

# The Carleton Sentinel.

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NO. 7.

## Poetry.

### MY WILL.

Since I have no lands or honours,  
And no hoarded golden store,  
What can I leave those who love me  
When they see my face no more?  
Do not smile, I am not jesting,  
Though my words sound gay and light,  
Listen to me, dearest Alice,  
I will make my will to-night.

First for Mabel, who will never  
Let the dust of future years  
Dim the thought of me, but keep it  
Brighter still—perhaps with tears;  
In whose eyes whate'er I glance at,  
Touch, or praise, will always shine,  
Through a strange and sacred radiance,  
By Love's chariot, wholly mine;  
She will never lead another  
Slenderer link of thought I claim,  
I will therefore to her keepings  
Leave my memory and my name.

Bertha will do true service  
To her kind and I have seen,  
So I leave to her young spirit  
The long work I have begun.  
Well the threads are tangled, broken,  
And the colors do not blend,  
She will lead her earnest striving,  
Both to finish and to amend;  
And, when it is all completed,  
Strong with care and rich skill,  
Just because my hands began it,  
She will love it better still.

Ruth shall have my dearest token,  
The one link I dread to break,  
The one duty that I live for,  
She, when I am gone, will take  
Sacred the trust I leave her,  
Nesting patience, prayer and tears,  
I have striven to fulfil it,  
As she knows, these many years,  
Sometimes homeless, faint and weary,  
Yet a blessing shall remain  
With the task, and Ruth will prize it  
For my many hours of pain.

What must I leave for my Alice?  
Nothing, love, to do or wear,  
Nothing that can dim your blue eyes  
With the slightest cloud of care;  
I will leave my heart to love you  
With the tender faith of old,  
Still to comfort, warm and light you,  
Should your life grow dark or cold.  
No one else, my child, can claim it,  
If you find old scars of pain,  
They are only wounds, my darling,  
There is no, I trust, one stain.

Are my gifts indeed so worthless  
Now the slender sun is told?  
Well, I know not, my dear Alice,  
With a nobler prize than gold.  
Am I poor? Ah, no, most wealthy then!  
Not in these poor gifts you take,  
But in the true heart that tells me  
You will keep them for my sake.  
—All the Year Round.

## Select Tale.

### THE HORROR IN THE HOUSE.

SA, early in February, No 23, now in the full enjoyment of a haunted house, opened its doors to new tenants; and Charles Annesley, a young man of twenty-five, with good, frank, intelligent features, and resolute bearing—one with whom no ghost of any subtle power for a moment dream of contending—scouted his charming little wife across the first threshold of which she was destined mistress.

Very much frightened she looked, the little country belle, as the magnificence of her domain opened upon her. As for Charles, he could hardly forbear a hearty laugh as they passed from room to room, furnished with eastern splendour, his pretty companion setting her little feet apologetically on the yielding carpet, or laying a humble white finger on cabinet, couch, or picture, as if to ascertain that these objects were material, and no fairy vision.

The young people brought but one servant, a country girl; and their entire resources, inclusive of a little dower of thirty pounds, hoarded for his darling by the thrifty school-master, amounted to only seventy-five pounds. Charles, indeed, who had a taste for, and already some proficiency in medical science, intended to turn this to account; but how the war licence was obtained, and patients came to be killed in sufficient numbers to keep the sportsman alive, was an entire enigma.

How, upon earth, Charles, are we to keep all these lovely things of your kind uncle's with only Hepzibah? asked Mary. And, indeed, I shall be half afraid as it is, to trust them to her determined hands. And O Charles, there's another thing. I'm so ashamed of myself—I am. I can't—oh! what have I been doing? wasting my time with French and singing, when I can't even coo—

Coo, my child? said Charles, laughing, and kissing off a tear—why should you coo?  
Coo—oh, Charles! sobbed the poor bride. If I could have done that—and Hepzibah the house-work—I think I'll try.

You'll do no such thing! rejoined Charles seriously alarmed. You'll make a mess of it, burn your pretty fingers, and poison us both with all sorts of uncouth preparations! No, no! Barlesque is very amusing in its way; but the caricature of a cabinet padding—the distorted phantom of a friendless—no fun at all! No—we must manage another servant somehow.

The agent, when consulted on the matter, looked grave, heaved a sigh—whether in short, the might as well inform Mr. Annesley at once, that there existed an unaccountable prejudice against the house, and that it was quite likely Charles might experience difficulties of a kind he did not expect in augmenting his establishment. These arguments were perfectly correct. Not a soul could be found in the vicinity willing to take service at No. 23; and the young couple, reluctant to incur the expense of sending to London for a domestic, sat down to their first meal a little depressed in spirits—Charles, who had concealed from his wife the cause of the difficulty, secretly resolved to extract some further information from the cautious agent on the morrow.

They were sitting after dinner, with recovered spirits, but in deep consultation, when there came a low knock at the door.  
Bidden to enter, a dirty old woman made her appearance. It was no other than old Charlotte, who had come to offer her valuable services in default of better.  
She loved the house, she said, and all that was in it. Old as she looked, she could do as much as twenty—was a very good cook, and would work her fingers to the bone for her dear little ladyship. As for wages, she didn't want none of them.

As these terms seemed reasonably cheap, and they were really in a difficulty, Charles after a moment's serious contemplation of the old woman's squalid

figure, gave utterance to the assent he saw in his wife's clear eyes, and engaged the strange attendant, enjoining her in the first place, to have recourse to soap and water, in the second, to eat a good supper.

Though the old woman's eyes glistened like those of a famished wolf, at the mention of food, she paused at the door, and hobbling back, said in a sort of hoarse whisper, 'Please, sir, and my lady, don't say that you've taken old Charlotte into your service. I shall never go abroad; and nobody will know, if you don't tell 'em.'

Charles smiled at the idea of the old crone fearing that the dangerous reputation of the house might damage hers; but, unwilling to explain before his wife, he hastily gave the required promise, and summoning Hepzibah, dismissed the new cook, and under that young lady's charge, to the sphere of her future duties.

Affairs for a few days went on smoothly enough. Charles commenced a course of study preparatory to the regular carrying out of his professional project, while the little bride busied herself perpetually in the direction of their economical household, and was never tired of watching over the well-being of uncle's beautiful things. Old Charlotte, who seemed to possess the faculty of brightening up considerably at will, had shed her equal slough, and came out a rather venerable, but still effective mirth. She really proved to be a very good cook, preparing all their meals without assistance, and often, of her own impulse, providing little supplementary refreshments for the mistress she professed to adore.

One morning, Annesley having gone out alone, Mary—attended by old Charlotte, who was well acquainted with every drawer, shelf, and cupboard in the place—made a regular progress of inspection throughout the house, ending, as it happened, at the Angel-Chamber.

'What a lovely room!' exclaimed Mary, far the twentieth time, as she entered; and what a couch! When I die, I should like it to be on just such a bed as this—and she sat down upon it—with that sweet majestic shine upon her face.

'Everybody dies here,' said old Charlotte, cheerfully. 'Master's mother—Miss Mary Callender—Colonel Doughton, all breathed their last on this very bed.'

'Can you remember all those deaths?' asked Mary.  
Remember them? Bless you, my dear, they've all been touched and took within these five years! 'Touched and took! What do you mean Charlotte?' said the young mistress opening her blue eyes.

'Well, well, we'll see!' muttered the old woman. 'And so you'd like to die here too, would you my lady?' She went on, with a peculiar look, gazing at the pretty, fragile creature before her from head to foot, as though mentally dressing her for the grave.

Now, whether or not there was something unusually repulsive this day about the old woman, or whether she simply desired to be alone, Mary yielded to an irresistible inclination to dismiss her follower and, having done so, sat down at the great plate-glass window, which faced the west.

The view from hence was both fair and end—First came a slip of much neglected garden, a crowded battle-ground, of weeds and flowers—the weeds having decidedly the best of it—some leafless elms and fig-trees, and a high wall, magnified to an immense size with sheaves and coils of everlasting ivy. Past this was a Roman Catholic cemetery, long since filled, and abandoned as a place of interment. Over and between three and four noble cypresses, that shaded the forgotten dead, might be seen the broad weald, green with sprouting corn; then a range of blue hills, on the last of which lingered the western sun.

Half an hour later, Charles was returning home. When within a few paces of his own door, a loud ringing shriek struck him like a stab! In a moment, he was in the house, and dashed into the room from the direction of which he had fancied the cry proceeded.

His wife was on the bed frightfully convulsed, Hepzibah and Charlotte beside her. She recovered instantly on seeing him, and a violent flood of tears completely restored her tranquillity; after which he being left alone with her husband, Mary related as follows:

'She sat for some time at the window, watching the purpling clouds, and the sombre tints of evening calmly enveloping the quiet scene, when, becoming sensible of a degree of lassitude, and a strange inert feeling not usual with her, she moved to the low golden couch, and lying fairly down, fell into an uneasy sleep.'

'She lay upon her right side, with her face to the wall—on that side, distant scarcely half a yard from the bed—and dreamed that, so lying, the wall before her opened slowly, and that there issued from it a skeleton, bearing in its hands its own severed skull, and pointed to the vacant eye-holes, while the head muttered: "See how they treat us yonder. Here we blue diamonds once, my sister, that laughed and swam like yours. Come, let us compare!"

The skull was thrust up into her very face. She was conscious of the earthly, fetid odor—her own face was drawn as it were more and more into the sister-skull, as though it were becoming part of it—when, with a shriek and a desperate struggle, she flung the spectre and the dream away.'

Although, for the moment, the painful impression appeared to pass away, it was but too evident to Annesley that the health and spirits of his little wife had received a serious shock. In a few days, her rich color was gone, her lips looked dry and feverish—she began to complain of headache, and started, when suddenly touched, or at the least unexpected sound.

One day, after making vain efforts to eat her breakfast, the poor little thing leaned her head on his hands, and burst into tears. 'O Charles, my poor boy,' she sobbed, 'I fear I'm very ill.'

The wistful, anxious look in those blue eyes alarmed her husband far more than her words. He laid her tenderly on the sofa, soothing her to the utmost of his power, and not without bitter self-reproach for neglecting it so long, despatched Hepzibah to request Mr. Mawry's immediate attendance.

The little doctor acknowledged that his new patient looked delicate in the extreme, and required every attention. The present attack was clearly nervous; and he endeavored to elicit from her whether she had sustained any recent shock or alarm. Mary, however, was ashamed to confess her

dream; and Mr. Mawry could discover nothing but that she was subject to a sudden and fearful spasm, which affected her whole head from the eyes to the throat. In the latter organ, especially, she suffered much pain.

On the point of leaving, Mawry turned round, and earnestly observed: 'I take it for granted, my dear madam, that you have an excellent watchman in your husband; but you need some care. Who, may I ask, is your principal attendant?'—Mary smiled. 'Who, for example, makes your tea?'

'The housemaid, Hepzibah, generally; but sometimes old Ch—' Mary checked herself.

'I beg your pardon—cho?'—

'I was about to name an old woman we have taken into the house to help the housemaid, but, for some reason I have not inquired, she does not wish it to be known.'

'Old Charlotte?' ejaculated Mawry.

'Such is her name,' replied Mary, surprised at his astonishment.

Mawry, who had sat down again, got up with a face white as ashes.

'I have a word to say to Mr. Annesley,' he said, and took a hasty leave.

Charles was reading medicine in the Angel-room. 'Good heavens! sir,' exclaimed the little doctor, bursting in, 'do you know what you have got in your house?'

'Horrid visions of his Mary in typhus fever—in small-pox—a lunatic—dashed like lightning across Charles's mind.'

'What—what?' he gasped out.

'Moll Murder!'

'Moll what?'

'The old lady to whom the boys in the town have given that title, for her strange association with every death that has occurred in this unhappy house since it became your uncle's. The very worst suspicions cleave to her. For mercy's sake, Mr. Annesley, get rid of this old wretch before you are an hour older!'

Charles stood aghast. 'Is it—possible that—'

'I know not what is possible; but do it, sir, do it,' said the eager apothecary; and Charles, infected with his earnestness, promised compliance.

That night Charlotte was dismissed, this time taking her patten with her, as though her work were done.

'Touched and took' was Charlotte's benediction, looking back and shaking her finger as she passed the door.  
Let me pass quickly over these sad details. The young wife was indeed doomed. Drooping gradually, like the preceding victims, she slowly but certainly followed them to the same bourne.

Annesley would have left the house, but nothing could induce Mary to consent. His uncle would be vexed; they had no other home. Most of all, she earnestly desired, if she must, to breathe her last in the Angel-chamber, with those glorious cypresses and protecting arms above her.

She had her wish; and, in a few short weeks, the fourth victim to the mystery of that house, slept in the village churchyard.  
The popular feeling against old Charlotte had by this time attained such open expression that it became absolutely necessary to investigate its grounds. Some examinations took place; but the doctor being compelled to certify to a case of natural death, and no direct incriminating evidence being adduced, the prisoner, on the very day of poor Mary's funeral, was restored to liberty, and immediately disappeared.

It was now imagined that the house would be finally closed. The next-door neighbor on one side had already quitted; he on the other had given notice. Mr. Archibald himself felt his mind infected by the prevailing superstition; and, moreover, seeing the cause of misunderstanding removed, was ready enough to give indulgence to his returning kindness towards his nephew, to whom—according to words, desiring him to quit without delay the scene of his bereavement, and resume the place he had formerly held in his uncle's home and affection. Charles refused.

He considered that his uncle, in placing them in a house under this notorious ban, had been actuated by less disinterested motives than he had imagined, and had been even in some degree instrumental in the fatal misfortune that had befallen him. Besides, he had a duty to perform, to which it was his fixed determination to devote every energy he possessed—namely, if necessary, to save the world from the mysterious Terror, though its recurrence grew more and more frequent—seemed gradually to lose its intensity, in proportion as physical health declined, till it left the place of the sufferer wholly undisturbed.

'Now,' said Charles, as with a deep sigh he raised his pale face from his hands, after a minute's meditation, 'I will leave this house, and I will show you the Horror in the House.'

'He walked, followed by the others, straight to the Angel-room. There it shone, with its regal couch, its superb mirrors, its glowing cabinets, its purple curtains. Charles threw up the window, admitting the soft fresh breeze.

'Does this,' he asked, 'look like a pestilence palace—a house of pain and death?'

'He struck upon one of the gilded panels as he spoke; it returned a hollow sound, like an echo of the last word—death!'

'The next moment, Charles caught up a poker from the fireplace, and dashed in the panel.'

'Stop down,' he said to Mawry.

'The latter did so, but started back in horror, as a sickening, bathosomic odour pervaded the apartment, as from a newly opened grave.'

'There lay the secret of the Horror. Out of the panel crept the unseen destroyer that had sucked away the breath, the life of no less than five victims.'

'From the Angel-chamber, which had been originally intended as a luxurious bath-room, a pipe had been prepared, the other extremity of which had yent in the sloping bank of the adjacent cemetery, long since become one mass of corrupting human clay. Thus the fatal conduit, itself decayed, winning among broken vaults and mouldering masonry, gathered up the noxious exhalations, and poured them into the golden room. By what atmospheric changes or morbid influences, the mysterious miasm thus transmitted was governed and modified cannot of course be known; but that the poison varied greatly in quantity and strength was sufficiently proved by the fact, that attention was never attracted to the vitiated atmosphere of the spacious and seemingly well-ventilated room, until the pipe crept into the level of the head of one sleeping in the Angel-bed, and probably distant from it but three or four feet. An almost imperceptible crevice in the thin panel must have projected that baneful breath into the sleeper's face as certainly, and as it proved, as fatally, as the juice of cursed hemlock dropped from the vial of the Danish regicide. No marvel that the end was rapid? To turn the face to that which was indeed to bid adieu to life's hopes, its troubles and its cares.'

'When on the previous night, Charles threw up the window, some slight odour eliminated from the banal ground, connected itself with the bathosomic rene from which he had just escaped, at once revealed to him the later's origin.'

'I give you to understand, children, that this story was true, I now repeat that, it is based on actual and melancholy fact.  
'Mawry's child's banquet hall I shared in that fatal chamber with my pretty Mary.'

poisoning with. My life is nothing; they might as well have hanged me. I hoped they would, for the Lord keeps justice for the innocent, and He knows that I never harmed a living creature. They were all tormented and took poor death; but not by me. I know you are come back to find out who killed your darling, and old Charlotte's come to help you.'

'You!'

'Take enough in some things,' said the old woman steadily. 'You've no more pleasure in life—no more love. I. You've no object—no end—the same, only you reason the best. Find out what you may can't bring back the dead. But I wear Cam's black brand, and that's an ugly mark to die in; I won't if I can help it.'

'Charlotte looked at her with an amazement he did not care to hide; something in the woman's altered manner impressed him favorably, despite his fearful form of mania which could alone account for some cruel crimes, he had no fear for himself, and might even, by investigation and analysis, obtain such evidence for his alleged practices. If she were innocent, she might afford him important aid in his investigations. Some attendant he absolutely required. In fine, he accepted her proposal, and directed her to take up her residence in the house as before.'

'A feeling he could not well define determined Charles to sleep that night in the Angel Chamber. It was there that his Mary had experienced the first mysterious visitation—there, on his bosom, breathed her last gentle sleep.'

'As he lay down, though with little hope of rest, he could not resist the idea of saying to himself, the terrible inducement might lead itself to him: no matter with what peril accompanied so that he might but analyze its fearful features, and gauge its destroying power.'

'His desire was fulfilled. It must have been about two o'clock when he awoke, with a start, under the impression that a hand had been laid upon his face. But such a hand! It could have belonged to no living human thing. Horrible as it seems, it was like that of a putrid corpse. His mouth, his nose, his eyes, his throat were choked and snarling with some effluvia. His pulses were irregularly—his very soul sickened within him.'

'Annesley was a man of cool, intrepid nature, and the strongest nerves. Despite his confusion, he rose and wrestled with the Terror, as if it were a living foe that had nearly mastered him—a moment, and the victory was won. Slowly and reluctantly, as though laden in its ascent, the horrible form, whose presence he had almost felt, relaxed its hold, and quitted him. Charles instinctively staggered forward, as in pursuit, reached the window, and throwing it up, gazed forth into the calm night.

'Where, whence, O Horror? he gasped.  
The next moment, with a countenance deadly white, he reclosed the window, and returned to his bed.'

'In that instant the Horror, the Ghost had revealed itself to him, as he had desired.'

'But Charles would have further proof, and witness too.'

'The following morning, after pretending to eat some portion of the breakfast he found comfortably prepared for him in the library. Charles summoned old Charlotte to a conference.

'She came, so changed, that her master could scarcely recognize, in the hale, respectable looking woman before him, the grotesque old hag, who had been his nurse. But I have said, that Charlotte had, in common with other humble creatures I have met with, a way of brightening and expanding under certain influences, which revealed qualities hitherto wrapt in shade. The troubles she had undergone, above all, the cruel stigma under which she labored, and a painful and virulent disease, so apparent in her manner and language, that Charles secretly congratulated himself on his ally.'

'He began by tracing as minutely as possible the history of the later illness and deaths, beginning with that of his mother, which event occurred during his infancy. In this he received much maternal assistance from Mr. Mawry, for whom he sent during the morning, and who, after overcoming his astonishment at finding old Charlotte a member of the council entered with all zeal into the enquiry.'

'The result proved that the same extraordinary symptoms had been evolved in every case—namely, severe nervous, semi-epileptic attacks, a constant loss of strength, mental depression, decay of the vital powers, and death—Mawry declaring himself unable to account either for the origin of the disease, or for the rapidity and certainty with which once conceived, it hurried the victims to their end.'

'Annesley was struck with one singular feature in the case—the prodigious evinced by every patient in turn for the Angel-Chamber. It seemed a fatal fancy; for certainly, whatever something influence it might exercise on the minds of the invalids, was not reflected in their bodies. On the contrary, many a person, who had been the victim of the Terror, though its recurrence grew more and more frequent—seemed gradually to lose its intensity, in proportion as physical health declined, till it left the place of the sufferer wholly undisturbed.'

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## Diphtheria: What is it?

Within the past two years, the public attention has been frequently called to this disease, by paragraphs telling of its ravages in different places, or of remarkable mortality from it in individual families. It has prevailed extensively in California. In the autumn of 1858, it destroyed nearly two hundred children in Albany, N. Y.; in March, 1859, it produced great consternation in Orange, Connecticut. It is quite prevalent at the present time in Western New York, deaths are reported in it every week in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and some cases have occurred during the last year in all parts of New England; but it has been epidemic so as to attract the public attention in only a few places.

In this city there were a few cases in August, 1858, and five persons died with the disease during the remainder of that year. In 1859, seventeen persons died of diphtheria, and during the present year it has been present in the city nearly all the time, not, however, assuming an epidemic character. It has passed over all portions of France, within the last thirty-five years, and throughout England, during the past six or eight years, causing a large mortality among children. What is it?

We find the following description in one of the City Registrar's Reports:

'Diphtheria is a disease of childhood, the greater portion of its victims, like those of scarlatina, being between two and twelve years of age. It commences with the usual symptoms of a cold, and with considerable fever. Simultaneously with these symptoms, and sometimes preceding them, there is a deposit in spots, of a whitish or greyish white membrane upon the tonsils and back part of the mouth. This membrane increases with great rapidity, the fever becomes of a typhoid character, there is a great constitutional depression, the breath becomes excessively fetid, and, in some cases, the glands about the neck become enlarged. When death takes place, it is caused in some cases by the extension of the membrane to the air passages, producing the effects of croup; in other cases, it is caused by exhaustion and fever from the poison of the disease. In some epidemics, a majority of the fatal cases will die, apparently from croup; in other epidemics, the larger portion will die from the constitutional symptoms. In the severe epidemic in the city of Albany, in 1858, a few cases occurred in the spring and summer; but the greatest severity of the disease was in October and November.'

Perhaps this gives a sufficient idea of the subject for the general reader, though very imperfect as a medical description.

The causes of diphtheria, like those of scarlatina, are very little known, and perhaps for this very reason there is a very great diversity of opinion among physicians in relation to it, and any number of discordant and conflicting theories have been advanced. An account of these, though it might be amusing, would only serve to confuse the reader. The truth is, that diphtheria is now a new disease to physicians, and to the people of the present generation, in this country. It did prevail extensively here, many years since, and an excellent account of it was written by a physician in New York.

It is entirely a distinct disease from scarlatina or croup, though it has some relations to these diseases which might, at times, cause doubt in the minds of superficial observers. The indications seem to be, that we shall see much more of it in this country, and it is important that physicians should make themselves familiar with it. The Rhode Island Medical Society has already awarded a prize for a dissertation upon the subject, which will soon be published, and we are happy to know that some, at least, of the physicians in this city have been interested in the disease during the last two years, and are acquainted with all the particulars of its history, symptoms and treatment.—Providence Post.

A Newspaper.—The newspaper is the chronicle of civilization—the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come and drink. It is the newspaper that gives to liberty its practical life, its constant observation, its perpetual vigilance, its unremitting activity. The newspaper informs legislation of public opinion, and it informs the people of the acts of legislation. This is not a new thing. The newspaper has been, from the beginning of its history, and is becoming more and more so, the most practical morality; in crimes and punishments you find a daily warning against temptation; not a case in a police court, not a single trial of a wretched outcast or a trembling felon, that does not preach to us the awful lesson how imprudence leads to error, how error conducts to guilt, how guilt reaps its bitter fruit of anguish and degradation. The newspaper is the family cord that binds together man and man—no matter what may be the distance of climate or the difference of race. The newspaper is a law-book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor. It may stimulate the indolent, it may instruct the most profound.—E. L. Bulwer.

A neighbor of mine missed corn from his garner, and his suspicions rested upon a reckless fellow whom everybody called "Sam." The corn was kept in a chamber over the kitchen, adjoining a wood-house, toward which the chamber was left open and accessible by a ladder. The victim of this midnight "theft," determined to satisfy himself concerning the identity of the thief, made a temporary bed upon the kitchen floor, and lay down to watch. About the hour when the "church-yards yawn," he was aroused from a partial slumber by the rattling of iron overhead, when he suddenly called out at the top of his voice:

'Sam?'

'Hello!' responded the thief, taken entirely off his guard by this sudden call.

'Don't take more than a bushel!'

'Then I shall have to pour it out, for I've got two in the bag already.'

M. Jobard, a French savant, has astonished the Scientific world. He has discovered a way of suspending animation, and also of bringing the dead back to life. He professes to be able to restore a drowned man after two days' immersion, and a man a subject after ten years' oblivion. 'Provided a culprit's neck be not broken, he can be brought back to life after hanging a whole day. M. Jobard with great sympathy for the "ills which life is heir to," suggests that medical men should immediately make themselves acquainted with the secret of his intention, so that the poor and unfortunate might be suspended until better times came around, and the victims of thwarted love may enjoy the forgetfulness of a prolonged catalepsy. A com mission has been named to examine M. Jobard's system.'

THE STATES OF THE CHURCH.—The Pope has still left in him Rome and Constance, with 325,505 inhabitants; Civita Vecchia, Velletri, and Frosinone, with 133,659 inhabitants; and has lost 1,526,000 of his subjects. To console him for his loss the sum contributed by the faithful amount to 1,600,000 crowns, or a crown for every person. He calls on the "faithful" to send in the dime still more plentifully, and ask Roman Catholic countries to give him physical help. But one Catholic country is helping itself to his dominions, and another is helping him so much that it is preventing all others from coming to his aid. By the time the subscriptions are increased by 500,000 crowns, probably 500,000 more of his subjects will have exchanged sovereignties.

Old Lord Elphinstone was asleep at church while the minister, a very prosy preacher, was holding forth. At length the parson stopped and cried, 'Winkin, my Lord Elphinstone.' A grunt, and then, 'I'm no sleepin', minister.' 'But ye are sleepin', I'd wagger ye dinna ken what I said last.'

'Ye said wauken, my Lord Elphinstone.' 'Aye, aye, but I wagger ye dinna ken what I said last afore that.'

'I wagger ye dinna ken yourself.'

Helen Dresser, a converted Mormon, is lecturing in the Western cities. She describes the females at Salt Lake as pictures of despair.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

B. P. SHILLABER, the printer poet, of Boston, known as "Mrs Partington," has been elected to the Massachusetts Legislature.

John McANAM, Esq., M. P. for Charlotte County, has, we regret to learn from the Herald, met with a serious accident to his leg, which came near being broken.

The Grand Jury of St. John, have found bills against a number of persons committed for trial by the Police Magistrate. Among them were Wm. Munford for murder, and Johnston Bean for rape. We regret to learn that the criminal calendar in that circuit is quite full.

General Lamoriciere is created a Roman noble, and a medal is to be struck in his honour.

The King of Dahomey has recently immolated several thousand human beings. A large pit was dug, and enough of human blood was caught to float a canoe. This in the 19th century, in the face of a civilized and christianized world.

The English Dock Yards are full of activity in order that those lines of battle and other screw steamers at present on the stocks and in various stages of progress may be completed with every possible despatch.

A recent fire in Fredericton the inefficiency of the fire department was said to be so great that the Insurance agents have declared they will take no more risks until it is rectified.

A young man named Lane who was sentenced to the Penitentiary some time since for theft, committed suicide a few days since by hanging himself. The term of his imprisonment had well nigh expired. It is said that recently he exhibited signs of insanity, and it is supposed that at the time he committed the rash act he was labouring under aberration of mind.

Small pox is prevalent among the French at Chateaucou, N. S. Eighteen cases and one death had occurred.

Madame Biscacianti, the celebrated singer is now living a life of shame in California.