeed, the praise of the domestic relations that they have the power, not only to protect the feelings while yet unsullied, but to revive them when weakened—not only to preserve the vestal flame, but, if it be quenched, to rekindle it by an ethereal influence. In this point of view, the institution of marriage is peculiarly striking, because it tends more directly than any other cause to concentrate and purify the affections, if decaden by vice, or frittered away by frivolity. It calls up the neglected or abused energies of nature; and winning them to exertion by the charm of attractions whose force is in tenderness, teaches them to spread and luxuriate round the circle of the domestic duties. It acts therefore, as an internal principle of renovation, to keep society from rapid degeneracy.

Locomotion.

Traveling clears the mind from the stains contracted in our everyday labors, as washing purifies the body. A certain degree of sluggishness is inseparable from a skin insensitive to dirt. The peasant who lives for months in one shirt, and believes with some truth that abstinence from washing saves not only soap, but clothing, lives also contentedly in the same corner of the same hut for days and months. He never feels the want of locomotion. What ever may be the physiological explanation of the fact, a man with a clean and healthy skin generally finds continuance in one place unbearable. A German who leads a comparatively torpid existence does not require to freshen himself up either by unnecessary cleaning, or by change of place; he likes to let the dust accumulate. It is said that a distinguished professor once announced the discovery of a new cure to rival the grape-cure or the water-cure; to his anxious and inquiring friends he announced the secret of his recovery in the emphatic words—*Ich wasche mich*; but the practice of the new treatment does not seem to have spread very rapidly. The more restless Englishman surprises foreigners by intruding himself and his tub into every corner of the continent, and it is to be hoped that he will gradually carry the infection of his practices to races still insensible to their merits.—*Saturday Review*.

Mrs. Partington Puzzled.

"A lot of copper ore in pigs!" said Mrs. Partington, as her eye caught an account of some smelting operations. "I don't wonder they have the scrofula and everything else that is bad. I dare say their lard is nothing but verdigrise, for copper is very dilatorious, and pigs is human." "Pigs aren't human, neither," said I, putting her in; "and it means pigs of copper." Mrs. Partington looked at him seriously a moment. "Well," said she, "if pigs isn't human, some humans are more like pigs, and so there is but little difference."

Spiders.

It is very rarely that two spiders really have a fair stand-up fight. If by chance two are placed in one web, the weaker or more cowardly instantly retreats, or is captured, and wound up by the stronger. Spiders are decidedly cannibals; they will breakfast off their brothers and dine off their sisters without any compunctions; and as regards what they eat, they seem to have no particular preference either for flies, gnats, moths, earwigs, daddy-long-legs, bees, wasps, or other small-fly—all being eaten with the same eagerness.

A country schoolmaster, preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils and wrote down the questions which he would put to them on examination day. The day arrived, and so did the hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places as had been arranged, and all went on glibly until the question of the absentee came, when the teacher asked, "In whom do you believe?" "In Napoleon Bonaparte" was the answer quickly returned. "You believe in the Established Church, do you not?" "No," said the youngster, "the boy that believes in that Church hasn't come to school today."

A FIXED IDEA.—Some writer has said that a fixed idea is a sort of gimlet; every year gives it another turn; to pull it out the first year is like plucking the hair by the roots; in the second year like tearing the skin; in the third, like breaking the bones, and in the fourth, like removing the very brain itself.—*Victor Hugo*.

A new member of the English House of Commons, who had a slow and hesitating voice, recently undertook to debate the cattle plague, and astonished the House by saying, "I've had the rinderpest—!" After the burst of laughter which followed the member was permitted to continue,—"on my farm," which considerably changed the aspect of affairs.

A country exchange notices the fact that a man stopped his paper on Saturday and died on Tuesday. Moral couldn't get along without his paper.

A Scotchman asked an Irishman, "why were halfpennies coined in England?" Pat's answer was, "To give Scotchmen the opportunity of subscribing to a charitable and profitable scheme."

Items Foreign & Local.

An English mint has been built in Hong Kong. A girl 11 years old was recently married in Detroit.

A colony of German Jews is about to settle near Jaffa, in Palestine.

The cattle plague has just appeared in Ireland, but may be checked.

The United States are likely to impose an export duty of five cents in the pound on alum.

Two thousand panes of glass were shattered by a hailstorm in Baltimore the other night.

The Liverpool corporation schools educate 2,100 children at a cost of £2,300 per annum.

A new mineral has been discovered in Chili, containing 10 per cent. of iodine. A cargo of it will represent a fortune.

The N. Y. *Tribune* boots up the bank swindlings and embezzlements in that city for the last twelve months at about \$8,164,000.

One Rhinehardt, a basket maker, was arrested in Kingston, N. Y., for murdering six illegitimate infants, of which he was the father.

There is to be a Greek church in New York to meet the want of Russians. The edifice will cost \$20,000.

Monsieur de Slouville, a Frenchman, has announced that he has at length succeeded in making a machine for making glass.

There is a man in Cincinnati taxed on an income of \$30,000, who has never once exhibited a penny in the streets for a living.

A correspondent in Havana writes that if he wanted to describe the island of Cuba in a single line, he should call it "the land of the flea and the home of the slave."

Deep plowing is to be superseded, according to a German, by pipes laid in the ground with air holes, and all communicating with a fire, the draft of which creates the current.

The greatest slaughter house in the world is at Montevideo. A thousand cattle are killed before breakfast. Even that can hardly give a relish for the meal to the neighbors.

One of the boats of the Northwestern Packet Line on the Upper Mississippi, recently had on board 800 cabin passengers and 300 in steerage. This is the largest number on one boat for the past ten years.

A full-blooded negro woman in Geneva, N. Y., who was formerly as "black as tar," has within the last six years become entirely white. She is about forty-five years old, and is in perfect health. Her hair remains curled as before.

A case of genuine ancient leprosy is in New Orleans, in a young girl of good standing. One of her feet has already dropped off, and one arm is nearly gone. The most eminent physicians pronounce her disease leprosy. It is not contagious.

Dr. Adler of New York, has received from his congregation (Hebrew) a Passover present of \$10,000. Some of the Christian ministers would not object to such fruits of the elder dispensation.

The brassiest thing we have seen lately is the letter of a chap in New York to the Secretary of the treasury, saying that he encloses ten dollars "consequence money" five of which are proved to be counterfeit. "There's a soul" for you.

One of the largest engine manufacturers of Germany has refused to exhibit at the Paris Exposition on the ground that exhibitors are insulted by having the Prince Imperial, a boy ten years old made President.

In Birmingham, England, the other day, a woman accidentally killed her infant by pressing its head against the front of her dress, in which a needle was sticking. The needle entered the child's head, and caused fatal injuries.

The London *Quarterly Review* states that the quantity of wax now required for one year's consumption in England, in sealing patents for inventions alone, is upwards of a ton and two hundred weight.

There was a violent gale in Scotland last month, which uprooted many large trees; among others an immense fir, which was planted in 1705, to commemorate the union of that kingdom with England.

Mr. Lincoln's tragic death was a source of some expense to the nation. Congress has just voted \$200,000 for the expenses of the late President's funeral, and \$100,000 for the purchase of Ford's theatre.

Five gold mines in Merionethshire, England, yielded, in 1864, 2,330 tons of quartz. This was crushed and amalgamated, and gave 2,887 ounces of gold. This is nearly one and a quarter ounces to the ton, worth over \$21 in coin.

In the English House of Commons every Roman Catholic member has been asked to give an exception, Mr. McKenna, voted with the Liberal party in favor of the R-form Bill. It is the first time they have voted as a unit since the day of O'Connell.

George Peabody, the London banker, just arrived at his old home, Essex county, has been notified to make a return of his income since September, 1862. Mr. Peabody, although a resident of England for many years, always claimed to be a citizen of the United States.

The little tax of one cent upon every box of matches, enacted by the United States Government \$1,500,000 last year. According to that estimate, 150,000,000 bunches or boxes of matches must have been used in the States during the year, or five bunches—equal to five hundred matches—for every man, woman and child.

The persons engaged in the enterprise for the redemption of fallen women, known as the "Midnight Meeting Movement," held their annual meeting lately in London. Twenty-six meetings have taken place in various parts of the metropolis, and three hundred women have been induced to abandon their immoral course of life. It was believed that a thousand had been reclaimed.

The following from the *Hullax Express* will doubtless be read with interest by the crew of the sinking anti ship:—"The ants in this city held a meeting on Friday night last, at Mowbray Hall; the object was to raise money here to send over to New Brunswick. The hat went round on Saturday, but with only partial success—several of the leading anti-Confederates refusing to give a sixpence towards the fund."

The London correspondent of the New York *World* says: Some scandal has been going the rounds of the upper circles that a certain lady's maid in a certain high family, where there are two beautiful daughters, has received her dismissal on Friday night last, at Mowbray Hall; the object was to raise money here to send over to New Brunswick. The hat went round on Saturday, but with only partial success—several of the leading anti-Confederates refusing to give a sixpence towards the fund."

A new member of the English House of Commons, who had a slow and hesitating voice, recently undertook to debate the cattle plague, and astonished the House by saying, "I've had the rinderpest—!" After the burst of laughter which followed the member was permitted to continue,—"on my farm," which considerably changed the aspect of affairs.

A country exchange notices the fact that a man stopped his paper on Saturday and died on Tuesday. Moral couldn't get along without his paper.

A Scotchman asked an Irishman, "why were halfpennies coined in England?" Pat's answer was, "To give Scotchmen the opportunity of subscribing to a charitable and profitable scheme."

General News.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.—On Saturday afternoon last, an attempt was made in New York to navigate the air, by Dr. Solomon Andrews, the inventor and constructor of the Flying Ship, accompanied by three other gentlemen. The ascent from a large enclosed yard at the corner of Greene and Houston streets took place about three o'clock in the afternoon, and as soon as the "out house" was got on a ship, with its living freight, rose rapidly from the earth. As the very start the rudder ropes became entangled in some portion of the rigging, which for some time prevented the apparatus from being properly controlled, and the latter drifted for a considerable distance. At last, however, the difficulties were obviated and the machine was repeatedly turned in different directions, and, crossing East River, passed out of sight, the rate of speed was from a mere five miles per hour, and the greatest altitude reached was about two thousand feet. The experiment was not wholly a success, from the fact that there were discovered manifest defects in its construction; that one too short and the rudder too light, which prevented the machine from being run against the wind, as was originally intended. The voyagers finally landed near the village of Astoria, L. I., and reached New York here in the evening. Dr. Andrews and his companions are all satisfied that, by making some trifling alterations in the rigging of the apparatus, that they will be able to make headway against any ordinary breeze, and they are all sanguine that the success of their present voyage will result in the success of other and more important attempts.

Dr. Andrews' machine is different in several important particulars from the ordinary balloon. It is composed of two long, lemon-shaped gas receivers, floating horizontally, and surrounded by a strong netting which supports the car below. The car used in this experimental voyage was eight feet long and