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SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 6

Poetry.

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

Let sailors sing of the windy deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor,
But in my heart this toast I'll keep,
The Independent Farmer.

When first the rose in robe of green
Unfolds its crimson lining,
And 'round his cottage porch is seen
The honey-suckle twining,
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield,
To bees that gather honey,
He drives his team across the field,
Where skies are soft and balmy.

The blackbird clucks behind the plow,
The quail pipes loud and clearly,
Yon orchard hides behind its bough
The home he loves so dearly;
The gray old barn, whose doors unfold
His ample store in measure,
More rich of heaps than hoarded gold,
A precious, blessed treasure;
But yonder in the porch there stands
His wife, the lovely chambermaid,
The sweetest rose on the lands—
The Independent Farmer.

To him the Spring comes dancingly,
To him the summer blazes,
The Autumn suaves with mellow ray,
He sleeps, old Winter hushes;
He cares not how the world may move,
No doubts nor fears confound him;
His little flocks are linked in love
And household angels round him;
He trusts in God and loves his wife;
Nor grief nor ill may harm her;
He's nature's nobleman in life—
The Independent Farmer.

Select Tale.

THE SLOW-MATCH.

To the real lover of science, and the friend of the human race, no phenomenon affords a subject of such deep and painful interest as mental insanity. In the small village of Paey, in Normandy, there lived, about twenty years ago, a gentleman, his wife, and daughter, whose means were somewhat small for their station, although they could not well be called poor. They had a handsome chateau, or country house, perched upon the top of the rock which overhangs the highway, and from it extended a very pretty formal garden, bounded by the farm to the south, which farm afforded an income to Monsieur de B— of about fifteen thousand livres per annum. Monsieur de B— himself was a very good sort of man, with no great share of feeling or understanding; but well educated and polished in his manners. Madame de B— was of a somewhat stronger character, sharp and quick in her temper, imperious in her demeanor, and always believing that her own judgment was the best thing on earth, not only when applied to her own conduct, but to that of others. She was never in her life known to do anything that any body else asked her, in the way that they asked it, and she was exceedingly offended, on all occasions, if any one even dreamed that their own way was the best. Henriette de B— was an exceedingly lovely, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, gentle and affectionate to her, but showing in her infancy some sparks of a quick temper, which her mother took especial care to trample out before she was eighteen.

Both Monsieur and Madame de B— would have been very glad to have figured at the court had their means permitted it, and grumbled through many a fine summer's day, which they might have employed to much better purpose. Henriette, for her part, neither grumbled nor repined, and the villagers imagined that the cause of her being so well contented at Paey, was the fact that she saw every Sunday, and sometimes on the Friday also, young Alphonse de Breuil, a nephew of the count of that name, and one of the handsomest young men that ever drew a sword for the service of his king and his country. One scandalous old woman, the grand aunt of the sceristan, declared that she had seen Alphonse kiss Henriette in the corner of the garden, behind the apricot tree, which nobody believed, of course. However that might be, Alphonse had to go away to the wars, as all young noblemen of France had to do in those days, and whatever were Henriette's feelings, she had to conceal them; for the idea of choosing a husband for herself was a thing which could never enter into a French young lady's head, whatever romance writers may have said to the contrary. She was somewhat dull and melancholy for a few days, and then recovered her spirits.

About four months after, a gentleman from Dauphine came to visit at the chateau of Paey: a good-looking, middle-aged man, grave and gentlemanly in his deportment, and the last man in the world, one would have supposed, to fall in love with a girl of eighteen. His name was the Marquis d'Andaure, and he was rich—quite an unobjectionable sort of son-in-law; or, if there was an objection in the eyes of Monsieur de B—, it merely proceeded from a dislike which the Marquis d'Andaure had to courts and crowds, and his love for his chateau and vineyards in Dauphine. He made his proposal in due form to Monsieur and Madame de B— for the hand of mademoiselle, and was accepted by madam, before her husband could open his mouth. That same evening, Henriette was informed that she was going to be married, which took her so much by surprise that she looked both frightened and confounded; for which Madame de B— scolded her heartily, although she had not offered a word of objection to the interesting ceremony. Madame de B— was a very rapid woman, and had not Monsieur d'Andaure been very much in love, she might have lost her fish by trying to land him, without playing him. Very much in love, however, he was: he married Henriette before he had known her a complete month, and away he took her to his native province. Madame de B— suggested, in very plain terms, that it would be better first to take her to the court; but Monsieur d'Andaure very coldly replied that he thought not; and there was a something about him not easily described, which sheltered him from the storm of angry words and sharp looks which generally fell upon every one who opposed the will and pleasure of Madame de B—.

Monsieur d'Andaure soon found that he had deceived himself in regard to Henriette—not respecting her character, or her amiable disposition—for she was kind, pure-minded, and generous; but Monsieur d'Andaure had expected—and he was

mad to expect it—that the mere fact of his loving her violently, would produce in her a passion equal to his own for her. Nothing of the kind took place. Henriette was as cold as a stone. She submitted to her fate, and tried to do it well; but, of course, she did not love a man the better for having disappointed the first sweet dreams of young affection. There was nothing in her whole conduct or demeanor that her husband could object to: it was the most perfect model of propriety and prudence. But, in six months, Monsieur d'Andaure found out that he was not loved; that he had got a passive and obedient slave, and not an attached wife. He became dreadfully morose and irritable; the more because there was nothing he could find fault with. Dark, gloomy, and discontented, he seemed to every one. The physician of the place said he thought he would go mad, as his father had done, and the cure believed in his heart, that the same evil spirit had fallen upon him which had possessed Saul. Every one pitied and loved Madame d'Andaure; but, as she could not love Monsieur d'Andaure, that made no difference in her situation. If it made any, it rendered her the more morose. Perhaps it was not an unnatural conclusion that if she did not love him, she did, or soon would, love some one else; and Monsieur d'Andaure took all sorts of unpleasant precautions to prevent her having the opportunity. He kept her almost without society in the chateau; he seldom, if ever, suffered her to go out alone; and he watched her night and day. However, he discovered and prevented nothing; for there was nothing to discover or prevent, and he only irritated an excited brain, and fed the evil and gnawing spirit that devoured his own heart. For hours, every day, he would walk up and down before the gates of the chateau, as if he were keeping sentinel, and dark, bitter, insane, were his thoughts during that gloomy march. His relations marked his conduct, as well as his wife and neighbors, and very gladly would they have made it out that Monsieur d'Andaure was mad; for, as yet, he had no children; if he died without, his estates went to his cousin, and it seemed to that cousin, and several others, that it would be very advisable to guard against the contingency of Madame d'Andaure having a family, by shutting her husband up in a mad-house. They came to see her twice when he was absent, and went so far as to consult some physicians at Lyons. But they gained nothing by these proceedings. Poor Henriette behaved very well, and gave no encouragement, declaring that she had nothing to complain of, and, even from her own showing, the doctors concluded that there was no pretext for calling Monsieur d'Andaure mad. What they had done came to his ears, however, and, in a cold, bitter, sneering way, he insinuated to his wife, that she was carrying with his relations to deprive him of his liberty. A miserable life led poor Henriette; but such things generally grow worse instead of better. She had not been out of the gates of the chateau for nearly three months, when, on a bright morning, Monsieur d'Andaure one day took her over to a small town in the neighborhood. There he left her for a few moments in the carriage, while he went into his notary's, and on his return, unfortunately found a gay-looking, very handsome young officer at the door of the vehicle speaking to her.

"This is Monsieur Alphonse de Breuil, my husband," said Henriette, "a friend of my childhood." But Monsieur d'Andaure got into the carriage without a single word, and ordered the coachman to drive home. The distance was about nine miles; and during the whole way Monsieur d'Andaure never opened his lips. When they arrived at the chateau, he ordered his wife to go to her room, without giving any explanation whatever; and there was a dark, gloomy expression in his eyes which frightened her. Nevertheless, she had some spirit left, and she said, reproachfully—

"Why do you serve me so? What have I done to offend you?"

"You resist!" he said, through his set teeth. "I will teach you better;" and grasping her wrist with a force that left every finger imprinted in it, he led her up stairs to her own chamber, and gazed at her for a moment in silence. Henriette's blood boiled. Conscious of innocence in thought and deed, his brutal treatment was too much to bear, and she exclaimed, vehemently, "Very well, sir. I shall stay here, as you force me. But remember, this is my own room; and it, at least, shall be my sanctuary. I wish you to free it of your presence, and never more to see you in it."

Monsieur d'Andaure laughed, with a low, quiet, fearful sort of laugh, but made no reply; and walking out, he locked the door behind him. When he went down stairs, he walked about the great saloon for nearly an hour. A servant came and told him that dinner was ready; but he paid not the least attention. The man repeated the information and asked if he should call madame. His importunity irritated his master, and Monsieur d'Andaure took up a fine china cup, and threw it at his head. He went into dinner, however, and the servants were a good deal alarmed to see how he felt the point of the carving knife with his thumb. Consternation spread through the household. One talked to another of what they saw, and every one concluded that Monsieur d'Andaure had gone quite mad, and that some mischief would come of it. During the evening, the symptoms were unmistakable. He pursued a turkey about the courtyard for about half-an-hour; and when he caught it, began plucking it alive. He knocked down one of the grooms without any provocation whatever, and then went up to his wife's chamber, and tried the door. He found it bolted on the inside, however, and retired, muttering, to a bedroom down below, where he shut himself in; but whether he slept at all, or not, no one could tell.

The alarm was, by this time, so great in the household, that every one trembled for his life; and after a long and terrified consultation, the servants fled, in a body, during the night, with the exception of the gardener, who slept out of the house. At daybreak on the following day, Monsieur d'Andaure's valet set out in search of his relations, to warn them of his master's state, and of the dangerous position of his young wife. But the man had to hunt far and wide before he found those he sought, and the day was fast spent before any measures could be taken.

But let us return to the preceding day and to the chateau of Andaure, which was an old building, not fortified, but built with the towers and conical roofs common in that part of the country. The room which Henriette occupied, was somewhat high up in one of these towers, and looked toward the park which surrounded the house. Below, was a flower garden, in which she had taken some delight; but the garden's house was on the opposite side of the chateau, near one entrance of the grass court. The basement rose in a thick stone wall for about four feet, to a level with the floor of the saloon. Then came the wall of the saloon itself, some fourteen feet high: then an *entresol*, as it is called in France; and then the room of poor Henriette. In the foundation wall was a small aperture, perhaps one foot square (but not a window) pierced to give air to the cellar. The chamber of Madame d'Andaure was a large, airy room, with two windows, and those windows were large; but the height of the window-sill from the ground could not be less than thirty feet; and though during the first evening of her captivity, Henriette, more than once, thought of endeavoring to make her escape from a husband, of whose insanity she was now convinced, yet she soon saw that the attempt would be hopeless. The door was too thick and strong to be broken open, and death, or worse than death, must be the consequence of attempting to drop from the window. The unhappy girl sat still, and wept, till darkness fell over the earth. Shortly after, the voice of her maid was heard, speaking through the keyhole. "Ah, Madame," she said, "Monsieur has gone quite mad; and Monsieur Charles, his valet, has determined to go and tell some of your friends to come hither and deliver you. Who had he better go to?"—To be continued.

WHAT BATTLE PHRASES MEAN.—Think only of the common hackneyed expressions which pass so lightly between the lips when speaking of a great battle. We talk exultingly, and with a certain fire, of a "magnificent charge," of a "splendid charge"—yet very few will think of the tedious particulars these airy words stand for. The "splendid charge" is a headlong rush of men on horses, urged to their fullest speed, riding down and overwhelming an opposing mass of men on foot. The reader's mind goes no further, being content with the information that the enemy's line was "broken" and "gave way." This does not fill the picture. To do so effectively we must first think of an ordinary individual run down in the public street by a horseman moving at an easy pace. The result is usually fracture and severe contusion. We may strengthen the tones of the picture by setting the horseman at full gallop, and joining to him a company of other flying horsemen. How will it be then with the unhappy pedestrian? So, when the "splendid charge" had done its work and passed by, there will be found a sight very much like the scene of a frightful railway accident. There will be found the full complement of backs broken in two, of arms twisted wholly off, of men impaled upon their own bayonets, of legs smashed up like firewood, of heads sliced open like apples, of other heads punched into soft jelly by iron hoops of horses, of faces trampled out of all likeness to anything human. This is what skulks behind a "splendid charge." This is what follows, as a matter of course, when "our fellows rode at them in style," and "cut them up famously." Again, how often does the commander, writing home through official despatches, dwell particularly on the gallant conduct of Captain Smith, who, finding the enemy were "annoying our right a little," got his gun into position and "held them in check." Both expressions are fair in drawing-room phrases, to be mentioned cheerfully by ladies' lips. It is, as it were, a few flies buzzing about "our right wing," teasing and fretting "our" men. And yet, properly translated, it signifies this: That stray men of the right wing are now and then leaping with a convulsive start into the air, as a minnie bullet flies with a sharp sting through their hearts; that stray men suddenly struck, are rolling on the ground; that a man here and there is dropping down quite suddenly with a shriek, his firelock tumbling from his hand—in short that there is a series of violent death-scenes being enacted up and down the long line.—All the Year Round.

A MEDIEVAL INN IN GERMANY.—Not an inn, after all, he said sadly. "No matter; what Christian would turn a dog into this wood to-night?" and with this he made for the door that led to the voices. He opened it slowly, and put his head in timidly. He drew it out abruptly, as if slapped in the face, and recoiled into the rain and darkness. He had peeped into a large but low room, the middle of which was filled by a huge round stove or clay oven that reached to the ceiling; round this wet clothes were drying, some on lines, and some more compendiously on rustics; the latter habited, impregnated with the wet of the day, but the dirt of a life, and lined with what another folk traveller in these parts calls "rammish clowns"—evolves rank vapours and compound odours indescribable, in steaming clouds. In one corner was a travelling family, a large one; thence flowed into the common stock the peculiar sickly smell of neglected brats. Garlic filled up the interstices of the air. And all this with closed window, and intense heat of the central furnace, and the breath of at least forty persons. They had just supped. Now Gerard, like most artists, had sensitive organs, and the potent effluvia struck dismay into him. But the rain lashed him outside, and the light and the heat tempted him in. He could not force his way all at once through the palpable perfumes; he returned to the light again like a singed moth. At last he discovered that the various smells did not entirely mix, no fend being there to stir them round. Odour of family predominated in two corners, stoved rustics reigned supreme in the centre, and garlic in the noisily group by the window. He found, too, by hasty analysis, that of these the garlic described the smallest arctic orbit, and the scent of pecking rustic darted farthest; a flavour, as if drawn through a river, and were here dried by Nebuchadnezzar.

The landlady sat on a chair an inch or two higher than the rest, between two bundles. From the first, a huge heap of feathers and wings, she was taking the downy plumes, and pulling the others from the quilts, and so filling bundle two; littering the floor and deep, and contributing to the general stock a stuffy little malaria, which might have played a distinguished part in a sweet room, but went for nothing here. Gerard asked her if he could have something to eat. She opened her eyes with astonishment. "Supper is over this hour and more." "But I had none of it good dame." "Is that my fault? You were welcome to your share for me." "But I was benighted, and a stranger, and belated sore against my will." "What have I to do with that? All the world knows the Star of the Forest sups from six till eight. Come before six, ye sup well; come before eight, ye sup as pleases heaven; come after eight, ye get a clean bed, and a stirrup cup, or a horn of kine's milk at the dawning." Gerard looked blank. "May I go to bed then, dame?" said he, sulkily, "for it is ill sitting up wet and fasting, and the byword saith 'He sups who sleeps.'" "The beds are not come yet," replied the landlady; "you will sleep when the rest do. Inns were not built for one."

The door opened and in flew a bundle of straw. It was hurried by a hind with a pitchfork; another came flying after it till the room was like a clean farm yard. These were then dispersed round the stove in layers like the seats in an arena, and in a moment the company were all on its back. The beds had come.

At the door the landlady committed the whole company to Heaven in a formula, and disappeared. Gerard went to his straw in the very corner, for the guests lay round the sacred stove by seniority, i. e. priority of arrival. This punishment was a boon to Gerard, for thus he lay on the shore of odour and stifling heat, instead of in mid ocean. He was just dropping off, when he was awakened by a noise, and lo! there was the hind remorselessly walking guest after guest to ask him whether it was he who had picked up the mistress's feathers. "It was I," cried Gerard. "Oh, it was you was it?" said the other, and came striding rapidly over the intermediate sleepers. "She bade me say, 'One good turn deserves another,' and so here's your night-cap," and he thrust a great oaken mug under Gerard's nose. "I thank her and bless her—here goes—Ugh!" and his gratitude ended in a very face, for the beer was muddy, and had a strange medicinal twang new to the Hollander. "Drink up!" shouted the hind, reproachfully. "Enow is as good as a feast," said the youth, jessitically. The hind cast a look of pity on this stranger who left liquor in his mug. "Ich brings each," said he, and drained it to the bottom. And now Gerard turned his face to the wall and pulled up two handfuls of the nice clean straw, and bored in them with his finger, and so made a scabbard, and sheathed his nose in it. And soon they were all asleep: men, maids, wives, and children, all lying higgledy, piggledy, and snoring in a dozen keys like an orchestra slowly tuning; and Gerard's body lay on straw in Germany, and his spirit was away to Sevenbergen.—The Cloister and the Hearth.

THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN referred to the Prince's dying moments in striking terms:

"Death has now come up, and passed the window and entered the palace. At midnight—for that dreary hour is last approaching—there is a cry made, not of singing men, and singing women, but, 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him,' and the awful whisper passed first through the chamber, and then through the palace, and then into the street, that Prince Albert of Coburg is gathered to his fathers, and that the Queen of Great Britain is left a widow upon a lonely throne. It is a still night. The storm that warred all day has now calmed itself to rest; and it is through a calm atmosphere, lighted up by a gorgeous moon, and glittering with ten thousand stars, that you fancy the spirit of the departed winging its way upwards. But the silence does not continue long, for, hark! a deep sound pealing across London, and causing every heart to palpitate, and every sleeper to awake. It is the great bell of St. Paul's, rang only when kings and mighty men die; and hark! how its slow, deep, muffled peals pass like the tramp of judgement—like the voice of the Archangel over the city. All hear the awful boom. It penetrates the dense of sin, and the drunkard becomes sober, and the prodigal trembles. It mingles with and drowns the voice of psalms in the habitations of the gaily. It reaches the sordid, selfish calculator at his midnight desk, and starting, he for a moment becomes a man. It rouses the slumberer, and he dreams it is the voice of the Lord speaking in the strange thunder of a midnight storm. It startles the conscience of the hypocritical transgressor, and he says to himself, as he thinks of judgement, 'Hast thou found me, oh mine enemy? Art thou come to tempt me before the time?' And it sounds like a dirge in the ear of the dying, whose soul, soaring away to its wild music, follows that of the Prince in his everlasting voyage."

ANECDOTE OF PRINCE ALBERT.—One day Prince Albert while staying at Osborne, went out early to look at some cattle—he was a great amateur in cow and pigs—on a farm near by. The farmer's boy, seeing a strange man coming over the fields, threatened to set his dog on him. The Prince explained that he only wanted to look at the cattle. The boy wouldn't believe it. "But I am Prince Albert," said the cow amateur in despair. The lad looked at him for a moment, but not comprehending why a Prince should want to go trudging over the wet grass to look at a few cows, refused to give credence to his words. He looked at the Prince for a few moments, and then, raising his fingers to his nose and grating them there in an irreverent manner, slowly exclaimed, "W-a-l-k-e-r!" The Prince had to go away, but he enjoyed the affair so much that it became one of his favorite dinner-table stories.

A SHORT NOVEL.—Sweet Margaret Fane came up the lane from picking the ripened berries, and met young Paul, comely and tall, going to market with cherries. Stopping, she blushed, and he looked flushed, perhaps 'twas the burden they carried; when they passed on their burdens were one, and at Christmas they were married.

"Mamma," said little Nell, "ought governess to dog me for what I've not done?"

"No my dear child; but why do you ask?"

"Cause she dogged me to-day when I didn't do my sum."

Items, Foreign & Local.

The total land force of the Burnside expedition is as follows:—Fifteen full regiments and one battalion of infantry; one battery of six pieces of field artillery; forty five rifled guns, distributed throughout the fleet, or a total of fifty-one guns at the disposal of the land forces. The total fighting force amounts to fully 16,000 men, aside from the naval vessels.

James Brown, the person who was found guilty at the Assizes in Toronto last Fall, and sentenced to be hung on the 4th December last, but who had a new trial granted him, has been tried in Toronto lately, and again found guilty, and sentenced to be hung on the 10th of March next.

The steamship *Europa* brought £61,000 in specie for Halifax.

No answer has been given by the British Cabinet to the Intercolonial Railway Delegation.

The Confederate steamer *Theodora* which conveyed Mason and Slidell to Havana, has again safely run the blockade.

The Reporter estimates the average weight of the Guards at 190 to 200 lbs.

There were thirteen hundred signatures to the letter of condolence to Queen Victoria circulated in New York.

A six ounce gold nugget was procured at the Tanguier diggings last week.

Sixty-four thousand four hundred of the present population of Canada are natives of the United States.

Messrs. R. L. & A. Stuart, Sugar Refiners, New York, recently made an appropriation of \$40,000 for the poor of that city.

Every man of the troops in Canada is to be supplied with two pairs of woollen drawers, one sheepskin overcoat, one pair of sealskin mitts, one pair of Canadian boots, two pairs of worsted stockings, one sealskin cap with ear muffs, one chamois leather waistcoat, one comforter, one jersey, and two morino under vests.

Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia securities have risen as rapidly in the London Money Market as they fell. They were quoted as follows on the 3d inst.: Canada, 109; New Brunswick, 105; Nova Scotia, 106.

It is estimated that there are some fourteen million persons of African descent on this continent. In the United States they number 4,500,000; Brazil 4,150,000; Cuba 1,500,000; South and Central American Republics, 1,200,000; Hayti 2,000,000; British Possessions 800,000; French 250,000; Dutch, Danish and Mexican, 200,000.

The first Jew ever permitted to exercise the profession of an advocate in Hungary, was sworn in at Pesth on Dec. 11th.

Baron de Sini's daughter is to be married early in January to Prince Ypsilanti. In order to give an idea of the bride's outfit, it will suffice to say that fifty women have been exclusively employed during the last three months in making her bodilinen.

It is stated that 8,600 barrels, of about forty gallons each, of the oil from the Pennsylvania springs, are now on their way to London. This will be the first large arrival in England.

It is not a week since a young lady of good family, resident in Warsaw, was overheard playing in her own chamber one of the forbidden songs of her country. In the course of the same afternoon a party of gendarmes entered the house, seized the youthful musician, dragged her to the office of the guard, and there, upon her refusal to swear that she would never sing or play the interdicted air again, indicted upon her person stripes so many and so terrible that soon after her return to her father's dwelling she expired.—Galignani.

The following is the text of a letter addressed by Garibaldi to the provincial Council of Calabria Ulterior, in answer to an address from that body:— "Caperna, 12th Nov.—Your blood has not deviated from the path traced by your ancestors! When the destined hour shall strike, I shall again see you in arms, to the terror of the enemies of Italy. The time is not far distant. Be all prepared for that last trial, and we shall conquer! Ever yours,

Sir John Arnott, Mayor of Cork, has invested \$200,000 in the establishment of a monster bakery and milling concern, with the view of selling to the poor at first cost during this season of scarcity and distress.

The British exports to France in November last year amounted in value to £529,000, and in November last to £908,800.—The increase is chiefly in manufactured goods admitted under the new French tariff.

Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London Times, it is said, will return to England early in the present month.

Ten thousand dollars worth of Nova Scotia gold is to be sent to the Great Exhibition.

The London Times says that the preparation for war has already cost £2,000,000.

The Earl of Elgin will shortly leave for India, of which vast dependency he has been appointed Governor-General.

Gen Alexander Armstrong, the senior officer in the British army, died at Bath, England on the 21st ult., aged 95.

The treasure brought from California in steamers in 1860 was \$33,449,409; that in 1861 was \$1,379,547, showing an increase of \$32,069,862.

A monument is about to be erected to the memory of Sir Humphrey Davy at Penzance. It will consist of a granite column and base, surmounted with a statue of the great chemist, with a safety lamp in his hand.

The St. John Freeman says, that a private telegram received in that city since the arrival of the *Europa* at Halifax, states that the cargo of deals of the *Lord Elgin* sold at an average of £8 5s. This is a decline in price of 3s. to 4s. per standard.

The London Times says of the "Stone Blockade;" "It is a dead without a name," a "violation of all the laws of war." And says that "even the fierce tribes of the Desert will not destroy the well which gives life to an enemy."

General News.

THE LATEST AND FUNNIEST PATENT.—We have been told of a curious invention which will be shown at the Great Exhibition of 1862. By its means a man may turn the inside out, and a woman too—not exactly in the full meaning the words would convey, but partially. The inventor is Garcia, not the Spaniard who turns the tables against Hamburg and Baden proprietors, but a scientific Frenchman, who has been practicing the simple performance in which many ladies spend much time without getting valuable results—namely, standing before the mirror for a considerable portion of the day. When he had done that to his satisfaction, and knew every pimple and hair to his heart's content, he wanted to look inside, or, as we say, turn himself inside out—so, being of an ugly inventive character, he got the looking glass down his throat a considerable distance, and then by means of a light introduced in the way which was the earliest understood by all our readers, of course he cast a reflection inside himself so powerful that it was sent back to an outer reflector, showing the whole high-pressure machinery of man—the wheels, cranks, cogs, and so forth, going on. He faints from pleasure and astonishment at the discovery on the first application thereof, and declares to the world that his invention, so costly to science in one sense, he will produce at the most nominal figure, so that it will be within the reach of all. Where will this discovery stop? Of course every lady will possess one, and the first response to her lover when he pops the question, will not be as we are told is the case in high life at present—'How much last night, Antonio, per annum?' but 'Abroad, open thy mouth that I may insert the mirror—Garcia, and look down into thy heart to see if it is black or spotted.' Here are discoveries indeed awaiting us. How many will freely submit to the inspection?—Court Journal.

THE EFFECTS OF REPUDIATION.—The N. Y. World thus discourses on the injurious effects of repudiation, and just seems to have discovered that after all, "Honesty is the best policy."

"The repudiation of their debts by a few of the states of this Union has cost, and will continue to cost the country millions of dollars yearly. It has destroyed the credit of the nation abroad, and today detracts from the value of the federal securities and enhances the difficulty of negotiating loans even with our own banks. The unbusiness-like habit of not paying promptly is a grievous fault with our government. It will cost us untold millions before this war is over. The following remarks by Mr. Baker, of this state, to the House of Representatives, tells the story of English and American credit."

"The finance ministers of Great Britain have had the sagacity to understand and carry it into practice the essential principle of credit—prompt pay. Every one knows that no matter what means an individual may possess, if he does not pay promptly, his credit will be impaired, and although he may obtain money, it can only be done by paying high rates of interest, and may purchase what he requires, but it is at an enhanced price. The same inflexible rule will apply to nations. The failure of several states of the Union to pay interest promptly has cost this nation millions, and tens of millions of dollars. Had it not been for that financial blot on those states, which the nation is made to suffer, we might at this time borrow all the money we need at five per cent."

DEMORALIZATION.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says:—"Will it be believed that the two regiments of Berdan's sharpshooters, now near Washington, are still lying in camp un supplied with arms? Such is the case. Worse than this, it is doubtful if they can ever be brought to any degree of efficiency, which they have been, and which they are entitled to. They have been idle, and sickness, and the demoralization consequent thereupon, made among the officers and men. The muster-rolls of the two regiments contain about 1,500 men. Of these, in the last three weeks, 64 have died, and about 700 are in the regimental hospitals and on the sick list. Hardly a regiment of discipline is preserved. Officers and men have become disheartened, and it is most likely that when the officers are paid off the present week, large numbers of them will desert, and this is openly canvassed in the camps."

[Had Mr. Russell, of the Times written the above he would have been sadly abused.]—Ex.

POLITICAL LOZENGES.—The detachment from the Massachusetts 11th regiment, under command of Lieut. Col. Tilton, which went on an expedition down the Potomac river recently, was very hospitably received by the Maryland people, although there was no doubt but that the majority of them were secessionists. Several of the officers attended church one Sunday, and the ladies in the gallery amused themselves during service by dropping lozenges down to them, on which they had written "Davis and Beauregard."

HOW MANY BALLS KILL.—Marsell Saxe, a high authority in such things, was in the habit of saying that to kill a man in battle, the man's weight in lead must be expended. A French medical and surgical gazette, published at Lyons, says that this fact was verified in Solferino, even with the recent great improvements in firearms. The Austrians fired 8,400,000 rounds. The loss of the French and Italians was 2,000 killed and 10,000 wounded. Each man hit cost 720 rounds, and every man killed cost 4,200 rounds. The mean weight of a ball is one ounce; thus we find that it required on an average 272 rounds to kill a man. If any of our volunteer friends should get into a military fight, they should feel great comfort in the fact that 700 shots may be fired at them before they are hit, and 4,000 before they "shuffe off this mortal coil."

DON'T BE TOO SURE.—The papers are becoming filled with assurances from "distinguished sources" that the rebel armies are about to be annihilated by the immense preparations and masterly strategy of Gen. McClellan, that the most perfect success is entirely certain, beyond the possibility of a failure, &c. It is unwise to bring so much beforehand. We overdid the thing just before Manassas. Now let us wait and do the bragging afterward, if we have occasion, as we hope and believe we shall. If we do not have such occasion, we shall not feel or appear so foolish.—Boston Journal.

THE WRECKED WAR STEAMER.—The British War Steamer *Congrevar*, was wrecked on her way from Jamaica to Bermuda, when she struck on a sunken rock on the coast of Rum Cay, and became embedded five feet in the coral reef. The *Congrevar* had on board 1,100 marines, besides her crew. Those were transferred to the St. George at Jamaica. The *Congrevar* was built in 1855, is 800 horse power, and of 3,224 tons burden, and carries 101 guns. She was one of the vessels recently sent out to strengthen the North American fleet.—News.

Federal lost at the battle of Sumner, Ky.; 59 killed 127 wounded. Confederates—144 killed 119 wounded.