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MUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 13.

Poetry.

(Continued from the Kennebec Journal.)
ESSAY ON MAN—ABRIDGED.

MAN WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

I.
O Happiness! our being's end and aim;
Glad, pleasure, ease, content! what'er thy name;
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh
For which we bear to live or dare to die;
Where grows it?—where grows it not?—if rain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.

II.
Ask of the learn'd the way! The learn'd are blind.
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Some call it pleasure, and contentment these.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this: That happiness is happiness?

III.
Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;"
And makes what happens to us justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one but all.
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
Tis nowhere to be found, everywhere.

IV.
Order is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise, but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense:
Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
This is the same in subject or in king.

V.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Of God and nature meant to man mankind;
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace and Competence:
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O virtue! peace is all thy own.

VI.
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There dwells nature, and here wanders will,
God sends and ill if rightly understood,
All plain, is universal good:
The very best will variously incline,
And what reward your virtue, punish mine.

VII.
Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies;
Fortune in men has small difference made,
One flouts in rags, one flutters in broadsides;
Worth makes the man, and want, of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunello.

VIII.
Know then this truth, (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone is happiness below;
The only point where human bliss stands still;
And tastes the good without the fall of ill;
Where only merit cannot pay receives,
Is bliss in what it takes, and what it gives.

IX.
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortals and divine;
Sees that no being any aims can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last, & pose of the human soul.

X.
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love to God, and love to man;
He sees why nature plants in all the seed,
Of love, and social life, and social need;
Hope of knowledge to pursue, but human soul
Must rise from the dust, to the whole.

XI.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebbles stir the peaceful lake.
The centre, mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Self-love thus leads to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine.

XII.
For wit's fate's mirror held up to nature's light;
Shew'd erring pride, whatever is right;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

Select Tale.

THE BURNING OF SALTONE VILLA.

The mansion-house of villa of Saltone was built by William Saltone, of Georgia, in the years 1832, 33, and 34. In the winter of 1852 the proprietor sold his plantations in Georgia, at the persuasion of his wife, who, though a young woman, was known by a custom of family and neighborhood, as "Madam Saltone, and built a villa in Eastern Massachusetts, near one of the interior villages of that State. He was the last representative of an ancient family of Virginia, which for several generations had given signs of decay by melancholia and insanity. The two younger brothers of William had lived unmarried, and died in middle life by their own act. Madam Saltone was a second cousin of her husband, and though a lady of superior manners and rare education, was of a severe and compressive temper, haughty in society, and dwelling much upon ideas of aristocracy. She had been eminently beautiful, and when I first saw her at Saltone villa, one year after the sudden demise of Mr. Saltone, who was found lying dead of apoplexy in a field near the house, during the absence of his wife on a visit to the South, she retained the full splendor of a majestic countenance and figure, with a manner and bearing the most queen-like I had ever seen in woman. She was then in her thirty-fifth year.

At the completion of the second year of her widowhood Madam Saltone was privately married to Mr. William Davenant, of Boston; a gentleman of fortune, ten years her junior, and of singularly winning and amiable manners. Being the business manager and legal adviser of the family, I enjoyed the confidence and conversation of Mr. Davenant and his lady, and the characters and personal peculiarities of both were well known to me.

Three years had elapsed, and the second marriage of Madam Saltone promised, like the first, to be a childless one. Neither Davenant nor his wife had any near relatives who would naturally be the heirs of their large estates. The husband became gloomy, abstracted, and desponding. I attributed the change to his disappointment in regard to offspring, and advised him to adopt a son. He thanked me for the suggestion, and said that he would certainly provide himself with an heir, if it were possible, for the sake of the name, if for nothing more.

Mr. Davenant then informed me that he was making preparations for a journey to Europe, where he intended to collect pictures, plate, and works of art for a new house in the city, which Madam Davenant was building. He would be absent perhaps a year.

Soon after this conversation I was sent for by Madam Davenant to her room. She was in bed, attended by her physician, and seemed ill. She informed me of the projected journey; said that "she had no desire to accompany her husband, but would remain and superintend the building of the new house, which," she added, with a sigh, "might be an amusement." Madam Davenant looked pale and sad, which was noticeable, as her expression was usually clear and decided. She gave me a bundle of documents to examine and copy. I retired immediately to my room and opened the package. It contained three legal instruments; the wills of Davenant and his wife, mutually leaving all they possessed to each other, and a power of attorney for myself to manage the personal affairs of the husband during his absence. They were drawn up carefully in the bold, angular hand-writing of the lady, whose talent for affairs suited well with the pride and firmness of her disposition.

The next day these papers were executed and given to me. Mr. Davenant advised that I take them with me to Boston, and lodge them in a place of security. After some demur, the lady consented, and I left the house, glad to escape from an atmosphere of gloom and suspicion, which all the luxury and splendor of Saltone villa, and the elegant conversation of its master had not power to dispel.

The mansion stood upon the slope of a broad hill facing the sunrise. On a clear day, with a powerful telescope, the site of Boston, Milton Hill, and the ocean were fairly discernible from the upper windows. It was separated from the village by an arm of the forest which extended eastward from the mountains. The lawn in front of the mansion was a grand crescent, fringed on its outer curve with fine elms. A carriage-way, after winding through the forest, entered the lawn upon the right. The view in front overlooked the summits of the highest trees of the plain, and presented a prospect of more than twenty villages, far and near, white marks on the green bosom of the land. Orchards, copes, corn-fields, and silver streams added interest to the view.

The side-doors of the villa opened into rose-bordered paths, which terminated by long gradations in shady shrubberies; and these in hickory groves, which mingled inseparably with the natural forest. The vine porticoes, hung with woodbine, clematis, and rare creepers; the long conservatory, a palace of glass, resting upon rows of Moorish columns, under which a vast assemblage of flowering plants of the tropics sated the eye and sense with beauty and odor; cases of exquisite shells, coins, and books, in the interior rooms; a hall so light and brilliant it seemed almost a continuation of the painted porticoes; carpets and furniture in keeping with the rich colors of the wall, and exquisitely ornate; instruments of music, which stood, mute servants of melody, in their pictured recesses; paintings of all kinds, and a variety of objects, not even a verse of Scripture, fixing and charming the gaze at the first view; the quiet but sombre richness of the rooms, all different, characteristic, and supported by a decorative art that neglected nothing, and relieved while it satisfied the eye; the vastness and variety of the immense house where a king's retinue might have been entertained, in the midst of all moved two rare and beautiful figures, childless, joyless, polished as the statues of their halls, and cold as they; tending in weariness toward a future without aim or hope, and dreaming always of "what might have been."

It was my habit, when approaching the villa, to take a by-road that led over the low range of mountains overlooking its western front. I did this to get the view, which was at all seasons attractive; not so much for those extended features of cultivated landscape scenery, which I maintain, surpass, in some parts of lovely Massachusetts, the fairest scenic reputations of France and England, but for the view of Saltone through an opening in the forest.

All beauties, even those of the human form, depend much upon association. The velvet lawns of baronial manors delight the Englishman, and the heavy and somewhat tame architecture of his country-seats pleases him more than they do another; he loves them through an educated taste; they are the first impression, the ideal of youth, the pride of manhood, the prejudice of age. No less charming and sacred to me, for the same reasons, are the beauties of my native land.

The last time I saw Saltone through the oak opening on the mountain road, the glory of sunrise had illuminated its crystalline roofs, on whose numerous angles, and over the Moorish chimneys, the green masses of the creepers were made transparent by penetrating sunbeams. Over the great doors stately canopies, rich with flowers, covered shaded entrances, cool and lustrous as the caves of the sea. Each window seemed a deeply carved frame, fit for some living portrait of pensive loveliness. The indescribable pale brown of the walls made a rich ground-work for the foliage of living green which clung to it or floated round it.

I had passed the night at the villa tavern and rode over at sunrise. The inn-keeper, my querulous and venerable friend, Deacon Satterlee, poured out a muddy stream of talk touching the villa; the absence of "Squire Davenant in Europe; Madam Davenant, her charities, her pride, her quarrels with a Swiss housekeeper; the jealousy of the neighbor farmers and their people, who teased and annoyed the "villa folks;" Madam Davenant's habits; she was a late sleeper; ate little or nothing; read a great deal; played a little on the guitar; sang gloriously when no one was near; was often sick, or seemed to be so, and would shut herself weeks together in her chamber; how many "helps" she employed, and how they "wasted and stole every thing!" My pity and sympathy were excited, and the next morning, when I met the lady at her breakfast table, grave, elegant, and overpowering as usual, I could not avoid expressing some interest in her lonely situation, and advised her to leave Saltone and live in the city till Mr. Davenant should return.

She received my advice with a courteous acknowledgment, and handed me in reply a letter from her husband, in which his return was fixed for the next spring. Madam Davenant conversed with seeming freedom. She spoke of her relation with her husband; which, she said, had not been productive of happiness for either. "They were both exclusive, both rich, and pre-disposed to melancholy." . . . "Mr. Davenant occupied himself of late in scientific pursuits, and practiced chemistry and mechanics as a recreation." She smiled when she informed me that he had mended the great Dutch clock that stood in her bedroom.

"My husband," she said, "if a poor man, would have been a famous mechanic. You would not believe how ingenious he is; and with admirable taste in all things. He paints well; many of these pictures are his. I have a guitar of his making. He is a good farmer, gardener, architect; in short there is nothing he can not do. What a pity," she added, sighing, "that Davenant had not been a mechanic, and married some poor, uneducated girl, who would worship his genius, and cry, 'Oh Heavens!' to every act of his. We were not suited to each other; we had both of us outlived the possibility of enjoyment."

"At your years?"

"Yes. I had exhausted life at thirty. I married a young man for the sake of new excitement. By a strange accident we found that we were alike; and both drew blanks. Neither is able to give happiness to the other. Had Mr. Davenant been poor and ignorant we should have made a paradise of Saltone."

"But his taste, his genius?"

"A natural gift, Sir. The greatest geniuses in art and sciences are almost all poor and ignorant at first: in that lies their happiness and their success."

"I had imagined that your marriage was a love affair."

"Oh! you thought so because I was so much older than he. Nothing of the kind, I assure you. Had it been so I might be happy in being jealous. No; Davenant is in love with a poor girl—Deacon Satterlee's daughter."

"Bessy Satterlee?"

"The same."

"She is pretty, but coarse."

"Not at all coarse; you mistake simplicity for coarseness. I wish Davenant could marry her, but I see no means of arranging a separation; I never quarrel—that is the misfortune. I would do much to give Davenant his freedom; but our laws are ridiculously framed. Perhaps you could suggest?"

"You are beautiful," said I, looking once into the eyes of Madam Davenant, "and still young—Could you not arrange some scandal?"

She smiled. "Impossible. No man will attempt it. I am too cold and proud. Besides I will not sacrifice the honor of my family even by a rumor. I could endure any thing better than a scandal."

While we conversed over our coffee the Dutch clock above stairs in Madam Davenant's bedroom chimed the hour of ten, and played a delicious air—the music, the odor of the flowers and hay fields, wafted in by the morning breeze, the songs of innumerable birds, the glory of pictured beauty from the walls of the apartment, and the stir of jangling, all of these, with the strangeness of the melancholy conversation, left a weird impression upon my imagination.

At twelve that day—it was a hot still noon of August—I rode over to the villa, having some business to arrange for Madam Davenant. This occupied the rest of the day, and after the customary evening chat with Deacon Satterlee, I retired early to my bedroom in the tavern.

The heat of the summer night and a restless fancy kept me awake. At two in the morning, after a short, uneasy slumber, I rose and went to a window that looked eastward in the direction of the villa. The pale, calm features of the beautiful Madam Davenant rose before me, and I seemed to see the long vista of miseries that awaited her course on the downhill of existence. I thought of Davenant himself; the singular fate that had befallen upon him all possible wretchedness in the guise of brilliant fortune and a proud alliance. Was he merely indifferent to his wife, or did a stronger feeling interpose between him and the woman who looked down upon him, pitying and disappointed, from the superior height of her own supreme misery?

While I was indulging these painful speculations a few large drops of rain, pattering on the roof, accompanied with a puff of cool air, signalled the beginning of a storm. I leaned out of the attic window and saw a black arch of cloud which had already reached the zenith, and was rushing down upon the eastern half of the sky. A moment more, and the heavens were lighted with a blinding flash, followed by intense darkness, a burst of thunder, and torrents of rain. The rain fell without abatement, the lightning and thunder were almost continuous, a wild rush wildly over the forest, tearing off the leaves, and whirling before it a mingled tempest of driving rain and flying ruins of the trees.

In the midst of this conflict of the elements I was startled by a gleam of ruddy light above the foliage of the wood in the direction of the villa. I watched it vaguely. The light grew larger and shot upward until at length a tongue of flame and a whirl of lurid smoke convinced me that either the villa itself or the large barns in its vicinity were on fire. I hurried on my clothes, awakened the inn-keeper, and sent off the stable-boy, who slept in the loft above me, to ring the church bell. I then went to the stable and saddled my horse. Before I could put foot in the stirrup the bell had been tolling several minutes and the villa was awake. Cries of fire, above the war of wind and rain, issued from casements far and near; and I saw, by the flashes of lightning, a number of men, half dressed, with buckets in their hands, rushing along the road in blind haste, in the direction of the villa. I soon overtook and distanced them, and in five minutes reached an opening in the forest through which I could see the conflagration.

Arms of solid flame reached out from the windows and under the sculptured eaves, and clasped their fiery hands together, writhed and twined above the roof. The rush of the wind carried the flame from window to window, in great leaps, to every angle and recess; and the entire mass soon became a volcano of fire, roaring and whirling high against the bosom of the lowering thunder-cloud.

The rain that fell in torrents seemed only to intensify the fire, and added to the red light of the conflagration a blue halo of burning water, like the violet-colored vestment of the flame of a candle in the damp air of a mine. All around and above was sable darkness, relieved only by ruddy gleams reflected from the lawns and the semicircle of elms. Quick repeated flashes of lightning, hiding half the fire for an instant in white light, the volleyed roar

of thunder, peal after peal, drowning the rush and murmur of the conflagration; an occasional fall inward of roofs and turrets; and the moving figures or groups of terrified villagers, driven back between rain and fire, by the fury of both elements, and seen only at intervals by flashes of electric illumination these strange and vivid appearances occupied me for a moment. It was impossible to save any part of the group of buildings. If any persons were in the mansion they had perished. All had probably escaped. In less than an hour the princely mansion of Saltone—that unrivalled work of art and taste, the home of elegance and virtue—in an hour, all pictures, statues, vases, cabinets of gems and coins, the rare library of books and works of the grave, furniture of graceful pattern, satin hangings, carpets of Brussels and Turkey, the vine porticoes, the enchanted rose-gardens; the conservatory, rich with exotic perfumes of a hundred kinds—all would be a heap of vile and smouldering ashes. A sensation of intense and choking regret oppressed me, for such irreparable loss of what all desire and few ever enjoy. I did not think at that moment of the inhabitants or owners of the villa: their wealth would enable them to replace what they had lost. It was I who suffered, more than they: insensibly I had become attached to Saltone—more, perhaps, than if it had been my own; I had enjoyed all, from the first stone of the corner to the last decoration of the hall, without the burden or the care of proprietorship. The villa with its beauties had gradually seated itself, through years of intimate acquaintance, in common with animals—the love of places, of odors, and of things; an attachment of whose intensity till then I had been unconscious.

While I stood watching with unspeakable regret the fall of the last of the four square towers, as it plunged suddenly into the smouldering ashes of the rain, and sent up a volley of pointed flames and rolling clouds of smoke, I heard an anxious female voice calling my name. It was Sarah Behn, Madam Davenant's Swiss housekeeper, moving about bareheaded in the rain, half crazed with terror and excitement.

"Oh, Sir! can you tell me where I will find Madam Davenant?" she exclaimed, running up and seizing the bridle of my horse.

The question was alarming. "When did you last see her?" I asked. "I heard it said she was safe in the farm house."

"Oh! I am afraid she is burned; I have not seen her. It was I who ran to the farm-house. I had on a dress of hers, and they mistook me for Madam. At the same instant Deacon Satterlee came hobbling along on his crutch, panting and speechless with haste."

"Is Madam Davenant at the village?" I asked. "At the village! Madam Davenant? How should she get there at this hour?"

Sarah Behn, clapping her hands. "Oh, it is horrible! All it comes of that wicked John Ciseo; he ran away with the rest, and no one went to wake Madam Davenant. She is dead—she is burned—burned!"

(To be Continued.)

Capture of Peking.

(From the Illustrated News of the World.)

The feelings with which we learn that the metropolis of China has fallen into the power of our soldiers are altogether disproportionate to the magnitude of the event. Viewed apart from collateral circumstances, the fact that the capital city of a nation which numbers one-third of the human race has been captured by a handful of troops from the distant west, is one of the most remarkable in the annals of the world. Here we engage to magnify the prowess of our soldiers where is an opportunity for exalting their glory which might well impress the imagination. All the elements of greatness meet together in the achievement. The immense distance from which the little army was sent; the vast disparity between its numbers and those of the mighty host it discomfited; the insignificance of its losses compared with the annihilation it inflicted upon the enemy; the perfection of the science with which it was armed, provisioned, and led to battle, and its rapid career of victory; all these constitute the outline of a dazzling poem, which, in grandeur and force, far exceeds any written epic. And yet we hear of our astonishing successes with emotions strangely blended with regret and misgivings. Not that we underestimate the indomitable valor of our gallant countrymen and allies not that we are not proud of their deeds, nor that we are unwilling to crown them with their well-earned laurels; but because we see not where it is to end. Never was there a clearer illustration of the aphorism, that "the beginning of strife is like the letting out of water." It begins, perhaps, in a trifling quarrel, and proceeds from step to step until, as in the present instance, we find nearly one-half the family of man is at deadly feud with the other. It is now too late to try back as to the origin of the war; we are in for it, and we must get out of it in the best way we can. Nor is there any necessity for disputing as to the just distribution of blame between the first parties to the quarrel. A hundred different *casus belli* have arisen, from the bad faith of the Chinese since the affair of the *Lorch Arrow*. Their abominable treachery at Taku last year was quite sufficient to bring down upon them the just vengeance of the people whom they deceived and massacred. Neither need we have any compunctious visitings for the terrible chastisement the Chinese have met with in the march upon Peking, for they have distinctly shown themselves to be a people wholly void of any sentiment resembling truth or humanity. The compassion we might have felt for the miserable braves who were mown down by our Armstrong guns, withered by our musketry, and scattered like chaff by our horsemen, is extinguished by the perfect assurance we have that they were ready, had they had the opportunity, to violate every engagement, and to imbue their hands in the blood of those whom they strove by every vile to lull into a false security.

All these considerations satisfy the public conscience as to the chastisement being richly deserved; but yet the question recurs, What is to be the end of it? We cannot change the disposition of the Chinese by charges of cavalry, or by long range artillery. Enfield rifles will not teach them to tell the truth, nor soften the innate savagery of their passions. With the madness of terrified and irritated wild beasts they have abused to death poor Anderson and

De Norman, and it is well if the same fate has not befallen Braxton and Bowley. One would have thought that, savage as they are, they would not thus wantonly have invited a heavier retribution than was already prepared for them; but the event shows that they are not to be calculated upon, even for the uniformity with which the passions of fear and revenge usually operate; and this is the great difficulty which we shall meet with in attempting to bring this war to a satisfactory close.

A MANLY SPEECH BY A LADY.—The eleventh anniversary of the birth of Viscount McDuff, eldest son of the Earl of Fife was celebrated by an entertainment given by the Earl and Countess at Innes House, near Elgin. Provost Grant of Elgin, at the supper, which interrupted the ball, proposed the health of the juvenile viscount: Captain Cullard, of the Elgin Volunteer Corps, followed with that of his noble father, the Earl, while the health of the Countess was gracefully proposed by the Hon. the Master of Lovat. To that toast the Countess herself responded, in these terms:—"Ladies and gentlemen, —I believe I am taking a very unusual course in personally thanking you for drinking my health; but I assure you that I cannot refrain from doing so, for I am nowhere better known than in my own country, where I always receive the most affectionate welcome from you all. (Applause.) You must recollect that I am Scotch—I am Scotch to the backbone. (Loud cheers.) I glory myself in being connected with Scotland. (Renewed cheers.) I was a May before I was a Duff. (Great cheering.) I wish to drink all your good healths. I am glad to see you here, and I hope we may all live to meet on many anniversaries of my boy's birthday. (Cheers.) I will have great pleasure in writing to him to-morrow; and when I tell him how you proposed his health and how you all received it, I am quite sure he will be very much gratified. (Applause.) I have great pleasure in seeing the volunteers here to night. I must say, as I lately said at Banff, that if the invader does not interfere with us, we have no wish to molest him—(hear, hear)—but if he does interfere with us, our army of volunteers, called into existence by the bare idea of invasion, will scatter the reality to the winds. (Loud Applause.)—*Calcutta Mercury*.

CRIMOLINE IN PERIL.—Crimoline has at last met with an enemy that threatens its overthrow. A new skirt has been invented which sustains the dress without any assistance of whalebone, simply by a harmonious and skilful disposition of the muslin folds of which it is composed. The *Multiple-skirt* is formed of a series of over-lapping flounces, arrayed in a fan shape, readily extended by means of metallic eyelets. One or two flounces are at most required for a morning dress, and nothing can be more smoothly folded and scarcely occupies any space.

The following we extract from the columns of the *News of the World*:

"We have no sympathy with bigotry or sectarianism; but we are not disposed to echo the outcry against the Orangemen in Ireland, notwithstanding that some of them have treated a bishop with much incivility. For a long time the Catholics in Ireland were most unjustly and tyrannically treated; but ever since the passing of the Emancipation Bill, thirty years ago, there has been a tendency to the opposite extreme. Because formerly the Catholics of Ireland were worse treated than their fellow citizens, each successive Government thinks that it must treat them better than their fellow citizens. This is what exasperates the honest Protestants of Ireland; whereas we cannot be much astonished."

A LAW FOR LAWYERS.—A bill, requiring every attorney at law, on request, to give his opinion in writing upon the bearing directly in a given case, and holding him responsible when, through incompetency, neglect or mismanagement on his part, the client suffers damage, has passed the House in the Vermont Legislature.

There are always two sides to an argument like the above, and the lawyers will probably then require each client to sign a statement, that he has given a clear, honest and exact view of his case, that his witnesses will all testify exactly as he has represented, that his opponent shall not be able to disprove them, and that there shall be no bribery in the jury box, and no bias on the bench to the prejudice to him the said client. If this law is found to work well, we shall probably next hear of doctors required to warrant their patients a sure recovery, and of persons granting their flock a safe passage to "the other side of Jordan."

One of the Neapolitan Princes, having been carried away by his horse into the enemy's ranks, a Piedmontese officer called on him to surrender, threatening at the same time with his revolver: the young Prince in reply, gave the officer a heavy cut with his sabre across his face, and, having so succeeded in releasing himself, returned to his men.

It is said that the Emperor of the French finds twenty-five millions of francs insufficient to meet the great demands on his private purse, and that a proposal will be made to augment the Imperial income to forty millions.

Lord Canning will have filled the office of Governor General of India five years next March, the period for which he was appointed. The belief is general that he will be succeeded by Lord Elgin, though it is understood that unless the country is perfectly quiet and taxation is working smoothly, he may remain another hot season in India.

John B. Gough, the Temperance lecturer, states that he is not a rich man, as many suppose. His taxes, all told, only amount to \$52. He also states that when he commenced lecturing, an agreement was made between himself and wife that one-tenth of all his earnings should be given to charitable purposes.

The largest cast iron building in the world is now being erected at Havana, by James Bogardus, Esq., of New York. It is intended for a warehouse to store merchandise on the dock. In length, it is 800 feet; depth, 70 feet; height, 50 feet.

Lightning rods take the mischief out of the clouds—enlightening rods take it out of bad boys.

Items, Foreign & Local.

The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge has given notice that the subject for the Chancellor's gold medal for the present year is, "The Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington." The essays are not to exceed 200 lines in length.

A candidate for the position of compositor on the *London Times*, must pass an examination showing that he can set at least 40 lines of 56 letters, or about 2240 letters per hour.

The Albany Journal describes an expert swindle which is to scatter "Counterfeit Detectors" through the West, describing as good bogus money, and then passing it off for wheat and pork. This has been done on a pretty large scale recently.

There is a rumor that an agent of the French government has been deputed to make an offer for the purchase of the *Great Eastern*.

Ralph Farnum, the last survivor of the battle of Bunker Hill, died some days ago at the residence of his son, in Acton, Maine. His age was 104 years, 5 months and 19 days.

France every year imports between 11,000 and 12,000 horses, at an expense of somewhere about 18,000,000 francs, and still the supply falls short of the demand.

The well known traveler and natural philosopher Duke Paul of Wurtemberg, is dead.

France has granted an amnesty to the French journals for previous infractions of the press law.

At a distillery in St. Clair county, out of 2,300 head of hogs, 1,700 have died of cholera.

Attorney General Black has received the appointment of Secretary of State, in place of Gen. Cass.

The well known Eleven English Cricketers have during the past season, played sixteen cricket matches; they have won three, lost five, and the remaining eight were left drawn owing to unfavorable weather.

Small pox is raging on board the *Hanibal*, 91 guns. Admiral Mundy, five officers and 73 of the crew are already suffering, and all the invalids except the Admiral, have been removed to the Island of Nisibis.

The Honduras Government has pardoned Col. Rudler who was captured with Walker.

The Bangor *Whig* advertises a petition to the Legislature requesting the appointment of Commissioners to confer with the British Government in regard to an immediate annexation of the State of Maine to the Canadas.

Holland has decreed the emancipation of the slaves in all her colonies, by compensating the masters.

It is rumored that Sir R. Head will return to Canada and remain until the close of the ensuing session of Parliament, when he will resign.

It is said the Corporation of London will present a sword to Garibaldi.

The dying advice of the Empress Dowager of Russia is reported to have been—"Don't, Alexander, don't make any alliance with Austria."

There is a great religious revival at present taking place in the Island of Jamaica.

The Election of Mayor of Fredericton will be held on the 14th inst.

A Target force of three cast-iron blocks, each 4 feet long, 2 feet high, and 24 feet thick, each weighing 8 tons, was smashed to pieces with ten 68-pound shot fired at a distance of 400 yards.

Professor Morse has just received from the King of Portugal the Cross of Chevalier of the Order of the Tower and Sword, being the fifth title of that character which has been bestowed upon him by European Sovereigns for his invention of the Telegraph.

At Stowe, Vt., there are five factories in which starch is made from potatoes. Each consumes about 20,000 bushels annually, and eight pound of starch is the yield of each bushel.

A hog was recently sent to the Philadelphia market which weighed 1127 pounds.

Henry Stevens, an American, has bought Humboldt's library in Berlin, just as he left it. It was shipped from Hamburg to him in London the last week in November, in forty-eight cases.

In Philadelphia there are swindlers who watch the obituary columns of newspapers, and gain a livelihood by presenting fraudulent claims to survivors.

A large number of young men in St. John have formed themselves into a gymnastic association.

A best rated by Martin Stevens, of Wallinford, N. S. weighed twenty-six and a half pounds.

The *Globe* says the city of St. John is at present infested with burglars.

The Legislature will meet on the 12th instead of the 1st of February as before stated.

A line of steamships is about to be established between Boston and China, to sail via the Cape of Good Hope.

The sum of \$5000 has been granted by the Treasury to Captain Sir F. Leopold McClintock, and the officers and crew of the Arctic yacht *Fox*, as a reward for their recent services in ascertaining the fate of Sir John Franklin. The distribution will shortly take place. A grant of £2000 has also been agreed to for a Franklin national monument.

There were protests to the amount of \$10,000,000 in New Orleans, December 4th. Sixty cotton houses failed.

A tannery was burned at Nashville, Tennessee, on the 21st ult. Loss \$100,000.

Sir Edmund Head is busy with the Duke of Newcastle in drafting a Constitution for the Great National Confederation, into which it is stated, the British Government has decided upon forming the Canadas.

The mass of the population of Rome is suffering great privations owing to the high price of bread.

The Georgia House of Representatives has passed a bill compelling free negroes to make a choice of a master by the 1st of May, 1861, or be sold by the sheriff into slavery.

A farmer in Watertown, Conn., has been fined for letting Canada thistles go to seed on his own farm.

An elk was recently killed near Potomac River, British Columbia, which had antlers three feet six inches high. The dressed meat weighed 900 pounds.