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Poetry.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

The Star-spangled banner that brows broad and brave,
O'er the home of the free, o'er the hut of the slave—
Whose stars in the face of no foe e'er waxed pale,
And whose stripes are for those that the stars dare assail—
Whose folds every year, broad and broader have grown,
Till they shadow both arctic and tropic zone,
From the Sierra Nevada to Florida's shore,
And like *Oliver Twist*, are still asking for more—
That banner whose infantine bunting can boast
To have witnessed the Union's great charter engrossed;
Which at Boston saw Freedom's stout struggle begun,
And from Washington welcomed its victory won.
For our fathers in rebel defiance it spread,
But to us it waves brotherly greeting instead;
And Concord and Peace, not Bellona and Mars,
Now support England's Jack and the States' Stripes and Stars.

Can it be there are partridge hands that would tear
This star-spangled banner so broad and so fair?
And if there be hands would such sacrifice try,
Is the hunting too weak the attempt to defy?

Alas! while its woe Freedom wore in her loom,
She passed in her work, and the Fend took her room,
And seizing the shuttle that Freedom had left,
Threw slavery's warp across Liberty's web.

How the Fend leaped and leaped, as the swift shuttle flew,
With its blood-rotted threads, the fair web running through,
"Now cut out your web—it is broad, it is long—
Twist Freedom's work and Freedom's, let's hope it is strong!"

And now that the blood-rotted warp is worn bare,
The flag it is flying, the flag it is tearing,
For the Fend chews on those who would read it essay,
And the work he has had in it is to give away.

Now Heaven guide the issue! May Freedom's white hands
'Ere too late, from the flag pluck these blood-rotted strands,
And to lettle and breeze fling the banner in proof
That it is her own fabric, in warp as in woof.

If this may not be, if the moment be nigh,
When the banner unrent shall no more float the sky,
To make fitting division of beams and of stars,
Let the South have the stripes and the North have the stars.

Select Tale.

THE PHANTOM WITNESS.

FROM A JUDGE'S NOTE BOOK.

Then there was a strange half sigh, half-hush all through the auditory, and a lady, in deep mourning, came into the court. It was the bereaved mother. She went direct to the front of the dock, where was her sister arraigned on so dreadful a charge, and she leant over the front of it, with both arms extended as she cried, "Dear, dear Anna, God bless you and prove your innocence, as I feel it!" Anna was overcome by this, and she burst into a shrieking passion of sobs and tears. The sisters could only just interlace their arms together, and there they remained for some moments, until the judge said, in a deep, sad voice, "This must not be. Proceed, proceed."

The clerk of the arrais, in a high cracked, indifferently voice, proceeded to read the indictment, and Rachel sat down in a chair that some one had placed for her just beneath the dock.

Poor Anna's fortitude seemed wholly to have given away. Her face was hidden in her hands, and resting on the front of the bar. It was a fashion to place a row of aromatic herbs on the bar before the prisoner in those days, and among them she leant; and some of them, watered by her tears, fell upon her sister's lap as she sat beneath.

Then came the question, "Prisoner at the bar, do you plead guilty or not guilty to this present indictment?"

Anna did not stir. The poor girl had not heard the question; but her sister rose, and in a mild, clear voice said, "she is not guilty, sir."—He was my little one. He is in heaven now; and if you take her life she will go to him sooner than I, and be that the happier. She is not guilty, sir."

The governor of the jail had by this time jogged Anna by the arm, and whispered to her, when she looked up hastily, and said, "Oh, no, no, no!—a thousand times no!"

"The plea is 'Not guilty,' said the judge, so enter it."

The attorney-general rose. The court was hushed. I never took my eyes off his for one moment while he spoke.

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner at the bar, Anna Dorrer Heritage is on trial for the murder of Ernest Seaton. If she be guilty, it is a guilt which casts the shadow of its terrible atrocity over every breath in England; if innocent, she is a piece of suffering virtue which I implore heaven to protect. I am here to perform a duty, not to advocate a cause. I wish to be the mouth-piece of a narrative merely; you are the judges. The present respected high sheriff of the county is Sir Ralph Heritage, of Heritage Hall. He had a brother who married, and went to reside in Ceylon with his wife and two infant daughters. One of these daughters was there married to Mr. Seaton, a young merchant. He died leaving a widow with one child—the murdered Ernest Seaton mentioned in the indictment against the prisoner now on trial.

The brother of Sir Ralph Heritage died at Ceylon soon after the death of his wife; and the two daughters were alone—one a widow, with her infant son; the other the prisoner at the bar. They communicated with their uncle Sir Ralph Heritage, who sent them a kind invitation to come to him, intimating, at the same time, that he would make his grand nephew, Ernest, his heir. They came, the child, the mother, and the young aunt. They reached Liverpool in the ship *Aleste*, and took a post-chaise for Northamptonshire. The chaise broke down at Deddington Flats, and the party was compelled to take refuge from the raging storm, and to pass the night at an inn named the Wheatsheaf.

The child, the mother, and the aunt, retired early to a double-bedded room. The child slept with its mother—the prisoner at the bar in the other bed. At five minutes past one o'clock on that night the landlord and his wife were awakened by a loud scream, and they hurried in the direction of the sound, which led them to the room in question. Mrs. Seaton was found lying insensible in the doorway. The prisoner at the bar was sitting up in bed, and much disfigured, both on her face and hands, with blood. The body of the child, Ernest,

was found between that bed and the wall, with a knife in its heart. Now, gentlemen of the jury, these are the prominent facts; but there are some collateral ones which it is my duty to mention. The landlady of the Wheatsheaf will depose, that as she was passing the door of the room occupied by the sisters, she heard them conversing, and with an incidental curiosity she paused to listen, when she heard the prisoner say, 'I shall go to the wall, and shall not get a husband, all on account of your little Ernest, when I intended to make uncle Ralph take to me—or make me his favorite—and leave me all his money.' These, the landlady can tell you, may not be the exact words used; but she will swear to you, as she has already sworn to the justices, that they are very near, and contain the sentiment that was uttered. Collateral fact the second, then, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, is that the knife which did the deed of blood belonged to the prisoner, and was bought by her at Colombo in Ceylon. Gentlemen, God aid and help us all to get at the truth in this matter! I have nothing more to say."

The Attorney General sat down, not adding one word to his bare statement of these facts, on which the case rested.

A cold perspiration sat on my brow. How fearfully strong was the case, and what had I to rebut it with? Nothing—nothing! What if Brown had been swallowed up by an earthquake? His absence or presence made but little account in such a case. He had only seen what others saw—he could add nothing to the evidence of the landlord and landlady of the inn. I felt as if my very heart paled as I saw the blank, half-terror stricken countenances of the jury, and fancied that in every whisper they indulged in to each other, the word 'guilty' might be found.

The junior counsel for the prosecution now rose, and called out 'Jacob Wills!'

There was a slight bustle, and the landlord of the inn got into the witness-box. He merely deposed to the coming of the sisters and child to the Wheatsheaf, and the alarm in the night, and the finding the dead body of the child as stated.

The attorney-general then glanced at me, and I rose to cross-examine.

"Had you any other guests in 'the Wheatsheaf' on the night in question?"

"Yes sir. A Mr. Brown."

"When did he come?"

"About an hour after the ladies."

"Was he a stranger to you?"

"Quite, sir."

"Where did he sleep?"

"At the far end of the gallery, about fifty paces off the lady's room."

"You can go down now, but I shall want you again."

"Yes, sir."

Maria Wills, the landlady was the next witness examined, and she confirmed what the attorney general had stated. Her account of what Anna had said made a strong impression on the jury, and when I rose up to cross-examine her, I felt that that was the point to attend to.

"Now, Mrs. Wills, I said, 'you have said many a thing in jest to your husband and he to you, no doubt?'"

"Lord bless you, yes, sir."

"And meant no harm?"

"Not the least, sir."

"Of course not. Now can you recollect anything you may have said to him, or of him, in that harmless way lately?"

"Oh, dear, yes, sir! When he takes a drop too much, I am very apt to say that I hope the next will choke him, but I no more mean it than you do, sir."

"And of course, by the tone in which you say it, he knows it is only a joke?"

"To be sure!"

"You speak it in something of the tone of the prisoner at the bar, when she said she should never get a husband?"

"Just so, sir."

"That will do. You can go down."

Mr. Brown was the next witness called, and no one appeared. I was resolved to make the most I could in favour of the prisoner out of this disappearance of Brown, although I feared it would not be much, but it was not then time to take any notice of it. The name of Brown reverberated through the court, and the passages, and the adjacent street, and no Brown appeared.

The attorney-general then himself rose and said, "It is now my most painful duty to call Mrs. Rachel Seaton. It is a duty I would fain have avoided, if possible, for no one can feel more gently than I do how sad to her must be the task of being summoned for the prosecution in this case, but it cannot be helped, and I therefore call Mrs. Rachel Seaton."

With a slow and melancholy step the poor mother got into the witness box, but she kept her eyes upon Anna with a longing, tender glance, till the judge said, mildly, "Witness, you must look this way."

Then she gently turned from the observation of Anna, and they could all see the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Sirs—sirs!" she cried; "this should not be. You will understand, sir, that he was my boy—my only one. You cannot understand how I—loved him—because—because that is hidden here—here, in my poor, broken heart. But when I, the mother—when I, in losing him, you see, sir, have lost all—all I had in the world—when I declare that Anna is innocent, you should listen to me. Last night, sir—it was at the same hour last night—no, my babe—my own dear—Oh, heaven, those tears said me! I I could only die now—now—now!"

How she wept—what a passion of grief was here—and throughout all the court you might hear sobs and faint cries; and the judge wrapped his mantle over his face and leant back in his chair, and all was still but the voice of grief in that court.

and she meant to say that she would speak to me; and then, before I could ask her anything she went on.

Sirs, all listen to me. I did not see the murderer of my darling, but I saw his shadow. It is ever present to me now—like a phantom, it goes with me wherever I may go! Last night, too—oh, you will say that was a dream, but dreams are of heaven's making, as well as waking thoughts—I saw him then—my little angel! Oh, what light was there!—the light of heaven in the dear eyes, and on the little face—the shining colors from the wings of God's arch-angels were about him—my own dear little one! He came with heaven's sunshine on his face. I heard his voice—so soft—so low—so beautiful; and he said that she was innocent, and had ever loved him.

"Sister, dear sister!" cried Anna, I did ever love him; I am innocent.

There were sobs and cries now in the court, and twice I tried to command my voice to speak before I could say to her, "Madam, madam! The shadow you saw on the night of the murder? Tell us of it."

"I will! I will! I saw it on the wall. The tall broad shadow, or phantom, of a man."

"What was it like?" interposed the judge. "Tell us, madam, what it was like, if you can."

"I will! I will! What is this?"

Mrs. Seaton looked around her and up at the windows of the court, with a shudder.

"It is nothing," said I. "A thunder storm is about to take place. That is all."

For the last few minutes the court had been gradually getting so dark that it was impossible to see from one side of it to the other; and scarcely had the last words passed my lips when a flash of blue lightning, that was perfectly bewildering in its brightness, lit up the place, and was followed by such a peal of thunder, that the building in which was the court house appeared to shake to its foundations.

A scene of confusion occurred in the court by the efforts of some to leave, and by some females fainting. A loud voice then cried out, close to the door, "Make way there, make way! Out of my way, I say! I cannot—I will not stay here. We shall have the place down about our ears! Out of my way!"

A man who had been hiding in an obscure corner, close to the jury-box, tried to fight his way out of the court. Then a voice called out, "That is Brown."

It was never discovered who uttered those words, but I called out loudly, "Detain that man! He is a witness in this case, and duly subpoenaed, and being in court, can be compelled to speak. Stop that man!"

Brown was pounced upon by several officers, and brought onward.

"What is this for?" he cried. "What have I done? ha! ha! A prime joke this!"

The attorney general sprang to his feet.

"You are our witness," he said. "My lord judge, may we have lights?"

"Lights!" cried the judge. "I cannot see my notes."

The darkness of the court increased each moment, and the thunder again, like the discharge of heavy ordnance, rolled over the building.

"I have nothing to say," cried Brown; "no evidence to give, I tell you. I was fast asleep and heard cries, and went to see what was amiss; and then I saw just what the landlord and landlady saw and no more, or no less."

"Lights, there?" cried the judge.

"Yes my lord," said a voice.

A man appeared with a light, with which to light the chandelier. What shrieks are those? Oh? sounds of terror—wild laughter—cries of exultation mingled with horror.

It is the bereaved mother.

"Look! oh look! There—on the wall—near to you my Lord Judge? This is God's mercy! It is heaven's testimony—the phantom witness? I know it well? There is the murderer's shadow!"

There was a strange, shouting cry in the court. The counsel all rose from their seats, and the judge looked askance with amazement on his face.

Cast on the wall of the court by the light they had been brought, was the shadow of the man Brown. Huge and exaggerated, there it was; and as he sank down in the vain hope of escaping its production. Mrs. Seaton had seen it, even as she had seen it rest on the wall, of the corridor of the inn by the oil lamp in the passage, as she sank away with the blood of the innocent child upon his soul.

Brown then made a frantic effort to escape but he was overpowered and secured in a moment. The storm clouds passed over, and a long broad beam of sunshine streamed into the court.

"Not guilty!" cried the jury, with one voice; and in another moment Anna was in the arms of her sister.

Then a tall pale old man stood up by the side of the judge. It was Sir Ralph Heritage, the high Sheriff who had risen from his sick bed and arrived in the court during its darkness of the storm. His hands were clasped together, and with a deep sigh he said, as he looked at Brown, "You are my unhappy son, and now I have a key to all this horror. You have done murder, lest a new claimant on my affections should arise in the person of the poor child you have destroyed. My Lord Judge, this is my death blow. Take me home you that have compassion."

The high sheriff sank back on the bench, and when they went to raise him they found but a corpse.

The motive of Richard Heritage in committing the dreadful deed at the inn was now too apparent. He was tried and convicted in due course, but managed to procure a deadly poison, and evaded the sentence of the law.

A will of Sir Ralph Heritage was found which left the bulk of his property to the poor murdered child, so that his male relatives put in their claims but a sufficient sum was secured for ease and competence both to Rachel and Anna.

Poor Rachel? She only lived one year, and then she went to see, not in a dream, but in reality, the sunshine of heaven on the face of her baby boy.

The largest modern deer forest in Scotland is that of the Duke of Argyll, which extends over 100,000 acres. The next is the forest of Farquharson of Inverchilde, but which is partly under sheep and deer, altogether about 130,000 Scotch acres. Next to which ranks Lord Fitz's forest of Mar, about 60,000 acres.

Gorillas and their Ferocity.

If Mr. Darwin's notion that the human race may have developed from the monkey tribes had any scientific basis, it would be a little humiliating that other branches of the original stock have attained a higher degree of physical strength than has fallen to man. The gorilla are more than a match for him, when unassisted by weapons.

Dr. Du Chailu is probably the first and only white man who has dared to wage war with gorillas. The apes of Borneo and Sumatra are infants in comparison with them. The fur-famed chimpanzee is a great docile creature which can never be named in the same day with the gigantic savage of Central Africa. Think of it! The gorilla is six feet two inches in height, and three feet between the shoulder-blades. The paw is that of a giant—three times the size of a human hand. The fingers measure six inches in circumference at the base.

There is an immense ridge running perpendicularly over the cranium; and this and the great jaws are packed with muscle of prodigious strength. The creature has huge arms, altogether disproportioned to its body. It has black hair, and has a matted lock on its head, which has the power of bringing over its face. It has almost the sagacity of a man, and almost the ferocity of a fiend. The male is terribly pugnacious; the female always flies. When they make their attack they beat their breasts with their fists, making a sound which can be heard a mile. Their cry—which has a terrific resemblance to the human voice—can be heard three miles amid the reverberations of the hills.

As they approach their adversary, they endeavor to intimidate him. One would think this was easily done. The fearful sound, those frantic eyes, glaring with the intelligence and malignity of a demon, were enough to shake nerves not easily disturbed from their equipoise. Our hero lost five or six men in these strange engagements. Think of the tremendous strength that, with one blow of the arm, could crush the ribs like pipe-stems, and tear out a piece of the side; and that with a single movement of the jaw, could crush the barrel of a gun as if it had been a stick of candy! Another fact; there are no lions in the heat of the gorilla.

—Life Illustrated.

A Man Killed by a Lion.

Yesterday morning a terrible encounter took place at Astley's Amphitheatre. An under-groom named Smith was literally throttled to death by one of the lions which play so prominent a part in the holiday entertainments, at that favorite place of amusement. The lions, three in number, are confined in a cage at the back of the stage. When the night watchman let the theatre yesterday morning, a few minutes before seven, he reported "all right." Shortly afterwards, Smith the deceased, entered the place and found the lions prowling about. They had torn off a heavy iron bar which crossed the front of their cage, and then burst open the door. Smith was alone, and not being familiar with the animals he attempted to escape into an adjoining stable yard. His situation was a frightful one, and most men would have acted precisely as he did under similar circumstances, but the probability is that if he had stood his ground boldly his life would have been saved.

Unfortunately one of the lions—that which is known by the name of Havoc—caught sight of his retreating figure, and instantly spring upon him it seized him by the haunches, pulling him to the ground, and then fixed his teeth in his throat. Death must have been almost instantaneous, but as Smith was found a good deal out and bruised at the back of the head, it is supposed that the lion, after burying its fangs in his throat, dragged him about and dashed his head against the ground. It seems in fact to have worried him, though the wounds inflicted by the brute are neither so numerous nor so severe as was expected. There were no cries for help, but a sort of shuffling noise was heard by a man in the stable yard. He suspected what had occurred and did not venture to open the door through which Smith had endeavored to escape, but he gave the alarm, and in a few minutes was joined by several grooms and others connected with the theatre.

They were all, however, too much afraid to enter the place, and nothing was done to ascertain the fate of Smith until the arrival of Crockett, the lion conqueror, to whom the animals belong. As soon as he reached the spot he passed through the door alone, none of the others daring to follow. The body of Smith was lying face upward a few feet from the door, and Havoc was crouched over it as a hungry dog crouches over a piece of meat. Crockett immediately threw the animal off and dragged the body into the yard. A Surgeon was sent for, but of course he could render no assistance. Crockett lost no time in securing the animals. They allowed him to capture them easily enough. Even Havoc did not offer any resistance, and the other two, which had taken no part in the terrible scene with Smith, seemed rather afraid than otherwise. In a few minutes all three were back in their cage again, and last night they went through their usual performances before a crowded audience.—London Times.

A HOT WATER BATTERY. A novel method of defence exists at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and is thus spoken of in connection with the recent rumors of an intended attack by a mob in the interests of the secessionists:

Preparations for defending the Yard, notwithstanding the utter groundlessness of the late rumors, are progressing on a large scale. A gun has been placed on board the corvette *Succumbah*, and the brig *Perry* is being hurriedly got ready for service.

Chief-Engineer King, in charge of all the steam and other machinery, has great resources at his command, and proposes an immediate preparation for the repulsion of any number of invaders. He has under his charge twelve large steam-boilers some of them on wheels, and a number of powerful steam pumps and fire engines, to which he has ready for attachment india-rubber hose to lead to any or all parts of the yard, steam being kept on the boilers ready for action at all hours. The pumps could be put into operation at any time, throwing hundreds of tons of boiling hot water into the faces of the invaders, in the same manner that cold water is thrown from steam engines; of course, no number of men could stand one minute such fearful and terrible havoc. This powerful method of defence, Mr. King is to be applied to all fortifications and steamships of war, so that taking by storm or boarding would be impossible.

Items, Foreign & Local.

Miss Nightingale's health has greatly improved during her quiet retreat in one of the healthiest suburbs of London. Although still a great invalid, Miss Nightingale is able to bear carriage exercise, even at this inclement season of the year.

The R. M. Steamer *Niagara* which arrived the 24th inst., had one million and eighty thousand dollars in specie for Halifax, N. S.

The population of Montreal, Canada, as indicated by the last census, is about 99,000.

Hon. A. Whitman, Member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, died at his residence in Annapolis, week before last.

It is reported that Lord Elgin is to be elevated to a Marquisate.

Father Peter Daly, of Galway, has been presented by the inhabitants with a cheque for £451, as a public recognition of his services in establishing that port as the transatlantic packet station.

Sapper Alexander Patterson, of the Royal Engineers, has been sentenced by district court-martial to be branded with the letter "D," and to be imprisoned for 112 days with hard labour, for having deserted nine years ago.

Minnesota has this year a surplus of six million bushels of wheat, and as much more of other grain.

Charles Lawson, a hand-loom weaver of Dunfermline, Scotland, has invented a machine for weaving Brussels and velvet pile carpets and table covers, which it is predicted will cause a revolution in these branches of manufacture.

Langley in his "Residence in India," states that butter and sugar in that country are fed to horses.

There are more than 650,000 females employed in the United Kingdom as milliners, dressmakers, and shirtmakers; and their labor being manual, they are on an average the most enslaved, most dependent, and most unhappy of the industrial classes. Half a million of sewing machines are much needed among them.

According to the census, the population of New York is 814,254, crowded into 54,338 dwellings. This is an average of about three families and fifteen persons in each dwelling. In Brooklyn the average is about one and one-half families and eight and three-fourths persons to a dwelling.

In the Panjab, India, there is a breed of sheep so small that a full grown one is no larger than one of our lambs of about 4 weeks old. They have small bones, a full, fleshy carcass, and the mutton is excellent. Each ewe has two lambs per annum, and yields about three pounds of fine wool.

A solid cake of gold, worth nearly \$50,000, has been sold to the Bank of New South Wales, and the quartz reef from which it was obtained will produce \$150,000 a year for many years to come.

On one farm at Monterey, Cal. there are 20,000 grape vines arranged on the slope of the mountain, from which 1,500 gallons of wine were obtained in 1850.

The *Tipperary Free Press* says:—

"There are at present but five persons in the county goul for trial at the ensuing assizes—I for man slaughter, 1 for attempting to upset a train, 1 for assaulting, 1 for post office robbery, and 1 for concealment of birth. When it is remembered that six months have elapsed since the last assizes were held, it will be seen from the above that crime is becoming small by degrees, in what was once known as Tipperary."

Gutta-percha, or a substance very closely resembling it, has been found in Barbice, British Guiana. It can be vulcanized, and molded, and, in short, possesses all the qualities of gutta-percha. The discovery is due to Dr. Van Holst, of Barbice.

The safe-key of the Revere Bank, Boston, with a million combinations, became disarranged lately, and the mechanical skill of the maker could not open it. Business was at a stand-still. A gang of workmen were at last set to work to batter down the masonry.

There are 9 English, 2 French, 1 Spanish, and 4 German daily papers in San Francisco, Cal. There are 22 weeklies, whereof 18 are English, 8 French, and 1 Italian. There are 7 monthlies, one of which is medical, and another religious.

Estimating the amount of blood in the human body at twenty four pounds, twelve pounds pass through the heart every minute.

A smart negro having done something wrong, was sent to the police office at Montgomery, Ala., last week, with a note requesting him to have thirty nine lashes administered. Having an inkling of the object of the letter, he got a friend to deliver it, and to take the whipping in his place.

The Catholic cathedral and Bishop's palace, at Selkirk, British America, were burned Dec. 7th; loss \$125,000. The cathedral was a magnificent structure, commenced in 1835 and only completed last year. A library of 5000 volumes was also lost, and massive oil paintings of great value.

Among the other objects found in the Emperor of China's summer palace, is an elephant of natural size, in gilt and enamelled bronze, and most magnificent.

It is a singular fact, says a St. Louis paper, that on certain portions of the Illinois prairies, corn is being used as fuel in lieu of coal, and is found an excellent substitute. Not only is the difference in price in favour of the corn, but a bushel of it gives more heat than a bushel of coal.

The French government has determined not to prolong the occupation of Syria, and will withdraw its troops from that country.

The Sardinian government is said to be making a loan of \$60,000,000 in Paris.

The famous shrine of Loretto, in the Papal States, was broken into a short time since, and about £1,000 abstracted from a box in the place. Two priests were the robbers, and they have been arrested, and part of the spoil recovered.

A preliminary meeting of the Jews of England, France, Italy and America, has been held at the Mansion House, London, for the purpose of concerting new efforts for the restoration of the child Mortara to his parents.

Our Colonial exchanges are complaining of the extreme severity of the season, as well as the great quantity of snow.

General News.

Newfoundland.

A letter dated Saint John's Jan. 2. 1861 says:— "This country is in a most deplorable state. The population of the Island, exclusive of Bay St. George and the French Shore, is about 100,000, and the ordinary sum disbursed for poor relief is 10,000. This year however, twice this amount will not suffice to prevent actual starvation. In St. John beggars meet you at all corners. The ear hears their beseeching tones in the house, the office, and the streets. Sickness is also too common during the past year; no less than 1500 deaths have taken place here out of a population of 22,000. The great mortality is in a measure owing to the filthy condition of the town. During the Christmas and New Year's holidays the streets were infested with ruffians dressed out fantastically, with masks on, beating every body, all in fun of course—but unfortunately it is not uncommon with them to avail themselves of their disguises, and maltreat parties against whom they may have a grudge. In a neighboring village last Friday night a party of them attacked a young man named Muser, and literally beat his brains out on the spot. No clue can be found to fasten this horrible deed on any person. Last night in Harbour Grace a gentleman was attacked on the street and narrowly escaped with his life; about 200 beset him at once. In that town no respectable man thinks of moving abroad after nightfall unarmed and it is so common for some to be armed, so as not to be taken at a disadvantage. Altogether at the present time the country presents a dreadful picture of destitution, disease and crime such as is met with in no country possessing the advantages of a free constitution; and what the end will be no man can tell. Even moderate men are beginning to think people must protect themselves."

—Protestant.

STRANGE CRIME IN IRELAND.—The Dublin correspondent of the N. Y. Observer says:

"A youth, scarcely of age, has startled those most familiar with the romantic in guilt by a crime, in its perpetration, antecedent, and accompaniments, so unusual, as that the relation of it sounds more like fiction than reality."

Joseph