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SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

GUARD THINE ACTION.

BY SALLIE ADA REEDY.

When you meet with one suspected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this by all rejected
As a thing of evil fame—
Guard thine every look and action—
Speak no needless word of blame;
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may soil thy goodly name.

When you meet a brow that's awning
With its wrinkled lines of gloom,
And a haughty step that's drawing
To a solitary tomb—
Guard thine action; some great sorrow
Made that man a specter grim,
And the sunset of to-morrow
May have left his life like him.

When you meet with one pursuing
Pulse the last of his career in,
Working out his own undoing
With his reckless and sin-
Thine, if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain?
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win thee back to truth again?

There are spots that bear no flowers,
Nor because the soil is bad,
But that summer's gentle showers
Never made their bloom glad;
Better leave an act that's kindly
Treated sometimes with disdain,
Than by judging others blindly
Doom the innocent to pain.

Select Tale.

THE HAUNTED AND THE HAUNTERS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[Continued from last issue.]

I saw, just before me, the print of a foot suddenly from itself, as it were. I stopped, caught hold of my servant, and pointed to it. In advance of that footprint as suddenly dropped another. We both saw it. I advanced quickly to the place; the footprint kept advancing before me, a small foot-print the foot of a child; the impression was too faint thoroughly to distinguish the shape, but it seemed to us both that it was the print of a naked foot. This phenomenon ceased when we arrived at the opposite wall, nor did it repeat itself on returning. We remounted the stairs, and entered the rooms on the ground floor, a dining-parlor, a small back-parlor, and a still smaller third room that had been probably appropriated to a footman—all still as death. We then visited the drawing-rooms, which seemed fresh and new. In the front room I seated myself in an arm-chair. F. placed on the table the candlestick with which he had lighted us. I told him to shut the door. As he turned to do so, a chair or stool moved from the wall quickly and noiselessly, and dropped itself about a yard from my own chair, immediately fronting it.

"Why, this is better than the turning-tables," said I, with a half laugh; and as I laughed my dog put back his head and howled.

F. coming back, had not observed the movement of the chair. He employed himself now in stilling the dog. I continued to gaze on the chair, and fancied I saw on its pale-blue misty outline of a human figure, but an outline so indistinct that I could only distrust my own vision. The dog now was quiet.

"Put back that chair opposite to me," said I to F. "put it back to the wall."

F. obeyed. "Was that you, sir?" said he, turning abruptly.

"I—what?"

"Why, something struck me. I felt it sharply on the shoulder—just here."

"No," said I. "But we have jugglers present, and though we may not discover their tricks, we shall catch them before they frighten us."

We did not stay long in the drawing-rooms—in fact, they felt so damp and chilly that I was glad to get to the fire up stairs. We looked the doors of the drawing-rooms—a precaution which, I should observe, we had taken with all the rooms we had searched below. The bed-room my servant had selected for me was the best on the floor—a large one with two windows fronting the street. The four posted bed, which took up no inconsiderable space, was opposite to the fire, which burned clear and bright; a door in the wall to the left, between the bed and the window, communicated with the room which my servant appropriated to himself. This last was a small room with a sofa-bed, and had no communication with the landing-place—no other door but that which conducted to the bed-room I was to occupy. On either side of my fire-place was a cupboard, without locks, flushed with the wall, and covered with the same dull brown paper. We examined these cupboards—only books to suspend female dresses—nothing else; we sounded the walls—evidently solid—the outer walls of the building, having finished the survey of these apartments, warmed myself a few moments, and lighted my cigar. I then, still accompanied by F., went forth to complete my reconnaissance. In the landing, place there was another door; it was closed firmly.

"Sir," said my servant, in surprise, "I unlocked this door with all the others when I first came; it can not have got locked from the inside, for it is—"

Before he had finished his sentence, the door, which neither of us then was touching, opened quietly of itself. We looked at each other a single instant. The same thought seized both—some human agency might be detected here. I rushed in first, my servant followed. A small blank dreary room, without furniture—a few empty boxes and hampers in the corner—a small window—the shutters closed—not even a fire-place—no other door but that by which we had entered—no carpet on the floor, and the floor seemed very old, uneven, worn, eaten, mended here and there, as was shown by the whiter patches on the wood; but no living being, and no visible place in which a living being could have hidden. As we stood gazing round, the door by which we had entered closed as quietly as it had before opened; we were imprisoned.

For the first time I felt a creep of undefinable horror. Not so my servant. "Why, they don't think to trap us, sir; I could break that trumpery door with a kick of my foot."

"Try first if it will open to your hand," said I, shaking off the vague apprehension that had seized me, "while I open the shutters and see what is without."

I unlatched the shutters—the window looked on the little back-yard I have before described; there was no ledge without—nothing but sheer descent. No man getting out of that window would have found any footing till he had fallen on the stones below.

F., meanwhile, was vainly attempting to open the door. He now turned round to me, and asked my permission to use force. And I should have said, in justice to the servant, that, far from evincing any superstitious terrors, his nerve, composure, and even gaiety amidst circumstances so extraordinary, compelled my admiration, and made me congratulate myself on having secured a companion in every way fitted to the occasion. I willingly gave him the permission he required. But though he was a remarkably strong man, his force was as idle as his milder efforts; the door did not even shake to his stoutest kick. Breathless and panting, he desisted. I then tried the door myself, equally in vain. As I ceased from the effort, again that creep of horror came over me; but this time it was more cold and st- born. I felt as if some strange and ghastly exhalation were rising up from the chinks of that ragged floor, and filling the atmosphere with a venomous influence hostile to human life. The door now very slowly and quietly opened as of its own accord. We precipitated ourselves into the landing-place. We both saw a large pale light—as large as the human figure, but shapeless and unsubstantial—move before us, and ascend the stairs that led from the landing into the attic. I followed the light, and my servant followed me. It entered, to the right of the landing, a small garret, of which the door stood open. I entered the same instant. The light then collapsed into a small globe, exceedingly brilliant and vivid; rested a moment on a bed in the corner, quivered, and vanished. We approached the bed and examined it. On the drawers that stood near it we perceived an old faded silk kerchief, with the needle still left in a rent half repaired. The kerchief was covered with dust; probably it had belonged to the old woman who had last died in that house, and this might have been her sleeping room. I had sufficient curiosity to open the drawers; there were a few odds and ends of female dress, and two letters tied round with a narrow ribbon of faded yellow. I took the liberty, to possess myself of the letters. We found nothing else in the room worth noting—nor did the light reappear; but we distinctly heard as we turned to go, a pattering footfall on the floor—just before us. We went through the other attics, the footfall still preceding us. Nothing to be seen—nothing but the footfall heard. I had the letters in my hand; just as I was descending the stairs I distinctly felt my wrist seized, and a faint soft effort made to draw the letters from my clasp. I only held them the more tightly, and the effort ceased.

We regained the bed-chamber. I was impatient to examine the letters; and while I read them, my servant opened a little box in which he had deposited the weapons I had ordered him to bring, took them out, and placed them on a table close at my bed-head.

The letters were short. They were evidently from a lover to his mistress, or a husband to some young wife. Not only the terms of expression, but a distinct reference to a former voyage, indicated the writer to have been a seaman. In the expressions of endearment there was a kind of rough love; but here and there were dark unattractive hints at some secret not of love—some secret that seemed of crime. "We ought to love each other," was one of the sentences I remember, "for how every one else would excommunicate us if all was known?" Again: "Don't let any one be in the same room with you at night—you talk in your sleep." And again: "What's done can't be undone, and I tell you there's nothing against us unless the dead should come to life." Here there was underlined in a better handwriting (a female's), "They do!" At the end of the letter, "Lost at sea the 4th of June, the same day as—"

I put down the letters, and began to muse over their contents.

Fearing, however, that the train of thought into which I fell might muddle my nerves, I fully determined to keep my mind in a fix state to cope with whatever of marvellous the advancing night might bring forth. I roused myself—laid the letters on the table—stirred up the fire, which was still bright and cheerful—and opened my volume of Macaulay. I read quietly enough till about half-past eleven. I then threw myself dressed upon the bed, and told my servant he might retire to his own room, but must keep himself awake. I placed my watch beside my weapons, and calmly resumed my Macaulay. Opposite to me the fire burned clear; and on the hearth-rug, lay the dog. In about twenty minutes I felt an exceedingly cold air pass by my cheek, like a sudden draught. I fancied the door to my right must have got open; but no—it was closed. I turned my glance to the left, and saw the flame of the candles violently swayed by a wind. At the same moment the watch beside the revolver softly slid from the table—softly, so that no visible hand—it was gone. I sprang up, seizing the revolver with the one hand, the dagger with the other; I was not willing that my weapons should share the fate of the watch. Thus armed, I looked round the floor—no signs of the watch. Three slow, loud, distinct knocks were now heard at the bed-head; my servant called out, "Is that you, sir?"

"No; he on your guard!"

The dog now roused himself and sat on his haunches, his ears moving quickly backward and forward. He kept his eyes fixed on me with a look so strange that he concentrated all my attention on himself. Slowly he rose up, all his hair bristling, and stood perfectly rigid, and with the same wild stare. I had no time, however, to examine the dog. Presently my servant came from his room; and if ever I saw horror in the human face, it was then. I should not have recognized him had we met in the street, so altered was every lineament. He passed by me quickly, saying in a whisper that seemed scarcely to come from his lips, "Run—run! it's safer me!" He gained the door to the landing, pulled it open and rushed forth. I followed him into the landing involuntarily, calling to him to stop; but without heeding me he bounded down the stairs clinging to the balusters, and taking several steps at a time. I heard, were I stood, the street-door open—heard it again clap to, I was left alone in the haunted house.

It was but for a moment that I remained undecided whether or not to follow my servant; pride and curiosity alike forbade so dastardly a flight. I re-entered my room, closing the door after me, and proceeded cautiously into the interior chamber. I encountered nothing to justify my servant's terror. I again carefully examined the walls, to see if there was any concealed door. I could find no trace of one—not even a seam in the dull brown paper with which the room was hung. How then had the THING, whatever it was, which had so scared him, obtained ingress except through my own chamber?

I returned to my room, shut and locked the door that opened upon the interior one, and stood on the hearth, expectant and prepared. I now perceived that the dog had slunk into an angle of the wall and was pressing himself close against it, as if literally striving to force his way into it. I approached the animal and spoke to it; the poor brute was evidently beside itself with terror. It showed all its teeth the saliva dropped from its jaws, and would certainly have bitten me if I had touched it. It did not seem to recognize me. Whoever has seen at the Zoological Gardens a rabbit fascinated by a serpent, covering in a corner, may form some idea of the anguish which the dog exhibited. Finding all efforts to soothe the animal in vain, and fearing that his bite might be as venomous in that state as in the madness of hydrophobia, I left him alone, placed my weapons on the table beside the fire, seated myself, and recommenced my Macaulay.

Perhaps, in order not to appear seeking credit for a courage, or rather a coolness, which the reader may conceive I exaggerated, I may be pardoned if I pause to indulge in one or two egotistical remarks. I held presence of mind, or what is called courage, to be precisely proportioned to familiarity with the circumstances that lead to it, so I should say that I had been long sufficiently familiar with all experiments that appertain to the marvelous. I had witnessed many very extraordinary phenomena in various parts of the world—phenomena that would be either totally disbelieved if I stated them, or ascribed to supernatural agencies. Now, my theory is that the Supernatural is the Impossible, and what is called supernatural is only something in the laws of nature which we have hitherto ignorant. Therefore, if a ghost rises before me, I have not the right to say, "St, then, the supernatural is possible!" But rather, "So then the apparition of a ghost is, contrary to received opinion, within the laws of nature—that is not supernatural."

Now, in all that I had hitherto witnessed, and indeed in all the wonders which the amateurs of mystery in our age record as facts, a material living agency is always required. On the Continent you will find still magicians who assert that they can raise spirits. Assume for the moment that they assert truly, still the living material form of the magician is present; and he is the material agency by which, from some constitutional peculiarities, certain strange phenomena are represented to your natural senses.

Accept, again, as truthful, the tales of Spirit Manifestation in America—musical or other sounds—writings on paper, produced by no discernible hand—articles of furniture moved without apparent agency—or the actual sight and touch of hands to which no bodies seem to belong—still there must be found the medium or living being, with constitutional peculiarities capable of obtaining these signs. In fine, in all such marvels, supposing even that there is no imposture, there must be a human being like ourselves, by whom, or through whom, the effects presented to human beings are produced. It is so with the now familiar phenomena of mesmerism, or electro-biology; the mind of the person operated on is affected through a material living agent. Nor, supposing it true that a mesmerized patient can respond to the will or passes of a mesmerizer a hundred miles distant, is the response less occasioned by a material being; it may be through a material fluid—call it Electric, call it Odic, call it what you will—which has the power of traversing space and passing obstacles, that the material effect is communicated from one to the other. Hence all that I had hitherto witnessed or expected to witness, in this strange house, I believed to be occasioned through some agency or medium as mortal as myself, and this idea necessarily prevented the awe with which those who regard as supernatural things that are not within the ordinary operations of nature, might have been impressed by the adventures of that memorable night.

As, then, it was my conjecture that all that was presented, or would be presented, to my senses, must originate in some human being gifted by constitution with the power so to present them, and having some motive so to do, I felt an interest in my theory which in its way was rather philosophical than superstitious. And I sincerely said that I was in as tranquil a temper for observation as any practical experimentalist could be in awaiting the effects of some rare, though perhaps perilous, chemical combination. Of course the more I kept my mind detached from fancy, the more the temper fitted for observation would be obtained; and I therefore riveted eye, and thought, on the strong daylight scene in the page of my Macaulay.

I now became aware that something interposed between the page and the light—the page was overshadowed; I looked up, and I saw what I shall find it very difficult, perhaps impossible, to describe.

It was a Darkness shaping itself out of the air in very undefined outline. I cannot say it was of a human form, and yet it had more resemblance to a human form, or rather shadow, than any thing else. As it stood, wholly apart and distinct from the air, the light around it, its dimensions seemed gigantic, the summit nearly touching the ceiling. While I gazed a feeling of intense coldness seized me. An iceberg before me could not have more chilled me; nor could the cold of an iceberg have been more purely physical. I felt convinced that it was not the cold caused by fear. As I continued to gaze I thought—but this I cannot say with precision—that I distinguished two eyes looking down on me from the height. One moment I seemed to distinguish them clearly, the next they seemed to be gone; but still two rays of a pale-blue light from the height on which I had believed, half doubted that I had encountered the eyes.

I strove to speak—my voice utterly failed me; I ever.

could only think to myself, "Is this fear? It is not fear?" I strove to raise—in vain; I felt as if weighed down by an irresistible force. Indeed, my impression was that of an immense and overwhelming Power opposed to my volition—that sense of utter inadequacy to cope with a force beyond means which one may feel physically in a storm at sea, in a configuration, or when confronting some terrible wild beast, or rather, perhaps the shark of the ocean I felt morally. Opposed to my will was another will, as far superior to its strength as storm, fire, and shark are superior in material force to the force of men.

And now, as this impression grew on me, now came at last, horror—horror to a degree that no words can convey. Still I retained pride, if not courage; and in my own mind I said, "This is horror, but it is not fear; unless I fear, I cannot be harmed; my reason rejects this thing; it is an illusion—I do not fear." With a violent effort I succeeded at last in stretching out my hand toward the weapon on the table; as I did so, on the arm and shoulder I received a strange shock, and my arm fell to my side powerless. And now, to add to my horror, the light began slowly to wane from the candles; they were not as it were, extinguished, but their flames seemed very gradually withdrawn; it was the same with the fire—the light was extracted from the fuel; in a few minutes the room was in utter darkness. The dread that came over me, to be thus in the dark with that dark Thing, whose power was so intensely felt, brought a reaction of nerve. In fact terror had reached that climax, that either my senses must have deserted me, or I must have burst through the spell. I did burst through it. I found voice, though the voice was a shriek. I remember that I broke forth with words like these—"I do not fear, my soul does not fear;" and at the same time I found the strength to rise. Still in that profound gloom I rushed to one of the windows—tore aside the curtains—flung open the shutters: my first thought was—LIGHT. And when I saw the moon high, clear, and calm, I felt a joy that almost compensated for the previous terror. There was the moon, there was also the light from the gas-lamps in the deserted slumberous street. I turned to look back into the room; the moon penetrated its shadowy palely and partially—but still there was light. The dark Thing, whatever it might be, was gone—except that I could yet see a dim shadow, which seemed the shadow of that shade, against the opposite wall.

My eye now rested on the table, and from under the table which was without cloth or cover—an old mahogany round table, there rose a hand, visible as far as the wrist. It was a hand, seemingly, as much of flesh and blood, as my own, but the hand of an aged person—lean and wrinkled, small—a woman's hand. That hand very softly closed on the two letters that lay on the table; hand and letters both vanished. There then came the same three loud measured knocks I had heard at the bed-head before this extraordinary drama had commenced.

As those sounds slowly ceased, I felt the whole room vibrate sensibly, and at the far end, there rose from the floor, sparks or globules like bubbles of light, many-colored—green, yellow, fire-red, azure, up and down, to and fro, hither, thither, as tiny will-o'-the-wisps, the sparks moved, slow or swift, each at its own caprice. A chair (as in the drawing-room below) was now advanced from the wall without apparent agency, and placed at the opposite side of the table. Suddenly, as forth from the chair, there grew a Shape—a woman's shape. It was distinct as a shape of life—gloriously as a shape of death. The face was that of youth, with a strange mournful beauty; the throat and shoulders were bare, the rest of the form in a loose robe of cloudy white. It began sleeking its long yellow hair, which fell over its shoulders; its eyes were not turned toward me, but to the door; it seemed listening, watching, waiting. The shadow of the shade in the background grew darker; and again I thought I beheld the eyes gleaming out from the summit of the shadow—eyes fixed upon that shape.

As if from the door, though it did not open, there grew out another shape, equally distinct, equally ghastly—a man's shape—a young man's. He was in the dress of the last century, or rather in a likeness of such dress; for both the male shape and the female, though defined, were evidently unsubstantial, impalpable—simulacra—phantoms; and there was something incongruous, grotesque, yet fearful, in the contrast between the elaborate finery, the courtly precision of that old-fashioned garb, with its ruffles and lace and buckles, and the corpse-like aspect and ghost-like stillness of the fitting wearer. Just as the male shape approached the female, the dark shadow started from the wall, all three for a moment wrapped in darkness. When the pale light returned, the two phantoms were as if in the grasp of the shadow that towered between them; and there was a blood-stain on the breast of the female; and the phantom male was leaning on its phantom sword, and blood seemed trickling fast from the ruffles, from the lace; and the darkness of the intermediate shadow swallowed them up—they were gone. And again the bubbles of light shot, and sailed, and undulated, growing thicker and thicker and more wildly confused in their movements.

The closet-door to the right of the fire-place now opened, and from the aperture there came the form of a woman aged. In her hand she held letters—the very letters which I had seen the hand that closed behind her heard a footstep. She turned as if to listen, and then she opened the letters and seemed to read; and over her shoulder I saw a livid face, the face of a man long drowned—bleached, bleached—sea-weed tangled in its dripping hair; and at her feet lay a form as of a corpse, and beside the corpse there cowered a child, a miserable, squalid child, with famine in its cheeks and fear in its eyes. And as I looked in the old woman's face the wrinkles and lines vanished, and it became a face of youth—hard-eyed, stony, but still youth; and the shadow darted forth, and darkened over these phantoms as it had darkened over the last.

[To be Continued.]

Many beautiful ladies, when walking out, seem very angry if they are gazed at, and sadly disappointed if they are not.

Notes for the Dancing Season.—Hop' on, Hop' over.

I strove to speak—my voice utterly failed me; I ever.

The Art of Laughing.

A merry heart—a cheerful spirit, from which the laughter bubbles up as naturally as gold-bright beads from a glass of champagne—are they not worth all the money-bags, stocks, and mortgages that Wall Street holds? The man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma, his face does more good in a sick room than a basket of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. If things go right he laughs, because he is pleased; if they go wrong he laughs, because it is cheaper than crying. People are always glad to see him—there hands instinctively go half way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks on the glooming key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; it seems as if sunshine came into the room with him, and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in, until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway. A good humored laugh is the key to all hearts. "Saire," says a keen observer, "is the most useful of all forms of writing; sentiment is literally wasted on nineteen readers out of twenty!" The truth is that people like to be laughed at in a genial sort of way. If you are making yourself ridiculous, you want to be told of it in a pleasant manner, not to be sneered at. And it is astonishing how frankly the laughing population can talk, without treading on the sensitive toes of their neighbors! Why will people put on long faces when it is so much easier and more comfortable to laugh? Tears are too plentiful in this world by far—they come to us unsought and unbidden. The wisest art in life is to cultivate smiles; to find the flowers where others shrink away from thorns. The man that laughs is on the high road to discover the philosopher's stone.—Life Illustrated.

The Crocodile and the Boa.

A foreign correspondent thus describes a fight which he witnessed between a boa and a crocodile in Java:

"It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake, fed by one of the rivers from the mountains. The waters were clear as crystal, and everything could be seen to the very bottom. Stretching its limbs close over this pond was a gigantic oak tree, and in its thick, shining, evergreen leaves lay a huge boa, in an easy coil, taking his morning nap. Above him was a powerful ape, of the baboon species, a leering race of scamps, always bent on mischief. Now the ape, from his position, saw a crocodile in the water, rising to the top, exactly beneath the coil of the serpent. Quick as thought, he jumped plump upon the snake, which fell with a splash into the jaws of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to the limb of the tree, but a little later immediately commenced in the water. The serpent, grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the waters boil by his furious convulsions. Winding his folds round and round the body of his antagonist, he disabled his two hinder legs, and by his contractions made the scales of the monster crack.

The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over; neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. All this time the cause of the mischief was in a state of the highest ecstasy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree, came several times to the scene of the fight shook the limbs of a tree, uttered a yell, and again frisked about. At the end of ten minutes a silence began to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and though they were trembling along the back, the head hung listless in the water. The crocodile was also still, and though only the spine of his back was visible, it was evident that he, too, was dead. The monkey now perched himself on the lower limbs of the tree, close to the dead bodies, and amused himself for ten minutes in making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance, and taking a stone from the edge of the lake, hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the side of the head, he was instantly toppled over, and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds, however, brought him ashore, and taking to the tree, he speedily disappeared among the thick branches.—N. Y. Ledger.

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world; for as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

A generous mind identifies itself with all around it; a selfish one identifies all things with itself. The generous man seeks happiness in promoting that of others; the selfish man reduces all things to his own interest.

A LOVELY FAIRY.—has some answers to correspondents. Here is a sample.—Jenny—Ministers are not more addicted to dissipation than men of other professions. A few of the Kalochee type take gin toddies and liberties with females but the great majority of them are as good as lawyers and doctors. If you want a true Christian marry an editor.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," as the maid said to her lover, when his face was buried in beard and whiskers.

Smith once met two editors, who had always been at "outs," walking arm and arm in the streets. "Hello!" said Smith, "the lion and the lamb lie down together, do they?" "Oh, yes," said editor No. 1, "Jones did the 'lyn,' and I did the 'lamb,' and of course we came down together."

A man to think heartily, and hold out thinking, must eat heartily: the order in which one usually 'gives out' is not the head and then the stomach, but first the stomach and after that, the head; the underpinning comes out, and then the turret totters. If you would take the independence out of a man, knock away the foundation of substantial food he is built up on, and down comes his house, and the tenant in the attic comes with it.

The real motto for Seceaders.—"Let U. S. alone."

The right man in the right place—a husband at home in the evening.

Items, Foreign & Local.

A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.—Our Town Council at their session on the 15th inst., decided to raise the rate of Tavern License from £7 10s, the rate at which they were granted last year, to £15 for the present year. It was also determined that previous to the granting of a license, the Marshall shall visit the premises of the applicant, and if upon examination he does not find all those accommodations and requirements which the Law makes requisite, the license shall be withheld. This will at least have the effect of ridding us of many of those dog-holes which have been such a curse to our town.

SMART.—A Mr. John Dewitt of Wakefield aged 67 years, while hunting on the South Branch of the Oromocto, one day last week, came across two moose and notwithstanding he was without snow-shoes or gun immediately gave chase. After running three miles he came up with one of them sufficiently close to enable him to cut his ham-strings, and after crippling him thus knocked him on the head with an axe.—Communicated.

OLD GUNS DISCOVERED.—Five large cannon—three 32 and two 9-pounders—have been found in the mud near Hutchinson's Island, Georgia. They were placed there in 1814, but never used, as before "Fort Augusta,"—as it was styled—was completed, peace was declared, and the labours were brought to a close. There was great rejoicing over the event among the Garrison.

A gentleman who arrived from the South a few days ago, relates an anecdote that was current in Georgia, though little was said about it in Charleston. The gunners at Fort Moultrie, recently anchored a rice tierce equipped from Fort Moultrie and Sumter, and fired between 20 or 30 shots at it without effect. Major Anderson watched their proceedings for some time, and then aiming and sighting one of his large guns, shivered the tierce at the first shot.—Boston Traveller.

FIRE.—The saw mill owned by the Messrs. Wright, in their shipyard, near the Marsh Bridge, was totally consumed by fire on Friday morning. The fire took place about 3 o'clock in the morning, and is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.—Globe.

Morrissey the prize fighter, it is said, will have a fat office in the New York Custom House, for services rendered to the Republican party.

The Irish Times estimates the present population of Ireland at 5,950,000, and adds:—From various causes emigration has chiefly taken place among the Roman Catholic portion of the people, and the number of those who profess the Roman creed has annually diminished. On the fairest calculation it would appear that of the 5,950,000 not more than 3,450,000 are Roman Catholic, the remaining 2,500,000 being Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, &c., all classed under the generic name of Protestant.

It is currently stated that Count Cavour has proposed to and been accepted by, an English lady holding a distinguished place at the Court of our Queen, and whose title belongs to the highest grade but one of our female nobility. It is added, that as soon as matters are somewhat more settled in Italy, the marriage will take place.

A lodger clerk in the Commercial Bank, London, named Durden, has been arrested for a series of frauds, by which he has abstracted £67,000 from the funds of that Institution. The business of the "Commercial" has, in consequence of this discovery been transferred to the London and Westminster Bank.

During the past month, the eldest person of the Onondaga tribe of Indians, a woman named Hannah, died at the supposed age of over one hundred and twenty years. From the family traditions, it is believed that she was born as early as 1741, and perhaps at a still earlier date.

The Toronto Leader of the 21st ult., believes that it is the intention of the anti-Slavery Society to take Anderson to England, and have him educated to a profession. It is about the safest thing for himself that can be done with him at present. It would be rather dangerous for him to remain here whilst the law remains as it is at present.

The Prince of Wales has signified his acceptance of the honorary colonelcy of the Cambridge University Volunteer Corps.

From the Westminster Times, we learn that a meeting was recently held in the County of Albert, at which it was resolved to form a Company for the purpose of constructing a bridge across the Petcoque River.

An ice machine is in successful operation in London, Eng., producing with a ten horse steam engine, 8,000 lbs. of ice in 24 hours, at \$2 50 per ton, which is said to be 50 per cent cheaper than imported ice.

The entire coinage of the United States mints since the year 1792 has amounted to \$716,229,504 \$27,939,919 of which were coined during the past year (1860.)

A letter from Bern shows that the Swiss are as actively employed in arming as their neighbours.

Several hundred Bourbon soldiers were found by the Sardinians at Gaeta suffering from typhus fever. It is asserted that General Cialdini will receive the title of Duke of Gaeta.

The kingdom of Prussia, according to the last statistical tables, contained 4,178 physicians and 1,526 chemists' shops.

The quantity of gold, silver, copper and bronze coinage in Great Britain is valued at \$45,000,000,000.

The present annual production of tobacco has been estimated by an English writer at 4,000,000,000 pounds.

It is estimated that there are 20,000 Americans in Europe, and that they spend among them a sum of \$150,000,000 per annum.

Now that King Francis and his family have quitted Naples, there are in exile not fewer than 35 members of the Bourbon family out of the 74 who are the direct or collateral descendants of Louis XIV.

According to Mr. M. Ross, of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, cotton machinery to the extent of 1,000,000 spindles, is now being constructed in this country for India.