

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

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WHOLE NO.—930.

Poetry.

THE GREAT WARSHIP.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning hills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud
Or low with songs of pain;
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The drooping tears of rain.

With drooping heads and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air;
The music of its stately march
The chorus of the prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

Select Tale.

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH MY DEAR SIR.—I shurely need inform you that your excellent Tower is very pop'lar with people from the agricultural districts, and it was chiefly them class which I tried wait at the gates the other mornin'.

I saw at once that the Tower was established on a firm basis. In the entire history of firm basis I don't find a basis more firmer than this one.

"You have no Tower in America?" said a man in the crowd, who had somehow detected my denomination.

"Alas! no," I answered; "we hosts of our enterprise and improvements, and yet we are devoid of a Tower. America, oh my unhappy country! thou hast not got no Tower! It's a sweet boom."

The gates were opened after a while, and we all purchist tickets, and went into a waitin'-room.

"My frens," said a pale faced little man, in black close, "this is a sad day."

"Inasmuch as to how?" I said.

"I mean it is sad to think that so many people have been killed within these gloomy walls. My frens, let us drop a tear!"

"No," I said "you must excuse me. Others may drop one if they feel like it; but as for me, I decline. The early managers of this institution were a bad lot, and their crimes were too truly orful; but I can't sob for those who died four or five hundred years ago. It's his my own relations I couldn't. It's absurd to shed sobs over things which occur durin the rain of Henry the Third. Let us be cheerful." I continued. "Look at the festy Warders, in their red flannel jackets. They are cheerful, and why should they not be thus with us?"

A Warder now took us in charge, and showed us the Trate's Gate, the armers and things. The Trate's Gate is wide enuff to admit about twenty trates abreast, I should judge; but beyond this I couldn't see that it was superior to gates in gen'ral.

Traters, I will here remark, are an onfortnit class of people. If they wasn't, they wouldn't be traters. They conspire to bust up a country—they fail, and they're traters. They trust her and they become statesmen and heroes.

Take the case of Gloster, afterwards Old Dick the Three, who may be seen at the Tower, on horseback, in a heavy tin overcoat—take Mr. Gloster's case. Mr. G. was a conspirator of the basist dye, and if he'd failed, he would have been hung on a sour apple-tree. But Mr. G. succeeded and became great. He was slewed by Col. Richmond, but he lives in history, and his equestrian figger may be seen daily for a sixpence, in conjunction with other eminent persons, and no extry charge for the Warder's able and bootiful lecter.

There's one king in this room who is mounted onto a foinin steed, his right hand graspin a barber's pole. I didn't learn his name.

The room where the daggers and pistols and other weppins is kept is interestin. Among this collection of choise outlery I notist the bow and arrow which those head-headed old chaps used to conduct battles with. It is quite like the bow and arrow used at this day by certain tribes of American Injuns, and they shoot 'em off with such a excellent precision that I almost sight'd to be a Injun. Mr. Cooper and Dr. Catlin have told us of the red man's wonderful eloquence, and I found it so. Our party was stop on the plains of Utah by a band of Shoshones, whose chief said, "Brothers! the pale-face is welcome. Brothers! the sun is sinkin in the West, and Wana-lucky she will soon cease speakin. Brothers! the poor red man belongs to a race which is fast becoming extinct." He then whooped in a shrill manner, stole all our blankets and whiskey, and fled to the primal forest to conceal his emotions.

I will remark here, while on the subject of Injuns, that they are in the main a very shaky set, with even less sense than the Fenians, and when I hear philanthropists bewailin the fact that every year "carries the noble red man simply have to say I am high on the setting of the sun."

ther one minit, and the next they scalp you with their Thomas-hawks. But I wander. Let us return to the Tower.

At one end of the room where the weppins is kept, is a wax figger of Queen Elizabeth, mounted on a fiery stuffed horse, whose glass eye flashes with pride, and whose red morocor nostril dilates hawtly, as if conscious of the royal burden he bears. I have associated Elizabeth with the Spanish Armady. She's mixed up with it in the Surry Theatre, where *Troo to the Core* is being acted, and in which a full bull's core is introduced on board the Spanish ship, giving the audience the idea that he intends openin a moosic-stall in Plymouth the moment he conkers that town. But a very interestin drammer is *Troo to the Core*, notwithstanding the excoetric conduct of the Spanish Admiral; and very nice it is in Queen Elizabeth to make Martin Trugold a baronet.

The Warder shows us some instrumnts of tortur, such as thumb-screws, throat-collars, etc., statin that they was conkered from the Spanish Armady, and addin what a crooil peple the Spaniards was in them days—which elisited from a bright-eyed little girl of about twelve summers the remark that she thought it was rich to talk about the crooilty of the Spaniards usin thumb screws, when we was in a tower where so many poor peple's heads had been cut off. This made the warder stammer, and turn red.

I was so pleased with the little girl's bright ness that I could have kissed the dear child, and I would if she'd been six years older.

I think my companions intended makin a day of it, for they all had sandwiches, sassisges, etc. The sad lookin man who had wanted us to drop a tear afore we started to go round, find'g such quantities of sassage into his mouth, that I expected to see him choke himself to death, he said to me, in the Beauchamp Tower, where the poor prisoners writ their unhappy names on the cold walls "This is a sad sight."

"It is, indeed," I answered. "You're black in the face. You shouldn't eat sassage in public without some rehearsals beforehand. You manage it o'kwardly."

"No," he said, "I mean this sad room."

Indeed, he was quite right. Tho' so long ago all these drefful things happened, I was very glad to get away from this gloomy room, and go where the rich and sparklin Crown Jewels is kept. I was so pleased with the Queen's Crown, that it occurd to me what a agreeble surprise it would be to send a similar one home to my wife; and I asked the Warder what was vally of a good, well constructed Crown like that. He told me, but on cypherin up with a pencil the amount of funs I had in the Jint Stock Bank, I concluded I'd send her a genteel silver watch instid.

And so I left the Tower. It is a solid and commandin edifice, but I deny that it is cheerful. I hid it all without a pang.

I was droven to my hotel by the most melancholly driver of a four wheeler that I ever saw. He heaved a deep sigh as I gave him two shillins. "I'll give you six d's more," I said, "if it hurts you so."

"It isn't that," he said, with a hard-entire grin, "it's only a way I have. My mind's upset to-day. I at one time tho't I'd drive you into the Thames. I've been readin all the daily papers to try and understand about Governor Ayre, and my mind is totterin. It's really wonderful I didn't drive you into the Thames."

I asked the unhappy man what his number was, so I could redily find him in case I should want him again, and bad him good bye. And then I tho't what a frolicsome day I'd made of it.

Respectably, &c.,
ARTEMUS WARD.

An Eloquent Lawyer touches his own Client.

The Baton Rouge Advocate has the following: Last week a case was before the jury, and the District Attorney had exhausted all his eloquence in the attempt to convict a darkey for stealing a goose. The Judge was tired, the jury wearied, and the bar, officials and spectators all hoped the case would be speedily closed, but they were doomed to disappointment. Up rose the old Major, the hero of a thousand contests at the bar, and for two hours a flow of eloquence poured forth upon the ears of the jury, evidently convincing them of the prisoner's innocence. Shrug and gestures denoted that all they wanted was a chance to get out of the juror's corner, and that goose, darkey, prosecutor, and all concerned might go to Guinea if they could be released. The Major plied it on thick; he showed them law after law, read Supreme Court—condensed decisions, referred to everything relative to geese from the Roman time down to the present, and closed his brilliant appeal by calling their attention to the honest countenance of his client. "Could such a man steal?" the Heavens forbid; look at such a face, you perceive sterling honesty in every lineament—could you steal prisoner, prisoner at the bar, could you steal a goose?" "Yes, sir, I did steal him, but I didn't eat him," was the unexpected response, and the gallant Major, thunder-struck and exhausted, called.

Mrs. Partington's last—"If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excess," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

A man, stopping his paper, wrote to the Editor: "I think folks ought to spend their munny for papers; my dad didn't, and everybody says he was the intelligent man in the country, and had the smartest family of boys ever digged triers."

London Streets.

Nothing is more noticeable in passing through the quieter streets of London than the amount of talent that is being expended in appeals to the eyes and ears of the passers-by to win from them what is termed a flying penny. In one place you may see an itinerant auctioneer keeping a large audience in a roar by sallies of wit in allusions to the topics of the hour, or amusing comments upon the personal appearance of those who won't either bid or buy, being all the time busily engaged filling his pockets and getting rid of his worthless stock-in-trade. In another you will come across a dealer in excoriated stuf, sold for the removal of grease and stains, descending eloquently, and with real ability, upon the merits of the article, and calling upon any gentleman present who doubts its value and efficacy to have his cuff smeared with candle-grease, in order that he may be confounded on the spot, and justice done to an honest trader and a grand discovery. A vendor of so-called tobacco, who has scouts out watching for police, may sometimes be seen surrounded by a crowd, and filling the pipes of twelve workmen gratis, in order that they may, as a jury, "sit" upon the commodity, and pronounce their unprejudiced verdict in the face of day, and as they smoke he sells his wares, all the while inquiring of jurors, "Ain't it beautiful?" and receiving a unanimous grunt by way of assent, which, of course, expedites the process of exchange. The flow of well-ordered language over flash jewellery is sometimes wonderful, and it is worth a journey to Fetter Lane from any part of the Metropolis on a Saturday night to hear and see the cheap Jacks and traveling quacks performing. The art of conjuring has been extensively practiced of late by those who live by their wits, if one may judge from the number of those who have taken to selling purses, into each of which a half-crown is supposed to have been openly dropped, for a shilling each. The Davenport Brothers have found clever imitators of their rope trick, who defy cords and knots to keep them bound except when disturbed by a policeman, when they trouble "Bobby" to set them free, and put him in good humor by threatening to charge him with causing an obstruction. A new street prodigy has just made his appearance in the shape of a lad who discourses eloquent music on three common tin whistles, using each alternately, and without any break of tune. He astonishes his audience by playing a variety of tunes on the spot of a coffee-pot. The lid is partially raised, and there are holes in the body of the pot which the fingers cover. So far the professor—who ought to have offered his services to the Philharmonic Society as another Pico—has found his peculiar accomplishment a very paying one. He will have to make hay while the sun shines, for no doubt the idea and its success will cause his ingenious brethren to see wether music cannot be knocked out of other articles of domestic utility, and then his occupation will be gone.—*Correspondent of N. B. Daily Mail.*

Caught in His own Trap.

A girl young and pretty and above all gifted with an air of admirable candor, lately presented herself before a Parisian lawyer.

"Monsieur, I have come to consult you upon a grave affair. I want you to oblige a man I love to marry me in spite of himself. How shall I proceed?"

The gentleman of the bar had, of course, a sufficiently elastic conscience. He reflected a moment, and then, being sure that no third person overheard him, replied hesitatingly:

"Mademoiselle, according to our law, you possess the means to force a man to marry you. You must remain on three occasions alone with him; you can then go before a judge and, swear that he is your lover."

"And will that suffice, Monsieur?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle, with one further condition."

"Then you will produce witnesses who will make oath to having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have trifled with your affections."

"Very well, Monsieur, I will retain you as counsel in the management of this affair. Good day."

A few days afterwards the young lady returned. She was mysteriously received by the lawyer, who scarcely giving her time to seat herself, questioned her with the most lively curiosity.

"Capital, capital."

"Persevere in your design. Mademoiselle; but mind, the next time you come to consult me give me the name of the young man you are going to make so happy in spite of himself."

"You shall have it without fail."

A fortnight afterwards, the young lady again knocked at the door of the counsel's room. No sooner was she within, she flung herself in a chair, saying that the walk had made her breathless. Her counsel endeavored to reassure her, made her inhale salts, and even proposed to unlouse her garments.

"It is useless, Monsieur," she said, "I am much better."

"Well, now, tell me the name of the fortunate mortal."

"Well, then, the fortunate mortal, be it known to you, is yourself!" said the young beauty, bursting into a laugh. "I love you; I have been here three times tete-a-tete with you, and my four witnesses are below, ready and willing to accompany me to a magistrate," gravely continued the narrator.

The lawyer, thus caught, had the good sense not to get angry. The most singular fact of all is that he adores his young wife, who by the way, makes an excellent housekeeper.

Sydney Smith's Common Sense.

Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encrease. I once gave a lady two and twenty receipts against melancholy. One was a bright fire; another, to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her; another, to keep a box of sugar plums on the chimney-piece, and a kettle simmering on the hob. Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value! Beauty is of value; her whole person, that is furnished him—bread, meat, &c.—are all prepared with brandy; consequently the patient is in a state of continual intoxication. This lasts about five days; at the end of that time he asks with entreaty for other nourishment, without his request being complied with, and not until his organs absolutely abhor alcohol. The cure is complete, and after that period, the very smell of spirits produces on him the effect of an emetic.

A Pious Lunatic.

A young lady was put into a train alone to go to London. As the train was on the point of starting a gentleman rushed up and got in. At this, her friends who were seeing her off, were rather annoyed, but thought it did not much signify. Shortly after the train had started, the gentleman jumped up and exclaimed, "This carriage is too heavy and must be lightened," and straightway his carpet-bag disappeared out of the window. He sits still a few minutes, when he begins again and this time his coat and waistcoat follow his bag. After a little while he said, "Let us pray for the Duke of Gloucester." Down they go on their knees, the poor girl, only seventeen, too frightened to do anything but obey. When that was done they prayed for the duke of York, and then for another—in fact, for a whole string of dukes; they then sit down, the young lady frightened out of her senses. After a few minutes he begins again: "It won't do; I can't stand it; the train is too heavy, either you or I must get out; I don't want to, so you must go."

The girl in despair says, "but you have not prayed for the Duke of Northumberland."

"Ah! no more we have." Down they go again on their knees, when luckily the train stopped at a station, and the young lady called the guard, when it was discovered that the gentleman was a lunatic escaped from Hanwell.

The Spontaneous Growth of Trees.

Bayard Taylor is now travelling through Kansas, and in a recent letter from that State expresses much surprise at witnessing the spontaneous production of forests from prairie lands. He says that hundreds of acres, protected from the prairie fires by intervening cultivated land, were overgrown with hickory and oak trees, from four to six feet in height. This spontaneous growth, which has caused Mr. Taylor so much surprise, is, however, of frequent occurrence. In the pine barrens of New Jersey, when the first growth of pines are burned off or otherwise destroyed, the second growth that springs up consists of oak. The same circumstance is observable in the great pine wilderness of Northern New York. This second growth cannot, in the strict sense of the term, be called spontaneous, for the seeds of the trees are always carried about, either by man or by birds, or the wind, and they have lain dormant for years or centuries. The ground is always filled with germs of vegetable life, requiring only certain conditions to cause them to spring into a more vigorous being. That seeds can contain the vital principle for a long time is well known, for seed shut up in tombs, or even in the Egyptian catacombs, have been discovered and planted, and have grown up into as healthy plants as if they had been the product of the previous year's harvest.

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Dutch Cure for Drunkenness.

The following cure for drunkenness is practiced in Holland.—The patient is shut up in a room, and debarred all communication, except with his physician. As often as he pleases, spirits—brandy, whiskey, gin, &c.—are given him, but mixed with two thirds water; all other drinks, such as beer, coffee, wine, &c., are mixed with one-third brandy. The various viands, that are furnished him—bread, meat, &c.—are all prepared with brandy; consequently the patient is in a state of continual intoxication. This lasts about five days; at the end of that time he asks with entreaty for other nourishment, without his request being complied with, and not until his organs absolutely abhor alcohol. The cure is complete, and after that period, the very smell of spirits produces on him the effect of an emetic.

A western judge; full of fun and frolic, and withal a widower with five children, was lately bantered by a pretty miss of five and twenty for not taking a wife. The judge confessed his remissness, and ended in offering himself to the lady who had so handsomely pointed out his shortcomings. She was willing, but there was one to her—serious obstacle. "Well," said the Judge, "name it. My profession is to surmount such obstacles." "Ah, Judge, this is beyond your powers. I have vowed if I ever married a widow, he must have ten children."

"Ten children! O, that's nothing," said the Judge, "I'll give you five now, and my notes on demand in yearly instalments for the balance."

The Tact of Women.

A great deal of the usefulness, and consideration, and tact of women is the result of long days spent in humoring the moods, and noticing the caprices, and studying the tastes, of those with whom they have been thrown into contact during their girlhood and their youth. Little things at such times make or mar the precarious sunshine of each day; and at a very early part of their life women thus begin to learn to be delicate tacticians and diplomats of no mean skill. Hence comes, perhaps, their keen power of observing and remembering trifles, not to mention their habit of judging of character from small outward peculiarities.

REMEMBER THIS!—The farmer plants his seed, and while he is sleeping, his corn and potatoes are growing. So with advertising. While you are sleeping, or eating, or conversing with one set of customers, your advertisement is being read by hundreds and thousands of persons who never saw you or heard of your business, or ever would, had it not been for your advertisement appearing in the newspaper.—*Christian Mirror.*

"... your sister got a son or a daughter?" asked a son of Erin. "Upon my life," was the reply, "I don't know whether I'm an aunt or an uncle."

If you're too fat, and would like to be thin, off, mount a vicious horse.

A Bridal Race in Asia.

The condition of the bridal race, a custom prevalent among the Asiatic nations, are these: The maiden has a certain start given which she avails herself of to gain a sufficient distance from the crowd to enable her to manage her steed with freedom, so as to assist in the pursuit of the suitor whom she prefers. On a signal from her father all the horses gallop after the fair one, and whichever first succeeds in encircling her waist with his arm, no matter whether disagreeable or not to her choice, is entitled to claim her as a wife. After the usual delay incident upon such occasions, the maiden quits the circle of her relations, and, putting her steed into a hard gallop, darts into an open plain. When satisfied with her position, she turns round to the impatient youths, and stretches out her arms towards them as if to warn their approach. This is the moment for giving the signal to commence the chase, and each of the impatient youths dashing his pointed heel into his cousin's sides, darts like the unhooded hawk in pursuit of his fugitive dove. The savannah was extensive, full twelve miles long, and three in width, and as the horsemen sped across the plain the favored lover became soon apparent by the efforts of the maiden to avoid all others who might approach her. At length, after nearly two hours' racing, the number of pursuers is reduced to four, who are altogether, and gradually gaining on the pursued. With them is the favorite; but alas! his horse suddenly fails in his speed; and, as she anxiously turns her head, she perceives with dismay the hapless position of her lover. Each of the more fortunate leaders, eager with anticipated triumph, bending his head on his horse's mane, shouts at the top of his voice, "I come, my Peri! I'm your lover." But she, making a sudden turn, and lashing her horse almost to fury, darts across their path, and makes for that part of the plain where her lover is vainly endeavoring to goad on his weary steed. The three others instantly check their career; but, in their hurry to turn back, two of the horses are dashed furiously against each other, so that both steeds and riders roll over the plain. The maiden laughed (for she well knew she could elude the single horseman) and flew to the point where her lover was. But the only pursuer was rarely mounted, and was not easily shaken off. Making a last and desperate effort, he dashed alongside the maiden, and stretching out his arm almost won the unwilling prize; but she, bending her head to the horses neck, eluded his grasp, and wheeled off. Ere the discomfited horseman could again approach her, her lover's arm was around her waist, and, amidst the shouts of the spectators, they turned towards the fort.

It takes a whole year for one man to make a square yard of tapestry.

A new jewelry establishment in New York is styled "The diamond parlor."

In California, a Chinaman cannot testify against a white man or a negro.

In France they are expecting the end of the world.

Damascus, the oldest city in the world, contains a population of 84,195.

Paris has to send away 300,000,000 francs to buy corn.

One county in California makes this year 100,000 gallons of wine.

The estimated cost of the San Francisco seawall is \$22,000,000.

The principal supply of water manufacturer of New York gets out 3000 gallons per day.

During the last fifty years English emigrants to America have sent home \$70,000,000.

A Mr. Driscoll, of Mobile, was so annoyed by mosquitoes that he committed suicide.

Mrs. Keenan, of Lowell, was divorced at 10 on Saturday morning last, and married Jones at 4 in the afternoon.

A suspicious story of a lamp trimmer in the navy sailing her to a Hungarian title of nobility and \$300,000 a year, is current.

A New York milliner has paid \$95,000 cash for a palace on the Fifth Avenue, for business purposes.

A genius has just invented a suspender that contracts on a spring, and a puddle, it lifts you over, and drops you on the opposite side.

Mr. McMillan, a Scotchman of large capital and experience, is about to transport his woollen manufactory across the ocean and set it up at Halifax.

A minister named Mathys, who died recently at Stanz, Switzerland, had the egotism to have his autobiography written in twenty-seven languages.

The London Times gives the credit of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable to Mr. Wheatstone, and in an article of a column does not once mention Cyrus Field's name. Cyrus will exclaim, "Peri! I'm your lover." But she, making a sudden turn, and lashing her horse almost to fury, darts across their path, and makes for that part of the plain where her lover is vainly endeavoring to goad on his weary steed. The three others instantly check their career; but, in their hurry to turn back, two of the horses are dashed furiously against each other, so that both steeds and riders roll over the plain. The maiden laughed (for she well knew she could elude the single horseman) and flew to the point where her lover was. But the only pursuer was rarely mounted, and was not easily shaken off. Making a last and desperate effort, he dashed alongside the maiden, and stretching out his arm almost won the unwilling prize; but she, bending her head to the horses neck, eluded his grasp, and wheeled off. Ere the discomfited horseman could again approach her, her lover's arm was around her waist, and, amidst the shouts of the spectators, they turned towards the fort.

A law exists in Germany to prevent drinking on the Sabbath during Divine service. It runs thus:—"Any person drinking in an ale house during service on Sunday, or other holiday, may legally depart without paying."

After long and serious reflection the Duke and Duchess of Argyll have consented that their second son Lord Campbell shall enter a business establishment as a partner. So says an English paper.

The statement is made showing the extent of the ritualistic movement in England, that 2500 of the clergy of the Established Church now use candles in their churches on the altar at communion.

Rev. George F. Williams, Rector of an Episcopal Church at Suffolk, Va., was arrested in New York on Friday for putting a lady's pocket in a Broadway stage. The stolen pocket-book was found in his possession.

A wife in New Orleans sued for a divorce and obtained it on the established testimony that a piece of belt ribbon and a hair pin belonging to another woman was found in the plaintiff's bed room.

Victor Hugo is writing a history of England. The work, which will contain all the events of the second half of the eighteenth century, is not expected to be ready before the beginning of next year.

Some of the inhabitants of Schleswig-Holstein have determined to prevent the Princess Dagmar with a wedding present, as a token of kindly remembrance towards the daughter of their late sovereign, but the Prussian authorities have absolutely forbidden this manifestation.

A couple were divorced in Michigan on Monday after only two hours of married life. The wife left her husband on the ground that he was bald headed and a Catholic, and would not give her a deed of his farm. The court gave him a divorce.

A noted horse thief has just been sentenced to five years in the penitentiary of Wisconsin, whose criminal career is remarkable. Though only 27 years old, he has had passed upon him sentences for crimes committed in France, England, Canada and America, amounting in the aggregate to 25 years of confinement.

The latest invention in France is a sort of cartridge, containing ingredients which are capable of extinguishing fire. This is effected by the sudden development of a large quantity of hydrochloric acid gas. The cartridges are either thrown on the fire or into the water of the engines. In the latter case it is said that only one-tenth as much water is needed.

Twenty members of the Canadian Parliament out of a body which has in the Popular Branch alone 130 members—all representing constituencies in Lower Canada—have signed a remonstrance against the proposed Confederation of the B. N. A. Colonies. It is addressed to the Earl of Carnarvon, Secretary of State for the Colonies. It is simply a plea for "delay," and is, no doubt, intended to strengthen Mr. Howe's hands! What a prop!

A trombone player who resides in the Department of La Meuse, France, being assured that parrots, thrushes and ravens can by dint of perseverance be taught to speak, conceived an idea of giving a course of instruction to one of the ducks in his poultry yard. As the story runs, he placed the duck in a retired spot and repeated to it at least two hundred times a day a certain air, and the result was that the creature now sings that air with ease and grace, instead of quacking after the usual absurd fashion of its kind.

We are informed that Mr. Nehemiah Hayman whilst digging in the ground near Baswood Ridge, Charlotte, discovered, about four feet from the surface, portions of a tree which had evidently been cut with an axe a long time ago. The forest was grown over the place, trees that must have been standing at least 50 to 100 years.

These circumstances suggest the idea that some woodman with his axe had been at work there at a period long antecedent to the present settlement of the country.—*St. Stephen Courier.*