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Poetry.

ONE O'CLOCK.

Another stroke upon Time's anvil struck!
Another hour drawn from the heart
Of silence; that within lone aisles, apart,
And hollow belfries, in the heart of the rock,
And this my cloister of the lamp and book,
Upward the same dim Cyprian arm might dart,
Swing the same shadowy sledge, and mortals start
With the same brazen blow!—Sure man mistook
His own endurance, when he thought the bells
To prophesy against him from their towers!
The high sun speaks not, Ocean's ebb and swell
Mock through a silent calendar. All portents
Of life and death muffle their peaks and kowls—
Why arm with thunder the avenging hours!

Select Tale.

LOVE AND DIPLOMACY.

"Pray pardon me,
For I am like a boy that hath found money.
Afraid I dream still."—Ford or Webster.

It was on a fine September evening, within my time (and I am not, I trust, to old to be loved,) that Count Anatole L., of the impetuous and particularly useless profession of attache, walked up and down before the glass in his rooms at the "Archduke Charles," the first hotel, as you know if you have travelled, in the green-belted and fair city of Vienna. The brass-ring was still swinging on the end of the bell-rope, and in a respectful attitude at the door stood the just summoned Signor Attilio valet and privy councillor to one of the handsomest excoombs errant through the world. Signor Attilio was a Tyrolese, and, like his master, was very handsome. Count Anatole had been idling away three golden summer months in the Tyrol, for the sole purpose, as far as mortal eyes could see, of disguising his face Puklian features in a sallow moustache and whiskers. The crimes ridentes as Eneas Silvius has it, being now in a condition beyond improvement, Signor Attilio had for some days been rather curious to know what course of events would next occupy the diplomatic talents of his master.

After a turn or two more in silence, Count Anatole stopped in the middle of the floor, and crying the well made Tyrolese from head to foot begged to know if he were at the present moment his most becoming breeches jacket and beaver.

Attilio was never astonished at anything his master did or said. He simply answered, "Yes."

"Be so kind as to strip immediately, and dress yourself in that travelling suit laying on the sofa."

As the green, gold-coloured jacket, knee-breeches, buckles and stockings were laid aside, Count Anatole threw off his dressing-gown, and commenced encasing his handsome proportions in the cast off habiliments. He then put on the comical, slouch-rimmed hat, with tall eglar leather stuck jauntily on the side, and the two rich tassels pendant over his left eye; and the toilet of the valet being completed at the same moment, they stood looking at each other with perfect gravity, rather transformed, but each apparently quite at home in his new character.

"You look very like a gentleman, Attilio," said the Count.

"Your excellency has caught, to admiration *Paria del pose*," complimented back again the sometimes Tyrolese.

"Attilio!"

"Signore!"

"Do you remember the lady in the forest of Frull?"

Attilio began to have a glimmering of things. Some three months before the Count was lashing on at a rapid post-pace through a deep wood in the mountains which head in the Adriatic. A sudden pull up at a turning in the road nearly threw him from his britska and looking at the *anima di porco* of the postillion he found his way impeded by an overcast carriage, from which three or four servants were endeavoring to extract the body of an old man killed by the accident. There was more attractive metal for the traveller, however, in the shape of a young and beautiful woman, leaning, pale, and faint, against a tree, and apparently about to sink to the ground unassisted. To bring a hat full of water from the nearest brook, and receive her falling head on his shoulder was the work of a thought. She had fainted quite away; and taking her, like a child in his arms, he placed her on the bank by the roadside, bathed her forehead and lips, and chafed her small white hands, till his heart, with all the distress of the scene, was quite mad with her perfect beauty.

Animation at last began to return; and as the flush was stealing into her lips, another carriage drove up with servants in the same livery; and Count Anatole thoroughly bewildered in his new dream, mechanically assisted them in getting their living mistress and dead master into it; and until they were fairly out of sight, it had never occurred to him that he might possibly wish to know the name and condition of the fairest piece of work he had ever seen from the hand of his Maker.

An hour before, he had doubled his *buono mano* to the postillion, and was driving on to Vienna, as if to sit at a new congress. Now he stood leaning against the tree, at the foot of which the grass and wild flowers showed the print of a new-made pressure, and the postillion cracked his whip, and Attilio reminded him of the hour he was losing in vain. He remounted after a while, but the order was to go back to the last post-house.

Three or four months at a solitary albergo in the neighborhood of this adventure, passed by the Count in scouring the country on horseback in every direction, and by his servant in very particular enquiring up the story nearly to where the scene opens.

"I have seen her!" said the Count.

Attilio only lifted up his eyebrows.

"She is here, in the neighborhood of Vienna!"

"Felice lei!" murmured Attilio.

"She is the Princess Leichtenfels, and, by the death of that old man, a widow."

"Veramente!" responded the valet, with a rising inflexion; for he knew his master and French morals too well not to foresee a damper in the possibility of matrimony.

"Veramente!" gravely echoed the Count.

And now, listen. The princess lives in close re-

tirement; an old friend or two, and a tried servant are the only persons who see her. You are to contrive to see this servant to-morrow, corrupt him to leave her, and recommend me in his place; and then you are to take him as your courier to Paris; whence, if I calculate well, you will return to me before long with important despatches. Do you understand me?"

"Signor, si!"

In the small boudoir of a "maison de plaisance," sat the widowed mistress of one of the oldest titles and finest estates of Austria. The light from a single long window opening down to the floor, and leading out upon a terrace of flowers, was subdued by a heavy crimson curtain, looped partially away; a pastel lamp was sending up from its porphyry pedestal a thin and just perceptible curl of smoke, through which the lady musingly passed backward and forward one of her slender fingers; and, on a table near, lay a sheet of black-edged paper, crossed by a silver pen, and scrawled over irregularly with devices and disconnected words, and listless idleness. The door opened, and a servant in mourning livery stood before the lady.

"I have thought over your request, Wilhelm," she said. "I have become accustomed to your services, and regret to lose you; but I should regret more to stand in the way of your interest. You have my permission."

Wilhelm expressed his thanks with an effort that showed he had not obeyed the call of Mammon without regret, and requested leave to introduce the person he had proposed as his successor.

"Of what country is he?"

"Tyrolese, your excellency."

"And why does he leave the gentleman with whom he came to Vienna?"

"Il est amoureux d'une Viennoise, madam," answered the ex-valet, resorting to French to express what he considered a delicate circumstance.

"Pauvre enfant!" said the Princess, with a sigh that partook as much of envy as of pity. "Let him come in!"

And the Count Anatole, as the sweet accents reached his ear stepped over the threshold, and in the coarse but gay dress of the Tyrol, stood in the presence of her whose dewy temples he had bathed in the forest, whose lips he had almost "pyred into" for breath, whose snowy hands he had clasped and kissed when the senses had deserted their celestial organs—the angel of his perpetual dream, the lady of his wild and uncontrollable, but respectful and honorable love.

The Princess looked carelessly up as he approached, but her eyes seemed arrested in passing over his features. It was but momentary. She returned to her occupation of winding her taper fingers in the smoke curls of the incense-lamp, and with a half-sigh, as if she had repelled a pleasing thought, she leaned back in silken fault, and asked the new comer his name.

"Anatole, your excellency."

The voice again seemed to stir something in her memory. She passed her hand over her eyes, and was for a moment lost in thought.

"Anatole," she said, (oh, how the sound of his own name, murmured in that voice of music, thrilled through the fiery veins of the disguised lover!)" "Anatole, I receive you into my service. Wilhelm will inform you of your duties, and—I have a fancy for the dress of the Tyrol—you may wear it instead of my livery, if you will."

And with one stolen and warm gaze from under his drooping eyelids, and heart and lips on fire as he thanked her for her condescension, the new retainer took his leave.

Month after month passed on—to Count Anatole in a bewildering dream of ever-deepening passion. It was upon a soft and amorous morning of April, that a dashing equipage stood at the door of the proud palace of Leichtenfels. The arms of Esterhazy blazed on the panels, and the *incassante* chassours leaned against the marble columns of the portico, waiting for their master, and speculating on the gaiety likely to issue from the suit he was prosecuting within. How could a prince of Esterhazy be supposed to sue in vain.

The disguised footman had shown the gay and handsome nobleman to his mistress's presence. After rearranging a family of very well-arranged flower pots, shutting the window to open it again, changing the folds of the curtains not at all for the better, and looking a stolen and fierce look at the unconscious visitor, he could find no longer an apology for remaining in the room. He shut the door after him in a tempest of jealousy.

"Did your excellency ring?" said he, opening the door again, after a few minutes intolerable torture.

The Prince was on his knees at her feet!

"No, Anatole; but you may bring me a glass of water."

As he entered with the silver tray trembling in his hand, the prince was rising to go. His face expressed delight, hope, triumph, everything that could sadden the soul of the irritated lover. After waiting on his rival to his carriage, he returned to his mistress, and receiving the glass upon the tray, was about leaving the room in silence, when the princess called to him.

In all this lapse of time it is not to be supposed that Count Anatole played merely his footman's part. His respectful and elegant demeanor, the propriety of his language, and that deep devotedness of manner which wins a woman more than all things else, soon gained upon the confidence of the princess; and before a week had passed she found that she was happier when he stood behind her chair; and gave him, with some self-denial, those frequent permissions of absence from the palace, which she supposed he asked to prosecute the amour disclosed to her on his introduction to her service. As time flew, she attributed his earnestness and occasional warmth of manner to gratitude; and, without reasoning much on her feelings gave herself up to the indulgence of a degree of interest in him which would have alarmed a woman more skilled in the knowledge of the heart. Married from a convent, however, to an old man who had secluded her from the world, the voice of the passionate Count in the Forest of Frull was the first sound of love that had entered her ears. She knew not why it was, but the tones of her new footman, and now then a look of his eyes, as he leaned over to assist her at table, troubled her memory, like a trace of a long lost dream.

But, oh! what moments had been his in those fleeting months! Admitted to her presence in her most unguarded hours—seeing her at morning, noon, at night, in all her unstudied and surprising loveliness—forever near her, and with the world shut out—her rich hair flowing with the lightest breeze across his fingers in his assiduous service—her dark, full eyes, unconscious of an observer, filling with unexpressed tears, or glowing with pleasure over some tale of love—her exquisite form flung upon a couch, or bending over flowers, or moving about the room in all its native and untrammelled grace—and her voice, tender, and most tender to him, though she knew it not; and her eyes, herself unaware, ever following him, never losing a glance of a motion, but treasuring all up in his heart with the avarice of a miser—what, in common life, though it were, the life of fortune's most favored child, could compare with that for bliss.

Pale and agitated, the Count turned back at the call of his mistress, and stood awaiting her pleasure.

"Anatole?"

"Madame!"

The answer was so low and deep, it startled even himself.

She motioned him to come nearer. She had sunk upon the sofa, and as he stood at her feet she leaned forward, buried her arms in the long curls, which in her retirement she allowed to float luxuriously over her shoulders, and sobbed aloud. Overcome, and forgetful of all but the distress of the lovely creature before him, the Count dropped upon the cushion on which rested the small foot in its mourning slipper, and taking her hand, pressed it suddenly and fervently to his lips.

The reality broke upon her! She was beloved—but by whom? A mental! and the appalling answer drove all the blood of her proud race in a torrent upon her heart, sweeping away all affection as if her nature had never known its name. She sprang to her feet, and laid her hand upon the bell.

"Madame!" said Anatole, in a cold, proud tone. She said her arm to listen.

"I leave you forever."

And again, with the quick revulsion of youth and passion, her woman's heart rose within her, and she buried her face in her hands, and dropped her head in utter abandonment on his bosom.

It was the birthday of the Emperor, and the courtly nobles of Austria were rolling out from the capital to offer their congratulations at the royal palace of Schonbrunn. In addition to the usual attractions of the scene, the drawing-room was to be graced by the first public appearance of a new French Ambassador, whose reputed personal beauty and talents he had displayed in a late secret negotiation, had set the whole court, from the Queen of Hungary, to the youngest *dame d'honneur*, in a flame of curiosity.

To the Prince Esterhazy there was another reason for writing the day in red letters. The Princess Leichtenfels, by an express message from the Empress, was to throw aside her widow's weeds, and appear once more to the admiring world. She had yielded to the summons, but it was to be her last day of splendor. Her heart and hand was pledged to her Tyrolese menial; and the brightest and loveliest ornament of the court of Austria, when the ceremonies of the day were over, was to lay aside the costly mantle from her brow, and forget rank and fortune as the wife of his bosom!

The dazzling hours flew on. The plain and kind old Emperor welcomed and smiled upon all. The wily Metternich, in the prime of his successful manhood, cool, polite, handsome and winning, gathered golden opinions by every word and look; the young Duke of Reichstadt, the mild and gentle son of the struck Eagle of St. Helena, surrounded and caressed by a continual cordon of admiring women, seemed forgetful that opportunity and expectation awaited him, like two angels with their wings outspread; and laughing nobles and their laughing dames, statesmen, soldiers, and priests, crowded upon each other's heels, and mixed together in that doubtful *padria*, which goes by the name of pleasure. I could moralize here had I time.

The Princess Leichtenfels had gone through the ceremony of presentation, and had heard the murmur of admiration drawn by beauty from all lips, and dizzy with the scene, and with a heart full of painful and conflicting emotions, she accepted the proffered arm of Prince Esterhazy to breathe a fresher air upon the terrace. They stood near a window, and he was pointing out to his fair companion the various characters as they passed within.

"I must contrive," said the Prince, "to show you the new envoy. Oh! you have not heard of him? Beautiful as Narcissus, modest as Pastor Corydon, clever as the prime minister himself, this paragon of diplomatists has been here disguised these three months, negotiating about Metternich and the Duke knows what—but rewarded at last with an ambassador's star, and—here he is; Princess Leichtenfels, permit me to present—"

She heard no more. A glance from the diamond star on his breast to the Hephestian mouth and keen dark eye of Count Anatole, revealed to her the mystery of months. And as she leaned against the window for support, the hand that sustained her in the forest of Frull, and the same thrilling vision, in almost the same never-forgotten cadence, offered his impassioned sympathy and aid, and she recognized and remembered all.

I must go back so far as to inform you that Count Anatole, on the morning of this memorable day, had sacrificed a silky but purulent moustache, and a pair of the very saniciest dark whiskers out of Coventry. When the Prince Esterhazy recognized in the envoy the lady's gentleman who so inopportunist broke in upon his tender avowal I am not prepared to say. I only know that the Princess Leichtenfels was wedded to the new ambassador in the leafy month of June, and the Prince Esterhazy, unfortunately prevented by illness from attending the nuptials, lost a very handsome opportunity of singing with effect.

"If she be not fair for me!"

supposing it translated into German.

Whether the enamored ambassador prefers her husband in his new character, I am equally uncertain; though, from much knowledge of German court, and a little of human nature, I think she will be happy if, at some future day, she would not willingly exchange her proud envoy for the devoted Tyrolese, and does not sigh that she can no more bring him to her feet with a pull of a silken string.

Importance of Energy.

A man who has been unsuccessful in several departments of life, on account of his want of energy, was recently recommended to apply for assistance to a friend of rare executive ability and force of character. He replied, "it will be of no avail, for like the rest of active business men, he worships energy—a quality I do not possess." The sluggish man was right—for in our bustling times, energy is highly prized, and men possessing it to a prominent degree, are wanted everywhere. Fraser's Magazine has an excellent essay "On the importance of Energy in Life," which selects Lord Brougham and John Bright to illustrate the effect of energy on the public men of Great Britain. After speaking of Brougham's literary efforts, and censuring his style of composition, and his unreluctance as an authority on questions of fact—the writer adds: "But what energy pervades all his works, even where energy, as in scientific treatises, may not be quite in place—if it can be out of place anywhere; and what a wide knowledge of all ranks of men, and of all the business of life, the results of Brougham's incessant energy and activity, are found in them, giving them, where the subject is not passed as temporary, or extinguished by its realization, as powerful though not so fashionable an attraction now as on their first appearance."

It is stated that no Englishman, except Peel or Wellington, has produced such changes in the world of opinion and practice as Brougham. Look, adds the essayist, at the state, both in fact and in opinion, of law and education in the United Kingdom, now compared with what it was some half century ago, and render that honor which is due to the wonderful energy of Lord Brougham, without which quality he could not have succeeded, had his knowledge, his reasoning powers, and his abilities been greater than they even are. For not only could he not have them to force his way through such a phalanx of opposition, and to enliven such a mass of stolidity, as he had to do; he could not have borne himself up against the doubts of friends, the indifference of followers, the public fits of apathy, and the heart-sickness of hope deferred; nor have spoken, as he often had to do, with his best energies, to "the reporters."

John Bright is another living example of the power of energy in conducting to success in public life. He started without the prestige of popularity station, antecedents or powerful connections—scarful odds in Great Britain. His views on peace are not popular with John Bull, he is not a genial man—has but little of the learning of the schools—none of the self-sacrifice of genius—yet he has *gladiator-like energy*; and by that has obtained a position before the world, and now possesses a great deal of power over the legislation of Parliament. Had his intellectual powers been greatly multiplied, he would not now occupy such a prominent place among the men of the time as he does, had it not been for his earnestness of purpose and energy of character. With examples such as these, what wonder is it, that in this work day world, men worship energy.

A cute villager, who was rather hard up, entered the grocery of a good natured German, and called for some crackers, when, after he received them, he entered into conversation with some others in the place, and was on the point of leaving when he remarked to the proprietor, that he thought he would not take the crackers, but would take some beer instead, and, returning them, drank the beer and was about to leave, when the Dutchman called out:

"Hey, you sir, you no pay me for de pier."

"Why yes I did, I gave you the crackers for de beer."

"But you no pay me for the crackers."

"Why, I did not have the crackers."

The simple-minded Dutchman, after vainly trying to cypher out how he was a loser in the transaction, at length exclaimed:

"Vell, it may bees as it ish all right but I don't want any more of your tam gushen!"

THE HEALTHY MAN.—Of all the know-nothing persons in this world, commend us to the man who has "never known a days illness." He is a moral danger, one who has lost the greatest lesson in life, who has skipped the finest lecture in that great school of humanity, the sick chamber. Let him be a verse scholar in the classics, bachelor of arts, or even a doctor of divinity; yet is he one of those gentlemen whose education has been neglected. For all his college acquirements, how inferior is he in useful knowledge to a mortal who has had but a quarter's gout, or half a year's ague—how infinitely below the fellow-creature who has been soundly taught his tie-douloureux, thoroughly grounded in the rheumatics, and deeply red in scarlet fever! And yet it is more common than to hear a great hulking, florid fellow, bragging of an ignorance, a brutal ignorance, that he shares in common with the pig and bullock, the generality of whom die, probably, without ever having experienced a day's indisposition?—Hood.

Our young friend Harry Turn recently married his cousin of the same name. When interrogated as to why he did so, he replied that it had always been a maxim of his that "one good Turn deserves another," and he had acted accordingly.

A Proprietor of a cotton-mill, who is something of a philosopher, posted up on the factory gate the following notice: "No cigars or good looking men admitted." When asked for an explanation, he said, "I'll tell you—the one will set a flame going among my cotton, and the other among the girls. I won't admit such inflammable and dangerous things into my establishment at any risk."

A gentleman was called upon to apologize for words uttered in wine. "I beg pardon," said he, "I did not mean to say what I did; but I have had the misfortune to lose some of my front teeth, and words get out every now and then without my knowledge."

Advertisements.—Dull times are the very best for advertisers. What little is going on they get; while others are grubbing, they pay their way, and with a newspaper for a life preserver, swim on the top of the water, while others around them are sinking.

Bad feelings between France and England.

The attendance of the Princess of the house of Orleans on the funeral of their kinswoman—the late Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother—has been considered an offence by Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor of the French; who, besides diplomatic representations of displeasure, has inspired, as it is believed, an insolent article on the subject in the *Press*. The British journals are highly incensed at this impudent interference with our Queen's domestic and family arrangements, and speak of the said Louis Napoleon in a way that is anything but flattering. There are many indications of which this is only one, of an impending struggle in Europe of no ordinary magnitude. The following is the *May* Louis Napoleon's interference is treated not by a political or vulgar paper, but by the dignified, judicious, and religious *Edinburgh Witness*: "Apart from the gross inhumanity of the Emperor's interference, its presumptuous and dictatorial character is insufferable. Is he lord-paramount of the British Sovereign, that he should peremptorily and haughtily call her to account? The throne of France has neither the pre-eminence nor the independence of the British throne; yet in this instance he treats the latter as his footstool. He cannot have forgotten the intense and general indignation excited in this country by his attempted coercion of a British Ministry to expel foreign refugees from a sanctuary here. His recent design was 'another of the same,' but more audacious, inasmuch as, instead of constraining a British Government, he sought to frighten the Queen herself, and that, too, when her Majesty was overwhelmed with grief for the death of her inestimable mother. Impresuming to school and to scold our Queen as to her course of conduct in private life, he must have provoked the scorn of a mind that has not a little of her ancestors' courage, and, unquestionably, the enormity of his arrogance will ever be remembered by all classes of our countrymen with the keenest resentment."

Terrible Tragedy in Dublin.

A dreadful fire took place in Dublin on Sunday morning, in which eleven lives were lost. It occurred in a house in 9 Patrick Street, in which seven families, numbering thirty two individuals, lived. Fires had been extinguished and lights out, save in the two pair front, occupied by a man named Parker and his wife. These people arrived home about 12 o'clock. At twenty minutes past twelve on Sunday morning, the fire was discovered by police constables, and without loss of time they entered the burning premises by the hall door. The second pair front, in which the fire seems to have originated, was enveloped in flames, and could not be approached. The terror and confusion within the burning premises are more easily to be imagined than described. Half naked women, and children half delirious just awakened from their sleep, were to be seen rushing wildly through the smoke and flame calling for the absent—others ran into the midst of the danger, in their anxiety to escape, and amidst the scene of horror and confusion a mother was to be observed coming out of the dense smoke blackened with soot, mistleed and bleeding, bearing two of her children under her arms and one in her mouth! Gasping and fainting she sought her way to the street where she fell exhausted with her precious charge. Parker, in whose room the fire broke out, was next seen bearing out his three children, one of them fearfully burned and mutilated; and as each poor creature, shivering and fearful, issued to the street a person would be led to suppose that the house on fire was the lunatic asylum, and those who had escaped had been its demented inmates. This opinion would be regarded as true if the random muster roll of the missing, as they were called out by distracted men and women, could be heard amidst the roar of the flames through the crackling timbers, and the sympathizing shouts of anxious and unavailing benevolence that sought to do everything, but nothing could be done. It now became known that the majority of the inmates were within the burning premises, and cut off by walls of flames from any assistance. The cry was "water! water!" from every premise, but not a drop was to be had to save even one of the creatures standing half naked in front of the flames that, glutton-like, were licking up all before them. Every moment was an hour of awful suspense, and as the night stroller and the tavern Sybarite came up to gratify an idle curiosity people asked them eagerly did they see the engines coming. These enquiries were answered in the negative, and moment after moment a human life was sacrificed in the burning lazar house. Flame-hunted a half dozen poor creatures ran for their lives to the roof of the adjoining house, where they crouched and shivering in the thin morning air, renounced more cold and biting by the roasting atmosphere of smoke and flame from which they had escaped. Before them was the lurid blaze which, every moment gained upon their temporary refuge, and as they gazed with strained and wistful eyes and their approaching and terrible death, succor came to them through the agency of four men of the Police Fire Brigade. They contrived by passing ladders from Plunket Street, across the roofs of several houses, over which the brave fellows passed with the agility of cats, to render help at the risk of their lives to the poor despairing creatures on the roof. They rescued a Mrs. McGarry and her two children from certain death, and did not leave their work until they were off all the poor people who were on the roof. The first engine was not on the spot until half an hour after the fire was discovered, and the last was not present for an hour and fifteen minutes subsequent to the alarm having been given. The Conductor of the fire engines got on the roof, where he remained for about ten minutes, and returned by the hall door of the burning house, without being able to reach the eleven poor creatures who were now past all human aid. The water came slowly to the engines, but when it did come it soon told on the flames, and got them completely under at a quarter past three o'clock. The most heart-rending to see those who had escaped from the burning looking for the missing members of their families, who were now lying charred and smothered in a smothering heap, amidst pools of water, in which their red hot bones were steaming. Ten human beings lay huddled together on the drawing room floor as they had fallen when the upper floor gave way. In all the chambers of horror there was nothing more horrible than this. The flesh contracted by the heat was torn from its place, and hung in burned masses on the blackened bones. Spatches of skin were to be seen on porcupine of a face, and a partially unburned arm or leg contrasted horribly with the burned members adjoining them, which were nothing more than masses of dark, wet ashes.

Items, Foreign & Local.

A lady of Burlington, N. J., has patented a device for throwing reaping and mowing machines out of gear by means of a driver's seat. When the driver takes his seat, his weight throws the machine into gear. Many accidents have occurred from reaping and mowing machines when being driven to and from the field; this is intended to render these machines safe.

The discovery of a new gallery in the catacombs of Rome has just been announced, and from the information received it will probably furnish some new and interesting contributions to the history of Christian Art. From the vases and other objects already found, there seems no reason to doubt the supposition that this gallery has remained closed from a very early period; and astute archeologists will await with great interest that thorough investigation of the walls, where, if anywhere, will be revealed what is most interesting to art in its pictorial aspect.

It is stated in some of the German journals that the late king of Prussia has left the manuscript of an important work entitled, "History of the Evangelical Church and of its Developments," and that Professor Richter is charged to publish it.

Charles Lever, the novelist, died at Spezia in the latter part of April.

The Nashville *Banner* of May 8, congratulates the rebels on the arrival of a ship at New Orleans from Europe with 250,000 stand of arms, and states that about fifty boxes of guns, and other munitions of war, a portion of the cargo have reached that place.

In the first half of last week, nearly a million bushels of breadstuffs were shipped from Chicago.

George Hickman, a lawyer of Philadelphia, has been sent to the city prison for six months, for stealing sixteen volumes from the Law Library.

The average height of Englishmen is five feet eight inches; of English women, five feet one inch.

A despatch from Gardner's Island, on the 13th, to the Boston *Globe*, says that two printers were captured by a frigate between that Island and Montauk, on Saturday afternoon, after three hours cannonading. They were towed into New London on Saturday night.

An attempt was made at Washington on the 14th to poison a regiment of the United States troops stationed there, by mixing arsenic with sugar. Several of the 12th regiment are ill.

The present troubles in the United States having destroyed the Northern trade with the South, our American neighbors seem anxious to extend their business operations with the British Provinces. There has been a large number of American commercial travellers perambulating this Province, and especially the city, this Spring, and there are several at present with us. The Northern merchants have generally found us to be good customers, and just now they feel inclined to trust us to a greater extent than ever.—*News*.

A boy ten years of age committed suicide in Milford, Ill., because his father forced him to attend school.

The New York *Herald* is informed that there are plenty of spies from the South in the very midst of the Federal troops at Washington, but cannot be treated as such as no declaration of war has yet been made.

A nugget of gold was lately found by the Mammoth Tunnel Company at Chipp's Flat, Sierra County, Cal., worth \$10,000. A few years ago a lump worth upwards of \$4000 was found at the same locality, and several smaller lumps have been found at different times since.

The people of Yarmouth, N. S., are making great preparations for celebrating, on the 7th June, the centenary of the settlement of that town.

Anthony Phillip Heinrich, the celebrated musical composer, died at an early hour on Friday morning the 3rd inst., in the eighty first year of his age, after a lingering illness of four months.

A Canadian paper says that two men were frozen to death on the 1st day of May, at L'Islet, Canada East, while returning from a sugar bush in the vicinity of that place.

The estimated cost of supporting the British army in 1861 is \$70,000,000.

The name of the celebrated character Thomas F. Meagher has been stricken off the roll of honorary members of the Hibernian Society of Charleston, South Carolina, because his sympathies were with the Unionists.

Some of the Paris papers give currency to a story that the Roman Catholics of the Southern States have offered the throne of the New Confederacy to Francis II of Naples.

A Washington letter writer recently saw a private in the Rhode Island regiment, who was worth half a million of dollars, engaged in the work of mopping up the floor of the barracks. There are many wealthy men among the Northern volunteers who do their duty in the ranks as cheerfully as the sons of toil.

John Munro, Esq., formerly a member of the Nova Scotia Legislature, has been elected to the House of Representatives of the Colony of New Zealand.

We understand that H. M. Emigration Officer has written to Mr. Shives, informing him that there will be an unusually large emigration from Ireland to the North American Colonies during the present season.—*Courier*.

Quite a large amount of arms have been smuggled into Virginia in coffins.

The Volunteer Rifle Corps of England now number 140,000.

The Spanish Government is building ten additional steam sloops of war for the suppression of the slave trade on the coast of Cuba.

All the printers in Cambridge, Indiana, have volunteered, and no paper will be published there at present.

John B. Gough has dedicated all his receipts from earnings until next fall, for the purpose of equipping volunteers for the defence of the Union. A flag 65 feet long and 30 feet wide, has been thrown to the breeze in Boston.