

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIII.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1861.

TERMS. \$2 if paid in advance.

NO. 34.

## Poetry.

### OH HUSH THAT SONG.

BY CLARA P. FAGER.

Oh, hush that song—the tears have started,  
And broken spells my soul have bound;  
The late-like voice of one departed  
Blends with the music's melting sound.

The summer wind was softly blowing,  
And warbling many a handsome bird,  
And summer's glorious flowers were glowing,  
When last the plaintive song I heard.

Was when the eye of day was closing,  
Oh, many and many a year gone by,  
With one dear hand in mine reposing,  
I gazed upon the sunset sky.

The streams meandering through the meadows,  
Were glittering in the golden glow,  
And silently the lengthening shadows,  
Were stealing o'er the vale below.

Those tenuous lips that sang was breathing,  
Those lips forever silent now,  
While radiant youth and joy were wreathing  
Her glowing cheek and beaming brow.

That peerless one since that has faded,  
And meekly closed her dark eyes hid—  
Those glossy locks no more are braided,  
That bright brow no longer is hid.

The hand and heart so fondly plighted,  
Lie mouldering in a Southern grave,  
While he whose dearest love was plighted,  
Still wanders, lonely o'er life's wave.

Then hush that song the tears have started,  
And broken spells my soul have bound;  
The silvery voice of one departed  
Blends with the music's magic sound.

## Select Tale.

### THE HIGHWAYMAN'S BRIDAL.

The early years of the reign of George III. was the time of those gallant robbers, whose fine clothes, high bearing, reckless hardihood, and (frequently) good birth, took away from the superficial observer much of the darkness of the crime actually surrounding their deeds and lives. You were divested of your rings and purses, often with a demeanor so polished, that really it rather resembled paying a toll to good manners than submitting to a highway robbery; a robbery, it is true, yet still it was more soothing to the feelings at the time, than being knicked down with the butt-end of a pistol, or bullied as well as plundered. Fashion, too, capricious in this as all else, affected some knights of the road and others, and ladies interested themselves amazingly about the deeds of highway-men, conspicuous for handsome persons and brave conduct, or rather, daring villainy. These fair dames also were much concerned in their heroic final incarceration and exit at the fatal tree of Tyburn. But highwaymen had, as everybody knows, been still more popular in the preceding reign; yet even and anon as the profession seemed to be on the verge of decay, and likely to dwindle down into mere commonplace theft and murder, more new candidates were sure to start up and revive the dying embers of road chivalry. One in particular was notorious enough in his brief day for most of the qualities I have described, as sometimes attributes of these knights of the road. He was well-connected, too, his uncle being a clergyman in a high church appointment. His person was elegant, his manners courtly, and he was rash in an extraordinary degree. Mingling freely in fashionable society in his real name, his deeds of robbery were the talk of the town under his assumed one. His proper designation was Richard Mowbray—that belonging to the road, his sole source of revenue, was Captain de Montmorency—a patronymic high-sounding enough. I do not mean, however, to infer that any suspected the man of fashion and the highwayman to be one and the same person, that was never known till the event which I am going to relate took place.

Richard Mowbray had spent his own small patrimony, years before the period at which this narrative commences, in the pleasures of the town: it had melted in riotous, play-houses, faro, horse-flesh, and hazard; he had exhausted the kindness and forbearance of his relations, from whom he had borrowed and begged, till borrowing or begging became impracticable. He had known most extremes of life; and, moreover, when debts and poverty stared him grimly in the face, he knew not one useful art by which he could support existence, or pay dividends to his creditors. What was to be done? He eluded a jail as long as he could, and one eventful night, riding on horseback, and meditating gloomily on his evil fortunes, he met—covered by the darkness from all discovery—a traveler well mounted—plush-laden with money-bags, and bearing likewise the burden of excessive fear.

It was a sudden thought—acted upon as suddenly. Resistance was not dreamed of. Mowbray made off with his booty, considerable enough to repair his exhausted finances, and to pay his most pressing creditors. It was literally robbing Peter to pay Paul. And so by night, under shelter of its darkness, did the ruined gentleman become the highwayman. People who knew his circumstances whistled their surprise when it became known that Richard Mowbray had paid his debts, and that he himself made more than his customary appearance. Now his fine person was ever clad in the newest varieties of the day; and in his double character many a conquest did he make, for he disburdened ladies of their jewels and purses with so fine a manner, that the defrauded fair ones forgot their losses in admiration of the charming despoiler; and Richard, in both his places, drank deep draughts of pleasure, till he drained the Cicerone cup to its very dregs. Just as even pleasure became weary, when festive and high-bred delights palled on his satiated passions, and the lower extremes of licentiousness and hard drinking, ruffing and fighting, diversified by the keen excitement and thrills of danger, which distinguished his predatory existence began to satiate, a new light broke on the feverish atmosphere of his life. He loved, yes! Richard Mowbray, the ruined patrician. De Montmorency, the gallant highwayman, who had hitherto resisted every good or evil influence which Love, pure or earth stained, offers to his votaries, succumbed to the simple charms of a young, unlearned, unambitious girl; so youthful, that even her tastes and habits, childish as they were, could be scarcely more so than suited her years. Flavia Harcourt had just attained her sixteenth year—had never

been to a boarding-school, and loved nothing so much—even her birds and pet-rabbits—as her dear old father, an honest country gentleman, and a worthy magistrate. Flavia had never been to London, for Mr. Harcourt resided at Aveling—a retired village—about twenty miles from the metropolis. Barring fox-hunting and hard drinking, the old gentleman on his side, took pleasure only in the pretty gentle girl, who, from the hour of her birth—which event terminated her mother's existence—had made her his constant companion and playmate. And it was to this simple wild flower that the gay man of pleasure, haughty, reckless, unprincipled, improvident, irreligious, and rash, presumed to lift his eyes, to elevate his heart; and, oh, stranger still! to this being, the moral antipodes of her pure self, did Flavia Harcourt surrender her youthful, modest, inestimable love. It must have been her very childishness and purity that attracted the desperate robber—the hardened libertine, now about to commit his worst and most inexcusable crime. He had accidentally met Mr. Harcourt at a country hunt—had, with others of his companions, been invited by that honest gentleman to a rustic fete, in honor of little Flavia's natal day—a day, he was wont to observe, to him remarkable for commemorating his greatest misfortune, and his intensest happiness; and then there the highwayman vowed to win and wear that pure bud of innocent freshness and rare fragrance, or to perish in the attempt. Master Richard Mowbray! unscrupulous De Montmorency! I will relate how you kept your vow.

He haunted Aveling Grange till the chaste young heart, the old father's beloved darling, surrendered itself into the highwayman's keeping. Perhaps Mr. Harcourt was not altogether best pleased at Flavia's choice; but then she was his life—his hope—and he trusted, even when he gave her to a husband, that her love and doting affection would still be his own; besides, Mowbray was well connected—boasted of his wealth; whereas a very moderate portion would be hers—was received in modish circles, into which the good old magistrate could never pretend to penetrate; and, in short, what with his high bearing, his handsome person, and insinuating tongue, Mr. Harcourt had irrevocably promised to bestow his treasure into the keeping of the prodigal, who numbered himself almost years enough to have been the father of the young girl, whom he testified the utmost impatience to call wife.

It was during the time that Mr. Mowbray was paying his court at Aveling, that the neighborhood began to be alarmed by a series of highway robberies, which men said could have been perpetrated but by that celebrated knight of the road—Captain De Montmorency. No one could stir after nightfall without an attack, in which numbers certainly were not wanting.

"Cudgel me, but we'll have him yet," said old Mr. Harcourt. "I should glory myself in going to Tyburn to see the fellow turned off. Ay, and I would take my little Flavia to see him go by in the cart, with a pail on his head and a nosegay; eh, my little girl?"

"Oh, no, father," said Flavia, "I could not abide it, though he is such a daring, wicked man, whose name makes me shrink with fear and terror whenever I hear it. I could never bear to see such a dreadful sight—it would haunt me till my death."

Does the gift of prophecy, involuntarily though it be, lurk within us yet? Does the soul dimly shadow out its own fate, or rather that of its frail and perishable habitation? Sweet Flavia! unsuspecting, innocent girl! your lips then pronounced your own doom, as irrevocably as though you had been some stern Sibyl, delivering instructable, unquestioned oracles, not a fair child as you were when I first saw you in the girlish frock and sash. Your brown hair curling down your straight glossy shoulders, your soft eyes shining through your blue eyes, like diamonds glittering among the freshest of roses. Sweet Flavia, I have lived to see my kindred dust heaped on your fresh young form, and old and withered now, I can not but remember the glow of your sweet, unstained youth, radiant in unforsaken love, happiness, and joy.

The betrothed pair were together to visit London. "But shall I dare," said the girl, as walking together in the old-fashioned Dutch garden, she leant her young sunless head on her guilty lover's breast; "I shall not dare take such a journey, for fear of the highwayman, De Montmorency?"

"Fear not, my sweet Flavia; this breast shall be pierced through ere De Montmorency shall cause one fear in thee."

"Richard, sweetest, why do you leave us so early every evening? At sunset, I have remarked. There are not London habits. Ah, does any other than your poor Flavia attract you? Oh, Richard, I must die if it should be so! I could not love, and know you were false."

"Sweetest, and best! my purest love, could any win me from you? were it a queen, think it not. I—the truth is, Flavia, I have a poor sick friend not far from here; he is poor, ill, and—I—"

"Say no more, dearest. Oh, how much more I love you every day! How good, how noble, thus to sacrifice!" And the blushing girl threw herself into her lover's arms.

Ah! how differently beat those two human hearts. One pregnant with love, goodness, charity sympathy; the other rank with hypocrisy, dark with unbelief.

They came to town, unmolested, you may be sure; the stranger, because a few days previously a terrible affair had occurred. Old Lord St. Hilary, the relic of the beau-garcons of former days, had been robbed and maltreated. Men were by no means so favored as the beau-garcons. Above all, a family jewel of immense value had been taken from his person; and on recovering from his wounds and fright, he swore vengeance. He took active measures to fulfill his vow.

Flavia came to us to be measured for wedding clothes. She was then the impersonification of radiant happiness. I was much struck with her, and with the handsome, dark-browed, swarthy gentleman who accompanied her and her friend, an old lady cousin to her father, at whose house the nuptial ceremony was to take place. The clothes were finished; saffron satin robes, according to a fancy of the bridegroom's, who was fond of the classics in his youthful days; orange blossoms wreath.

The wedding was to take place at the old rectory, Mrs. Duchesne's house, and on lagging wings, that day at length arrived. The marriage was celebrated, and the happy pair were in the act of being toasted by the father of the bride, when a strange noise was heard below; rude voices were upraised; on the stairs a rush toward the festive saloon. The company rose.

"What is it?" said Mr. Harcourt.

The door was broken open for answer. The officers of justice filled the room. Two advanced. "Come, captain," said they, "the game is up at last. It's an awkward time to arrest a gentleman on his wedding day; but duty, my noble Captain, duty, must be done."

Entranced, frozen beyond resistance or appeal, the bridegroom was fettered; and the bride! she stood there, her hazel eyes dilating, till they seemed about to spring from her head.

"My Richard! what is this?"

"Scoundrels!" said Mr. Harcourt, "release my son."

The men laughed. One of them was examining the necklace of Flavia; it contained a diamond in the centre, worth a ransom. "Where did you get this, miss?" he said.

Her friends answered, for the terror-stricken girl was inarticulate, "Mr. Mowbray's wedding gift."

"Oh, oh! This was the diamond Lord St. Hilary was so mad about. By your leave," and the gem was removed from the neck it encircled.

She comprehended something terrible. She found speech: "Whom do you take Mr. Mowbray for?" said she.

"Whom? why the renowned Captain de Montmorency?"

A shriek—so fierce in its agony as to cause the criminal to rebound—struck on the ears of all present, insensibility followed, and Flavia was removed. So was her bridegroom—to Newgate.

The trial was concluded—justice was appeased—the robber was doomed. And his innocent and unpolluted victim—For days her life had hung on a thread. But youth and health closed for a short time the gates of death. She recovered. Reviving as from a dreadful dream, she could scarcely believe in the terrible event which, tornado-like, had swept over her. She desired her father to repeat its circumstances. Weeping, and his venerable gray hairs whitened with sorrow, Mr. Harcourt complied. She heard the recital in silence. Presently clasping her father's hand, "Dear parent," she said, "when—when?" She could utter no more; nor was it necessary; he comprehended her meaning but to well.

"The day after to-morrow," he replied.

"Father, I must be there."

"My Flavia, my dearest daughter!"

"Father, I must be there! Do you remember your first? Ah, it has come to pass in bitter earnest. I must be there!"

Nor would she be pacified; she persisted. Her physician at length urged them to give her way. It would, he said, be less dangerous than denial.

Near Tyburn seats were erected. Windows, balconies to be let out on hire. One of these last, the most private, was secured, and on the fatal morning Flavia was taken thither in a close carriage, accompanied by her parent and her aged cousin. She shed no tears, heaved not a single sigh, and suffered herself to be led to the window with strange unmovable calmness. Soon shouts and the swelling murmur of a dense crowd reached her ears. The procession was arriving. The gallows was not in sight, but the fatal cart would pass close. It came on nearer, nearer—more like a triumph, that dismal sight, than a human fellow-man hastening to eternity.

She clenched her hands, she rose up, straining her fair white throat to catch a glimpse of the criminal. Yes, there he was, dressed gayly, the ominous nosegay flaunting in his breast, did despair in his heart, reaching from thence to his face. As the train passed Flavia's window, by chance he raised his hat, and his bearded eyes rested on his bride, his pure virgin wife. The wretched man uttered a yell of agony, and cast himself down on the boards of the vehicle. She continued gazing, the smile froze on her face, her eyes glassy, motionless, fixed. They never recovered their natural intelligence. Fixed and stony, they bore her, stricken lamb, from the dismal scene. Her old father watched for days by her bedside, eagerly waiting for a ray of light, a token of sense, or sound. None came. She had been stricken with catalepsy, and it was a blessing when the enchanted spirit was released from its frail habitation—when the pure soul was permitted to take its flight to happier regions. Poor Mr. Harcourt sunk shortly after into a state of childish imbecility, and soon after father and daughter slept in one grave.

PETITION OF THE FLOWERS.—Out in Yerba Buena Cemetery we observed a grave without any monument to tell the dead one's name. A small rose-bush was planted at the head, and under that stood a broken pitcher, containing a bunch of flowers, with a cup close by to water them. Several faded bouquets lay scattered about, showing that they had been tended and replaced by some one in whose heart the sleeper's name is graven deeper than the sculptor could cut it in stone. Who has this fine conception of the poetry of grief? Who has thought of the "pitcher broken at the fountain," and placed the water cup there, so that the unknown dead speaks voicelessly to the stranger, and says to him: "Won't you water my flowers?" We know not who lies under the hillock, but it is some one beloved in life, and whose memory is still locked up in a living sanctuary. Who could resist the eloquent appeal of the drooping flowers? Who would not dip his hand in the cup and re-baptize the drooping children of the spring-time, left there to struggle with death in his own domain? Ordain us a monument like this, with no costly sculpturing or false record of an ill spent life; let but one sorrower wander into the necropolis at the departure of day, and plant over us a handful of flowers, and leave beside them a cup of water, from which the ministering hand of the by-passer may give the thirsty watchers drink!—*San Francisco Journal.*

Words are often the signs of ideas, and quite as often of the want of them.

Our poetry in the eighteenth century was prose; our prose in the seventeenth century poetry.

A sweet girl is a sort of divinity, to whom even the Scriptures do not forbid us to render "lip service."

## Sermons and Bishops' charges.

At the Sheriff's Court, on Tuesday, the case of "Rogers v. Havergal" was tried before Mr. Kerr. The plaintiff was a retired clergyman, and the defendant the vicar of Cople vicarage, in Bedford.

Mr. Hudson, stated for the plaintiff that the action was brought to recover 2l. 10s. for twenty sermons sold and delivered to the defendant.

Mr. Marchmont, agent to the plaintiff, stated that defendant ordered upon the 27th of April, 1859, a sermon upon "the Thanksgiving for the termination of the Indian War," price 2s. 6d. This was sent, and subsequently defendant wrote for copies of sermons, and twenty were sent upon general subjects. Since then defendant wrote for a special sermon upon the re-opening of his church, and for this he paid 1l.

A number of letters were read by Mr. Hudson, and in one defendant was surprised that so many sermons had been sent, "but he would look them over, and keep what suited him." The letter provoked great laughter and surprise, such phrases as "Stock sermons," "What have you in stock?" and "send me so and so," occurring so frequently, that his Honour called the business a "sermon manufactory."

Plaintiff's agent remarked that many clergymen had four or five sermons a week to preach, besides bible classes, and it was impossible to give original sermons. The sermons were lithographed in sets of thirty.

His Honour: Then, if I went into one or two churches on one Sunday, I might stand the chance of hearing the same sermon at each.—Plaintiff's agent: precisely.

In answer to the claim, defendant produced a circular sent to him by plaintiff, and contended that he had returned the sermons.

A desultory conversation ensued, and plaintiff's agent observed that sermons fetched at prices, and some as high as £5 5s.

His Honour: What sermons fetch £5 5s.—Mr. Marchmont: A bishop's charge or an archdeacon's address.

His Honour: Do you manufacture bishop's charges?—Witness: I can produce a man who has written them.

His Honour: What would a sermon before the Lord Mayor cost?—Witness: From £3 3s. to £5 5s.

His Honour (to Mr. Hudson, who is a common councilman): There is no knowing where our sermons come from. (Much laughter.)—Mr. Hudson: I was not aware of it till to-day.

Defendant then urged that he had returned the sermons, and complained of the price, but it was shown that he had paid 10s. into court for four, thereby admitting the price; that he had kept the sermons for a very long time; and that plaintiff had not received them back even now. Defendant said that even in the case of the sermons paid for he had to re-write them before he could preach them.

His Honour: Perhaps you picked out the tit bits. (Much laughter.) I must hold that you did not return the goods within a reasonable time, and I find for the plaintiff for the full amount, with costs of attorney.—*London Times.*

LIFE AMONG THE AFRICANS.—The following is an extract from a recent letter from Dr. Livingston, in which he speaks of the negroes of the Upper Zambezi River:—

"Many of these tribes are governed by a female chief. If you demand anything of a man, he replies, 'I will talk with my wife about it.' If the woman consents, your demand is granted. If she refuses, you will receive a negative reply. Women vote in all the public assemblies. Among the Bechuannas and Kafirs the men swear by their father; but among the veritable Africans occupying the centre of the continent, they always swear by their mother."

"If a young man falls in love with a maiden of another village, he leaves his own and takes up his dwelling in hers. He is obliged to provide in part for the maintenance of his mother-in-law, and to assume a respectful attitude, a sort of semi-kneeling, in her presence. I was so much astonished at all these marks of respect to woman, that I inquired of the Portuguese if such had been the habit of the country. They assured me that such had always been the case."

"WHAT DID HE SAY LYDIA?"—Good old Mrs. Call was very hard of hearing, being somewhat advanced in years. Her daughter Lydia was a bouncing lass who loved a good frolic, and knew well how to get one up. Lydia had arranged a junket, and the young men and maids were all on hand.—Among the rest was the General—one of them. In the midst of the fun, in puffed old Deacon I saw to see how the widow fared. This was a blanket to the father, and the Deacon held on till Lydia was out of patience. She wished he would go, and by and by he gets up to depart.

"Oh, Deacon," said mother Call, don't think of going before tea. Oh, do stop to tea."

The Deacon so strongly replied: "Well, I rather think I will, as the folks won't expect me home till after dark."

"What did he say, Lydia?" asked the widow.

Lydia had a ready answer.

"He says he will not to day, mother, as the folks expect him before dark. Why how deaf you are getting mother?"

"Oh, well, some other day, Deacon, won't you said mother Call, as she showed the Deacon out."

"Smart girl, that," said the Deacon, as he trudged along home. "She'll find her way through I'll warrant!"

Why, Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally Bridget for the amusement of her company, upon the fantastic ornamenting of a huge pie:—

"Why, Bridget did you do this, you're quite an artist: how did you do it?" "Indeed, it was myself that did it," replied Bridget. "Isn't it pretty, mum? I did it with your false teeth, mum."

A PLEASANT YOKELLOW.—"My yoke is easy, and my burden light," as the young man said, when his sweetheart was sitting on his lap, with her arms round his neck.

Missouri is decidedly progressive. A bill before its Legislature contains this encouraging proviso: "Any body speaking disrespectfully of the Governor or Legislature will be tried by court martial."

## General News.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT ON PRIVATIZING.—The latest announcement of the stand taken by the British Government on the privatizing of the "Southern Conduits," will prove satisfactory to our local citizens. A royal proclamation is to be issued denouncing all complicity on the part of British subjects with the privatizers, and warning them that, if they are thus involved, their blood will be on their own heads, as they can expect no redress from England. With this announcement, the position of Great Britain in regard to our war of rebellion becomes nearly clear, and it is as fair, perhaps, as we could expect under the circumstances. We will have nothing to do with the struggle.

If we make an effective blockade—and we have no right to set up any other—she will respect it, she admits that the "secessionists are belligerents," as this saves her from the international necessity of waging war upon their sailors as pirates. But if her own sailors take service with the secessionists, she disowns them, and allows our government to treat them as pirates. It follows we conclude from this, that Great Britain will not allow her ports to be used by the privatizers for harboring captured vessels. This point is not cleared up yet, but it seems to result from the position to construe everything closely against the privatizers, short of compelling the English marine to hunt them down, and thus involve the government in the contest.—*American paper.*

DEGRADATION OF A FRENCH OFFICER.—At Grenoble three days back, a painful scene was witnessed, the degradation of an officer of the army, in consequence of his having been condemned to five years hard labour for robbery. The culprit was Lieutenant Leandri, of the 95th Regiment, and the robbery was one of 32,000fr. from the paymaster of the camp at Sathonay. The degradation took place in the usual manner. All the troops of the garrison were assembled, and the prisoner was placed in front of his own regiment. The judgement on him was then read, and the commanding officer, in a loud voice, cried:—"Leandri, you have forfeited your honour, and in the name of the Emperor we degrade you! We further declare that you shall cease to wear the military and Crimean medals with which you are decorated!" Then an Adjutant tore off his epaulettes and threw them on the ground; broke his sword and cast the pieces before him; and pulled off his medals and threw them on the ground also. The culprit was afterwards handed over to the gendarmes, the troops were made to file off before him, and he was conveyed to prison.—*Galignani.*

SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE AT SEAL ISLAND.—A correspondent at Seal Island, writes that at 5 p. m., on the 8th inst., the hull of a wreck was discovered drifting ashore on the south part of the island. There being a tremendous sea at the time, the wreck soon went to pieces. The next morning the bodies of three women, one of them much disfigured, were found thrown up among the rocks. No remains of any men were found. Two trunks, containing clothing and some money, were picked up. From some fragments of the wreck it was ascertained that the vessel was called the *Triumph*, supposed to be from New York to Halifax, chiefly, not wholly laden with flour, quantities of which were floating about. No clue was found to the name of the Captain or any of the crew. One boat was picked up a mile from the shore. It was supposed the vessel had struck on some of the ledges the night previous there being a very dense fog, as she was a wreck and going to pieces, before striking the shore. The remains of the three women were decently interred.—*Halifax Chronicle.*

ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH FLEET FOR THE NEWFOUNDLAND STATION.—We find the following notice of the arrival of the French fleet at Sydney, in the Cape Breton News:—

The French Fleet destined for St. Pierre, Miquelon, and Newfoundland, arrived here during the week, and are at present anchored abreast of the town, affording an agreeable and lively change from the usually quiet aspect of our harbour. The *Pomone*, bearing the broad pennant of the Marquis de Montaignac de Chauvance, the Commodore on the station; the *Gassendi* and *Milan*, under the respective commands of Monsieur Gautier, and Monsieur Cloue.

REMOVAL OF A TOMBSTONE BY ORDER OF THE BISHOP OF RYPON.—A tombstone placed at the grave of the late W. Priestman, Esq., in the parish churchyard of Richmond has been forcibly removed. The stone consists of an ornamental cross, with a crown of thorns encircling the sacred monogram "I.H.S." The stem of the cross divides the front of the stone into two compartments, on the left side of which is the following inscription:—"Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of William Priestman, who departed this life September 6, 1860, aged 62 years. R. I. P. Eternal rest give to him O Lord."

Running down the stem of the cross are the following words:—"Miserere me Deus." We need scarcely remark that the interference has arisen in consequence of the purgatorial doctrine implied in the inscription. After the stone had been up for about a week we are informed an order was received from the Bishop of Ripon, addressed to the rector or his representative, that it should be at once removed. This having been notified to the family of Mr. Priestman, they declined to comply with the bishop's order. On the communication of the refusal, the church authorities directed the immediate removal of the stone, which was carried out on Saturday last.—*Ripon Chronicle.*

ARRIVAL OF ARMS.—The steamship *Arabia*, now in port, brought over 10,000 arms, being a portion of the order of the government for arms from England. The Governor of Massachusetts has sent over an experienced Board of purchase agents to the extent of \$250,000. The Governor of this state has dispatched an agent to the city of New York, under the auspices of the Secretary of State of the United States to the British Government, for the purchase of arms, and \$500,000 have been set apart for that purpose, of the three millions appropriated by the state Legislature for war purposes. In case they cannot be purchased in England, or loaned there, with a pledge to return an equal number as good, giving the half million as security, they will then be purchased in Belgium, where there are large manufactories and usually a large surplus supply.—*Scientific American.*

## Items, Foreign & Local.

Marriages at Gretna Green are no longer legal, except after fourteen days residence in the parish, which will give time for pursuit of runaways.

A curious anecdote is told of Francis II., late King of Naples. A person having despatches for the Minister of Justice, wandered about Gaeta to find his office. Entering a dismantled building, he saw a man sitting on a pile of papers, who answered his inquiries by saying he was the minister. He then asked where he could find the minister of war. "Here," was the reply, "I am the minister," adding: "Finding myself betrayed by every one I trusted, I am my own minister of war in the morning, chancellor in the afternoon and prefect of police at night." It was, indeed, Francis II himself.

Another scandalous case is before the English court. Sir C. H. Rumbold, nephew of Lord Ranelagh, deceased, has brought an action against Mr. and Mrs. Forteach, of Bunbury Hall, Notts, to recover a property of £7,000 a year, bequeathed to her by his lordship. The circumstances are curious enough. The wife of Lord Ranelagh was a proud lady of rank, who ran off with one of her servants. He then formed an intimacy with a Mrs. Bartt, she becoming wealthy, married Mr. Forteach, and they are living on her ill-gotten fortune. The will, it is alleged, was fraudulently obtained.

LARGE SIZED EGGS.—We have seen several specimens of eggs produced in this neighborhood of late from the real Shanghai breed of fowls, but the greatest of all were produced on the farm of William Steven's, Esq., at Sheldale. The largest measured 9 1/2 by 7 1/2 inches, had two yokes, and weighed more than any two ordinary eggs.—*Westmorland Times.*

Parliament has voted the Princess Alice a dowry of £30,000 and an annuity of £6000. Her sister, the Princess Royal, received £40,000 and an annuity of £8000.

The London Times says that "civil war in the United States means desolation in Lancashire."

Col. Luttrell, of Georgia, having been challenged by his father, declined the combat—not on any ground of filial connection, but because, as he said, his father "was no gentleman."

GARIBOLDI ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.—The *Hero of Sicily Deprecates Disunion*.—Mr. Edwin C. Bull, of this city, has received an autograph letter from Garibaldi which we are permitted to translate:

GENOA, April 3, 1861.

"Mr. Edwin Bull.—It is indeed painful to my heart to observe that while the Italians are using every endeavour to reunite themselves, the Americans, hitherto united, are now working equally hard to separate. Try to avoid it. Your great people, like those of Rome, ought to understand that its mission is to form one great family from the North to the South. Do so, and you will be blessed both by men and God."

YOUTHS, G. GARIBOLDI.

There are nearly thirty thousand blind people in Great Britain.

VERY PATRIOTIC.—The New York *Tribune* says that those who are supplying the soldiers in that city with blankets, &c., are cheating them by selling them rotten, worthless articles.

REV. DR. DUFF, the well-known missionary in India, has in the discharge of his duty, so affected his health by over-exertion and manifold labors, that he is often obliged to recline while preaching.

England exports nearly six hundred thousand barrels of beer every year—Australia and India take about one half of that quantity.

The Great Eastern had but one hundred passengers on her recent passage from Milford Haven to New York.

The *Neptune* was crowded with passengers, Thursday morning, for the Tangier gold diggings. There were several from New Brunswick.—*Nova Scotian.*

A Glasgow paper says that Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller, writes to a friend in Glasgow, that he had passed large fields of cotton on the Zambesi, the article having a pile an inch and a half long.

The Great Eastern, which will return with a full cargo of grain, brought out but one item of freight, a china tea set in a box, and this, even did not appear on her manifest as it belonged to a passenger.

The printers of New York city are joining in for the war quite enthusiastically. Six have gone from the *Times* office, six from the *Nes*, twelve from the *Tribune*, twenty-three from the *World*, eight from the *Herald*, six from the *Express* eight from *Hopfer's* six from the German dailies, and eight or ten from the *Journal of Commerce* and *Courier*. These make a total of eighty-five. All told about two hundred members of the craft have enlisted for the campaign.

COL. ELLSWORTH.—Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth was a native of Mechanicsville, a village near Troy, N. Y., where his parents now reside. The father of Col. Ellsworth happened to be in the telegraph office when the melancholy intelligence was received, and the first intimation he had of it was seeing the operator weeping. Mr. Ellsworth's grief was indescribable on learning the sad news. The Col was the only living son of his parents, a younger brother having died last fall. The letter writers say that the last thing Col. Ellsworth did before leaving Washington was to write a letter to his father, and another to Miss Carrie Spafford, at Rockford, Ill., to whom he was engaged to be married. His last act, as he left the tent to embark on the steamer, was to look at her portrait, and to place it in his bosom.—*Boston Journal.*

CIVILIZED WARFARE.—Under this head the *Boston Transcript*