

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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WHOLE NO. 851.

## Poetry.

### LINES TO MY BEREAVED SISTER.

Dear loved St. John! breath requiem strains,  
Above the earth, dear,  
Your joyous rippling song restrain,  
When passing part with hushed refrain,  
When pebbled path you tread.  
Shores of New Brunswick: sweetly blooming,  
In Eastern beauty show—  
With all their varied rich perfume,  
Their native flowers upon the tomb,  
Smilingly greet you dead.  
Fall softly down, beneath you lie,  
In glorious beauty rare,  
With all their varied rich perfume,  
Their native flowers upon the tomb,  
Smilingly greet you dead.  
Look down bright stars! a tiny mound,  
Mid evergreens and elms;  
With prayers and tears, and kisses crowned,  
Reflects reverently around,  
Your smiling angel's gleam.  
That busy thought, alas! for thee,  
Those little parting feet;  
Like distant mountains of the sea,  
Will echo mournfully to thee,  
While pulse and heart shall beat.  
Yet with thy prayers be heart allied,  
That on the heavenly shore,  
Thou, leagues thine Eastern home divide,  
From mine the Orange hedge beside,  
Our sacred chain be bound once more.  
RHEILA C. BUTLER.  
Dixon, July 15th, 1861.

## Select Tale.

### WHEAT AND TARES.

BY MARY CHIEF.

Harvey Mallerton was a clergyman, but he did not carry the badge of his profession in his necktie, or a vest of unusual length; and, as he sat in the Pittsburgh car, rendered oblivious to the swiftly passing trees, and fields, and rocks, and dwellings by that potent charmer, the morning paper, you would have pronounced him an intelligent and dignified gentleman, and probably had no suspicion of his ministerial office.

Certainly Eleanor and Minnie Cragg had no thought of being in a clerical neighborhood when they entered the car and occupied the seat in front of Harvey Mallerton. Clergymen were to them objects of especial interest; for, after months of deliberation, the congregation among whom they worshipped had extended a call to a young divine who was, from the report of the elders, strong in the doctrines and powerful in an argument; and, according to the young ladies, a jewel of a pastor, so fascinating and good-looking. Strange that the daughter and niece of Deacon Cragg should be the last to seek the acquaintance of the young divine; but the explanation thereof was to be found in this railroad journey, terminating a visit of several months.

Harvey Mallerton was an unmarried man, but not insensible to the fluttering of brown travelling-dresses, the waving of curl-crowned tresses, the floating of blue veils and clattering of feminine voices directly before him. An occasional glance from his paper betrayed his sensibility; and when the younger of the ladies began to study her ticket, he folded his paper and began to study human nature. That ticket was sufficient to interest him, for he held another like it; and if the name of the city designated their residence, they might be lambs of his flock. As a shepherd, he began the study of the lambs. Their personelles came first. The elder was a dark brunette, with flashing eyes and dark wavy hair, certainly a handsome and attractive person. The younger was neither blonde nor brunette, her features were not regular nor her eyes beautiful, except for their clearness and truthfulness. It was not a handsome face certainly, but such a one as we turn to look at a second time, as if we had not fully comprehended its meaning, or were wrong in pronouncing it plain.

Harvey Mallerton, whose life-work it was to study human nature, next fell to studying the character of these lambs, as developed before him, and unconsciously they lent him much assistance in their free and unconstrained conversation. He noticed that the elder was imperious and authoritative, the prevailing mood of her words being imperative, while the younger spoke amiably and kindly in the potential mood. The selfishness too often manifested in travelling was apparent in the monopoly of seats by the elder, and formed a marked contrast with the self-sacrifice of the younger, who, ere the journey was accomplished, had relieved the inevitable travelling companion, a burly Irish woman, of the care of several noisy bad-carriers in embryo. The young divine was thoroughly interested in the owner of the clear gray eyes, and found himself wishing heartily she might belong to his fold. He smiled when some one said, "Good morning, Miss Cragg," for that was the name of one of his deacons.

He listened attentively, and the smile grew broader and deeper when the gray-eyed Minnie Cragg turned to her proud cousin Eleanor with the remark: "Our society must be greatly improved by the presence of the young divine, stirring up the grace of the elders and the graces of the youth."

"Humph!" ejaculated her companion—"How the Widow Lusher's piety will be intensified, and Mrs. Jones' spirituality of mind be increased. How interested Kitty Lane will become in all church-charities, and what a turning of maidens' faces Zionward there will be!" "I think I must make an attempt to captivate him myself," laughed Minnie.

"You!" exclaimed her cousin. The personal pronoun was full of contempt and irony, causing Minnie to laugh gleefully. "Yes, me!" she answered, gayly. "My pronoun is as full of appreciation as yours was full of depreciation. Fenvy no clergyman's wife, but consider myself so well adapted to the position that it would be a pity to waste my qualifications in a meaner service."

Eleanor Cragg vouchsafed no answer, but a look of ineffable scorn curled her proud lips. As for Harvey Mallerton, he quite wished the bantering resolution to captivate him might be made in earnest, only half-conscious that the work was partly done.

At the supper-table that night, he listened with interest to Deacon Allen's remark to the Deaconess: "I saw Minnie and Eleanor Cragg at the depot."

"Are they members of Deacon Cragg's family?" inquired the clergyman.

"Yes; the Deacon's niece and daughter," answered the old man. "Eleanor, the niece, is a Christian, but our good brother has never had the pleasure of seeing his only child gathered in the fold."

"She is full of fun and frolic, but I often tell my husband she is not far from the fold," answered the Deaconess, quietly.

Harvey Mallerton, thinking of the words and acts in the railroad car, decided that the haughty imperious girl was the Deacon's unsanctified daughter, and the amiable little creature his Christian niece.

The following day, when he stood in the pulpit and preached most eloquently of the divine love and compassion, his eyes often rested on the sweet earnest face in the Deacon's pew.

She attended closely, and once her large liquid eyes filled with tears as he talked of divine love and human duty. It was the day of the Holy Communion, and when those within the pale of the Church assembled to partake of the divinely-instituted sacrament, Harvey Mallerton missed the gentle, mischievous girl, but the prouder, haughtier cousin was there.

He began to suspect her error; and when subsequent introductions convinced him of it, he could not help wondering which was wheat and which was tares, which was sinner and which saint, though one was in the Church and the other in the world.

He often saw the niece. She was active in the church. She taught, she prayed, she distributed charities. She was zealous in every labor in which her power was interested. As for the daughter, merry Minnie Cragg, notwithstanding her threat to captivate him, she avoided him sedulously.

Harvey Mallerton, who often watched the gentle face grow thoughtful under his eloquent appeals, scarce ever met the laughing face outside his church, and then was unable to elicit any emotion but a cool indifference.

Meantime, each day proved to him the necessity of a wife, and a dozen kind advisers were ever chanting in his ears the dignity and devotion of Eleanor Cragg.

Strange that his heart should wander to the elish little creature, who sometimes laughed in prayer-meeting, ridiculed the idiosyncrasies of his parish, and shocked the ancient pillars of his church generally.

He began to consider it a weakness, and resolved to crush it. He had been absent several days, and was en route for home that he might be present at a church-entertainment that evening, when one of his parishioners met him in the cars and apprised him of the dying condition of a young girl in his church.

She was a faithful girl, in whom he had been deeply interested. Long delicate, he had not thought her death so near, and expressed as much.

"The crisis has been hastened, doubtless," answered his informant, "by over-exertion. New costumes for this evening's entertainment have been required by many; and one young lady, who loves dress more than humanity, exacted labors of her that threw her into her present condition. Strange that a member of Deacon Cragg's family should be guilty of such cruelty."

"Not the Deacon's daughter, surely," said the young clergyman.

"Judging from her frivolous character, I should think it very possible," answered his friend. "Miss Eleanor Cragg sets a noble example of piety and usefulness."

The young clergyman made his resolve then. This giddy, trifling girl was keeping his heart from his more worthy cousin. He would set that barrier forever aside, and that very evening ask Eleanor Cragg to become his wife.

With this resolve he dressed himself for the entertainment, and on his way called on the suffering girl.

"Miss Cragg is with her," said the woman in attendance. And a thrill of pleasure shot through his heart that he had not chosen his bride unworthily.

He entered the sick chamber, and by the dim light, saw the dying face pillowed on a young girl's bosom. She was singing in low, sweet tones a soothing hymn, but her voice faltered, and she shook her frame when she observed him.

He knelt by the deathbed, and offered a fervent petition for the dying and the living. She was kneeling by his side, the bride he had chosen, and Heaven seemed to consecrate his choice.

Thus the sewing-girl died, and Minnie Cragg arose, exclaiming, "Death has taught me new uses for living."

The clergyman started, for standing thus in the light he beheld, not Eleanor, but Minnie Cragg. He remembered her cruelty, and thought if not all saint, she could not be all sinner, for if erring she was penitent.

Then the old longing for the giddy girl arose in spite of reason and judgment. Giddy girl? What did the broken blessings of the poor girl's mother mean!

"God bless you, Minnie Cragg. I hated the name when I thought of your cousin's cruelty, but I love it for your sake."

Harvey Mallerton asked for explanation, and learned that Eleanor Cragg had been the exacting mistress, and Minnie Cragg the ministering angel.

First impressions were right. Minnie Cragg was more saint than sinner, and Eleanor—well, she could never be his wife.

He went to Minnie Cragg, saying, "I have wronged you in thought, my dear girl." The gray eyes lifted themselves half shyly and half trustingly to his face.

"I will forgive you," she said, "if you will forget my foolish boast in the railroad-car." "That boast referred to my captivation," he answered, with a smile. "You have accomplished the result without attempting it, for though premature, I must confess it, I honor you and love you."

Harvey Mallerton's parish was startled by his choice of a wife. The ancient pillars were shocked, and attempted excommunication, but like a wise man, he denied their right of interference, and the sequel proved that in pleasing himself he had pleased others.

### A Moving Army.

Few persons have an idea of an army in motion. The last number of the *United Service Gazette*, supplies some statistics which will interest the reader: In the campaign of the past summer, the Army of the Potomac, as near as we can arrive at the figures, appears to have numbered ordinarily about 125,000 effective fighting men. Its transportation is reported to have consisted of about 4,200 wagons, 800 ambulances, 30,000 artillery, cavalry, and dragoon horses, 4,500 private horses, and 22,000 mules, making an aggregate in all of some 50,000 animals. This is just about one-third animals to the men, about the same ratio as obtained during its Peninsular campaign and ever since, whereas the ratio among the West-ern armies, during the same time, and always, has been usually one-half, and generally very near two-thirds animals to the men. The figures in General Sherman's combined army, during the Atlanta campaign, footed up effectively about as follows: 120,000 general fighting men, 6,300 wagons, 900 ambulances, 32,000 artillery, cavalry, and dragoon horses, 4,500 private horses, and 36,000 mules, making an aggregate in all of some 72,000 animals. These figures are simply enormous, and will give the reader some slight conception of what an army really is, if he will but consider them for a moment. For example an army of 125,000 men, marching in column four abreast, and the intervals but six feet apart, which is less than the usual interval of troops on the march, would extend over a distance of thirty-five miles, without making any allowance for the usual intervals between regiments, brigades, divisions, and army corps. So with the wagons. On good roads where trains are kept well closed up, it is calculated that each six mile team will occupy on an average about sixty linear feet; this would give about 90 teams to the mile, a large average on most marches, so that 6,300 teams would ordinarily require about 70 miles. If the weather or roads are bad, of course they will struggle along indefinitely, and thus require much more. An ambulance on the march usually occupies about 40 feet, so that 900 ambulances would occupy a distance of about seven miles. So, with the artillery, an army of 125,000 men will usually have at least two hundred and fifty guns, or say forty batteries of six pieces each. Now, a battery on the march, as a general thing, will occupy fully 300 yards, so that forty batteries alone would take about 7 miles. These figures, thus roughly taken, foot up 119 miles, as the free and easy marching distance of an army of the size of the two great ones that we have had operating East and West during the past campaign, and thus without counting in accurately our Bedouin Arabs, the cavalry, that always swarm along for miles to follow, beside, in apparently almost interminable columns. Of course no General with a moderate stock of brains would ever think of marching his troops thus in one continuous line, and hence the necessity of parallel roads in moving an army, to keep your troops massed and well in hand.—*American Ec.*

### Sayings of Josh Billings.

It is highly important that when a man makes up his mind to be a rascal, he should examine himself closely, and see if he ain't better constructed for a phool.

It is a very delicate job to forgive a man without lowering him in his own estimation and yours too.

Woman's influence is powerful, especially when she wants anything.

Lastly—I am violently opposed to ardent spirits as a beverage, but for manufacturing purposes I think a little of it tastes very good.

Think of it girls!—Nothing can prevent an increase of old bachelorism, save an amendment in the code of educating women. When they learn common sense, instead of broken French; when they learn some useful employment, instead of beating the piano; when they learn to prefer honest industry to silly coquetry; and when men find woman is a help-mate instead of a burden; then, and not till then, may we expect to find fewer bachelors.

A woman in Farmington, Me., on taking a circular on file from her post office box, which had been distributed in other boxes, thus related the P.M. "How did you know we had the tub at our house? I have always condemned the children about scratching in public and thought it was a secret!"

"Oh, Mr. Grubbs!" exclaimed a young mother, "shouldn't you like to have a family of rosy children about your knees?" "No ma'am," said the disagreeable old bachelor; "I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pocket."

### A Dog Story.

One day, in feeding the dogs, I called the whole of them around me, and gave to each in turn a capelin, or small dried fish. To do this fairly, I used to make all the dogs encircle me until every one had received ten capelins apiece.

Now Barbekark, a very young and shrewd dog, took it into his head that he would play a white man's trick. So, every time he received his fish, he would back square out, move a distance of two or three dogs, and force himself in line again, thus receiving double the share of any other dog. But this joke of Barbekark's bespoke too much of the game many men play upon their fellow-beings, and as I noticed it, I determined to check his doggyish propensities; still, the cunning, and the singular way in which he evidently watched me, induced a moment's pause in my intentions. Each dog thankfully took his capelin as his turn came round; but Barbekark, finding his share came twice as often as his companions, appeared to shake his tail twice as thankfully as the others. A twinkle in his eyes, as they caught mine, seemed to say, "Keep dark; these ignorant fellows don't know the game I'm playing. I am confounded hungry!" Seeing my face smiling at his trick, he now commenced making another change, thus getting three portions to each of the other's one. This was enough, and it was now time for me to reverse the order of Barbekark's game, by playing a trick upon him. Accordingly, every time I came to him he got no fish; and although he changed his position rapidly three times, yet he got nothing. Then, if ever there was a picture of disappointed plans, of every at a fortune, and sorrow at a sad misfortune—it was to be found on that dog's countenance as he watched his companions receiving their allowance. Finding he could not succeed by any change of his position, he withdrew from the circle to where I was, and came to me, crowding his face between my legs, and looking up in my face as if to say, "I have been a very bad dog. Forgive me, and Barbekark will cheat his brother dogs no more."

Please, sir, give me my share of capelin." I went the rounds three times more, and let him have the fish, as he had shown himself so sagacious, and so much like a repentant prodigal dog.

### The Cheerful Voice.

The comfort and happiness of home and home intercourse, let me here say, depend very much on the kindly and affectionate training of the voice. Trouble, and care, and vexation will and must, of course, come, but let them not creep into our voices. Let only kindly and happier feelings be vocal in our homes. Let them be so, if for no other reason, for the little children's sake. These sensitive little beings are exceedingly susceptible to the tones. Let us have consideration for them. They hear so much that we have forgotten to hear. For, as we advance in years, our life becomes more interior. We are abstracted from outer scenes and sounds. We think, we reflect, we begin gradually to deal with the past as we have formerly vividly lived in the present. Our ear grows dull to external sounds; it is turned inward, and listens chiefly to the echoes of past voices. We catch no more the merry laughter of children. We hear no more the note of the morning bird. The brook that used to prattle so gaily to us, rushes by unheeded—we have forgotten to hear such things. But little children, remember, sensitively hear them all. Mark how, at every sound, the young child starts and turns and listens! And thus, with equal sensitiveness, does it catch the tones of human voices. How were it possible that the sharp and hasty word, the fretful and complaining tone, should not startle and pain, even depress the sensitive little being whose brain of life is so newly and so delicately strung, vibrating ever to the gentle breeze, and thrilling sensitively to the tones of such voices as sweep across an ear? Let us be kind and cheerful spoken then in our homes.—*Once a Month.*

### Books.

Books are the cause of books. If there were none in the world, it might be difficult to write one; but because there are there may be many more. The rays of intellectual light are, by the prismatic operation of books, broken into an infinity of lines and colors. Men may as soon cease to talk, as to read and write books. All our daily and hourly talk may be made matter of literature, eye, and of interesting literature, too. The more books that are printed, the more food is given to the mind; and the more nourishment the mind receives, the more vigorous its powers; and the greater its strength, the more valuable its thoughts and the more exalted its powers and capacities. There is not one topic in the whole range of literary interest that can be conceived capable of exhaustion, and in matters of imagination there is no intellectual foretelling, however sagacious, that is capable of conjecturing what may be done.

In Oxford, N. H., is a tombstone with the following epitaph upon it:— "To all my friends I bid adieu, A more sudden death you never knew: As I was leading the old mare to drink, She kicked and killed me quicker 'n wink."

"Do you know, my dear," said a name, the other day, to a little boy who is a good eater, "do you know that gluttons and wine-bibbers cannot enter the kingdom of heaven?" "No," said Bob, "but tell me, mamma, what is a glutton?"

"A glutton, my dear, is one that does not know when he has eaten enough."

"Oh then," said Bob, "I'm no glutton; for I always know."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, 'cause when I eat enough I have the stomach ache."

### Uses of White of Eggs.

The white of eggs beaten up so as to destroy their structure, forms the *glaze* of the book-binder, with which he gives the shining appearance to the newly bound books.

If any of our readers are desirous of renovating the appearance of some of their old library favorites, they may rub of the dirt and fly marks with a slightly damp cloth, and then rub the covers over with a small piece of rag dipped in glaze, and they will be surprised and pleased at the improvement in their appearance.

There is another employment of glaze which is even more useful in the household. When the fruit preserving season comes on the difficulty of procuring skin or bladder for tying down the pots of jam is often experienced. If, however, a sheet of tough fibrous paper be kept, glaired on both sides and tied over the pot, it shrinks and tightens as it dries, and forms a layer quite as impervious as, and fully equal to, bladder, provided the preserves are kept, as they always should be, in a dry situation. Another use of glaze is worth remembering. It is the best antidote to the poisonous preparations of copper, lead, silver or mercury, as it forms insoluble compounds with these metals. One occasion a well-known chemist was lecturing to his class on the preparations of mercury, when he accidentally took a draught of a solution of corrosive sublimate in mistake for water, fortunately a solution of white of egg was on the table, he instantly drank copiously of it, and thus prevented its deleterious action and saved his life.

The use of white of egg in clarifying is well known. A small quantity of glaze mixed with any turbid or thick solution coagulates when it is heated, and, entangling all the small particles that cause the turbidity, leaves the liquid bright and clear as it boils up to the surface in the form of scum.

Whisked white of egg is often added to wines to clarify them. In this case the coagulation is caused by the spirit of the wine, and heat is not required. In all cases where eggs are employed for clarifying, the white only should be used, as the oil of the yolk interferes materially with the clearness of the liquid to be fined.

### Annie Laurie.

What young man who has ever felt anything of the blissful sensation of first love has not sung this beautiful and pathetic song, and imagined his own fair enamored the very prototype of the original Annie. So sang a young man of our acquaintance two years ago; but the other day, whilst he was evidently in deep mental study and anxiety, we heard him giving vent to the following mournful ditty, as doubtless being his experience in the married estate:—

Maxwellton's brags are bonnie  
Where early fell the dew,  
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie  
Gave me her promise true.  
Gave me her promise true,  
But she's worthless now to me,  
And for bawling Annie Laurie,  
I could drown me in the sea.

Her temper's like a meat-axe,  
Her throat is like a rasp;  
And when her tongue gets going,  
She sings worse than a wasp.  
She sings worse than a wasp,  
And she's like a red-hot iron,  
And for bawling Annie Laurie,  
I could drown me in the sea.

Like the fall of a thousand brickbats  
Is the tramp of her clumsy feet;  
And worse than March winds whirling  
Are the sounds that she does greet.  
Are the sounds that she does greet,  
And she's been a plague to me;  
And for bawling Annie Laurie,  
I could drown me in the sea.

Like the fall of a thousand brickbats  
Is the tramp of her clumsy feet;  
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And she's been a plague to me;  
And for bawling Annie Laurie,  
I could drown me in the sea.

Probability of Marrying.  
From 20 to 25 and from 25 to 30 the probability of a widower marrying in a year is nearly three times as great as that of a bachelor. At 30 it is nearly four times as great; at 35 it is five times as great, and it increases until at 40 the chance of a widower marrying in a year is eleven times as great as that of a bachelor. It is also curious to remark how confirmed either class becomes in its condition in life—how little likely after a few years, is a bachelor to break through his habits and solitary condition; and on the other hand, how readily in proportion does a husband contract a second marriage, who has been deprived prematurely of his first partner. After the age of 20 the probability of a bachelor marrying in a year diminishes in a most rapid ratio. The probability at 35 is not much more than half that at 20, and nearly the same proportion exists between each quinquennial period afterward.—*Assurance Magazine.*

### The Hair.

Still hair is sometimes a sign of obstinacy, sleek looks denote patience, and a curly head is always accompanied by wit and love of pleasure. Baldness is the sign of an active mind, unless the bald man brush his back hair forward to cover the front; that is the mark of a man and vulgar spirit, or, which is still worse, unless he wears a wig, in which case he must unquestionably be classed among the mols.

Premature gray hair denotes misanthropy, continued suffering, whether physical or moral, excessive labor or dissipation. With regard to those abundant locks which time is powerless to bleach, they are the badge of an even disposition, and of a mediocre intellect.

"The world repeats itself," is an old saying. When one visits the modern showplaces and petroleums, one is reminded of the remark made by Plato, who was so struck with the luxury of the citizens of Argenteum, both in the style of their houses and their tables, that he remarked:—"They build as if they were never to die, and eat as if they had not an hour to live."

There is often but a slight separation between a woman's love and her hate. Her keen teeth are very near to her sweet lips.

## Items Foreign & Local.

Real diamonds have been recently found in Butte and Nevada counties, California.

A volunteer in Lower Canada has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, with hard labor, for an act of gross insubordination.

The papers announce the death, on Saturday last, of Archdeacon Willis, of Halifax, N. S.—He was at one time Rector of St. John, and Ecclesiastical Commissary of New Brunswick.

Two hundred applications for divorce are before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

The French Minister of Finance announces that the military expenses will be reduced this year 21,000,000, and the naval expenses 23,000,000. The death of the Earl of Bradford is announced. Ten rebels have \$2,000,000 on deposit at Montreal.

The New Yorkers have started to raise \$100,000 in one dollar subscriptions to erect a monument to the late President Lincoln in one of the public squares of that city, and have already a large amount subscribed.

A terrible murder recently took place in a harbor of Scotland. A young Arab slave owned by Ahmet Affendi had been promised his liberty, but the boon being delayed by the interference of the Affendi's wife the Arab entered the harbor and strangled her.

Senor Salazar, the well known Spanish banker, has ordered the Paris fall of some of his servants; the liveries will cost \$50,000.

The Earl of Lovelace, widower of the only daughter of Lord Byron, is about to be married to a widow named Jenkins.

Mr. Abraham D. Yerxa has been appointed Register for the County of York.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says:—"The investigation of the conspiracy now going on shows that Mr. Lincoln's death had already been attempted by poison."

A test case will be made of a claim by a Paris banker for a debt of \$50,000 borrowed of him by Slidell, to secure which that worthy mortgaged a real estate in New Orleans, in strict conformity with the laws of France and of Louisiana.

The London Weekly Times is responsible for the following startling intelligence, which, it traces, should command the immediate interposition of the Horse Guards:—"A traveller lately passing through New Brunswick was surprised to find an elderly Scotchman, whose business was to take the horses to the miller, was the colored and chief of the militia of the Province, and had the reputation of being the most efficient officer in it."

It is rumored in sporting circles that a private race-course is about to be laid out in Windsor Park under the special patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The Queen, it is said, will visit Edinburgh this year to inaugurate the Museum of Science and Art, the laying the foundation stone of which was the last public act of the prince consort.

A Mary Queen of Scots cup or snail vase was sold at the Portland sale last week. It was presented to Mary when she was affianced to the Dauphin. Though only a few inches high it is exquisitely decorated, and it brought the enormous sum of \$1,000.

On the 7th inst. the students of the University of Naples burned the statue of Ferdinand, King of Naples under the Equestrian of Giordano Bruno.

It is stated that a marriage ceremony was recently performed in Granby, Conn., during which the officiating clergyman "forgot himself," and prayed that "the father and mother of the bride might be watched over." The mistake interfered somewhat with the solemnity of the proceedings.

The number of Polish refugees in France amounts to 10,000, of whom 200 only were engaged in the late insurrection, the remainder having sought refuge after the insurrection of 1831.

A Harford soldier who used to quarrel with his wife before he went to the war, and who, during his three years' absence, never sent her a cent, was decidedly enraged when he got home and met his wife living with another man, and with a comrade, laid upon her new partner, Saturday night, and nearly made an end of him.

The Empress Eugenie visited a printing establishment on Paris, and set a few "sticks" but just to please the workmen.

The unkindest act of all his Holiness the Pope has received is the announcement by the Queen of Spain that she must diminish the amount of subsidy to him.

A letter from Rome describes the Pope as daily becoming weaker in health, and more depressed in spirits. He has lost all vivacity of character, and the least thing agitates him painfully.

When his own Ministers press any resolution upon him, he often bursts into tears, and even in the presence of Foreign Ministers can scarcely repress his emotion.

One man in New York was sentenced on Saturday to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of \$50, and another sent to Blackwell's Island for six months, for uttering disrespectful sentiments.

It is supposed that the Imperial Government will expend this year on the fortifications of Halifax, about \$150,000.

A young man named John Peels has been arrested in Halifax on a charge of having committed an indecent act on a female child only five years old. A doctor certified that the child received severe injuries.

The St. Andrews Standard says:—"J. T. Davis, Gen. R. E. Lee, and Gen. McLellan have all been in this Province. Mr. Davis was here a few years ago, and stayed at Braden's hotel, while in charge of a surveying party. Gen. Lee, some years ago passed through here while employed on the Boundary Line survey, and Gen. McLellan when a lieutenant was commandant at Halifax."

Mr. H. F. Mann of Pittsburgh has issued a challenge inviting Sir William Armstrong of London to come over to the United States and have a trial of breech-loading rifled guns.

An old well was being bored near Detroit, and the drill had reached a depth of seventy feet, when a current of gas escaped which blew out the drill and tools, weighing eight hundred pounds, and the sled of the derrick, fifty-five feet high, and hurled forth a stream of water, gravel, and large stones. The workmen narrowly escaped with their lives. The water was strongly impregnated with petroleum.

President Harrison was inaugurated March 4th, 1841, and died April 4th of the same year, only a month after his inauguration. President Taylor was inaugurated eight years later, March 4th, 1849, and died July 9th of the same year, only four months after entering office. President Lincoln was inaugurated for the second term March 4th, 1865, and was killed April 14th.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales might have been seen recently taking an airing in a brougham in Hyde Park, with her lady-in-wait, the future King of England, on her lap, without a nurse, and accompanied only by Mrs. Bruce.

The Princess seems a very pattern of mother, and it is whispered among the ladies of the Court that she may be seen in a brougham, in an order that she may properly wash, and put on baby's nightclothes, and see him safely to bed. It is a pretty subject for a picture.

A USE FOR OLD HORN SCRIPTS.—Law the discarded script upon one of your garden beds, plant a small pot, about as high as a lady in the middle of it, and attach the skirt to the top of the pot by strings from the upper hoop; then cover the strings with the old horn scripts, and you will have a lovely pyramid of living green or brilliant colors, and a useful and less expensive. And the money as you are in trellises to your wife's allowance, it will find it a highly profitable one.

## General News.

BURNING OF THE NEW ENGLAND.—Our last contained the mere statement, received by telegraph, that this fine steamer was burned at her wharf in St. John, on Thursday morning, 25th ult. The *St. John Globe* says:—