

I went up stairs to the room she had pointed out, opened the door and went in. It was furnished, you might say, richly; the bed stood in the further corner, with blue damask curtains in front. I undressed quickly, as I was somewhat tired by my day's adventures, walked to the bed and drew aside the curtains, and there lay a man weltering in his blood, with his throat cut from ear to ear! It would be vain to attempt to describe my feelings. I immediately dressed myself, with a presence of mind I have never been able to account for. I then tried to open the door, which, to my horror, I found was locked. Glancing around the room, my eye fell upon the irons in the fireplace; I snatched up one, and with one stroke broke the lock and opened the door. Running down the stairs, I found the front door fastened too. Having nothing to break the lock with, I darted into the first room I came to, and jumped from the window into an alley on the side of the house, and I had merely time to conceal myself when I heard the people round crying murder, and saw the very woman I came with followed by several of the police, enter the house, thinking, I suppose, of course, she would find me. I left, as soon as the crowd gathered around, and passed out unnoticed.

The next morning I was reading the paper, and almost the first thing that attracted my attention was a notice of a bloody murder in—street, with the reward of fifty pounds for the apprehension of the murderer. It went further, and in the description of the supposed person, described me better than I could have done myself—even to the manner in which I wore my beard. The first barber's shop received that *gratia*, and changing my clothing, which was also minutely described, I went down to the docks, and a bark being a hand short, I shipped in her for New York; and have never since, nor ever wish to spend another night in London!

INSTINCTS OF THE TIGER.—In a work entitled "Brown's Anecdotes," we see it stated on a certain occasion a party of gentlemen from Bombay, while visiting the stupendous cavern of Elephanta, discovered a tiger's whelp in one of the obscure recesses of the edifice. Desirous of kidnapping the cub, without encountering the fury of the dam, they took it up hastily and cautiously, and retreated. Being left entirely at liberty, and extremely well fed, the tiger grew rapidly, appeared tame and fondling as a dog, and in every respect entirely domesticated. At length having attained a vast size, notwithstanding its apparent gentleness, it began to inspire terror by its tremendous powers of doing mischief to a piece of raw meat, dripping with blood, which fell in its way. It is to be observed that, up to that moment, it had been studiously kept from raw animal food. The instant, however, it dipped its tongue in blood, something like madness seemed to have seized the animal—a destructive principle, hitherto dormant, was awakened—it darted fiercely, and with glaring eyes upon its prey, tore it with fury into pieces, and growling and roaring in the most fearful manner rushed off towards the jungles.

Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in the thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes 64 palpitations in a minute; and therefore 3840 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the space of an hour. In respect to comparative speed of animated beings, and of irrepelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence; nor has comparative strength, though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it cannot travel more than fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a ladybird can fly 20,000,000 of times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed greater than that; an eagle can

fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours.

AS GOOD AS IF IT WERE IN ÆSOP.—The *Nantucket Islander* says the following story was lately told by a reformed inebriate as an apology for much of the folly of drunkards:—A mouse ranging about a brewery, happening to fall into a vat of beer, was in imminent danger of drowning, and appealed to a cat to help him out. The cat replied, "It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you." The mouse piteously replied that that would be far better than to be drowned in beer. The cat lifted him out, but the fume of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in a hole. The cat called upon the mouse to come out, "Did you not promise that I should eat you?" "Ah," replied the mouse, "I did, but you know I was in liquor at that time."

REMARKABLE VITALITY.—Ireland certainly is the country for "fine ould gentlemen!" An Irish paper says that in Monahan county lives Owen Duffy, now one hundred and twenty-two years old, and retaining so much of his physical vigor that he walks eight miles daily. He married his third wife when he was one hundred and sixteen years old, by whom he has a son and daughter! His youngest son is two years old, his eldest ninety. A "fine ould Irish gentleman" entirely.

ANECDOTE.—A merchant in New York, inquired of a countryman the character of a Deacon, his neighbor, who made a great profession of religion, and had applied to the merchant for a credit. The countryman replied, that *Godward* the deacon was accounted a very honest, upright man; but *manward* he was a little twistical or so. An excellent description of thousands of our neighbors.

A little girl being sent to the store to purchase some dye stuff, and forgetting the name of the article, said to the clerk, "John, what do folks dye with?" "Die with? Why, cholera, sometimes," replied John. "Well, I believe that's the name. I want to get three cents worth."

A San Francisco paper, talking about the nomenclature of towns and villages settled by "hombres," from the States, remarks:—"We have heard of towns in our state called by such names as One Dog Town, Mugginsville, Mad Bull Town, Pumpkinsville, Jackass Gulch, Shirt Tail Cannon, &c., but of all the execrable names that have yet come down to us from the interior, we back down to 'Ground Hog Glory.' It is the sublime of the ridiculous."

A SMART SCHOLAR.—"How do you get on with your arithmetic and catechism?" asked a father of his little boy the other night. "How far have you got?" "I've ciphered through addition, subtraction, justification, adoption, and sanctification!" answered the little fellow. It used to puzzle us a good deal, we remember, when a boy, to 'cipher out' the meaning of these last named sums.

HOW TO GET THE GIRLS MARRIED.—A thriving trader in Wisconsin, claiming the paternity of 11 daughters, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbors succeeded in marrying them all off in six months. A neighbor of his, who had likewise several single daughters, called upon him to obtain the secret of his husband making success, when the latter informed him he had made it a rule, after a young man had paid his attention to one of his girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and request him to choose between death and matrimony. "You can imagine," continued he, "which of the two they preferred."

Debby, the door bell rings, and you must run, light the match, and touch the shavings, and let the sticks and brands get on fire in the fireplace, or they will think we don't keep a fire in the sitting-room, and that would not be genteel. "Yes'm—there—it is all roaring, and the bell rings again—shall I go now?" "Yes." "Oh! Lord, marm, it was only a pedlar." "A pedlar! Confound him—take the fire apart, and get ready for another alarm!"

BECOMING A MEDIUM.

The fascinating spiritual rappings are without a doubt gaining strength amongst us, and some very ludicrous incidents often grow out of them at times, as well as more serious and deplorable ones.

A few nights since, within this week, a young male friend of ours, who, from a sneering sceptic, had become a devout believer, retired to rest, after having his nervous system partially destroyed with the information, thro' the spirit of his grandfather, that he would become a powerful medium. He was in his first comfortable snooze, when a clicking noise in the direction of the door awoke him. He listened intently; the noise was still going on—very like the raps of the spirit on the table indeed—

"Who's there?"

There was no answer, and the noise stopped.

"Anybody there?"

"No," was the answer.

"It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "It must be a medium. I'll try. (Aloud.)—If there is a spirit in the room, it will signify the same by saying 'aye'—no, that's not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room, will it please to rap three times?"

Three very distinct raps were given in the direction of the bureau

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother?"

Three taps.

"Are you happy?"

Nine taps.

"Do you want anything?"

A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you give a communication if I get up?"

No answer.

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"

Raps very loud again: this time in the direction of the door. He waited long for an answer to his last question, but none came. The spirit had gone; and after thinking on the extraordinary visit, he turned over and fell asleep.

On getting up in the morning he found that the spirit of his mother had carried off his watch and purse—his pants down into the hall and his great coat off altogether.

"O, Doctor," said an elderly lady recently to Dr. H—, the celebrated bone-setter, in describing the effects of a diseased spine, "I can neither lay nor set." "In that case," replied he, "I should recommend the propriety of roosting."

"Mr. Jones you said that Mr. Rozin was a composer. Does the court understand from that, that he was a writer of music?" "No, sir; he's called a composer, because he never talks to a man without putting him to sleep"—"Crier, call the next witness."

The custom of "joining hands in matrimony," is said to be taken from the practice of pugilists shaking hands before they begin the fight.

You can't get along in the world with a homely wife. She'll spend half her time in looking in the glass, and turn, and twist, and brush, and fix, till she gets completely vexed with her own ugliness, and she'll go right off and spank the baby.

PRINTERS' WIVES.—May they have plenty of small caps for the heads of the little original articles.

Exercisingly polite is the editor of the New York Times, who calls "Billy Bowlegs" of Florida, "Mr. William Crookshanks."

There is a fellow down East whose legs are so crooked that his pantaloons turn hind part before in less than half an hour after he puts them on.

A physician finding it necessary to administer an emetic to a patient, wrote the following prescription—"Rea. aft. brea. 1 h the pol. pa." [Read, after breakfast, one hour, the political papers.]

COMMUNICATIONS.

[FOR THE CARLETON SENTINEL.]

CHAPTER II.

The Grand Jury vs. the General Sessions.

MR. SEEGE.—Immediately upon the adjournment of the Court on the evening of the 15th of January, the High Sheriff announced that he had been requested to call a public meeting, before which would be laid matters considered to be of general importance. One of the leaders in the movement desired the Sheriff to preside; another named Mr. Perley, as Secretary, and those gentlemen took their respective seats.

A general curiosity pervaded the meeting as to the subjects to be brought forward. "Wot's the row about?" was on the lips and in the looks of all those not admitted into the confidence of the promoters. The disagreement between the Court and Jurors had been talked over by every body. Every body was satisfied that an organic change in County Government was necessary, and had already commenced. The movement had assumed a form, and started into life. The primary petition for Municipal Authorities had been announced to and from the Bench, meeting both with approval and dissent from that body, had met with the like fate among the Jurors, and was then in course of general signature. The trumpet had been blown in the city, and the sound thereof was going throughout the land. The old system—old, but not venerable—the old, seedy, sleepy, besotted incubus—the bloated embodiment of stolid injustice, and stupid complacency, that had so long fattened upon its vitals, and misdirected the energies of the County, was smothering in its own rank stench, and tottering on its pins. The people were waking up—had woke up to the misrule practised upon them, and wondering at the patience with which they had endured it so long. But, "wot's the row now?" Is the old blasted thing tumbling to pieces by its own dead weight? Yes, faith, the house is divided against itself and can't stand. The first addresser of the meeting made this plain enough. He was Foreman of the Grand Jury (may his shadow never be less!) and commenced by complimenting the Sheriff upon the selection he had made of Grand Jurors; possessing, as they did, a fair share of the intelligence of the County of Victoria;—indeed, said the speaker, the best selection that could be made. They, the Grand Jury, were the Representatives of the people of the County—they were the eyes, the brains, and held the purse strings of the rate-payers, and could expend their money as they pleased. He was not disposed to remain quiet when the recommendations of such a body were treated with neglect and contempt by the Justices. As a Grand Juror (continued the gentleman, warming with his subject), "I, Mr. Chairman, feel myself aggrieved by the manner in which the magistrates have acted." He then proceeded to describe in a highly figurative and graphic style, the several members of the Court, and concluded by moving the first resolution.

The chief supporter of this Resolution was one of the Bench, in the minority upon the vexatious questions. It required no very great degree of penetration to discover that this gentleman was playing his own game—fighting for his own hand, like Smith of the Wynd—in the meeting, as he had been just previously busily engaged in doing upon the bench. He furnished no bad illustration of the satirical couplet of his national Poet:—

"To place and power, all public spirit tends;
In place and power, all public spirit ends."

The Resolution (vide *Sentinel*, January 29th) is a simple proposition that, considered in the abstract, cannot well be controverted. The arguments most successfully employed by those who spoke against the soundness and generality of the principle were, that the proposition, if true, left the Court no discretion in the monetary affairs of the County, but bound them to sanction any extravagance the Grand Jury might fall into. That since the Jurors had claimed the character of a County legislation, and decided themselves to be the Purse-holders of the County, so big might they grow in self-