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Poetry.

THE AUTUMN SONG.

Across the stubble glows the wind,
High sails the lated crew,
The West with pallid green is lined,
Fog tracks the river's flow.

My heart is cold and sad, I moan,
Yet care not for my woe,
The summer fervors all are gone;
The roses! Let them go.

Old age is coming, frosty hair,
The snows of time will fall,
My jubilation, dream-like, no more
Returns for any call.

O lapsing heart! thy feeble strain
Sends up the blood so spare,
That my poor withered autumn brain
Sees autumn everywhere.

THE BANSHEE.

(Founded on a passage in one of Bunin's novels.)

"Larry Macfarlane, your children are sleeping,
And sure the night long I've been watching and weeping;
The wind o'er the moor, like the wild sea is roaring,
The rain in your face, as ye plod man, is pouring.
When leaving this morning, you kissed off my tears,
You have no been so kind for these many long years—
There's a foot at my door, come in my own darlin',
A voice faintly murmured—'Oh! Larry Macfarlane!'"

The latch she undid, and the door she flung open,
But there was no Larry, of mortal, no token;
She gazed on the darkness, she listened in vain,
No sound but the wind and the fast falling rain;
Was it fancy, a form through the dark storm was gliding
Or was it a pale fire, some sorrow bediding?
In terror she breathed forth a prayer for her darlin',
A voice replied wailing, "Poor Sally Macfarlane!"

"Care it was not the Banshee, my ears but deceive,
That my Larry is dead, oh! I'll never believe;
Come home now at once, come home, my heart's breaking
It's never you'd die, all that love you forsaking!
The bright morning's dawn found a Sabbath of tears,
It's light on her heart cast the darkness of years,
For it's young rays discovered the corpse of her darlin',
Borne home o'er the moor to poor Sally Macfarlane."

Select Tale.

AN UNEXPECTED RACE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In a large town in Worcester County, Massachusetts, used to live a clergyman, whom we will call Ridewell. He was of the Baptist persuasion, and very rigid in his ideas of moral propriety. He had in his employ an old negro, named Pompey and it is this latter individual was not to strict in his morals as his master, he was at least a very cunning dog, and passed in the reverend household for a pattern of propriety. Pompey was a useful servant, and the old clergyman never hesitated to trust him with the most important business.

Now it so happened that there were, in and about the town, sundry individuals who had not to the fear of the dreadful penalties which Mr. Ridewell preached about before their eyes, for it was the wont of these people to congregate on Sabbath evenings upon a level piece of land in the outskirts of the town and there race horses. This spot was hidden from view by a dense place of woods, and for a long while the Sunday evening races were carried on there without detection by the officers, or others who might have stopped them.

It also happened that the good old clergyman owned one of the best horses in the country. This horse was of the old Morgan stock, with a mixture of the Arabian blood in his veins, and it was generally known that few beasts could pass him on the road. Mr. Ridewell, with a dignity becoming his calling, stoutly declared that the fleetness of his horse never afforded him any gratification, and that, for his own part, he would as lief have any other. Yet money could not buy his Morgan, nor could any amount of argument persuade him to swap.

The church was so near to the good clergyman's dwelling that he always walked to meeting, and his horse was consequently allowed to remain in the pasture. Pompey discovered that these races were on tapis, and he resolved to enter his master's horse on his own account, for he felt sure that old Morgan could beat anything in the shape of horseflesh that could be produced in that quarter. So on the next Sunday evening, he hid the bridle under his jacket went into the pasture and caught the horse, and then rode off towards the spot where the wicked ones were congregated. Here he found some dozen horses assembled, and the racing was about to commence. Pompey, mounted on his beast, and at the signal he started. Old Morgan entered into the spirit of the thing, and came out two rods ahead of everything. So Pompey won quite a pile, and before dark he was well initiated in horse-racing.

Pompey succeeded in getting home without exciting any suspicions, and he won long for the Sabbath afternoon to come, for he won; and this course of wickedness he followed up for two months, making his appearance upon the racing ground every Sunday afternoon, as soon as the "meeting was out." And during this time Pompey was not the only one who had learned to love the racing. No, for old Morgan, himself had come to love the excitement of the thing, too, and his every motion when upon the track showed how zealously he entered into the spirit of the game.

But these things were not always to remain a secret. One Sunday a pious deacon beheld the racing from a distance, and straightway went to the parson with the alarming intelligence. The Rev. Mr. Ridewell was utterly shocked. His moral feelings were outraged, and he resolved at once to put a stop to the wickedness. During the week he made many inquiries, and he learned that this thing had been practised all Summer on every Sabbath afternoon. He bade his parishioners keep quiet, and he told them that on the next Sunday he would make his appearance on the very spot and catch them in their deeds in iniquity.

On the following Sabbath, after dinner, Mr. Morgan ordered Pompey to bring up old Morgan and put him in the stable. The order was obeyed, though not without many misgivings on the part of the faithful negro. As soon as the afternoon services were closed, the two deacons and some others of the members of the church accompanied the minister home, with their horses.

"It is, most assuredly," answered one of the deacons.
"Horse racing on the Sabbath!" uttered the minister.
"Dreadful!" echoed the second deacon.

And so the conversation went on until they reached the top of a gentle eminence which overlooked the plain where the racing was carried on, and where some dozen horsemen, with a score of lookers-on, were assembled. The sight was one which chilled the good parson to his soul. He remained motionless until he had made out the whole alarming truth, then turning to his companions:

"Now, my brothers," said he, "let us ride down and confront the wicked wretches, and if they will down upon their knees and implore God's mercy, and promise to do so no more, we will not take legal action against them. O, that my own land should be desecrated thus!" for it was indeed a section of his own farm.

As the good clergyman thus spoke, he started on towards the scene. The horses of the wicked men were just drawing up for a start as the minister approached, and some of the riders who at once recognized "old Morgan" did not recognize the reverend individual who rode him.

"Wicked men!" commenced the parson, as he came near enough for his voice to be heard, "children of sin and shame!"

"Come on, old hoes," cried one of the jockeys, turning towards the minister. If you are in for the first race, you must stir your stumps. Now we go.

"Alas! O my wicked—" "All ready!" shouted he who led in the affair, cutting the minister short. "And off it is!"

And the word of starting was given. Old Morgan knew that word too well, for no sooner did it fall upon his ears than he struck out his nose, and with one wild snort he started, and the rest of the racers, twelve in number, kept his company.

"Who-o! who-o-o!" cried the parson, at the top of his voice.

"By the powers, old fellow, you're a keen one!" shouted one of the wicked men, who had thus far managed to keep close by the side of the parson. "You ride well."

"Who-ho-o-o! who-o-o-o!" yelled the clergyman, tugging at the reins with all his might.

But it was all of no avail. Old Morgan had now reached ahead of all competitors, and he came up to the judge's stand three rods ahead, where the petrified deacons were standing, with eyes and mouths wide open.

"Don't stop," cried the judge, who had now recognized Parson Ridewell, and suspected his business, and who also saw at once into the secret of old Morgan's joining the race. "Don't stop," he shouted again; "it's a two mile heat this time. Keep right on, parson. You are good for another mile. Now you go—and off it is!"

These last words were of course known to the horse, and no sooner did Morgan hear them, than he struck his nose out again, and again started off. The poor parson did his utmost to stop the bewitched animal, but it could not be done. The more he struggled and yelled, the faster the animal went, and ere many moments he was again at the starting point, where Morgan now stepped of his own accord. There was a hurried whispering among the wicked ones, and a succession of very curious winks and nods seemed to indicate that they understood.

"Upon my soul, parson," said the leader of the abomination, approaching the spot where the minister still sat in the saddle, he having not yet sufficiently recovered his presence of mind to dismount, "you ride well. We had not looked for this honor."

"Honor, sir!" gasped Ridewell, looking blankly into the speaker's face.

"Ay—for 'tis an honor. You are the first clergyman who has ever joined us in our Sabbath evening entertainment."

"I—I, sir! I joined you?"

"Ha, ha, ha! O, you did it well. Your good deacons really think you tried to stop your horse; but I saw through it. I saw how shily you feel your horse up. But I don't blame you for feeling proud of old Morgan, for I should feel so myself if I owned him. But you need not fear; I will tell all who may ask me about it, that you did your best to stop your beast; for I would rather stretch the truth a little than have such a good jockey as you are suffer."

This had been spoken so loudly that the deacons had heard every word, and the poor parson was bewildered; but he soon came to himself, and with a flashing eye, he cried:

"Villains, what mean you? Why do ye thus?"

"Hold on," interrupted one of the party, and as he spoke, the rest of the racing-men had all mounted their horses, "hold on a moment parson. We are willing to allow you to carry off the palm, but we won't stand your abuse. When we heard that you had determined to try your horse would not beat us, we all agreed among ourselves that if you came we would let you in. We have done so, and you have won the race in a two mile heat. Now let that satisfy you. By the hocky, but you did it well. When you want to try again, just send us word, and we'll be ready for you. Good-by!"

As the wretch thus spoke, he turned his horse's head, and before the astounded preacher could utter a word, the whole party had ridden away out of hearing. It was some time before one of the churchmen could speak. They knew not what to say. Why should their minister's horse have joined in the race without some permission from his master? They knew how much he set by the animal, and at length they shook their heads with doubt.

"It's very strange," said one.

"Very," answered a second.

"Remarkable," suggested a third.

"On my soul, brethren," spoke Ridewell, "I can't make it out."

The brethren looked at each other, and the deacons shook their heads in a very impressive manner. So the party rode back to the clergyman's house, but none of the brethren would enter, nor would they stop at all. Before Monday had drawn to a close, it was generally known that Parson Ridewell had been out on the Sabbath, and a meeting of the church was appointed for Tuesday.

Poor Ridewell was almost crazy with vexation; but before Thursday came, Pompey had found out how matters stood, and he assured his master that

he would clear the matter up, and after a day he discovered the astounding fact that some of these wicked men had been in the habit of stealing Old Morgan from the pasture, and racing him on Sabbath afternoons! Pompey found out this much—but he could not find out who did it!

As soon as this became known to the church, the members conferred together, and they soon concluded that under such circumstances a high mettled horse would be very apt to run away with his rider when he found himself directly upon the track.

So Parson Ridewell was cleared, but it was a long while before he got over the blow, for many were the wicked wags who delighted to pester him by offering to "ride a race" with him, to "bet on his head," or to "put him against the world on a race." But Ridewell grew older, his heart grew warmer, and finally he could laugh with right good will when he spoke of his unexpected race. Be sure there was no more Sabbath racing in that town.

The Devil's Putty and Varnish.

When a man comes to the conclusion that he would like to kill somebody at thirty paces, he imagines that he has bin wronged, and sends his best friend a challenge. If it is a duel, the meet, and an elegant murder is committed; the cracks in this transaction are patched up and then vanished over, bi being called an "affair of honour." When a man robs a saving bank, or goes tew Urope on the last steamer with the stolen receipts or a sanitary committee in his pocket, a committee or investigation at got together tew eggamine the state of affairs, and unanimously report "a descrepancy in his accounts." 2 young men hire a horse and buggy at a livery stable, and go into the kuntry on Sunday. The stop at the first tavern the meet, and invest in some ardent spirits. The stop again pretty soon, and histe in some ardent spirits. The more the hist in, the more the drive, till bi and bi a devilish bridge tips them over into a devilish gutter that somebody has left by the side or the road, and the are awl killed including the hoss and buggy.

This is called a "Fatal accident." A man and his wife are living in the middle of joy and consolation, the are surrounded on awl sides bi a young and interesting family, their bread is cut thin, and butted on both sides and the edges, but the destroyer enters the familie, the wife wants a nu silk gown, the man says "he be kung if she duz," and she says, "she be lung if she don't." One word brings on another, till the fite, both or them awl the thin in their heads, and 2 fall seer or false teeth, the thin ends in a divorce, the man runs awl tew Austral bi the overland route, the woman marry's a circus rider at 40 Dollars a month, the children are adopted bi a Sunda school, and are brought up on homopathy. This furnishes a column and a half in the newspaper, under the hed or, "Disturbance on the married relation." A youth or 21 summers begins life with 36 thousand Dollars. Several fast hosses belong tew him, there iz several fast wimmin that he belongs tew, awl the tavern keepers are his patrons, bar banks are bilt for his amuzement, consolidated lotteries are chartered on purpus tew make him happy: nothing is left undun tew make him feel good. He wakes up about the 25th of May, without a dollar in his pocket, and a host or warm friends on his hands, without any visible means or supporting them. He takes an akount or stock, he buys a pint or rum and 4 yards or bed cord, the one makes him limber, while the other chokes him to death. The putty and varnish in this kase iz, "Driven to desperashun on akount or phinashul pressure!" A rule rode trane stands snort in front of the depoe, the last bel iz ringing, the kars are ful or souls that belong tew different individuals, the konduktor iz full or Bourbon, that belongs tew the devil, the engineer labors under an attack or Jamaka for the bronkitis, the switchman likes a little good old rye, the kars diskout 45 miles an hour, 2 trains tri tew pass each other on the same track—kant be done successfully; the mangled dead are kounted bi skores, a searching investigation takes place, the community iz satisfied because it was "an unavoidable catastrophe." The Devil furnishes putty and varnish, free or expense, to hide the frauds & guilt or men. Awl or which is respectfully committed bi

JOSE BILLINGS.

A Strange Story.

A truly melodramatic anecdote is in circulation in Paris. A Russian nobleman has appeared of late in the best circles, wearing a ring of colossal proportions, covering nearly the entire finger, and of a substance resembling jet, which was set in gold. A lady who was piqued to know something about the matter said to him: "Monsieur, every one is very much struck with the singular character of the ring you wear, and I for one should be delighted to know its origin." The Russian made a nervous twitch with his hand, as though he would hide it, while he replied, "Madame, the ring is not a jewel, as you suppose, but a tomb. This jet substance is the body of my wife; she had a horror of a tomb in Russia; she was an Italian. I promised that I would guard her day and night during my life, and she reposed in my word, which had never been broken. I took the body of my wife to Germany, where the most able chemist of the day promised to reduce it, by powerful dissolvents and by great compression, to a size which would enable me to wear it as a sovereign. For eight days he labored most constantly in my presence, and I saw the dear remains gradually dissolve and intensify till the residue was the compact mass which you see in the ring, which is my dear wife, who, as I promised, I will never quit day or night during my life."

Street Influence.

We are firmly of the opinion that more youths are made vicious and corrupt by spending their evenings in the streets or in places of questionable resort, than in the broad daylight. Street education is not the best for youth by any means. If they do not engage in criminal acts, yet too many of the youth by spending their evenings away from home become reckless as to conversation and acts. Home should be made attractive, so that it shall be the sentiment of each member of the household, "there is no place like home."—*Bath Times*

A country clergyman was a good deal astonished one day by the jollity of the mourners at a funeral "breakfast," and was gravely told in explanation, "Bless you, sir, they're only dissembling their grief."

Singular Custom.

An auction for unmarried ladies used to take place in Babylon. In every district, says the historian, they assemble on a certain day of the year all virgins of a marriageable age. The most beautiful was first put up, and the man who bid the highest or the largest sum, gained the possession of her. The second in personal appearance followed, and the bidders gratified themselves with handsome wares according to the depth of their purses. But alas! it seems there were in Babylon some ladies for whom no money was likely to be offered, yet these were also disposed of, so provident were the Babylonians. When all the beautiful virgins were sold, the order directed the most deformed to stand up, and after he had openly demanded who would marry her, with a small sum, she was at length adjudicated to the man who would be satisfied with the least; and in this manner the money arising from the sale of the handsome, served as a portion to those that were of disagreeable looks, or that had no other imperfection. This custom prevailed about four hundred years before Christ.

Friendship.

He only is fit to be chosen for a friend who, can give counsel, or defend my cause, or guide me right or relieve my need, or can and will when I need it, do me good. Only this I add: into the heaps of doing good, I will reckon, loving me, for it is a pleasure to be loved; but when his love signifies nothing but kissing my cheek or talking kindly, and can go no further, it is a prostitution of the bravery of friendship to spend it upon impertinent people who are (it may be) kind to their families, but can never ease any loads; but my friend is a worthy person when he can become to me a guide or a support, an eye or a hand, a staff or a rule. Can any wise or good man be angry if I say, I choose this man to be my friend, because he is able to give me counsel, to restrain my wanderings, to comfort me in my sorrow; he is pleasant to me in private, and useful in public; he will make my joys double, and divide my grief between himself and me? For what else should I choose? For being a fool and useless; for a pretty face and a smooth chin? I confess it is possible to be a friend to one who is ignorant and pitiable, handsome and good for nothing, that eats well and drinks deep, but he cannot be a friend to me; and I love him with a fondness or a pity, but it cannot be a noble friendship.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

Female English Collars.

Some few months since, happening to be in Wigan, my attention was directed to the, to me, unthoughtful spectacle of one of those female collars returning homewards from her daily labor. It was difficult to believe that the unwomanly-looking being who passed before me was actually a female; yet such was the case. Clad in coarse, greasy, and patched fustian unmentionables and jacket, thick canvas shirt, great heavy ho-nailed boots, her features completely begrimed with coal dust, her hard and horny hands carrying the spade, pick, drinking tin, sieve, and other paraphernalia of her occupation, her not irregular features wearing a bold, defiant expression, and with nothing womanly about her except two or three latent evidences of feminine weakness, in the shape of a coral necklace, a pair of glittering ear-rings, and a bonnet which, as regards shape, size and color, strongly resembled the fantail hat of a London coalheaver: she proceeded unabashed through the crowded streets, no one appearing to regard the degrading spectacle as being anything unusual.—*Once a Week*.

At the dinner given to M. Berryer, by the Bar, in London recently, Mr. Gladstone made the following remarks with reference to the Bar:

"I have been told to-night—and told in terms of eloquence that cannot be matched—what have been the recent achievements of the members of your illustrious profession on behalf of liberty. Even under the mild and temperate sway of the House of Brunswick, the want of the Bar had been felt, and the want whenever it had been felt has been supplied. We might go further back; we might go to the remote, to the worst, to the darkest times, we might go to the reign of James the Second, and the trial of the seven bishops, we might go to the reign of Charles I, and the trial of Hampden, and whenever it has been a question of the examination, of the search, of the vindication, and of the establishment of the liberties of England, there the bar has honestly, has steadily been in the foremost rank. (Cheers.) Perhaps, Mr. Attorney-General, I may be permitted to recur to the impression upon an individual mind. I have known—as all in this country have known—that the bar, too, is inseparable from the national life and perfect security of our institutions, but never as I looked at England alone did I understand the true secret of its value. It was my fate some fifteen years ago to be witness of cruel oppression in a country in Southern Japan, in a country where the executive power did not merely break the law, but supplanted and set aside the law, and established instead a system of arbitrary will. But to my astonishment I found that the advocacy of tyranny itself, which had put down Chambers, which had extinguished the press, could not put down the bar. (Great cheering.) I saw in the courts of justice, under the bayonets of the soldiers—for these courts bristle with the bayonets of soldiers—in the teeth of power, in contempt of corruption, in defiance of violence, of arbitrary rule—lawyers rise in their places to defend the cause of the accused against domineering power with a fearless honesty of purpose that could not have been surpassed in happy England, and that could hardly have been surpassed by M. Berryer himself."

LARGE ON.—Laugh on, and never mind the censure of cynics. Joy is one of the greatest panaceas of life. It braces the nerves, makes the heart dance to pleasant music, and the very soul ring again with harmonious sounds. It is the delight of the good, makes sunshine where there would be all shadow and gloom, promotes domestic happiness, drives away sorrow, and prepares the mind for the exigencies of the future, so laugh on, but laugh discreetly, and in due season. Exuberant mirth does not become any.

Wink at small injuries rather than avenge them. If, to destroy a single bee, you throw down the hive, instead of one enemy you make a thousand.

Items, Foreign & Local.

Slaves who ran away from their masters in the southern part of Maryland, a year or two since, and have been employed at Washington, are now returning to their former masters, and obtaining employment with liberal wages from their old masters.

Seven murder cases are now awaiting trial before the criminal court in Washington.

The Chicago Tribune says the U. S. Congress is subject to two disorders—*Grab and Gub*.

The number of applications for widow's pensions received by the U. S. Board of Examiners, during the month of November, was three thousand three hundred and five. The number of invalid claims one thousand seven hundred and seventy six.

The English Government are about to build a war steamer on the cupola or turret principle, as an experiment.

About a third of the £150,000 given by Mr. Geo. Peabody to the poor of London has been invested in buildings and land.

A lady in Bristol, R. I., received a shoe box from New York the other day, upon which she paid several dollars charges. Upon opening the box it was found to contain a human skeleton.

Some one has taken the trouble to calculate what it costs to support all the dogs in the world, and has concluded that the expense amounts to about thirty million dollars annually.

Horace Greeley does not succeed in farming. In a recent speech he said, "Twenty-five acres of my farm, or rather my wife's, is forest, fenced so as to exclude all grazing animals, and the only part of it which does not cost me more than it returns."

The brandies of Lord Lyons, which were disposed of at auction in Washington recently, were sold at \$7.50 per bottle, and his wines at \$30 to \$40 per bottle. There were about one thousand bottles sold.

One of the rebel officer prisoners at Johnson's Island has given birth to a "bouncing boy." So says the Sandusky Register.

It is said that Lord Palmerston cherished a wish to retain the Premiership until the completion of his eightieth year, and that, having accomplished this object of his desire, he will at the termination of the present Parliament retire from active office, retaining a seat in the Cabinet without office, as the late Marquis of Lansdowne did for some time.

Count D'Eu, son of the Duke de Nemours, and grandson of Louis Philippe, was married on the 15th October to the heiress of the Brazilian throne. Old raises over 20,000,000 bushels of wheat, this year.

An immense quantity of snow had fallen in the South of France by the middle of November. It was twenty inches deep over many miles of country, and flocks of sheep were buried in mountain passes.

The London Times regards the reappointment of Mr. Lincoln as little less than an abdication by the American people of the right of self-government as an avowed step towards military despotism, towards the subversion of a popular government, which may still exist in form, but in substance is gone.

Major John Robinson, of the 44th Regiment, has been promoted to a Lieutenant Colonelcy.

A fashion of carrying sword canes prevails with Parisian ladies.

Five thousand persons perished by the cyclone in Calcutta.

The number of English invalids who annually spend the winter in the South, in pursuit of health, has been calculated at between eight and eight thousand, the majority being pulmonary invalids.

Pittsburg has one foundry for about each thousand of its inhabitants, and a dozen drinking saloons for each foundry.

The Macon, Ga., Telegraph of a late date says, "We noticed on the street yesterday a one-horse wagon, containing exactly six sticks of pine wood, which the modest sum of thirty dollars was demanded."

Never, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, says the Chicago Post, has winter commenced in the North-west so early as in the present year.

Thomas Wetmore Bliss, Esq., has been appointed Registrar of Deeds and Wills, etc., for the County of Kent, in room of the late George Pagan Esq., deceased.

The friends of a young man named Michael Gunn, who had been for the last nine years in California, and who was returning home, by the overland route, have received information that on the 6th of July last, he was attacked and murdered, and robbed of his wealth, said to amount to \$50,000. He leaves a widowed mother and two brothers (residing on the Kennebec) and a large circle of relatives and friends, to mourn his untimely end.—*Freeman*.

The Kingston British American says, Hannah Shock Buck, wife of the late George Buck, of the township of Kingston, died at her son's residence a short time ago, aged ninety-two years. She lived to see the fourth generation of her children assembled around her bed, numbering in all two hundred and ninety souls.

An old lady sixty-five years of age is in prison in Detroit, for murdering her husband.

The sleeping room of the Empress of Russia at Nice is lined with rose damask silk.

The Duke of St. Albans is about to marry a young lady who is heiress to £70,000 a year.

A work has appeared in Naples entitled "Myrties of the Neapolitan Cleroists," which the Times says is making as great a sensation as Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom." It is written by a lady who was nearly twenty years in a nunnery.

An article in a French political paper was recently suppressed by the censor of the press; the next day five columns of the journal (the space it would have occupied) were left blank, leaving only the head, "Whither are we going?" and the signature of the author at the foot of the vacancy.

Next year there will be four eclipses, two of the sun and two of the moon. The eclipses of the sun occur on the 25th of April and the 15th of October; those of the moon on the 11th of April and the 2nd of October.

The high revenue tax on matches is causing a great falling off in their manufacture, and three large concerns have recently moved their establishments from Maine to New Brunswick, as they can be imported for less money than the home tax amounts to. This, on the authority of the Boston Journal.

A locomotive has been invented that will climb a mountain. It is in fact a double engine, a horizontal and vertical engine combined, and so arranged that it may be worked either together or separately, according to the steepness of the incline, and always with perfect safety. The brakes are extremely powerful, and they are attached to each carriage, so no danger can arise from a coupling chain giving way. The locomotive weighs sixteen tons, and at the recent trial ascended and descended a gradient of one in twelve with four cars laden with twenty-five tons of ballast attached. It is designed to run on a road over the Alps.

New York papers notice the invention of a new confidence game. A fellow recently called at a house during the absence of its master, and represented to the mistress that her husband had just met with a serious accident, and had sent him for a change of clothing that he might be brought home. The lady, in great distress, furnishes the garments, which disappeared and were seen no more.

They tell of a New York regiment, which during their three years service, travelled by sea and land, 12,000 miles, fought 20 battles, marched through 15 States, and been under Burnside, Pope, McClellan, McDowell, Meade, Sherman and Grant.

General News.

WHAT ENGLAND WOULD DO IN CASE WE WERE ATTACKED.—The London Naval and Military Gazette contains an article on Confederation from which we clip the following:—

"With the Sea-Blockade of England the blockade of every hostile port in North America could be rigidly enforced, and England could cover the lakes which divide Canada from the once United States, by gunboats and vessels of war, having open to her the navigation of the St. Lawrence and the Great Welland Canal. Confederated British North America would bring into the field Militia and Volunteers quite a match for any Yankee Army, and with a good Staff and a good commander, the result could not be doubtful. 'Tis true that only a small body of British troops could be employed, but they would be sufficient to give stability to the main body. In a political and military view, we can see nothing so assuring as this projected Confederacy, and we shall watch its progress with a lively interest."

THE MULLER SENSATION IN BERLIN.—BERLIN, Nov. 14.—Fearful has been the sensation created in Berlin since yesterday (Sunday) morning by the telegram from London announcing the fact that Muller was to be hanged at eight o'clock to-day. It was to be hanged at eight o'clock to-day. In the Prussian provinces, and, indeed, throughout Germany in general, the excitement of the public is, doubtless, equally intense. Wherever one goes, Muller is all the talk. In the beer-houses and cafes, in the reading-rooms and restaurants, in public places of assembly, in private circles and in the streets, the conversation turns almost exclusively on this one topic. The words "judicial murder," "hanged to the English against the Germans," "atrocious butchery of an innocent man," "revenge for political humiliations"—these and similar expressions are in everybody's mouth. Vengeance is vowed on England in retaliation for the fact crime she is about to commit. No epithet is too strong or too black to characterize the base cruelty and criminality attributed to the British government for determining upon the death of a man who is now firmly believed by most people in this country to be completely innocent of the crime with which he has been charged, and for which he stands condemned.

Dr. Tupper says:—
The question which is to be submitted from one end of British America to the other to the consideration of the people is this, is the Constitution here devised better for us than that we now enjoy? There is no person who can look at this question of Confederation but must see the great benefit that will derive from being a member of a great nationality composing now four millions of souls, instead of a small community of two or three hundred thousand. No person can contemplate that fact without feeling that it must give an elevation of character to the country that it must immeasurably raise it to the estimation of the world. Every individual must become aware that his own status is raised by making him a member of a great nationality bound together by common ties and interests, and which promises step by step to attain a position which will entitle it to be ranked among the foremost nations of the earth.

THE OUTRAGE UPON AN ORANGE LODGE AT TORONTO.—The Toronto papers contain the particulars of the outrage upon an Orange Lodge Room in that city. The room was situated in a large room, and was used as a place of meeting for the members of the lodge. The room was entered by a large door, and the door was opened by a man named William Kennedy, one of the members of the lodge. Kennedy was seized by a man named William George on the head with the iron bar, and fractured his skull in such a manner that he died in a few hours after his injury. Donovan, who undoubtedly was suffering from a sudden attack of European mania, was finally disarmed and secured, after several pistol shots had been fired at him by the sixth precinct police, one of which lodged in the shoulder of another prisoner, inflicting a serious wound.

A horrible affair occurred in the Tombs in New York, one day last week, involving the lives of three men. It appears that John Donovan, a discharged soldier, who had been locked up in a large room with a dozen or more men—all committed for intoxication or insanity, resulting from that vice—seized an iron bar about three feet in length, weighing nearly ten pounds, and struck (while down) two of his companions, named James McDonald and William Kennedy, on the head, inflicting serious wounds, and causing death in a few moments. Donovan also struck another man named William George on the head with the iron bar, and fractured his skull in such a manner that he died in a few hours after his injury. Donovan, who undoubtedly was suffering from a sudden attack of European mania, was finally disarmed and secured, after several pistol shots had been fired at him by the sixth precinct police, one of which lodged in the shoulder of another prisoner