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## Poetry.

### The Boundary Line of the River St. John.

BY REV. JOHN COFFIN SARGENT, OF NEW YORK.

Calm flows the stream,  
Where no rocks intervene,  
With sweet dimples in every cove;  
And the light of the sky,  
Is reflected on high,  
As soft as the glance of God's Love.

But down the Grand Gulf  
Where the waters do pour,  
With a terrible deafening sound;  
The phantom there  
Is the haunt of despair,  
Where he dwells in his caverns profound.

Still where a glad river,  
Betrotheth forever,  
The mountains of different lands,  
Like the river Saint John  
As it calmly rolls on,  
With its waters like diamond bands;  
And its hills of soft green,  
On either side seen  
Reflected from peaceful shore;

And the tide of its song  
Its glass waters prolong,  
As at Vespers God's people adore,  
Like the sound of church chime  
Is the echo of praise,  
In its harmony over the waters;  
And God's spirit doth kiss,  
Such a vision as this,  
And God blesses God's sons and God's daughters.

When the bright sun doth shine,  
Like Messiah Divine,  
And sun clouds like God's chariots pass over;  
May God say, Let such scenes,  
Like a Paradise green  
Arise—let from Calais to Dover.

In the Kingdom of God,  
Under Christ's benign rod,  
When the Nations shall have Law Divine;  
They shall sing but one song,  
Though in every tongue,  
And shall every man's heart be true;  
They shall extol I AM,  
And shall chant of The Lamb,  
And the Mountains, the Rivers, the Ocean,  
Shall echo the praise  
Of the triumphal lay,  
And Satan shall break his communion!

Such a Vision of Peace  
Shall be seen over Greece,  
And all over Italy's shore—  
As I am a Sear—  
To the Vale of Cashmere—  
And Yehoweh Shamane adore.

Let the Isles of the Sea  
Then the Boundaries be,  
That tell how the Nations are parted;  
As the Sun-star flag variant,  
To the Nations of old,  
That the Heavens were still divine-hearted.

Let the Northern Lights shine  
Over lands still divine,  
And the Southern Cross bend o'er a vision,  
Of the Firmament bright,  
With God's star flag variant,  
In tranquility heavenly Elysian.

Oh! I had the day,  
And I had not far away,  
Though the trumpet of war is now sounding;  
When the thunder on high  
Shall have passed through the sky,  
And God's truth shall triumphantly abound.

## Select Tale.

### LAW AND ROMANCE.

"Act as my representative in all respects. I delegate you full and entire authority!"

That was what Jack Clermont had said, as he leaned out of the carriage window to light his cigar from the tip of mine. Of course, I took the responsibility very good-humoredly; for though I had never been in love myself, still I had a sort of general idea that it was my duty to afford every possible facility to a young man who was going to see his sweetheart, and fix the wedding day.

So I turned with a sigh of resignation away from the fresh, exhilarating air and the vivid March sunshine, into the close little den, lined with law-books, and strongly perfumed with the odor of Russia leather, which Jack denominated his "office!" On the whole, I felt rather as if I were an amiable sacrifice on the altar of disinterested friendship. Damon and Pythias were great cronies, no doubt, if we are to put faith in the records of history; but I never heard that Damon stayed home to "keep office" for Pythias, when he would a great deal rather have been out in the breezy March woods, tramping down the first blue violets under the drifts of dry leaves, with a gun over his shoulder!

Then I began to consider seriously what a gay fellow I was to spend my days in this Robin Hood kind of life, while my old colleague Jack, was working away at the law, and pocketing snug little fees, and getting to be Justice of the Peace and delegate to all the conventions, and school trustee, and everything else that he could possibly think of. "Some day," resolved I, wheeling lazily around on Jack's faded old, leather chair, "I'll go to work, too."

All day long I sat there, enacting Jack to my own unbounded admiration, and farmers to the astonishment of the sober old neighbors, whose preconceived idea of "Squire Clermont" was widely different from the slender, untaught young fellow, who occupied his seat of judgment, and pronounced solemn edicts with all the dignity of Chief-Justice Taney himself! What was the use of telling them all that I wasn't Jack, and that I had never graduated from any law school, and that my whole knowledge of that sublime science was confined to a single perusal of Blackstone! Jack had given me explicit instructions to act as his representative, and wasn't I doing it to the very best of my ability?

Well, on the whole, I didn't succeed badly at the first—whenever there was any mistiness about the transaction, I took the broad ground that law was just more or less common sense (a mistake that experience has since rectified for me.) I nipped three promising lawsuits in the bud by the conscientious exercise of my opinions; persuaded several honest fellows to put their grievances in their pockets, not in mine; and, speaking in round numbers, must have "done" poor Jack out of nearly fifty dollars in retainer fees!

"Squire Clermont in?" demanded a shock-headed rustic, in a swallow-tailed blue coat, decorated with platter-like brass buttons, who made his appearance about noon.

"Yes—what's wanting?"

"Well, sir," answered the rustic, rather awkwardly twirling his hat round and round, "we'd like to have you come up to Shineville next week, and deliver a lecture for our Young Men's Association; and—"

"Twenty-five dollars and expenses paid," remarked I, at a venture, with an air of such exquisite assurance that the negotiator was completely at my mercy.

"Very well, sir. The secretary of the association will forward you a regular invitation, and—"

"Good day, sir," I said, briskly rubbing my hands as another individual came in, and he edged out. "Jack can't complain at this way of transacting business," was my internal reflection, while my last visitor was hemming and hawing preparatory to introducing new business.

"You are Mr. Clermont, sir, I suppose?"

"What's your business with me, my friend?" said I, amiably.

"Well, I'm real glad I've caught you at home for once," was the answer, with fawning satisfaction. "I'd be very much obliged if you'd pay this 'ere little bill!"

And he extended a crumpled piece of paper—a bill for something or other, I didn't know or care what, except that the sum total was twenty dollars, which I paid with my exaltation considerably toned down. Why couldn't I have said that I wasn't Jack, and didn't know when Jack would be at home!

My most interesting adventure was yet to happen, however. Just as I was beginning to yawn, and contemplate the propriety of shutting the little office up for the day—just as the revel brightness of a glorious Spring sunset was streaming in long bars of gold through the dusty panes of glass beside me, the silence was broken by a tiny tap on the office door.

"Come in!" I said, expecting to see a little boy with a letter, or some preternaturally bashful client as I laid down the poker, and wheeled my chair round. What was my astonishment, on the contrary, to behold a tall, slender young lady, with fresh brown complexion, just tinged with healthy pink, that somehow made me think of the wild honeysuckles in my favorite woods, and hazel eyes, that appeared perfectly ready either to sparkle into brilliant laughter, or melt into misty tears!

There she stood, and there I sat! I never had heard of Jack's having any female clients, and consequently it took several seconds for me to recover, as it were, my mental equilibrium. Then I sprang up, and politely proffered her the only chair in the office, while I enthroned myself on the wood-box.

"Mr. Clermont?" she asked, softly—a very sweet musical sort of voice. I noticed, even through all my perturbation.

"I shall be happy to be of service to you, ma'am."

Who would have supposed it! The young woman didn't want a divorce from her husband, (that is, taking it for granted she had happened to have such an appendage,) nor did she desire to quarrel with her neighbor's boundary fence, or stray bovine animals who had depredated the paternal cornfields. Not at all; she merely wanted a certificate to teach a district school, and the other trustees had sent her to Mr. Clermont to be examined.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish for a bashful young man, who was sailing under false colors!—How was I to know whether she was qualified to be a school ma'am, or not? And how, in the name of all that was desperate, was I to get myself out of this highly embarrassing business, unless I confessed my inequality to the present emergency, by fairly running away, and beating an ignominious retreat through the back office door, into the pine woods beyond!

"Never!" quoth I to myself. "I'll die at my post sooner, even if forty thousand school-ma'ams came after certificates!"

"Sir?" faltered the young lady.

"What is your name, ma'am?" I demanded, in a business-like manner, drawing a sheet of paper towards me, and dipping my pen in the inkstand.

"Jessie Gray, sir."

I knew I couldn't stand the arch, half-mischievous twinkle of those brown eyes if I looked at her too often; so I went on, firmly:

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen months."

"Eighteen, hey?" I wrote it down, and hesitated a minute. What next to ask her I had no more idea than the tongs in the corner. I wished Jack would come home, and catechise his own brown-eyed school-teachers—no, I didn't either!

"What do you know?" I asked.

"O, plenty of things," responded the fair candidate, demurely. (Confound these women—how quickly they discover when you are at a disadvantage!) "I can sew, and knit, and mend stockings, and make pies, and—"

I tried very hard to frown, magisterially, as I saw the roguish dimples playing around Jessie's rosy mouth, and interrupted her catalogue with the query:

"I mean, what are your educational qualifications?"

Jessie looked at me like a startled bird, the mouth beginning to quiver, and the hazel orbs to melt and swim. I moved uneasily on the wood-box, and two or three knotty pine logs rolled down around my ankles.

"Come, now, don't be frightened," I expostulated, rubbing my bruised extremities. "Don't please. All I want to know is, can you say the multiplication table, and cast interest, and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes," faltered Jessie—what a pretty little hand it was that fluttered so nervously on her lap wouldn't I have liked to set her a portentously hard sum in Double Rule of Three to work out, just to watch the manipulations of that little hand!

"Let me see—which school is it you wish to teach?" soliloquized I, half aloud, conveniently pretending to forget what I had never known.

"At Elm Grove, sir," said Jessie, meekly.

"Elm Grove—why, my child, there are scholars there twice your height and size, and as unready as aboriginal savages! Have you duly considered the consequences of the step you are about to take?"

"I have, sir," she answered, the long wet lashes sweeping her flushed cheek; "but I am very poor, and it is necessary for me to earn my daily bread!"

I set my teeth firmly together at the idea of that delicate young creature in the tumble-down old hovel at Elm Grove, at the mercy of dog-eared spelling books and dinner-jackets.

door at that identical moment? why couldn't he have stayed away just five minutes longer?

"Please favor me with your address, Miss Gray," I stammered, hurriedly, "the certificates are not printed yet. I will call and see about them in a few days."

And when the quiet brown dress had fluttered out, I discovered, all at once, that the crimson glory was fading gloomily from the west, and the fire was dying out, and things were looking dismal enough to welcome the noisy entrance of my friend Jack and his cigar.

"Well, my boy, what luck have you had keeping office to-day?"

Jack tossed a fresh supply of logs on the fire and threw himself into the leather-cushioned chair, where he had just sat—the thoughtless scamp!

I informed him briefly of my experiences, laying particular stress on the twenty-five dollar lecture engagement, and slurring over the affair of the crumpled bill for which I had a receipt in full.

"All right," said Jack in his merry, jovial voice, that sounded like a cheerful gale of wind in a pine forest. "Why, you'd make a splendid lawyer, Campford! But you have not told me about the pretty girl who was coming out as I drove up—what did she want?"

"Oh, she was after a certificate to teach school—up in Elm Grove, you remember. I say, Jack, this school-ma'am branch must be a rather delicate piece of business in your sphere of duties!"

"Not generally," said Jack. "But what did you do with this one? Give her a certificate?"

"No," said I, thoughtfully.

"And why not? didn't I invest you with limitless powers?"

"Because," said I, deliberately rising from the wood-box, and stretching my six feet of humanity to their full altitude, "because, Jack, I mean to marry that girl!"

"Campford! are you insane?"

"No—I think not."

"But you never saw her before?"

"Well, what then? she suits me exactly—I never knew before just what sort of a wife I wanted, and now I am fully convinced."

"But, suppose she won't have you?"

"She will—or I'll know the reason why!"

Clermont burst into a laugh.

"Well, Campford, all I have to say is, go ahead, and may cupid speed you!"

I acted upon his recommendation, and called on Miss Jessie the next day, to tell her that the certificates would certainly be ready at a certain date. Then I found it necessary to call several more times to tell her why they were delayed from date to date. So that it was well into April before I strode up the walk leading to the widow Gray's cottage one golden evening, with a bunch of wild azaleas in my hand and the dardly pieces of parchment under my arm. Of course Jessie had long since discovered that I was not the trustee, but it did not materially affect our friendly relations.

"Well, Miss Jessie, here is the certificate!"

She uttered a little exclamation of delight, and held out her hand. I intercepted it half way by a masterly coup d'état.

"I wouldn't avail myself of it, Miss Jessie—I believe you can do better!"

"How?"

"Marry me!"

Do you ask what answer she made? I have no very distinct recollection of the precise words—I only remember a sunset more goldenly radiant by far than I have ever seen, before or since—the faint odor of spring blossoms in the air, and my head bent down to catch the low whispers of the fair lips that were hidden against my beating heart. I think, however, its general purport was favorable, for Mrs. Campford—the pretty woman yonder who is wondering why I don't come to breakfast—has never regretted that she did not take charge of that school at Elm Grove!

### The Sunkon Road at Waterloo.

An odd numerical coincidence, twenty-six battalions were to receive these twenty six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry, formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and upon two lines—seven on the first and six on the second—with musket on their shoulder and eye upon their sights, waiting calm, silent, and immovable. They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clucking of the sabres, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host. There was a moment of fearful silence, then, suddenly, a long line of raised arms brandishing sabres appeared above the crest, with casques, trumpets, and standards, and three thousand hees with gray moustaches, crying "Vive l'Empereur!" All this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake.

All at once, tragic to relate, at the left of the English, and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating crest, unmanageable, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and the English a ditch—a grave. It was the sunkon road of Ohain.

It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slope. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second; the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders, no power to retreat; the whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French. The invincible ranks could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf, and when this grave was full of living men, the rest marched over them and passed on. Almost a third of the Dubois brigade sank into this abyss.—*Le Misanthrope.*

"What are wages here?" asked a laborer of a boy. "I don't know, sir." "What does your father get on Saturday night?" "Get!" said the boy, "why, he gets as tight as a brick!"

### The Tools with which Great Men Work.

It is not tools that make the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself; indeed, it is proverbial that the bad workman quarrels with his tools. A great painter on being asked by what process he mixed his colors, replied: "I mix them with my brains, sir." It is the same with every one who excels. Ferguson made marvelous things with a penknife, such as a wooden clock that marked the hours accurately. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools with which Dr. Clark discovered latent heat. A prism, a lens and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of colors. An eminent philosopher once called on Dr. Wollaston and requested to be shown over his laboratories in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries. The doctor took him into his study and showed him a small tray containing a few glasses, test papers, a small balance and a blow-pipe, saying: "Here is all the laboratory I have."

Stothard learned the art of combining colors by closely comparing the wings of butterflies; a stick and a bar-door served Wilkie in lieu of canvas; Bewick practiced drawing on the cottage wall of his native village; and Sir Benjamin West made his first brushes from the hairs of a cat's tail. Ferguson made a map of the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with knots on it stretched between his eyes and the glass; and Franklin robbed the clouds of their lightning by means of a kite made with two crossed sticks and a silk handkerchief. Watt's first model of a steam engine was made out of an old syringe, and Guinard worked his problems on leather with a blunt awl, while he was shoemaker's apprentice. These examples are by no means confined to the past; our contemporaneous history is full of just such instances.—*Scientific American.*

### Magic Effect of a Spectacle Case.

A counsellor, renowned for the art of his pleading had a trick of rubbing his spectacle case while addressing a jury. A foolish attorney who had confided a brief to him thought the action ludicrous, and likely to impair the effect of the pathetic appeals which the nature of the suit admitted. Accordingly, he watched for a sly opportunity and stole away the spectacle-case. For the first time in his life the counsellor's tongue faltered—his mind missed the bodily track with which it had long associated its operations; he became confused, embarrassed—he stammered, blundered, and boggled—lost all the threads of his brief, and was about to sit down, self-debated, when the conscience-stricken attorney restored the spectacle case. Straightway with the first touch of the familiar talisman, the mind recovered its self-possession, the memory its clearness, the tongue its fluency; and as, again and again the lawyer fondly rubbed the spectacle-case, argument after argument flew forth like the birds from a conjuror's box. And the jury, to whom a few minutes before the case seemed hopeless, were stormed into unanimous conviction of its justice.

Such is the force of habit. Such the sympathy between mental and bodily associations. Every magician needs his wand; and perhaps every man of genius has his spectacle-case.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### Farmers' Boys.

In the wide world there is no more important class than farmers' boys. They are not so important for what they are, as for what they will be.

At present they are of little consequence too often. But farmers' boys always have been, and we presume always will be the material out of which the noblest men are made. They have health and strength; they have bone and muscle; they have heart and will; they have ambition and endurance; and these are the materials that make men. Not buckram and broadcloth, and patent leather and beaver hat, and kid gloves and watch seals, are the material of which men are made. It takes better stuff to make a man. It is not fat and flesh, and swagger and self conceit; nor yet smartness, nor flippancy, nor loppiness, nor business. These make fools, not men; not men such as the world wants, nor such as it will honor and bless. Not long hair nor much beard, nor cane, nor a pipe, nor a cigar, nor a quid of tobacco, nor an oath, nor a glass of beer or brandy, nor a dog or gun, nor a pack of cards, nor a novel, nor a vulgar book of love and murder, nor a tale of adventures, that makes a man. Farmers' boys ought to keep clear of all these idle, foolish things. They should be employed with noble objects. They have yet to be men of the clear grit—honest, intelligent, industrious men.

### Beautiful and True.

In an article in a recent number of Fraser's Magazine this brief but beautiful passage occurs:—Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look; with a father's smile of approbation or a sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with handfulls of flowers in green and daisied meadow; with birds' nests admired, but not touched; with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emmetts; with humming-birds and glass bee-hives; with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good—to God himself.

### Preparing Winter Pickles.

Take them from the brine, place them over the fire, and cover with fresh water; when they are scalded take them from the fire, and after throwing a little salt into the water, set them (in the kettle) to cool. The next day pour off the water cover them again with fresh water, seal up and set away to cool, throwing in a little salt as before. Repeat this process for nine days; then scald the vinegar, dissolving in it a bit of alum the size of a nutmeg for a moderate-sized jar of pickles; while hot, pour the vinegar over the cucumbers; after a few days, if necessary, heat the vinegar a second time and pour it over them. Pickles thus prepared have no white scum rising on the surface.

It is a singular fact that many ladies who know how to preserve everything else, can't preserve their tempers. Yet it may easily be done on the self-sealing principle. It is only to "keep the mouth of the vessel tightly closed."

## Items Foreign, & Local.

The *Miramichi Times* says that an old woman, 60 years of age, named Mrs. Doherty, fell dead opposite St. John's church, on Saturday last. An inquest was held on the body, but we have not heard what verdict was returned by the jury.

A destructive fire occurred near the Railway Station at Shediac, on Saturday last, by which three stores were burned down, and much other damage done. The railway buildings narrowly escaped destruction. In one of the stores there were \$1,000 in bank notes, which were burned. Only one of the buildings was insured.

In 1647 the Cromwell party ordered the non-observance of Christmas, its observance being a superstitious and heathenish custom. The people generally, however, would not submit to it.

Willoughby the Ornithologist, tells of a gender 80 years of age. We ate one last year which, we should judge from the tenacity of its joints, was 75.

A Cherokee Indian has been admitted to the rebel Congress, as a delegate from the Cherokee nation.

At a banquet lately given at Tronoy, in Norway, a dish of fresh beef was served which had been found last summer in some tin cans buried at Spitzbergen. According to indisputable indications these cans were placed there by the Parry expedition in 1826. The meat was perfectly fresh, and had not contracted any bad smell.

The *Fredericton Reporter* says, Mr. J. H. Reid has returned from Massachusetts, where he has been for a few days engaged in the examination of Agricultural Stock. He has brought home with him a splendid specimen of the "woolly breed," imported from England to Canada some time ago, and named *Monitor*. The animal weighs between three and four hundred weight, and produced 16lbs. of wool at his last shearing.

The *Sackville Borderer* says, some excitement has been raised here by the discovery of two copper boilers, which were found, carefully covered over with bark, beneath the roots of a large tree which was blown down on Coeague Island, other articles were found near, which gave rise to the belief that money had been buried there, and numbers of persons repaired to the place provided with digging implements, some of whom are said to have found the concealed treasure.

There has not been a single act of violence committed in the London Exhibition building since the opening, and the bad money taken has been under £50, including only one bad half-sovereign.

The licensed truckmen of Ottawa, Canada, contemplate having a strong, steely case of their own, which they will use to protect their goods from the pilfering of the "profession."

The subscriptions in Canada for the Lunenburg operatives, it is said, will not fall far short of \$80,000.

The steamer *Harold*, which ran the blockade at Charleston, and arrived at Bermuda on the 24th ult., with 600 bales of cotton, had the celebrated Professor Murray on board as passenger.

The *Telegraph* believes that at the present time not less than 27,000 tons of shipping are being built in St. John and its vicinity.

The Prince of Wales was twenty-one years of age on the 7th inst.

The steamer *Pacific* arrived at San Francisco on the 6th of the present month from the Northern coast, bringing 500 passengers and \$170,000 from Oregon. The extreme cold weather was driving the miners from British Columbia. At Cariboo 400 animals had perished in the recent snow storm.

The present indebtedness of the rebel government is estimated to be about \$400,000,000.

Thirty thousand barrels of oil were destroyed by fire on the 6th inst., at Oil City, Pa. The total loss is estimated at \$200,000.

A cargo of salt was entered at the Boston Custom House a few weeks ago, the cost of which was \$750 but the duties on which was \$3,000, and the premium on the duties \$480 more.

A Boston paper says that during the war of 1812, gold never commanded a higher premium than 35 per cent., so that the sales of Wall street are now over the mark of the olden time.

Captain Hudson, who was commander of the United States frigate *Nagasaki*, when that vessel was employed in laying the Atlantic cable, died lately in Brooklyn.

The *Mobile Register* admits that nearly 10,000 rebels have taken the oath of allegiance to the United States government.

The clergymen of Brantford, C. W., have signed and published a document calling the attention of their congregations to the impropriety of having funerals on Sunday, and agreeing not to attend them except in case of absolute necessity.

The other day a New York house sold to another firm, \$500,000 worth of tea, this is said to be the largest transaction of the kind on record in New York.

Prince Napoleon has selected at Corsica a site for a bronze statue of Napoleon I., which is to be made from pieces of artillery taken at Jena.

The volunteer force in Great Britain now amounts to between 150,000 and 160,000 men.

Homoeopathic Physicians are excluded from service as Surgeons in the Federal army, by order of the Surgeon General.

Although the Democrats have gained a large majority over the Republicans, and the political scales are completely turned, still the party now in power will hold their seats in Congress until next March—so that the Democrats will not have their own way until December, 1863, a long time off—so says an exchange.

The *Gleaner* makes mention of a large apple grown in the garden of Attorney General Johnson which girthed 11 1/2 inches and weighed 9 1/2 ounces.

The New York, Boston and other City papers are about raising their prices, from 2 cents to 3 cents a copy, and from 3 to 4; and so on—each increasing its price one cent.

Malifax has contributed \$7,691.76 towards the relief of the poor operatives in Lancashire.

The parish church at Amherst was fairly entered last week, the surplus and vestments destroyed, the communion table overturned, lamps broken, and some of the pipes of the organ injured.

John Mawn, a private of the 16th regiment, convicted of the murder of his sergeant in July last, was executed at Montreal on the 21st Oct.

John Mitchell is, or is about to be, in the military service of the South. How strange it would be if he and Megler should cross swords.

## General News.

An English Borgia.—The London papers are just now filled with reports of a woman, Catherine Wilson, tried and convicted at the Old Bailey for murder by poison. This particular case was the murder, six years ago, of a widow lady, Mrs. Sommes, who lived near Bedford Square, in London. She seems to have been a very monster in crime, a female Palmer, an English Lucretia Borgia, and like these noted criminals, has come to a sad end. She is the least honest of mortals. Of her career, the reader can form a fair opinion from the following remarks of Mr. Justice Byles, while passing sentence of death:—

"I never heard a case where it was so clearly proved that a murder was committed, and where the execrating pain and agony of the victim were watched with so much deliberation by the murderer. The greatest care was taken during the progress of the trial that nothing should be improperly introduced into the enquiry, and that you should not be prejudiced by their verdict; and there can be no longer any fear that their decision should be in any way improperly influenced. I think it right that the jury should know, and that the public at large should know, what sort of a person it is that the avenging arm of the law has at last overtaken. I find, then, that about the year 1833 or '54 you were employed in the capacity of a servant or housekeeper to a person named Mewod, who lived at Boston, in Lincolnshire; and that this person was in the habit of taking calomel. He said he will be left to you the whole of the property he possessed. He died in the month of October following. I will say no more about this case except that it is quite clear that at this time you were perfectly well acquainted with the nature and effects of calomel."

In the year 1861 I find that you were living with a young man named Dixon, and that you came to London, and went to lodge with him at the house of the deceased. Dr. Whithorne was called in to attend him. He was not allowed upon the present trial to state any of the circumstances connected with the illness of this person, but I may now state that it appears by the depositions that Dixon was suddenly taken with violent vomiting and purging; exhibited by the unfortunate woman, Mrs. Sommes, and that he died very speedily afterwards, you yourself representing that he had died of a galloping consumption, but on his body being opened his lungs were found perfectly healthy.