

# The Carleton Scene.

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## Poetry.

### HARVEST HYMN.

At Carmel's mount the prophet laid  
His offering on the altar-stone,  
And fire descended from the skies,  
And round the holy altar shone;  
And thus, when spring went smiling past,  
Our offerings on the earth were cast,  
And God's own blessing has come down,  
Our sacrifice of faith to crown.

No conqueror o'er our fields has gone,  
To blast with war our summer bowers,  
And stain with blood of woe and guilt,  
The soil that gives life to the flowers;  
But morning dews and evening rain  
Have fallen on our beauteous plains,  
And earth, through all her realms abroad,  
Gives back the image of her God.

Freighted with Autumn's richest tints,  
Each hill lifts up its head on high,  
And spreads its fruit and blossoms out,  
An offering meet beneath the sky;  
And hills and plain, and vale and grove,  
Join in the sacrifice of love;  
And winds and stream, and lake and sea,  
Lift high their hymn of ecstasy.

It is the festival of earth—  
The flame of love o'er nature burns,  
And to the holy heavens goes up  
Like incense from a thousand urns;  
And oh, let man's impassioned voice,  
With Nature's self, in song rejoice,  
Until the blended notes of love  
Ring from the temple arch above.

—George D. Prentice.

## Select Case.

### DR. HOLFORD'S PATIENT.

"But what on earth am I to do?" asked Dr. Holford, in a tone half humorous, half sad, as he walked up the High street with his friend Mr. Bailey. "If I warn her she won't stay with me a week; I've told two governesses already by listening to your advice."

"Well," doubtedly rejoined Mr. Bailey, "perhaps you are right. He may be safe enough, after all; but what a silly girl she must be!"

"On the contrary," interrupted the doctor, warmly, "she's a treasure! As like her poor father as can be—full of good sense and right feeling. I can't think what possesses her not to let that unfortunate man alone, and I can't warn her. Nobody has managed my poor brats the least like her since——" and the doctor coughed away a sigh.

A somewhat whimsical expression passed over his friend's face. Dr. Holford had lost his wife six months before, and had been in a peck of troubles ever since about his three children, the youngest an infant of six months old. The doctor knew no more of the details of household economy than his baby, and it had become evident to all his friends that he could not exist long without a wife; but whom should he marry? that was the question. To complicate matters, Dr. Holford was obliged to eke out the profits of a not very remunerative practice by receiving a patient at his own house, and rich patients were not always easy to find. At the time we write of he had just received an inmate—a *sol-distant* nervous invalid, Walter Stone by name, whom he watched with singular carefulness, for in his secret soul the doctor knew the man was insane, and although in truth he believed him to be perfectly harmless, yet he daily expected some mad freak or folly to appear. None had as yet, and all things had gone on smoothly for two or three weeks, when, according to the usual malignity of circumstances, a most inconvenient and aggravating incident in Walter Stone began to appear in the conduct of Miss Stuart, the children's governess. It is true that Mr. Stone was a handsome young man, with a manner in which none but a professional eye could detect any taint of madness, but that made it all the more alarming; and feeling himself as yet not thoroughly acquainted with the state of his patient's mind, the doctor was on tenderhooks. A nervous patient might be all very well, but no governess would stay with a live lunatic about the house. So Dr. Holford was fain to let matters take their course trusting to the chapter of accidents, and to Miss Stuart's good sense to set her right in time. After all, he thought, there could be no great risk. Walter Stone had come to him with an excellent character for quietness, and might for all he knew, be curable. So he determined to hold his tongue, and hoped that no bad consequence might ensue. What did ensue we shall presently see.

A day or two after his conversation with Mr. Bailey, the doctor happened to look out of his surgery on the little plot of ground at the back of his house which he was pleased to dignify with the name garden. Dr. Holford worked in it a good deal himself, and took great interest in the one or two flower beds, and the border rich with bright colors, in the arrangement of which he flattered himself that Sir Joseph Paxton could not hold out a candle to him. The air was scented with the breath of lilacs and hyacinths, and the perfume of two garlanded old hawthorns, covered, one with white, and the other with pink blossoms, that stood on the grass plot by the side of the path, and that were the pride of the doctor's heart. That garden was a kingdom for bees and butterflies, and they hummed and danced merrily in the sunshine. On this particular May afternoon, a fresh little human flower moved quickly to and fro among the butterflies, clad in a soft grey stuff gown, with pink ribbons at the throat and wrist. It was the young governess, Lizzie Stuart. She was a pretty girl of about twenty, with large grey eyes and fair shiny hair. A sprig of pink may was stuck in the waistband that girded a small round waist, and they were very little feet that tapped impatiently upon the gravel walk. The doctor could not help watching her from the window as she smoked

his pipe; she made such a pretty foreground to his favorite flowers as she went and came under the hawthorns. Presently a young man came out, and walked across the grass plot towards her. She met him with an outstretched hand, and they strolled along the path together. It was perfectly natural that they should do so, and the doctor ought to have been glad that his patient should be subjected to such soothing influences, but somehow he sighed a little as he saw how earnestly they were talking, her face raised to him, and he bent down to her. Certainly Lizzie did not seem afraid of Walter Stone. The doctor put up his pipe in the corner with another sigh, and went up stairs to dress for dinner.

The pair in the garden did not remain long together. Walter Stone sauntered back into the house, and Lizzie went on walking, up and down the short gravel walk. For fear of mistake, we had better let the reader into a secret at once. Almost from the first moment, three months ago, when Dr. Holford had done her the immense honor of confiding to her care his motherless children, Lizzie Stuart's tender little heart had been in the doctor's keeping. Indeed, she had loved him all her life, as her father's friend and her own—but of late what was it that made Lizzie blush, all to herself, in the solitude of her own room, when she thought of the gratitude and affection; she owed to the doctor? Ah! what a wealth of pity and devotion she poured out upon him in secret, and what romantic little castles were built up in that graceful little head of hers, as she sat on an evening looking out upon the hawthorns, of the wonderful ways in which she was to be a help and comfort to him, without his knowing who had done the work! But, though her love was an "open secret," there was no one to find it out, except, indeed, the doctor himself, the last man on whom the idea was likely to dawn, and it is doubtful if even Lizzie had more than an inkling of the truth. If she had, she guarded her secret jealously, and only let it appear in a most tender and zealous performance of her duties towards his children, as to which the doctor said no words, but thanked and blessed her in his heart.

But within the last fortnight it had occurred to this young lady to set herself up in judgment upon the doctor's conduct, and after mature deliberation, she had come to the conclusion that he had either made a great mistake, or was doing very wrong. The idea troubled her sorely. Miss Lizzie was a young lady who rather prided herself upon the possession of an independent judgment, and paid the usual penalty, of course, by sometimes too much undervaluing the experience of her seniors. Her early training had perhaps encouraged this state of mind; for her father, dear as she had been to him, had not been content to steer altogether clear of that wretched system of "spoiling till five, trying experiments till fifteen, and contracting up to twenty." Besides all this, Miss Lizzie had lately been studying Dr. Winslow's "Ob-scure Diseases," that most popular of scientific works, and had rebelled against the theories therein propounded with all her heart. "Very Hard Cash" had fallen in her way immediately afterwards, and she had glowed with sympathy for Alfred's wrongs and Julia's love, and for all the supposed victims detained in a thousand lunatic asylums by commissioners in lunacy like those described by Mr. Reed.

And now Walter Stone had crossed her path, and lo! her dreams were realized. He was pleasant, handsome, and as gentle as Alfred; and more than that, he had appealed to her compassion, and poured into her ear a precious story of the unnatural behavior, who for the sake of obtaining the management of his Walter's property, had condemned him to lifelong captivity. Lizzie knew as a fact that his brother had consigned him to Dr. Holford's charge, and that in spite of all his apparent liberty, he was narrowly watched—in itself a suspicious circumstance, considering that nervous ailments only were the plea for his incarceration. She had even heard Dr. Holford checkle over the story of the way in which he and Edward Stone had managed to entrap Walter into voluntarily giving his purse into their care, so as to render his escape, by train or other conveyance, impossible.

And this was a sane man! Lizzie's brain took fire at the thought. To dispose of the certificate of lunacy was the work of a moment; were they not all—those mad doctors, and Dr. Winslow in particular—ready to swear to any man's insanity at a moment's notice? And then Walter had told her that he had himself given opportunity to his enemies in some moments of excitement consequent on the loss of money. But the doctor? there was the rub. Could it be possible that Dr. Holford, the upright and honorable, had deliberately lent himself to this vile plot? Even Lizzie's excited imagination could not lead her to believe that. No, the man was not mad—that was certain—but the doctor had been deceived; his keen eye had been blinded by Walter Stone's perfidious friends, who, though they had cautiously avoided committing themselves by speaking of more than "nerves," and had so cunningly worded their artful testimony, that the doctor had jumped to the conclusion without much personal observation that Walter must be insane. That could not be a fault—at least—well, hardly, and if it were, she, Lizzie, would undeceive him, and enable him to make atonement. And then she went off into a day dream, and was just in the middle of a speech from the doctor, expressive of his deep gratitude to her for having, by her woman's keen-sightedness and quick judgment, disabused him of the idea under which he had been laboring, &c., &c., when she looked up, and beheld the moon had risen, and was already lighting up the top branches of

the hawthorns. She turned into the house, fully resolved to speak seriously to the doctor the very next morning.

The moon was high in the heavens when Lizzie Stuart went that evening, as her custom was, to sit in the nursery while nurse went down to her supper. At these times Lizzie always sat in a particular chair by the window. Nurse's white curtains bed stood in a recess at the back of the room; a little to one side, but facing the fire—still necessary at night—was the baby's bassinet, of which little but the hood was to be seen from where Lizzie sat. The other two children slept in what was, in fact, an adjoining room, though the door of communication had long been removed, to make the two nurseries, as far as possible, into one. There was no light in the room but the moon-shine, and the glimmer of the fire; Lizzie leant back in her chair, and resumed her day dream. By-and-by a low knock came at the door.

"Come in," said Lizzie, wondering that nurse should have made such haste at her supper.

The door opened softly, and Walter Stone put his head into the room. "I want to speak to you, I want to speak to you," he whispered, excitedly; "you must let me come in. It is most important."

There was something queer about his manner, but Lizzie, strong in her conviction, was in no wise frightened. Besides he had talked to her that day of escape, and she longed to repeat the arguments she had used against any such scheme, for its success would be fatal to the doctor's credit. While she hesitated, he stole silently up to her, closing the door behind him. No other man living would Lizzie have allowed to remain there, but her sympathy for Walter Stone was deep and strong, all the more strong from her love for the man who was doing him such unwitting injury. How grieving the doctor would be to-morrow! she thought, and she let Walter stay. He sat down by her side, and remained silent. After a minute or two the stillness grew oppressive, and she opened her mouth to speak. As she did so, she looked in his face, ghastly in the moonlight. Ah! how awful was the change there! His pleasant, careless look had disappeared, and in its stead was a dreadful expression of fixed malignity, of insane cunning and rage; the glare of a maniac's eye caught and fixed hers as she looked. Horror-stricken she drew back, but he bent forward, and said in a hissing whisper.

"I've something to show you. I've locked the door, and we can't be interrupted, no, no. Look here!" and he drew from his pocket an ordinary dinner knife, on which the moon-beams glimmered hideously.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" he muttered as he stroked and seemed to fondle it, turning it from side to side. "True steel—the real thing! Not for you, though, not for you—for those little devils that cling round you, and prevent your coming with me. I'll set you free, I'll—"

And he leaped into inarticulate murmurs, still stroking the knife. Never, in all her life, did Lizzie Stuart forget the sensations of that moment; they came back to her often in dreams, even now. She did not lose consciousness, but she could not move; her heart seemed to stand still, and her brain to reel.

"The youngest first," he whispered at last, and leaving her suddenly, he darted towards the hearth. For one second the knife gleamed brightly in the moonlight as he brandished it aloft, the next he plunged it deep into the basinet. Oh God, there was no cry!

A wild shriek rose to Lizzie's lips. Repressing it with a violent effort, she collected her wits, and walked to his side.

"I must kill the others myself," she said, with an unfeeling voice; "let me do it—they would not be quiet otherwise."

The maniac turned towards her a horrible face of triumph.

"You're one of the right sort!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "The young May moon is beaming love. How sweet to rove—No, that's not it—So she killed her gown o' green satin, and tucked it up to her knees—Lizzie Lindsay—that's you—Lord Ronald Clam Donald—that's me. Won't we be happy? Now then?"

"Yes, I am going," she said, still speaking calmly; "wait here till I come back."

He stooped to draw the knife out of the basinet.

"No, don't do that," she whispered, forcing herself to lay her hand upon his arm, and turning away her eyes, lest the sight that might meet them should unnerve her. "I have a fancy for doing it differently."

He stood upright again, and motioned her to go, and only as she moved to where the other children slept, she remembered with sick horror that there was no door between the rooms.—Despair gave her courage, she quickened her pace; he did not follow her—there was a moment's respite. Softly and rapidly she threw a coverlet over the two fair sleeping heads, then she flew to the bell. A violent pull—another—and the bell-rope broke in her hand. Would any one come? The madman heard the twang of the wires, and suspected treachery. He sprang towards the room, but Lizzie was too quick for him. She stood in the doorway, with dilated eyes and upraised hand.

"Walter Stone, go back," she commanded in a solemn voice. "It is all done, I forbid you to enter here."

For a moment the lunatic covered before her, awed by the light in those gleaming eyes, then he sprang at her throat like a wild beast. An instant's struggle, an instant's agony like to death, and with a mighty crash the door burst open, and Dr. Holford, with the exertion of his whole strength, dragged the madman from the choking girl. To hold him singly was impos-

sible. He broke from the doctor's grasp, threw up the window, and with a loud laugh, leapt into the garden below, where the dull thud of his fall was heard just as the assistant, whose carelessness had permitted him to secrete the knife, appeared on the scene.

"Go down, go down," cried the doctor pointing to the window. The assistant looked out and hurriedly disappeared, and the doctor gave all his attention to Lizzie. She had not fainted—she could not do so—not at all events with the dreadful news untold, but she was gasping for breath.

The doctor bent over her. "Lizzie, dear Lizzie, look up. I see how it was. You were defending my children. You have saved their lives. Try to look up, and tell me you are not hurt."

But Lizzie shrank from the tender words, and covered miserably in her chair. She strove to compel her parched tongue to speak, and told him that by her folly she had caused the death of his baby, but a hissing gurgle came instead of words, and ended in a hysterical shriek. The servants, and nurse among them, had come crowding in by this time, and a loud exclamation from the latter startled them all.

"Gracious powers! what is this?" and she drew forth the knife from the basinet, and held it up in view of the rest, its polished surface still undimmed.

"Well, the Lord be praised for his mercy! it were his providence, that it were, that put it into my head all of a sudden to-day, that baby were a growing to big for a bassinet, and I put her in the old cot by my bedside, and drew my curtains round her, and she was there, the precious lamb, awake and smiling at us all, as good as sugar."

Lizzie heard the words, or rather some dim idea of their meaning penetrated to her brain, but the relief was too sudden to be realized at once. She understood that confession was over—she stood up and held out her hands imploringly.

"Can—you—for—give?" she whispered piteously, and fell forward in a dead faint on the doctor's shoulder.

For many months Dr. Holford tended Lizzie through the nervous fever that followed upon her swoon. At one time he almost despaired of her recovery, but youth and a sound constitution conquered, and she rose at last from her sick bed, the shadow of what she had been.

The doctor pronounced change of air and scene to be absolutely necessary during her convalescence, and simultaneously discovered that he had been working too hard, and required a holiday and a month or two abroad. Rumor states that he imparted these conclusions to Lizzie Stuart, and made sundry other confidences to her, during one very long and earnest conversation which they had, walking slowly up and down—the feeble steps tenderly supported by his arm—under the old hawthorns, brilliant by this time with autumnal berries.

Walter Stone fractured his skull in his fall. He was insensible for many days, but at length consciousness returned, and those who watched around his bed thanked God to see that all traces of insanity had disappeared. They looked forward hopefully to the future, but his career on earth was ended. He sank gradually, and died in a few weeks.

### Who is Impunity?

During the epidemic fever of 1853, a well-to-do planter in a certain region of Mississippi used to send down his cotton by his trusty slaves, without venturing into the city—about fifty-five houses!—himself. After a short experience, however, he fancied his factor was taking advantage of circumstances, and determined to go down and look after the next wagon-load in *propria persona*. He was not a little afraid, however, of "Yellow Jack"—and "small blame to him"—and so he resolved on first consulting with a friend, as to the propriety of his venturing into the epidemic infested locality.

"Do you think," said he, "I can go to— with safety? No fear of the fever?"

"Oh, no!" responded his friend, "you can go there, and stay as long as you please with impunity."

"Ah, h!" replied our friend, I am glad you have told me that. I have long been dissatisfied with —'s and —'s; but I did not know there was any other place where a fellow could put up at. Now you have told me, however, dog on it, if I don't try Impunity's. *What is it?*"

### A String of Compliments.

A pretty woman is one of the institutions of the country—an angel in muslin and glory. She makes sunshine, blue sky, and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfume, and beauty. She is a sweet poem, written in rare curls, and choice silk, and good principles. Men stand up before her as good as many adoration points. To melt into cream and then butter. Her words float round the ear like music, birds of paradise, or the perfumes of the Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attraction, the cheer its firmest reliance, the young men the very best comforters and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, and strengthen the faint-hearted. Wherever you find the virtuous woman you also find fireside bonnets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, music and light, and modern institutions generally. She is the flower of humanity, and her aspirations is the breath of heaven.

### The Invincibles of Common Life.

What a glorious troop might be formed of those men who have won their laurels in the campaign of life; fighting, not against sword and bayonet, musket and cannon, lance and sabre, but against hardship and circumstances, natural defects, and the ridicule and opposition of their fellow men! There has been, and still is, we trust, many a man, who, seeing before him a great and noble end to be gained: God's glory to be advanced, man's happiness and well being extended, the Gospel to be preached, the truths of science to be ascertained, the ignorant to be enlightened, the depraved to be raised, or good of any kind to be done—has manfully determined to do it, and has not failed. How far greater the honor, how much more worthy the victories of such men, than those of mere soldiers!

### FASHIONABLE TALK.

A lady thus addressed her servant in the presence of a fashionable party:

"Mary, relieve that burning luminary of the superincumbent dross that bears upon it."

"Ma'am," said Mary, confused as to what her mistress could mean.

"Take," said the lady, "from that luminous body its superincumbent weight of consumed carbon."

"Ma'am?" repeated Mary.

"Snuff that candle, you huzzy, you!" exclaimed the lady in haste.

### PRETTY.

The attention of a little girl having been called to a rosebush, on whose topmost stem the oldest rose was fading, whilst below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she at once and artlessly exclaimed to her brother—"See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies."

"Well, my good woman," said a clergyman, who was sent for in the middle of the night by one of his congregation, "so you are ill, and require the consolations of religion.—What can I do for you?"

"No," replied the old lady, "I am only nervous, and can't sleep."

"How can I help that?" asked the minister.

"Oh, sir," said she, "you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church, that I thought if you would only preach a little for me!"

A peculiarly poetical pen furnishes the following fancy:—"Insects must generally lead a jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily! Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from a human center! Fancy again the tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of a summer air, and nothing to do when you wake but to wash yourself in a dew drop and fall to and eat your bed clothes."

A wag passing a house, observed on the door the separate names of a physician and a surgeon, and facetiously remarked that the circumstances put him in mind of a double barreled gun—if one would miss, the other was sure to kill.

"Come till America, Pat!" writes a son of the Emerald Isle, to his friend in Ireland; "tis a fine country to get a living in. All ye have to do, is to get a three-cornered box and fill it with brick and carry it till the top of a four story building, and the man at the top does all the work!"

## Items Foreign & Local.

Sir W. Hamilton, Astronomer Royal of Ireland, is dead.

The income of Wm. B. Astor, New York, is more than \$3 a minute, and more than \$4,300 a day.

The prospect of a reconciliation between the Emperor and Prince Napoleon still seems distant.

It is said that the potato disease has suddenly made its appearance in Ireland, and is rapidly spreading through that country.

\$500,000 in specie was shipped to Europe from New York, last week.

The new bonnets in New York are selling at \$20 and \$50 apiece. The almshouses are filling rapidly.

Wednesday, the 18th inst., has been appointed a day of general thanksgiving in Canada for the late abundant harvest.

The government has reinstated Mr. McLeod to the situation from which he was expelled by the Railway Commission.

Workmen in the lake tunnel at Chicago, forty feet below the bottom of the lake, can hear the engines and paddle-wheels of the steamboats passing overhead.

On the 25th ult., the ceremony of turning the first sod of the Halifax City Railroad, was performed by the Lieutenant Governor and his lady. A rosewood handled pickaxe, and a shovel of similar material were the tools employed.

The expense of fitting out and coaling the *Great Eastern* for laying the Cable, is stated to have exceeded £500,000.

We see it stated that a new journal will shortly be published in Charlotte County under high editorial management.

Two California gentlemen who lately dined on roasted grasshoppers in the Indian country, where they form a staple dish with the aborigines, declare that they were as good as parched corn and much better than the shrimps sold in the San Francisco saloons.

The Clerk of the Peace for Gloucester County has paid over one hundred bear bounties the present year.

The new British steamer "Queen," which reached New York on Tuesday, 5th ult., from Liverpool, brought one of the largest, if not the largest, freight of human beings that ever crossed the Atlantic in one vessel, having on board upwards of 1500 steerage passengers.

A man in Carlsle, Scotland, was killed a short time since by bees. He was at work near a hive when the insects came out and settled on his head, completely covering it, and in a few minutes afterwards the unfortunate man was found lying on his face, quite dead.

A St. Louis burglar, who was robbing a room in which a young lady was sleeping, could not resist the temptation of kissing the beautiful lips of the damsel, and was caught at it. It will be State Prison for a kiss.

A Hiramite paper says:—Fifty persons from different parts of the County left for the United States during the past week. The majority belonged to Douglas town.

The son of the late President of the United States, Captain Lincoln, a youth of nineteen, is now in Paris. He is said to have been in the last taken advantage of the vacation to go over and see something of the Old World.

Twenty-one disreputable houses in Philadelphia were broken up by the police last week and 123 persons arrested, who marched through the streets to the station-house, singing in chorus the song of "Tramp, tramp, tramp!"

A grand landscape in mosaic," made by a clerk in the French War Office is composed entirely of insects—(of beetles alone there are more than 45,000)—and nearly 4,000 different species, and took four years in making. This painful piece of work will form one of the chief attractions of the exhibition of insects about to be opened at the Palace Indus-triel.

A returned soldier in Birmingham, Conn., lately coughed up an ounce ball which went nearly through his head in the battle of Averysboro, N. C., and could not be previously extracted.

A shower of frogs fell lately in Maxwellton, Pennsylvania, Scotland. After an ordinary shower the ground was observed alive with small brown objects about the size of an almond. They were found, upon closer examination, to be frogs about the size these lively reptiles are when they emerge from the tadpole state.

An English woman in Dundalk gave birth to four children—two boys and two girls. A contribution is solicited for her bereaved husband.

There are eight regular female physicians in Philadelphia—all of whom are in good practice—and one of them is so overwhelmed with business that she keeps three horses in constant use.

The keel of a steambot, said to be the largest in the world, was laid last week for the People's Line of Albany. It is to have three tiers of staterooms.

In some districts in London, a new system of ventilation of sewers is introduced. Powdered charcoal suspended in the sewer openings, absorbs all noxious gas. The present alarm as to the possible epidemic gives great interest to this experiment. It is said to work perfectly, the charcoal retaining its property for many months, and being easily renewed.

Dr. Colenso, Bishop of Natal, returns to his diocese at the Cape of Good Hope. All efforts to oust him have proved unavailing. His income having been withheld, proceedings to obtain it have been commenced in chancery. Meanwhile a purse of upwards of 3000 guineas has been raised by subscription in England and Scotland to the Bishop, to enable him to resume his duties.

The Roman Catholic Church in the United States comprises 2984 churches, chapels and stations, 74 Theological Seminaries and colleges, 1404 academies and schools, 213 convents, 46 monasteries, 49 hospitals, 150 other benevolent institutions.

Mr. Dundas, it is said, is about to return to Prince Edward Island as Governor.

A young German girl joined in a free fight at Sulphur Springs, Ky., and shot one man dead and nearly killed another.

It is estimated that over 8,000 Southerners, chiefly young men, have settled in New York since the surrender of the Confederacy.

The whole number of persons made free in Kentucky through the instrumentality of the Army is 100,865.

By the Toronto papers we see that Oronystaketa, the young Indian who was placed in the University of Toronto by the Prince of Wales during his tour through the Provinces, has passed a creditable first-class examination at the Toronto Military School. Col. Lawrie, of the 47th, commended him publicly.

Two policemen are now on trial in Glasgow, Scotland, charged with the murder of a homeless youth of sixteen years, whom they discovered asleep upon a bench, and whom they maliciously picked into the burning mass of a street.

The whole editorial staff of one paper in Madrid challenged to a duel the staff of another paper.

Pittsburg is a queer place. The other day three men went into a lager beer saloon, and two commenced catching all the flies therein, while the third ate the insects as fast as caught, on a bet that he could eat them quicker than his companions could catch them. They were arrested and fined \$3 each for the fun.

General Castus Lee, son of Gen. Robert E. Lee, formerly of the Staff of Jefferson Davis, has been elected Professor of Applied Mechanics and Military and Civil Engineering, and Major Blair, another rebel officer, Professor of Natural Philosophy, in the Virginia Military Institute.

## General News.

ROBBERY OF \$800 WORTH OF JEWELRY.—A nice little confidence game was played yesterday morning at the expense of Messrs. Savage & Lyman. A very gentlemanly-looking person called on them yesterday; stated that his name was Herman; that he resided at the St. Lawrence Hall, and that he wished to purchase some jewelry for his wife and two daughters, who were then staying with him at the Hall. He was very particular as to prices, etc., and seemed desirous of making quite an extensive purchase. He had in the meanwhile secured rooms No. 27 and 28, which communicated with each other and opened on two different passages, so as to possess a passage No. 27, could go through 28 and find himself at the head of another avenue to the hall door. He secured the rooms from Mr. Horgan himself, and, unperceived by Mr. Jubb and Mr. Chadwick, the usual attendants in the office, entered his name as "Mr. Herman, wife and two daughters, N. Y." The trap was laid and baited. "Mr. Herman" now proceeded to spring it. He was well dressed, so proper and gentlemanly. He placed a carpet bag in "No. 27" and scattered several things about to give the room a respectable appearance. He next called at Savage & Lyman's and requested them to send a lot of Gold watches, chains, and diamond rings, to the Hall for selection by his "wife and two daughters," who, we need scarcely say, were not there, and merely existed in his own imagination. A list, proceeded to the St. Lawrence Hall, with a collection of valuable jewelry, and applied for "Mr. Herman." That gentleman was, of course, at home, and robbing his landlady in a gentlemanly self-satisfied manner, invited the clerk into "No. 27," and relieving him of his valuable cargo, placed his hat on the table and went out 23 to show the goods to his "wife and two daughters." His hat was on the table, a carpet bag was on the floor, and gentlemanly "Mr. Herman" was audibly speaking to his wife and two daughters in the next room. Who could suspect that anything was amiss? Mr. Herman was so well dressed, so proper and gentlemanly, the conversation appeared to be kept up with great animation, when suddenly it ceased, and you may imagine the rest. Mr. Herman had put on another headpiece, opened his carpet bag, and 23, and Yoric tally ho! had stolen away. The clerk waited and waited, finally knocked at the door and then realized the extent of the situation. He is not, of course, very conversant with the subject, and it is therefore difficult to ascertain the extent and value of his losses. Rumor says that \$800 will scarcely cover it.—*Montreal Gazette.*

NEW BRUNSWICK CATTLE IN THE STATES.—It appears, from evidence we hold in our hand, that New Brunswick raised cattle stand well in comparison with those in the States, and it might be inferred that there is nothing but want of facility and cheapness of transport (a most important want, however,) to prevent farmers here from supplying the American market with superior stock, if they chose. There is no doubt that as good general stock is raised here, in the neighborhood of Fredericton, as in those of S. Dano, Jr., of Kennebec, Maine, who some time ago purchased some stock from Mr. Robert Gray, Oak Park, Spring Hill, carried out, unimproved, not less than seven hundred and amounting to \$175, which was certainly doing well for himself, besides being a practical recommendation to the superiority of Mr. Gray's stock, which all can appreciate. This fact should be generally known, and it may not as an incentive to our farmers to bestow every care upon their cattle. We furnish a list of the premiums carried off by the fortunate purchaser. He took first, the 1st premium, \$30, on a yearling bull, named "Daisy," (three years old and under four); 4th, 2nd premium, \$15, for two year old heifer out of "Daisy"; 5th, 1st premium, \$30, for three years old heifer out of "Daisy"; 6th, 1st premium, \$50, two year old bull out of "Daisy"; (a diploma) on heifer calf out of the two years old heifer, out of "Daisy"—also, as above stated, a prize animal. Besides gaining the above prizes, he sold several of the animals he had on Exhibition.—*Head Quarters.*

THE END OF THE WORLD.—A British army officer—Captain W. A. Baker, of the Royal Bombay Engineers—has at last settled an often disputed date—the year in which the world will come to an end. In a work just published in England, entitled "The Day and the Hour; or, Notes on Prophecy; a Sketch of the Future, extracted from the Bible," he has imparted a considerable amount of information, which is certainly interesting if true. The day of judgment, he tells us, is fixed for Sept. 20, 1873; the hour, sunset; the Resurrection, the 25th of the month, at 11 o'clock in the morning on the 25th of January, 1873.

THE REV. FATHER M'GINN, C. C. in an eloquent sermon on Sunday last, denounced the parties who had been the means of ensuring the deluded youths into the meshes of Fenianism. In the course of the Rev. gentleman's address, he said he had been informed of the party who had dared to administer the oath of disloyalty, and that if he would not come forward he would put the officers of justice upon his track. This is as it should be, and always has been. The Irish priest has always been the faithful shepherd of his flock, and in denouncing the authors of this senseless and injurious movement, the Rev. Father M'Ginn has displayed a moral courage and a noble fidelity to his trust, which those who can appreciate it most highly admire.—*Dundalk Examiner.*

AN ASSAULT BY GEMALKE.—A New York policeman while going his rounds the other night, observed a large cat sitting on the sidewalk. As the officer passed, the animal sprang upon him, drove its claws into the leg above the knee, and bit and scratched the officer in a dreadful manner, until the cat was killed by him. He then went to the station house and finding that he was seriously wounded, the injuries being much inflamed and bleeding profusely, he was taken to the New York Hospital and properly cared for. The officer is said, is in a critical condition.

A rich old widower in Canada is said to have proposed a very odd scheme to gain the hand of the belle of the village. He got up a list of the tell the young lady's fortune in words which he dictated, as follows:—"My dear young lady your son will soon be bid for a short time by a very smart fellow, but when he is gone you will continue to shine with uninterrupted splendor to the end of your days. Before one week a wealthy old widower, wearing a suit of black and a fine top hat, will pay you a visit and request your hand in marriage. You will accept his proposal, become his wife, and be left a widow in the possession of all his property, before the close of the year. Your next husband will be a young man of whom you think most fit to present. Three days after the old gentleman, dressed in the manner described by the gipsy, presented himself to the young lady, and the marriage followed.

A POLITICAL ANATOMY.—Last week every member of the reigning family of this country was absent from it; there is no Parliament daily sworn and authorized) in existence; scarcely any of Her Majesty's Ministers are resident in town; and yet, notwithstanding the resignation of the Fenian Brotherhood, peace reigns in all our kingdoms.—*News of the World.*