

# The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

### BACHELOR'S HALL.

FROM THE IRISH.

Bachelor's Hall! what a queer looking place it is! Kage me from such all the days of my life; Sure, but I think, what a bunnin' disgrace it is, Never as all to be getting a wife.

See the old bachelor gloomy and sad enough, Placing his tawdler over the fire. Soon it tips over—St. Patrick! he's mad enough, (If he were present) to fight with the square.

Now like a hog, in a mortar bed wallowing, (A warden enough see him kneading his dough.) Troth, if the bread he could eat without swallowing, How it would favor his palate you know.

His dishcloth is missing—the pigs are devouring it; In the pursuit he has broken his shin; A plate wanted washing—grin! grin! he's scouring it; Thunder and turf, what a pickle he's in!

Pots, dishes and pans, such greasy commodities, Ashes and prattles skins kiver the floor; His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities, Things that had never been neighbors before.

His meal being over, the table's left setting so; Dishes, take care of yourselves if you can, But hunger returns, then he's foaming and fretting so. Oh! let him alone for a baste of a man!

Late in the night he goes to bed shivering, Never the bit is the bed made at all; He creeps like a terrapin under the kiverin', Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall.

## Select Tale.

### BOB AND BILL.

HOW THEY WENT TO SCHOOL.

Bob and Bill were, as their names show, two boys; that is, they show it when I say, as I do distinctly, that they were neither horses, dogs, nor men. They were boys, and on the whole, rather pretty boys, for both had bright eyes, good clean white teeth, hair carefully brushed, and nice pug noses, for which they had a handkerchief apiece that they were never afraid to use. At the time of this story Bob was seven years old and Bill five; but though of different ages they were of the same size, and were always together, so that they were usually taken for twins. For all that they didn't look in the least alike, for Bob had light, curling hair, and blue eyes, while Bill's hair, though it also curled, was very dark, and his eyes were black. And they were so different in their dispositions, or what in older people is called temperament, as in their looks. Bob was a cheerful character, of a quick and rather fiery temper for such a youngster, so that he was often called "peppery-pot" in the family. But Bill was slow to move, and his black eyes never snapped and flashed as Bob's blue eyes did. As they were never apart, as they were always spoken of together as Bob-and-Bill; so that Bob was as often called Bob-and-Bill, and Bill, Bill-and-Bob, as anything.

Bob-and-Bill and Bill-and-Bob went to school; not that they learnt anything there which they would not have learnt at home, kicking up their heels on the nursery floor, a great deal easier and pleasanter than at school, but because there was an old lady about half a mile from home who had no other way of getting a living than by punishing the alphabet into little boys' heads, and Bob and Bill's mother thought her boys would never learn anything if they were not put through that process. So Bob and Bill went to school.

The school hours were from nine till twelve in the morning, and from two till five in the afternoon. But very often the children stayed through the intermission, carrying their dinners in tin kettles—or what was called their dinners—so that the greater part of the time, when they were not asleep, these little ones was under the care and influence of the old lady who punished the alphabet into their heads, or snapped it in with her thimble, and then shook it down to settle the letters in the right places in their memories. Bob and Bill carried a great many dinners there in one tin kettle, and after some years of instruction graduated with the alphabet and words of one syllable into a higher seminary of learning.

Bob and Bill thought the rudiments hard work, and would a great deal rather have slid down hill all winter, and gathered dandelions and sailed clips in the brook all summer, and would not have been half so tired. And small blame to them, I dare say, says my little reader.

One delicious June morning, when the air seemed to quiver with live sunshine, and the breezes sang pleasant melodies, and the trees clapped all their hands for joy, and the grass and the flowers sprung up everywhere to listen, at half-past eight o'clock Bob and Bill were started for school, Bob carrying the tin kettle.

They went a little way, very slowly and silently, till they came to the brook.

They stopped and looked at the dancing and laughing waters; and the waters got into their eyes and set them to dancing, and then into their dimples and set them to laughing.

"Come, Bill," said Bob, "let's have some fun!" Bob ran and found a chip and set it sailing down the brook; then another; and another. Bill followed more slowly but quite as earnestly in his way. They soon had a fleet sailing to the sea.

"Now," said Bob, "let's build a dock." So they baited a dock with mud and stones; or rather Bob did, for Bill liked best to lie on the green bank and see Bob work, or guide the ships with a long stick into the dock.

"Now," said Bob, "the Britishers are coming!"—for this was a great while ago, when Boys talked about the British, and not the "Seesh" as enemies—now the Britishers are coming, and are going to take the dock. And he kicked over his mud and stones, and drove the ships into the stream.

"Now," said he, "there's going to be a terrific sea-fight!" And he gathered stones and blazed away at the ships.

"Oh! don't! don't!" said Bill, "them's my ships!"

Their school-ma'am was not famous for grammar, and the children slipped into more bad habits in the use of language than there are letters in the alphabet which they went to learn.

"But it's a sea-fight!" said Bob. "Hurr! Your ships are the Britishers, and mine are the

Yankees! Give it to 'em boys! Mine's beat! hurr! It was now about ten o'clock.

"Bob," said Bill, looking ruefully at his wrecked ships, "I guess it's most school-time."

"I guess 'tis," said Bob, and he picked up the tin kettle.

They loitered along at the thought of school, and Ma'am Morrill, and her thimble, and the alphabet. The fire was gone out of their eyes, and the almsiveness out of their legs.

"Ba-ab," said Bob, thoughtfully. He was thinking of Ma'am Morrill's thimble, which had knocked a word of one syllable into him wrong end foremost the day before.

Presently they came to a great spreading elm-tree. Its long branches stretched out fifty feet each way, and hung down almost to the ground. The grass was short and green underneath, and the shade was cool and pleasant, especially to Bob, who was hot from the sea-fight.

"Let's sit down and rest a little," said Bob. Bill was always ready to sit down.

"I wonder what mother has given us for dinner," said Bill. It was another peculiarity of Bill's that he always liked to know what there was for dinner.

"Hand over the kettle," said Bob, who didn't "wonder," but acted. The kettle was opened, and in it was a slice of bread and butter and a slice of meat for each; a piece of pie for each; and a big apple for each.

"Golly!" said Bob.

So then they went to work and ate up the bread and butter and the meat under the shade of the great elm, and had rather a nice time of it getting over the sea-fight. But while they were eating they spied some ant-hills near them, and the little busy-bodies running busily to and fro, bringing grains of sand out of their caves.

"Don't hurt 'em," said Bob, "cause they're harmless little things, and don't hurt anybody. Mother says they're clearing out their houses when they're working that way, and getting ready for next winter. They lay in their stores just like folks, 'cause in the winter they stay in the ground. It's so cold. Now you see what they'll do with the bit of meat."

And the boy had a tiny shred of meat near them which two or three of them seized immediately. Then he fed them with crumbs, and some of them, like the boys, stopped to take a lunch before going on with their work. For a long time they watched the insects and gave them provisions enough, Bob said, to last them half through the winter, observing how one would run off and bring others to his assistance when his crumb was to large for him to manage alone, and how some would pull and others would push to get the bit to their holes. Bob-and-Bill encouraged them with crying out, "That's right, little ones! Never give up! If you can't do it one way, try another. When I get bothered I'll remember these ants. Whether the ants learnt anything from the boys or not, the boys got a lesson from the ants.

"Hark!" whispered Bill; what's that hammering?"

"Oh! that's a woodpecker," said Bob. "Look at him! See how he pecks away at the branch! Know what he's doing? He puts his sharp bill into little holes in the bark and catches the insects—beetles that do harm to the tree. Cur'us, aren't it?" he continued, after thinking a few moments.

"Now that woodpecker eats up live things that do harm, and these ants eat dead things that do harm. Somehow it seems as if everything was took care of out of doors. I wish I could see some use in Ma'am Morrill."

"Well," said Bill, "I guess it's most school-time."

"Won't we catch it if we're late," said Bob, starting up.

"I don't think much o' schools an' Ma'am Morrill, an' such," said Bill.

"Hate 'em!" replied Bob.

"Hill on!" he exclaimed the next moment.

"Bill, spell ant."

"Can't do it," said Bill. "Look at the spelling-book. The book was produced from Bob's jacket-pocket, and they found ant."

"A-n-t," said Bob. "I'll remember that."

"And there's hill," said his brother. "Hill-doubled, hill, ant-hill. I s'ant forget that."

"Nor I either," replied Bob, "an' it's mor'n Ma'am Morrill ever taught us in a whole day."

"Now," said they, "let's eat the apples." So they walked along munching till they came to a green and grassy bank on the top of which was a natural hedge-row, and as they crept along slowly by its side a bird started from out the long grass.

"I'll bet it's a nest," said Bob, as he threw himself on the ground, and began putting aside the grass carefully. Presently they found it, and in it were four little birds, that lifted up their heads and opened their bills.

"Know what that's for?" said Bob. "That's 'cause they think we're their mother, come to feed 'em. Let's feed 'em! Where's the kettle? Find some crumbs! Meat's best—more like worms! Give 'em meat!" And he found what he wanted, and fed the little ones.

"Putty, aren't it?" said he in a gentle whisper, for the sight of the helpless little birds that knew no fear, awed him. "Meat's good for all kind o' critters," said Bill.

"Then aren't critters; them's birds, an' birds aren't critters. Cattle an' huns an' elephants is critters," said the accurate Bob.

"Let's eat some pie," said Bill.

They ate the pie, and Bill remarked when they had finished, "Now we aren't got no dinner."

"Never mind," said Bob. "Let's make some dandelion chains; you'll like that better'n sea-fights."

So they made dandelion chains, and put them round their necks and legs and arms, till Bob observed that he guessed 'twas most school-time, and they had better go 'long. Soon after they reached Ma'am Morrill's, and it was on the stroke of twelve. Some of the children were just going home; others were getting out their dinner-kettles.

"Why! you Bob, you! I mean you Bill, you! Where have you been to? You naughty boys, you!" exclaimed Mistress Morrill.

"Bin a-comin' to school," said Bob bravely.

"Bin a-comin'!" So Christmas 'bin a-comin' ever since last Christmas! You naughty boys, you! Where's your dinner, too? Eat up as I am a true!"

Here her breath failed her, and she took another way of showing her displeasure. She seized the boys by the collar, and rapped first one and then the other with her big brass thimble, till, as Bob said afterward, it made him think he was an elm-tree with a woodpecker hammering him. Then she shook him in a way that, though it settled the meat and the bread and the pie and the apple, also shook all the alphabet and the words of one syllable out of them for that day—except ant-hill. Then she sent them into a corner to stay by themselves during the intermission.

Bill rubbed the places where the thimble had been, put his other list in his eyes, and thought of the empty kettle.

Bob settled the collar of his jacket, and said, "My! 'twas jolly!"

But he didn't mean the slaking.

"Bill," said he, nudging his brother with his elbow, "spell ant-hill."

"A-n-t, ant, h-i-double-l, hill, ant-hill," sobbed Bill.

"Good boy," said Bob. "Toll mother when you got home. It'll be the best lesson ever you said to her, I'll bet."

They told their mother all about it like good boys when they went home at night, and she reproved them gently for loitering on the way.

"But we learnt more than if we had been in school, for we can spell ant-hill." And they both did so.

"And we shan't forget it neither," said Bob.

"But you must also learn to be obedient," said their mother.

"Well we didn't mean to be disobedient," said Bob.

"But when we got to the brook, it habbled and babbled till I couldn't help stopping to hear what it said, it seemed to talk so merrily; and then the great elm whispered with its leaves, and the sunshine seemed to get inside of me and make me full of light and I didn't know there was any time, and couldn't remember Ma'am Morrill only for a minute now and then. But then we shall remember how the old bird is tender of her young, and we shall be tender of birds; and how industrious the ants are, and how God cares for everything. And aren't that a lesson mother? What's the use of trees and brooks and green grass and flowers if we can't learn from 'em. Isn't heaven outdoors, mother? and doesn't God live in a sunshine that hasn't any darkness to it? When I go into Ma'am Morrill's school it's just like going into the dark. I aren't afraid, but I don't like it. I never learnt about things there as I do outdoors. I don't think much of a-b-a-b's. What's the use of it? It don't mean anything. Ant-hill is longer. A-n-t, ant, h-i-double-l, hill, ant-hill. Bobbing it out lustily, and by way of a period put the top of his head on the floor and went over.

Since that time some wise grown-up people have found out that Bob was right, and schools like Ma'am Morrill's, and snapping little boys with thimbles and shaking down the alphabet into them have gone out of fashion. Children now-a-days love to go to school, either at home or abroad, because their teachers try to make learning pleasant.

"There's some fun in it," as Bob would have said.

How BOMB-SHELLS ARE MADE.—The manufacture of bomb-shells is very interesting. The shell is first filled with old-fashioned round leaden bullets; melted sulphur is then poured in to fill up the interstices and bind the bullets in one solid mass; the shell is then put into a kind of lathe, and a cylindrical hole of the exact size of the shell is bored through the bullets and sulphur; this cavity is filled with powder even with the interior edge of the orifice. A six-inch shell of the kind here described holding about half a pound. The fuse fitted into the orifice is a recent Belgian invention, made of pewter, and resembles the screwcap used for the patent fruit cans. An examination of this pewter cap shows, however, that it is made of two hollow discs of metal screwed together, and filled with meal powder. A number of fine holes are drilled in the lower disc, while the outer disc is entire and marked with figures in a circle, 1, 2, 3, 4. In this state the shell is waterproof. When taken for use, the gunner, by means of a small steel instrument, scoops out a portion of the outer metal surface, and lays bare the charge of composition powder below it. If the shell is desired to explode in one second after leaving the gun the scooping is made on the figure 1; if in two seconds, on the figure 2, and so on; the idea being that the shells of this description shall first strike the object aimed at and do execution as a ball, and then explode, sending the bullets forward as if from another cannon located at the point where the figure of the shell is greeted. Large shells of eight or ten inches are filled with powder only, and, bursting, do execution by means of a fuse of meal powder, extending through a brass plug screwed into the mouth of the shell. In both cases the fuse is fired by the ignition of the charges in the gun.

An urchin having been told by his parents to read a newspaper aloud to them, commenced in the usual drawing manner of the parish school. He had not proceeded far when his mother stopped him, exclaiming—"You scoundrel, dare ye read the newspaper wi' the Bible wrong?"

An old maid, on the windy side of fifty, hearing of the marriage of one of her friends, a pretty young lady, observed, with a sentimental sigh—"Well, I suppose 'tis what we must all come to!"

"Well, John, did you take the note I gave you to Mr. Smithers?" inquired a gentleman of his rustic servant—"Yes, sir," replied John. "I took the note, but I don't think he can read it."—"Can't read it!" exclaimed the gentleman; "why so, John?"—"Because he is so blind, sir."—"While I was in the room he axed me twice whether my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

Jealousy is said to be the offspring of love. Yet, unless the parent makes haste to strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except he pleases to do right.

Why are good husbands like dough? Women knead them.

## The Cotton States.

(From the Dundee Advertiser.)

The friends of the American planters put forward various statements and proposals in behalf of that great rigger-driving Confederacy with which they sympathise. In the way of statements they try to frighten the people. We are told—not in plain words, but in effect—that our Queen's throne is built on cotton; that the people's loyalty is all cotton; that cotton forms the food of the masses, and that if we would prevent famine, insurrection, revolution, we must have cotton, and have it, too, from the Confederate States. According to these people, the want of cotton will be the "Great Tribulation." The people who kindly tell us so much do not leave us to our fears, but considerably point us to a way of escape. Their first proposal is, that we straightway refuse to recognize the blockade; the second, that we straightway take measures to break the blockade. This plan of action is advised, for the reason that it will gain us cotton, and with it the goodwill of the Confederates. Admirably plain all this, is it not? Think of the advantages of so simple a measure—Manchester working full time, cotton down, the "coming tribulation" postponed, nightgowns cheaper, insurrection averted, the Queen's throne preserved, and the drapers advancing the millennium just so much nearer as it can be brought by the cheapening of prints a full penny per yard. Pity to have to mention any drawback to so nice a plan of operations. The first trifling objection is, that to ignore the blockade means war; the second small objection is, that to break through it means war, and war on such a scale, boy, that the gold it would cost might well buy the cotton ships, and the blood spilled over it might suffice to dye crimson all the cotton we should gain by it. The forcible opening of the Southern ports involves the closing of the Northern ones against our trade. Shall we act on the safe counsel? Shall we throw away the bird in our hand for the chance of getting the one that elicits us from the bush? Shall we fight eighteen millions of people in order that we may have them freely trade with eight millions? There are other hindrances. It may be matter of regret (to some it is matter of regret) that there is no such thing as going hand-in-hand with the devil without the judicious use of a pair of tongs. Now the devil of American slavery is, in this respect, as hot as any of the sulphurous brood to which he belongs; where, then, are the tongs with which a nation of anti-slavery people shall take his hand and not be seared with his grasp? The planter is proud, a santon, fiery; his blood burns with intolerance; how, then, shall we, when we have won his goodwill, contrive to keep it? Must we nationally say our prayers backwards at his shrine? must we kiss his whip and say the saviour of blood on its throngs is sweet to us? must we bless his deep-mouthed bloodhounds? must we, when the people of Charleston imprison British subjects of color, and authorities re-open the slave trade with Africa, bid our preventive squadron join in the slave business, while we at home learn to clap our hands over it as a Christian institution, providentially provided to bring heathen blacks to a knowledge of the nature of Christian whips? There is nothing far-fetched about these questions. Before the war broke out the Charleston Mercury, the Mobile Register, the Charleston Standard and several other Southern organs were boldly advocating the re-opening of the slave trade. This slave trade question is allowed to be dormant in the face of the war (it is not polite for the Confederates to discuss it just now), but let the South be victorious, and the question between negroes at \$1,000, and negroes at \$200, and between land worth only \$50 under a scarcity of blacks, and at \$30 under a glut of colored labor, will once more force itself to the front. Let secessionism triumph, and we shall soon discover how quick the planters will be to take umbrage at our preventive squadron, and not only to respect their neck, but to taste it and avow that it is good. Are we prepared for this? Putting in the one scale the goodwill of the South, and in the other our respect for freedom, are we ready to recall our squadron, renounce our principles, and join the Southerners in declaring that the negro is only a kind of hairless gorilla—that the over-sea slave trade is a humanizing and Christianizing institution—and that, even if the negro be a man, there is no wrong in making property of him? Let us front the future, and ask ourselves whether we are ready to raise afresh this sickly slave flag and whether, in order to raise it, we will trample upon our principles, burn our gospel of freedom, and say our political prayers backwards? Let us consider the prize and the price. The prize is the cordial goodwill of a decaying and self-consuming slave interest; the price, Africa turned into Pandemonium, the sea made into one broad highway for the worst of thieves, and Cuba's horrid system of using up cheap laborers, because of the cheapness with which they can be replaced, would then be the system of the Southern States. Our duty is to maintain a dignified neutrality, and our interest is also on the side of duty. We must look to our own magnificent possessions in the East for cotton. In India, cotton lies for want of roads whereon to move it to the coast. Let us then, by all means, develop a trade in which the millions paid for raw material will return to us. Let us cultivate a connection in which no hostile tariffs can be levied at our manufacturers by those who largely depend on our money. Any ignoring of the blockade, or other interference in American affairs, is not to be thought of. The permanent friendship of the South we cannot purchase except by our own moral debasement; and any temporary friendship secured by our intervention would procure us the hatred of the whole North, and the contempt of all lovers of freedom throughout the world. It would be bad enough to force on a war with the North; it would be far worse to do so by means which would proclaim to peoples of every nation and tongue that we are unable to bear up against a slackness in a particular branch of business; and that, whenever pocket and principle come into collision, we are content to renounce our professions, and acknowledge ourselves a nation of pilferers.

Why is a fine woman like a locomotive? Because she draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, transports the mails, (males) and makes us forget time and space.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

The Scriptural penny was worth in the time of Christ about one hundred and fifty cents. A penny a day, therefore, for working in the vine-yard, was tolerable wages.

It is stated on official authority, that five hundred vessels have violated the blockade since the 15th May, at the various ports of the Confederate States.

The capture of the Privateer *Sander* is confirmed.

The Halifax, N. S. Express says that Capt. Levesque, of the Sydney, C. B. Mulgrave Rides, while in Halifax, ordered a splendid gold medal, valued at about fifteen sovereigns, to be fired for by the Volunteers of the Province.

The French Princes on Gen. McClellan's staff were not required to take the oath of allegiance—only an oath to be faithful during service.

The London journals announce the death of the Rev. John William Cunningham, M. A., vicar of Harrow-on-the-Hill, and the oldest beneficed clergyman in the diocese of London.

A prospectus has been issued of the London and Provincial Agricultural Company, with a capital of £100,000, in shares of £1 each. The object is to manufacture certain kinds of food for cattle.

An extraordinary power of memory is noted in a Scottish newspaper, in the case of a son of a farmer named Gordon, living at Reuton? This young man remembers everything, even to days and hours, remembers whole sermons, cites any passage from Scripture without missing a word, and does other wonderful things with his phenomenal organ of eventuality.

As an old pensioner named Mann, 71 years of age, was proceeding along King street, Yarmouth, a few days back, a lady amply crinolined passed him very lastly, and her dress catching his leg knocked him down and broke his leg in two places.

It has been stated that the Emperor of the French, with that vast amount of sagacity which so distinguishes him, has made overtures for the purchase of the Great Eastern.

De Sautoy, of Atlantic cable celebrity, is chief electrician to the submarine telegraph, now nearly completed, from Alexandria, in Egypt, to Malta, south of Sicily.

The State election in Massachusetts has resulted in a victory for the Republicans. Maryland gives a large majority for the Union ticket. New Jersey has gone Democratic.

It is proposed to extend the telegraph to Cape Roxier, near the mouth of Gaspe Bay, to intercept the Canadian steamers twenty-four hours before they reach Father Point.

A Chinese has succeeded in bringing four or five thousand young fish to France, in perfect health. This Chinese has travelled six thousand leagues with his precious cargo, contained in three large jars; he only changed the water on arriving at each port.

Gen. Scott's pay, notwithstanding his retirement will continue to be \$770 per month.

A Lima correspondent says the French steamship *Infernal*, Capt. Blazes, took fire from spontaneous combustion, October 1, in the harbor of Valparaiso and blew up with a tremendous explosion.

The Parisians have been very much surprised by the arrival of an English steam-yacht, the *Penelope* in the Seine. This is the first English steam-yacht that has ever reached Paris, and is therefore an object of especial interest.

Gen. McClellan, notwithstanding his promotion, it is said will continue in actual command of the army of the Potomac.

The London Herald says it is stated in the city that a Clyde ship-builder, now in Paris, has been induced to undertake the construction of an entire steam fleet for the long expected French Transatlantic line, accepting in payment the preference shares of the Company.

The Federal Government has now nearly fifty thousand cavalry in the field and under marching orders.

The whole number of Divisions of the Sons of Temperance, in the State of Maine is 210. Whole number of members, 10,119; visitors, 14,231.

Sixty thousand Germans are now in the Federal army.

The New York Chamber of Commerce have resolved to memorialize Congress for the establishment of a mail steamship line between San Francisco and China.

The skin of John Brown's son has been tanned and handed round at the South as a valuable memento of Southern valor.—*Exchange*.

The amount of silver now finding its way to San Francisco from Nevada is estimated by well informed bankers at six millions per annum.

According to the recent census returns the population of York County amounts to 22,482, being an increase of 4,854 in ten years.

The population of the City of Fredericton numbers 5,954.

The population of the Province for the present year reaches the number of 250,000, an increase of 30 per cent in the last ten years.

President Lincoln has taken \$8300 of his unexpended salary, and invested it in 730 notes.

The Bank of France is said to be in a very tight place—wants to increase the credit lately obtained on Rothschild's and Baring's of London, from £2,000,000 to £2,500,000,000.

It is estimated that the books in the imperial Library at Paris contain 448,750 acres of printed paper. Quite a realm of literature!

Whiskey and ice must be rather scarce in Richmond. Drinks are fifteen cents each, and in fashionable drinking saloons plaques are posted requesting gentlemen to "please refrain from eating the ice in their tumblers after drinking!" Rather cool that.

A New York gentleman has invented an apparatus for raising ladies skirts when walking over muddy places. It is operated by pulling a tape at the waist.

Washington special dispatches state that Jeff. Davis has appointed the 15th of November as a day of fasting and prayer.

## General News.

TEMPERANCE IN THE FEDERAL ARMY.—Col. John Goldard, of Maine, who is well known in this City as an extensive lumberman on the upper waters of the St. John River, has formed a Regiment of Cavalry for the United States Army. A correspondent of the Maine Temperance Journal says of him, Col. Goldard is entitled to the gratitude of all good men for the noble stand he has taken in the cause of Temperance. He has had prepared on parchment, in beautiful style, a pledge, and requires all the officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, to sign it. We hope the Col. will extend the good work, begun and have all the men of his command follow the excellent example of the officers. The following is the pledge—

Total Abstinence Pledge of the Officers of the First Regiment of Cavalry of the State of Maine.

We, the undersigned, being all the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the First Maine Cavalry Regiment, do hereby pledge the honor of a true citizen, patriot and soldier, each to the other; and to the men under our command, that during the continuance of our membership with said regiment, we will not upon any occasion, or under any pretext, make use of any spirituous or malt liquors as a beverage, and that we will discourage the use of the same in said regiment.—*Et c.*

JEFF. DAVIS TO SOUTHERN PROPERTY HOLDERS.—The Independent money writer says:—

"A Northern gentleman of great wealth, well known to us, went to Mr. Jeff. Davis, the President of the Southern Confederacy, and said: 'Mr. Davis, you and I are old friends. I am a quiet man; I do not wish to be involved in these national troubles, and shall go to Europe. You know I have a good deal of property at the South, and I appeal to you to permit it to remain untouched.' 'Sir,' replied Mr. Davis, 'it is true we are old friends, and I value your friendship; but I assure you that every dollar of your property on which we can lay our hands shall be the property of a Northern man, be confiscated to the use of the State! There are about eight hundred millions belonging to Northern men within our reach, and we shall treat it all in the same way!'"

MORE POWDER FOR CANADA.—We find the following in a late number of the Montreal Advertiser:—

"The ship Conway, from London, arrived at Quebec on Monday, with 15,200 barrels of gunpowder and other military stores.

The barque Belling Grove arrived at the same port the previous day, with military stores. The steamer Jura also landed at Quebec a quantity of stores for the garrison."

DEATH OF SIR JAMES GRAHAM.—The London Times gives some account of the late member of Sir James Graham, who died at Northey, yesterday.—For the last 18 months he had been suffering from attacks of acute pain on the last extra mental or physical exertion. On Thursday last he was so much better, that he told his medical attendant he thought he should shortly be able to dispense with his services; and after he had had dinner in his bedroom he retired to bed about six o'clock, saying he felt all the better for having sat up longer than usual. Soon after he had another attack of acute pain, which did not yield to the remedies applied. He expressed a strong conviction that it was useless to try any more remedies, as he was quite sure from the long continuance of the disease, and from his general feeling that his end was at hand. He then gradually sank during the night, and died at a quarter before 12 yesterday. His faculties were bright and unimpaired to the last, and he died expressing the utmost resignation.