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Poetry.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses to a world's prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly words in grief's dark hour
That prove a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss;
It was a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel, but never tell;
The hard repulse, that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfeeling record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to wake love—
Be firm, and just and true,
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam to thee from on high,
An angel voice will say to thee—
These things shall never die.

Select Tale.

THE OLD MAN'S TALE ABOUT THE QUEER CLIENT.

[Continued.]

"The stranger smiled, and was silent."

"Heyling!" said the old man, wildly—"My boy, Heyling, my dear boy, look! and, gasping for breath, the miserable father pointed to the spot where the young man was struggling for life."

"Hark!" said the old man—"He cries once more. He is alive yet. Heyling, save him, save him!"

"The stranger smiled again, and remained immovable as a stone."

"I have wronged you," shrieked the old man, falling on his knees, and clasping his hands together. "Be revenged; take my life; cast me into the water at your feet, and, if human nature can repress a struggle, I will die, without stirring hand or foot. Do it, Heyling, do it, but save my boy, he is so young to die."

"Listen," said the stranger, grasping the old man fiercely by the wrist—"I will have life for life, and here is one. My child died before his father's eyes, a far more agonising and painful death than that young scoundrel of his sister's worth is meeting while I speak. You laughed—laughed in your daughter's face, where death had already set his hand—at our sufferings then. What think you of them now? See there, see there."

"As the stranger spoke he pointed to the sea. A faint cry died away upon its surface; the last powerful struggle of the dying man agitated the rippling waves for a few seconds; and the spot where he had gone down into his early grave, was undistinguishable from the surrounding water."

"Three years had elapsed, when a gentleman alighted from a private carriage at the door of a London attorney, then well known to the public as a man of no great nicety in his professional dealings, and requested a private interview on business of importance. Although evidently not past the prime of life, his face was pale, haggard, and dejected; and it did not require the subtle perception of the man of business, to discern at a glance, that disease or suffering had done more to work a change in his appearance, than the mere hand of time could have accomplished in twice the period of his life."

"I wish you to undertake some legal business for me," said the stranger.

"The attorney bowed obsequiously, and glanced at a large packet which the gentleman carried in his hand. His visitor observed the look, and proceeded."

"It is no common business," said he; "nor have these papers reached my hands without long trouble and great expense."

"The attorney cast a little more anxious look at the packet; and his visitor, untying the string that bound it, disclosed a quantity of promissory notes, with some copies of deeds, and other documents."

"Upon these papers," said the client, "the man whose name they bear, has raised, as you will see, large sums of money, for some years past. There was a tacit understanding between him and the man into whose hands they originally went—and from whom I have by degrees purchased the whole, for trouble and quadruple their nominal value—that those loans should be from time to time renewed, until a given period had elapsed. He has sustained many losses of late; and these obligations accumulating upon him at once, would crush him to the earth."

"The whole amount is some thousands of pounds," said the attorney, looking over the papers.

"It is said the client."

"What are we to do?" inquired the man of business.

"Do!" replied the client, with sudden vehemence. "Put every engine of the law in force, every trick that ingenuity can devise and rascality execute; fair means and foul; the open oppression of the law, aided by all the craft of its most ingenious practitioners. I would have him die a harridan and lingering death. Ruin him, seize and sell his lands and goods, drive him from house and home, and drag him forth a beggar in his old age, to die in a common jail."

"But the cost my dear Sir, the cost of all this," resumed the attorney, when he had recovered from his momentary surprise—"If the defendant be a man of straw, who is to pay the costs, Sir?"

"Name any sum," said the stranger, his hand trembling so violently with excitement that he could hardly hold the pen he seized as he spoke. "Any sum, and it is yours. Don't be afraid to name it,

man. I shall not think it dear, if you gain my object."

"The attorney named a large sum, at hazard, as the advance he should require to secure himself against the possibility of loss; but more with the view of ascertaining how far his client was really disposed to go, than with any idea that he would comply with the demand. The stranger wrote a cheque upon his bank, for the whole amount, and left him."

"The draft was duly honoured, and the attorney, finding that his strange client might be safely relied upon, commenced his work in earnest. For more than two years afterwards, Mr. Heyling would sit whole days together, in the office, poring over the papers as they accumulated, and reading again and again, his eyes glancing with joy, the letters of remonstrance, the prayers for a little delay, the representations of the certain ruin in which the opposite party must be involved, which poured in, as suit after suit, and process after process, were commenced. To all applications for a brief indulgence, there were but one reply—the money must be paid. Land, house, furniture, each in its turn, was taken under some one of numerous executions which were issued; and the old man himself would have been immured in prison had he not escaped the vigilance of the officers, and fled."

"The implacable animosity of Heyling, so far from being satisfied by the success of his persecution, increased a hundred-fold with the ruin he inflicted. On being informed of the old man's flight, his fury was unbounded. He gnashed his teeth with rage, tore his hair from his head, and assailed with horrid imprecations the men who had been entrusted with the writ. He was only restored to comparative calmness by repeated assurance of the certainty of discovering the fugitive. Agents were sent in quest of him, in all directions; every stratum that could be invented was resorted to, for the purpose of discovering his place of retreat; but it was all in vain. Half a year had passed over, and he was still undiscovered."

"At length, late one night, Heyling, of whom nothing had been seen for many weeks before, appeared at the attorney's private residence, and sent up word that a gentleman wished to see him instantly. Before the attorney, who had recognised his voice from above stairs, could order the servant to admit him, he had rushed up the staircase, and entered the drawing-room pale and breathless. Having closed the door, to prevent being overheard, he sunk into a chair, and said in a low voice—

"Hush! I have found him at last."

"No!" said the attorney—"Well done, my dear Sir; well done!"

"He lies concealed in a wretched lodging in Camden Town," said Heyling. "Perhaps it is as well, we did lose sight of him, for he has been lying alone there, in the most abject misery all the time, and he is poor—very poor."

"Very good," said the attorney. "You will have the caption made to-morrow?"

"Yes," replied Heyling. "Stay? No! The next day. You are surprised at my wishing to postpone it," he added, with a ghastly smile; "but I had forgotten. The next day is an anniversary in his life; let it be done then."

"Very good," said the attorney. "Will you write down instructions for the officer?"

"No; let him meet me here, at eight in the evening, and I will accompany him myself."

"They met at the appointed night, and, hiring a hackney-coach, directed the driver to stop at the corner of the old Pancras road, at which stands the Parish workhouse. By the time they alighted there, it was quite dark; and proceeding by the dead wall in front of the Veterinary Hospital, they entered a small bye street, which is or was at that time, called Little College Street, and which, whatever it may be now, was in those days a desolate place enough, surrounded by little else than fields and ditches."

"Having drawn the travelling cap he had on, half over his face, and muffled himself in his cloak, Heyling stopped before the meanest-looking house in the street, and knocked gently at the door. It was at once opened by a woman, who dropped a courtesy of recognition, and Heyling whispering the officer to remain below, crept gently up stairs, and opening the door of the front room, entered at once."

"The object of his search and his unrelenting animosity, now a decrepit old man, was seated at a bare deal table, on which stood a miserable candle. He started on the entrance of the stranger, and rose feebly to his feet."

"What now, what now?" said the old man.

"What fresh misery is this? What do you want here?"

"A word with you," replied Heyling. As he spoke, he seated himself at the other end of the table, and throwing off his cloak and cap, disclosed his features."

"The old man seemed instantly deprived of the power of speech. He fell backward in his chair, and clasped his hands together, gazed on the apparition with a mingled look of abhorrence and fear."

"This day six years," said Heyling, "I claimed the life you owed me for my child's. Beside the lifeless form of your daughter, old man, I swore to live a life of revenge. I have never swerved from my purpose for a moment's space; but it had one thought of her uncomplaining, suffering look, as she dropped away, or of the starving face of my innocent child, would have nerved me to my task. My first act of requital you well remember; this is my last."

"The old man shivered, and his hands dropped powerless by his side."

"I leave England to-morrow," said Heyling, after a moment's pause. "To-night I consign you to the living death to which you devoted her—hopeless prison."

"He raised his eyes to the old man's countenance, and paused. He lifted the light to his face, set it gently down, and left the apartment."

"You had better see to the old man," he said to the woman, as he opened the door, and motioned the officer to follow him into the street. "I think he is ill." The woman closed the door, ran hastily up stairs, and found him lifeless. He had died in fit."

"Beneath a plain grave-stone, in one of the most beautiful and secluded church-yards in Kent, where wild flowers mingle with the grass, and the

soft landscape around, forms the fairest spot in the garden of England, lie the bones of the young mother and her gentle child. But the ashes of the father do not mingle with theirs; nor from that night forward, did the attorney ever gain the remotest clue, to the subsequent history of his queer client."

Josh Billings to the Girls.

Dear Girls.—Keep cool. A blessed fater awaits you enny how. Take lessons in the pianna at onct: piannas are getting skase. By awl means larn to pla the nu song that has just come out, "When John Brown is over we are Father Abraham cummyng with this kruel war several strong." This stanza tuk the first premium at the Stait fair. Don't be afraide tew get married, yure ma want afraide. Larn how to knit puddings bags to put your haire in. Be vartuous and pretty. Eat slate pencils: they will make you spri at figgers. Eat kolone water: that will make a good emel. Let yure pet-yoktoss drag on the sidewalks awl it enny man steps on them and tears the rim, slap his chops at onct.

If you have got small feet, keep 'em hid—small feet have gone out of fasun. Stude travels; Tom Moores and Byrons and Gullivers and Wandering Jews and Vallandigham is awl luste fair. If you kan spare the time be luvly and sweet. Remember one thing that aint nothing in this life worth living fur but a rich husband; if you don't believe me ask yure ma. Don't have ennything tew du with the boys unless they mean business. If you don't know how to skate, yu mite as wel jine some travelling nunnery at onct, for yure played out.

What a Little Fly Did

Near by a church lived a very wicked man, a rumrunner, by the way, who seemed not to fear God or regard man. He despised all good things, and loved to do wrong rather than right. The only good thing he delighted in was music. It happened that the church near him was remodeled, and an organ was put in it, and there was to be some good playing on it, and excellent music by the choir at the "re-opening" of the church. This man wanted to hear the music, but he did not want to hear the sermon. He was puzzled for a time, but finally hit upon this plan: he would go into the church, take a seat in an obscure corner, and listen to the music, but stop his ears with his fingers when there was any preaching, praying, or talking. So he went in and enjoyed the singing and the sound of the organ, but when the minister prayed he stopped his ears as tightly as possible. When prayer was over, and singing commenced, he took his fingers from his ears, and stopped them again as soon as the minister began reading a chapter in the Bible. While he began thus, self-made deaf, a fly lit on his nose and began to run round and occasionally it stopped and thrust down its bill as if to take a bite from the skin. The man bore it as long as he could, and then involuntarily brushed the fly off with his hand, leaving one ear unstopped while he did so. Just at that instant the minister read the verse, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The words struck him with peculiar force; he thought a moment, unstopped his other ear, and listened to the rest of the chapter, and to the sermon following. He went from the church with a changed purpose, became a good man, and lived many years, trying all the time to do all the good he could to others, and to repair the mischief done by his former conduct. The improvements in the church, the organ, the attractive exercises, were all instrumental in drawing this man in where a good seed might be dropped into the soil of his mind, but that little fly was also necessary to unstop his ears.

Small and Large Farms.

Here is an old triplet—the motto of a wise man—which has much good sense in it, and which farmers generally would do well to adopt—

A little wife well willed,
A little house well filled,
A little farm well tilled.

The great mistake which our farmers make is, undertaking to cultivate too much land. It seems that the more land a man has, the more he wants. When Farmer Dobson was charged with this covetousness, he denied it, and said he wanted only the land that joined on his farm. But when he got that, he found that more joined it, and more yet, and he was likely never to be satisfied till he reached the sea shore. From time to time we publish the result of farming on a moderate scale, and they are always sufficient to show that it pays much better to spend money and labour on a small farm and get the most out of a little, than to work a wider area and leave it half done.

The principle is the same in any kind of business. Anything worth doing, is worth doing well; and the great profit in honest industry is to be found in making the best possible use of what we undertake. If a man works at a trade it will be found, in the long run, that it will pay better to make a good article than to turn out a greater amount of inferior work. We asked a harness maker last week if he used a sewing machine in his work. "No," said he; "I knew that it would be better to do superior work, and less of it, and in the end would get better pay."

Some men, with large capital, can manage a great farm and make it profitable, and this stimulates men of less means to spread themselves over more surface than they can cover to advantage. They find to their sorrow, that it is not the amount of land they work, but the amount of work on the land, that pays. And this is just one of the last lessons New Brunswick farmers will learn. So it comes to pass that many a man drags through life till he wears himself out and dies worth little or nothing more than he was when he began. All his trouble springs from the fact that he has been trying to do too much to manage too much land, and has found by experience that a little land well tilled would have brought more money and more comfort. Far better for the owner of a hundred acres, to thoroughly manure and cultivate 25 or 30 acres, leaving the balance in pasture or uncultivated, than to raise poor crops, half choked with weeds, on 75 or 100 acres.

A lad who had lately gone to service having had salad served up for dinner every day of the week, ran away, and when asked why he had left his place, replied, "They make me eat grass in the summer, and I was afraid they'd make me eat hay in the winter, and I couldn't stand that, so I wear off."

Circumstantial Evidence.

I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember, in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated that deceased had been killed by a shot, a gun-shot, in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and, as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun, which proved to be half of a ball. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.

Ignorance.

The London Spectator, in a curious article on educated ignorance, says: "As a rule the masses know nothing, the English peasantry for example, not having an idea of any geography, and the educated very little indeed beyond a few names of places and the general aspect of the map. They have very rarely an accurate notion of comparative size even in Europe. There were more than four hundred members in the House of Commons on Tuesday night when Mr. Cobden gave his account of the foundation of Singapore by Sir Stamford Raffles. We put it to the consciences of the majority—did not the statements that Singapore was on an island that it was a free port, that it was founded by Sir Stamford Raffles, strike them as new information?"

A Wonderful Plant.

Within a few years one of the most singular vegetable productions has been discovered in the Damara country in Africa. The plant grows to be a century old, and its trunk attains a circumference of fourteen feet, yet it never produces more than two leaves, and these, singularly enough, are the first or seed leaves of the plant. Imagine the two seed leaves of a squash to keep on growing and spreading over the soil until they reach the length of six feet each, and some idea can be formed of this vegetable wonder. These two leaves, which are split into innumerable things that lie curling upon the surface of the soil, are all the foliage that the plant ever produces. The plant inhabits dry regions, where rain rarely or never falls, and has no need of a large surface of foliage. Flower stems spring from the large trunk, and produce cones about the size of those of the spruce fir. The name of this strange plant is *Weiwitshia mirabilis*, and it belongs to the family of Gentianaceae, of which we have no representative found native in our climate; it is allied to the pine family, however.—*American Agriculturist*.

The Machinery of the Human Body.

Very few mechanics are aware how much machinery there is, in constant action, in their own bodies. Not only are there hinges and joints in bones, but there are valves in the veins, a forepump in the heart, and curiosities in other parts of the body equally striking. One of the muscles forms an actual pulley. The bones which support the body are made precisely in that form which has been ascertained by calculations and experiments, to be the strongest for pillars and supporting columns—that of hollow cylinders.

A NEW READING OF AN OLD TALE.—A farmer died possessed of seventeen ploughs and three sons. He left, by his will, half of the ploughs to the oldest son; one-third to the second son; one-ninth to the third son. The executors were puzzled; but an adjoining farmer undertook to make a division, so that each son should have more than he was entitled to by the will. He added a plough of his own to the seventeen—making eighteen. Then the first son had half—nine; second son, one-third—six; third son, one-ninth—two. Thus each son took more than he was entitled to by the father's will; and then the farmer who made the division took his own plough back again.

Say sonny, where is your father?
Father's dead, sir.
Have you any mother?
Yes, I had one but she's got married to Joe Danklin, and don't be my mother any more; cause she says she's got enough to do to attend to his own young 'uns.
Smart boy; here's a dime for you.
That's ye, sir, its the way I gets my livin.
How?
Why, by tellin' big yarns to green 'uns like you, at a dime a pop.

Verse alone is not poetry. Poetry is in ideas. Ideas come from the soul. Verse is only an elegant dress upon a beautiful body. Poetry can be expressed in prose. It is only the more perfect under the grace and majesty of verse. It is the poetry of the soul which inspires noble sentiments and noble deeds, as well as noble writings. A dishonorable poet is a degraded being, more base and more culpable than a dishonorable man who is not a poet.—*Victor Hugo*.

The use of tea has contributed more to the sobriety of the Chinese than the severest laws, the most eloquent discourses, or the best treatises on morality. Tea is so little drunk in Germany that it acts like medicine when taken by a native; and persons decline a cup of good bohea with, "No, I thank you; I am quite well at present."

How do you and your friends feel?" said an exultant politician in one of the Western States to a rather irritable member of the defeated party. "I suppose," said the latter, "we feel just as Lazarus did when he was licked by dogs!"

Wanted, a strong adhesive plaster, to make busy-bodies stick to their own business.

The man who beats a drum for the "March of Time" has gone to play on the "Horn of Plenty."

Some ladies use paint as fiddlers do rosin—to aid them in drawing a bean.

To the contemplative soul there is no littleness, the least of things is infinite.

It is not half the trouble to learn in youth, that it is to be ignorant in old age.

Items, Foreign & Local.

The health of the Pope is said to be completely re-established. He held a levee last month.

The University of London is considering the desirableness of conferring degrees in music.

The winter in China was unusually severe. The river Peiho was not clear of ice until the 15th of March.

It is said that, by Captain Grant's improvements of the army cooking apparatus, a saving to the country of at least £25,000 a year has been effected.

Viscount Bury is preparing a work on North and South America which will narrate the migrations of the various European nations in America from the sixteenth century.

New Blackfriars Bridge, London, has been contracted for by Messrs. Fox, of Westminster, at £150,000, and will require several years to build.

The city debt of Philadelphia is thirty six millions of dollars.

Petersburg is twenty-two miles South of Richmond and ten from City Point.

The number of effective men in active service, including the European troops in India, amounts to 206,000 men, and 60,000 militia which are called into service during war.

A case of death from sunstroke is reported in the Boston papers of Monday. It occurred on the day previously.

A party of eighty trout fishers in Pennsylvania recently took 10,000 in one week.

Crosshoppers in Aspinwall are seven inches in length, and are considered fine eating.

An Austrian artillery officer has invented a rifled cannon that can fire sixteen balls in a minute.

The match between Joe Cohn and Jem Mace has been arranged to come off in October next, at \$500 a side.

A man was arrested on Monday, in Montreal, for trying to drown himself to spite his wife. The wife was complainant.

The Confederate Government has appointed the Roman Catholic Bishop of Charleston, South Carolina, their Ambassador near the Court of Rome.

Paris letters say no mediation is proposed. The people about the throne are in favor of such a movement, but not the throne itself.

Frontiers says John Morgan's men took at least 200 lbs. of boots in Kentucky. So, although the expedition was a bad military failure, it wasn't bootless.

A money and exchange broker in Montreal named Johnson, had decamped with funds of depositors to the amount of \$60,000. He has gone to Cuba.

A "Penny Savings Bank" will be opened in this City on Saturday, 2nd July. The scheme is a good one, and, considering the standing and ability of the persons who comprise its management, will doubtless prove eminently successful.—*Academy*.

In California, the recent statistics of the Insane Asylum show one in every eight hundred of the population to be insane.

About 20,000 lambs will be exported from the Isle of Wight this season.

They tell of an American's losing \$250,000 at cards in Paris recently.

The lock of Washington's hair sold for twenty dollars at the Philadelphia fair.

The Spectator says, the Southern cause is to us detestable, but no man who can feel can refuse high admiration to the heroic energy which the slaveholders have displayed in their defence, and their valor, the Prussians would be sleeping in Schleswig.

Mr. Samuel Sharpe, author of "History of Egypt," &c., assigns the year A. D. 29, as the correct date of our Saviour's crucifixion. Thursday, the 17th of March of that year, was the 14th of Nisan, on which day, according to the Evangelists, Jesus ate the Passover with his disciples.

A young conscript of the province of Toledo (Spain) lately attempted to render himself unfit for the service by rubbing his hand with sulphuric acid.

Lord Carlisle has informed the Moderator of the Irish Presbyterian Church that the Government decline to propose an increase of the *Regium Donum*.

John M. Clay's \$25,000 race horse was stolen by Morgan's raiders.

The Boston Traveller says "it is easy to calculate just how long it will be before our army will be used up at the rate we are going on."

A Richmond paper says that the dead from the hospitals are sent to Hollywood Cemetery faster than they can be interred, and that the funeral scenes are as green as the pine coffins lay warping in the sun.

In 1862, 3,408,271 pounds of Southern cotton were received in England. In 1863, 1,118,977 pounds.

A Savings Bank in connection with the Treasury of P. E. Island, was to be opened for the transaction of business on Tuesday last.

George Francis Train is organizing a Catholic emigration from Ireland to work on the Pacific railroad, the men to receive liberal wages and farms under the homestead law.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame has only just been consecrated, under an indulgence from the Pope. The Cathedral was founded five hundred years ago but this omission, or delay, in the consecration ceremony, is due to the fact that the building has never been actually finished until this day.

At the Fair in Philadelphia they are voting on a "love of a bonnet" a Leghorn bonnet valued at \$175, which is to be given to the wife of one of the Generals. On Thursday last, Mrs. Meade had 244 votes, Mrs. Grant 154, and Mrs. Burnside 150.

Speaking of bonnets, a fashion writer informs us that bugs and insects are giving way upon the head of beauty to the flowers of the field; a modification highly to be commended.

The news that a Spanish squadron has seized upon the guano islands on the coast of Peru will cause some surprise in England, and cannot fail to excite considerable anxiety in the minds of merchants and ship owners.

The birthday of Queen Victoria was celebrated at the Prussian Court by a grand parade with contingent festivities. After dinner, a sergeant was presented to the Crown Princess in the attire he had worn on running up the countess of Duplel.

A new tenor has been singing, in Milan, in opera, too, who does not understand a word of music, but has to be taught everything by ear. A year ago he was a journeyman mattress maker.

A man in Indiana lately died of erysipelas occasioned by an attempt at self-vaccination.

Seven thousand persons had died of hunger and thirst at Santiago, one of the Cape de Verde Islands between the 1st January and 1st May.

The news says the residence of Mr. John Robertson, Grand Lake, with its contents, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night, the family narrowly escaping with their lives. Three barns were saved after hard work.

The total number of persons taken into custody by the London metropolitan police during 1863 was 64,750, of whom 43,465 were males, and 21,284 females.

A petition signed by 30,000 of the working classes of France, in favor of the abolition of capital punishment, is about to be presented to the Emperor.

The Grand Jury of New York refused to find an indictment against the President for the suppression of the World and the Journal of Commerce.

General News.

HORRIBLE CASE OF POISONING.—The citizens of Ithaca, New York, have been horrified at the death of Miss Charlotte L. Heggie, on Wednesday, the 15th instant, by poisoning. She had been engaged at sewing by the Ladies' Aid Society in that village, when she was attacked by vomiting, burning at the stomach and other painful symptoms.—Medical aid was rendered, but without success. She was the eldest daughter of Mr. J. M. Heggie, of Ithaca, and was greatly esteemed. A sister, about eighteen years of age, died in November last, exhibiting similar symptoms, her death giving rise to suspicions of poisoning; but no investigation was made. This time the physicians communicated the facts to the District Attorney of Tompkins County and a Coroner's jury was summoned. Suspensions were excited against the mother and many circumstances brought to light the fact that she murdered her daughter! From many witnesses it was proved that this unnatural mother had a strange and unfortunate disposition against her family, and some suppose she is really a monomaniac. She has been arrested. The jury brought in two verdicts, nine jurors declaring that the daughter was poisoned by her mother, and three adding that the unhappy woman is insane on the subject of her family relations.

We have heard of several instances of Provincialists having been kidnapped and enlisted in the Federal army; but one of the most barbed and impudent attempts to tamper with the loyalty of a respected fellow townsman, came to our notice a few days ago, and shows plainly the difficulty of obtaining men to fill up the ranks of the Federal army. A Federal recruiting man had the audacity to offer an inhabitant of this place \$150 for every man he could decoy to the States; it is hardly necessary to state that the offer was indignantly rejected, with a withering rebuke.—*St. Andrews Standard*.

In an account of the visit of the Prince of Wales and his wife to Cambridge, it is stated that an undergraduate, in imitation of Raleigh's gallantry to Queen Elizabeth, spread his gown on the pathway for the Princess to walk on. The Princess paused for a moment, as if puzzled and startled by the sudden act of superfluous devotion; but when one of the suite had whispered a word of explanation, it is said to have been charming to see how sedulously she lifted her dress to show the dazzled and rather abashed proprietor of the purple toga of Trinity that she was actually setting her foot on the gown, bowing her acknowledgement to him at the same time.

A novel election bet was recently made in California. One Gridley agreed with Dr. Herriek to carry a sack of flour from Sacramento to Clifton in case the Democratic ticket was defeated. He lost and paid. The sack of flour was then given to the Sanitary Commission fund, and was put up at auction. The first buyer gave \$350. It was then put up again, and brought \$305. It was again put up, and sold and resold during the day, finally reaching the sum of \$400. The same bag of flour is now to be sent to the St. Louis Sanitary Fair, to be sold over again.

The Halifax Sun, noticing our remarks about the freedom of Mr. Fenety's garden, Rose Hall, from caterpillars, says:—

"In and around this city, for years past, many gardens have suffered from insects on currant bushes to a fearful extent. We have examined the annoyance, and attribute the fact to the precautions taken. In early spring we remove some of the earth on the surface around the bushes, and replace it with new earth, and when the leaves are well out dust them with hard wood ashes in wet weather."

A correspondent of the New York Herald writes:—

"The rebel engineering at Petersburg greatly surpasses anything I have heretofore seen, and probably any the war has developed. Formidable field works literally spring from the earth, as by magic, in a single night, at every point."

"But the city is rapidly becoming encircled with our chainwork of approaches. We have extended our line to the southward considerably across the first branch of the Petersburg and Suffolk Railroad and are still working in that direction, that all avenues may be cut and the place completely circumvalated."

"Many predict the hard fighting here at an end, and think little operations on our part will assume the character of a regular siege. Others again believe the place will be flanked, as all former ones have been that obstructed our progress. But the concentration of our troops and the cutting in two of Lee's long line from Richmond to Petersburg is much more likely to happen, unless he elects to abandon the latter place, to avoid the battle or the risk of having his army dismembered."

The London Daily News believes the opposition plot for the overthrow of the Palmerston Ministry is broken down and abandoned, the intended resolution being craftily worded and not a secret attack direct.—"No Confidence" vote failed to receive the approval of a large number of the conservatives. The Herald, the conservative organ continues its arguments in favor of an attack on the Ministry, contending that a new cabinet, under Derby, would obtain more from the Germans than the present Ministry.

Some excitement existed at Madrid under the latest news from Peru. The English and French Ministers are trying to effect a reconciliation.

OCCUPATION FOR FREEMASONS.—The Duke of Manchester, who was installed on Wednesday as Provincial Grand Master of the Freemasons of Huntington and Northampton, made a suggestion which will probably startle the brethren. He proposes that discussion should be held in the lodges for the purpose of reconciling the apparent contradictions between the facts as related in the sacred writings and the facts as discovered by scientific men. Such, he thinks, was one the business of the lodges and masons nowadays would enter on such discussions with becoming reverence.—*Scotsman*.

A DEATH CLOCK.—We have recently been informed of a truly wonderful clock, which is said to belong to a family in Newport. The clock is of simple construction, and belongs to the family of Mr. L—; but all the efforts of the clockmakers have not been able to make her keep time—consequently it has been permitted to rest in silence. A few hours before the death of Mr. L—'s sister, some short time since, the clock suddenly struck one, after a silence of many months. It thus continued to maintain its silence, until another member of the family was prostrated with a fatal malady, when it again struck one, and on the following day the child was buried. A year elapsed when the second child sickened and died. The clock was punctual in sounding one a few hours previous to his death. A third child, a little boy fifteen months old, was afflicted with scrofula, which baffled the skill of his physician, and died. The clock gave the usual warning and struck one. It has never failed in sounding the death-knell when any one of the family in whose possession it now is were about to die. "There are stranger things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."—*Cincinnati paper*.

Parties visiting the Lunatic Asylum at St. John cannot fail to observe the good order and cleanliness which have ever characterized that institution, and if there be any public Institution which should be more cheerfully supported than another, it is this asylum for the Insane, whose inmates have been afflicted by the hand of Providence. Both the Doctor and Mr. Graham are exceedingly kind and courteous to strangers.—*Reporter*.