

The Carleton Sentinel.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

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Poetry.

WHICH OF THE TWO.

'Let us love one another,' said Christ, our great teacher,
'Put up your swords, Christ taught his disciples,
But Boecher gives his bowie knives and Sharp's rifles.
Look to thy heart, I would say to each preacher,
Art thou the disciple of Christ or Ward Beecher?

Turn thy sword to a plow-share, thy spear to a hook,
Was the doctrine of Jesus, as taught in his Book;
But the teaching of Boecher new doctrines affords,
Turns Church bells to cannon, and stinkles to swords.
Say, shall we follow the doctrine Christ taught—
Or look we to Boecher for holier thought?

Shame to the preachers of God's holy word,
Who laid down the Bible to take up the sword;
Who with missions of peace, war and plunder proclaim,
Till surplice and pulpit are covered with shame!
Say, shall we disciples of Christ still remain,
Or go we with Boecher to slay and be slain?

—Boston Courier.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

It comes! The gushing wealth descends!
Hark! how it patters on the leaves!
Hark! how it drips from cottage eaves!
The pasture and the clouds are friends—
Drop gently, gently rain!
The grass grows greener at thy tread,
The woods are musical again;
And from the hill side springing,
Down comes the torrent singing,
With grateful nature in accord,
A full-voiced anthem to the Lord,
To thank him for the rain.

Select Tale.

FATHER AND SON.

"Then let him die."

It was not the words, terrible as they were in their simplicity; nor was it the thought of death to one so young and manly, bitter as that thought was; nor yet was it the fact that any one could speak thus of a fellow being; but it was the voice, the tone, the suppressed but determined anger that I heard in the words, and it was the horrible truth that it was a father speaking of his only son, that so shocked me.

"Let him die." And wherefore should he die? He was young, and not ready—by years or weariness—for death. He was not tired of living, nor had he sought the end himself. His eye was not dim, his voice was not broken, his ear was still attuned to the pleasant sounds of earth; and it was a beautiful earth, too, that in which he was born, and in which he had grown to be a stout, strong man; and he loved life, and knew how to enjoy it—and why should he die? He was not one of the worthless and useless men of this world either, living for self, and heedless of all others. Not he. He was a noble man—young, ardent, affectionate, full of the love of life and of his fellows, beloved by all who knew him, and always ready to aid friend or stranger with purse, hand, and heart.

Why then should he die?

There were many reasons why Stephen Forster the elder was willing at that time that Stephen Forster the younger should die.

Twenty-five years before the time at which our history is dated, there lived in an obscure village in the north, not far from the Hudson River, a man, some thirty years of age, with a young wife, not more than eighteen or twenty. The latter was the daughter of the wealthiest man in the county; and, as it afterward proved, by the death of her brother, she and her children were his sole heirs. Stephen Forster was a lawyer, gifted with some powers of mind; not quick, but shrewd, in the true acceptance of that word; and making money rapidly by speculations in farms and farm lands. I shall not pause to relate the painful circumstances through which he won the hand of the young daughter of the wealthy man; he heard her never had. That was not hers to give him; and from the day he learned that fact, he hated her, with steady, persevering hate. But he married her nevertheless; and when the wedding ring was placed, I should say forced on her finger, she shuddered, and well-nigh fainted, for her eye caught at that moment the gleam of an eye that had once looked deeper into her own than had any other person's, and she knew then that as true a heart as man ever possessed was broken.

Broken hearts are not always followed by death. It is a romantic notion that supposes it necessary. I have known men that lived many years with what in common parlance would be called a broken heart. Nay, I have known men that had lived thus for scores of years, wandering restlessly, almost hopelessly, up and down the paths of this miserable world, yet bearing about with them cool, quiet faces, and eyes speaking no sort of passion whatever.

Very much such a man was William Norton after the marriage of Ellen Dusenberry, and he was never seen again in the little village, where he had been his father's clerk in the only store, until after all the events occurred which I am now about to relate.

As years crept along Stephen Forster's family increased, and four children sat at his board when he was forty years old. But there was no love between the father and his family. He was harsh, cold, stern, unloving in his treatment, and they rebelled as children will. Once, when he was punishing the oldest boy for some fancied offence, a neighbor who was passing, and overheard the occurrence, entered and remonstrated with Forster for his brutality. The result might have been anticipated. He was turned out of doors without ceremony, and left to console himself by relating the story to his neighbors, whose opinion of Forster was neither improved nor injured thereby.

Death came into the household, and the graveyard gate was opened three times within a year, to admit children of Stephen and Ellen Forster. When the first one died, the wife, broken down by the terrible blow, sought comfort in the sympathy of her husband, and lifted her eyes from the dead boy only to meet the cold, stony eyes of the man that hated when he married her, and she pressed back into her heart the feelings that were well-nigh flowing toward him for the first time. When the next—her darling namesake—shut her eyes on life and love, and went the dark way whither no mother's love may prevent to follow until God permit, she sought no sympathy from her husband, but bowed her head in lonesome agony. And when the third blow came, she bore it with the firmness of the mother of old times who scorned to weep. There was some-

thing terrible in her gaze, as she now looked into the face of her husband. That third trial, and his continued coolness and sternness, had made a new person of his once gentle wife, and she now repaid his scorn with scorn—his hate with unforgiving, unrelenting enmity.

In the brief limits assigned to this sketch, I can not pause to explain the mental process by which this gentle, lovely girl became transformed. It was like a lightning flash. She had been calm, placid, bowed down with grief in the morning, when she stood by her dying boy, and talked with him of the land that was shining dimly through the clouds and mists of death on his eyes, that was shining even through her scalding tears on her own faithful vision; but the light of heaven was gone when the boy was dead, and the angels that had lingered around his couch was gone with the light, and fiends came in the darkness and possessed her; and she was changed—how changed!

Imagine if you can that household for the next ten years, while young Stephen grew up to manhood. It was in the most beautiful of valleys, with rich fields around it, and deep forests full of the forest glory close at hand, and a brawling stream dashing over rocks, and birds, and flowers, and that that God gave to Eden except only innocence. Yet there was one long war in that house, the father on the one side and the mother and son on the other—for she won the boy from him. They contended long for him and his love. Even in his childhood he learned that he could not love both, and that he must select one or the other to attach himself to. He hesitated and varied from day to day, as children do, and it was months, even years, before he fully decided; but when he chose it was forever. Nothing could move, shake, or change him.

At the first, after this determination became manifest, the father, with his accustomed malignity, sent him away to school a hundred miles from home. But the six months of his absence convinced the hard-hearted man that his house was unbearable if he and his wife were to have no one between them, and he recalled the boy, and contented himself with hating both him and his mother. And so the boy grew to manhood, ignorant, save as his mother had taught him, yet marvelously gentle and lovely. He at length became the light of the house to those who knew the family, and his presence was welcomed everywhere. In all the country gatherings he was the star; and at length he began to extend his limits, and once in a while ventured as far as the city. Here or somewhere, it matters not where he began for the first time to appreciate the importance of knowledge, and to understand his own inferiority to young men of his class and standing. Grieved and abashed at the discovery of his ignorance, he set about repairing the loss, and for two years he was a book-worm, devouring everything that came within his reach. It is astonishing how much an active mind may accomplish in so brief a space of time; and at the end of these two years he had learned as much as most boys would in ten. But he was not satisfied with this brief period of study. He had learned to love study for its own sake, and he confined himself now to his room; and strange stories got abroad of the events that were passing in the old house, to which no one had access.

At last the old Judge died, leaving his entire fortune to Stephen Forster the younger, subject only to a life estate of his mother in the real property. This was more than a year before entering his majority, and when his life was most closely devoted to his books and studies. And this brings us to the period at which I first became acquainted with the father and son.

A rumor flies in the country with windlike velocity. It was one of those soft spring mornings when the sky seems immeasurably deep, and the air is laden with life and health; when the birds sing loudest, and the wind's voice is softest, and the gurgle of the spring brook is most musical; it was on such a morning that a terrible rumor spread over the county, and even on the opposite side of the river. The story was that Mrs. Forster had been poisoned by her son for the sake of having his fortune unencumbered, and that he had also poisoned his father in the same bowl. The rumor added a thousand horrors to the tale, of which no more was actually established truth than the fact that Mrs. Forster was poisoned the evening previous, and was already dead.

The young man had returned from the city the day before with a package of various articles, which he had brought professedly for chemical purposes. It was supposed he had procured some deadly poison among these, for the effect had been swift and certain.

Certainly the internal state of that household was no worse than it had been for years. For her, the care-worn, weary mother, doubtless that repose was profound and welcome after the long storm. She seemed to be resting in peace as she lay there, and the angry waves of the sea of her life had heard the "Peace be still" of a heavenly voice, and had obeyed. The husband stood near her while strangers came in and looked with far more interest than he on the placid countenance of the dead wife, and his countenance wore a steady, motionless look, in which no trace of suffering, or of emotion, or regret could be found. He neither wept or smiled; but occasionally strode up or down the long room in which her body lay, and uttered some expression of discontent at the tardiness of the coroner and his jury, and then resumed his position near a window, and near his dead companion. Stephen was in strict confinement in an upper room by order of his father and no one knew what was going on there. No one that knew him and his love for that dead mother, would believe it possible that he had murdered her, and yet the case was said to be even clearer than circumstantial evidence, for the father himself had seen the son mingling the fatal draught, and had not dreamed of its nature till the catastrophe proclaimed it.

I was visiting at a friend's house in the neighborhood and heard of the occurrence. I may be pardoned for adding that the daughter of my friend was not visible that morning at breakfast, having heard the terrible history from a servant, and having been a very close friend of young Stephen.

Why need I disguise the truth. This is intended to be a simple history, without plot or plan, other than to relate each incident as it occurred, and I may therefore say at once that she loved him with a woman's adoring love, and that she was not unloved in return. That she scorned the story of his guilt you will not doubt, and it was at her suggestion that I rode over to the inquest.

I had never seen them before. Never heard of them indeed. Yet I was struck with both faces; of the father quite as much as that of the son. The latter was noble and manly—a keen black eye gleamed with the look of conscious innocence, not unmingled with hatred of the father, who had suffered him to stand bound by his dead mother, accused of murdering her. The father's face was pale, calm, even lofty. But he avoided the eye of his son, and looked only where he was certain of receiving no answering look, even into the face of the sleeping woman who had been his wife and that boy's mother. She looked neither lovingly nor reproachfully at him now. It was never thus before, and somehow he had no difficulty in keeping his gaze fixed on her, so wonderful was that placid silence.

I shall not pause here to describe the curious evidence which was presented to the coroner's jury going to establish the guilt of the son. It is incredible to one not accustomed to these scenes, the amount of evidence that may be amassed against even an innocent man. And in this case, as step by step, without aid or suggestion, the testimony revealed itself, one by one the friends of young Stephen dropped away from him, and I was left, as lawyers often are, alone by the side of my client, for such he had now become.

On my word, I believe that but for the clear, confident tones of Mary Wilson's voice assuring me of his innocence, I should have believed the story myself, and left the matricide to his fate.

The jury adjourned till evening, to allow a post-mortem examination to take place, and during this interval I sought a meeting with the father. The result of it is given in the words with which this history commences. It was my last argument to a father's heart, that attempt to move him, by the love of his son, to some exertion on behalf of the boy.

"If you do not aid him he will perish."
"Then let him die."
I looked suddenly into the man's countenance. He was a tall, thin man, of even commanding appearance, and the eye did not dispute the stories I had heard of his former life, that he had been desolate, and that of late he had resorted again at times to the companions and employments of his younger years. As I looked into his face the idea came over me with lightning force that the motive for murder was quite as great on his part as on that of the son for could he but kill the mother and hang the son, the inheritance of ample farms and funds would be his alone. Could it be possible? It was a terrible thought, but the life of a city practitioner had even then accustomed me to such ideas, though it was in the younger years of my practice.

astonishment at his position had by this time given way to grief for his mother, and he was weeping bitterly, yet such tears as no murderer ever wept. I paused while he recovered calmness, and the deep serenity of his grief overpowered me for a moment, while I looked at him. The conviction of his innocence grew on me as I talked with him, but the weight of evidence against him was overpowering, and the examination, which was now concluded, had confirmed the worst aspect of the case. It needed only the proof furnished within a few days, of the chemist in New York from whom he had purchased the article, to complete as strong a chain of evidence as ever bound a man to the prospect of ignominious death.

I pass over all the incidental history in connection with this sorrowful affair. The effect in the family of my friend Wilson—where, if I desired it, I should go to find a spice of romance and sentiment to add to this history—I shall leave for the imagination of those who have defended friends against the verdict of a harsh world. Let me therefore pass on immediately to the court-room and the trial of Stephen Forster which took place some two months after the death of the mother. It was a hot summer day. The day was oppressive at the early hour when I was roused to go over to the court-house, and as I rode across the country, the sultry air was exceedingly dispiriting. I had not taken charge of the defense myself. Two eminent counsel were engaged, familiar with criminal practice, men of keen intellect, and whose experience in that branch of the profession enabled them to catch at every chance for life, and to detect every flaw, however minute, in the links of the evidence opposed to them.

It was a very old court-room in which the trial took place. The bench for the court was at the end opposite to the entrance, and consisted of a raised platform, with a table on it, and a rail in front of it, which looked as if it might have done service in a colonial court. On each side of the doorway the seats were elevated one above the other rising toward the rear of the room, so that you entered between two walls which grew lower as you advanced to the bar. The only bar was a high, close board fence. I can call it nothing else—sweeping in a semi-circle around the room, enclosing the seats and tables for the gentlemen of the profession. The prisoner's box was outside of this fence, elevated above it, and arranged with due reference to the impossibility of an escape. The audience occupied the elevated seats in the rear, and some vacant places behind the jury box, which was on the judge's left. The latter mentioned space was generally occupied by ladies, when any case was on trial which interested them.

On the occasion of which I now write there was not room there for them. Long before the hour of opening, the court-room was thronged with the female population of the county, almost to the exclusion of the men who came from all quarters to attend this, the first murder trial in their neighborhood. The jurors were in their places an hour before the time, as if they feared that the crowd would prevent their being admitted. The bar was, as usual, thronged with lawyers and their clerks, chatting, laughing, and joking, as the most important question of the day were how to keep cool, and no one had anything to do with the life or death of a young, strong man.

The prisoner was brought in before the court was opened, and took his seat in the box. He turned his gaze for a moment around the crowded room, catching the eyes of many that he had known and loved for years. There was one face that he knew

as that of one of his mother's friends, a kindly woman who had held him on her knees a hundred times. She looked into his face with a longing gaze, that asked him as plainly as if he had heard the words, whether indeed he were guilty of that horrible crime. And the reply was as plain, as legible, or audible, whichever you choose to call it, as was the question. Every one who knew the relation of that boy to the good woman, knew that his answer was true, and if there had been doubt before, it fled before that clear, bright look of rectitude and calmness.

And now the presiding judge entered the court-room. For a little while there was a gathering near him, and he chatted pleasantly with the members of the bar whom he knew, and then took his seat. Before opening court, and even while the clerk was calling the jury, he occupied himself in reading a newspaper from the city, interrupting himself occasionally, or allowing himself to be interrupted, to grant an order or sign a paper thrust before him by an audacious attorney.

At the moment when Stephen Forster was arraigned and pleaded to the indictment, a valet landed, leaning on the arm of a well-known country gentleman, entered the private door of the court-room from the sheriff's apartments, and took a seat near the judge, and within the bar. I need not conceal the fact that this was Miss Wilson, whose faith remained unshaken to the last, although I doubt much whether the prisoner recognized her at first, or until his vision had penetrated the folds of her veil, at a moment when she was remarkably occupied in listening to the opening counsel.

(Concluded in our next.)

Sensible Old Lady.

A deaf old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbor, was being examined, when the Judge suggested a compromise, and instructed counsel to ask what she would take to settle the matter. "What will you take?" asked the counsel of the old lady. She shook her head at the counsel, informing the jury, in confidence, that she was "very hard of hearing." "His Honor wants to know what you will take?" asked the learned counsel again, this time bawling as loud as he could in the old lady's ear.

"I thank his Honor kindly," said the ancient dame, "and if it's no inconvenience to him, I'll take a little warm ale."

A characteristic anecdote is related by one of the boatmen with regard to a little scene which occurred on the "Illinois" a short time ago, being somewhat as follows:—One day an Irishman, named Mike Hagen, took passage for the upper lakes and it so happened that whilst he was on deck the "Illinois" ran alongside the "Michigan." Mike was observed to scratch his head and manifest signs of being exceedingly puzzled. "Why, what's the matter, my man?" said one of the crew.

At the time had been talking to him. "Why, shure," returned Michael pointing to the inscription on the "Michigan." "I've only been in America nine months an' bless my soul if there isn't a steamboat named after me." The exuberant imagination of Erin's representative had confounded "Michigan" with "Mic Hagen."

WHERE THE FASHIONS COME FROM.—A youngster and an old salt were conversing in an Eastern town. The boy was curious to know where all the fashions came from. "Why," said Jack, leisurely turning his quid, "from Portland, to be sure." "But where do the Portland folks get them?" "From Boston, I s'pose." "And where do the Boston folks get them?" "From New York, I reckon."

"Well, but where do the New Yorkers get them?" Jack by this time was getting a little uneasy under this steady fire of the youngster, but he managed to reply, "From Paris, of course." Even this did not satisfy the questioner, who immediately asked, "But where do the Paris folks get them?" This was too much. Jack turned upon him, and giving his trousers a hitch, exclaimed: "Why, right straight from the devil!"

Some one mentioned in Lamb's presence the cold heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland, in restraining the duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisted on her receiving him in state. "How horribly cool it was!" said the narrator. "Yes," replied Lamb, in his stammering way, "but you know he is the duke of Cum-cum-berland."

THE WRONG HORSE.—"Madame," said a polite traveller to a testy old landlady, "if I see proper to help myself to this milk is there any impropriety in it?" "I do not know what you mean; but if you mean to insinuate that there is anything nasty in that milk, I'll give you to understand you've hit the wrong house. There ain't the first hair in it, for as soon as Dorothy Ann told me that the cat was drowned in the milk, I went right straight and strained it over."

A real life must have a worthy aim. Men are not made to float with whatever current they chance to have been cast upon. Every individual is born with a life work before him. There is some variety here, and men are variously endowed to meet this state of things. At a proper age each should choose his particular calling, and having made the election, therewith be content. To fulfill this worthy he should devote an earnest life.

GLOOM.—Brightness is adduced from gloom and happiness from pain. The rainbow cannot appear without the cloud; but while the drops yet fall the light shines in the darkness, and shows us every color.

The question was recently proposed to a "down East" editor: Are hoop skirts dangerous? He immediately answered that they are always very dangerous when they have anything in them!

"Cuffee, is that the second bell?" "No, massa, dat's de second ringing ob de fuss bell. We hab'nt got no second bell in dis hotel."

Politeness like running water smooths the most rugged stone.

Bare walls make gadding housewives.

An obedient wife commands her husband.

A man of straw is worth a woman of gold.

A good wife is the workmanship of a good husband.

Items, Foreign & Local.

There is a child in Seymour, Conn., whose father, grandfather, great grandfather, and great great grandfather are all living.

The rage of railway enterprise and public improvement in the city of London has raised the value of land within its limits to an almost fabulous extent. A small plot of land in the immediate neighborhood of the Mansion House has been sold at the rate of £1,800,000 per statute acre.

It is stated that a single Eastern log-factory has leased eight square miles of forest in Maine, for the purpose of obtaining supplies of timber for the manufacture of the artificial limb.

Only sixty-five in a hundred marry, says Dr. Hubbard, and out of this number three are divorced, eight run away, fourteen live in open warfare, about thirty are indifferent, and only ten are regarded as happy.

Dr. Wm. Elder of the Treasury Department, has been investigating the rate of increase of the public debt and finds that since July, 1854, the average increase has been a million and a half per day.

A woman in Michigan took hold of what she supposed to be a stove holder on the floor of her kitchen, and found it to be a large rattlesnake. She escaped being bitten, but how is a mystery.

The miniature bird left New York for Europe on the 20th of June. She was spoken July 20 when about midway across the Atlantic, but since that time nothing has been heard of her.

A lot of negroes sold last Saturday in Richmond for cash at from \$3,025 to \$6,500—equal to from five to ten barrels of flour for one slave.

The King of Siam has sent as presents to Louis Napoleon a Thibet bear, a black panther, a Malacca tiger, a Oambo monkey, and a Mongolian pheasant.

William Kester, an errand boy, has robbed merchants in Cincinnati, Ohio, of \$10,000 by unlocking Post Office boxes; \$7,000 was recovered.

A large black snake was killed in Essex woods recently, measuring seven feet in length. He had within him three striped squirrels and a large assortment of frogs.

All over Europe the great banks are raising the rates of interest.—In London, in Paris, in Berlin, in Frankfurt, and elsewhere. There is a taking in of sail, preparatory to the coming of a storm. The bank of England rate is nine per cent.

A Traveller's Insurance Company has been started in Hartford. Capital \$250,000. You wish to go on a journey, you insure yourself in this company, and if the train goes off the track and cuts you into splinters, it is a thousand dollars in your pocket.

A male infant was born on the night train between Lancaster and Philadelphia, last Friday.—The conductor was puzzled whether he ought to collect fare for him or not. The infant ought to be a fast man when he grows—born at the rate of 36 miles an hour.

In Idaho nothing goes as a circulating medium but gold dust. Every man carries his little buckskin pouch, and no matter what his purchase is, he pays for it in the precious legal tender of the realm, which is weighed on scales kept for the purpose.

"A servant's school" is the very latest idea in cooking, washing, ironing, and needle-work. They are also instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Admission is obtained partly by payment by friends, and partly by the nomination of benevolent persons.

It is just 27 years since the telegraph was first put to practical test. Then it was considered a mere toy. In 1851, however, 7,000 miles were in operation. Since then, fully 200,000 miles of telegraph have been called into existence throughout the world. The wire has penetrated to almost every region of the world, braving all climates.

A firm in Chicago paid as taxes in one year to the government nearly a quarter of a million of dollars.

It is thought that Muller, the supposed English railway murderer, will get clear. The testimony against him is weak and confused. The only alleged proof against him is possession of the murdered man's watch, and this he says he purchased, and the government seem to have no evidence that he did not.

Several of the London theatres have been opened for religious worship on Sundays. The effort has been attended, so far, with considerable success.

The proprietor of a traveling show in England has been fined £2, for permitting a negro to eat a rabbit alive.

A large meeting of the French inhabitants of Montreal has unanimously passed Resolutions against the proposed Confederation.

Honors do not always come to young soldiers even in France. M. Marschal, aged one hundred and one, senior officer in the army of France is just decorated.

The travelling dress of the Princess of Wales is described as a silk Victoria tarta dress, trimmed round the skirt with a full row of black velvet, a silver gray poplin jacket, and a white crepe bonnet no veil.

In Paris they have contrived an apparatus to prevent cabmen from cheating. A new rate of fares, proportioned to the distance, has been adopted, and the distance which the carriage passes over is marked by a dial moved by one of the wheels.

In the reign of James I., when a person was invited out to dinner he took his own knife with him, and on entering the house of his host, found a waiter waiting behind the door, on which to sharpen it.

It appears from the published vital statistics of Ireland that in Connaught, the province in which decidedly the poorest people on the island reside, the longevity is greatest.

The principal hotels at Washington have raised the price of board to four dollars and a half a day.

There is talk in Paris of establishing a biblical theatre, where will be played only pieces dramatized from the incidents of the Old Testament.

The Bangor Times says.—The emigration from Maine to New Brunswick for three weeks past has amounted to a "rush." Last week the addition to the Province population was no doubt the largest ever known in one week.

The following story is going the rounds of the papers. It appears to be incredible. At St. Petersburg, Russia, lately, a Catholic church tumbled to the ground when it was crowded with worshippers, and as many as seven thousand persons were buried beneath the ruins. Not one was saved alive. In many cases there were no relatives present to claim the bodies that were recovered, as the whole family had been killed.

A Richmond letter to the Charleston Mercury says: "The destitution of respectable families in this city is beginning to be felt quite severely; the sale of dresses, furniture, jewels, rare and costly books, etc., is becoming common."

Mr. Cornish, the Mayor of London, C. W., has been charged with bigamy before a Magistrate's Court. The complaint was made by Mrs. Victorine Cornish, now separated from her husband, who charged him with having since married Anne Fortner, of the township of London, and with living with her as his wife. The case was dismissed, on the ground that the wife cannot give evidence against her husband, and that according to law the second wife is the aggrieved party. Anne Fortner was in the Court during the trial, but she did not appear, from her silence, to endorse the statement in the deposition of Mrs. Cornish. No further evidence was brought against the defendant and the proceedings terminated.

General News.

HOW IS THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ELECTED.—The approaching Presidential election in the United States may perhaps render the following explanation acceptable to some of our readers.

In considering how the President is elected we must make a distinction between theory and fact. The theory of a presidential election is one thing, and the way that theory actually works is another. To begin with the theory: the people of the United States do not elect the president by a direct vote—say for Lincoln, or McClellan. What the people do is to choose a number of persons in each State, equal to the number of representatives and senators belonging to the State in Congress, and it is by those persons that the President is chosen. Thus in theory, the people do not elect the President; they only elect the persons who are to elect him. What is known as the Presidential election of electors.—This takes place on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November, but the real election takes place a month later. On the first Wednesday in December, the electors who have been chosen meet in their respective States, viz: 32 in New York, 19 in Pennsylvania, 21 in Ohio, and so throughout the Union—and ballot for the President. When the ballot is taken, a list of the votes is made out showing so many for Lincoln, so many for McClellan, and so on. If not one of the Presidential candidates has a majority, then the House of Representatives elects the President by ballot from the three names that stands highest on the list. In balloting for the President, the House of Representatives votes, not by individuals, but by States, the 31 Representatives of New York having, for example, but one vote. This is the theory of the Presidential election, but in point of fact, the people vote directly for the President—that is they know absolutely before hand whom the electors will vote for. The great political parties meet by delegates from all the States in the Union, some months before the election takes place, and nominate their candidate for the Presidency. When the party candidate has been chosen, party lists of tickets for electors in the ticket being lodged to vote for the party candidate. Thus the contest throughout the Union lies between the Lincoln ticket, and the McClellan ticket, and is really between Lincoln and McClellan. It may be asked, why we use the list at all? why go through with this rignomole of electing electors instead of electing the President at once, since it all comes to the same thing at last. No satisfactory reply can be given to the question beyond the historical fact that when the Constitution of the United States was framed, it was judged by its authors to be wiser to leave the election of President to a small number of men elected by the people, than to allow the people themselves to elect him. It was a conservative device, but whether good or bad, it has broken down in practice, and there is no longer any reason for retaining it beyond the fact that it does no good, it also does no harm, and entails no inconvenience.

THE GREAT CONFEDERATION.—The Convention which meets on Monday next at Quebec, will be the first taken place in British America, and is confidently anticipated that before the conference closes a scheme will be adopted for the confederation of all the Provinces of British America, which will be submitted to the legislature of each colony at its next session, by the administration thereof, and after receiving their assent, be passed into law by the Imperial Parliament. It is true that the scheme will be fully discussed in each legislature, but the deliberations of the Convention will bring out the peculiar views of each section of the confederation, and will show what kind of agreement can be aimed at. It must be remembered that no one section can have all its peculiar views carried out by the Convention. In the meantime, however, it may be well briefly to pass in review the questions which will come up for discussion in Quebec. It would appear that the proposal to divide the Canada into two parts for the purpose of federation rejecting the division into three of four, met most favor among the delegates who met at Charlotteville. Division into three would be attended with the disadvantage that the central section would consist of parts of Upper and Lower Canada, which have different legal systems, and would consequently involve a very difficult codification of the laws. On the whole, it is probably that the old boundary line will be for the most satisfactory to all parties. If that be adopted, the local capital of Lower Canada may be Quebec, and that of Upper Canada, Toronto; while Ottawa, with its magnificent public buildings, will no doubt be appropriated for the general Government. These points, however, do not appear to have been considered at Charlotteville.

It is stated that the Maritime Provinces may come into the federation either united or separately. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland may unite as one local province, or they may remain separate, but they will undoubtedly have the same number of representatives in the Upper House as Lower and Upper Canada respectively. Supposing that Upper and Lower Canada have each twenty-four members in the Upper House, the Lower Provinces, if they remain separate, will divide that number among them; if they join as one local province, they will send them as representatives of the whole.—Toronto Globe.

CHARLESTON.—A Morris Island letter says:—"We have learned, through deserters who recently came into our lines, that Charleston is suffering to a very considerable and serious extent under the present bombardment. 100-pounder rifles have now attained the proper range, and throw shells two blocks beyond Calhoun street, in the business heart of the city. The range of the 30-pounds were not quite great enough to reach far beyond the "burned district," and the present 100-pounders were substituted with marked success. Their range is greater, and the effect produced by the explosion of their shells is immeasurably greater. They have already destroyed a number of buildings, and are rapidly demolishing others in the neighborhood. making it a decidedly undesirable place for a quiet-loving man to transact business in."

The rebels have twenty-five hundred men at work on the defenses of the city, repairing and strengthening old works and constructing new ones. They are preparing for the day of trial thoroughly and as well as they may."

At a fancy ball at Saratoga, one lady, a Mrs. B., of New York, represented in her own person about \$30,000, which is briefly set down as follows:—Diamond bracelet, earrings and necklace, 10,000, white satin dress, with black lace flounces, each flounce half-yard wide, \$9,000; antique point lace basque, \$1,000, berthe of Valenciennes, \$5,000, gold watch, studded with diamonds, chain and chateleine, \$5,000.