

# The Carleton Sentinel.

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## Poetry.

### HALLOWED BE THY NAME

BY ELIZA COOK.

Lit to the dreamy tone that dwells  
In rippling wave or sighing tree;  
Go, harken to the old church bells  
The whistling bird, the whirling bee:  
Interpret right, and ye will find  
"To power and glory" they proclaim—  
The chiming, creatures, waters, winds,  
All publish, "Hallowed be Thy name!"

The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,  
To gain the altar of his sire;  
The hermit pines above his beads  
With soul that never wanes nor tires;  
But holiest rite or longest prayer  
That soul can yield or wisdom frame,  
What better offering can it bear  
Than "Father! Hallowed be Thy name!"

The savage kneeling to the sun,  
To give his thanks or ask a boon;  
The raptures of the idiot one  
Who laughs to see the clear round moon;  
The saint, well taught in Christian lore:  
The Moslem, prostrate at his flame—  
All worship, wonder, and adore;  
All ead in "Hallowed be Thy name!"

What'er may be man's faith or creed,  
Those precious words comprise it still:  
We trace them on the bloomy mead,  
We hear them in the flowing rill:  
One chorus hails the Great Supreme,  
Each varied breathing tells the same—  
The strains may differ, but the theme  
Is "Father! Hallowed be Thy name!"

## Select Tale.

### THE SHADOWS WE CAST.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A child was playing with some building blocks, and as the mimic castle rose before his eyes in graceful proportions, a new pleasure swelled in his heart. He felt himself to be the creator of "a thing of beauty," and was conscious of a new born power. Arch, wall, battlement, gateway, drawbridge, lofty tower and battlement, were all the work of his hands. He was in wonder at his own skill in thus creating from an unseemly pile of blocks, a structure of such rare design.

Silently he stood and gazed upon his castle with something of the pride of an architect who sees, after months and years of skillfully applied labor, some grand conception in his art, embodied in imperishable stone. Then he moved around, viewing it on every side. It did not seem to him a toy, reaching only a few inches in height, and covering but a square foot of ground, but a real castle, rearing itself hundreds of feet upwards to the blue sky, and spreading wide upon the earth its ample foundations. As the idea grew more and more perfect, his strange pleasure increased. Now he stood with folded arms, wrapt in the overmastering illusion—now walked slowly around, viewing the structure on all sides, and noting every minute particular, and now sat down, and bent over it with the fondness of a mother bending over her child. Again he arose, purposing to obtain another and more distinct view of his work. But his foot struck against one of the buttresses, and instantly, with a crash, wall, tower and battlement fell in hopeless ruin.

In the room with the boy sat his father reading. The crash disturbed him, and he uttered a sharp, angry rebuke, glancing for a moment toward the startled child, and then returning his eyes to the attractive pages before him, unconscious of the shadow he had cast upon the heart of his child. Tears came into those fair blue orbs, dancing in light a moment before from the frowning face of his father, to which his glance was suddenly turned, the child looked back to the shapely ruins of his castle. Is it any wonder that he bowed his face in silence upon them, and wet them with his tears.

For more than five minutes he sat still, as if sleeping, then in a mournful kind of way, yet almost noiselessly, he commenced restoring to the box from which he had taken them, the many-shaped pieces that, fitly jointed together, had grown into a noble building. After the box was filled, he replaced the cover, and laid it carefully upon a shelf in the closet.

Poor child! That shadow was a deep one, and long in passing away. His mother found him half an hour afterwards, asleep on the floor, with cheeks flushed to an unusual brightness. She knew nothing of that troubled passage in his young life; and the father had forgotten, in the attraction of the book he read, the momentary annoyance expressed in the words and tone with a power in them to shadow the heart of his child.

A young wife had busied herself for many days in preparing a pleasant surprise for her husband. The work was finished at last, and now she awaited his return with a heart full of warm emotion. A dressing gown, a pair of elegantly embroidered slippers, wrought by her own skillful fingers, were the gifts with which she meant to delight him.

What a troop of pleasure fancies were in her heart! How almost impatiently did she wait for the coming twilight which was to be dawn, not approaching darkness to her!

At last she heard the step of her husband in the passage, and her pulses leaped with fluttering delight. Like a bird upon the wing, she almost flew to meet him, impatient for the kiss that awaited her.

One meets in the world of business few days without their disappointments and perplexities. It is men's business to bear this in a manly spirit. They form but a portion of life's discipline, and should make them stronger, braver and more enduring. Unwisely, and we may say unjustly, too, many men fail to leave their business cares and troubles in their stores, workshops or counting rooms at the day's decline. They wrap them in bandages, and carry them home to shadow their household.

It was so with the young husband on this particular occasion. The stream of business had taken an eddying turn and thrown his vessel backwards instead of onwards, for a brief space, and though it was still in the current, and gliding safely through it, the jar and disappointment had fretted his mind severely. There was no heart in the kiss he gave his wife, and because he had let care overshadow love. He drew his arm around her, but she was conscious of a diminished pressure in that embracing arm.

"Are you not well?"

With what tender concern was this question asked.

"Very well."

He might be in body but not in mind, that was plain; for his voice was far from being cheerful.

She played and sang her favorite piece, hoping to restore by the charm of music, brightness to his spirit. But she was conscious of only partial success. There was still a gravity in his manner never perceived before. At tea she smiled upon him so sweetly across the table, and talked to him on such attractive themes, that the right expression returned to his countenance, and he looked as happy as she could desire.

From the tea-table they returned to their pleasant parlor. And now the time has come for offering her gift, and receiving the coveted reward of glad surprise, followed by sweet kisses and loving words. "I will be back in a moment," she said, and passing from the room she went lightly up the stairs, both tone and manner betraying her secret, or rather the possession of a secret with which her husband was to be surprised. Scarcely had her loving face faded from before his eyes, when thought returned with a single bound to an unpleasant event of the day; and the waters of his spirit were again troubled. He had actually arisen and crossed the floor once or twice, moved by a restless concern, when his wife came down with the dressing-gown and slippers. She was trying to force her countenance into a grave expression, to hold back the smiles that were continually striving to break in truant circles around her lips, when a single glance at her husband's face told her that the spirit driven away by the exertion of her love, had returned again to his bosom. He looked at her soberly as she came forward.

"What are these?" he asked almost coldly, repressing surprise, and affecting an ignorance in regard to the beautiful present she held in her hands, that he did not feel.

"They are for you, dear. I made them."

"For me? Non eno! What do I want with such jinnery? This is women's wear. Do you think I would disgrace my feet with embroidered slippers, or dress up in a calico gown? Put them away, dear, your husband is too much of a man to robe himself in gay colors, like a clown or actor. And he waved his hand with an air of contempt. There was a bold, sneering manner about him, partly affected and partly real, born of his uncomfortable state of mind. Yet he loved his sweet wife, and would not, of set purpose, have wounded her for the world.

This unexpected repulse—this cruel reception of her present, over which she had wrought patiently in golden hope for many days—this dashing to the earth of this beautiful cup of joy just as it touched her lips, was more than the fond young wife could bear. To hide the tears that came rushing to her eyes, she turned away from her husband, and to conceal the sobs she had no power to repress, she went almost hurriedly from the room; and going back to the chamber from whence she had brought the present, she laid it away out of sight in a closet. Then covering her face with her hands, she sat down and strove with herself to be calm. But that shadow was too deep—the heartache too heavy.

In a little while her husband followed her, and discovering, something to his surprise, that she was weeping, said, in a slightly reproving voice, "Why bless me! not in tears! What a silly little pussy you are! Why didn't you tell me you thought of making a dressing gown and a pair of slippers, and I would have vetoed the matter at once? You could not hire me to wear such flaunting things. Come back to the parlor,"—he took hold of her arm and lifted her from the chair—"and sing and play for me—The dream Waltz or the Tremolo, Dearest My, or the Stilly Night, are worth more to me than forty dressing gowns, or a cargo of slippers."—[To be Continued.]

### The Irish Soldier.

In the autumn of 1823, some private affairs called me into the sister kingdom; and, as I did not travel like Polyphemus, with my eye out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, amongst which was the following incident.

I was standing one morning at the window of "mine inn," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof in front sat a solitary outside passenger, a fine young fellow in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the coach.

"Come down wid ye, Thady!" the speaker the old woman. "Come down now to your old mother. Shure it's bog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I giv ye. Come down, Thady, darlin'!"

"It's honor, mother," was the short reply of the soldier; and, with clenched hands and set teeth, he took a stiffer posture on the coach.

"Thady, come down—come down now ye fool of the world—come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more promptly and sternly pronounced.

"It's honor, brother!" and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof.

"Oh, Thady, come down! Shure it's me, your Kathleen, that bids ye. Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down, then."

The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward, that had visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before.

"It's honor—honor bright, Kathleen!" and as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his looks steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer.

"Come down, Thady, honey! Thady, ye fool, come down! Oh, Thady, come down to me!"

"It's honor, mother! It's honor, brother! honor or bright, my own Kathleen!"

Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public, that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the dis-

tress. It appeared that he had been home on a furlough, to visit his family, and having exceeded, as he thought, the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired.

"The first of March your honor—bad luck to it, of all the black days in the world—and here it is come sudden on me like a shot."

"The first of March!—why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare, then—the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is leap-year, and February has twenty-nine days."

The soldier was thunderstruck. "Twenty-nine days, is it? You're sortin' of that same! O, mother, mother!—ill luck, dy away wid yer old almanack—a base cratur of a book, to be decaen one after living so long in the family of us."

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap with a loud hurrah! His second was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen, and the third was to wring my hand off in an acknowledgment.

"It's a happy man I am, your honor, for my word's saved, and all by your honor's means. Long life to your honor for the same! May you live a long hundred and leap years every one of them!"

Don't get discouraged.—Don't get discouraged! Who ever gained anything by drawing down the corners of his mouth, when clouds came over the sun, or letting his heart drop like a lead weight into his shoes when misfortune came over him? Why, man, if the world knocks you down and jostles past you in its great race, don't set whining under people feet, but get up, rub your elbows, and begin again. There are some people who even to look at is worse than a dose of camomile tea. What if you do happen to be a little puzzled on the dollar-and-cent question? Others beside you have stood exactly in the same spot, and struggled bravely out of it; and you are neither halt, lame, nor blind, that you cannot do likewise. The weather may be dark and rainy—very well—though the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come tomorrow. Business may be dull; make the best of what you have, and look forward to something more hopeful. If you catch a fall don't lament over your bruises, but be thankful that no bones are broken. If you can't afford roast beef and plum pudding, eat your cod-fish joyfully, and bless your stars for the indigestion and dyspepsia you thereby escape! But the moment you begin to groan over your troubles, and calamities, you may as well throw yourself over the duck and done with it.

The luckiest fellow that ever lived might have woken himself, if he set himself seriously to work looking them up. They are like invisible specks of dust; you don't see 'em till you put on your spectacles. But then it is worth while to put on your spectacles to discover what is a great deal better let alone.

Don't get discouraged, little wife? Life is not long enough to spend in inflaming your eyes and reddening your nose because the pudding won't bake, and the husband says that the new shirts you worked over so long—"set like lead bags." Make another pudding—begin the shirts anew. Don't feed "down in the mouth" because dust will settle, and clothes will wear out, and crockery will get broken. Being a woman don't procure you an exemption from trouble and care; you have got to fight the battle of life as well as your husband, and it will never do to give up without a hard struggle. Take things as they come, good and bad together, and whenever you feel inclined to cry, just change your mind and laugh. Keep the horrors at arm's length; never turn a blessing round to see if it has got a dark side to it, and always take it for granted that all things are blessings until they prove to be something else.

Never allow yourself to get discouraged, and you'll find the world a pretty comfortable sort of place after all.

A LESSON ON CHARITY.—At a missionary meeting among the negroes in the West Indies, it is related that these resolutions were adopted: 1. We will give something. 2. We will give according to our ability. 3. We will give willingly. At the close of the meeting a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to contribute. Many advanced to the table, and handed in their contributions, some more and some less. Among the contributors was an old negro, who was very rich, almost as rich as the rest united. He threw down the silver coin.

Take that back again, said the chairman of the meeting. Dat may be cordin to de fast resolution, but not to de second.

The rich old man accordingly took it up and hobbled back to his seat much enraged. One after another came forward, and all giving more than himself, he was ashamed, and again threw a piece of money on the table, saying—

He took that dat.

It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given with so much ill temper that the chairman answered—

No, sab, dat won't do! Dat may be cordin to de first and second resolution, but not cordin to de third.

He was obliged to take it up again. Still angry with himself, the rich old negro sat a long time, until nearly all were gone, and then advanced to the table, and with a smile on his countenance, laid a large sum of money on the table.

Dar, now, berry well, said the presiding negro, dat will do; dat an cordin to all de resolutions.

This simple narrative contains in a nutshell the whole formula of benevolence.

### Fremont Removed!

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Nov. 3.—Yesterday small bodies of the enemy came within 12 miles of us, and news was received of the approach of their advance, 2800 strong. Preparations were being made to go out an attack them, when Gen. Fremont received an unconditional order from Washington relieving him at once from his command. Simultaneously came the newspapers announcing the fact. The intelligence spread like wildfire through the camps and created indescribable indignation and excitement. Great numbers of the officers signified their intention of resigning at once, and many companies laid down their arms, declaring that they would fight under no one but Gen. Fremont. General Fremont spent much of the time in expostulating with the officers and men, urging them by their patriotism and by their personal regard for him not

to abandon their posts. He also addressed the following farewell order to the troops.

Headquarters, Western Department,  
Springfield, Mo., Nov. 2.

Soldiers of the Mississippi army—Agreeably to orders received this day I take leave of you. Al though our army has been of sudden growth, we have grown up together, and I have become familiar with the brave and generous spirits which you bring to the defence of your country, and which makes me anticipate for you a brilliant career.

Continue as you have begun and give to my successor the same cordial and enthusiastic support with which you have encouraged me. Emulate the splendid example which you have already before you, and let me remain as I am, proud of the noble army I have thus far labored to bring together. Soldiers, I regret to leave you most sincerely. I thank you for the regard and confidence you have invariably shown me. I deeply regret that I shall not have the honor to lead you to the victory which you are just about to win, but I shall claim the right to share with you in the joy of every triumph, and trust always to be personally remembered by my companions in arms.

JOHN C. FREMONT, Maj. Gen.

The feeling ran intensely high during the whole of last evening, and there was a meeting almost everywhere. The various lands screened the Gen. and whenever he appeared he was greeted with cheers. Although, after notifying General Hunter, as his order directed, he had no longer command over the troops, he spent several hours in making a personal examination of the ground about the city to be prepared for a battle, and in accordance with a written request from all the Brigadier Generals here, he remained through the night to lead the army in case of an attack. All of the troops slept upon their arms, and many officers remained up all night. An attack was hourly expected, but nothing more occurred than the firing on our pickets in two different roads. The enemy are now encamped on the old Wilson creek battle-ground.

Gen. Fremont is prepared to leave for St. Louis, and will go as soon as Gen. Pope arrives, who has been sent forward and will take command until Gen. Hunter gets here.

Universal gloom prevails throughout the camps. A battle will undoubtedly ere long. Our troops will meet the enemy firmly, but they are disheartened and have lost their enthusiasm. The body-guard, who could not be induced to remain, will now disband, as the terms of their enlistment permit, will accompany Gen. Fremont, and also his entire staff, including Gen. Asboth, commander of the first division. Gen. Fremont will permit no demonstration from the troops on his departure.

DR. RUSSELL ON THE WAR.—The London Times received by last mail contains another letter from Dr. Russell concerning the conflict now going on in the States. He says that if the war continues and the South remains obstinate, it may be doubtful whether another large cotton crop is ever produced in the United or, rather, in the Confederate States. In speaking of the forces on the Potomac he says:—

"If Gen. Beauregard is ready to be attacked but not to attack, Gen. McClellan is also prepared to receive an offensive movement rather than to make one. In fact, they are both perfectly well aware at this moment that their armies are quite beyond their grasp, and that all they could do in such a country as lies between them would be to depend on the officers of the brigades to work their own almost independently, and to hold their own behind their lines and in the position in which they are placed."

"Any attempt to manoeuvre or to handle even a third of the reported forces before Washington, in that hilly, wooded region must fail. No coup d'oeil can be of service unless the General directs operations from a balloon by an electric telegraph to each colonel's pocket. A regiment marching along is lost to sight in a few hundred yards as completely as if it was a rabbit bolted into a warren-hole, or hobnobbing through a turnip field. The advantages are all on the side of the defensive force; but of the two the Confederates are more familiar with the ground."

"If Beauregard expects that his opponent will march directly on his position in front of Manassas, I think he will be disappointed, and he will probably be forced at last either to divert a portion of his forces to the west, with long marches and a difficult country before him, or to make the attempt on which I have always calculated, if ever he could obtain possession of the Potomac, to cross into Maryland."

MYSTERIOUS CASE IN NEW YORK.—The body of an unknown man, some few days ago, was discovered by a citizen of Middletown, N. J., floating in the water. The corpse was well and fashionably dressed, and in one of the pockets was found \$110 in gold, besides some loose change. An inquest was held, and so much money being found upon the deceased, it was supposed that the murder could not have possibly been done for gain, and the verdict was that deceased had come to his death by some unknown means. The Coroner, however, advertised the case for further information. It so happened that a gentleman in business in New York city received a letter from the city of Mainz, Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, asking for information of a Sigmund Fellner, who had left for America in the steamship Bavaria, having a large amount of valuables in money and jewels.—Upon enquiry, it was found that Fellner, upon his arrival in this city, had taken up his quarters at the Prescott House, and that on the 15th inst. he had left there in company with a stranger, carrying with him a small trunk, after stating he was going to seek other lodgings. One day the gentleman read the account of the finding of the body and went to view it, when he at once discovered that the body was that of him whom he sought. Diamonds and jewelry to the value of \$10,000 and \$10,000 in money had disappeared, the \$110 doubtless being left behind to lull suspicion. Upon the identification of the body, which was covered with wounds, it was buried, and intelligence of the tragic event sent to Germany. Upon further inquiry it has been found that the stranger who left the Prescott House with Fellner was slabbily dressed, and excited suspicion in the mind of the clerk. Since then Fellner has not been seen. A reward of \$500 is offered for the discovery of the murderer or murderers.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

A box of gold and gold-bearing quartz, the production of the Nova Scotia mines, were sent to England by the *Arabia*, being a portion of the specimens intended for the International Exhibition.

During last week there were shipped at New York for Europe no less than one million three hundred and seventy-seven thousand five hundred and forty-six bushels of grain, and eighty-three thousand five hundred and twenty-four barrels of flour, worth at a fair estimate two and a quarter millions of dollars.

In a case brought before the Chief Justice of Newfoundland, he decided that telegraph operators, when compelled to attend a judicial proceeding, are bound to disclose the contents of messages, and that in so doing they do not violate the oath they have taken, that they will not "wilfully divulge" the contents of messages.

If you have cold feet immerse them morning and evening in cold water, rub with a rough towel, and run about your room till they are warm. In one month you will be entirely relieved. All these red pepper and mustard applications are like run to the stomach, relieve you to-day, but leave you colder to-morrow.

The steamer *Admiral* has been sold to the Federal Government for \$50,000. The International Steamship Company have contracted for another boat 200 tons larger than the steamer *New Brunswick*, for the St. John and Boston route.

Thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight horses have been purchased by the Government in Cincinnati since the breaking out of the rebellion up to Oct. 1st.

A rigidly pious old lady down East says "this civil war is a judgement upon the nation for permitting women to wear hoops."

Moss roses in full bloom and in the bud have just been gathered at Kingston, Canada, and the Montreal Herald mentions having seen a bed of fine strawberries growing in the open air.

The prosecution of Col. Rankine for violating the Neutrality Act by enlisting troops for the American army, has been abandoned—the Courts of Canada not having the authority to try persons for a contravention of it.

An advertiser in one of our exchanges offers for sale "*Ladies Vests and Pants*." Good gracious, what next.

An exhibition of sporting and fancy dogs has taken place in London. The collection, it is stated, is an exceedingly fine one, and the valuations very high, the owners of some of the most valuable refusing to sell even for £2000.

A severe gale was experienced in Boston Saturday night and Sunday morning which did considerable damage. The ship *Maritima*, Capt. Williams was lost and 24 persons met a watery grave, 13 of which number were male and female passengers.

Eighty-eight Christian names were conferred on the son of the Infante Don Sebastian in his recent baptism.

Viscount Forth, only son of the Earl of Perth, has closed, at Gloucester, a discreditable life, by committing suicide on the death bed of a woman with whom he lived.

The Col. *Presbyterians* urges a geological survey of the Province in order to ascertain correctly with reference to its mineral wealth.

The catalogue of the library of the British Museum fills 300 volumes.

There were imported last year, from Belfast, Ireland, 65,000,000 yds. of linen cloth, and 13,200,000 pounds of linen yarn and thread.

A pair of blood hounds was recently sold in England for \$750.

The aggregate remittances received through the mails yearly by the proprietors of the New York daily and weekly newspapers amount to upward of five millions of dollars.

A new agency is brought forward in the advertising columns of the London *Morning Post*—"The widow of an English nobleman would be willing to introduce into the best society a young lady of fortune, who, from her own station would be unable to move in the higher circles unless under the patronage of one of high position."

By the Pacific Telegraph, a dispatch from New York at 12 P. M., will reach San Francisco at 9 A. M.—three hours earlier than it started.

It is asserted that the panic relative to the French wheat crop is premature and exaggerated.

A late Boston paper says that Thurlow Weed and Archbishop Hughes of New York, have started for Europe to endeavor to counteract the operations of the Southern Confederacy, and prevent any recognition of the Southern Confederacy by either France or England.

WILLIAM HAZEN BOSTFORD, eldest son of Hon. Wm. Bistford, died at Sackville on the 6th inst.—Deceased was 53 years of age; he represented Westmorland for many years in the Assembly.

The volcano of Chilian in the Andes has recently broken out in active operation. The explosions and streams of lava can be perceived with the naked eye a distance of ninety miles.

Admiral Milne recently inspected between 3,000 and 4,000 sailors and marines near Halifax, which was highly successful.

The man Doherty who was arraigned in St. John before the Police Magistrate, charged with shooting a boy named Jacob Frizzle, on Hollow Eve night, has been fully committed to take his trial at the Supreme Court.

It is an excellent plan to keep a file of newspapers, or at least one reliable paper. The advantage of so doing assumes extra importance in these stirring times, when history is so rapidly making.

PRINCE ALFRED, says one of the papers has recently had his ears slapped by a British midly. A complaint was made to the officer in command, but His Royal Highness was told that it was necessary for him to keep a civil tongue in his head.

The scheme for a railway across the British Channel from England to France is revived—this time by a Montrealer, and it is thought his ideas are practicable, though they involve an expense of \$50,000,000.

## General News.

THE BIBLE TRIED BY A JURY.—In Lower Canada, a few months ago, a French Canadian bought a New Testament from one of the agents or missionaries of the French Canadian Missionary Society. The man very much alarmed by being told next day by several persons that it was a Protestant book, and ought to be burned, as the priest directed, hit upon a singular expedient to solve his doubts, and invited all the neighbors to come to his house the next evening to decide whether the book was good or bad. Being met, they sat like a jury upon the New Testament; and it was agreed that if the book was found bad, it would be instantly committed to the flames; but if pronounced good, the owner should be allowed to keep it undisturbed. The whole evening was spent in reading it aloud, and the unanimous decision was, that the book, being good, should be kept!—*Dial*.

The Londonderry *Gazette*, of Oct. 8, announces the arrival in the *Eyele*, of the ship *Zarah*, from Philadelphia, after a fine passage of 18 days. Most singularly she has carried back to Ireland 167 steerage, and 2 cabin passengers; the largest portion of whom are returned emigrants, who have gone to Ireland, temporarily, to remain there during the unsettled state of affairs on this side of the Atlantic. Among the passengers are 19 married couples, 47 single men, 67 single women cabin passengers.

AN UNPLEASANT PREJUDICE.—The beauties of spiritualism are shown in the case of two young married men of Seaburg Vt., who left for Gallicia three years since and returned home. The terms of their wives remarried, who having heard nothing from them since their departure, applied to a young lady spiritualist, who was very exact in describing to them the death and burial of their husbands, the date of the funeral, and the disease of which they died. Their wives supposing this to be reliable, remarried, and there was a funny time when the long absent husbands returned.

A South Carolina lady has been in Washington several weeks, endeavoring to sell the Government the code of signals adopted by the rebels, but has not succeeded. The Government does not seem disposed to invest \$100,000 for the signals, and nor does the lady find ready access to the Federal camps. Uncertainable suspicions are afloat that the lady has not lost all sympathy with the political fortunes of her native State.

THE GOLD MINES OF NOVA SCOTIA.—While steel is bristling in the Southern sunshine, and lead and iron are hurtling through the Southern air, up in the keener Northern climate of Acadia a golden age is dawning on the inhabitants. To speak seriously, as belies journalists, we are glad to hear good tidings of the Nova Scotia gold-hunters. A very recent visitor at the "diggings," an intelligent observer of the surveys and explorations and washings and crushings, has just shown us sundry specimens of the article as exported, that quite satisfy an inexperienced eye. His accounts indeed confirm to the letter the reasonable expectations of the Hon. Joseph Howe, republished in these columns about a month ago. It appears that, while the returns are not so extravagant as to tempt depravity and gambling, they are so certain that hard-working and honest men may reckon confidently on earning a very handsome reward for their toil. To such therefore the opportunity is admirable, and if emigrants thither carry with them a small capital judiciously invested, their chances of success are rendered all the surer.—*N. Y. Albion*.

TIMBER SALE.—A large quantity of lumber was sold at auction by George Stewart, Auctioneer, at 11 o'clock today, at Clark's corner. The terms of the sale were cash on the delivery of the bill.—The first lot was 8181 logs containing 2,358,755 superficial feet, and sold at \$8.50 per M. The second lot was 1496 logs containing 426,140 feet, and was knocked down at \$8.50. The third lot, 3837 logs, containing 1188,524 superficial feet, was sold at \$8.50 per M. The fourth lot comprised 800 tons of white pine timber, lying at Col. John Goddard's mill-pond in Carleton, it realized \$7.50 per ton.—*Globe*.

GARIBOLDI.—In a spirited letter to the French operatives, Garibaldi says:—

"The day is not far off when the accomplice of tyrants, the priest of Rome, shall be forced to seek a refuge far from the land which he rendered desolate during so many years. The blood of the innocent Locatelli and of the thousand victims of whom he is the murderer, will pursue him throughout the surface of the globe like the avenging sword of the cherubim, and peoples conspired against him, in infectious contact will march more easily, by taking either's hand, march toward the humanitarian object."

THE REBEL VESSEL SINKER AT NEW ORLEANS.—The iron vessel sinker which the New Orleans despatch says destroyed the *Preble*, has been the boast of New Orleans for a long time. She was formerly known as the *Essex* Train; was built in Boston and employed in the harbor of New Orleans as a tug boat. A large reward being offered to any one who would succeed in destroying the Federal fleet, a party of ingenious mechanics determined to prepare the Train for that purpose. Accordingly, she was thoroughly protected with a coating of iron ram from within, a roof of iron covered the boat—and the bow strengthened to resist any collision. Powerful machinery was then placed on board, and the ingenuity of the mechanics was put to the test in order to complete this formidable engine of destruction. As it was intended to be driven at its fastest speed against the side of a ship, the sinker was protected from the bow, and directly beneath this was an admirably constructed weapon, having three claws, encircling a large auger. The claws were intended to fasten into the side of the vessel attacked at the moment of collision, while the auger, driven by an engine, was intended to bore a hole in the side. This operation, if successful, could be renewed by means of a pointed shaft, so that a large number of holes could be bored within a small circumference.

WHY WASHINGTON WAS NOT TAKEN AFTER BELL RUN.—Mr. Massie, late editor of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, who has been lecturing in Montreal, says the reason Gen. Beauregard did not follow the Northern army in their "masterly advance from Bull Run upon Washington," was that the Southern Government had given him positive orders not to take that city. He affirmed that the agents sent to Europe by the Southern Confederacy had been instructed to say the South did not desire to plant their flag there, and the Confederate Cabinet were unwilling that the fact should give the lie to their assurance.—*Quebec Chron.*

THE PRINCESSES ROYAL.—Since the marriage of the princess Royal to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, painful rumors have been spread in this country, which represented that the alliance had been an unhappy one. We are glad to be enabled to counteract these assertions. At a dinner among the Leicestershire Freemasons, Earl Howe, as chairman coupled with the toast of the royal family the name of the Crown Prince of Prussia. In the course of his remarks support of the East, Lord Howe stated that he had the honor of being acquainted with King of Prussia, who had been Grand Master of the Freemasons of his country—that in such capacity he had many interviews with him. His son,