

The Carleton Sentinel.

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Poetry.

POEMS UNWRITTEN.

There are poems unwritten, and songs unsung:
Sweeter than that which ever was heard—
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that but long for a Paradise bird.

Poems that ripple through lowliest lives—
Poems unquoted and hidden away
Down in the souls where the beautiful thrives
Sweetly as flowers in the air of the May.

Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts, may behold,
Felt, though unseen by the beings who love us
Written on lives as in letters of gold.

Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest!
Read me the poem that never was penned—
The wonderful idyl of life that thou givest
Fresh from thy spirit, Oh, beautiful friend!

—Tennyson.

Select Tale.

THE LITTLE DOCTOR!

Jessie Rue was twenty-three. The sun of that birthday had just risen, and she stood before her looking-glass, fastening in her ears and about her slender wrists the pearls which had been her uncle's gift the night before.

"An old maid?" muttered Jessie, between those pearls of teeth which revealed the gems about her neck. "An old maid? I think not, Uncle Walter; I think not." And again she laughed gaily.

Presently, however, she grew a little graver; she took the pearls off, dropped them into their casket, and sat down to think over her uncle's words of the night before.

"Jessie," he had said to her, "to-morrow you will be twenty-three. You are young and pretty still; but youth and woman's beauty are fleeting things. A few years and you'll find yourself an old maid alone in the world, for I cannot live long. My three-score and ten years are upon me even now, and you have no other relatives on earth.—You have plenty of suitors, child; and I wish I could see you the wife of some good man before I die. Make your choice this day, and give your old uncle some hope of living to bless you on your wedding-day."

"Poor dear uncle!" sighed Jessie, as the words came back to her memory. "He is worth a thousand lovers to me. I enjoy my freedom yet. Make my choice? Whom should I choose, I wonder?" Then she began to count dreamily, touching the rose tips of her right-hand fingers by those of her left.

"Charlie Wier—but he is a mere coxcomb, though as handsome as man well can be. Edward Burr—a poet, a musician, and intensely selfish; Vivian Garnet—too young, no man should be less than five years older than his wife; Col. Gray—too old, though yet so fascinating, his daughter is my age; Alfred Earle—passable; young Moreland—he admires me, I know; Mr. Ashley Honeywell—I haven't known him long, but certainly he surpasses any one of our set, the richest, the most elegant, every way accomplished—such a fine Roman profile, such dark blue eyes, such a soldierly bearing.—And I believe he admires me. I wish I was sure of it. He would be a conquest worth the trouble. Heigh-ho!"

"And there's the little Doctor; bless his bald head, I believe he thinks me perfection. How his color rises and his breath comes fast and short when I speak to him. A smile makes him happy; if I am distant he grows mournful."

She had absolutely drawn a pretty note-book from her bureau-drawer as she spoke and had made a list: Charlie Wier, Edward Burr, Vivian Garnet, Colonel Gray, Alfred Earle, Guy Moreland, Ashley Honeywell, and Dr. Oliver.

Putting the last touches to her toilet she went down stairs, and breakfast not being ready, sauntered out in the garden.

There among the flowers she found a gentleman looking very closely at some geraniums.

"Good morning, Miss Rue," he said.

"Good morning, Doctor," she replied.—"You are out early."

"I came hoping to see you. I have a favor to ask, Miss Rue."

"A favor?"

"Yes. You know my little bachelor dwelling boasts of no garden, will you let me pick a bouquet here every morning at this hour? I should be very much obliged."

"Certainly, Doctor. Will you have one now? You might have helped yourself and welcome; lend me your knife." And the white hands were busy amidst red roses, violets, and golden crocuses. The bouquet arranged she bound it deftly with soft green grass, and handed it to the Doctor with a smile which she knew would make his heart beat.

"Thank you," he said. "You are very, very kind;" and the bright eyes danced behind the glasses. He walked behind her now in the garden path—an upright, rather fine, broad-shouldered figure; but not tall, with a good, kind face, and a prematurely bald crown, about which the black curls clustered like a priest's tonsure, quietly listened while she chatted. In half an hour he said good by at the garden gate, and she went in laughing.

"A transparent ruse," she said. "He wants to see me often—oh, Dr. Oliver, Dr. Oliver!" and Jessie Rue's cheeks were rosy as she sat down to the breakfast table with her old uncle and chatted of the party to be at the Eastwood's that night, and where she expected to meet Ashley Honeywell.

Ashley was at the party. Dr. Oliver was there also—in a corner, talking politics with the old grand-father; but not until after supper did he find an opportunity to approach Jessie. She saw him making his way through a sea of crinolines—now and then treading on a flounce or a toe—and anticipating the appropriation of a chair vacated for a moment by Mr. Honeywell, was not gracious. He did not take it but leaned over her chair.

"Miss Rue," he said, "may I have the pleasure of escorting you home to-night?" His voice had a pleading tone in it.

And Jessie heard it, but she answered.

"Thank you, Doctor. But I'm engaged;" and told a white lie when she made the statement, for she only guessed that Ashley Honeywell would ask to see her home. Yet her heart smote her when she heard the smothered sigh that lifted the little Doc-

tor's broad chest, and saw him in the distance a few moments afterwards looking at her.

"At least I'll speak to him kindly," she said, but he gave her no opportunity: for ten minutes after he had slipped away, and was making his homeward way by a short cut across the commons.

Ashley Honeywell did what she expected that night. He went home with her, and said things that had a flavor of sentiment in them. In a delicious sort of fever she dropped to sleep after peeping through closed shutters to watch him out of sight along the moonlight road; but strange to say, she dreamed all night of Dr. Oliver. Over and over again she said cruel things, and he turned away from her with that sigh—such a heart-rending one.

In the morning she was up betimes, and brushing her hair as she stood in her scarlet wrapper before the glass, heard some one whistling in the garden. At that she peeped through the curtains, and she saw Doctor Oliver plucking his bouquet. She called down to him.

"Good morning!"

He answered her with a bow and a smile.

"You shall have one of these geraniums on my window-sill if you will," she said, "my own pet flowers." And she picked one and threw it down.

Dr. Oliver caught, kissed, and put it in his button-hole. The homage from the man lowest on her list pleased the coquette; and as she saw him take his departure, with many backward glances at her window, she murmured.

"You do love me. I believe were you as handsome as one I know I could take pity on you."

The evening before the party had been planned to visit a picturesque spot not far away. They were to go on horseback—May Eastwood, her sister Rose, her heroine, young Moreland, Alfred Earle, and Ashley.

May and Rose and their escorts came merrily riding up to the door at two o'clock. Five minutes after Ashley Honeywell was there on a coal black horse, named Lilly by an odd caprice.—Jessie was ready for them, looking well in her dark green habit and jockey-cap with suitable plumes.

An hour's ride brought the little cavalcade in sight of a rustic cottage with great trees about it, and a vegetable garden near the door, but neither flower nor vine in sight.

Under the trees, however, was a sight attractive enough to travellers on a warm spring afternoon—an old well with a moss covered bucket—"a picture in itself."

"I wish I had a glass of that cool water, cried Rose Eastwood.

"Then you shall have one," replied her escort. "I'll storm the citadel, and bring you some or perish in the attempt."

And he leaped from the saddle, and marched to the door with laughing glances over his shoulder at giggling Rose Eastwood.

Jessie and Ashley had halted with the rest and Jessies eyes had spied out something curious. A china mug on the low window of what seemed to be the parlor, in which was a bouquet—roses, violets, and golden crocuses, and in the midst of the bouquet a flower which she fancied grew only in her garden.

"That looks like my bouquet," she thought. "The very one I gave Dr. Oliver." Just then a little, frail woman's hand stole beneath the curtain, touched the blossoms caressingly, and stole in again.

"Odd," said Jessie; aloud, involuntarily.

"What is odd, may I ask, Miss Rue?" queried Mr. Ashley Honeywell.

"That little cottage—the well, I mean," stammered Jessie, and she blushed scarlet.

Just then Alfred Earle came out with a glass and a pitcher; walked to the well; filled the bucket, then the pitcher, came towards the party, and offered each a draught. No one refused.—Then the young gentleman returned the drinking vessels to some one within the cottage, and remounted.

"That's an enchanted castle," he said, as they rode away.

"Within, I saw an old witch keeping guard over the prettiest enchanted princess—a beauty, as I'm a sinner. I know her name also—Wendeline. The old witch uttered it.—Was there ever such a fancy name? Wendeline."

Ashley Honeywell muttered the name over and gave a start. Lilly reared and started, and would have thrown him had he not been a splendid horse-man; and Jessie saw his cheek first pale and then flush. No one else observed the change.

"Lilly is impatient," he said. "Shall we ride faster?"

Away they went at a gallop, Moreland's jealous eyes followed them. But Jessie was thinking of the start and of the flowers in the cottage window. By-and-by she said.

"Do you think that name pretty? Wendeline, I mean. It is odd."

"Too odd for my taste," said Ashley. "I never knew but one of that name in my life.—The simplest names suit me best—Rose, or Kate, or Jessie. All the way to the spot they had chosen, back again home, they kept close together.

Jessie should have been happy, yet a strange uneasiness was on her soul; and she was so curious about those flowers, and that little white hand, that she could not sleep that night. Consequently she awoke long after the sun was high and the doctor had gone for his bouquet, for she found a glove of his among the rows of roses.—And after breakfast she walked out, straying farther and farther until the little cottage was in sight. There it stood in the window, the bouquet in the china mug, and a fresh one, all roses, lying on the sill.

Jessie approached. She could have sworn those were her roses.

From within at this moment a voice came sweetly, "Nursery, please get me some more water. I would not have these darling roses wither."

And the cottage door opened, and out came an old mulatto woman with a blue handkerchief covering her head and a white pitcher in her hand.

Jessie walked up to the door and tapped.

"I have been walking a long way," she said, and am tired. May I sit down to rest myself?"

"Oh do come in!" said the sweet voice she had heard. "There is the settle, that's the easiest," and the young girl with her apron full of flowers rose to greet her.

Jessie sat down. The cottage floor was bare, there were three pine chairs, a table, and the cushioned lounge, for furniture. Nothing else, save a few shelves with dishes on them, and one or two books.

She looked at the girl. Nothing so lovely had she ever seen before; but the hectic of consumption was on the cheek, and her eyes were too bright and the brow too pearly. Jessie did not think of this, she only saw the beauty.

"There are pleasant walks about here, I think," said the girl. "When I am better I shall try to find the prettiest. I love the woods so. But I've been too ill to leave the house."

"That is hard," said Jessie.

"Very hard," said the girl. "Ah, Jane, now fill that glass."

The malatto woman had re-entered, she poured the silvery water, and for a few moments the girl's whole soul was in her flowers.

They were arranged, and she held them, with childlike simplicity toward Jessie, saying, "Are they not lovely?"

"Beautiful," replied Jessie. "Are they from your own garden?"

"Oh, no," replied the girl; "Jane has only some cabbages and radishes there. A dear friend brings me these every day."

"A dear friend—"

"The best I have in the world."

She said no more. Jessie sat still a little while, chatted not so gaily as usual though, and went home musing. Though, as she said, what was it to her if her suspicions were correct?

(Concluded in our next)

The Youthful Days of Queen Victoria.

The summer of 1827 was away. I delighted to walk in Kensington Gardens. As I passed along the broad central walk, I saw a group on the lawn before the palace, which, to my mind, was a vision of exquisite loveliness. The Duchess of Kent, and her daughter, whose years then were nine, are breakfasting in the open air—a single page attending upon them at a respectable distance—the matron looking on with eyes of love, whilst the "fair soft English face" is bright with smiles. What a beautiful characteristic it seemed to me of the training of this Royal girl, that she should not have been taught to shrink from the public eye—that she should not have been burdened with a premature conception of her probable high destiny—that she should enjoy the freedom and simplicity of a child's nature—that she should not be restrained when she starts up from the breakfast table and runs to gather a flower in the adjoining park—that her merry laugh should be as fearless as the notes of the thrush in the groves around her.

I passed on and blessed her, and I thank God that I have lived to see the golden fruits of such training.—Charles Knight.

A Sensible Woman.

On our way from Wem to Hawkestone we passed a house, of which Mr. Lee told me the following occurrence:—A young lady, the daughter of the owner of the house, was addressed by a man who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father. Of course, he would not consent to their union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, he placed the ladder to the window, and in a few minutes, she was in his arms. They mounted a double horse, and were soon at some distance from the house. After awhile the lady broke silence by saying—"Well, you see what a proof I have given you of my affection; I hope you will make me a good husband." He was a surly fellow, and gruffly answered—"Perhaps I may, and perhaps not." She made him no reply, but, after a silence of some minutes, she suddenly exclaimed—"O, what shall we do? I have left my money behind me in my room." "Then," said he, "we must go back and fetch it." They were soon again at the house, the ladder was again placed, the lady remounted, while the ill-natured lover waited below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called, "Are you coming?" when she looked out of the window, and said—"Perhaps I may and perhaps not;" then she shut down the window, and let him to return upon the double horse alone.—*Memoirs of the Rev. Thomas Raffles, D. D.*

A curious boy in Scotland asked his mother about the origin of man, &c., and was answered, "We are all made of clay." "And are the horses made of clay, too?" he asked. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "all made of clay." "Then, mother, Duncan Donelson has but one leg; has the clay been unco deer, d'ye think, when he gangs wi' a timber and?"

"People may say what they will about country air being so good for 'em," said Mrs. Partridge, "and how they can fat up on it; for my part I think it is owing to the vittles. Air may do for camomiles and other reptiles that live on it. But I know that men must have something more substantial."

The love of the beautiful and true, like the dew drop in the heart of the crystal, remains forever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of man's being, though all the rest be turned to stone by sorrow.

Don't you think so.—Young girls, only, should sell flowers and flowers; for apart from their being the natural adjuncts of both, heaven seems to have designed them for the trade, in supplying them gratuitously with a tempting stock of cherries and roses.

Love.—If we are loved by those around us, we can easily bear the hostility of all the rest of the world; just as, if we are before a warm fire, we need not care for all the ice in the polar regions.

Time and Money.—Stubbs said to one of his debtors, "Isn't it about time that you paid me that little bill?"—"My dear sir," was the consoling reply, "it's not a question of time, it's a question of money."

Have you a sister? Then love and cherish her with a holy friendship.—*Wenlock.* And if you have none, why love somebody else's sister.

Unspeaking Bliss.—The officiating clergyman at the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple, wittily and gallantly wished them unspeaking bliss.

"Each moment makes thee dearer," as the parsimonious tradesman said to his extravagant wife.

Why is slavery like an over-boiled egg?—Because it's yoke is hard.

What letter in the alphabet compels a black man to laugh?—The letter S, it makes nigger snigger.

Items, Foreign & Local.

Seventeen million francs were recently drawn from the Bank of France, in the course of a single week.

Gutta serena is now used to protect the feet of horses from tenderness and slipping. It is first cut into small pieces and then mixed with water, then mixed with half its weight of powdered seal ammonia, and the mixture melted in a tinued saucepan over a gentle fire, keeping it well stirred. When required for use it is melted in a glue pot, the hoof is scraped clean, and the mixture is applied with a knife.

The colliers' strike in Staffordshire, England, is assuming a grave character. They are having recourse to an organized system of intimidation in order to enforce their demands.

There are upwards of thirty generals in the United States army who profess the Roman Catholic faith, among whom are Generals Meade, Rosecrans, Sickles, Sheridan and Keyes.

M. Callens, the Italian M. P., and late Times correspondent in Denmark, has arrived back at Turin. He found a challenge to fight a duel, caused by something he had said in Parliament. In reply he said, "I formally refuse to subject myself to a barbarous usage too long prevalent among us, to the detriment of Parliamentary dignity and of the liberty of speech."

A Liverpool newspaper has discovered that Mr. Gladstone, England's Chancellor of the Exchequer, is lineally descended from Henry III. King of England and Robert Bruce, King of Scotland.

Concerning winter toilettes, the fashion experts state that furs are not so strictly fashionable as they were three or four years ago. Rich black velvet and the heavy, expensive corded silk, for outside garments are considered more distinctive.

The Emperor of China, instead of paying the doctor as we do when we are unwell, the instant that he is taken ill stops the pay of his physicians, and does not remove it until he is quite well again.

The Legislative Assembly at Vancouver Island has passed resolutions favoring a Federal Union with the neighboring colony of British Columbia.

A new silver mine has lately been discovered in Sweden. At a foot below the surface soil the vein is so rich that heavy blocks of silver ore have been found.

There is a Squirrel Club in Rockwell, Mass., and every year they have a grand hunt. This year they killed 2,500 squirrels. The fur is valuable now.

A Polish nobleman in England, who went errands for a living, recently hung himself.

The North Sea is said to be valued at twenty cents per acre for fishing purposes.

A number of public clocks in Glasgow, Scotland, are now controlled by electricity from the Observatory of the Glasgow University.

They print without ink in Paris, by introducing a sheet of some fabric on which lampblack and glycerine are deposited between the paper and the type.

Mr. Lincoln is the first citizen re-elected to the Presidency from a Northern State. The preceding two-term Presidents were Washington, Jefferson, and Madison—all from Virginia—and Jackson, of Tennessee.

The excavations at Pompeii have just led to the discovery of a temple of Juno, on the bags of which were scattered about more than 200 skeletons of women and children who, during the eruption of Vesuvius, hastened to the temple to implore the protection of the goddess.

A restaurant has been opened in London for fat people, where nothing will be served up but viands which tend to check obesity.

To avert inundations in France, the replanting of trees on the naked declivities of mountains is strongly urged.

An emancipation movement has been inaugurated in Cuba. Its purpose is the gradual abolition of slavery.

Lord Wodehouse, the new Viceroy of Ireland, had been received in Dublin with enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome.

The Marquis of Bute will have about two million of pounds sterling at his disposal. He is in his 17th year. "Booty and beauty" for some smart girl to secure.

The enormous piggery at Portesham, in Dorset, now contains a herd of swine nearly 4000 in number. The animals are chiefly fed on wheat and maize.

At Bethel, Me., there is a large steam saw mill. A correspondent of the Oxford Democrat says that one little affair, by which the men tending the edger are carried forward by the machinery, instead of going on foot, saves them about fifteen miles travel in the course of the day.

The colored folks of Memphis had a riot lately. The military killed twenty-five or thirty of them in quelling the disturbance.

In Brooklyn, L. I., John Forrest, Protestant, has recovered a verdict for \$400 of Jerome Palvay, Catholic, for damages received at a funeral in a fight growing out of a religious discussion.

Prince Napoleon is actively employed in superintending the labors of a staff of editors engaged upon a complete collection of the letters and despatches of the first Emperor.

It is said that the rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no song; the eyes of Greece, the finest of eyes, yield no fruit; dandies, the shiniest of men, have no sense; and ball-room belles, the loveliest creatures in the world, are very often ditto—only more so!

The other day, a young man named Charles D. Swan, employed as a book-keeper in a store at Buffalo, entered the establishment in a condition which unfitted him for business, having for a week previous been drinking to excess. His employer advised him to go home and sleep off his debauch. Instead of doing so, the unfortunate man sat down in a chair, drew a pistol from his pocket and shot himself in the head. He died in about five minutes.

There is a blind man now in Boston who has very remarkable musical powers. His bass notes are lower than those of any other man in the world, it is said, while he can sing with perfect ease in the highest tenor notes. He can play the cornet with one hand and accompany it on the piano with the other. He is going to give concerts.

A Society of Provincialists has been organized in New York under the name of the "British American Association."

Bill Anderson, the notorious guerrilla, who was recently killed in Missouri, was accustomed to put those who wished to join his band to a severe test. On one occasion he spit in an applicant's face, when the fellow knocked him down. Anderson arose, rubbed his temple, and said, "Swear him in, boys; any man that will knock Bill Anderson down surrounded by his men, will do for a member of our band."

Great fires continue in Russia. The town of Simbirsk has been entirely destroyed, and 30,000 people rendered homeless. All the villages in the vicinity of the town were also destroyed.—These fires are attributed to Poles who are forced to serve in the Russian army, who aid, or are aided by, a secret society of Russian destructives. In the case of Simbirsk, the conspirators placed barrels of gunpowder under the cathedral, and in all the public buildings. Two other towns narrowly escaped destruction. It is said that it is the conspirators' purpose to destroy every town in the provinces on the Volga. It must be very pleasant to live in that part of Russia in these days. Several towns have been more or less injured.

General News.

We have another horrible murder on hand. It is in reality far more ghastly than the railway murder, but it makes less sensation because it belongs to a class and is not unique, like the slaughter of Mr. Briggs. The victim this time, like the accused, is a German. In the history of crime we do not remember anything more revolting than the incident of the discovery of this crime. First we have a headless body found in a patch of reeds close to a great thoroughfare, surrounded on three sides by cultivated lands, and within the hail of dwellings, further search leads us to a dry ditch, a sort of channel for the flood waters of the winter time, filled with soft mud. Then there are footmarks, a vast blood-stain, but no signs of a struggle for life. Then an assiduous constable, peering about, alights upon freshly turned earth, and scraping away the surface he finds a human head, embedded in about the left temple. It is surmised that the murderer, whoever he was, led his victim into the overgrowth of rushes, which concealed both, broke his skull by a treacherous blow, and then, cutting off the head, allowed the life blood to ooze away, before he removed the body. The object of the deed, the object of the proceeding, it is natural to suppose, was to prevent the identification of the body. But how short-sighted are criminals. The body was no sooner carried to a tavern, a few hundred yards distant, than a shoemaker seeing it, at once recognised the boots. This led to the arrest of the German at whose house the murdered man lodged. Inquiries are in full career.—*London correspondent of Freeman.*

The distress in Lancashire continues to increase. At the weekly meeting of the Central Executive Committee, held in the Manchester Town-hall on the 7th, under the presidency of Lord Derby, Mr. Maclure, the honorary secretary, read his monthly report; the balance in the bank is now £37,000. It states that, during the month of October, 68 spinners and manufacturers have been compelled to suspend payment, and by these failures nearly 14,000 operatives have been thrown entirely out of employment. The present month is expected to witness still more disastrous results. We learn that the face of this melancholy prospect, the amount of crime continues rather to decrease than otherwise. During the first nine months of the current year, the health of the population was satisfactory, and, though this is the period when fever and other epidemics generally make their appearance, there is no reason to apprehend a prevalence of that class of diseases. This view was confirmed by the experience of Mr. Farnall, the Poor-Law Commissioner, who stated that in ten districts the health of the people was below the average, in fourteen about the average, and in a hundred above the average. For the week ending the 25th ultimo, the increase of persons receiving relief was 3000.

THE DETERMINATION OF THE NORTH.—Lincoln is elected. The great Yankee nation, numbering 20,000,000 of souls, or of creatures who are supposed to have souls, have decreed by immense majorities that this war, infernal in its conception, infernal in its commencement, infernal in its progress, infernal in its execution and in all its aspects and details, is to be prosecuted on the same bloody and barbarous plan for four years longer. That whole people have voted themselves our remorseless and determined enemies—have put upon record their determination to reduce us to the condition of serfs, or to exterminate us entirely. There is no middle ground for us to occupy, if we were so disposed. It is fight, be enslaved, or die, and we feel no hesitation in deciding what to do.

The first question which now occurs is, when will the struggle upon our lines be renewed? We have no hesitation in expressing the belief that it will be done before this month shall have passed away. As for supposing it possible that Grant will throw away all the fine weather yet to come this autumn, that is folly. He will fight again, as soon as he shall have received reinforcements sufficiently numerous, as he conceives, to accomplish his purpose. With his present force he is well aware he can accomplish nothing. He has never yet accomplished anything without the use of overwhelming numerical superiority, and he will not attempt it now.—But when he shall have received all the men he expects, when his cannon shall have been completed, and his fleet all assembled—he may then expect a grand assault, military and marine. For the army we fear nothing. We are disposed to think, in its present position, unless its character has undergone a most unaccountable change, it would be able to repel the attack of a force doubly or trebly as large as that which Grant possibly bring against it. Our only apprehension is from the water, and that arises, probably, from our total ignorance of the character and ability of the obstructions in the river. We learn that they are too formidable to be overcome by the Yankee fleet, and we hope it is so, for we are confident that an attack will be made before Grant goes into winter quarters as we are that the sun will set to-day and rise again to-morrow.—*Richmond Whig Nov. 12.*

DETERMINED SUICIDE ON THE RAILWAY.—A remarkable and most painful case of suicide has been disclosed by the Liverpool authorities. On Wednesday night on Wednesday two officials in the employment of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway discovered the body of a man, at present unknown, lying on the railway, near the Sandhills Station. The head and right arm were cut off. So far as can be judged, it would appear that the deceased had been struck on the outside rail of the departure line from Liverpool, and that he had tied his head, arm, and neck to the rail by a cord. From the time when the line was known to be clear to the discovery of the body, fifteen passenger and luggage trains and several empty engines must have passed over his body, so that it is impossible to say by which particular engine he was destroyed. The body is that of a man of thirty or thirty-three, with dark brown hair, whiskers, and moustache. No clue has yet been obtained to his identity.

ESCAPE OF COLLINS, THE CALAIS BANK ROBBER, FROM THE STATE PRISON.—The following despatch appears in the papers:—

THOMASTON, Me., Nov. 26.

The guard house on the west side of the State Prison was attacked by the convicts at closing time this evening. They succeeded in tearing down the flight of steps and ascending the wall over which four of them made their escape. One was found seated in a line kiln, three swam the river, one of whom was drowned. The other two escaped to the woods and were subsequently captured.—The other, Captain Collins, the Calais Bank robber managed to get off.

THE PICTOR RAILWAY.—Mr. Sumner of New Brunswick was awarded the contract for No. 5 section. The first sod on the Eastern terminus was to be broken tomorrow. There was to have been a demonstration in the way of speech making, volunteer turn-out, music, &c.—*Globe.*

THE FENIANS.—The police authorities have as yet been unable to get the ringleaders in the late Fenian demonstration to justice, the investigations are progressing, but it is a difficult matter to get any one to come forward and identify these midnight conspirators. The Fenians are now in the city in this city are engaged nightly in drilling, so that they may be able to take a hand in with the "shillelagh" if the Fenians should present themselves again in the streets in force. It is to be hoped, however, that they will have the good sense to abstain, because so sure as they make any offensive demonstration they will be met half way, and it is difficult to say where the matter would end.—*Canada Cor.*

HON. CHARLES FISHER'S SPEECH AT CANTERBURY.

We have been engaged in providing for the improvement of a portion of the old farm, and laying the foundation for new buildings in connection with the old homestead, it may be for another summer residence for our Queen. We form a new nation under the British Crown she may visit us occasionally, for it is not more difficult to do so than it was Ireland in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The future landlord was here about four years ago and examined the whole country, was much pleased with the people, and pronounced this a goodly land. I moved the Resolution in the Assembly inviting the Prince of Wales, and to my astonishment it was only carried by a small majority, after much opposition. I portrayed what would be the state of public feeling when His Royal Highness arrived, and it was afterwards admitted that I had depicted it correctly. I was at Halifax when he arrived, and with a number of the citizens and others, sailed down the harbor to meet him. When the fleet came to anchor near the Dock Yard we all went on shore, and there were assembled the Representatives of the people of Nova Scotia, the leading men of all