

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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Our Queen and Constitution.

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JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WHOLE NO. 883

Poetry.

THE PEACE AUTUMN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Thank God for rest, where none molest,
And none can make afraid,
For peace that sits as Plenty's guest,
Beneath the homestead shade!

Bring pike and gun, the sword's red scourge,
The negro's broken chains,
And beat them on the blacksmith's forge
To ploughshares for our plains.

Alike henceforth our hills of snow,
And vales where cotton flowers,
All streams that flow, all winds that blow,
Are Freedom's motive powers.

Henceforth to Labour's chivalry
Be knighted honours paid;
For nobler than the sword's shall be
The sickle's accolade.

Build up an altar to the Lord,
Of grateful hearts of ours!
And shape it of the greenest sword,
That ever drank the showers.

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,
And there the orchard fruit;
Bring golden grain from sun and air,
From earth her goodly fruits.

Then let our banners droop and flow,
The stars uprise and fall;
Our roll of martyrs, sad and slow,
Let sighing breezes call.

Their names let hands of horn and tan
And rough-shod feet applaud,
Who died to make the slave a man,
And link with toil reward.

Then let the common hearth keep time
To such an anthem song,
As never swelled on poet's rhyme,
Or thrilled on singer's tongue—

Song of our burden and relief,
Of peace and long annuity;
The passion of our mighty grief,
And our exulting joy.

A song of praise to him who filled
The harvest sown in tears,
And gave each field a double yield,
To feed our battle years!

A song of faith that trusts the end,
To match the good begun,
Nor doubts the power of love to blend,
The hearts of men as one!

Select Tale.

THE STORY I HEARD IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

We were staying, a large party, at Thornton Court, at the beginning of the pleasant-shooting season, when I heard an account of an optical illusion, which is of such a novel character that I can hardly suppose it will not be interesting to many people. The ladies had been, or at least were supposed to have been, to bed; for I have often, on my way back from the smoking-room, at an hour when all but a few confirmed smokers of the weed are believed to be asleep in a country house, heard through the doors which communicate between some of the young ladies' rooms and the corridor, sounds of voices and of laughter, which I hardly can imagine proceeded from sleeping occupants, and which have led me to believe that the vague stories we hear of little chits by members of the fair sex over their bedroom fires are not altogether unfounded.

At any rate, every one who left the drawing-room, by one by one, smokers in every variety and every color of smoking jacket and of dressing gown, had dropped into the before-mentioned sanctuaries of tobacco, where, under sporting pictures and one or two foxes' brushes, and shut off from the rest of the house by double glass doors, we formed a party of about half a dozen round the cheerful fire which the chilly days of early October rendered quite acceptable. After all the members of the social community were supplied with cigars and large glasses, which contained various compounds of effervescing waters, and had settled into their chairs, we chatted over the pheasants, the prospects of hunting, the merits of some well-known race-horses, and such other subjects as form the staple of conversation on similar occasions. Somehow or other the conversation turned upon ghosts and spiritualism. All discussed the subject except the usually conversational Col. Houghton, who silently pulled away at a large cigar, and gazed steadily into the fire.

"Come, Houghton," at last said Randon, our host, "what is your opinion on the subject?" "I certainly have not the least belief in ghosts, but a most curious case once occurred to myself for which I have never been able to account," was the reply.

"Oh, let us hear it by all means," cried several, charmed with the idea of getting Houghton, who was rather skeptical in most matters, to tell a ghost story.

"I have never told it, but I think that now I can do so, as, by giving other than the real names of the men I fancied I saw after their deaths, no one now will be able to tell who they were," was the reply.

"Several new cigars were lighted, some glasses were replenished, and we disposed ourselves to listen, when Colonel Houghton, looking very grave, and with an expression I have never before seen on his face, began his tale:

"I must tell you that my adventure occurred in a country, which I think is the last place on earth where one would have expected to encounter anything mysterious or unnatural; for it was in China, the country of ideal dullness and practicality, that I witnessed the phenomenon I have hitherto been unable to account for satisfactorily. In order to understand the whole case I must begin at a much earlier period of my life than that at which the circumstance I am about to relate occurred.

Letters implored my father to let me leave Eaton and go to a private tutor's, where I might undergo a special preparation for the military profession. My father for a long time opposed the idea, as he wished me to go to the bar; and as I was not an over-diligent boy, imagined that in the army I should not do anything except smoke and run into debt. At last my importunities led him to consent to a compromise, and I was removed from Eaton, but not to a military tutor's; I was sent to a clergyman in the west of England, who received a very limited number of pupils, and who was to teach me thoroughly such subjects as would fit me for the army, in case I remained steadfast to my wishes, or which otherwise might be useful in a civil career. When I arrived at Dr. Warnborough's, I found there only two pupils, one named Charles Granger, and another who left soon after I joined. Granger and I in a short time became warm friends; we rode together, boated together, had no secrets from each other, and for eighteen months were almost inseparable. Dr. Warnborough and his wife were a most kind, good-hearted couple, and made us most comfortable in every way, an attention, I am afraid, we did not always entirely reciprocate, for we were both rather wild and foolish, although I must do Charles the justice to say that in all scrapes I was the leader and cause.

One incident which amused us much at the time I may mention *en passant*. The village in which Dr. Warnborough's rectory was situated abounded with cats, against which we two boys declared a war of extermination. Many fell before our air-guns (bought surreptitiously at an ironmonger's in the neighboring town) before the bright idea struck me of making a rug of their skins; but the idea when it did come up in my not over well-stocked brain, was regarded, both by myself and Charles, as quite equal to Watt's conception of the steam engine, or what interested us more, the invention of air-guns. Naturally my idea was soon acted upon; the next cat that we killed was skinned with our pocket knives, the body buried, and all seemed well, when a new difficulty arose. How were the skins to be dried? It would not be safe to place them in any of the out-houses, for the doctor might find them, and would lecture us on what would appear to him, although to us it seemed only in obedience to the dictates of youthful nature that we should kill cats. My invention again came to the front; the dining-room table was turned upside down and the skin nailed on its under surface; the table being restored to its proper position, and the cover put on, no trace of the cat's establishment below was visible. But vision is not our only sense; next day at breakfast Mrs. Warnborough began to think that some of the drains were out of order; but as desiccation had only just set in, beside was only pooled by the doctor, and we boys had too strong stomachs to feel any inconvenience from a smell of which we so well knew the cause. By dinner-time, however, there was no doubt on the subject, and the good lady felt, I think, almost a little triumph over such a subject, when the doctor was obliged to confess she had been in the right in the morning. Every search was made to discover the cause of the evil, which increased hourly; the drains were examined, but all without avail, the room with the table (which no one thought of examining) standing in its centre was uninhabitable; and at last I felt I must tell the doctor; so I went to him, received a mild reproof, and the nuisance was repressed.

At the first mention of the table with the cat skin stretched below it, several of the audience expected some account of table-rapping, or of the supposed spiritualism, for the demonstration of which this very useful article of domestic furniture used a few years ago to be the favorite instrument. Webb of the artillery, who knew that cat-skin generated electricity, was prepared to account for any phenomenon by the electric agency of the cat-skin below the table; but as the termination of this part of the story opened no chance to him for broaching this theory, it was only in a confidential moment next morning he discovered to me what had been passing in his mind.

Colonel Houghton after a few moments' pause, recommenced: "For about eighteen months Granger and I lived most happily in Dr. Warnborough's house; but at the end of that time the poor doctor came to a violent death, turning at a late hour from a visit to a dying parishioner, which settled on his lungs and from the effects of which he died in a few weeks. Both Granger and myself were deeply affected by the loss; we had both loved sincerely the worthy estimable man whose only fault (if he had one at all) had been too much kindness to us.

"As this loss left Mrs. Warnborough totally unprotected for the curate, who received the late doctor's living, being an unmarried man, generously gave Mrs. Warnborough the free use of the rectory, and engaged himself to read with us, so that Mrs. Warnborough might still receive what our parents paid for our board and lodging to help to ease out her little income.

"About three months after Dr. Warnborough's death, a match at football took place in the village between our parish and a neighboring one. Charles and I were players on our side, and worked hard at a rather uphill game all the afternoon. In the evening we left the drawing-room and retired to the dining-room, which after dinner was devoted to our use for the preparation of our lessons. This evening the severe exercise of the afternoon told on us so much that Charles after a vain attempt on a piece of French composition, threw himself on the sofa and in a few minutes was fast asleep. A quarter of an hour more of Euclid made me follow his example in the arm-chair by the fire. The room was well lighted with four candles and a

tolerably bright fire. Charles' sofa was at the end of the room furthest from the door, and I was sitting in the arm-chair, which had its back toward the door. After being asleep about an hour, and a little before ten o'clock, as I afterwards found by my watch, I was aroused by a sudden cry from Charles. On awaking, I distinctly saw Dr. Warnborough, dressed in his morning gown, walk across the room from the end nearest Charles to the door, where he disappeared, either through the door or by opening it and closing it after him; in my surprise I could not see which.

"A few moments sufficed to completely awake me, and I rushed out of the door to try to perceive something more of the extraordinary vision; but all was still and undisturbed in every part of the house. Charles and I discussed the matter very seriously. He informed me that he had awoke and seen the doctor standing looking at him; the sight caused him to call out and thus awake me. We neither of us believed in ghosts, but were much depressed and puzzled by this strange appearance, which we resolved to confide to no one, in case it might reach Mrs. Warnborough's ears and give her pain. Often and often we talked to each other, however, on the subject, and ultimately made a compact that if it were possible, whichever of us died first should appear to the other after death.

"In a few months after this I was removed from Mr. Warnborough's and at the same time Granger went abroad to look after his father's business in Austria. For six or seven years I was quartered with my regiment in several parts of the United Kingdom; I occasionally saw Granger when he both happened to come to London together, which was not often; but in the excitement of early military life, I thought no more of optical delusions, and almost forgot my compact with Granger and the vision of Dr. Warnborough. I was afterwards sent to India, where I still received occasionally letters from Granger; but different tastes and pursuits rendered our correspondence unfrequent and uncertain.

When the expedition to Pekin was determined on in 1860, the cavalry regiment to which I was attached was ordered to China, and we arrived without incident at Tientsin Bay, where the English army were disembarked in order to wait for the French previous to a common descent on China at the mouth of the Peiho. The shores of Tientsin Bay did not afford facilities for encamping the whole army together on account of the small space between the beach and a high rocky range of mountains which ran along the bay at a distance of about half a mile. The sea in some places, but which ran close down to the water in others. The cavalry were encamped at an open part of the shore where there was room for their camp between the hills and high-water mark. Another portion of the army occupied a similar encampment about six miles further up the bay.

On account of the rocks running down to the sea between the two camps, there was no road or means of communication along the shore; the only way to go from one camp to the other was to pass through a gap in the hills behind our camp, where we always had a picket, ride about five miles across the plain, and re-enter the hills by another gap behind the infantry camp, where pickets were also regularly established. I had many friends in the neighboring camp, and used often to ride over there, not unfrequently stopping to dine, and riding back at night. These expeditions were not, I believe, known to the superior authorities, who would probably have stopped my evening rides beyond the sentries, as it was not certain whether the country was infested with Tartars, who might have carried off any stragglers; but trusting to my revolver and my Arab horse, I had individually no fear of being taken, even if attacked.

One night I had been over to the infantry, and had stayed till about 11 o'clock, when I started to ride home. There was a tolerably bright moon shining, and I trotted quickly through the hills, past the infantry picket, into the plain, where I drew my horse into a walk and smoked a cheroot while he walked quietly along on the smooth turf. About half a way across the plain I was aroused from a deep reverie in which a certain lady in England, who was now my wife, took a prominent place, by perceiving that I had been followed by a man in a long coat and top hat, who followed me in a dog-like manner, and after this he had to go to a party and take a second dinner, he ate nothing all the next day. He died at the age of seventy. A lady of culture, refinement, and unusual powers of observation and comparison; became a widow. Reduced from affluence to poverty, with a large family of small children dependent on her manual labor for daily food, she made a variety of experiments to ascertain what articles could be purchased for the least money, and would at the same time "go the farthest," by keeping her children longest from crying for something to eat. She soon discovered that when they ate buckwheat cakes and molasses, they were quiet for a longer time upon me. I was more astonished still, when, as he continued to gain on me, I perceived he was dressed in ordinary English evening costume, especially as I did not think of a dress that kind could have been found in the whole army, for we always wore a uniform adapted to the climate, and had little enough baggage allowed us without carrying any superfluities.

My follower still continued to gain on me, and I was so much astonished, that I continued to gaze on him as, coming nearer and nearer, he became more distinctly visible. When he was within a few yards I saw that the front of his shirt was entirely covered with something red, which looked to me as if it were blood, and he was looking over his shoulder at me, and I saw a human figure walking behind me at a distance of about a hundred yards. My impression was that I was about to be attacked at last by some Tartar, so I got my revolver out and urged my horse with difficulty into a trot. In a few minutes I again looked behind, expecting to have left my pursuer far in the distance, but to my great surprise he had walked faster than my horse could trot, and had gained upon me. I was more astonished still, when, as he continued to gain on me, I perceived he was dressed in ordinary English evening costume, especially as I did not think of a dress that kind could have been found in the whole army, for we always wore a uniform adapted to the climate, and had little enough baggage allowed us without carrying any superfluities.

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going, came from behind a slight cloud, just as he reached my girths. She shone full on a very pale face, which was turned up to mine, on a mouth from which blood was slowly issuing, and on a pair of eyes, which, although now they appeared fierce and staring, I well knew, it was Charles Granger. Still he walked steadily but quickly; he passed my horse's shoulder, then his head. The poor brute shook as if he were going to fall.

I was so surprised that I could not speak, nor did I remember that I held a pistol in my right hand. When the spectre (for so I then thought it) had passed on, I could distinctly see it in front of me walking away from me, straight along the path I was pursuing. Then I recovered my presence of mind and called after him; in vain I implored, implored and threatened to fire if he did not stop; but he went steadily, though quickly, without appearing to hear me. I then urged my horse (who had recovered from his fright) into a canter and pursued, but could not gain on my extraordinary fellow-traveler; the faster I cantered and even galloped, the faster he went; but he never ran, his movement was always a long, steady stride. After a pursuit of about ten minutes I saw the sentry of the outpost at the pass of the hills leading to our camp standing directly in the path the figure was pursuing; loudly I called to let me pass. I saw the sentry bring his musket to the charge, when the apparition was within thirty yards or so of him, heard him cry, 'Turn out the guard.' The men who were loitering near fell in, and I hastened forward and asked the sentry:

"Did you see a man walking in front of me?"

"No, sir," was the answer; "no one has past here since we mounted."

"Why did you turn out the guard?" said I.

"Because I saw you galloping and calling out, sir, and I thought you were being chased by Chinamen."

The sergeant and other soldiers fully confirmed the sentry's assertion that no person had passed their post; and as I did not wish to be thought absurd, I simply said I supposed I had been mistaken, and rode into camp without seeing anything more of the figure of Granger.

"Did you drink much wine at dinner Houghton?" here inquired Randon.

"No, upon my honor, all I drank that day was one glass of rum and water, and that early in the afternoon. I never did drink much of anything in the East for the sake of health; and that I was perfectly sober at the time of the occurrence all my brother officers could testify."

"Did you ever see it again?" asked some one almost acknowledging, by the form of his interrogation, that the story had told on him.

I soon got over the effect of this delusion, which I believe it must have been, although I cannot account for it, resumed Houghton, but I received another shock when we were well on the road into Pekin, about two months afterwards, and the English mail arrived. I was away for a day or two from my own regiment when the letters came, and did not receive my own; but in the papers which came to the regiment I had read that I had died. I had then seen him at Tientsin Bay. A day or two afterwards my own letters came to me. One was in Mrs. Warnborough's handwriting. "She was writing," she told me, to give me the particulars of the death of poor Charles, my old fellow-pupil, who had been cut off suddenly, which he had heard from his relatives. He had been dining at a public dinner at Vienna, when suddenly he fell forward senseless, having broken a blood-vessel. The blood poured in torrents over his shirt, and he had bled to death, without speaking a word, before medical aid could arrive. She then gave the hour and day of his death. "Allowing for the difference of time, which exists between North China and Vienna, Charles Granger had died in Vienna, almost a minute, at the very time I fancied I saw him on the plain of Chinese Tartary."

Curiosities of the world. Formerly well known in Washington city, was accustomed to eat but one meal in twenty-four hours; if after this he had to go to a party and take a second dinner, he ate nothing all the next day. He died at the age of seventy. A lady of culture, refinement, and unusual powers of observation and comparison; became a widow. Reduced from affluence to poverty, with a large family of small children dependent on her manual labor for daily food, she made a variety of experiments to ascertain what articles could be purchased for the least money, and would at the same time "go the farthest," by keeping her children longest from crying for something to eat. She soon discovered that when they ate buckwheat cakes and molasses, they were quiet for a longer time upon me. I was more astonished still, when, as he continued to gain on me, I perceived he was dressed in ordinary English evening costume, especially as I did not think of a dress that kind could have been found in the whole army, for we always wore a uniform adapted to the climate, and had little enough baggage allowed us without carrying any superfluities.

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in tea or coffee, instead of procuring the more substantial food, such as meat and flour and potatoes. On being reproved for their apparent extravagance, and improvidence, the cry universally was, in both cases, identical; their own observation had shown them that a penny's worth of tea, tobacco, or liquor, would keep off the sense of hunger longer than a penny's worth of anything else. Scientific men express the idea by saying, "Tea, like alcohol, retards the metamorphosis of the tissues; in other words, it gives fuel to the flame, and thus prevents it from consuming the fat and flesh of the body."

If a person gets into the habit of taking a lunch between the breakfast and dinner, he will soon find himself getting faint about the regular luncheon time; but let him be so pressed with important engagements for several days in succession as to take nothing between meals, it will not be long before he can dispense with his lunch altogether. These things seem to show that, to a certain extent, eating is a mere habit. Whole tribes of Indian hunters and trappers have been known to eat but once in twenty-four hours, and that at night.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Temper under Control.

It is one of the rich rewards of self mastery, that the very occurrences which fret the temper of an irritable person, bring relief and satisfaction to him who rules his spirit.—The following anecdote of Wilberforce is in point:—A friend found him once in a state of agitation looking at a dispatch which had been mislaid—he had delayed the search till the last moment—he seemed at last quite vexed and hurried. At this unlucky instant a disturbance in the nursery overhead occurred. My friend, who was with him, said to himself, "Now, for once, Wilberforce's temper will give way." He hardly thought thus, when Wilberforce turned to him and said: "What a blessing it is to have these dear children! Only think, what a relief, amidst other hurries, to hear their voices and know they are well."

Some recent English statistics are instructive to the friends of temperance. In the last twelve years the consumption of beer and wine has increased more rapidly than in proportion to the population, while the consumption of distilled spirits has largely fallen off, showing that the slightly exhilarating liquors are superseding those more decidedly intoxicating; and the change is perceptible in the improvement of the public morals and the decrease of drunkenness.

Even in Ireland, beer is supplanting the terrible whiskey, and shillies and broken heads are getting to be strangely uncommon. Whether or not this is the true theory or not, the mitigation of intemperance by the use of the mild stimulants is certainly a fact that should give satisfaction, and there are not a few temperance men who believe that it is the most feasible method of reform.

Two detectives were shot in Dublin a short time since. One of them was the person who broke into the Irish People office, and who also arrested the notorious "Head Centre" Stephens.

A recently married lady in Cincinnati was called into the parlor of her boarding-house one day last week to see a woman who had enquired for her. She recognized a discarded lover in female disguise, and only his awkwardness in taking his revolver from an untimely pocket gave him time to escape from the door. The discarded lover had planned with so much cunning.

The Antigonish Casket says, another magnificent cone of gold, weighing 347 ounces, value about \$7,000, has just been produced from the "Maclean pit," in Goldenville, the total revenue incurred in producing the above amounting to \$1,500. The prospects continue good, and appearances indicate that this pit will yield at this rate for the next four or five years.

They have a mystery in Lewiston. The windows and doors of many houses have lately been on themselves to rattling with intermissions of silence and with variations in degree of the noise. The Journal calls on some learned pundit to explain the phenomenon.

How a Church Debt was Paid.—A Game of Bluff in the Pulpit.

Not long since an eminent divine in the State of Illinois (it will not do to mention dates, places or names) visited a distant town for the purpose of preaching the dedicatory sermon in a new church. Court was in session, and on Saturday evening the Judge and lawyers congregated together in a room and amused themselves by card-playing and story-telling. The divine, at the request of F., a lawyer, visited the room. Coming upon the group suddenly they were unable to hide the cards and whiskey. The divine looked on awhile, and then raising his hat, invited the gentlemen present to attend church the next day and hear him preach. They agreed to do so, and Sunday found Judge and lawyers seated in the "anon corner."

The sermon over, the minister announced: "Friends, the citizens of this town have built a fine church; there is still fifteen hundred dollars due. We propose to raise the money by subscription to-day, and (eyeing the judge) I go one hundred dollars. Who goes better?" The judge, glancing at the lawyers, slowly responded, "I see your hundred." "Thank you brother," says the lawyer, "was any one raised?" "Looking at lawyer No. 1. The lawyer saw he was in for it, and quietly responded, "I go a hundred blind," and so on through the list. The divine raked down both the bar and their money, until the scene closed by a sharp, shrill voice, announcing, "I see the last hundred, and 'call you!"

Our readers can imagine the astonishment of that congregation. We venture, however, that those lawyers will not soon invite the divine to witness a "social game of whist," where men "see" each other, "go it blind," and "call" the hand.

Prosodic Poetry. I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and I asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, the insensible thing, and said she'd not marry me. I told her I'd oceans of money and goods—tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods, to be scared by the screech of an owl. I called her a coquette and everything bad, I slighted her features and form; fill, at length, I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like a sea in a storm. And then, in a moment, I turned and smiled, and called her my angel and dear; she fell in my arms like a wearisome child, and exclaimed, "We will marry this year."

Socrates, being silent in company, was requested to join in the conversation. He replied: "What I know would be improper here; and what would be proper here, of that I am ignorant."

Items Foreign & Local.

One of the Rothschilds has joined the bar of Paris as a lawyer.

The New Bedford Standard estimates the damage to the whaling interest by the Shenandoah as \$1,550,000.

The receipts of the Dublin Exhibition were \$45,000; visitors 900,000.

There are 138 bachelors in the House of Commons.

Mosquitoes again made their appearance in Quebec the other day, having been resuscitated by the late warm weather.

The physicians in Paris say that one of the best preventatives of cholera is rum mixed with tea. One house sold no less than 300 punchbuns of rum in a week.

An immense iron block in Chicago, five stories in height, and weighing with its contents about 50,000 tons, has just been raised twenty-seven inches, without in the least interrupting the business of the occupant.

The smuggling on the Canadian border is estimated at \$10,000 per day.

The London novelty is a cheap excursion ticket to America and back.

Mexico's debt is \$315,000,000.

Forty-nine counterfeiters are in jail in Cincinnati.

United States smokers consume a billion of cigars annually.

An experiment is about to be made in Albany to run horse-cars by means of compressed air.

Since the act abolishing suttee was passed in India nine years ago, about fifty widows have been remarried in India.

The Indians of the Western Territories fired off all their ammunition at the late eclipse of the sun.

The secret among them is that anything contrary to the usual routine portends evil, and a great noise will drive the evil spirit away.

A tenor singer in Paris received \$5000 for singing one evening.

A plague of rats is afflicting Bremer, in Scotland. They have eaten houses and shops out of provisions and dry goods.

Mrs. Rue, the Mayorsess of Derby, England, has been delivering a lecture in that town on "The Education of Girls." Mr. Cox, M. P. for the borough presided.

In the Court of Common Pleas, New York, last week a verdict with \$1004 damages was recovered against the Independent Telegraph Company for a mistake in transmitting a message, which made the mapping opposite to the intent.

A man in California had set a spring pistol, in his drawer to shoot an intruder who stole his money, and in the morning, having forgotten about it, he opened the drawer and received the contents prepared for the robber. So says the San Andreas Register.

Two detectives were shot in Dublin a short time since. One of them was the person who broke into the Irish People office, and who also arrested the notorious "Head Centre" Stephens.

A recently married lady in Cincinnati was called into the parlor of her boarding-house one day last week to see a woman who had enquired for her. She recognized a discarded lover in female disguise, and only his awkwardness in taking his revolver from an untimely pocket gave him time to escape from the door. The discarded lover had planned with so much cunning.

The Antigonish Casket says, another magnificent cone of gold, weighing 347 ounces, value about \$7,000, has just been produced from the "Maclean pit," in Goldenville, the total revenue incurred in producing the above amounting to \$1,500. The prospects continue good, and appearances indicate that this pit will yield at this rate for the next four or five years.

They have a mystery in Lewiston. The windows and doors of many houses have lately been on themselves to rattling with intermissions of silence and with variations in degree of the noise. The Journal calls on some learned pundit to explain the phenomenon.

How a Church Debt was Paid.—A Game of Bluff in the Pulpit. Not long since an eminent divine in the State of Illinois (it will not do to mention dates, places or names) visited a distant town for the purpose of preaching the dedicatory sermon in a new church. Court was in session, and on Saturday evening the Judge and lawyers congregated together in a room and amused themselves by card-playing and story-telling. The divine, at the request of F., a lawyer, visited the room. Coming upon the group suddenly they were unable to hide the cards and whiskey. The divine looked on awhile, and then raising his hat, invited the gentlemen present to attend church the next day and hear him preach. They agreed to do so, and Sunday found Judge and lawyers seated in the "anon corner."

The sermon over, the minister announced: "Friends, the citizens of this town have built a fine church; there is still fifteen hundred dollars due. We propose to raise the money by subscription to-day, and (eyeing the judge) I go one hundred dollars. Who goes better?" The judge, glancing at the lawyers, slowly responded, "I see your hundred." "Thank you brother," says the lawyer, "was any one raised?" "Looking at lawyer No. 1. The lawyer saw he was in for it, and quietly responded, "I go a hundred blind," and so on through the list. The divine raked down both the bar and their money, until the scene closed by a sharp, shrill voice, announcing, "I see the last hundred, and 'call you!"

Our readers can imagine the astonishment of that congregation. We venture, however, that those lawyers will not soon invite the divine to witness a "social game of whist," where men "see" each other, "go it blind," and "call" the hand.

Prosodic Poetry. I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and I asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, the insensible thing, and said she'd not marry me. I told her I'd oceans of money and goods—tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods, to be scared by the screech of an owl. I called her a coquette and everything bad, I slighted her features and form; fill, at length, I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like a sea in a storm. And then, in a moment, I turned and smiled, and called her my angel and dear; she fell in my arms like a wearisome child, and exclaimed, "We will marry this year."

Socrates, being silent in company, was requested to join in the conversation. He replied: "What I know would be improper here; and what would be proper here, of that I am ignorant."

One of the Rothschilds has joined the bar of Paris as a lawyer.

The New Bedford Standard estimates the damage to the whaling interest by the Shenandoah as \$1,550,000.