

The Carleton

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XIX. NO. 36.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867.

WHOLE NO. - 97.

Professional Cards.

Dr. EDMUND L. HOVEY

INFORMS his friends and the public that he has commenced the practice of his profession in this County. Dr. Hovey has made Medicine the study of his life, and has had some experience in its practice in this County. During the past few years he has had the advantage of receiving instruction from representative men in the various branches of the Art, and in several of its systems. He has also been in a position to study Surgery and healing, during the continuance of the late Civil War in the United States, in some of the largest hospitals.

Residence, next below the Baptist Church, Woodstock, July 18, 1866. [39]

STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur.
Residence—Three doors north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street.
Office—In the Medical Hall, King Street, next door to the Post Office.
Woodstock, April 29, 1865.

Dr. C. P. Connell,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Office—In Brick Building, near the Hay School.
Residence at Hon. Charles Connell's.

C. F. H. Campbell, M. D.,
(Formerly of the Army.)
Surgeon, Physician and Accoucheur.
HAS settled in Woodstock for the practice of his profession.
Residence—At the "Cable House." [41-42]

Dr. REYNOLDS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
CENTRAL OFFICE:
UPPER CORNER, - - WOODSTOCK.
Residence—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jacksonton Road. [22-24]

WILLIAM M. CONNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
INSURANCE AGENT, &c.
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

J. J. CHRISTIE,
Importer and Dealer in all kinds of
Leather and Shoe Trimmings, Crimps, Boot
laces, Lasts, &c., wholesale & retail.
42 1y 54 King-st., St. John, N. B.

C. L. RICHARDS,
Wholesale Grocer and Commission Merchant,
1, NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.
[19]

PHILLIPS HOUSE.
THE subscriber, having taken a house at
East Florenceville, is prepared to accom-
modate the travelling public. No pains will
be spared to make parties comfortable who
favor him with a call.
JOSEPH A. C. PHILLIPS.
East Florenceville, Oct. 25, 1866-44.

Surveying.
THE subscriber would return thanks to his friends
and the public for the patronage hitherto bestowed.
He would likewise acknowledge the assistance
of his new property, with enlarged experience and
greatly increased facilities to attend to the various
branches of his business, as a Surveyor of Land.
Parties entrusting him with a survey will rely
upon his best attention being given to further their
interests. He will also receive and make advances on
LANDS at reasonable rates.
STEPHEN E. STEVENS.
Indian Town, St. John.

GEORGE C. HUNT, JR.,
DEALER IN
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,
Paints, Oils, & Varnishes, Glass, Putty,
PURE WINES AND LIQUORS FOR
MEDICAL USE.
Dye Woods and Dye Stuffs Generally
Medicines warranted genuine, and of the best quality.
Customers will find our stock complete, comprising
many articles it is impossible to enumerate,
and all sold at moderate prices.
Hatheway's Brick Building,
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Coldbrook Iron Works,
Warehouse, No. 9, North Market Wharf, St.
John, New Brunswick.

WRIGHT'S—A large stock of OIL NAILS of all
sizes. CUT SPIKES from 4 to 8 inches long.
Wrought Ship's Spikes, Railroad Spikes made to order.
These Nails and Spikes are manufactured of BEST
Refined Iron.
Consumers of Nails and Spikes will find it
to their advantage to purchase those manufactured at
the "Coldbrook Iron Works," as they are far superi-
or to those manufactured from English Iron.
W. H. SCOVILLE.
St John, May 1.

Neptune's
Hair Dressing Saloon,
Office formerly occupied by Wm. Connell.
LADIES' HAIR BRAIDS, made by WM. NEPTUNE.
SHAVING, done by WM. NEPTUNE.
HAIR CUT and SHAMPOOED, by WM. NEPTUNE.
HAIR and WHISKERS DYED, by WM. NEPTUNE.
Woodstock, Feb 1

HENRY CONROY,
Hair Cutter, Wig Maker, &c.,
Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

HAS constantly for sale and makes to order articles
of Ladies Ornamental Hair, Long Hair, Head
Dresser, Caps Curled and Plain, Frizzles, Ringlets,
Braids, Switches, Waterfalls, Curled and Plain, &c.
Also—Gentlemen's Wigs and Scalps.
Hair Cutting and the various branches of his pro-
fession, conducted in a manner to ensure perfect satis-
faction. Ladies sending their own hair can have it
made up in any style, on moderate terms.
at John July 27, 1867-43-31

WILLIAM SKILLEN,
Commission Merchant & Forwarding Agent,
Water Street, St. Stephen, N. B.

E. D. WATTS,
FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Corner of King Street and Market Square,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

A choice assortment of New Goods, bought since
the decline in price, and offered very low. The most
careful attention given to orders from the country.
No. 1, King Street.

Poetry.

THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

The grain! the grain! the beautiful grain!
How it laughs to the breezy with glad refrain,
Blessing the famishing earth in her pain,
Making her smile with glee.

Lifting in praise each bright golden crown,
As it drinks the dew the Father sends down,
Courting the sun's warm lover-like frown,
Returning it smiling.

The grain! the grain! the beautiful sheaves!
A song of joy their rustling weaves,
For the gracious gift the earth receives,
Given most royally.

From every hill side, every plain,
Comes the farmer's song as he reaps the grain;
And the summer breeze wafts on the strain,
In wildest harmony.

He pours o'er the earth his brimming horn,
That the valleys may laugh and sing with corn,
While hope, with her death-trance, rises new born
The brighter days to see.

Our Father we thank Thee! the beautiful grain
Brings a blessing like that, when the soft summer
rain
Comes down on the parched earth, nor bids it
lie in vain.

Rejoice and hope ever in Thee.

Hope ever, and trust! Thy thought, not like
ours,
Thou sendest the drought, thou bringest the
dew.

Withholdeth the grain, then, with magical shower's
A glorious harvest we see.

And so for the grain! the beautiful grain!
The golden, the laughing, the glad refrain,
Blessing the famishing earth in her pain,
We offer our worship to Thee.

Select Tale.

THE PARSON'S SCRUPLE.

BY WILLIE COLLINS.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER II.

Up to this time, no shadow of a suspicion
had fallen on his mind. Hitherto, there had
been a simple obvious explanation for every
unusual event that had occurred during the last
three or four days. But the last circumstance
in connection with the letters, was not to be
accounted for. Nevertheless, even now, it was
not distrust of his wife that was busy in his
mind—he was too fond of her and too proud
of her to feel it—the sensation was more like
uneasy surprise. He longed to go and question
her, and get a satisfactory answer, and have
done with it. But there was a voice speaking
within him that had never made itself heard
before; a voice with a persistent warning in it,
that said, Wait, and look at your letters first!

He spread them out on the table, with hands
that trembled, he knew not why. Among
them was the back number of the *Times*, for
which he had written to London, with a letter
from the publisher, explaining the means by
which the copy had been procured.

He opened the newspaper with a vague
feeling of alarm at finding that these letters
to the Editor, which he had been so eager to
read, and that perfecting of the mutilated
volume which he had been so anxious to ac-
complish, had become objects of secondary
importance in his mind. An inexplicable
curiosity about the general contents of the paper
was now the one moving influence which per-
suaded him to open it. He spread open the broad
sheet on the table.

The first page on which his eyes fell, was
the page on the right hand side. It contained
those very letters—three in number—which
he had once been so anxious to see. He tried
to read them; but no effort could fix his wan-
dering attention. He looked aside, to the
opposite page, on the left hand. It was a page
that contained the leading articles.

They were three in number. The first was
on foreign politics; the second was a sarcastic
commentary on a recent division in the House
of Lords; the third was devoted to the ad-
vocacy of a measure of social reform.

The lines of this third article which first
caught his eye, comprised the opening sentence
of the second paragraph, and contained these
words:—

It appeared from the narrative which will
be found in another part of our columns, that
this unfortunate woman married in the spring
of the year 18—, one Mr. Fergus Duncan, of
Glendarn, in the Highlands of Scotland. . . .

The letters swam and mingled together
under his eyes, before he could go on to the
next sentence. His wife exhibited as an object
for public compassion in the *Times* newspaper!

On the bank of the dreadful discovery to which
he was advancing, his mind reeled back, and a
deadly faintness came over him. There was
water on a side table; he drank a deep draught
off it; roused himself; seized on the newspaper
with both hands, as if it had been a living thing
that could feel the desperate resolution of his
grasp—and read the article through, sentence
by sentence, word by word.

The subject was the Law of Divorce; and
the example quoted was the example of his
wife.

At that time, England stood disgraced fully
alone as the one civilized country in the world
having a divorce law for the husband which
was not also a divorce law for the wife. The
writer in the *Times* boldly and eloquently
exposed this disgraceful anomaly in the ad-
ministration of justice; hinted delicately at
the unutterable wrongs suffered by Mrs. Duncan
and plainly showed that she was indebted to
the accident of having been married in Scotland,
and to her consequent right of appeal to the
Scottish tribunals for a full and final release
from the vilest of husbands, which the English
law of that day would have mercilessly refused.

He read that. Other men might have gone

on to the narrative extracted from the Scottish
newspaper. But at the last word of the article
he stopped.

The newspaper, and the unread details which
it contained, lost all hold on his attention in
an instant; and, in their stead, written burn-
ing on his mind, like the letters of doom on
the walls of Belshazzar, there rose in judgment
against him, the last words of a verse in the
Gospel of St. Luke:—

"Whosoever marrieth her that is put away
from her husband committeth adultery."

He had preached from these words. He
had warned his hearers, with the whole strength
of the fanatical sincerity that was in him, to be-
ware of prevaricating with the prohibition
which that verse contained—to accept it as
literally, unreservedly, finally forbidding the
marriage of a divorced woman. He had in-
sisted on that plain interpretation of plain
words, in terms which had made his congrega-
tion tremble. And now, he stood alone in the
secrecy of his own chamber, self-convicted
of the sin which he had denounced—he stood,
as he had told the wicked among his hearers
that they would stand, at the Last Day, before
the Judgment Seat.

He was unconscious of the lapse of time; he
never knew whether it was many minutes or
few, before the door of his room was suddenly
and softly opened. It did open, and his wife
came in.

In a white dress, with a white shawl thrown
over her shoulders; her dark hair, so neat and
glossy at other times, hanging tangled about her
colourless cheeks, and heightening the glassy
brightness of terror in her eyes—so he
saw her; the woman put away from her hus-
band; the woman whose love had made his
life happy, and had stained his soul with a
deadly sin.

She came on to within a few paces of him,
without a word or a tear, or a shadow of change
passing over the dreadful rigidity of her face.

She looked at him with a strange look; she
pointed to the newspaper crumpled in his hand,
with a strange gesture; she spoke to him in a
strange voice.

"You know it!" she said.

His eyes met hers—she shrank from them—
turned—and laid her arms and head heavily
against the wall.

"Oh, Alfred," she said, "I was so lonely
in the world, and I was so fond of you!"

The woman's delicacy, the woman's trem-
bling tenderness welled up from her heart, and
touched her voice with a tone of its old sweet-
ness, as she murmured those simple words.

She said no more. Her confession of her
fault, and her appeal to their past love for par-
don, were both poured forth in that one sen-
tence. She left it to his own heart to tell him
the rest. How anxiously her vigilant love had
followed his every word, and treasured up his
every opinion, in the days when they first met,
how weakly and falsely, and yet with how true
an affection for him, she had shrunk from the
disclosure which she knew but too well would
have separated them even at the church door;
how desperately she had fought against the
coming discovery which threatened to tear her
from the bosom she clung to, and to cast her
out into the world with the shadow of her own
calamity to darken her life to the end—all this
she left him to feel; for the moment which
might part them for ever, was the moment when
she knew best how truly, how passionately he
had loved her.

His lips trembled as he stood looking at her
in silence; and the slow, burning tears dropped
heavily, one by one, down his cheeks.

The natural hum of remembrance of the golden days
of their companionship, of the nights and nights
when that dear head—turned away from him,
now, in unutterable misery and shame—had
nestled itself so fondly and so happily on his
breast, fought hard to silence his conscience, to
root out his dreadful sense of guilt, to tear the
words of Judgment from their truthful hold on
his mind, to claim him in the sweet names of
Pity and of Love. If she had turned and
looked at him at that moment, their next words
would have been spoken in each other's arms.
But the oppression of her despair, and her never
moved.

He forced himself to look away from her;
he struggled hard to break the silence between
them.

"God forgive you, Emily!" he said.

As her name passed his lips, his voice failed
him, and the torture at his heart burst its way
out in sobs. He hurried to the door, to spare
her the terrible proof of the grief that had
now mastered him. When he passed her, she
turned towards him with a faint cry.

He caught her as she sank forward, and
saved her from dropping on the floor. For
the last time, his arms closed round her. For
the last time his lips touched hers—cold and
insensible to him now. He laid her on the
sofa and went out.

One of the female servants was crossing the
hall. The girl started as she met him, and
turned pale at the sight of his face. He could
not speak to her, but he pointed to the study-
door. He saw her go into the room; and then
left the house.

He never entered it more; he and his wife
never met again.

Later on that last day, a sister of Mr. Car-
ling's—a married woman living in the town—
came to the rectory. She brought an open
note with her, addressed to the unhappy mis-
tress of the house. It contained these few
lines, blotted and stained with tears:—

"May God grant us both the time for repent-
ance! If I had loved you less, I might have
trusted myself to see you again. Forgive me,
and pity me, and remember me in your prayers,
as I shall forgive, and pity, and remember you."

He had tried to write more; but the pen
had dropped from his hand. His sister's en-
treathes had not moved him. After giving her
the note to deliver, he had solemnly charged
her to be gentle in communicating the tidings
that she bore, and had departed alone for Lon-
don. He heard all remonstrances with patience.
He did not deny that the deception of which
his wife had been guilty, was the most pardon-
able of all concealments of the truth, because
it sprang from her love for him. But he had
the same hopeless answer for everyone who
tried to plead with him—the verse from the
Gospel of St. Luke.

His purpose in travelling to London was to
make the necessary arrangements for his wife's
future existence, and then to get employment
which would separate him from his home and
from all its associations. A missionary expedi-
tion to one of the Pacific Islands accepted
him as a volunteer. Broken in body and spirit,
his last look at England, from the deck of the
ship, was his last look at land. A fortnight
afterwards, his brethren read the burial service
over him, on a calm cloudless evening at sea.

Before he was committed to the deep, his little
pocket Bible, which had been a present from
his wife, was, in accordance with his dying
wishes, placed open on his breast, so that the
inscription, "To my dear Husband," might
rest over his heart.

His unhappy wife still lives. When the
faded lines of her husband's writing reached
her, she was incapable of comprehending them.
The mental prostration which had followed the
parting scene was soon complicated by physical
suffering, by fever on the brain. To the sur-
prise of all who attended her, she lived through
the shock, recovering with the complete loss of
one faculty, which, in her situation, poor thing,
was a mercy and a gain to her—the faculty of
memory. From that time to this, she has never
lost the slightest gleam of recollection of
anything that happened before her illness. In
her happy oblivion, the various trifles are as
new and as interesting to her, as if she was be-
ginning her existence again. Under the tender
care of the friends who now protect her, she
lives contentedly the life of a child. When
her last hour comes, may she die with nothing
on her memory but the recollection of their
kindness.

It's Me.

Passing a neat little martini box of a house
last evening, we happened to see a man waiting
at the door for admittance. At the instant,
a green blind above just caught a little way,
and by the light we caught sight of a pair
of brilliant eyes and a flutter of something
white, and a bird-toned voice softly said, "Who's
there?" "It's me!" was the brief response.

The eyes and the flutter disappeared from the
window like stars in a cloud, and we almost
fancied, as we passed on, we could hear the
pattering of two little feet upon the stairs,
winged with welcome.

It was a trifle; it all happened in an instant.
It haunted us for an hour. It's me!

Amid the jar of the city, these words fell upon
the quick ear alert, and met a glad response.

It's me! And who was he? The pride of
a heart's life no doubt; the tree a vine was
clinging to; the "Defender of the faithful,"
in the best sense of the word.

It's me! Many there are who would give
half their hearts, and more than half their hope
in them, for one such recognition in this wide,
wide world. On Changes, in the Directory,
at the Post Office, he was known as A. B. C.
Esq., but on that threshold, and within those
walls, it's me, and nothing more; and what
more is there one would love to be?

Few of all hearts that beat so wildly, warmly,
sadly, slowly, can recognize a true soul amid
the din and darkness of the world in that simple
but eloquent it's me. As if he had said,
Now I am nothing to all the world,
For I am all the world to thee.

Rifled Shot.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon delivered
in Plymouth Church recently, produced the
following picture:—

"Men seen asklamed of labor, and often you
will find those who have made themselves
respected by labor, have built up a business
and amassed a fortune, who turn to their sons
and say: 'You shall lead a different life;
you shall be spared all this.' Oh, these rich
men's sons! They aim to lead a life of elegant
leisure; and that is a life of enervated
idleness and laziness. Like the polyp that
floats useless and mazy upon the sea, all jelly
all flabby, no muscle, no bone—it shuts and
opens, and opens and shuts, and sucks in and
squirts out again, of no earthly account, in
figure or use. Such are these poor fools.
Their parents toiled and grew strong build
up their names of iron and bone; but dreading
all this to their sons they turn them upon the
world boneless, muscleless, simple gristle, and
soft at that."

CURIOSITY SATISFIED.—Lady Jekyll asked
William Whiston, of be-learned name and
eccentric memory, one day at her husband's
table, to resolve a difficulty which occurred
to her in the Mosaic account of the creation:
"Since it pleased God, Sir (said she), to cre-
ate the world out of the mud, why did he form
him out of the rib rather than any other part?"

Whiston scratched his head and answered
"Indeed, madam, I do not know, unless it be
that the rib is the most crooked part of the
body."

"There (said her husband), you have
now—I hope you are satisfied."—*Southern*
Illustrator.

Items Foreign & Local.

There are 2381 Baptist Churches in Great
Britain.

Three millions of bales is the highest mark for
the American cotton crop this year.

A boy in Mobile shot his mother last week,
under the impression that she was a burglar.

A rat catcher in Philadelphia has 1,122 pairs
of ferrets.

San Francisco has received an increase in her
Chinese population of 2,370 in one month.

The rumor prevails among Mr. Seward's friends
in New York that he is to retire from the Cab-
inet on the 13th of September.

The wife of a New York negro minstrel is
said to have the enormous sum of \$70,000 in
jewels.

Toulous Cathedral is to be repaired by means
of a lottery, tickets 24d. each, giving an investor
the chance of winning 4,000.

A life convict in the Illinois State Prison,
named Greenleaf, has received a patent for a
new machine for turning wagon axles.

There are 225 cheese factories in Canada, 20-
000 cows, and a product of 25,000,000 pounds of
cheese.

Boston has appropriated and nearly spent
\$20,000 for public baths. Warm baths for the
winter use, the poor are now suggested.

Edward Boyd, Esq., has resigned his office of
Superintendent of the Railway, and Mr. Car-
roll, the former Superintendent, has been ap-
pointed thereto.

Eight hundred and seven vessels were built in
England last year, with a tonnage of 322,462—
more in tonnage and less in number than the
previous year.

The immense immigration to Minnesota this
year may be judged by the fact that in Sauk
Valley 10,000 persons have settled since spring,
and that the average passing Windsor for the
back country is seven hundred a day.

A woman in Switzerland, under the name
of Miss Dr. Abbott, from the United States,
and under the attire of a woman, has been
practicing medicine extensively among the
ladies in one of the cantons of Switzerland.

Persons regarding the influence of dress on the
character, and the influence of dress on the
character, are not without their number. The
proposed plan is, that the dress of the work-
men, should be of a simple, and only require
time and money to carry out—while the
capital, although stupendous, will be forthcom-
ing, when the ideas are fully placed before the
public. So far as calculated, the plan is
practicable, and will require five hundred million
English pounds, or two billion five hundred dol-
lars. Money is ready to engage in this mar-
vellous undertaking, and as soon as the plans
are definitely arranged, the money will be re-
quired. The proposed plan is in themselves the
work of this skillful age of engineering science,
and ere long it is proposed to give the world such
information as will serve to afford ample subject
for remark and examination.

What does the reader think of a tunnel under
the Atlantic Ocean, where a safe passage can be
made under the water between Europe and Amer-
ica? It now certainly looks among the im-
possibilities. A few years may render it not
only possible, but a reality. The work may
be actually in a stage of successful progress.—
Time will tell.—*Exchange*.

MEXICAN BRUTALITIES.—The following ac-
count of the brutalities practised by the Mexican
"Liberals" is extracted from a letter written by
a gentleman, who appears in the New York
New York paper. The writer says:

The cavalry to which he was attached, six-
ty-four in number, were marched out in line
and ordered to strip themselves. This they did,
with the exception of taking off their shirts and
undershirts. Hats, boots, pantaloons, and blouses
were removed in public, and stacked in heaps
before them. At a given signal, the *pelado* sol-
diers came forward with a yell, picked up the
cast-off clothing, took it to the Liberals in front,
and distributed it. During the disgusting per-
formance, a Frenchman objected to taking off
his pantaloons, on the ground that he had no
drawers, and a Frenchman he said, "For his
country he received a severe blow and was or-
dered to strip, which he did. After being thus
stripped the Austrians and Frenchmen, to the
number of 64, were marched through the
streets of Queretaro in a state of nudity.

As much as a fig-leaf was not allowed them
with which to cover their nakedness. For
six days after their capture, or sale, not a
mouthful of food was furnished the foreign pri-
soners. In consequence of this, many more were
dying of starvation. In the same building
with the 64 cavaliers, Maximilian was con-
fined; and by stealth they got a note to him,
stating that they were dying of starvation, and
begged of him to require of the Emperor, food
for the prisoners. In response, the head of
prisoners received information that their adored
chief was likewise a prisoner, and that he had
not tasted food for days and had no power to
communicate with the Liberal commander. Our
informant says that but for the Mexican women
(may God bless them!) they would have died of
starvation. These angels of mercy contrived by
every means in their power to relieve the suffer-
ings of those victims of Mexican treachery,
cruelty, and absolute brutality. The sixty-four
cavaliers were afterwards marched, in a state
naked, to San Luis, where they were
when Maximilian, Mejia and Miramon were
executed.

ORIGIN OF THE FLOATING ICEBERGS IN THE
ATLANTIC.—The valleys of Greenland are all
filled with glaciers of which some have an enor-
mous extent. They are always in motion; glid-
ing downward like rivers of solid matter, which
have their only exit in the sea, only their flow
exceedingly slow, not exceeding about 100 feet
for the whole summer season. The lower ex-
tremities of these glaciers, reaching the ocean,
are buoyed up by the deep water, and then are
broken off from the rest of the glacier, and float
slowly drift away to the south. They sometimes
have an extent of several miles, and are really
mountains of ice—icebergs—of which about six-
teenths is in the water and less than one-
eighth exposed above the surface. The ice-
bergs are sometimes often carry enormous blocks
of rock, torn from the mountain side along which
they have moved, and drop these rocks when they
are icebergs. In this way
geologists explain how boulders and erratic rocks
are to be found where there are no similar
formations—namely, by icebergs, at a time be-
fore the present surface of the continent were
upheaved from the depths of the ocean. It is
known that this one of Agassiz's favourite
theories; he supposes that the whole earth was
covered with glaciers.

VELOCITY PER HOUR.—The speed of our
ocean steamers in crossing the Atlantic rarely
exceeds 11 miles per hour; the speed of river
steamers from 2 to 4 miles per hour; of a
race horse from 25 to 30; of a bird 50 to 60;
of a light wind 70; of a hurricane 80; of sound
804; of mechanical force in air 720; of the earth
round the sun 68,000; of light as demonstrated
by Foucault's apparatus, 690,000,000 miles; and
yet this inconceivable speed is little more than
half the velocity of static electricity which latter
Whitstone has shown to be 1,040,000,000 miles
per hour. If the earth were a cannon ball shot
at the sun from its present distance, and with
the velocity it now travels, and if, simultaneously
with the explosion, a telegram was sent to the
solar inhabitants, the electricity would pass
intervening space of 25,000,000 miles, and the
message be received in five minutes; the earth
would be seen coming toward them after the
lapse of eight minutes; the inhabitants would
have nearly 10 months to prepare for the shock
which would be received over ten years before
they heard the explosion.

A GREAT CHALLENGE FROM DIOS.—Mr.
Joseph Dion, the Billiard Champion of America,
has challenged John Roberts, the English Cham-
pion, to play three games, English, French, and
American, to be played in England, France and
America, for \$10,000 in gold, each, and the
Championship of the World.

General News.

TUNNEL UNDER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.—It
would certainly seem as if the present age was
one in which seeming impossibilities are made
clear and practicable, and that nothing was too
vast or intricate for the human mind to grasp and
successfully overcome. The Atlantic Cable was
treated for a long time as merely the visionary
scheme of men whose brains were weak; but
notwithstanding the jeers of the great difficulties
attending the prosecution of the work, persev-
erance and application finally won success, and to-
day it has become not only a fixed fact but an