

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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NO. 3.

## Poetry.

### NOON AND MORNING.

There are gains for all our losses,  
There are balm for all our pain,  
But when youth, the dream, departs,  
It takes something from our hearts,  
And it never comes again!

We are stronger and are better  
Under manhood's sterner reign,  
Still we feel that something sweet  
Followed youth with flying feet,  
And will never come again!

Something beautiful is vanished,  
And we sigh for it in vain,  
We behold it everywhere  
On the earth and in the air—  
But it never comes again!

## Select Tale.

### MOTHER OF PEARL.

(Continued.)

III.

We went to New York. Matilda Heron was then playing the first engagement at Wallack's Theatre. The day after I arrived I secured a couple of orchestra seats, and before the curtain rose Ninnie and I were installed in our places—full of anticipation, she, as all prejudging critics are, determined to be terribly severe if she got a chance.

We were both of us too well bred, too well brought up, too well educated, and too cosmopolitan to experience any qualms about the morality of the play. We had read it in the French under the title of *La Dame aux Camélias*, and it was now produced in dramatic form under the title of "Camille."

If my wife did not get a chance for criticism, she at least got a sensation. Shall I be vulgar, and say that Miss Heron's first entrance "knocked her?" It was so wonderfully unconventional. The woman dared to come in upon that painted scene as if it really was the home apartment it was represented to be! She did not slide in with her face to the audience and wait for the mockery that is called "a reception." She walked in easily, naturally, untroubled by any outside eyes. The petulant manner in which she took off her shawl; the commonplace conversational tone in which she spoke to her servant, were revelations to Ninnie and myself. Here was a daring reality. Here was a woman who, sacrificing for the moment all conventional prejudices, dared to play the Lorette as the Lorette herself plays her dramatic life, with all her whims, her passion, her fearlessness of consequences, her occasional vulgarities, her impertinence, her tenderness and self-sacrifice!

It was not that we did not see faults. Occasionally Miss Heron's accent was bad, and had a flavor of Celtic origin. But what mattered accent, or what mattered elocution, when we felt ourselves in the presence of an inspired woman? Did it ever strike a critic, who, when Hamlet is played, or Lady Macbeth, insists that the voice of the actor or actress must be melodious, to inquire of himself whether Hamlet in his lifetime was distinguished for a splendid vocal organ, or that Lady Macbeth was celebrated for the deep melody of her accents? Don't we require rather too much of the tootle-tootle of the voice in our dramatic artists? A pretty effect to which the vocal outbursts of nature are entirely sacrificed? But this is a story and not a dissertation on the drama. Suffice to say that, in common with my wife, I hate what is called elocution.

Miss Heron's "Camille" electrified both Ninnie and myself. My wife was particularly loud in her praise. The artist was being belabored had not, in a very marked manner, any of those physical advantages which Ninnie had predicted in her onslaught on the dramatic stars. It is true that Miss Heron's figure was commanding, and there was a certain powerful light in her eyes that startled and thrilled; but there was none of the beauty of the "favorite actress." The conquest that she achieved was purely intellectual and magnetic.

Of course we were present at the next performance. It was "Medea." We then beheld the great actress under a new phase. In "Camille" she died for love; in "Medea" she killed for love. I never saw a human being so rocked by emotion as was my wife during the progress of this tragedy. Her countenance was a mirror of every incident and passion. She swayed to and fro under those gusts of indignant love that the actress sent forth from time to time, and which swept the house like a storm. When the curtain fell she sat trembling in the box—vibrating still with those thunders of passion that the swift lightning of genius had awakened. She seemed almost in a dream, as I took her to the carriage, and during the drive to our hotel she was moody and silent. It was in vain that I tried to get her to converse about the play. That the actress was great she acknowledged in the briefest possible sentence. Then she leaned back and seemed to fall into a reverie from which nothing would arouse her.

I ordered supper into our sitting room, and made Ninnie drink a couple of glasses of Champagne in the hope that it would rouse her into some state of mental activity. All my efforts, however, were without avail. She was silent and strange, and occasionally shivered as if penetrated with a sudden chill. Shortly after she pleaded weariness and retired for the night, leaving me puzzled more than ever by the strangeness of her case.

An hour or two afterwards when I went to bed I found Ninnie apparently asleep. Never had she seemed more beautiful. Her lips were like a bursting rose-bud about to blow under the influence of a perfumed wind, just parted as they were by the gentle breath that came and went. The long dark lashes that swept over her cheek gave a pensive charm to her countenance which was heightened by a rich stray of nutty hair that swept loosely across her bosom, tossed in the restlessness of slumber. I printed a light kiss upon her forehead, and with an unuttered prayer for her welfare lay down to rest.

I know not how long I had been asleep when I was awakened from a profound slumber by one of those indescribable sensations of mortal peril, which seem to sweep over the soul, and with as it were, a thrill of its passage call, louder than a trumpet, "Awake! awake! your life hangs by a hair! That this strange physical warning is in all cases the result of a magnetic phenomenon I have not the

slightest doubt. To prove it, steal softly, ever so softly, to the bedside of a sleeper, and although no noise betrays your presence, the slumberer will almost invariably awaken, aroused by a magnetic perception of your proximity. How much more powerfully must the stealthy approach of one who harbors sinister designs affect the slumbering victim! An antagonistic magnetism hovers near, the whole of the subtle currents that course through the electrical machine, known as Man, are shocked with a powerful repulsion, and the sentinel mind whose guard has just been relieved, and which is slumbering in its quarters, suddenly hears the rattle beaten and leaps to arms.

In the midst of my deep sleep I sprang with a sudden bound upright in bed, with every faculty at its post. By one of those unaccountable mysteries of our being, I realized, before my eyes could be by any possibility alive to external objects, the presence of a great horror. Simultaneously with this conviction, or following it, so quickly as to be almost twin with it, I beheld the vivid flash of a knife, and felt an acute pain in my shoulder. The next instant all was plain, as if the scene, instead of passing in a half-illuminated bedroom, had occurred in the full sun-light of the Orient. My wife was standing by my bedside, her hands firmly pinioned in mine, while on the white coverlet lay a sharp table-knife, with the blood which was pouring from a deep wound in my shoulder. I had escaped death by a miracle. Another instant and the long blade would have been driven through my heart.

I never was so perfectly self-possessed as on that terrible occasion. I forced Ninnie to sit on the bed, while I looked calmly into her face. She returned my gaze with a sort of serene defiance.

"Minnie," I said; "I love you dearly. Why did you do this?"

"I was weary of you," she answered, in a cold even voice—a voice so level that it seemed to be spoken on ruled lines, "that is my reason."

Great Heavens! I was not prepared for this sanguinary calm. I had looked for perhaps some indication of somnambulism; I had vaguely hoped even for the incoherence or vehemence of speech which would have betokened a sudden insanity—any thing, every thing but this awful avowal of a deliberate design to murder a man who loved her better than the life she sought! Still I clung to hope. I could not believe that this gentle, refined creature could deliberately quit my side at midnight, possess herself of the very knife which had been used at the table, across which I lavished a thousand fond attentions, and remorselessly endeavor to stab me to the heart. It must be the act of one insane or laboring under some momentary hallucination. I determined to test her further. I adopted a tone of vehement reproach, hoping if insanity was smouldering in her brain to fan the embers to such a flame as would leave no doubt on my mind. I preferred that she should be mad than to feel that she hated me.

"Woman!" I thundered fiercely, "you must have the mind of a fiend to repay my love in this manner. Beware of my vengeance. Your punishment shall be terrible!"

"Punish me," she answered; and oh, how serene and distinct her voice sounded!—"punish me how and when you will. It will not matter much." The tones were calm, assured, and fearless. The manner perfectly coherent. A terrible suspicion shot across my mind.

"Have I a rival?" I asked; "is it a guilty love that has prompted you to plan my death? If so, I am sorry you did not kill me."

"I do not know any other man whom I love. I can not tell why it is that I do not love you. You are very kind and considerate, but your presence weighs me. I sometimes see vaguely, as in a dream, an ideal of a husband, but he has no existence save in my soul, and I suppose I will never meet him."

"Minnie, you are mad!" I cried, despairingly.

"Am I?" she answered, with a faint, sad smile slowly overspreading her pale face like the dawn breaking imperceptibly over a cold gray lake. "Well, you can think so if you will. It is all one to me."

I never beheld such apathy—such stoical indifference. Had she exhibited fierce rage, disappointment at her failure, a mad thirst for my life-blood, I would have preferred it to this awful stagnation of sensibility—this frozen stillness of the heart. I felt all my nature harden suddenly toward her. It seemed to myself as if my face became fixed and stern as a bronze head.

"You are an inexplicable monster," I said, in tones that startled myself, they were so cold and metallic; "and I shall not endeavor to decipher you. I will use every endeavor to ascertain, however, whether it is some species of insanity that has thus afflicted you, or whether you are ruled by the most vicious soul that ever inhabited a human body. You shall return to my house to-morrow, when I will place you under the charge of Doctor Melony. You will live in the strictest seclusion. I need not tell you that, after what has happened, you must henceforth be a stranger to your daughter. Hands crimsoned with her father's blood are not those that I would see caressing her."

"Very well. It is all one to me where I am, or how I live."

"Go to bed."

She went, calmly as a well-taught child, coolly turning over the pillow on which was sprinkled the blood from the wound in my shoulder, so as to prevent the under-side of her beautiful, guilty head to repose on; gently removed the murderous knife, which was still lying on the coverlet, and placed it on a little table by the side of the bed, and then without a word calmly composed herself to sleep.

It was inexplicable. I stanch my wound and sat down to think.

What was the meaning of it all? I had, in my life, been over many lunatic asylums, and had, as one of the various items in my course of study, read much on the phenomena of insanity, which had always been exceedingly interesting to me for this reason; I thought it may happen that only through the aberrated intellect was it that we could approach the secrets of the normal mind. The castle, fortified and garrisoned at every angle and loop-hole guards its interior mysteries; it is only when the fortress crumbles that we can force our way inside, and detect the secret of its masonry, its form, and the theory of its construction.

But in all my researches I had never met with any symptoms of a diseased mind similar to these my wife exhibited. There was a uniform coherence

that completely puzzled me. Her answers to my questions were complete and determinate—that is, they left no room for what is called "cross-examination." No man ever spent such a night of utter despair as I did watching in that dimly-lit chamber, until dawn, while she, my would-be-murderess, lay plunged in so profound and calm a slumber that she might have been a wearied angel rather than a self-possessed demon. The mystery of her guilt was maddening; and I sat hour after hour in my easy chair, seeking in vain for a clue, until the dawn, spectral and gray, arose over the city. Then I packed up all the luggage, and wandered restlessly over the house until the usual hour for arising had struck.

On proceeding to my room I found my wife just completing her toilet. To my consternation and horror she flung herself into my arms as I entered.

[To be continued.]

### An item which every man should read.

We have, probably, all of us met with instances, in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we commend these "hints" as worthy of consideration. "Never use a lady's name at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with those who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor—every feeling of humanity. Many a good, worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and dragging report. A slander is soon propagated and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates until its monstrous weight crushes the poor victim. Respect the name of a woman, for your mother and sisters are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unimpaired by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your words may bring upon the mother, the sisters, or the wife, of some fellow creature."

What we owe to DECEIT.

"I will do as I please," says many a headstrong young man, "for whose business is it, if I choose to take the consequences?" Not so fast, good sir. If you know more of human nature, you would be aware that you cannot outrage even the small conventionalities of life, which are known under the common name of decorum, without injuring your reputation, estranging your friends, and preventing strangers who might be useful to you, from making your acquaintance. But this is not all. You have no right to disregard decorum, for the consequences reach others besides yourself. Your example is always doing harm, when it is not doing good. Your conduct affects the standing of your family and associates, as well as yourself. Going through life like a leech trading among a labyrinth of springs. If you follow the beaten track, you are safe. But if you diverge to the right or left, your indiscretion is sure to harm yourself, and may harm others also. A man never outgrows decorum, recklessly violates prejudices, or thoughtlessly acts regardless of the opinions of the world.

### Wants A Wife.

The following appears in a St. Louis paper:—Wanted—I have lived solitary long enough. I want some one to talk to, quarrel with—then kiss and make up again. Therefore, I am ready to receive communications from young ladies and blooming widows of more than average respectability, tolerable taste in disposition, and hair of any color. As nearly as I can judge of myself, I am not over eighty nor under twenty-five years of age. I am either eight feet five or five feet eight, I forget which. Weight 135, 315, or 531 pounds, one of the three, recollect each figure perfectly well, but as to their true arrangements I am somewhat puzzled. Have a whole suit of hair, dyed by nature and free from dandruff. Eyes buttermilk brindle, tinged with pea green. Nose blunt, according to Ionic order of architecture, with a touch of the composite, and a mouth between a codfish's and alligator's—made especially for oratory and the reception of large oysters. Ears palmetted, long and elegantly shaped. My whiskers are a combination of dog's hair, moss and briar-bush—well behaved, fearfully luxuriant. Wear boots No. 9 when corns are troublesome, and can write poetry by the mile, with double rhyme on both edges—to read backwards, forward, crosswise or diagonally. Can play the Jew's harp and bass-drum, and whistle Yankee Doodle in Spanish. Am very correct in my morals, and first rate at ten pins; have a great regard for the Sabbath, and never drink only when invited. Am a domestic animal, and perfectly docile when towels are clean, and shirt buttons all right. If I possess a predominating virtue it is that of forgiving every enemy whom I deem hazardous to handle. I say my prayers every night, musketoes permitting; as to whether I snore in my sleep, I want somebody to tell. Money is no object, as I never was troubled with it, and never expect to be. I should like some lady who is perfectly able to support a husband, or if she could introduce me to a family where religious example would be considered sufficient compensation for board, it would do just as well. Address X 22, St. Louis, P. O."

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It is whispered that some young ladies want husbands, we think this may be a mistake, if it is we will be happy to correct it.

In conclusion, we believe it will be admitted by all, that every description of people want fortitude to bear with the ills of life—and that many, very many want sufficient skill to float peacefully along the current of prosperity.

A lazy over-fed lad, returning from his dinner to his work one day, was asked by his master, if he had no other motion than that? "Yes replied the youth, drawing out each letter, 'but it's a little slower."

No statue the rich man places ostentatiously in his house is to be compared to the little expectant face, pressed against the window-pane, watching for his father, when his day's labor is done.

All work of man is as the swimmer's; a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely it will keep its word.

The reason why flows on election days. Because many intelligent voters go in for measures not men.

Why can you never expect a fishmonger to be liberal or generous? Because his business makes him selfish (sell fish.)

For every friend a man loses for truth's sake, he gains a better.

Patience is a tree whose roots are bitter, but the fruit is very sweet.

Put not your trust in money, but your money in trust.

Why is Greek fire good-natured? Because you can't put it out.

It is safer to be attacked by some men than to be protected by them.

Wanted—By the miserable, the leaf that produces crumbs of comfort.

### Expanding the Lungs.

Step out into the purest air you can find; stand perfectly erect with the head and shoulders back, and then flex the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air, not through the nostrils, but through the lips, into the lungs. When the chest is about full, raise the arms, keeping them extended, with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forcing the arms backward, and the chest open, reverse the process by which you breath, till the lungs are entirely empty. This process should be repeated three or four times during the day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it; the glorious sense of vigor which follows the exercise. It is the best exerciser in the world. We know a gentleman, the measure of whose chest has been increased some three inches during some months.

### Samson's Riddle.

Samson was on an errand of love. He was interrupted by a lion, which he slew, for love is stronger than any lion. He gained his suit, but alas! everything went by contraries thereafter. The woman whose love was at first sweeter to him than honey, betrayed him. She was his lion.—Whereas, on his way to her he found that bees had possession of the real lion's carcass, and had filled it with honey. And so, in the end, the lion was better to him than his wife. But how full of suggestion is this incident! Who should have looked for honey behind a lion's paws? While he was yet roaring at Samson, there seemed little likelihood of his finding a honeyed meal in him. But if lions bravely slay yield such food, let them become emblems! The bee signifies industry amongst all nations; and honey is the very ideal of sweetness. To-day war is upon us. A lion is on our path. But, being bravely met, in its track shall industry settle, and we shall yet fetch honey from the carcass of war.—H. W. Beecher.

OUR BEST PARLORS.—Don't keep a solitary parlor, into which you go but once a month, with your parson or sewing society. Hang round your walls pictures which shall tell stories of mercy, hope, courage, faith and charity. Make your living room the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he clings to a single plank in the waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the old homestead shall come to him in his desolation, bringing always light, hope and love.—Have no dungeon about your house—no room you never open—no blinds that are always shut.

OLD BUT GOOD.—William look up. Tell us who made you.

William, who was considered a fool, screwing his face and looking somewhat bewildered, slowly answered:

"Moses, I 'pose."

"That will do. Now" said Counsellor Gray addressing the court, "the witness says he 'poses Moses made him. This certainly is an intelligent answer—more than I thought him capable of giving for it shows he has some faint knowledge of the Scriptures, but I admit it is not sufficient to justify his being sworn as a witness to give evidence."

"Mr. Judge," says the fool, "May I tax the lawyer a question?"

"Certainly," said the Judge, "as many as you please." "Well, then, Mr. Lawyer, who d'ye think made you?" Counsellor Gray, imitating witness: Aaron, I 'pose." After the mirth had subsided the witness exclaimed: "Well; now, we do read in the good book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd have thought the ternal critter had got in here."

WANTS.—The poor want—the comfort, and many of them the necessities of life.

The rich in many cases want—sympathy for the indigent.

The lawyer wants a rich client.

The physician wants—patients to use up his pills and pay off his bills.

The mechanic wants—plenty of work, good spirits to do it, and prompt pay when 'tis done.

The merchant wants—cash customers and extensions of credit.

Printers and Editors want—every man to do what is right, and to give them their dues.

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## Items, Foreign & Local.

The Legislature of Nova Scotia is called together for the dispatch of business on Thursday, 4th February.

A child was burned to death at Scotch settlement Springfield, on Thursday week.

The war in New Zealand is not progressing very favorably for the British at latest accounts.

Some thirty Colored gentlemen were presented at the President's levee, on New Year's day.

The rolling stock of the railroads of Great Britain would reach, linked together, from one end of the country to the other.

The yield of the Pacific gold mines for 1863 is estimated at eleven millions sterling.

A young Nova Scotian has written a book entitled "Charles the Bold," and sold the right to print 4,000 copies of it to a leading London publisher for 1,300 guineas.

A negro has been arrested in Louisville for his warm assertion of Confederate sympathy.

The receipts for the month of December on the E. & N. Railway exceed those of the corresponding month in '62, by \$1,646.

The President says our Assembly will meet about the 20th February.

Mr. Sergeant Shea, of the Irish Bar, and a Roman Catholic, has been elevated to a seat in the English Bench.

Boring for Oil on an extensive scale has been commenced in Alberta County.

A merchant in Bangor advertises for a ton of spruce gum.

For over two hundred years the costume of the Spanish ladies has not changed—sensible.

285,000 bushels of oats were sent from Montreal last week to the United States.

A New York judge lost several thousand dollars by betting on Heenan.

At a sale in Paris, two old china vases brought \$320.

American cars have been introduced on the Swiss railroads.

The Dublin fund for a Prince Consort Memorial amounts to £5,000.

The Danish Government has prohibited the import of arms and ammunition, into the Duchy of Holstein.

An earthquake has taken place in Turkey. Several houses were more or less damaged, and one life was lost by the falling rubbish burying a boy.

\$27,095 60 were deposited in the Savings Bank, St. John, in December, and \$6,323 withdrawn.—On one day, \$13,000 were deposited.

It is said that not a single steamer sails from the United States to Europe under the American flag. There are about 50 under foreign flags.

A Berlin woman has given birth to twins for the seventh time.

English clubs have been set running in Paris.—The Parisians are angry but use them.

Col. Robinson, who made the Railroad survey through the Province, died recently at Jersey.

They talk of erecting a statue to John Bright in Central Park, N. Y.

Mr. Cobden closes a controversy with the *London Times* thus: "there are three conditions only necessary to the success of any great project of reform, namely, a good cause, persevering advocates, and the hostility of the *Times*."

A Lunatic Asylum was burned recently, on the Continent, at Aisne, and six of the unfortunate inmates perished.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of a cheque for £90, on account of income tax, from "S. A." This is a good stretch of conscience money.

The salary of the Governor-General of India, is the highest in the gift of the Crown, being £30,000 a year, exclusive of allowances, which may be estimated at £10,000 more.

A family was recently poisoned in Missouri, and came near death, by eating hog's head cheese made in copper kettles.

Punch suggests that if an European Congress can preserve peace, it is more than an American one has been able to do.

In Germany, the people are becoming every day more excited on the subject of the Danish Duchies, and it will require the greatest firmness on the part of the Governments to resist the pressure.

Mechanics are turning their attention to the welding of the plates of a steam boiler instead of riveting, so as to avoid seams.

Mr. Spurgeon has had to remonstrate with the young ladies of his chapel for fainting away so often.

The harbor of Charlottetown, P. E. I., is thoroughly frozen over, so that foot passengers have been crossing in safety for some time past.

Twelve London barristers have entered into a solemn league and covenant to wear their beards, in spite of the courts considering themselves bearded thereby.

A man has counted the different words used by various authors. *Moliere* used 8,000; *Corneille*, 7,000; *Shakespeare*, 15,000; *Voltaire* and *Goethe*, 20,000; *Paradise Lost*, 8,000, and the *Old Testament*, 5,642.

A man in Watertown, N. Y., was bitten by a mad dog in June last. He felt no ill effects until a few days since, when he felt an aching sensation in the thumb which had been bitten, and in a few days he died, having suffered all the most terrible effects of hydrophobia.

John Morgan, the escaped Confederate raider, has reached Richmond, and it is said President Davis has given him a command in the army of Georgia.

The names of the officers and men of the household brigade who fell in the Crimean war, has been inscribed on the panels of the galleries of the Military Church, Windsor.

Mr. Laird's speech at Liverpool firms the subject of a leader in the *Times*, attention being especially directed to Mr. Laird's statement that, though we had spent upwards of £30,000,000 on the navy in the last 3 years, we should enter upon a maritime war under the greatest disadvantages.

The members of the German Scientific Congress, which recently assembled at Munich, have drawn up a solemn declaration against M. Renan's "Vie de Jesus," not in a doctrinal point of view, but in a scientific one.

It is proposed to grant building leases on Buncannon Island, near London. The ashes of John Burying, Daniel Defoe, George Fox, and many other celebrated men will have to be removed. The ground has been the great burial-place for Nonconformists since 1664.

The sum of \$18,000 was collected in the Roman Catholic Churches in New York, on Christmas day, for the benefit of Catholic orphans. One church contributed \$2,150.

In the far-away city of Hankow, in the centre of China, there is at this day a space of ninety acres cleared for British residences. From 15 to 20 British Hongs—we should call them palaces in Pall-mall—are rising; the