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Poetry.

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

There was a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall, and slender, and his gait was slow,
His form was bent, and his hair was white,
His long thin hair was as white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkling shone in his eyes,
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history too;
He took the little ones upon his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast he knew,
And the wants of the little children he knew;
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentle tones;
The rod was hardly known in the school—
Whipping, to him was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old head;
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said,
"We should make life pleasant down here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
"I need no little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives, here below,
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,
Were the so-called hours he used to pass
With his chair tipped to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass;
This was the finest pleasure, he said,
"Of the many I tasted here below;
Who has no enemies, had better be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chucked, and sipped, and prattled away,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tile;
"I'm a pretty old man," he greatly said,
"I have lingered a long time, here below;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tender kisses there;
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown,
And feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said,
"Twas a glorious world down here below;
"Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light,
Made his kindly old face look so sweet;
While odorous night wind whispered "Rest!"
Gently, gently he bowed his head;
There were angels waiting for him, I know—
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue long ago.

Select Tale.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S PROMISE.

There are few sadder or more trying hours in all the sad and trying hours of motherhood than that when a beloved son goes from his sheltering home to a soldier's untold life. What exposure before him, and who but God to protect? What hardships, and who but God to sustain? What perils, and who but God to shield and guard? God be with him. God be with the mother, too, as she gives him up and bids him go forth with her blessing.

"Promise me, Charles," said a mother, as she held the hand of her son, just leaving for the camp, and looking earnestly into his eyes.

"A broken promise would weigh me down, mother. But I mean to be a good boy, for your sake if for no other reason. And he put his arm around the stooping shoulders, and kissed her pale, sunken cheek.

"Promise what I ask, my son: The sacredness in which you hold a promise will make it a safeguard to you as a hope and trust for me. It will be one more shield between you and sin; one more restraint. And if a promise broken would weigh you down, a promise kept would give you strength and firmness."

The son clasped tighter the hand that held his own and tearfully promised to do what it is strange that any one should ever fail to do—namely to ask help and blessing from the great, good father of us all, and daily read His word of love and mercy, and to shun profligacy, gambling and the vices of camp life.

"Bless you, my son!" exclaimed the thankful mother. "You have given new life to my hope and new strength to my prayer for you!"

The next night sees the young soldier in camp. The hour of sleep has come, yet on every hand is heard the laugh, the jest, the light song. The men lie down to sleep as thoughtless as the beasts that perish. Is there not one to pray here? Does no one ask help for his necessities, protection for his unguarded hours? What! no one to supplicate a blessing from the bounteous Giver? No one to plead for forgiveness when so many are overburdened with sin? No one seems to pray. Foolish as needy, the starving soul will not ask for bread; the weak will not ask for help; the impure, the unclean will not ask for cleansing; the sick will not ask for healing. They will suffer—starve—they will perish before they will ask. Amazing folly! Shall the young soldier pray alone? Why not? Does he not need prayer? Does he not need it more to-night than ever, this first night amid strange, rough scenes, amid strange rough men—this first night of a new life? What can he do without the help, the blessing he will obtain from prayer?

But he will be laughed at if he prays here. He will offend his elders by seeming to be better than they. And where can he kneel? There is no quiet spot—not one. How can he pray here? He hesitates. The thin hand of his mother is again clasped tightly in his own; her tearful eyes are gazing into his; her voice of tenderness is in his ears. The promise made to her at their last parting is on his heart like a new baptism. The young knees bend—the head bows before God. Amid the laugh, and jest, and mirth, one prayer ascends.

It is well. Brave, dutiful boy! There was no heavier heart in all that company that night! Do any sneer? Nay, but the laugh sinks lower; the jest ceases around him. He holds audience with

God, and those unused to prayer felt better, safer, that there is one among them who holds a link with Heaven. The praying youth lies down to undisturbed sleep. Thank God now for the promise made. Thank God, too, for the anxiety of the mother—for her wise love, her unyielding purpose!

Men always respect prayer, piety, in their hearts; but too often, in their folly, they scoff at sacred things. The first night even the abandoned were hushed, solemnized, as they saw the young stranger kneel among them; but it was not long before he heard the low jest at his devotions. He heard himself called the "little saint," "the model youth."

This was hard to be borne. Ridicule is torturing to the sensitive. It is withering to the young. "Can I openly pray?" queried the young soldier. "Had I not better leave off kneeling before the men?" Then came freshly to his mind the promise to his mother; his duty to his God. Were these rude men, almost strangers, more to him than his mother and his God? He prayed as before. Honor to thee, young hero! Better courage, bravery, hast thou shown than many a conqueror on a battle field.

The soldiers in the tent were merry over the intoxicating cup. "Take a drink, Charlie!" "No, I never drink." "Come, you better. It'll do you good." "I never drink," he said firmly. "You better learn, then."

"No, I never drink and never mean to." "But you must. We won't have you with us unless you do," exclaimed one of them, who was overpowered by liquor.

He stepped forward and pressed the cup to the boy's lips. Charlie drew back, interposing his hand.

"I will not drink. I promised my mother I would not."

"Promised your mother, did you, baby?" and there was a general laugh as the liquor was thrown into the face of the resolute boy.

"There, stop that, will you?" shouted a veteran in the company. "If the boy don't want to drink let him alone, and if he minds his mother, all the better."

There was something in the veteran's tone that checked the others, and they permitted the boy to leave them with further annoyance.

But they liked him all the less for this interference on his behalf, and determined to bring him to their own level. Some of the roughest and most reckless constructed a rude card-table and proposed a game of cards. They insisted that Charlie should take a hand.

He declined. "Why not? You're just the one for cards. Of course you play. All boys do."

He still declined. They still insisted. "I cannot play; I will not," he answered. "Did you promise your mother? We'll break your promises for you." They sneered, heaping insult and abuse upon him.

How severe these trials for a young and gentle nature! Escaped from his persecutors, the faithful youth opened his Bible and read that unequalled and most beautiful of all lessons taught by the Great Teacher to His disciples on the mountain.

His veteran friend approached. "Readin' your Bible agin," he said. "How much you read it?" "I promised my mother to read it every day."

"Did you? Well, keep your promise. I wish I'd promised my mother the same when I left her. I never should 'a' been what I am now, if I had. But what was you readin' when I came?"

Charles read aloud. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

The old soldier interrupted: "That's clear beyond me. I haint got the first notion of such practice. A blow for a blow has been my way, and the heaviest blow last."

"But he who was better and wiser than all men taught this," answered Charles.

"Well, well, it may be right; but I never learnt that way," and the old soldier departed.

He came again. "Is there anything in that little book of yours for a rough old fellow like me—anything that would suit me?"

"God be merciful to me a sinner!" whispered the dying man again and again, lower and still lower, until his breath had ceased.

Charles bent to hear another word, but the voice was still forever. His tears fell on the furrowed brow as he kissed it tenderly and on the rough, strong hands as he laid them upon the big manly breast where once had beat such great throbs of passion, joy and sorrow, love and hate, ambition, hope and despair; all ended with that simple trust that he who died for us will save us when we cry.

The Bible lay open at the blessed words that had given hope to the departed soul. As Charles closed it and laid it, newly hallowed, in his breast, he blessed his mother anew for the promise that had made this Book of books his daily guide and friend and had opened its immortal light and life to the eyes just closed in death.

It had and trying beyond most hours of mortal trial be that when mother and son part on the eve of battle field, so glad and joyous beyond most hours of human joy is that when they meet when war's hardships have been borne, and its dangers past.

Leave the mother and son together now, or if eye gaze and listen, do so silently, for it is their hour, an hour purchased by anguish and fear, by yearning and prayer. A long embrace—a welcome of tears without a word spoken.

Then, "God bless you, my son," sobs the mother. She holds his hands as they parted. That parting is before her now.

"You kept your promise, Charles?" "By God's grace, I did, mother. And bless you that I made it."

"Bless you that you have kept it, my son! And praised be the Lord forever that you both made and kept it."

Are there Men in the Moon?
Mr. H. B. Small, late of Lincoln College, Oxford, recently delivered a lecture on the moon's structure, before the Natural History Society of Montreal.

After explaining that astronomers had been unable to discover any signs of the existence of an atmosphere surrounding the moon, the lecturer said: "If we are to make our argument of the moon being inhabited from analogy, we must start from some of the essential conditions of life in this globe. Take, for instance, air—could we conceive existence without it how strange would it be. Little is thought in our daily career of the function of the atmosphere. In its absence external silence must reign, conversation could pass only by signs; the eagle and condor would flap their wings in vain attempts to rise; no fuel would burn, nothing but electric light dispel the darkness. No tinted clouds nor gorgeous skies, but monotony of scene, ubiquity of darkness. Failing thus to exhibit the prime motor of life, it has been asserted that there is no evidence of the plurality of worlds."

But modern discovery has shown that there may be a probability of life existing there unknown to us. It has always been thought that what was applicable to one side of her disc, was applicable to the other. But to Mr. Hansen, a distinguished continental astronomer, is due the honor of discovering a discrepancy in that idea. The slightest deviation in time of the moon's course is noted accurately, and several cases of irregularity he has ascribed to the effect of uneven gravitation. He states that the centre of gravity and the centre of figure are not coincident, one being distant from the other eight miles. Thus her sphere is composed of a light and heavy half—An egg with its small end pointed to the eye, represents well its figure. Balls have been cast hollow, but with one side thicker than the other; the density being given calculation describes the curve to a nicety, and *vice versa*. His conclusion, then, is that the hemisphere turned towards us is the lighter half. The application of this to the question of inhabitants is very direct, as air and water would naturally gravitate to the side; and the imagination is free to picture on the side of the moon, a world corresponding to our own in the enjoyment of air and water.

An injured Husband.
A man who has been absent from his family for the past three years, returned home unexpectedly on Monday last, and going to his home found a baby about six months old sleeping on the bed in his wife's apartment. Enraged at this evidence of perfidy, he took the child roughly from the bed and threw it violently on the floor. Of course the little one screamed; the wife rushed to the scene; and the husband commenced to pour out upon her a torrent of the vilest abuse—but was suddenly reduced to silence by the information that the baby belonged to a neighbor. The lady being there to substantiate her claim, and engaging immediately in soothing the sufferer at the maternal fount, there was no room for doubt.

The angry man begged that the story be kept silent, but the mother of the child was in no mood for that sort of thing, and it is now the laugh of the neighborhood. Fortunately the child was not seriously injured. The "Outraged husband" has been as good natured as you please since then.—*Chicago Journal*.

Advice to Wives.
A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness, in what direction the secret of his comfort lies; she must not cherish his weakness by working upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices. Her motto must be never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature, not to increase his obstinacy by striving to drive him; never, if possible, to have scenes. I doubt much if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lastingly. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman ever be tempted to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation.—The bitterest repentance must needs follow such an indulgence, if she does. Men frequently forget themselves what they have said, but never what has been uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for, while asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time to the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband.—*The English Matron*.

Curious illustrations of Red Tapes.

About fifteen years ago, it happened, in a certain country of Europe, that the inspector general of garrisons, while visiting a provincial town, observed a sentinel stationed at a little distance outside the walls, keeping guard over some ruined buildings in the suburbs. The general inquired of the sentinel, with some curiosity, why he was posted there. The sentinel referred him to his sergeant. The sergeant had nothing to say but that such were the orders of his lieutenant. The lieutenant justified himself under the authority of the captain commanding of the garrison. Upon being applied to for his reasons for the standing order in question, the commandant informed the inspector general, with much seriousness, that his predecessors in office had handed down to him the custom as one of the military duties of the place.

A search was immediately instituted in the archives of the municipality, the result of which was to obtain satisfactory proof that, for the last seventy years, a sentinel had always stood over the ruined buildings in the same manner. With awakened interest and curiosity the general returned to the capital. He there set on foot a more elaborate investigation among the State documents of the minister of war. After long delay it was at last discovered that the ruined buildings of the faubourg had been, in 1720, a storehouse for mattresses belonging to the garrison, and that in the course of that summer it became desirable to repaint the door. While the paint was wet a guard was placed outside to warn those who went in and out; but, before the paint was dry, it came to pass that the officer on duty was dispatched on a mission of importance, and left the town without remembering to remove the sentinel. For a hundred and thirty years a guard of honor had consequently remained over the door—a sacred and inviolable tradition, one which represented at bottom no higher idea than the idea of wet paint.—*London Lancet*.

Parallels to the Chili Catastrophe.
The recent terrible calamity at Santiago (says an exchange) calls to mind numerous events of a similar character. In 1811 the Richmond (Va) Theatre was burned, and 120 persons perished in the flames. In 1821 Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, was destroyed by an earthquake, and 10,000 lives lost. During the great fire in London in 1212, 2000 people perished in the burning of the Bridge. In Constantinople, 1791, 30,000 houses were burned; and in 1783, 10,000 houses and 50 mosques were destroyed. By the great fire in London, 1566, which raged four days and nights, 1633, 000 houses and 86 churches were destroyed. In India, 1737, 3000 lives were lost by a hurricane. The great earthquake in Sicily, 1693, destroyed 100,000 people; and 60,000 lives were lost in six minutes by the earthquake at Lisbon, 1755. Near Morocco the earth suddenly opened and swallowed 10,000 people with their herds. This chapter of accidents might be extended further, by reference to volcanic eruptions and plagues.

Heaven's best Gift.
Jeremy Taylor says, if you are for pleasure marry; if you prize glory, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to a man; his angel of mercy; minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues; his casket of jewels; her voice, his sweetest music, her smiles, his brightest day; her kiss, the guardian of innocence; her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry, his surest wealth; her economy his safest steward; her lips, his faithful counsellors; her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessing on his head.

COUSINING.—A country gentleman visited the city and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant. The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to make his home their home, (as he had declared his intention of remaining in the city but a day or two.) The husband, anxious to show his attention to the relative and friend of his wife took the gentleman's horse to a lively stable in the neighborhood. Having stayed eleven days instead of two, the country gentleman went to the stable and ordered his horse to be got ready; the bill was, of course, presented.

"Oh," said the gentleman, "Mr. —, my relative, will pay this."

"Very good, sir," said the stable keeper; just get an order from Mr. —; it will be the same as money."

The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to the wharf where the merchant kept.

"Well," said he, "I am going now."

"Are you?" said the merchant.

"Well, about the horse. The man says the bill must be paid for his keeping."

"Well, I suppose that is all right, sir."

"Yes—well, but you know that I am your wife's cousin."

"Yes, sir," said the merchant, "I know you are, but your horse is not!"

A story is related of an enterprising editor in an interior town, who, finding the body of a man hanging to a lamp post one night, after his morning paper had gone to press, out it down and carried it home, to prevent his rival from publishing the news, and was himself indicted for the murder.

"Mary, why did you kiss your hand to the gentleman opposite this morning?" said a careful mother to her blooming daughter.

"Why, the gentleman had the impudence to throw a kiss across the street to me, and, of course, I threw it back indignantly. You wouldn't have me encourage him by keeping it, would you?"

A Yankee made a bet with a Dutchman that he could swallow him. The Dutchman lay down upon the table, and the Yankee, taking his big toe in his mouth, nipped it severely. "Oh, you are biting me," roared the Dutchman. "Why, you old fool," replied the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow you whole?"

Jenkins says that "Life is a country dance; down outside and back; tread on the corns of your neighbor; poke your nose everywhere; all hands around; right and left. Bob your cocoa-out—the figure is cued. Time hangs up the fiddle and death puts out the lights."

Items, Foreign & Local.

A turkey with four legs is the latest new thing in California.

Queen Victoria has, it is said, discharged all her father's debts.

Of a family of eleven children living in Middlesex, Canada, seven are deaf and dumb.

It is reported that Garibaldi intends visiting America.

Ireland is estimated to possess pigs to the value of \$15,250,673.

Green, the Malden murderer, has been sentenced to be hung.

The Free Masons of all nations are shortly to have a great convention at Leipzig, in Saxony.

The Confederates are said to have invented torpedoes that resemble lumps of coal, to be mixed with the fuel put on board Federal vessels.

"Hop up!" and "Wig wag!" are the appropriate names of new brands of New York whiskey.

An exchange paper says that the public house in Boston charges \$3.50 per day for regular board, \$2.50 for smoking of the kitchen, and 50 cents for kissing the cook.

It appears that every shot fired by the Prussians before Duppe cost \$1.50.

A Wisconsin court has granted a free pardon to a man who shot a seducer of his (the man's) wife.

The Czar of Russia, by ukase, permits his female children to marry foreigners if they desire.

The Wesleyan Methodists are preparing to build three churches in Montreal, at a cost of \$50,000.

It is stated that a small herd of nine oxen and cows, taken to La Plata in 1855, has now multiplied to such an extent that there are 15,000,000 in the country.

They have gingerbread sixty years old, but moist and fresh as though baked yesterday, on exhibition at Chicago. Its manufacture is a German secret.

Japan exports 5,793,335 pounds of tea per year.

Nine Cardinals' hats are at present disposable. Pius IX. has, during his reign, created 45 Cardinals, and seen 65 disappear from this world.

A great man among the Wesleyans is just dead—the Rev. John Mason, well known for more than thirty years past as the controller of those depots in the City Road and "The Row," from whence issues the voluminous literature of that particular body. The deceased minister was eighty-two years of age.

Dr. Kirkbridge, in his report of the Insane Asylum of Pennsylvania, notes the enormous increase of female patients whose insanity is caused by the loss of relatives in war.

A sad affair occurred in Harpswell, Me. lately, by which two little girls, daughters of Jas. Linnet, aged six and eight years, were drowned. They had been to gather shells to put on their mother's grave, and while returning across the stream, the tide came in and swept them under. When found, they were clasped in each other's arms.

Two men were shot in Fort Warren, Boston harbor, last week, for the crime of enlisting at various places, receiving bounties, and then deserting.—They tried that game once too often.

A car buffer is in use on the Midland Great Western Railway, which, placed on the rails, will bring up a heavily loaded train going at the rate of twenty miles an hour in the space of nine feet, without injury to the cars.

Major Gen. Dix says the bounty brokers of New York have robbed recruits of \$400,000.

In London, Eng., during the week ending 12th March, 280 persons died of bronchitis. The total deaths from all causes during this week was 1,664.

A widow named Blackstock, Allegheny, Pa., shot a man named Simpson a few days since, because he broke a marriage engagement with her. Simpson survives the wound, but the disappointed woman threatens one that will prove fatal.

An English paper states that the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Jubilee Fund amounts to about \$160,000.

A lady in Louisville, Ky., on stepping from her room to the porch, a few nights since, was horrified at finding the bloody corpse of a man lying across her threshold. The man was gently dressed, and had on his person a large amount of money. The police can get no clue to the mysterious murder.

During the past year the Virginia (rebel) lead mines produced lead enough for ten millions of ounce balls, and this year the quantity will be doubled.

A fire in Demarara, South America, on the 2nd inst., destroyed the greater portion of the business part of the place. Loss from two to three millions of dollars. A long continued drought caused a scarcity of water, rendering it necessary to blow up buildings to save the town.

The English cotton mills now run five days in the week; India and China furnish more cotton than was expected of them, and the prices are steadily declining. The London Telegraph says that cotton is now a democratic power domiciled throughout every region in the tropics.

Honore Greeley is employed at present, and has been for a long time, on his "History of the American Conflict," working steadily through the best hours of daylight each day.

The Poles in London are completely on the *qui vive*, and seem to know more about what's going on than any of the newspapers. An influential man among them states that 80,000 stand of Enfield rifles are now being shipped on board of four vessels, in which from four to five thousand men will also be sent out, and that at the proper time Prince Napoleon will be proclaimed King of Poland. They say that it has all been "squared" with Austria, who in her usual loyal manner, is to leave Prussia in the lurch, and has expressed her willingness to give up Galicia for a consideration.

In Montreal two years ago there were 4,000 well clothed and drilled Volunteers, and now they scarcely number 2,000, and yet large sums of money have been paid away. We notice that the new Canadian Government intend taking an increased interest in the Volunteers, as it appears that under the late Government the latter did not receive that attention they were justly entitled to.

A Culppeper farmer, on whose farm the opposing pickets are stationed, recently remarked to a Union officer:—"I haint took no sides in this yer rebellion, but I'll be dog goned if both sides haint took me!"

A late London paper says:—"The enemies of crime have been hoping that fashions would no longer resist the terror occasioned by successive deaths by fire, and that the days of crime would be numbered. There appears, however, no present likelihood of this. The rage for full bloom garments if we may trust the advertising columns of the press is on the increase. One of these announces the "Gemma or jewelled" crinoline; the "Sansflectum," the "Ondine or waded;" "Sansflectum jewelled," and crinolines "magnificently puffed." Puffed! and magnificently! We should like to see this garment.

In the United States Senate recently, Mr. Salisbury, of Delaware, offered the following resolution, but no action was taken on it:—*Resolved*, That the Chaplain of the Senate be respectfully requested to lend forth to pray and supplicate Almighty God in our behalf, and not to lecture Him, informing Him, under pretence of prayer, his (said Chaplain's) opinion in reference to His duty as the Almighty; and that the said Chaplain be further requested, as aforesaid, under the form of prayer to lecture the Senate in relation to questions before the body.

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General News.

GARIBOLDI IN ENGLAND.—His CONVERSATION AND OPINIONS.—Garibaldi, it may be mentioned, speaks English correctly enough, although not with some difficulty, but does not seem to follow with ease a rapid outpouring of words from some English visitor. French he speaks with perfect fluency; and they who are not fortunate enough to be able to converse with him in the sweet soft language of his own country may, if they can, but talk a little French, enjoy thus an animated conversation. In speaking with ordinary visitors, or during a dinner or breakfast table conversation, he does not, we need scarcely say, plunge straightway into politics. He talks of anything which is uppermost of agriculture, in which just now he takes a deep interest; of the condition of England, and in secret of his voyages, his South American experiences, of his plans for Caprera, or any other casual topic.

But if any one has an opportunity of conversing with Garibaldi on political subjects, the latter enters readily and frankly on most of such themes, and as frankly and readily declines those which he prefers to avoid. He is especially anxious that it should be understood that he comes to stir up no party feeling and to offend no sectarian or political prejudices. He expressed himself as desirous to be made known that there was no ground whatever for imputing to him any reluctance to speak the soil of France, any hostile feeling whatever towards the French people. How any one could ever have imputed to him such a feeling surpasses our power of comprehension. "I love and honor the people of France," he says, "Why should I not?"

Of many living Frenchmen, some in their own country, some abroad, he speaks with friendly interest. Of many Englishmen, too, he talks with expressions of warm admiration. He voluntarily acknowledges that Italy owes much to Earl Russell. Of Mr. Gladstone he speaks with peculiar warmth. He describes him as in one sense a Frenchman, of sympathetic feeling of Europe towards Italy, and dwells upon a memorable phrase in his famous Neapolitan letters with a fervent appreciation of its force. We may mention these things, because in them there is nothing which requires to be wrapped up in any veil of secrecy—nothing which Garibaldi or his friends could object to have been made public. Naturally when such a man talks of Italy's prospects, of Poland, of Hungary, of France, and talks with that frankness which characterises Garibaldi, much must be said which the speaker does not expect to see reproduced on print. It should be observed, however, that there is a little of the vagabondage about Garibaldi's language and manner in such conversations, and that his enthusiasm is tempered by much of clear common sense. The peculiar sweetness and richness of his voice and the winning warmth of his smile have been often described.

Often, too, has it been told that the prevailing expression of his countenance in repose is that of an almost severe melancholy. All this has been written over and over again. The only excuse for even alluding to it now is, that at the present moment it is somewhat interesting to know how far each new observer corroborates the impressions of previous writers.

THE FENINS.—ORIGIN OF THE NAME.—Sir Robert Peel, Secretary for Ireland, recently gave the following explanation respecting the Fenins:—"As there were probably not ten members in the House of Commons who knew what a Fenin was, he thought it his duty to enlighten them. In the third century, there was a certain king in Ireland, called King Cormac, who had ten daughters. One of these daughters married another king, who established a national militia under the title of the Fenin whose duty it was to protect the province, each member of the body being considered equal in battle to nine men of any other country. Their habits and dress were exceedingly primitive; they quartered themselves upon the population, and finally they became so great a nuisance, that in a succeeding age they were wholly annihilated."

AFFECTING SCENE IN COURT.—One of the most remarkable scenes ever witnessed in a court-room transpired in Washington, on Friday, in the trial of a man named Tuell, for the murder of his wife. The only witnesses to the deed were the little children, the eldest of which is a lad of ten years old. When brought into court the scene was inexpressibly affecting. The boy is unusually intelligent, and gave his convicting testimony with suppressed sobs, while his father wept convulsively with such intensity as to interfere at times with the proceedings. The Judge, as well as all present, were moved to great emotion, particularly by the examination of the boy preparatory to putting him on the stand.—*Bangor Times*.

A LOYAL ADDRESS FROM AUSTRALIAN BLACK FELLOWS.—Sir Donald Macleay, the Governor of South Australia, recently paid a visit to Port Elliot, and while there he was informed that the Aborigines were desirous of presenting him with an address. His Excellency acceded to their request and about forty aboriginal natives drew up in line four deep, making a profound salutation, and saying with one voice, "Good morning Governor." We were told that the address was then read by Mr. H. Scarle as follows:—

"God save Queen England.—To his Excellency Sir Donald Macleay, Governor