

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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## Poetry.

### THE BOOK.

I lent my love a book one day,  
She brought it back, I said it by;  
Twas little either had to say—  
She was so strange and I so shy.

But yet we loved indifferent things—  
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune;  
And time stood still and wreathed his wings  
With rosy links from June to June.

For her what task to dare to do?  
What peril tempt? what hardships bear?  
But with her, ah! she never knew  
My heart, and what was hidden there.

And she with me so cold and coy,  
Seemed like a maid bereft of sense;  
But in a crowd, all life and joy,  
And full of blushing impudence.

She married! well a woman needs  
A mate, her life and love to share—  
And little cares sprung up like weeds,  
And played around her elbow chair.

And years rolled by, but I content,  
Trimmed my own lamp and kept it bright,  
Till age's touch my hair began  
With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then it chanced I took the book,  
Which she had read in days gone by,  
And as I read, such passions shook  
My soul, I needs must curse or cry.

For here, and there her love was writ  
In old, half-faded pencil signs,  
As if she yielded, bit by bit,  
Her heart, in dots and under-lines.

Ah! silvered foot! too late you look!  
I know it; let me here record  
This musing, "Lead me not a book,  
Unless you read it afterward!"

## Select Tale.

### WHY WILLY WAS A BACHELOR.

A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

I had no eyes for beauty on the spot. The fading trees, golden in the autumn sunset, the liquid melody of the flowing river, the songs of thrush and blackbird ringing out in thrilling music on the still air, the perfume of fresh hay from the newly-mown meadows near, had no charms for me. For I was tired from a long day's angling, vexed at its total want of success. I had not a single trout in my basket and had been whipping the stream from morning till now. When I sat down fatigued and fretful, on the soft sward in a lovely valley studded with ash trees, without the excitement of a single rise or nibble. I had changed and scolded my flies a hundred times in the course of the glowing day, and included the shopman who had sold them to me. I had tried worm and grub, and a variety of strange insects captured by the river's bank. But all was futile—the trout would not take. Those who have vainly angled will understand and sympathize with my ill-temper when I gave up in despair towards seven o'clock in the evening. After resting for some moments, looking sulkily at the river, I began to untie my tackle, vexedly snapping it whenever it chanced to tangle, breaking hooks whenever they chanced to fasten in my line.

"Don't do that," said a voice near.

I looked up, and saw an old man leaning on a shortish stick, quietly observing my impatient movements.

"Don't destroy your tackle in that way: only have patience, and you'll soon disentangle it."

I made no remark.

"Had you any sport?"

"No."

"There's plenty of fish in the river for all that."

"There may be."

"Maybe your flies are not good. Let me look at 'em will you?"

He came to me without waiting for a reply, and took the flies in his hand.

"There isn't a trout in the river that would look at 'em, even if the day was good."

There were some crumbs of consolation in this, as blame, to some extent, was thus cast on other things besides my want of skill.

"Have you no other flies but these humbugs?"

I gave him the box containing all the flies I had. He sat down near me and spread them out on some paper with an air of criticism that would have charmed old Isaac Walton.

"I don't see three flies here worth putting up—all gimcracks," said he, after a short examination. "This hare's ear and yellow would kill, maybe, only for this silver rolled round the body. This black gnat is the best of all; but that's spoiled by the red silk there under the wings. 'Twasn't you tied them that way was it?"

"No; I bought them in Dublin."

"If the day was good itself, you wouldn't kill with them. Anyhow, 'twas too bright and hot. 'Twill be first-rate after sunset; if you're not in a hurry, come up to my place on the hill above, and have a glass of grog with me, and after sunset, I'll warrant you I'll give you some flies that will kill."

"Thank you, I'll go with pleasure. I'm not in a hurry, as I have nothing to do. I am staying in the village for a few days, and passed yesterday and to-day fishing. I am not a good angler; but never before was so miserably unsuccessful as to day."

"I think we'll do better after the sun goes down. Come—this way."

I accompanied him through a newly-mown meadow, sloping upward from the river to the house. The house was small, but a picture of neatness and order. Its porch was tastefully embroidered with roses and woodbine, and the room into which he led me was airy and sweetly scented by the perfume of magnolia and wall-flowers, floating through an open window that looked upon a pretty garden to the rear. I was somewhat surprised to meet no hospitable-looking housewife or cheerful daughters, as the appearance of the cottage, as we approached it from the meadow, led me to expect. There was no trace of woman about the place, save a middle-aged servant, who was spinning in the kitchen, and who merely rose and courtesied when she saw me enter with her master, and then quietly resumed her employment. My companion ordered an euphorb in the wall and produced some cold meat and bread, with a bottle of fine old whiskey; then he spread a cloth on the table, with an air of one accustomed to that act, and invited me to be seated. I partook of solids and fluids with an angler's appetite.

"I'll show you my flies now," said he, when we had eaten and drunk enough.

He opened another recess in the wall, and discovered several magnificent fishing rods, and a variety of furs and feathers for tying flies.

"These are the things for this season, after sunset," said he, handing me a tin box containing a number of differently colored flies. "And now, as the sun is gone down, let us go back to the river, and I'll warrant that you won't go back to the village with an empty basket."

We went down the sloping meadow to the river, put up the flies, and in the course of an hour and a half I had killed two dozen, and my companion three dozen, of fine trout. We then stopped fishing and took our rods to pieces.

"If you'd like to go to-morrow," said he, call upon me and I'll go with you; we will surely kill plenty, as I have flies and habits to suit every hole in the river."

"I must leave the village to-morrow," I replied, and explained the reasons my stay was limited; I added: "I am extremely obliged for your hospitality and the excellent evening's sport you have gained me."

"Don't say anything about it; I have a liking for fishing, and was only glad to meet one to go with me. Fishing is the only amusement I care for."

"You must have excellent shooting here in the winter. Don't you shoot as well as angle?"

"I staggered as if I had struck him, and muttered to myself:

"Oh I shoot? Oh, good God! Oh, good God!"

Then he turned away from me, going quickly. He stopped after going about a dozen yards, looked around, and said, "Good-night," and then resumed his rapid walk. I looked after him in amazement until he was lost to me in the fast-gathering darkness.

Going along the road to the village inn at which I was lodging, I could think of nothing but my strange companion. Was he a little insane? What was the reason there was no trace of any relation whatever in his neat cottage? Why such extraordinary conduct on my asking the simple question, did he shoot? I tried in a variety of ways to answer to myself these mental queries, but could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. At supper I resolved to consult the waiter, and began to narrate my adventure, beginning, as I have done in this sketch, by saying how I had met my enigmatical companion. The waiter stopped me at once.

"Lord, sir, that's Willy Regan, the old bachelor."

Further inquiries to the cause of Willy Regan's oddity made me acquainted with the story I here repeat.

Thirty-five years before Willy Regan attracted my attention by the abrupt admonition chronicled here he was in his twenty-sixth year, and unsurpassed in the parish for manly beauty and engaging disposition. Of course he was in love, as does not always happen, was luckily so; for he was an accepted suitor of Ellen Manger the loveliest girl in that side of the country. They were to be married in the spring time following the winter with which this sketch has to do. And the friends of all the parties interested in the alliance were pleased and satisfied with it. Happy state of things—too rare in the ways of the world in the matter of matrimony in general.

It was winter time. The snow lay upon the fields white and spotless, and upon the highways sodden and stained. There was a mist over the landscape like a pall, though the sun shone; but it was cool and without brilliance, like a dull moon. There was no wind, and sounds from afar were heard with startling distinctness through the deathlike stillness. Birds were silent, and the leafless branches of the stark trees and the bushes drooped sadly. The brooks and rivers struggled feebly through the broken ice. Peasants with hair white from the freezing atmosphere paused often in their work to stamp their chilled feet on the iron sod.

It was as dreary a winter day as had been seen for the season, but with a good day for duck and woodcock shooting, and Willy Regan, the best shot in the parish, took his fowling-piece in hand, left his warm cottage and crossed the fields towards the neighboring moor, where both abounded. His way lay over an eminence, he paused awhile to look down on the wintry prospect. It was hard to conceive the dreary, frozen country below him as it used to appear in summer weather. Those gnarled, frost-crosted bushes growing by that iron road, where the fragrant hawthorn branches that cast such sweet perfume on the warm air, where he and Ellen had wandered in delightful converse, or more delightful silence, along the same road, shiny and pleasant, in the month of May? The smooth expanse of deathly white, streaked the veins of frozen streams, looking like black in contrast—was it the smooth, daisy-bespangled sward on which village children played, making the summer evenings ring with joyous laughter? It was hard to believe that this death-like landscape was, so short a time ago, so full of life and beauty.

These thoughts were in Willy Regan's mind as he paused a few moments on the eminence referred to; they made him sad.

He resumed his way, reached the moors, and the frequent reports of his fowling-piece soon resounded through the lifeless air. Game was plentiful, and he did not miss a shot. Yet he felt no exhilaration in his sport, as he was wont to do. Again and again, the sadness induced by that look down on the wintry country from the hill, returned and oppressed him. Those rambles under the perfumed hawthorn trees—now so cold and ghastly—seemed memories of a past that was never, never to be equalled by any future. It was in vain he tried to cheer his mind by the recollection that this white pall of snow would surely pass away—that the hawthorn trees would bud and grow beautiful again—that that dreary winter would be changed into a Spring time and glowing Summer. It was in vain, he said to himself, that Ellen would soon be his wife, and mentally pictured scenes of domestic bliss and quiet contentment. An opposing voice whispered, the trees may become beautiful again—the snow may pass away—the Spring and Summer may return joyous and sunny as ever; but you will never feel the happiness of the past again. A gloomy foreboding of evil, that could not be shaken off, oppressed him throughout the whole of the leaden day.

He turned homeward when the sun was sinking—blood-colored, without any of a Summer sunset's glorious beauty—behind the western mountains. The house of his betrothed was not very far out of the way, and, naturally enough, he resolved to call there ere he went home. When within about fifty yards of it, a woodcock sprang from a furze-brake near him—he was carrying his gun under his arm uncocked, so was not prepared to fire ere the bird was out of range. He stopped and looked after it.

"Willy, Willy, he's landed in the dyke below the road," called a man from a height near him—it was Ellen's father.

"Go straight on the road, Willy, and you'll put him up."

Willy cocked both barrels of his gun, and walked forward briskly. The moment he reached the road the woodcock sprang again. The gun was raised, and the barrel discharged instantly, bringing down the luckless creature quite dead.

Another besides its owner had heard the name Willy called: one to whom the owner and the name were very dear—Ellen Manger: she came out of the house at the moment Willy fired at the woodcock. Her lover saw her at once, and turned down the road towards her forgetting to put down the hammer of the discharged barrel of his gun. Ellen came forward to meet him, leaving the door open through which a bright fire was seen to shine. They met, and Willy wound his sinewy left arm tenderly around the beautiful girl's graceful waist.

"How is my dearest Ellen this evening?" he whispered.

They waited until Mr. Manger came down from the height and joined them.

"I am glad you came this way, Willy—Nell has a nice dinner just ready."

They then walked down the road to the house, Ellen now leaning fondly on Willy's arm. All sadness had vanished from his brow; as he felt the beating of that loving little heart he so well knew was all his own, what could he have to do with gloomy forebodings? They reached the threshold, and the welcome odor of savory viands floated out to meet them.

"It makes me hungry to smell it," said Willy with a laugh.

Ellen laughed also, and disengaging the hand which Willy was pressing to his side, entered the house.

She turned round when within the threshold, still laughing merrily, when Willy slipped on a frost-covered stone without, and the loaded barrel of his gun went off—Ellen screamed and fell.

With a wild cry of terror, Manger ran to her and raised her in his arms—Willy stood silent and motionless, horror in every feature, on the spot where the gun had fallen from his hand after going off. She gave a low sign of pain lying against her father's breast—she murmured:

"Willy, Willy!"

"My love, my dearest love!—oh, good God!" cried Willy, kneeling at her feet in an agony of horror.

The terrified servants crowded round confusedly. Manger drew her softly into the cheerful parlor, where the light of the candles discovered the bosom of her dress saturated with blood. She had fainted.

"Oh, my good God!" murmured Willy, striking his clenched hand against his forehead.

"Ride to town for the doctor, one of you!" said Manger, looking up fiercely at the group of servants.

He was kneeling, still supporting the senseless girl—her lovely head leaning motionless against his breast. Willy started, ran from the room, and was in the stable saddling a horse in a moment. The next moment he was galloping madly through the yard to the road that led to the adjoining town. Fast along the road, over frost-encrusted stones and hardened snow-heaps—fast past stark trees and dismal ice-enclosed brooks—fast by cottages whose lights glimmered cheerfully on the cold, black night—fast by miserable cabins, whose inmates, without fire or food, froze and starved—So into the town and through it, till the gasping horse was reined up at the doctor's house. The doctor—a kind-hearted man, and a skilful one in his profession—hurried out from his pleasant hearth, surprised and alarmed at the loud and continued knocking at his door. Few words passed, and back along the black road rattled the doctor's gig, to which the horse Willy brought was harnessed. In vain the doctor implored his young companion to spare the exhausted animal; lash after lash was raised upon the side of his horse, and the poor creature staggered on, till the farm-yard is reached.

"Easy now, easy now," said the doctor, as the servants crowded round him, all talking together.

"Let us be cool—one at a time, one at a time. Is she sensible?"

"No, sir; not now—she was a while ago," said an old woman.

"We put her to bed a while ago, and she opened her eyes for a bit, and—"

"Now show me the room. Let no one come with me but Willy Regan."

Willy and the doctor followed the old servant woman through the little parlor and up-stairs to Ellen's room. Ellen lay outside the coverlet, still supported in her father's arms, her head resting on his breast. She was insensible.

The doctor opened the bosom of her dress, gently washed away the clotted blood, and examined the wound.

"Well, doctor?" whispered Willy.

"Very bad case, I fear. Is it long since she spoke? Did she speak at all since it happened?"

"Yes; once before Willy went for you—then she fainted. She opened her eyes again since we brought her up here, and called out: 'Willy, Willy,' twice, very low in voice—since that she did not stir. Will she die, doctor?" said Manger, in a soft, plaintive voice, terrible in its unnatural freedom from excitement.

"I fear there's little hope; but I'll do what I can."

She lay in a state of stupor all night and the next day. The watchers never left her bedside.

It was about six o'clock in the evening of the next day when she opened her eyes and gazed languidly about her. Her glance after a while fell on Willy, and her face lit up with an expression of joy. She spoke in a barely audible voice. These disconnected words were all that could be understood.

"Willy—meant—to—do—it—oh, no—no—no!"

Perceiving that she was not understood, she, with an effort of evident pain, said clearly, and even loudly:

"Come to me, Willy."

He came and took her hand. Pierce self-reproach had, as it were, scorched his eyes and left him blind. Dark lines of agony were visible on his face. He pressed her hand silently to his heart.

"You could not help it, Willy," she said, slowly and distinctly, each word evidently causing pain; "you could not help it, dear—good-bye!"

She raised herself quickly, and drew her arms round his neck and kissed him. Then she sank back, murmuring:

"Pray for me, pray for me!"

And so she died.

The white plumed hearse bore her across the snowy road to the church-yard a few days afterward, and the iron ground was dug up, and they buried her. The grief of her father and betrothed was silent, and made no sign. They walked side by side behind the coffin, and stood side by side, close to the grave, as it was filled in. Many people looked reproachfully at Willy Regan; and the unobscured, or thoughtless, said his motionless face was evidence of want of feeling or remorse. But that night, some laborers, returning home late from the village, heard suppressed groanings as they passed the church-yard. Their curiosity overcame their terror, and they peered over the wall, and saw a man stretched on his face in the frost whitened grass of the newly made grave. They called to him, and he started up and walked away. But by the bright moonlight they recognized grief-stricken Willy Regan.

Time, the soothe of every human ill and affliction, in the course of years calmed and softened the grief of her father and relatives—she became a memory of the past to them, the recollection of which was not without a sad satisfaction. And no conversation gave more interest around the winter fireside than a talk about poor Ellen, whom they buried long ago—how good she was, how gentle and how beautiful, and what a melancholy death was hers.

And time too softened the passionate, tearless agony which tore Willy Regan's breast. But he was from the day of the burial, a changed man. He became very gentle and reserved—he had here-tofore been open and fiery; and, from being the keenest sportsman and best shot in the country, became morbidly nervous about his arms—an eccentricity which increased with his years, until the mention of a gun was sufficient to recall all the first agony of the loss of Ellen, and place wildly before his mind vividly every circumstance of her tragic death.

As he grew old, this eccentricity was all that showed that he still had the memory of his first and only love green in his heart. He mingled as before in meetings of business, and even sometimes of pleasure, and in the natural desire of rest from work, in recreation, he became a passionate, "lover of the angle." He always turned indifferently, if not with disgust, from the proposals of marriage made by those who take upon themselves the office of match-makers for the parish. And, as his farm was a good one, and his position respectable, these proposals were frequent, and often troublesome.

However, it became pretty clear to these self-elected supporters of Hyman, after repeated failures, what was Willy Regan's determination, and they now allow him to live the life of an old bachelor.

ROMANTIC STORY.—Upwards of 30 years ago a marriage took place in this neighborhood (Liverpool), the man and his wife being in humble circumstances. After living together till after the birth of a child, the husband went to Australia to seek his fortune. His wife never heard from him after he left her, and supposing he was dead, on the lapse of seven years she married a widower with three children. To this number in her second marriage life she added five, making her whole family, including the child by her first husband, nine in all. Some time since the second husband died, and she was left to struggle with her large family. To her great surprise, at the beginning of the present year her first husband made his appearance at Liverpool. During his 30 years absence he had prospered in Australia, and was a large landed proprietor there. He had heard of his wife's second marriage, but as the fault was his he never thought of returning to England until the death of the second husband. To make amends for his former neglect to his wife, notwithstanding her second marriage she was still his wife—he behaved in the most handsome manner to all her children, gave them costly outfits, and has taken them and the wife of his early affection out with him to the land of his adoption. The wife, who has thus, after an absence of more than thirty years, been restored to her position, is now about 70 years of age; and so recent is their departure from this port that the vessel in which they sailed is not yet out of the channel.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

## Items, Foreign & Local.

The collection of the Natural Society of St. John N. B., includes some 5000 specimens of minerals and fossils, 2000 marine verterebra and shells, 700 provincial and other insects (collected and presented chiefly by Mr. Hart and Mr. Jolly); 80 specimens of different kinds preserved in spirits; 30 native and 20 foreign birds, stuffed, and numbered, and 500 plants,—making in all about 8,400.

The *Bordeners* says that a much larger number of Students are already in attendance at the Mount Allison Institution than were there last term.

The English Admiralty, after repeated severe tests, have found that the iron plates made from iron ore obtained at Woodstock, New Brunswick, is superior to any iron found in the British empire for resisting heavy shot.

Admiral Dupont of the Federal navy took \$200,000 of prize money while off Charleston, S. C.

More than half a million of bricks have been used in the construction of the dome alone of the new Catholic Cathedral in Philadelphia.

A pure white deer was recently shot in Minnesota. It is a pure milk white, with pink eyes and hoofs, and has not a spot of any other color on its hide. It weighs seventy-five pounds, and is about a year old.

London has more than three thousand miles of streets. It would take a person more than a year to walk through the whole of them.

The Birmingham *Gazette* states that the magnificent legacy of £10,000 has been bequeathed to the General Hospital of that town by the late Mr. Daniel Darby.

Within five leagues of Paris, on one day last week a party of gentlemen killed no fewer than nine wild boars.

The crew of the American ship Webster broke into mutiny in the Mersey, and were all conveyed to prison before doing much damage.

A hundred and fifteen law students are attending term at Toronto, C. W.

There are about 21,000 Friendly Societies in Britain.

The revenue of Turkey for the present financial year is estimated at £13,684,271.

Mr. Nichols, who had been for more than sixty years one of the printers of the votes and proceedings of the House of Commons, died lately, in the 85th year of his age.

Two hogs raised on the premises of John Ferguson Esq., Bathurst, were killed a few days ago, and the carcase of one weighed 562 lbs, and of the other 463 lbs.—the two making the large weight of 1,025 lbs.

A Mr. Stephen Marshall, near Digby, has a calf, bred this season, which is only five months old and weighed four hundred and fifty pounds.

It is stated that Dr. Cullen, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, resolutely condemns the Fenian Brotherhood, which finds so much favor in the United States, and which includes in its programme the invasion of Ireland, and her liberation from "Saxon oppression."

The word Chattanooga signifies in the Indian tongue fish-taking.

The deaths in London during the last week of October amounted to 1256.

Rum is used in the West Indies instead of turpentine, in the preparation of paint.

The last arrival in England from India brought 65 witnesses, among them some natives, to give their evidence at the trial of Colonel Crawford, of the Bonisillens, at Aldershot, by Court Martial.

A writer to the *Daily News*, London, asks very sensibly why, if the secessionists, being in the proportion of one to four, have a right to break up the Union, the Unionists, being a majority of four to one, have not a right of keeping it together.

A New York Merchant suspected a lady customer of shop lifting and ordered her arrest. Discovering her error he apologized for the insult, but the husband took legal proceedings, and the merchant was glad to compromise the matter for \$50,000.

There are 35,236 soldiers in the British army unable to read or write.

There were in Great Britain, in 1862, 738 fatal colliery accidents involving the loss of 1,133 lives. Japanese criminals are allowed to employ substitutes to undergo their punishment, so says Sir Rutherford Alcock.

The North claims to have possession of 34,000 rebel prisoners; not a profitable investment.

Waterproof floating mail bags have recently been invented in England; they are not only impervious to moisture but being buoyant can be lashed together to form a raft or buoy.

A Mrs. M. A Bradshaw dropped dead while attending a ball at the Union Hotel, Boston, on Thursday evening last.

The Halifax *Reporter* says, the military authorities in this city have shipped six Armstrong guns, with all their appendages, on board the *brig Lone Star* bound to St. John, N. B., where the battery will be kept for service.

A dealer in Broadway, New York, tells how, having one day sold a diamond necklace to a lady, he had occasion to ask her to write her address on a card, when she had to express her inability to write her own name.

In 1862, 300,000 pounds of opium were imported into the United States. Opium eating is fearfully on the increase.

Blondin has descended from the tight rope and walks over no more abysses than at present.

Of 12,191 recruits examined in Great Britain in 1861, 4,500 were pronounced unfit for service. Of every 1000 recruits 484 were laborers, 151 manufacturing artisans, 243 mechanics, 96 shopmen and clerks, and 6 professional persons or students.

A young lady of Fifehire, Scotland, recently concluded to come over to Canada to join her betrothed, who had previously settled there, and had written her most glowing accounts of his prosperity. On arriving at the place designated at which he was to meet her she found he had failed to keep his engagement, and learned on enquiry that he was in very needy circumstances. She proceeded no further but took the next boat and returned home with her money, some £160, all safe.

A native of St. Andrews, now in the Southern Army, thus writes to his friends under date Nov. 9: "What do the Yankees think about conquering the South now? Our army is in a better condition now than it ever has been before, and yet they seem to be bent on our destruction! But there is—One that doeth all things well."

## General News.

GOOD FARMING.—As an instance of what may be raised on "a little farm well tilled," we give the following list of produce raised by Mr. St. Andrews, by a man and his son, a lad of 15 years of age. The figures can be relied on—100 bushels of oats, 80 of barley, 30 of wheat; 3 tons of hay, 2 of oat straw, 2 barley straw, 300 bushels of potatoes, 150 of turnips, 100 of cabbages, 40 of pumpkins, 30 of carrots, 2 barrels of onions, 1 of beans; 175 dozen ears of corn; 800 pounds of pork. No help hired. We may add that there is no account of the quantity of butter made, but can speak from experience of its quality.—*St. Andrews Standard.*

The following was sent to us through the Post Office, with a request to publish it at our earliest convenience:—

"We understand that Mr. De Coetlogan, 15th Regt., returns to this Garrison immediately, not having been sent to the 2nd Battalion of his regiment as represented by a talented contemporary.

"The Horse Guards' review has certainly indiscreet conduct in a far milder light than that of the aristocracy of St. John were pleased to do, whose unwelcome sensibility, and very ridiculous interference afforded infinite merriment to the Powers that be."

And yet we think the St. John people were in the right.—*Ed. FREEMAN.*

A HAIR DIPPED PRINCE.—The Paris *Union* says that the baptism of the Prince Napoleon's son is at this moment a great stumbling block to the church. The little prince was half baptised, (Sunday) immediately after his birth; but it is almost without precedent that the full ceremony of baptism should be postponed longer than six months. The infant is now more than a year old, and the reason given for the extraordinary delay is that Prince Napoleon will have no other godfather for his son than the King of Italy, who is excommunicated. The Pope making a great point of holding to the excommunication in this case, no bishop in France can be found to fly openly in the face of the church, and the Prince Napoleon, with equal firmness, declares that unless Victor Emmanuel holds his infant over the font, he shall not be baptised at all.

The London papers give a lengthy account of a horrible murder committed in the crowded thoroughfares of London. On a Saturday evening between 8 and 9 o'clock, a man who was standing with his wife and two children near a railway station, hailed a cab. The four got into the vehicle and the cabman was instructed to drive to the Royal Oak Tavern, "by way of the city." At the "Green Dragon," the cab was stopped and the coachman was ordered by the man to bring him a pint of "half and half." The man who was brought, and the cabman then saw the woman and children alive. Some distance further the cab was again stopped, this time the cabman did not look into the man got out, paid the 4s. fare to the Royal Oak and the cabman an extra 6d., and directed him to proceed on his journey. On arriving at the Royal Oak the woman and children were dead, from the effects of prussic acid, probably administered with the "half and half." The man's name was Hunt. He was a chemist's assistant, and bore a good character, but his wife was said to be a drunkard, and this caused them to live unhappily. The police was speedily on Hunt's track, and they found him at his own house. Between the time of the police knocking at the door, and their entry, he managed to take arsenic, and died soon after reaching the police station, but not before he had made such admissions as left it beyond a doubt that he had committed this terrible crime. The deed was evidently planned with great craft, and the London detectives were too many for the perpetrator, who was so concerned about the matter, that when the police knocked at his door, he was in bed reading "Tom Brown of Oxford."

PATRONAGE IN ENGLAND.—An English contemporary makes some statements as to the value of the church patronage which has been controlled by Lord Palmerston, illustrating very forcibly the importance of this branch of ministerial influence. Lord Palmerston has been prime minister in two ministries and for the period in all of seven years and a half. During this time more than twenty bishops and archbishops have received their preferment from his hands. The twenty seven prelates in the English hierarchy enjoy incomes amounting to £151,200 annually, of which Lord Palmerston has had the disposal of £71,500. The primacy of England and that of Ireland have both been at his disposal, and the Archbishopric of York has been filled on two occasions. Three times he has appointed bishops for Gloucester, Bristol and Durham; twice for Carlisle and Cork, and once for London, Rochester, Norwich, Worcester and Ripon. His Irish patronage has amounted to £23,120, while a great number of donations are to be added to his list of English appointments.

The patronage thus dispensed by Lord Palmerston is greatly disproportionate to that which fell to the lot of some of his predecessors in office. Sir Robert Peel in five years filled as many bishoprics, having an annual value of £23,400. Earl Russell in six years and appointments to the Archbishopric of Canterbury and to four bishoprics, amounting to £32,100. Lord Aberdeen's patronage in three years amounted to £20,000, while the Earl of Derby, holding office more than two years, had occasion to make but one appointment, that of the Bishop of Bangor, with a revenue of £460. Out of twenty-seven prelates now in the house of Peers Lord Palmerston appointed ten, Sir Robert Peel five, Earl Russell four, Lord Aberdeen three, Lord Melbourne two, Lord Liverpool, the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Derby one each.

New discoveries are reported from Pompeii. A house has been uncovered, which, to judge from the splendor of its interior, and its almost perfect furniture, must have belonged to a very wealthy proprietor. The dining room is paved with mosaic. The completely deserted table is covered with petrified remains of dishes, and around it was found three drams; or table-dishes, of bronze, richly adorned with gold and silver, upon which reposed several skeletons. A great many precious jewels were found near them. On the table stood, among other ornaments, a beautifully worked statue of Bacchus in silver, with eyes of enamel, a collar of jewels, and precious armlets.

In August, 1861, a German, left the city of Le Croese as a volunteer, leaving behind him a wife and a house at he thought much of. He made his wife promise that whenever his favorite cat had kittens she would not kill them, but keep them and their increase until his return. Faithfully the woman has kept her word, and has now about her house, in a shed adjoining, and rearing about the premises, the old cat and her children, grand children, great grand children, etc., etc., to the number of two hundred and nine cats, catlets and kittens.

Late English papers state that the drain on the farming population of Ireland is giving serious alarm to the landlords of that country. At a recent agricultural dinner, the Marquis of Waterford declared that, if the emigration continued at the rate at which it had lately progressed, there would be no laborers to till the soil, and Ireland would become a mere sheep walk.

The American Horse Nail Company at Providence have invented a steam spading machine, which will do the work of fifteen yoke of cattle, requiring only a man and boy to operate it. It consumes a quarter of a cord of wood a day.