

The Carleton

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 47.

WOODSTOCK, N. B. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1867.

WHOLE NO.—922.

Professional Cards.

Dr. EDMUND L. HOVEY
INFORMS his friends and the public that he has commenced the practice of his profession in this country. Dr. Hovey has made Medicine the study of his life, and has had some experience in its practice in this country. During the past few years he has had the advantage of receiving instruction from representative men in the various branches of the Art, and is conversant with the latest methods of the Art, and is in a position to study Surgery and Medicine, 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. [10]

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 Stables.
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."
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Dr. REYNOLDS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
CENTRAL OFFICE:
UPPER CORNER, - - WOODSTOCK.
Residence—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jacksonton Road.
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WILLIAM M. CONNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER
NOTARY PUBLIC,
INSURANCE AGENT, &c.
1—6a WOODSTOCK, N. B.

C. L. RICHARDS,
Wholesale Grocer and Commission Merchant,
1, NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.
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On account of the destruction of his former residence by Fire,
DOCTOR SMITH
HAS REMOVED to the house lately occupied by Mrs. Blake, on the corner of the street in rear of the Free Christian Baptist Meeting House, immediately north of that building.
Woodstock, Sept. 20, 1867.

W. P. DONNELL,
—IMPORTER—
French, Brandy, Pure Wines, Holland's Geneva, English Ale and Irish Porter.
Tobacco, Segars, &c.
43-17 Main-st., Woodstock, N. B.

GIBSON HOUSE,
OPEN FOR TRAVELLERS.
QUEEN STREET, WOODSTOCK.
ALEX. GIBSON, Proprietor.

PHILLIPS HOUSE.
THE subscriber, having taken a house at East Florenceville, is prepared to accommodate 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, 1866-67.

PARK HOTEL,
KING SQUARE—ST. JOHN.
H. FAIRWEATHER, Proprietor.

This House is new, is pleasantly situated, furnished in a superior manner, and will be kept as a First-Class Hotel.
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International Hotel,
ST. ANDREWS.
THE INTERNATIONAL is furnished and kept in such a way as to meet the wants, conveniences and comforts of the travelling public.
It is pleasantly situated near the head of the Steamboat Wharf, and is thus the most conveniently located of any house in St. Andrews.
Parties of one or more, calling either for a meal or for a lengthy stay, will find here all the comforts of a home and all the accommodations of a First-Class Hotel.
EDWIN HATCH, Proprietor.
St. Andrews, Sept. 1, 1866-67.

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,
STAGE HOUSE—TOBACCO.
Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest notice for any point.
[39]

Barnum's EATING HOUSE,
IN GRAND TRUNK DEPOT.
Portland, Me.
Meals at all hours. Suppers and Collations furnished to Military and Fire Companies at short notice.
Portland, Me., Oct 1, '65

AMERICAN HOUSE.
C. F. ESTEY, PROPRIETOR.
39 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Good Stabling on the premises.
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WATSON HOUSE.
THE "WATSON HOUSE," ST. STEPHEN, N. B., is now in complete running order. The House is new, as is the furniture, and everything in connection with it, and all the arrangements have been made with a view to meet the wants and promote the comfort of travellers.
The situation is most desirable, close by the Railroad Depot, near the Post Office and Bank, and overlooking the St. Croix River.
HENRY RUSSELL, Proprietor.
St. Stephen, July 10, 1867.

CABLE HOUSE,
MAIN STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.
This subscriber having again taken charge of the "CABLE HOUSE," and put everything in connection therewith in complete order, would respectfully solicit a call from the travelling public and his friends.
No pains will be spared to make this House all that a first-class Hotel should be.
A large fireable stable in connection, from which the stages for Grand Falls and Fredericton leave regularly.
W. D. BALLOCH.
Woodstock, Aug. 22, 1867-68.

Poetry.

THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

BY MRS. REMANS.

Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses
Glad summer fare thee well;
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.
But ere the golden sunset
Of thy latest lingering day,
Oh! tell me, o'er this chequered earth
How hast thou passed away?

Brightly, sweet summer! brightly
Thine hours have floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
To the janglers of the sky.
And brightly in the forests,
To the wild deer, wandering free;
And brightly, midst the garden flowers
To the happy murmuring bee.

But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make thin eagle-wings
To pierce the unborn years?
Sweet summer! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods with all their whispering leaves,
And the blue rejoicing streams.

To the wasted and the weary
On the bed of sickness bound;
To the faint and feeble, and the old,
That changed with every sound:
And unto me, glad summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
My childish footsteps naught hath kept
From thy haunt of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions
In memories of the dead,
In shadows from a vanished hour,
Of thy sunny pathway shed.
In brief and sudden striving
To find a weighty aid,
Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died.

But O, thou gentle summer!
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again the buoyancy
Wherewith my soul shall soar!
Give me to hail thy sunshine
With song and spirit free,
Or in a purer strain than this
May that next meeting be!

Select Tale.

MRS. M.

A TALE OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

The following is a simple narrative taken down in shorthand from the lips of the narrator. He is a man now getting on in years, who, distrustful of all other people's experience, verging on what we impudently term the supernatural, scarcely even ventures to believe his own. As a statement at first hand of an appearance testified to by the narrator and corroborated by his wife, both living, it has seemed to me, while simply transcribing the notes, to possess an interest often wanting in more artistic stories of artificial manufacture.

My wife's sister, Mrs. M., was left a widow at the age of thirty-five, with two children, girls, of whom she was passionately fond. She carried on the draper's business at Bognor, established by her husband. Being still a very handsome woman, there were several suitors for her hand. The only favored one among them was Mr. Barton. My wife never liked this Mr. Barton, and made no secret of her feelings to her sister, whom she frequently told that Barton only wanted to be master of the little haberdashery shop in Bognor. He was a man in poor circumstances, and had no other motive in his proposal of marriage, so my wife thought, than to better himself.

On the 23rd of August, 1831, Mrs. M. arranged to go with Barton to a picnic party at Goodwood Park, the seat of the Duke of Richmond, who had kindly thrown open his grounds to the public for the day. My wife, a little annoyed at her going out with this man, told her she had much better remain at home to look after her children and attend to the business. Mrs. M., however, bent on going, made arrangements about leaving the shop, and got my wife to promise to see to her little girls while she was away.

The party set out in a four-wheel phaeton with a pair of ponies driven by Mrs. M., and a gig for which I lent my horse. Now we did not expect them to come back till nine or ten o'clock, at any rate. I mention this particularly to show that there could be no expectation of their earlier return in the mind of my wife, to account for what follows.

At six o'clock that bright summer's evening my wife went out into the garden to call the children. Not finding them, she went all round the place in her search till she came to the empty stable; thinking they might have run in there to play, she pushed open the door: there, standing in the darkest corner, she saw Mrs. M. My wife was surprised to see her, certainly, for she did not expect her return so soon; but, oddly enough, it did not strike her as being singular to see her there. Vexed as she had felt with her all day for going, and rather glad, in her woman's way, to have something entirely different from the genuine cases bell to hang a retort upon, my wife said, "Well, Harriet, I should have thought another dress would have done quite as well for your picnic as that best black silk you have on." My wife was the elder of the twain, and had always assumed a little air of counsellor to her sister. Black silks were thought a great deal more of at that time than they are just now, and silk of any kind was held particularly inconsistent wear for Wesleyan Methodists, to which denomination we belonged.

Receiving no answer, my wife said, "Oh, well, Harriet, if you can't take a word of reproach without being sulky, I'll leave you to yourself," and then came into the house to tell me the party had returned, and that she had seen her sister in the stable, not in the best of temper. At the moment it did not seem extraordinary to me that my wife should have met

her sister in the stable. I waited in doors some time, expecting them to return my horse. Mrs. M. was my neighbor, and, living so close, and being always on most friendly terms, I wondered that none of the party had come in to tell us about the day's pleasure. I thought I would just run in and see how they had got on. To my surprise, the servant told me they had not returned. I began then to feel anxiety about the result. My wife, however, having seen Harriet in the stable, refused to believe the servant's assertion, and said there was no doubt of their return, but that they had probably left word to say they were not come back, in order to offer a plausible excuse for taking a further drive, and detaining my horse for another hour or so.

At eleven o'clock, Mr. Pinnock, my brother-in-law, who had been one of the party, came in apparently much agitated. As soon as she saw him, and before he had time to speak, my wife seemed to know what he had to say.

"What is the matter?" said she. "Something has happened to Harriet, I know!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Pinnock. "If you wish to see her alive, you must come directly with me to Goodwood."

From what he said, it appeared that one of the ponies had never been properly broken in; that the man from whom the turn-out was hired for the day had cautioned Mrs. M. respecting it before they started; and that he had lent it reluctantly, being the only pony to match he had in the stable at the time, and would not have lent it if all had he not known Mrs. M. to be a remarkably good whip. On reaching Goodwood, it seems, the gentlemen of the party had got out, leaving the ladies to take a drive round the park in the phaeton. One or both of the ponies must then have taken fright at something in the road, for Mrs. M. had scarcely taken the reins when the ponies shied. Had there been plenty of room she would readily have mastered the difficulty, but it was in a narrow road where a gate had obstructed the way. Some men rushed to open the gate at the beginning of the accident, but Mrs. M. still held on to the reins, until, finding it was impossible for the men to get the gate open in time, she, too, sprang forward; at the same instant the ponies came smash on to the gate. She had made her spring too late, and fell heavily to the ground on her head. The heavy, old-fashioned comb of the period, with which her hair was looped up, was driven into her skull by the force of the fall. The Duke of Richmond, a witness to the accident, ran to her assistance, lifted her up and rested her head upon his knees. The only words Mrs. M. had spoken were uttered at that time: "Good God, my children!" By direction of the Duke, she was immediately conveyed to a neighboring inn, where every assistance medical and otherwise, that forethought or kindness could suggest was afforded her.

At six o'clock in the evening, the time at which my wife had gone into the stable and seen what we both now knew had been her spirit, Mrs. M., in her sole intention of returning consciousness, had made a violent but unsuccessful attempt to speak. For her language having wandered round the room, in solemn, awful wistfulness, it had been conjectured she wished to see some relative or friend not then present.

I went to Goodwood in the gig with Mr. Pinnock, and arrived in time to see my sister-in-law die at two o'clock in the morning. Her only conscious moments had been those in which she laboured unsuccessfully to speak, which had occurred at six o'clock. She wore a black silk dress.

When we came to dispose of her business, and to wind up her affairs there was scarcely anything left for the two orphan girls. Mrs. M.'s father, however, being well to do, took them to bring them up. At his death, which happened some afterwards, his property went to his eldest son, who speedily dissipated the inheritance. During a space of two years the children were taken as visitors by various relations in turn, and lived an unhappy life with no settled home.

For some time I had been debating with myself how to help these children, having many girls and boys of my own to provide for. I had almost settled to take them myself as trade with me at the time, and bring them up with my own family, when one day business called me to Brighton. The business was so urgent that it necessitated my travelling at night.

I set out from Bognor in a close-hooded gig on a beautiful moonlight winter's night, when the crisp frozen snow lay deep over the earth, and its fine glistening dust was whirled about in little ditties on the black night-wind—driven now and then in stinging powder against my tingling cheek, warm and glowing in the sharp air. I had taken my great dog "Bos" (short for Bostwain) for company. He lay blinking wistfully, sprawled out on the spare seat of the gig beneath a mass of warm rugs.

Between Little Hampton and Worthing is a lonely piece of road, long and dreary, through black and bare open country, where the snow lay knee-deep, sparkling in the moonlight. It was so cheerless that I turned round to speak to my dog, more for the sake of hearing the sound of a voice than anything else. Good Bos," I said, patting him; "there's a good dog!" Then suddenly I noticed he shivered, and slunk under the wraps. Then the horse required my attention, for he gave a start and was going wrong, and had nearly taken me into the ditch.

Then I looked up. Walking at my horse's head, dressed in a sweeping robe, so white that it shone dazzling against the white snow, I saw a lady, her back turned to me, her head bare; her hair dishevelled and strayed, showing sharp and black against her white dress.

I was at first so much surprised at seeing a lady, so dressed, exposed to the open night, and such a night as this, that I scarcely knew what to do. Recovering myself, I called out to know if I could render assistance—if she wished to ride? No answer. I drove faster, the horse blinking and shying, and trembling while his ears laid back in abject terror. Still the figure maintained its position close to my horse's head. Then I thought that what I saw was no woman, but perchance a man disguised for the purpose of robbing me, seeking an opportunity to seize the bridle and stop the horse. Filled with this idea, I said, "Good Bos! hi! look at it, boy!" but the dog only shivered, as if in fright. Then we came to a place where four cross-roads met.

Determined to know the worst, I pulled up the horse. I fetched Rose, unwilling, out by the ears. He was a good dog at anything from a rat to a man, but he slunk away that night into a hedge, and lay there, his head between his paws, whining and howling. I walked straight up to the figure, still standing by the horse's head. As I walked, the figure turned, and I saw Harriet's face as plainly as I see you now—white and calm—placid, as idealised and beautified by death. I must own that, though not a nervous man, in that instant I felt sick and faint. Harriet looked me full in the face with a long, eager, silent look. I knew then it was her spirit, and, felt a strange calm come over me, for I knew it was nothing to harm me. When I could speak, I asked what troubled her. She looked at me still—never changing that gold, fixed stare. Then I felt in my mind it was her children, and I said, "Harriet? It is for your children you are troubled?"

No answer. "A saving the world said I!"

"Harriet," I continued, "if for these you are troubled, be assured they shall never want while I have power to help them. Rest in peace!"

No answer. "Understand you better?"

I put up my hand to wipe from my forehead the cold perspiration which had gathered there. When I took my hand away from shading my eyes, the figure was gone. I was alone on the black snow covered ground. The breeze, that had been hushed before, breathed coolly and gratefully on my face, and the cold stars glimmered and sparkled sharply in the fair blue heavens. My dog crept up to me and furiously licked my hand, as who should say: "Good master, don't be angry. I have served you in all but this."

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I took the children and brought them up till they could help themselves.

I'll na trust Ye.

Two centuries ago it was thought an insult in the Highlands of Scotland to ask a note from a debtor. It was considered the same as saying, "I doubt your honor." If parties had business matters to transact, they stepped into the air, fixed their eyes upon the heavens, and each repeated his obligation, with no mortal witness. A mark was then carved on some rock or tree near by, as remembrance of the compact. Such a thing as a breach of contract was rarely met with, so highly did the people regard their honor.

When the march of improvement brought the new mode of doing business, they were often pained by these innovations. An anecdote is handed down of a farmer who had been to the Lowlands and learned worldly wisdom. On returning to his native parish he had need of a sum of money, and made bold to ask a loan of a gentleman of means, named Stewart. This was cheerfully granted, and Mr. S. counted out the gold. This done, the farmer wrote a receipt, and offered it to the gentleman.

"What is this, man?" cried Mr. Stewart, sternly eyeing the slip of paper.

"It is a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back yer gold at the right time," replied Sandy.

"Binding ye? Well, my man, if ye canna trust yerself I'm sure I'll na trust ye! Ye canna ha' my gold!" And gathering it up, he put it back in his desk and turned his key on it.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the canny Scotchman, bringing up an argument in favor of his new wisdom, "and my sons might refuse it ye. But this bit of paper would compel them."

"Compel them to sustain a dead father's honor?" cried the Scot. "They'll need compelling to do right, if this is the road ye're leading them! I'll neither trust ye nor them. Ye can gaug elsewhere for money! But ye'll find none in this parish that'll put more faith in a bit o' paper than in a neighbour's word o' honor and his fear o' God!"

The following is Sidney Smith's idea of the proprieties of kissing: "We are in favor of a certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed; but it should not be too long; and when the fair one gives it, let it be administered with warmth and energy; let there be a soul in it. If she close her eyes and sigh immediately after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but give it as a humming bird runs his bill into a honey-suckle—deep, but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have the memory of one we received in our youth, which lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we shall think of when we die."

"Papa," said my bright-eyed little girl to me one day, "I believe mamma loves you better than she does me." I held doubts on that subject, but I concluded that it was not best to deny the soft impeachment. She meditated thoughtfully about it for some time, evidently construing my silence as unfavorable to her side. "Well," said she at last, "I s'pose it's all right; you're the biggest, and it takes more to love you."

General News.

GARIBOLDI.—Garibaldi is now over sixty, having been born in Nice, July 4, 1806. For more than thirty years he has been engaged in revolutionary enterprises, and in fighting by sea and by land, being sort of amphibious warrior, the son of a mariner, and himself educated to that profession, but is equally skillful and experienced in the leadership of volunteer armies. His life has been one of great and varied adventures in almost every part of the world—once in Turkey, at another in South America, and again in Italy. At one period he was in the service of Uruguay, fighting valiantly for the Republic, chiefly at sea, though sometimes on land. Afterwards he found him teaching mathematics in Montevideo. Again, in 1848, he went from South America with a portion of the Italian Legion to Piedmont, where he rendered gallant service in the war against the Austrians. In 1849, when the French expedition to restore the Pope appeared before Rome, he greatly distinguished himself by his heroism and partial success. Having been banished from Sicily, he came to New York in 1850, and supported himself by making candles in a manufactory on Staten Island. Afterwards he resumed his vocation as a mariner, and made some voyages in the Pacific. He afterwards returned to Sicily, and in 1860, when the Sardinian Government invited him to form a corps, which became celebrated as the "Hunters of the Alps," and his services throughout the war were most important.

A FATAL MISTAKE.—A LITTLE BOY STABBED BY HIS FATHER.—The Dubuque (Iowa) Times of Oct. 18 relates the following:—On Wednesday morning Mr. Whittier, a farmer, who lives two miles east of Peoria, in this county, a few hours before daylight and proceeded to his barn to attend to his horses. His son Martin, eight years old, also got up directly afterwards, without the knowledge of his father, and thinking to be of some service, went out to catch a chicken, and ascended a tree for that purpose. In the meantime the father returned to the house, and hearing a noise among the chickens in the rear, concluded that an animal, probably a coon, was making havoc there. Instantly acting on this impression—natural in the darkness—he seized a pitchfork, ran to the tree, and thrust it at the supposed animal, and into the new boy. The fork entered the boy's side, between his ribs, penetrating a number of inches into his lungs. He shrieked wildly, cried, "Oh, father, don't—it's only me!" and dropped into his father's arms. He was carried into the house, and surgical aid was soon called. His condition is very critical, though hopes that he may recover are entertained. The father was horror-struck at his dreadful mistake, and for hours was almost frantic with grief.

Too CAUTIOUS.—It is impossible to be too cautious. The Glasgow Citizen tells how a London lawyer came up to the banks of Clyde some months ago, and forgetting out what Shakespeare, with a careful regard to the position of his objectives, terms an "old poor man," told him that he believed there was an immense fortune lying in his credit in India if he would only give the "necessary instructions" for obtaining it. Fearful that if he moved in the matter he would get nothing for his pains but a bill of costs, the same Scot refused to give the required permission. He had, however, a son in the Fusilier Guards, he said, and if he chose to angle for the money, he might make good use of the information. A few days afterwards the son—a private soldier—accepted the shadowy gift, and gave the "necessary instructions" to the lawyer. He once set out for India, and last week returned to put the lucky Guardsman into a fortune amounting to £700,000 and £1,000,000.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE ENGLISH TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance, held at Manchester, Oct. 22nd, it was stated that of the £35,000 required for the "five years' agitation fund," about £40,000 had already been subscribed. It was observed in the report that too much must not be expected from the new constitutions, but still the Council felt certain that under household suffrage "the power of the publicans would be weakened." Archbishop Manning attended the meeting, but the most reverend prelate said "he had responsibilities pressing upon him which made him act very cautiously." He rejoiced to work with the Alliance, and if it was possible he would go to the full length of their programme. At a subsequent meeting, held in the evening, he spoke with less reserve. "Moral means," he said, "were not sufficient to meet the evil, and the Legislature must undo the acts which had resulted in the establishment of beer-houses, and the enormous increase in the consumption of spirits."

The Courier de St. Hayathine, C. E., says:—"We learn from various sources that it is proposed to raise in the southern towns of the province of Quebec a battalion of Papal Zouaves. This project is said to be in course of execution. To augment the numbers of the noble and brave little army which is gathering about the Pontifical throne to do duty in the person of Pius IX. (truth, justice and right, assailed by revolution; this is the idea that inspires this essentially Catholic work, the accomplishment of which would do so much honor to Canadians, the descendants of France, that eldest child of the Church."

A STATE PRISON ROBBER.—A telegram from Hartford, Ct., says:—The state prison at Withersfield was entered by burglars last night and two hundred dollars worth of silver was stolen from a show case in the burning shop, where the articles were exposed for sale to visitors. The rogues gained access to the prison yard by breaking through a small gate in the rear. Taking a wheelbarrow from one of the shops, they rolled off the booty and then returned the wheelbarrow. The stolen articles belonged to Hall, Elton & Co., contractors for the labor of the convicts in the burning shop."

EIGHT HUNDRED CHINESE KILLED IN A RIOT.—A letter which reached Plymouth on 22nd, from a correspondent at Calcutta, dated September 6, states that by the mail just arrived intelligence has been received of a riot in Penang among the Chinese inhabitants. The European residents took refuge in the fort, where the men were sworn in as special constables. They then went with the troops and quelled the riot, when they found the bodies of 800 Chinese killed in the fight.

THE STRUGGLE BEGUN.—The New York Herald says the war of races has commenced, and a reign of terror has all begun in Richmond. A negro vigilance committee has been formed. Two citizens have received orders to leave the city within a stipulated period on pain of personal violence. One of them had spoken disrespectfully of Hummel; the other had been guilty of discharging some negro laborers. This is a beginning of the part of our future masters. What will the end be?

The British consul in Japan gives a remarkable account of the wealth of the lead, iron and coal deposits in the island of Yezo. In one place coal forms the sea cliffs, and in another he walked four miles over an iron and silver contained 60 per cent. of metal. There are also indications of gold and copper.

Fanny Fern has made more than \$100,000 from her writings, most of them for the N. Y. Ledger.

When the Pacific Railroad and the Suez Canal are completed, we can steam it around the world in ninety days.

The Carleton Sentinel.

Saturday, November 23, 1867.

Editorial Correspondence.

OTTAWA, Ontario, Nov. 5, 1867.

At a short distance above this centre city are the Chaudiere Falls, a very picturesque and imposing piece of natural scenery. At and below these Falls are clustered the mills, some ten or twelve, forming in the aggregate the most extensive operation for the manufacture of pine lumber to be found on the continent. The products and shipments from these mills are immense, but of the figures we have no even approximate information. And we presume only a tyro of the pine brought down the Ottawa, which is the great lumber stream of the West, is manufactured here, the large proportion going to Quebec in the raw condition.

At this same place are extensive Flour Mills; in one of them was a pile of Wheat containing 20,000 bushels, and this had come into the mill in three weeks, besides the amount required to keep the stores in constant operation. Here is manufactured a brand of flour known to our readers as "Ottawa." The price quoted at the mill is \$8.25 to \$8.75 per barrel.

When a former letter was closed we had not seen the internal glories of the Parliament and Government Buildings. There are three distinct erections, two containing the public department offices, which face each other east and west, standing on either side, of a large quadrangle, while the Parliament Building stands facing south on the square, its rear overlooking the Ottawa, which flows below it. The same style of architecture marks all these buildings. The public offices are of vast proportions, and in their arrangement, whether for the great ministers, or their respective staffs, are all that the most fastidious could desire. In passing through these and through the hundreds of attaches of the several departments, entire strangers, it was no unpleasant sight to look in upon the well known countenance of an old friend, James Johnson, who is employed as a chief in the department of the Master of Customs, Hon. Mr. Tilley.

May our friends shadow never grow less, but may his salary and his opportunities for usefulness continually increase. He is worthy the former; he is always prepared to appreciate the latter. And here, least it should be forgotten, Rev. C. P. Bliss, who has moved to this city, and is attached to the Minister of Customs as his Private Secretary, has made himself exceedingly useful to the New Brunswickers coming here, in assisting them to find suitable and agreeable quarters. Passing into the Parliament buildings we find a perfect labyrinth and maze of vestibules, halls, rooms and offices, provided for every conceivable purpose for which they may be required by members or officers of Parliament. To generalize, the entire interior finish of the magnificent, very attractive.

The Commons Hall is a spacious and handsome one but, unfortunately, is quite too small either for the comfort or convenience of the 180 members whose desks and seats crowded together so fill up the entire space as to leave scarcely passage room enough for members to reach their respective places. Enlargement if possible will be absolutely necessary, should Parliament long continue to meet here. The only place provided for the public are the galleries, one on each of three sides of the hall, and not of extensive capacity. On the fourth side is the speaker's gallery, well arranged and connected with transcribing rooms and every desirable convenience.

The Senate Hall is in point of size much better adapted to its purpose. Neat and elegant in its arrangement, the Senators not too much crowded, may enjoy here a very comfortable time while discharging their grave duties. In this Hall in all the decorations and coverings red is the prevailing color; in the Commons Hall sombre brown prevails. For the Speaker of each branch an elegant room has been provided and gorgeously furnished, while for the Speaker of the Commons furnished residence apartments are also provided and furnished in a style corresponding with the general finish. A spacious refreshment and dining room is embraced in the building, where members may and probably many of them will take their meals—certainly will take their drinks. There is a Post Office for each of the Houses of Parliament in connection with their respective halls. The Library, of which we cannot now speak definitely, is said to be a very complete one. It was impossible to do justice in a newspaper description to these buildings, but it is certain that the grandeur, show and pretension which characterizes them, the large staff of officials connected with them, added to the current expenses of keeping them up and paying the salaries, frighten many of the good members who assemble here, and may well create grave suspicions in the minds of all who are going to "pay too dear for our whistle."

However we shall soon know whether extravagance and taxation are to follow each other, or whether economy and consequent contentment will rule.

Mr. Gal's resignation, announced to-day, has taken outsiders by surprise. The step has been taken, it is said, entirely from reasons of a personal business character, arising out of the failure of the Commercial Bank. Some say there has been a disagreement between him and his late colleagues regarding the proposed tariff; further than this we know not now. Mr. Tilley and Mr. Howland are talked of as his successors—probably neither of them will care, except from actual necessity, to exchange their present offices for a much more perplexing one.

Considerable anxiety is expressed by the public as to what course the Nova Scotia representatives will take on the Union question, although it is generally believed that they are prepared to make some kind of a stand, fruitlessly they anticipate, and then to accept the position. Mr. Howe, their organizer and leader, is expected here to-night, he and Mr. Anglin having remained in Montreal to address the Devlin wing of the St. Patrick Society last night. Of one thing we may be certain, there will be an intellectual contest and war of words and arguments between Howe and Tupper, and Sir John A. MacDonald, and Smith and Tilley early in the session, such as has never before happened in British North America.

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When the Pacific Railroad and the Suez Canal are completed, we can steam it around the world in ninety days.