The Carleton Sentinel.

Our Queen and Constitution. JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869. WHOLE NO.—1080

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XXI.—NO. 39.

Professional Cards.

Dr. [illegible] Connell,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Office—In Brick Building, near the Hay Scales—Residence at Hon. Charles Connell's.

STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur.
[illegible]
OFFICE—In Quinn's New Building, Main Street.
Woodstock, April 29, 1865.

R. COLTER, M. D.
(L. R. C. P. L., ENGLAND.)
Office and Residence, - - GIBSON HOUSE.
DR. COLTER has held public appointments in Medicine and Surgery at St. Thomas' Hospital, London. Consultation as above.
Woodstock, Feb. 7, 1868—3m-pd-7

Dr. REYNOLDS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CENTRAL STORE,
UPPER CORNER, WOODSTOCK.
RESIDENCE—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jacksontown Road. [22-tf.]

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

STEPHEN B. APPLEBY,
Attorney at Law.
Office—In Allen's Brick Building, (up stairs).
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

W. A. BALLOCH,
[illegible]
Office [illegible] Building,
Queen Street,
Opposite Court House.
Woodstock, July 2, 1868—[illegible]

QUEEN HOTEL,
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.,
OPENED JUNE, 1869.
JOSEPH PHILLIPS, Proprietor.
THIS House is new, the largest in the Province, pleasantly situated near the Steamboat Wharf, furnished in a superior style, and will be kept as a First Class Hotel.
Fredericton, June 16 1869.

[illegible] Division, No. 206, S. of T.,
Meets every Saturday Evening,
IN BEVERIDGE'S HALL,
Tobique, Victoria County.

CABLE HOUSE,
Woodstock, N. B.
THE undersigned having assumed the Proprietorship of the "Cable House," begs to assure his friends and the travelling public generally that he is determined to spare no efforts to maintain the character of this house as a first-class hotel. Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated. Terms reasonable.
A. H. PARKS.
Woodstock, April 20, 1868.

WOODSTOCK HOTEL.
ROBERT DONALDSON, Proprietor.
PLEASANTLY situated on the bank of the river, immediately opposite the boat landing, and convenient to the public [illegible].
Woodstock, [illegible] y-13

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

RUSSELL HOUSE,
SPARKS STREET,
NEAR THE
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
OTTAWA.
[illegible], Proprietor.
March 18, 1868—13.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
C. F. ESTEY, PROPRIETOR.
39 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N.B.
Good Stabling on the Premises. [20]

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,
[illegible] HOUSE, TOBIQUE.
Comfortable Extras furnished at the shortest notice for any point [39

LONG'S HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
THOS. W. SMITH, Proprietor.
First-Class Accommodation for
TRANSIENT & PERMANENT BOARDERS
AT REASONABLE PRICES.
Good Stabling, and a Careful Hostler always in attendance.
Fredericton, July 1, 1868—2[illegible]

PARK HOTEL,
KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN.
[illegible] FAIRWEATHER, Proprietor.
☞ This House is new, is pleasantly situated, furnished in a superior style, and will be kept as a First-Class Hotel. [24]

ROWE & SHERMAN,
Shipping, Forwarding & General Commission Merchants,
Fredericton, N. B.
WE would respectfully inform the public generally that we have [illegible] in all its branches of the Shipping & Commission Business. Having in process of erection a capacious Wharf, to be completed by the time that navigation opens, we feel confident in saying that our facilities for Wharfing and Shipping all kinds of Lumber cannot be surpassed in the Province.
☞ Consignments solicited.
ZEBULON ROWE,
F'ton, N. B., Mar. 2, 1869. L. W. SHERMAN.

Horses! Carriages!!
THE Subscribers beg to call public attention to their New and spacious
Livery Stable,
[illegible] WOODSTOCK HOTEL, where they can furnish a first rate fit out, having excellent horses, Harness and Carriages, at a Minutes notice.
This is the Woodstock *depot* for the Fredericton, Grand Falls and Houlton Stages.
Extras furnished when Required.
Persons from these stables will attend the Steamers and Cars, for the convenience of passengers. Persons wishing a car for the Steamer or Cars leaving in the morning should leave their orders at the office, the evening previous.
GLIDDEN & GILMAN.
Woodstock, Aug. 2, 1868—35

W. H. OLIVE,
General Insurance, Custom House, Forwarding, and
COMMISSION AGENT,
Office—No 82 Prince William Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
References by Permission:
Hon. A. McL. Seely. Messrs. Jardine & Co.
Hon. Thos. R. Jones. Messrs. Daniel & Boyd
Messrs. T. & E. [illegible] & Co. W. O. Smith, Esq.

Business Cards.

WATCHES,
Clocks and Jewelry!
THE subscriber has on hand a large and varied Stock, consisting of
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
SILVER & PLATED WARE,
FANCY GOODS, &C.
Particular attention given to Watch Repairing; and all work warranted.
JOHN BABBITT,
1 door below Thomas' Dry Good Store, Queen Street.
Fredericton, July 1, 1869—6m-27

Summer Arrangement.
Clark & Davis' Express,
WILL, until further notice, leave Richmond and Woodstock Stations every TUESDAY at 7 p. m.
Leaves Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 7½ o'clock.
Leaves Railroad Wharf, Portland, every Monday Wednesday and Friday at 5 o'clock, p. m.
☞ Money and Freight of every description forwarded with despatch and promptly delivered.
Principal Offices:
57 Kilby Street, corner Water,........Boston
Eastern Express Company,........Portland
Gould's Block,..........Houlton
Legal Referee—S. B. Appleby.
G. W. VANWART & CO. Agents.
Woodstock, June [illegible] 1869.

Woodstock Marble Works!
THE business heretofore carried on by the firm of HARVEY & ALMOND, will in future be conducted in this place by the subscriber, as an
IMPORTER OF MARBLE,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
MONUMENTS, TOMB TABLES,
GRAVE STONES, &c.
Centre, Pier Tables & Mantles,
FREE STONE AND GRANITE CUTTING EXECUTED IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Place of business,—
MAIN STREET,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
☞ Orders filled at the shortest notice and cheapest possible rates. Patronage respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
[illegible] HARVEY.
Woodstock, Aug. 20, 1868. 34

C. L. RICHARDS,
WHOLESALE IMPORTER OF
Teas, Tobacco, and other Staples,
ROBERTSON PLACE,
Near North Wharf,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
Mr. Richards gives special attention to the importation of Teas and Tobaccos, and his numerous patrons may rely upon finding in his Warehouse at all times the greatest variety and largest stock of the above Goods in the Province. In order to insure frequent and large sales upon which he relies, prices will be decidely low. st john may 12.

CARD.
WOODSTOCK STEAM PLANING MILL
AND
CABINET FACTORY!
South side Bridge, Woodstock, N. B.
DANIEL & BOYD
Planing, Turning, Sawing,
And every description of MACHINE WORK done with care and despatch.
[illegible] & CO.
March 24, 1869.

S. E. BAKER'S
Coach and Sleigh Factory,
QUEEN STREET,
Between the Gibson House and R. Caldwell's Hotel.
ALL orders for Carriages, Sleighs, Blacksmithing, Woodwork, Repairing, Painting, Trimming, &c, promptly attended to.
S. E. BAKER.
N. B.—Sleighs manufactured from Hickory and Oak. Persons intending to buy will do well to call and examine styles, quality, price, &c.
Woodstock, [illegible]

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 Dresses, Craps Curled and Plain, Frizettes, Ringlets, Braid, Switches, Waterfalls, Curled and Plain, &c.
Also—Gentlemen's Wigs and Scalps.
Hair Cutting and the various branches of his profession, conducted in a manner to ensure perfect satisfaction. Ladies sending their own hair can have it made up in any style, on moderate terms.
st john july 27, 1867—tf 31

49. **FIRST PRIZE** 49.
For Domestic Manufacture of
TRUNKS, VALICES, CARPET BAGS, ETC. ETC.,
AWARDED TO
W. H. Knowles, 49 Germain street
WHOLESALE and Retail dealers in Ladies' and Gents Trunks, Saratoga, Eugenie, California and Sole leather Trunks, Common Dress and Children's Trunks.
Together with Ladies Leather Trunks, valices of all kinds, pelicer Bags, Carpet Bags, letter carriers, hat boxes &c.
Zinc Trunks, and all kinds of Trunks, Valices Carpet Bags, Canvass Covering, &c., made to order, and Repairs neatly done.
Union Trunk Depot, St. John, N. B.

Fire and Life Insurance Agency
THE Subscriber is agent for Woodstock and the upper St. John of the
NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE Co
[illegible]
ESTABLISHED, 1809.
CAPITAL, £2,000,000 stg
Invested Funds, 1864, £2,304,512 7s. 10.
AND OF THE
Standard Life Assurance Co.
OF EDINBURGH.
ESTABLISHED, 1825.
Accumulated and Invested Funds over £3,500,000.
These Companies are of the most reliable class in Great Britain, and do business on the most reasonable terms, consistent with safety to the insured. As such, I can confidently recommend them to my friends and the public generally, and shall be glad to receive application from those desirous of insuring their property or lives.
JAMES GROVER.
Woodstock, Au[illegible] 1866.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
PORTLAND, Me.,
E. CRAM & CO., Proprietors.

Poetry.

Three Old Saws.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle a fire to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own,
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather."

If the world's a wilderness,
Go build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the wind to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight,
Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorner brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

"The man I love," said Maud, soul-proud and stately,
"The man I love must be from blemish free."
"The man I love," said gentle Grace, sedately
"Must honest be and true, and must love me."

"Now, ye are both old maids at heart," quoth Alice;
"Ye know not what ye'd have. The man for me
"Must mix his love-draught in a golden chalice,
"And promise plenty in the years to be."

"And when I love," said little Nelly, slowly,
"If ever such a glorious time should be,
"Be my love highly-born, or poor and lowly,
"Faulty or perfect, he'll be dear to me."

Select Tale.

RICHARD ROCK'S VISITOR.

Since his wife died, Richard had lived alone and friendless. She, poor soul, had kept some good feeling about the house, and now and then a spare plate stood on the table, or an extra chair by the fireside. Mean as he was, he had never quite brought himself to say to her, "You shall not have a guest," though he prosed away by the hour about the "terrible expense," after each stranger departed. Neither could he quite prevent a deed of charity now and then—the gift of a loaf, and an old gown, or a few pence. The unhappy woman's kind heart would have its way at times; for Richard Rock's parsimony was not induced by poverty, but by a miserly soul. He had been a very economical young man when she first knew him, but the greed of gold grew with every year, though they had no children to whom to leave it and were possessed of enough and to spare for any ordinary lifetime.

Mrs. Rock died suddenly. A little better living, a few luxuries, the use of a carriage in wet weather, and, above all, a little more love and tenderness, might have saved her life. Perhaps old Rock did not perceive it.

When she was gone, he felt her loss as he had never dreamed he could. The neatness which she had kept within the dilapidated house, the skill with which she had prepared the coarse viands, the quiet way in which she had ministered to all his wants, had scarcely been understood before she was taken from him. More wretched than he had been in all his life before, he shut himself alone in the great barn farm-house, and lived there like a beggar. No guest entered the door. No one ever paused there for charity.

With its closed shutters, and naked garden where once the wife's simple flowers and herbs grew, it was as desolate a place as one could dream of.

It was winter now, and the snow lay thick all about it—was heaped upon the fences, on the window ledges, and upon the chimney pots. Long icicles hung from the eaves, and within, a little wretched fire burnt within one small fire-place, over which Richard Rock shivered and shuddered as though he had been the poorest creature in the town.

It was nine o'clock, and a Saturday night. Few lights burned in the town, but the lecture room was all aglow. There they held a fancy fair, the proceeds of which were to be bestowed in alms upon the poor of that place, who had suffered much through the hard winter. Some rich men had given considerable sums in aid of the object; and one enterprising individual, bolder than the rest, had appealed to Richard Rock with no success whatever. He had hinted that he himself, stood in need of aid, property was bringing in so little; and the charitable beggar fled affrighted. They talked him over at some of the tables that night, and said how if Mrs Rock had been alive, at least a guinea would have been found somewhere for so excellent a purpose.

When people are talking of one, they say the ears burn. Richard Rock's should have been red enough that night, were this the case; but instead, they were cold, cold as ice—cold as was all the rest of his person, from head to foot; not with quite a natural coldness either. He was not used to much fire, and had an old railway wrapper about his shoulders, over his ragged great coat. It was a chill that seemed to come from the heart, and made him shiver fearfully. The first shiver seized him when the clock struck nine. It was such a deadly, curdly chill, that it frightened Richard Rock woefully; and before it had passed away a knock at the door set him shivering again. It was not a loud, fierce knock—just a timid tremulous rap or two, but none the less did his heart leap into his mouth at the sound.

Who could it be, at that time of night! Richard Rock crept to the door, and unbarred it as he asked the question. A figure, all draped in grey, a shawl or a mantle over head, dropping down to the feet, stood without. It turned its face towards Richard Rock, and clasped its hands, and said, in a voice that set him shivering again, "I'm cold to-night, very cold, and I have no shelter. Let me in, and give me a crust of bread to eat, and let me lie anywhere, and Heaven will bless you!"

Richard Rock shrank away.

"I never encourage beggars," he said, and shut the door and fastened it; but before he had reached the fire-place, the knocking came again.

Again he opened the door, and repulsed the beggar with harsh words; but the being—man, woman or child, whichever it was—never moved from the spot. It stood just where he had first seen it, and called him to the door eleven times. On the eleventh he yielded and said, "Come in then." The figure advanced, and approached the fire-place. There were two chairs always standing beside it. One was Mrs Rock's. Into that it dropped.

The grey drapery hid its face, but a pair of strange bright eyes gleamed through the shadow upon Richard Rock's face. They frightened him again. In fear, rather than pity, he went to the table, and brought to it a piece of bread and a cup of milk. The singular creature took them, and ate and drank. Then it sat looking at the old man steadfastly. To break the spell which seemed to be falling upon him Richard Rock spoke.

"You're a stranger here, I suppose?"

"I come from far away," said the beggar, not showing any more of the face than he had yet seen.

"You choose a bad time to travel," said Richard.

"I had work to do," said the stranger.

"For whom?" asked Richard.

"For the poor," said the stranger.

"You look poor enough yourself," said the old man.

"But there are poorer than I," said the stranger. "In this very town many will die if they have neither fire nor food. I want a gift for them Richard Rock."

"You?" cried Richard. "Good heavens! This is a trick, then, of that confounded fellow with the subscription paper. I'm—"

The strange figure lifted its hand.

"A year ago there was a woman here," it said.

Richard started.

"She sat in this chair knitting," said the voice under the gray hood.

"I think you loved her a little; was it so?"

"Surely, I did," said Richard.

"You married her when she was a blithe young girl," said the figure; "and you made her an old woman before her time. She toiled wearily from morning until night. She lived on coarse and common food."

"So did I," said Richard.

"Yet you thought wine too dear to buy, and she died for the want of it," said the stranger.

"No, no!" cried Richard. "Who told you that? If I had thought that I——"

"It is true," said the stranger. "Yet she died loving you. If she could come from heaven now, and ask a boon of you, would you grant it?"

"Heaven knows I would," said Richard; "but the dead never return."

And then—so he afterwards averred—the figure arose slowly, and all the gray drapery dropped away, and he saw, robed in white, more beautiful than when he wooed her in her girlhood, and with a shining halo around her head his wife herself, and no other. He could not speak.

She looked upon him with a gentle smile.

"They said you would not receive me, but I made you," she said softly. "I knew you better than they. Promise me, before I leave you, to do just what I say."

Richard could only gasp, "I will."

"A year from this night you will die," said the spirit. "You can take nothing with you whither you must go. There are poor creatures dying of want close by; succor them."

"I will," said Richard.

"Give your gold to those who will use it for the poor," said the spirit; "and blot out the long selfish years by one of utter generosity. At the end I will meet you. Richard, good-by."

The clock struck twelve as she spoke, he saw her fade, as the rainbow fades from the skies. He strove to clutch her robe, but it eluded his grasp, and he fell fainting to the floor.

From that hour Richard Rock was a changed man. His gifts to the poor were large, and the will he made was full of wise and charitable bequests. The houseless learnt that under his roof they might find bed and rest.

He died, as the spirit had foretold, a year from the night of its visitation, and on his death-bed related the story to the venerable clergyman, on whose authority it is repeated.

Among the Mohican Indians of Samson Occum's converts in New London county, there were some rather questionable Christians. One of these was once brought before the church on a charge of drunkenness. He was rather sullen under discipline, but pleaded that some gay companions had led him astray. Being solemnly reproved for yielding to such evil solicitations, "Bible say I may," he replied stolidly.

"Why, where in the Bible did you find any warrant for such conduct," asked an amazed deacon.

"Bible say, 'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou'—don't he?"

"Ah, no, Brother Uncemion; you don't quote it right. It says, 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou *not*.'"

"Ugh! I ain't 'bliged to say the whole Bible," responded the backslider, with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

The Jews.

The Jews are an exception to the general law which seems to govern the history of people. Like individuals, nations are born, become developed, reach a maturity of grandeur and strength, decay, die and dissapear, leaving only their tombs, crumbling monuments and mutilated records behind to tell succeeding generations that they lived at all. The Jew is an exception. He does not decay, and he refuses to die. He has endured enough suffering to have destroyed every atom of life in half a doz. nations—and yet he survives still. He has gone through the turnace of persecution, "heated seven times hotter," in nearly every century of historic time; and he remains unhumbled, unsubdued, unbroken—the same everlasting Jew with the same virtues and the same vices he had four thousand years ago. His persecutions have not suppled his stiff neck, nor dimmed his eye, nor abated his natural force. He has been "scattered and peeled," till he exists only in mutilated fragments; but those fragments are animated in a unity which continues vital and indissoluble throughout. There is a solemn grandeur in the tremendous sweep of vision which the Jew takes of the course of time. He has seen the four great empires of the world flourish and fall. He has seen Egypt and Babylon, and Greece and Rome in their pride; and he lives to look and see them no more. Old ages, empires and systems have sprung up to find him here before them, watching their progress and bidding fair to be here still, after they, too, have gone. He has no country, no living language; he resides in all lands, and speaks all languages. There are German Jews, French Jews, Bohemian, Polish, Spanish, English and American Jews, and black Jews of Malabar; but they all belong to one stock; they are all Jews and Jews only. They are as ancient as history, but possess a youth that is indestructible—a strange, mysterious people, not addicted to great achievement, heroic chiefly in endurance—peaceful without being amiable, or always just—not warlike, but outliving successful nations of conquerors—an ethnological miracle, which men are never weary of studying and which grows in interest with the ages.—*St. Louis Home Journal.*

The Lion and the Unicorn.

The most prominent feature about the royal arms is what heralds call the supporters—the lion and the unicorn. Of these the lion is the badge of England, and the unicorn of Scotland; and their position is intended, as the ingenious reader will conjecture, to symbolize the fact that the sovereign is maintained by the union of those two countries. The uninitiated observer would describe the unicorn as placed on the shield, and the lion on the left; but heralds apply the terms rights and left to a coat of arms with reference not to the spectator, but to the supposed bearer of the shield, who is of course, behind it. Thus they reverse the ordinary use of words, and the reader must, therefore, remember that the lion is the right or dexter supporter of the English arms (the place of honor being conceded to England from its superior importance,) and the unicorn is the left or sinister supporter. The reader will at once infer that these supporters could only have come into use at the union of England and Scotland under James I., and the inference is perfectly just. Ever since 1603 the royal arms have been supported as now by the English lion and the Scottish unicorn. What were the supporters previously? the reader asks. Well, they were very various; Elizabeth and Mary and their father had a lion and a greyhound for their supporters; Henry the Seventh, a lion and a dragon; Richard III. a lion and a boar; V., a lion and an antelope; Henry IV., an antelope and swan; Edward III., a lion and an Eagle. The use of supporters began with Edward III., so that the reader has thus a complete list of the supporters of the royal arms of England. The lion, it will be seen, had almost invariably been used as one supporter (the *dexter*,) the other had varied, and different sovereigns usually introducing some family badge as the supporter on the *sinister* side. The Scotch arms had always been supported by two unicorns, and hence, on the accession of James I., to the English throne it was determined that the national supporters should thenceforward be the lion of England and the unicorn of Scotland.—*Leisure Hour.*

STIMULANT.—George D. Prentice has been a constant drinker for forty years. For ten years he has been a drinker of the lignum vitæ order. Here is a temperance lecture by him, worth many of the ordinary exhortations and representations: "There is a time when the pulse lies low in the bosom and beats low in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep which, apparently, knows no waking; sleeps in its house of clay, and the windows are shut, the doors hung with the invisible crape of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pitchy darkness, and wish to fancy clouds where no clouds be.

This is a state of sickness when physic may be thrown to the dogs; we want none of it. What shall raise the spirit? What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulses, through all the myriad thronged halls in the house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills again for us with all its old awakening gladness, and the night overflow with moonlight, love and flowers? Love itself is the greatest stimulant, the most intoxicating of all, and performs these miracles, and is a miracle itself, and is not at the drug store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged god is not a money changer, we assure you. Men have tried many things, but still they ask for stimulant. Men try to bury the floating dead of their own souls in the wine cup, but the corpse rises. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses to playing music and the thoughts galloping; but the first clock runs down sooner, and an unnatural stimulant only leaves the house it filled with the wildest revelry, more silent, more sad, more deserted. There is only one stimulant that never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a clear sky over every man into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing."

POETRY NIPPED IN THE BUD.—Calling at a farmer's house in my parish, I was requested to look at the baby fast asleep in the cradle. A sweet smile irradiated its face. The germ of a sonnet to a sleeping infant was already in my mind, when unfortunately I made a remark, concerning the smile to the professional Gamp, who was in attendance. Whereupon Mrs. Gamp delivered this opinion: "It's the wind, sir! Bless their little 'arts! whenever they smile in their sleep you may always know as they're always troubled with the wind!" It was impossible for me to gainsay this, although it proved the death-blow to my sonnet.—*Once a Week.*

Items Foreign & Local.

DR. POLLOCK has tried a successful experiment in the cure of epileptic fits, at Charing-cross Hospital, on an unmarried woman, twenty-nine years of age, who had been subject to that class of affliction during a period of ten years, and never yielded to the stereotyped prescriptions. By the aid of half a drachm of tincture of assafœtida, with three grains of carbonate of ammonia, three times a day, she was cured in one week.

The Public Debt Statement for July.—Washington, Aug. 2nd.—The public debt statement issued from the Treasury Department this morning shows the total amount of the debt, principal and interest, to be two billions six hundred and thirty-five million one hundred and twenty-two thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight dollars.

The Duke of Edinburgh (Prince Alfred) arrived at Honolulu on the 25th ult., and was received by His Majesty with distinguished honors. A ball was given at the king's palace, at which he danced a Scotch reel. The natives paid him tribute in cattle, pigs, fowls, fruit and vegetables, enough to stock his ship. On his departure for Japan, the native women covered his person with wreaths of flowes, literally burying him.

Another Atlantic cable is about to be laid between Europe and South America.

The Catholic papers published in London state that, after a long investigation, the Carmelite nuns of Cracow have been acquitted of any graver charge respecting Barbara Ubryk than that of having undertaken the care of a lunatic without proper means for her management. Fault is found with the Bishop for having omitted to visit the convent—a duty he had neglected for seven years. The relations of the afflicted nun were perfectly cognisant of her condition and treatment. All the grosser insinuations about the nuns are said to be simply fabrications of their enemies.

A woman recently arrived at New York in search of her unfaithful husband. She had followed him from England to Australia, from there to Shanghai, thence to the Cape of Good Hope, and from there to America. Arriving at New York she learned that he just left for China. Heart-broken, she applied to the city authorities for help.

An annual report on the crops of England appears in the London *Times*. It estimates the wheat crop to be four bushels per acre, or about thirteen per cent. below the average, and ten bushels per acre, or about twenty-eight per cent. under last year's crop; but believes that a considerable portion of this deficiency will be met by the additional acreage under wheat. Of all the cereal crops, barley is the most variable. Comparing this year's produce with that of last year, there is this year less wheat, but more barley, hay, straw, and altogether a greater yield of every description of stock goods.

Northerners have little conception of the rapid rate at which the South is recovering her former agricultural and commercial prosperity. The cotton crop this year will be 3,000,000 bales, worth fully $300,000,000; that of corn will amount to 285,000,000 bushels, worth $200,000,000 at least; and sugar, wheat, tobacco, and other productions will yield $150,000,000 more, making a total of $650,000,000, which among a population of 11,000,000 is nearly $60 per head all round. Southern land at its present low price is one of the best investments in the market.

An economical husband in Ohio kicked his wife to death for extravagance in using milk for milk toast.

A SHOWER OF MEAT.—The Los Angelos (Cal.) *News* of August 3 has the following singular story:—

Mr. Parker, an old and respected citizen of Los Nietos township, exhibited to us yesterday a number of pieces of meat that fell on the farm of J. Hudson, in that township, at twelve o'clock, m. on Sunday last. From what we can learn, it was a shower of meat and blood similar to that reported in Santa Clara county some months ago, covering an area of about two acres of ground. Some ten or more persons were at the house of Mr. Hudson preparing for the funeral of a child, and were startled by the fall of meat and blood that lasted three minutes, covering the blades of corn and leaving them red. The blood that lodged upon the corn blades and grass was mixed with a short, fine hair, resembling the outer coating of furred animals. The meat, which was found over the entire two acres, was in pieces ranging from fine articles to strips of six or eight inches in length, and had the appearance of being freshly torn from some animal or animals. Mr. Parker exhibited to us several pieces of the meat, varying from one to six inches in length, one of which appeared to be the lights of some animal; another was liver, and another picked up by a gentleman present was the lower part of a heart, in perfect shape, and about one and a half inches long. A large quantity of meat was gathered up and preserved by different parties. The day was perfectly clear, and the sun was shining brightly, and although the shower of meat and blood appeared to come from the coast, there was no perceptible breeze at the time. The occurrence naturally caused considerable excitement among those present, and the hope is fully indulged in that science will offer some reason for this very singular phenomenon.

THE ECLIPSE.—Dr. Cuyler was out in the far west when the eclipse took place. He thus describes it briefly in the *Evangelist*:

"Those who did *not* see that wonderful sight in its *totality*, saw but an apology. It was the down rushing of the great awful *shadow*—as of Jehovah's wing—at the instant of obscuration, which struck us dumb with amazement. It came in the twinkling of an eye! The darkness was so deep that I could not recognize a person at one hundred feet off. Venus shone brightly for ten minutes; Regulus for five. All around the horizon spread a veil of orange color; above that was the deep blue, with several stars flashing as in clear midnight. The birds flew wildly in the air around us. My friend's fowls demurely went to roost, but when the hoax was discovered, they slipped down from their perch with a sheepish expression, as I fancied, on their countenance. Grand as was the sudden obscuration, the instantaneous flash of returning sunlight was magnificent beyond words! God said *let there be light* and there was light."

HORRIBLE MASSACRE IN SPAIN.—A Madrid letter states that there is great excitement in Spain over the recent execution of nine men near Barcelona, by Lt. Col. Cosalis. Eight of the executed persons were Carlists, and the ninth was a gamekeeper, and they were all shot without any form of trial. The officer who directed the executions had been promoted by the Government for the part he had taken, thus verifying the recent statement of Gen. Prim, that the Government would be cruel, if need be, in putting down rebellion.

☞ In thirty-one words, how many "thats" can be grammatically inserted? Fourteen; He said that *that* that that man said was not *that* that *that* one should say, but that *that* that *that* man said was *that* that *that* man should not say. That reminds us of the following "says" and "saids:" Mr. B—, did you say or did you not say what I said you said? because C— said you said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now if you did say that you did *not* say what I said you said, then what did you say.

General News.

THE TERRIBLE COAL MINE DISASTER.—The telegraph brought us intelligence that another horror had transpired in the coal districts of Pennsylvania, nothing less than the stopping up of the shaft by burning debris from the buildings and machinery erected over its mouth. The results of this shocking affair have now come to hand, with the proceedings by which they have been brought to light, and are as follows:

"About an hour later another squad entered the mine, and after exploring along the vault and chambers nearly 1500 feet, a sickening sight was revealed. At this point about sixty-five dead bodies were found, and these were lying literally in a heap. Fathers were found locked in the dying embrace of their sons, stone timed and strong hearted men were discovered with their limbs entwined about each other. It was a ghastly spectacle, and when the men returned to the pure air above, and stood face to face with the thousands of anxious souls that were patiently waiting to hear the result, and announced the hideous discovery that had been made in the regions of death, a shudder vibrated through the multitude, and a wail went through Wyoming Valley such as has not been heard there since the historic massacre, which Campbell has immortalized in verse. The news of the discovery of the bodies, as shocking as it was, and particularly upon the families so suddenly bereaved, was relieved, of course, of its terribleness by the announcement that the dead men and dead boys lying down in the pit would all be brought to the surface of the shaft, and after identification, be delivered to their friends for burial.

At half-past seven o'clock one of the gangs which had just returned said that they went up the plane, just beyond which a barrier was met consisting of a car packed around with coal, culm and clothing. This was cleared away, and after proceeding a little further, another barrier was met, nearly completed, constructed like the first. One man was found on the outside, where he was at work laying up the wall. All was completed, save a small aperture, just sufficient to admit the passage of a human body, and it is to be inferred that he had just finished his task and was preparing to join his fellow sufferers on the opposite side of the barricade by crawling back.

This barrier was removed, when a large portion of the force was found together and piled one upon another dead.

Up to 11 o'clock in the evening, 65 bodies were taken from the mine. The faces of the dead looked wonderfully natural, their being but few bruises and few lacerations of the flesh to be seen upon them. The miners were hard at work diving down into the mine, and the bodies were being removed at the rate of about eight or ten per hour.

Each body is brought up by a fresh squad of men, all volunteers, who work with a bravery which is exceeded only by the sorrow which oppresses them all. Of the whole number (203 men and boys) in the mine at the time of the explosion, more than one-half the men were married and had families dependent upon them for support. As fast as their bodies are identified they are delivered into the charge of their friends to be prepared for burial. Coffins have been sent from Scranton, Pittston, Wilkesbarre and other places to meet the demand which Avondale makes upon her sister towns and cities in the valley. Such utter wretchedness was never witnessed anywhere as that which is manifested by wifes and daughters and sisters as they recognized in the lifeless forms before those the loved ones who would never smile upon them again this side of eternity.

The fifty-third and fifty-fourth bodies unearthed were a father and his son, their names John Burch, Sr., and John Burch, Jr. So tightly were they locked in each other's arms, it was found to be a difficult task to separate them, and it did seem to be at last cruel to disunite their arms, when they had embraced each other in death, and lay down upon the bottom of the poisoned pit, kissed each other for the last time and perished.

A horrible fear, it is said, has seized many persons whose residences are near the shafts which perforate this anthracite region. Almost above the shaft beneath which this calamity occurred is a row of cottages in which many of the miners lived with their families, as near as has been ascertained. The group of sixty dead bodies were found lying directly under this row of cottages, while the remainder of the victims must lie far distant. It is feared that some time or another the whole will explode and belch forth fire like a volcano, and destroy everything within the reach of its fiery clutch.

There is one thing certain, however, namely that no more shafts will be sunk in Pennsylvania unless corresponding ones are also put down so that in the event of an explosion like that of Monday the miners may have means of egress.

Of the present state of things in New Zealand the London *Telegraph* says:—

"When the conflict of races in New Zealand won an adventitious interest through the fact that a number of Imperial regiments were engaged against the Maories, people in this country paid more attention than they do now to what was passing in the colony. The recent massacres could not but excite horror, and the first impulse, naturally, was to send back our regiments at all hazards and at any cost. But calmer thought led to the conclusion that, since the regiments had quitted the colony by the consent, or actually at the desire, of the colonists, we ought to wait until we were asked to send them out again; and at present the British public stands somewhat in the position of a critic watching the mode in which the principal of self-government is carried into practice by one of our most vigorous and flourishing children. We have entire sympathy with the European residents of the North Island under the sorrow and embarrassment with which they have been afflicted by the war now in progress and the recent massacres. But, at the same time, we are bound to recognise the fact that the causes of quarrel are in reality far removed from comparison with those which led our army to Magdala, or would make us throw the entire strength of the empire into the defence of Canada. When the honour of the empire is at stake—or when a colony suffers from assaults made by an external foe, whether or not the primary quarrel of that foe is with the mother country—there can be no hesitation about the employment of Imperial forces. The native New Zealanders, however, are the foes, not of the British empire, but of the colonists; the quarrel has arisen about an interpretation of bargains made by the colonists for their own advantage; and though the Europeans were far less clear of guile in those transactions, less strong in point of numbers, less able to put a term to all strife—if they were only more willing either to conciliate the natives or to make personal sacrifices for that end—we should still hesitate before sending Imperial relief, even, as we have said, if it were asked. It is well to put those considerations clearly forward, because the distressing letters written from the colony are apt to excite a misconception in the public mind; and so long as the divergence of opinion prevails among the settlers themselves, which is indicated by a letter from an intelligent colonist in another column, we must beware of undue sympathy—as of unfair cynicism—in our views of a most painful and peculiar contest."

There was a race between two trains, one on the Chicago and Alton and the other on the Terre Haunte Railroad, last week. The locomotives ran eighteen miles side by side, neither gaining, running a part of the distance, the local journals say, at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour.

Communicated.

Notes by a Wanderer.

FOR THE CARLETON SENTINEL.

Gold Hill, Nevada, Aug. 25, 1869.

Dear Editor,—As I am about to leave this place for California, I thought I had better fulfil my promise, of telling you about the rest of my trip over the P. R. R. before I go.

(Here our correspondent tells us of some mutual friends; their talk and thus of their conclusions)

We came to the conclusion before we parted that though the Hills of N. B. were snowy and cold, though her soil was not so fertile as in some parts of the great West, and though a poor man is likely to be a long time poor there, still that the sun shone as brightly there as upon any other land, that the moonlight was as beautiful, and the hearts warmer than in any country we had ever seen, and that some day when under a little different system, when old foggyism has all died out, when a man will pass for what he is worth, when the resources of the country are opened up, and Carleton County, has a Municipal Council whose members have more enlarged ideas about the importance of encouraging Railroads and manufactories. Then, if we have been so fortunate as to lay by some of the needful, to spend it with you—and finally to spend our last days with you. In my last I closed at Cheyenne, which place we left at 6 p. m., on Sunday evening for Dervon, 120 miles away, fare $15.00 and $6.50 extra for my trunk; there were nine passengers inside and four outside; we only made 25 miles that night and got nothing to eat till 11 a. m. the next forenoon, I had eaten nothing since the morning before and never was so hungry before in my life, we arrived in the forenoon at the Cache La Poudre (hide the powder) a dashing, roaring, rocky mountain stream, which empties into the Platte, Little Thompson, and took dinner at Big Thompson in the cleanest log shantie I ever was in; it was kept by an old couple from N. Y. State, and for one dollar they gave me one of the squarest (that's what they call it on the plains) meals I ever sat down to, the bread was the whitest, the beef and venison the tenderest, the mountain trout the sweetest, and the tea had the most delicious flavor of any that I ever tasted. I never expect to get such a meal again until I go back to Big Thompson. (I would like to have a ranche on Big Thompson). The scenery from this point was grand, the river rushing down through a gorge in the mountains on its course to the east, looking like a thread of silver winding its way through the green prarie until it was lost in the distance. To the right of us Long Peak loomed up from behind the dark, grey foothills 17000 feet above the level of the ocean, and 65 miles away; to the south, was Pikes Peak looking like a great white cloud, 145 miles away, both Peaks are in the snowy range of the Rocky Mountains, which showed off to good advantage from behind the foothills whose dark belt of Pines was in beautiful contrast with the snowy whiteness of the range above. The timber line commences at a certain distance from the base of the foothills, running up the sides of the mountains to limits of Pine tree life, both lines are nearly as well defined as the "right of way," of a Railway. All day long we rode along apparently abreast of Long Peak, towards night it seemed to have been left a little in the rear, after dinner all along the valley near the foothill, dark clouds were gathering, and from three till four we were riding along side of one of the grandest old thunder storms, that I ever saw. In the heat of the day the snow melts in the mountains, rises into the thin air above, passes over into the valley, where it comes in contact with the heavier air and falls to the earth sometimes in torrents, the driver told me that in summer it occurred almost every day; what was snow in the morning, miles away upon the mountain tops, before the sun sets in the evening, is passing along the Irrigation drains, and causing the corn, wheat, and other grain fields to look beautiful; no crops are raised in Col. except by irrigation, as rain seldom falls in the summer only around the mountains. When white men first went to the country, no rain fell during the summer months, but old settlers told me that more rain falls every summer than ever before, and in a few years they expect to do their farming without irrigation. It is strange that wherever the white man has settled in the great west, the seasons have undergone a change, more rain has fallen &c.; various theories are advanced why it is so, some say it is caused by the smoke, some that the breaking up of the soil, the planting of trees &c., draws the moisture, but the Indians all say 'tis on account of the white man's coming. There are many fine farms (or ranches as they are called) after you strike the plains, along the streams, and in many places along the foothill, where there is a chance for irrigation. The principal business done there is stock raising, and I do not think there is any part of the earth better adapted to it than is Colorado, they never require feeding nor shelter, and are very healthy. I had a great mind to get me 50 Mexican cows, and try my hand, but did not like the idea of having them run off by the Indians, and besides I could not think of stopping anywhere very long at the present.

We arrived in Dervon about 2 a. m., the next morning, 'tis a splendid little city of about 7000 inhabitants, water running in all the gutters, which is let on or off at will, every garden has its little drains through which water is running part of the day, 'tis built upon the level Prarie along the Platte, 40 miles from the snowy range, and 15 from the foothills, and so clear is the atmosphere that the latter do not appear more than five miles away, many a new comer has been fooled in going to them. Bayard Taylor says that Dervon has "the finest external view of any city in the world," from my window I could look upon Longs Peak 90 miles away to the northwest, Pikes Peak 85 miles to the southwest, the Snowy Range, girding the whole western sky, with the dark shadowy foothills beneath, to the east the Platte winding its way through the boundless prarie. I sat one night in my window in the moonlight, and I think the scene was the grandest I ever looked upon. To one not accustomed to western life, it would be a strange sight, to pass along the streets of Dervon after the lamps are lighted, Mexican Greasers, Indians, navvies from the mountains, cattle dealers from Texas and New Mexico, Bull Whackers, fast women, and beings of every grade, throng the streets. Central City, Blackhawk, Georgetown, with a number of smaller towns, are mining towns up in the mountains, 40 miles away. The atmosphere in Colorado is very pure and bracing it makes one feel as he did when he was a boy, just as though he would like to run and jump &c., makes him feel good; one does not feel that langour that he does in the south and southwest.

We left Dervon in the morning, I had my old seat beside the driver and behind me sat an "American citizen of African descent" who had located 14 claims in the mountains 7 years ago, he had just sold one for $2800 and was going home to Atcheson, Kansas, on a visit, he was a slave in Missouri, when the war broke out, and had a mother and brother and sisters somewhere in Virginia, but did not know how to find them, was sold when he was a child and taken west. For the first four miles out of the city the ride was delightful, the roads hard and smooth, and we were whirling along behind six splendid matched greys. I could look back and see the city below us. The Platte, Cherry Creek, Clear Creek and the mountains, while hundreds of fat cattle were feeding upon the Prarie. We crossed the Vasguez Boulder, left hand, and St. Brain, before night, we only had six on board, the roads were good—and we fairly flew along. When riding along the foothills, everything was so dreary and quiet, that I could not help comparing it with Moore's description of India, in his beautiful poem of "Lallah Rookh," especially at noon time, and in the evening, when passing some train of immigrants encamped upon a stream, or in some beautiful little nook at the base of the mountains, their cattle turned out to feed, and themselves lying around apparently as happy as was Lallah, when Feramore was repeating his love tales to her. In the afternoon we had another thunder storm, I sat outside watching clouds, mountains, and praries, till ten p. m. when I went inside and spent the night, not very pleasantly; we arrived at Cheyene at 2 the next morning, where I will leave you again and in my next, tell you about the P. R. R. Salt Lake &c.

ROVER.

PROPOSITION TO ASSASSINATE PRINCE ARTHUR.—It is understood the Fenian Congress considers it inexpedient to make another attack on Canada for the present. At a session on Saturday last, in New York, one member read a proposition of an Italian desperado to assassinate Prince Arthur while in Canada. It was voted down unanimously. The member who offered it explained that he did so by the re[illegible] of a constituent.—*Chicago Com. Bullet*