

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 9.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1867.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WHOLE NO.—945.

Professional Cards.

Dr. EDMUND L. HOVEY

INFORMS his friends and the public that he has commenced the practice of his profession in this County. Dr. Hovey has made Medicine the study of his life, and has had some experience in its practice in this County. During the past few years he has had the advantage of receiving instruction from representative men in the various branches of the Art, and in several of its many systems. He has also been in a position to study Surgery and healing, during the continuance of the late Civil War in the United States, in some of the largest hospitals.

RESIDENCE, at the "Woodstock Hotel," Woodstock, July 18, 1866. [30]

STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur.
RESIDENCE—Three doors north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street.
Office—in the Medical Hall, King Street, next door to the Post Office.
Woodstock, April 29, 1865.

D. P. WOLHAUTER, M. D.,
SURGEON & PHYSICIAN.
RESIDENCE—in the "Cable House,"
Office—in Raymond's Brick Building.
Woodstock, Nov. 25, 1864.

Dr. C. P. Connell,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Office—in Brick Building, near the Hay Scales.
—Residence at Hon. Charles Connell's.

WILLIAM M. CONNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
INSURANCE AGENT, &c.
1—6m
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

C. W. TILL,
BOOK BINDER,
Opposite M. Leen's Mill.
MAGAZINES Bound, Papers Bound, School Books Bound and repaired, at the lowest possible rates and shortest notice.
Woodstock, July 1, 1865.

J. J. CHRISTIE,
Importer and Dealer in all kinds of
Leather and Shoe Trimmings, Crimps, Boots, Trees, Lasts, &c., Wholesale & Retail.
44 King-st., St. John, N. B.

Wm. H. Knowles,
—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN—
Trunks, Valises, Carpet-Bags, &c.
ON HAND and made to order, Ladies and Gents' Travelling and Bonnet Trunks.
Wholesale Retailing, a few doors east of Trinity Church.
No. 45, BRIDGEMAN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
17—[26]

C. L. RICHARDS,
Wholesale Grocer and Commission Merchant,
4, NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.
[19]

Hotels.
CABLE HOUSE.

THE subscriber has re-opened the House formerly known as the "Blanchard House," under the title of the "CABLE HOUSE." The premises have been thoroughly renovated and furnished throughout with new and elegant furniture, bedding, &c., and the House will be conducted in every respect becoming the character of a first class Hotel, and the waste and convenience of the travelling public.
A Livery Stable attached to the premises.
W. D. BALLOCH.
Woodstock, Sept. 27, 1866—39.

International Hotel,
ST. ANDREWS.

THE INTERNATIONAL is furnished and kept in such a way as to meet the wants, conveniences and comforts of the travelling public. It is pleasantly situated near the head of the Steamboat Wharf, and is thus the most convenient locality of any House in St. Andrews.
Parties of one or more, calling either for a meal or for a lengthy stay, will find here all the comforts of a home and all the accommodations of a First Class Hotel.
EDWIN HATCH,
St. Andrews, Sept. 1, 1866—1y
Proprietor.

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,
STAGE HOUSE—TOBIQUE
Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest notice for any point. [39]

THOMPSON HOUSE,
Grand Falls, N. B.

THIS HOUSE is new, pleasantly situated, and fitted with the modern appliances for the convenience and comfort of travellers. Terms reasonable and appointments made at short notice.
W. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

PREBLE HOUSE,
(situated on Congress corner of Preble street),
PORTLAND, ME.

THIS is the largest HOTEL in the State, possessing all the modern improvements, and is first class in every appointment.
C. H. Adams, Proprietor.

Barnum's EATING HOUSE,
IN GRAND TRUNK DEPOT.
Portland, Me.

Meals at all hours. Suppers and Collations furnished to Military and Fire Companies at short notice.
Portland, Me., Oct. 1, '65

AMERICAN HOUSE,
C. F. ESTEY, Proprietor.
39 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Good Standing on the premises. [20]

PHILLIPS HOUSE,
THE subscriber, having taken a house at East Florenceville, is prepared to accommodate all those travelling public.
No pains will be spared to make parties comfortable who favor him with a call.
JOSEPH A. C. PHILLIPS.
East Florenceville, Oct. 25, 1866—44.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
HOULTON, MAINE.

THE above house, centrally located on Main Street, has recently been fitted up for the accommodation of the travelling public. Strangers and others visiting this section either on business or pleasure, will find good accommodations at this House.
A stable is attached, and a faithful hostler always in attendance. Stages leave here for all the principal routes of travel.
JAS. MARTIN,
Houlton, Me., Aug. 12, 64.
Proprietor.

Poetry.

PLEASE BE CHEERFUL.

(After LONGFELLOW.)

Tell us not, in mournful numbers,
Life is all a ghastly dream!
Life is all a ghastly dream!
Such as those we have in slumbers,
When the night-mare makes us scream.

Life is dark enough in earnest.
Without bringing in the goal
Only readers of the sternest
Like their heroes out on bail.

Not to swindle, or to borrow,
Is the reputable way;
Not to marry, and to-morrow
Kill your bride, and run away.

Arson's wrong, and poisoning dreary,
And our hearts, though pretty brave,
Now and then get rather weary
Of the gallows and the grave.

In the great domestic battle,
In the matrimonial strife,
Be not like those Mormon "cattle"
Give your hero but one wife.

Wives and Daughters should remind you
There are women without crime;
Draw them, and you'll leave behind you
Fiction's that may weather time.

Fictions free from their Inspector,
Who is sent by Richard Mayne,
And find footmarks that affect a
Solenn butler in the lane.

Let us, then, have no more trials,
No more tampering without Will;
Leave the poisons in the phials,
And the money in the till.

[WRITTEN FOR THE "CARLETON SENTINEL."]
A Chapter on Household Gods.
BY F. M. W.

Just look at that baby. A regularly born Princess. What a queenly air, and regal brow baby has. Those little flat silky curls cluster round a well-shaped head. (Babies heads generally have the appearance of an ill-shaped turnip placed in a wash bowl.) With what a wide open gaze baby's blue orbs, proud drawing up, and stately stare, her little ladyship receives your proffered caress, doubtful whether to respond or not, and it is pretty to see the half shy coquettishness with which the little one yields herself to your embrace. Baby evidently thinks she is conferring a favor. The graceful little form, clad in soft raiment, swaying to and fro, like the young pine bending before the slight spring breeze. Oh! little bud of promise, if those blue eyes should close to earthly things, that tender little form would be the embrace of the destroyer, those white, perfectly moulded limbs, convulsed with the last agony, that marble brow touched with the pale icy hand. Ah! baby, little one, what a desolate heartstone you would leave; and the fond bosom on which your head has pillowed! Poor mother, mourning like Rachel of old. And yet, if spared, poor child, life's pathway is too steep for your tender feet.

But just look at that infantine specimen! What a rosy, laughing, roly-poly, rough and ready, round-eyed, sturdy, chubby, rollicking urchin he is. A regular Friar Tuck in miniature. What brazen lungs and firm limbs the fellow has. He is always tumbling, scrambling, roaring, rolling, pitching down stairs, bumps and bruises, scratches and cuts, kicking and crowing, asserting his rights by main force, for nobody thinks of resisting him. "Monarch of all he surveys," full of fun and frolic when awake, all smiles and dimples when asleep. Papa's special pride. Smith & Son would do very well. But no; he has no more ambitious views for his son and heir. The mercantile line did well enough for plain John Smith; not exactly the thing for Algernon Sidney, however. Ah! Baby! what fond hopes are centered in you. Papa certainly thinks he will be a statesman—visions of Pitt and Palmerston, in all their ministerial dignity, float through his brain. Or, perhaps, a second Whittington, for although the emoluments are not great arising from the dignified position he would hold; yet the honor (O yes, generations of Smiths to come consider it) would certainly be something. My Lord Mayor and regal purposes. Yes, he would confidently expect it; and would toil with renewed energy to meet the expenses of the grand state dinner at the end of the year, when his Algernon Sidney should resign. All is prospective as yet my dear Sir. But mama fondly hopes to see her boy drop in clerical robes, and invested with all the power of a high church dignitary. Do your best with genius. There are no doubts of your success, with such ample cranium arrangements.

As for you, you poor little waif! what a delicate specimen of fleshless humanity you are. You can't shed tears enough to moisten an eye-lash; and your piteous cry, and tiny, pale, wrinkled, suffering face are pitiful to behold. Little stricken blossom, this workaday world is no home for your tender, leafless frame to battle with. Your sunny head would bow to the earth before the keen blast; that frail little body would sink under the crushing weight of life's cares and sorrows. Never mind, little snowdrop; 'tis only a short journey back. No weary pilgrimage; no dark valley. Poor little flower! your pale lips refuse earth's mixed cup of sweets and sorrow. And, little one! fading away bit by bit, your memory will linger in the heart of her, when the first burst of sorrow is past, like the fragrant perfume of the sweet-scented rose—faint but lasting. A few short days and your gentle spirit will wing its flight to the highlands of glory.

Some poor unfortunate babies seem to be born with all their amiable qualities far in the background. What a face that baby presents; no softened outline of babyhood there. Such a nest of snarls, ill temper and self-will. His face is all aglow with suppressed rage; a terror to visitors; a thorough parlor pest; worse than mosquitoes in August. What a cautious eye

your would be young bachelor friend Phil. Fitzjones keeps on him. If baby's mamma, called away by household duties, probably, would wish to leave Phil to watch the baby just one minute? You would see my dear friend Phil's coat-tails and broad-cloth continuations disappear through the doorway in the twinkling of an eye, he inwardly ejaculating: "Deliver me from that little fury condensed." But Fitzjones didn't always escape so easily. He remembers one dark day in the calendar. One day, her usual tranquility being a little ruffled: "Really, Mr. Fitzjones, your aversion to my precious Francis Augustus is, to say the least, very extraordinary. You must have forgotten that you once figured as uninterestingly as my poor child in all the sweet insipidity of infancy. Although you Lords of Creation, in your independence, would feel a greater degree of complacency if it were possible to come on this scene of action in the advanced stage of degeneration to your coming manhood of being draped in long robes, and being amused with a baby-jumper and rattle. But then, my dear Mr. Fitzjones, it is such an age since your infant mind could be diverted with the poetical simplicity of nursery rhymes, that I do not wonder you should wish to ignore babies and nursery associations connected with them."

This was touching Fitzjones on a tender point, so insinuate that he was on the shady side of life. O! tell it not in Gath. But the mamma's indignation must be appeased at any personal sacrifice, for his friend Harrison kept good wines and fast horses, was always ready to endorse a note for his old chum Phil, which by the bye, was very frequent. Phil's funds at the present juncture were at a rather low ebb. Mamma's influence was something, besides the child was his, Phil's, godson. Fitzjones with a sufficiently martyr-like air, took the little tempest in his arms, placed him on the extreme edge of his knees, contorting his features, in the vain attempt to sing a stave of Brian O'Linn. But it wasn't baby's intention to sit still, and be trotted and sung to. He was for more active measures. He scrambled to his feet, thrust one little red ball of a foot in Phil's luxuriant whiskers, making a handle of Phil's proboscis, with the other, to stealily himself, by attracted no doubt by the glitter of Phil's diamond breast-pin, or probably, by the sparkling rays emitted by his glass eye. It was bad enough to have baby's damp fingers in contact with the velvet pipe of his ruby-colored vest, and his immaculate dicky ruffled; but when baby's digits were thrust into the corner of his eyes, (baby's finger-nails had never been cut), making a lilliputian attempt at the American art, it was too much, and, horror of horrors, baby's fingers are already interlocking like little vipers, the silky perfumed locks of his well-set wig. It wouldn't take much of an effort on baby's part to displace the false hair-dress, and reveal the shining surface of his cranial to the astonished gaze of baby's mamma. Ah, it would be all up with him and pretty Fanny Smith. Poor Fitzjones suffered an eternity of torture under the infliction. But the young torment was evidently bent upon further explorations. He relaxed his hold of Phil's nose, grasped the ambrosial curls of both hands, and with a little triumphant flourish, left Phil's bare, polished crown, a grand study in its peripetrical developments. Phil's hair would have bristled with horror, if he had had any, when the door opened and admitted Fanny Smith, the object of his devotion for the last six months. Fanny came to the rescue, with difficulty commanding her risible muscles, merely remarking, as she placed one little white hand on his head, "I am making Pirenology a branch of study, Mr. Fitzjones. Let me see; Philoprogenitiveness very small, indeed; lost, in fact, amid the greater developments of nobler faculties. But you do possess the power of endurance to a remarkable degree. And," she continued, lowering her voice, "forget this little accident. I am not so foolish as you think me, Phil."

But the baby—the little dimpled cherub—half baby, half angel; the little one fair; the ruby of the caruncle; the little laughing spirit, whose loving wiles chase away the business shadows from papa's brow, making him forget down town and threaten bankruptcy. A born coquette; a capricious beauty, whose mamma thinks too good for any little specimen of incipient manhood as yet extant. Miss Baby Porcelain, other babies couldn't give you know. A glorious future for the dainty little bit of porcelain. Heartaches and ribbons—flourishes and flitting—moonlight and attendant lovers—false braids and false hearts—sentiment and sorrow—sentimental nights and practical morrows—managing mamma—Jones' fifty years and fifty thousand. Miss Baby with Master Will's love, and slender purse. And so on to the end of the chapter. But baby is only baby yet; pretty, wilful, loving and loved, and is everybody's baby.

Judge Keogh on England.
At a recent meeting in the Dublin Rotunda a young man having made a foolish display of hatred towards England, was followed by Judge Keogh, who in the course of his remarks said: "I will not even in this assemblage, where many differ from me in opinion, stand silent and hear the great and glorious country to which our destinies are inseparably attached—(great applause)—I will not hear that country, which presents the greatest career to the young men of this Island that any country ever yet presented since the beginning of the world spoken of in a detesting spirit. (Applause.) I will not hear her, if I can by my voice refute the calumny, spoken of as an enemy of the oppressed, (hear, hear), as the trampler upon the

liberties of mankind, as a crusher of the freedom of opinion. (Great applause.) We are told that the nations of Europe are reforming themselves, and so they are. The world is undoubtedly at this moment, as we all can see by manifest signs and perturbations, big with some great birth which may be a monstrous prodigy, which may be a benefactor to the human race. But I should be glad to know his name who thinks slightly of the destinies of England, and who forgets the important part which she has at all times taken in the march of civilization and the freedom of the human race. (Great applause.) Spain, indeed, has wrongs to avenge! Spain must entertain a lively hostility to England! And that is to be said in an assemblage of Irishmen! Do they forget that from the port, which, I hope, is yet destined to be a depot for the commerce of the American world, went forth some fifty-six years ago, a little army, mostly composed of Irishmen, headed by a great and illustrious Irishman, as Napoleon himself said of him, "Vainqueur de la terre?" They went forth, and they never looked back again till they had entered the capital of France. (Tremendous applause.) Spain has wrongs to avenge against England! Let Vimiera, Corunna, Salamanca, and a hundred other imperishable names tell the tale—if Spain thinks she has wrongs—of Spanish ingratitude and of British magnanimity. (Deafening and prolonged applause.) Let France be taught to respect the independence of Belgium! How deep was the gore which flowed upon the sanguined plains of Belgium, of British blood, to free that country from the grasp of France? (Applause.) Let Italy remember her autonomy. By all means let her do so. No man rejoices more than I do at the establishment of the independence and unity of Italy. (Applause.) The hope that was nursed at the breast of Dante and Tasso, and for the realization of which 300 years ago Machiavelli sighed and prayed, is now announced with triumph from beneath those horses which have twice made the circuit of Europe—brought from Corinth to Rome; from Rome carried by Constantine to Constantinople; taken by Dandolo to Venice, by Bonaparte to Paris, and finally restored by British arms to their present position. (Loud applause.) The immortal poet of England (Byron) said—
"Before Saint Mark's still glow her steeds of brass.
Are they not bridled?"

They are not now bridled, and in their freedom I say British arms, British policy, and British intervention have had a leading part. (Great applause.) This much I thought it due to my country to say. (Applause.) This much I thought it fitting that I should utter on behalf of the country (applause) of which I recollect what was beautifully said by a great countryman of ours (George Canning,) when he spoke of the fall of dynasties, the ruin of empires, kings, mighty sovereigns, deposed popes, patriarchs sent into exile. He looked around him, and seeing before him the maritime power of England—the flag that floated in the assembly in which he was placed—"One Power alone," said he, "stood erect, one edifice alone remained, upon that edifice floated that ensign, the signal of relief to the distressed combatant, of shelter to the fallen." (Tremendous applause.) Prepare yourselves, I say, for the great events which may be opening before you. Prepare yourselves, above all things, to uphold and maintain the honor, the character, and the prestige of your country. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

What more trifles Cost.
The Rev. F. M. Sharp, in a recent sermon, said:—"Luxury need never plead with her votaries. Every heart and every purse are open when the devil presents his enticements. Civilized men drink every year 80,000,000 bottles of genuine and 15,000,000 of spurious champagne; or nearly \$200,000,000 worth. Yet the total expenses of Christian propagation may be roughly estimated at not more than that sum, if half so much. Tobacco is noxious to every unsophisticated sense of man, a medicine as strychnine is a medicine, but, on the highest medical authority, the origin of nine out of ten cases of real heart disease, original or inherited—a concentrated drop of whose essential principle, if placed on the tongue of a man, will cause him to die in convulsions. It destroys the power of mastication by draining the salivary glands and by its exciting properties is the gentlemanly user of intoxicating drink. So long ago as 1850 there were raised in the United States 139,000,000 pounds, or what would now be equivalent to about \$200,000,000 worth, and it is safe to say that the present consumption is nearly \$300,000,000. Suppose an ordinary case: A business man uses four or sometimes many more cigars a day, worth 15 cents each, or \$15 or \$20 a pound; this, of itself, leaving out pipes, chewing tobacco, lost time, and lost opportunities, costs at the very lowest estimate, \$250 a year."

Kicking one when he is Down.
When a man has failed in business, and lost all he possessed, his neighbors are apt to give him a kick, especially if any of them hold a grudge against him. Here is an illustration among the brute creation.
A lion won't with years lay stretched upon the ground, utterly helpless, and drawing his last breath. A bear came up, and, to satisfy an ancient grudge, drove at him with his tusks. Next a bull, determined to have revenge on an old enemy, gored him with his horns. Upon this an ass, seeing that the lion had been thus treated with impunity, thought that he would show his spite also, and came and threw his heels in the lion's face; whereupon the dying beast exclaimed: "The insults of the powerful were had enough, but those I could have managed to bear; but to be spurned by so base a creature as thou—the disgrace of nature, is to die a double death."

Correct Transcript

OF THE SENTENCE OF DEATH PRONOUNCED ON JESUS CHRIST.

The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world—namely, that of death against the Saviour—with the remarks which the journal *Le Droit* has collected, and the knowledge of which must be highly interesting to every Christian. Until now we are not aware that it has ever been published. It is word for word as follows:—

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Lower Province of Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross.

In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 24th day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas.

Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting to judgment at the presidential seat of the Pretor, sentences Jesus and Nazareth to death on a cross, between robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonies of the people prove:

1. Jesus is a misleader.
2. He excites the people to sedition.
3. He is an enemy to the law.
4. He calls himself the Son of God.
5. He calls himself falsely the king of Israel.
6. He went into the temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands.

Orders from the first centurion, Quirillus Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution.

Forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

The witnesses who have signed the execution of Jesus are:

1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee.
2. John Zorabel.
3. Raphael Robani.
4. Capet.

Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate of Tournes.

This sentence is engraved on a piece of brass, in the Hebrew language, and on its sides are the following words:—"A similar plate has been sent to each tribe."

It was discovered in the year 1280 in the city of Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples, by search made for Roman antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the Commission of Arts in the French army in Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Southern Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the Chapel of Caserta. The Carthusians obtained, by their petitions, permission to keep the plate, which was an acknowledgment of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by the members of the Commission of Arts. Denon had a fac simile of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard on the sale of his cabinet for 2,800*fr.* There seems to be no historical doubts as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those of the Gospel.

PAT'S DRAM.—An Irishman was amusing some country friends with the various exploits of his life, but finding that his host did not notice the empty glass before him, reminded him of it in the following humorous manner:—"Faith, it's myself I had a quare drama, now. I dreamt I was in Rome, and that I called upon his reverence the Pope. I had hardly rapped at the door, when his Holiness himself opened it. 'Ah, Pat,' says he, 'is it you that are come to see me?' 'Faith, your honour, and his noboddy else,' he cried. 'Come up stairs wid me,' he said. And sure there was the handsome room as ever you clapped eyes on.

"Be seated, now," said his reverence; and "what will you be taking?" I was bothered for the moment, but I just said, 'A drop of the cratur,' when he turns to me and says, 'Shall it be hot or cold?' 'Hot,' I says. And away went his Holiness to fetch the hot water! and before he came back I awoke. Arrah! what a fool I was I didn't have it cold or nate!"

A bankrupt merchant, returning home one night, said to his noble wife, "My dear, I am ruined! Everything we have is in the hands of the sheriff." After a few moments of silence the wife looked calmly into his face and said, "Will the sheriff sell you? oh, no! Will the sheriff sell the children? oh, no! Then do not say we have lost everything. All that is valuable remains to us—manhood, womanhood, childhood. We have lost but the result of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune if our hearts and hands are left to us."

A SLAVE AND A SERMON.—Luther was one day being shaved and having his hair cut in the presence of Dr. Jones. He said to the latter, "Original sin is like the beard. We are shaved to-day, and look clean, and have a smooth chin; to-morrow our beard has grown again, nor does it stop growing while we remain on earth. In like manner original sin cannot be extirpated from us; it springs up in us as long as we exist. Nevertheless, we are bound to resist it to our utmost strength, and cut it down unceasingly."

ERRORS OF THE WORLD.—The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hand it came.—*Longfellow.*

Items Foreign & Local.

General News.

Marie Antoinette's pocket book sold in Paris recently for \$1800.
A terrible earthquake has left Cephalonia (Greece) in ruins. The loss of life is very great. The colored Catholics in St. Louis have built themselves a church.
The journeyman tailors of New York are on a strike.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh has been appointed captain of the Galata.
Two of Brigham Young's daughters are actresses at the Salt Lake theatre.
The reverend Mr. Spurgeon is announced as coming to New York.

Trinidad Alfred is building a new yacht for the race with the Henrietta.
Ninety thousand valentines went through the New York Post Office.
The latest novelty, called the "hot skate," adapted for ladies, has a "silver chamber for heating" and keeping the feet warm.

Electrotyping for both the Confederate and Local Legislatures is going on briskly in Canada.
A poor woman in Indianapolis sold her hair for one dollar and fifty cents to buy bread for her children.

The entire strength of the army in January at present is 24,700 officers and men. Last January the number was 25,000.
A masked ball was recently given in St. Petersburg in aid of the Cretons. The receipts were \$31,000.

A game of chess for \$100 is to be played over the Atlantic Cable by English and American players.
One hundred and fifty-two railway bills will be submitted for the consideration of the English Parliament at the ensuing session.

The United States has agreed to give \$15,000 for the improvement of the St. Croix River above the ledge, provided New Brunswick will give the same amount.
A New Zealand paper claims for the war with the Maoris the honor of having the longest war on record. With little intermission, it has continued from 1844 to the present day.

A roll of papyrus taken from the ruins of Luxor in 1865 has been found to contain pleadings at the Greek bar three centuries older than the Christian era.
A pair of illigents were brought into the world by a lady of Preston, Ct. One of the infants weighed less than one pound and a half, and the other a little over two and a half pounds. A lady's finger ring fits their arms nicely.

There is an aged colored woman residing on Long street, whose skull has become so soft that her head appears to be a mass of pulp. A physician has squeezed it with his hand as he would a piece of sponge.

It is proposed to organize a service of steam gondolas on the canals of Venice. The lovers of the picturesque think this a desecration, and the gondoliers are equally indignant from less disinterested motives.

The Irish Times states that it has been determined to provide a residence for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in Ireland, where the Prince will, in future, spend some portion of every year.

Sarratt is expected in a few days. It appears by a statement of Gen. Banks in the House of Representatives, that the Italian Government surrendered Sarratt on the express condition that he would not suffer capital punishment. The French translation was made literally by the members of the Commission of Arts. Denon had a fac simile of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard on the sale of his cabinet for 2,800*fr.* There seems to be no historical doubts as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those of the Gospel.

A cattle-train was snowed in during the late storm in France and was attacked by wolves. The men in charge with difficulty saved themselves by getting into a close car. The cattle were greatly terrified by the howling of the wolves, but they were safe from danger.

A railway train was snowed up for twelve hours on the 5th January, between London and Salisbury, and reached the latter city fifteen hours behind time. A most unusual circumstance in England, where snow seldom lies more than a few inches in depth.

A woman died the other day in a Police Station in London from disease of the lungs, accelerated from want and exposure. It transpired that she had drunk two quarts of rum, two pints of beer, and some brandy before being taken into custody.

The protest of the London clergy against ritualistic practices has received 43 signatures, and its promoters state that the incumbents and curates in charge of parishes who have signed have the care of more than 1,101,000 souls, according to the census of 1861.

A few days ago there arrived at Chicago a gentleman from France, who proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Lincoln, and without pomp or speech, presented her with a medal in behalf of 30,000 French soldiers, in token of their respect for Abraham Lincoln.—*New York Tribune.*

In London an inquest has been held upon the body of a man who died suddenly, of whom a report was removed to the death-house of St. Margaret's parish. Mr. Hunt, the Medical man in the case, stated that in making the post mortem examination he found two pieces of ice inside the skull upon the substance of the brain.

It is stated that the Queen has directed that the decoration of the Victoria Cross may be conferred on persons serving in the local forces of the colony of New Zealand, or who may hereafter be employed in the local forces raised, of which may be raised in the colonies and their dependencies generally.

A verdict, with \$8000 damages, was obtained in the New York Superior Court, the other day by a lad fourteen years of age, whom his employers inconsiderately caused to be arrested and imprisoned, they supposing him of having abstracted \$100 from a package of money with which he had been entrusted, but which proved to have been wrongly counted. The judge charged that no man's more suspicion could furnish ground for an imprisonment.

A London paper notices a curious misprint in one of the editions of a New Testament printed at Oxford, where the word *glad* was converted into *clad*. The person who detected the error received the reward of one guinea which the Oxford press offers for such a discovery. It is an extraordinary fact that with this standing offer of a reward, and all the vigilance of readers, Sunday School teachers and scholars, this error of a single letter is the only one that has been detected in upward of sixty different editions.

General News.

WHEAT GROWING IN ENGLAND.

It is especially noticeable that the country of the British Islands, for she has 3,161,481 acres out of 2,697,635 acres of wheat growing in the United Kingdom. Wales produces 113,862 acres of wheat; Scotland, 110,101 acres; Ireland, 309,174 acres; the Isle of Man, 8075 acres; the Channel Islands, 2702 acres; and Guernsey, 990 acres. The superiority of England as a wheat-growing country is partly the result of its soil, partly of its climate. English soils favorable for the growth of wheat are the alluvial, the chalky, the zonalite, the trias, the old and new red sandstone, and, in a smaller degree, the coal and the mountain limestone. The only English soils that are not favorable to the growth of wheat are the slate, the millstone grit, which together do not form more than the tenth part of the area of England. But these three soils form nearly three-fourths of the area of Scotland, whose wheat lands are confined to the alluvial, the mountain limestone, and the old red sandstone, which form a very small portion of the whole. In Ireland there is a great quantity of good wheat land; but the climate is moist and backward. That is also the case in the western districts of England and Scotland, which are much inferior to the eastern districts of those two kingdoms for the growth of wheat. From much the same causes England is a much larger barley-growing country than either Scotland or Ireland, producing 1,571,887 acres of barley out of 2,398,329 acres grown in the United Kingdom. On the other hand Scotland and Ireland are more favorable than England to the growth of oats, the whole amount of land in oats being 4,429,297 acres, of which only 1,503,990 acres are in England. Very little rye is grown in the British Islands—not more than 67,077 acres, of which 50,070 acres are grown in England.—Beans and peas are very extensively grown chiefly in rotation with wheat. The whole quantity of beans grown is 537,210 acres, of which 492,586 acres are grown in England. Of peas, the quantity is 323,100 acres, of which 314,206 are also grown in England.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.—FEARFUL STRUGGLE WITH A LUNATIC.—A fearful tragedy has just been enacted in one of the most inaccessible parts of England—Tintagel, a watering place on the north coast of Cornwall. Visitors to the famous Tintagel Sands have become so accustomed to take considerable interest in a thick-set, burly man, who had been employed with the aid of donkeys, to convey the sand from the water's edge to the neighboring farms for use as manure. The man and his donkeys have become so noted, and have formed so picturesque an adjunct to the views of that rocky coast, that in many of the sketches which visitors have taken of the locality he and his donkeys have been prominently featured. During the past few weeks, however, the unfortunate man, whose name was Smith, has exhibited signs of mental derangement to so great an extent that his neighbors have taken it in turns to stop with him at night, he having constantly given vent to threats of self-destruction. On Friday one Thomas Baker, who lived near him, took his turn at watching, and in the course of the night, in order to humor one of the lunatic's whims, he accompanied him to a steep and rocky turnpike road, which is crossed by a stone wall. At one