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SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 7

Poetry.

Six Little Feet on the Fender.

In my heart there liveth a picture
Of a kitchen maid and old,
Where the freighted rafter, o'er the rafters,
And reddened the roof's brown mould;
Gilding the steam from the kettle
That hummed on the foot-worn hearth,
Throughout all the living evening,
In measure of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three slight shadows
That freckled that rosy old room;
Because of the voices echoed
Up mid the rafter's gloom;
Because of the feet on the fender—
Six restless, white little feet,
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
Are to me so fresh and sweet.

When the first dash on the window
Told of the coming rain,
Oh! where are the fair young ones
That crowded against the pane?
While bits of frolic stealing
Their dimpled cheeks between,
Went struggling out in the darkness
In shreds of silver dawn.

Two of the feet grew weary,
One a drowsy, drowsy day,
And we tied them with snow white ribbons,
Leaving them there by the way,
There was fresh clay on the fender
That weary, white little feet,
For the four little feet had tracked it
From his grave on the brown hill's height.

Oh! why on this darksome evening,
This evening of rain and sleet,
Rest my feet all alone on the hearthstone?
Oh! where are those other feet?
Are they treading the pathway of virtue,
That will bring us together above?
Or have they made steps that would dampen
A sister's tireless love?

Select Tale.

THE SLOW-MATCH.

Continued from our last.

The name of Alphonse de Brouil had almost started to Henriette's lips, but something in her heart checked her. She dared not send for him, though he was the friend of her youth, and quartered in the nearest town, and she replied, that it would be better to go to any of Monsieur d'Andaure's relations. The girl then spoke about supplying her with food; but they could devise no means, she had not even a ribbon which would reach to the ground from the window, and she was obliged to remain fasting all night. She was awake with the earliest ray of the sun, and in sad guise, went to the window to look out. The morning was bright, and beautiful; the whole earth sparkling with dew; and the sun rising yellow in the east. But the sight of sweet free nature only moved her to tears again. A moment or two after, she heard a sound of voices, and the next instant perceived her husband in the garden, coming round the corner of the tower. She drew back immediately; but at the glance she obtained, Monsieur d'Andaure did not seem mad in the least. He was walking quietly along by the side of the gardener, with his hands behind his back, and they both stopped at the foot of the tower, and talked in quiet tones. Her husband seemed to be giving some directions. "There," he said, "dig there. Make it pretty deep. You will need it eighteen inches long, and about twelve wide. I will come back in a quarter of an hour, and see."

"Won't that be too near the wall, sir?" asked the gardener.

"No," said the marquis, sharply; "not at all. I told you that it is intended to run over the whole house, and it must be planted there."

Thus saying, he walked away, and the gardener began to dig. Henriette crept back to the window, and looked out. There was nobody there but the gardener, a good-natured, middle aged man, somewhat stupid; and she spoke to him, asking him if he could not help her to escape by bringing a ladder from the stables, and putting it up to her window.

"Bless you, no, madame," he said. "The marquis is wandering all about, and would find us out in a minute. But you will soon have help; for Monsieur Charles, the valet, has gone to seek it. He says, and all say, that Monsieur is mad; but he does not seem to me mad at all; only mighty ill-tempered. You had better draw down the blind, madame, and then he can't see you any talking to me."

"What are you digging that hole for?" asked Henriette.

"To plant a wonderful rose tree in," replied the gardener. "Monsieur says that it will run all over the house in two years, and I am to go over to St. D— to fetch it, as I am doing digging."

Thus saying, he shoveled out a few spadefuls of earth, while Henriette watched him from the window, with the blind drawn down, so that she could see the garden below, without being seen. In less than a quarter of an hour, Monsieur d'Andaure returned, blamed the gardener sharply for his slowness, and soon after sent him away, telling him to take the brown horse, and the cart, and fetch what he had been ordered to bring. He then went away himself, and Henriette, soon after, heard the roll of wheels as the gardener went upon his errand. All then became still in the house, and round it. She did not know that all the servants had left the place, and the complete silence seemed to her strange. She became nervous and alarmed; but still she sat near the window, sometimes weeping, and sometimes looking out, while the blind was moving gently backward and forward by the air. Presently, she heard a step, and a grating sound; and turning her eyes in that direction, she saw her husband rolling a small barrel along the gravel walk. Curiosity now superseded other emotions; and she watched him till he rolled it up to the spot where the gardener had been digging, which was close against the aperture in the foundation wall which I have mentioned. Then he rolled it into the little pit, and laughed strangely. Its position did not seem to suit him, at first; and he rolled it one way, and then another, adjusting it with great care.

"What could be in that barrel?" Henriette asked herself. She had heard of people burying treasures. The barrel seemed to be heavy, though it was so small; and she concluded that it must contain gold.

She was soon undeceived. Monsieur d'Andaure

went away, and came back again, bringing with him a gunlet in his hand, and round his arm a large coil of what seemed to be small cord. Then he bored a hole in the barrel, inserted one end of the cord in it, and then stretched the other out to its full length, some twelve or fourteen yards, then putting his hand into his pockets, he pulled out two powder flasks, and emptied the contents into the aperture in the wall.

The truth flashed suddenly upon her mind: the barrel contained gunpowder: the cord was a slow-match: it was his intention to blow up the tower in which he had confined her; and he had sent away the gardener, for the purpose of doing so undisturbed. Terror and anguish seized upon her; and, forgetting that he was mad, she called to him, beseeching him to forbear, entreating, imploring, adjuring. But it was all in vain. Her husband looked up, and laughed, only saying, "Ah, it will soon be over. Make ready; for we are going a journey, *mon amie*. From that moment he seemed to hear nothing that she said; but went about his work as quietly and deliberately, as if he were transplanting a shrub. He gathered a number of stones together, placed them round the barrel, so as to fix it firmly against the wall, laid a large one over the powder in the aperture, and then piled the earth up all round, taking care not to embarrass the fuse. Then getting a lantern, he set fire to the end of the slow-match.

Henriette shrieked with fright; but he only looked up, nodded his head significantly, and walked away. The anguish, and horror of her sensation were now indescribable. For a few minutes there was the usual struggle of hope and fear. She thought he might repent, come back, and extinguish the match; but then she remembered that he was mad, and that madness has no repentance; and dull, heavy despair took possession of her. Yet that match, and the small speck of red fire at the end of it, had a strange fascination for her. There was no flame; it looked like a glow worm moving through the grass, only with a brighter, and a redder fire, and a slower progress. Whether the man intended to protract her torture, who can say. But the fuse was very long, and the time it took to burn, immense. Her own sensations, too, were most strange. Once, she felt as if she could throw herself from the window, to escape from the horrible impression of impending death by flying at once into his arms. Once, she felt as if she could go to sleep; but then again, she said to herself, "No; I will die praying for him, and for me. God knows I have never injured him by word, deed, or thought;" and kneeling before the crucifix she prayed for several minutes, expecting each instant to be hurried into eternity.

Suddenly the thought came across her mind that the match might have gone out, and she went timidly toward the window. But there it was, burning still. It had made very little progress, but it had made some. When she had looked at it before, the spot of light was in the green grass; now, it was upon the gravel walk. She looked at her watch, remarked how long it took to cross an inch or two of the walk, and calculated how many minutes she had to live. Slowly, slowly it went on. An hour and a half would elapse, at the least, before it could creep up to the powder. A momentary flash of hope arose. The gardener might return. But then, when she remembered the distance he had to go, the hope went out; and she sat, and gazed at the match, with the leaden apathy of despair. Then, strange to say, sweet dreams of what might have been, began to present themselves to her imagination; how happy she could have been with Alphonse de Brouil, even with very limited means; and then she turned her eyes to the match again, and thought of death. The memory of many a little incident of sweet early times came up before her eyes: childhood's pleasures; youth's hope and warm affections; the visions of dawnful love. She sat as a dying woman, recalling all the things of a past life, while the slow fire marched insidiously on, shortening every instant her allotted space by almost imperceptible degrees. Very strange and very terrible were her sensations, varying almost every instant through the long and dreadful period of suspense. Sometimes her brain would seem to turn with the horror of her situation. She felt as if in a dream; all around her became unreal to her imagination; she could have laughed; she could have sung; but soon, very soon, the stern reality rushed back upon her again with all its fearful circumstances. Sometimes a gleam of hope rose up in the midst of the dark blank of her despair, like one of those small wandering sparks which burst forth in a charred paper, long after all fire has seemed extinct. Sometimes a soft and gentle melancholy possessed her; a calm, resigned, tranquil expectation of coming fate. A bird began to sing in one of the trees of the garden, and she thought it wonderfully sweet; a light cloud floated over the sun, checking the brilliant yellow lustre of the morning by a blue shadow. Oh, how beautiful! She felt like a person on the eve of quitting their home—a home still loved, though there might have been pangs and sorrows there—and every joy and pleasure was remembered, every sweet thought, and gentle emotion of life came back to gild the scene she was parting with forever. Oh, warm, bright, cheerful, happy world, how hard, how sad is it to part from thee! It was a dream—it must be a dream. There could not be such a thing in reality. It was too trifling to be true. It was but a horrible vision. Could that little spark, which had now nearly reached the mid-way of the gravel path, be bearing her on every instant to eternity? Could that slow, creeping light be the messenger of death, to tear away from all kindly relations, from all sweet enjoyments from the loves, the hopes, the emotions, the affections, even from the sorrows of life—a little spark like that? Impossible! Yet there it was, creeping on, creeping on, as early as the snail, but sure and even.—To be concluded.

A Western paper, describing the effect of a severe thunder shower, says:—A cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed, belonging to the village physician, who had a beautiful calf four days old.

It required one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to pay off the soldiers in Augusta last week, about forty five thousand dollars for the cavalry only.

The following is a true copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster:—"Sir, as you are a man of college, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

CURIOUS PAGE IN HISTORY.—Her Majesty Eugenie Bernadine Desiree, Queen of Sweden and Norway and of the Goths and Vandals, widow of Charles XIV., King of Sweden, died at Stockholm on the 18th Nov. Her biography is no small wonder in the history of princes. Napoleon in the very early part of his career, near Marseilles, in exile from Corsica, a Marseillaise merchant named Clary showed them much kindness and hospitality. A close intimacy ensued, and the merchant's charming daughters became the objects of the admiration and attentions of Napoleon and his brothers. Napoleon, it is said, wished to wed one of them himself, but the poor Lieutenant of Artillery was no match then; he married Mlle. Marie Julia Clary, and she afterwards shared his ephemeral thrones of Naples and Spain, and died his widow in 1845, having had by him two daughters, Lenais, Princess of Canino, and Charlotte, who died in 1839, the widow of the present Emperor Napoleon's elder brother. The younger sister of Mlle. Clary had an equally brilliant and a far more stable elevation. This was Eugenie Bernadine Desiree Clary, the subject of this notice, for whom the Court of England is now in mourning. She was married, in 1789, to a fencing master, who had retired in disgust from being a private of the Royal Marines, but whom the Revolution brought back to the Army. He speedily became a sergeant, and in a very short time proved himself one of the best and most sensible captains of the Republic. He was no other than John Baptiste Bernadotte, successively Marshal of France, Prince of Ponte Corvo, Prince Royal, and, eventually, as Charles XIV., King of Sweden, he was further remarkable as being the only Sovereign created by the French Revolution who did not possess of his dominions. His Queen, Eugenie Desiree, was well worthy of her rank. She was talented, spirituelle, affectionate, and amiable, and was devoted through life to her husband, kindred, and friends. Her influence, constantly exercised, proved of infinite protection and relief to the Bonaparte family during the period they were outcasts and exiles. In Sweden her Majesty was much beloved and always popular. By King Charles XIV., she had an only child, Joseph Francis Oscar, who succeeded his father, in 1844, on the throne, as Oscar I., and died in 1859. His son, Charles XV., is the present King of Sweden. The Dowager Queen was, at the time of her death, in her eightieth year. Her family is still represented in France by Viscount Clary.

LORD STANLEY ON HEALTH.—"To the poor man it is capital, it is bread, it is independence; with all men it goes far to make the difference between a happy or unhappy life. There is no more real or tangible benefit which you can confer upon a people than when you reduce the rate of mortality and lessen the amount of disease. In the United Kingdom it is estimated that people ought not to die at the yearly rate of more than 17 in 1,000; they do actually die at a rate greatly exceeding this—I think on an average, 22, or 2 in 1,000. Now, here we have with our population of 30,000,000 more than 100,000 lives thrown yearly away. What kills them?—Not *epidemic*, not *famine*, not, in the majority of cases, the hard necessities of their condition; but ignorance—ignorance on their own part, or in that of society, of the physical laws of our being. No doubt there are unhealthy and dangerous trades, there are lives shortened by actual want; but these are comparatively few; every doctor will tell you that immense saving of life would take place if only some two or three simple things were estimated at their true value—pure air, pure water, sufficient drainage, and healthy bodily exercise for those who live sedentary lives. [Hear, hear.] Some may answer me, "These are matters, except the last, with which the landlords and local authorities have more to do than the people. We can't choose the houses we'll live in. We drink the water supplied to us. We breathe the air around us, such as it is."—"Well," I reply, "that if the people take interest in these things, if they understand their immense practical importance, there is no danger that landlords or local authorities won't do their duty. If smoke nuisances are allowed to go on because nobody will exert himself to put them down; if good water is objected to because it costs a little more in the rates; if streets and alleys are left mere nests of fever and pollution for want of a few drains the fault is not with the individuals here and there; the fault is with the public at large, without whose support and encouragement in an age and country of popular measures, no important work can be carried through." [Applause.] Then as to the habits of those whose occupation are sedentary. I suspect we are few of us aware how rapidly a close in doors existence, where the brain alone is worked, and the muscles don't get fair play, extinguishes health, strength, and in time life itself. Every great city is fed by the influx of strangers outside. Few, if any, keep their numbers without much immigration. That is a startling state of things, and if not kept in check, men may live in masses without poisoning one another, and they may be prosperous men of business without sacrificing health to wealth. But they must first have a clear idea of their bodily nature and its requirements, and that is a kind of knowledge which surely can never be out of place. [Applause.]

RECREATIONS OF GREAT MEN.—Socrates did not blush to play with the children. Asinius Pollio would not suffer any business to occupy him beyond a stated hour; and after that time he would not allow any letter to be opened during his hours of relaxation, that they might not be interrupted by unforeseen labors. Tycho Brahe diverted himself with polishing glasses for all kinds of spectacles, and making mathematical instruments; an amusement too closely connected with studies to be deemed as one.

D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, after seven or eight hours of study every day, amused himself in cultivating trees; Barclay, the author of the *Argency*, in his leisure hours was a florist; Balzac amused himself with a collection of crayon portraits; Peireux found amusement among his medals and antiquarian curiosities; and Politian in singing airs to his lute.

Descartes passed his afternoon in the conversations of a few friends, and in cultivating a little garden in the morning.

Granville Sharp, amid the severity of his studies

found a social relaxation in the amusement of a barge on the Thames, which was well known to the circle of his friends. There was festive hospitality with musical delight. It was resorted to by men of the most eminent talents and rank. His little voyages to Putney, Kew, and to Richmond, and the literary intercourse they produced, were singularly happy ones. "The history of his amusements cannot be told without adding to the dignity of his character," observed Mr. Prince Hoare, in his very curious life of this great philanthropist.

Some have found amusement in composing treatises on odd subjects. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative of Blandian's death. Pterius Valerianus has written a eulogium on beads; and we had a learned one recently, with due gravity and pleasant, entitled *Eloge de Perreux*—a eulogium on wigs.

Erasmus, to amuse himself when travelling in a post-chaise, composed his panegyric on *Moria*, or *Folly*; which, authorized by the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas Moore.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.—THE SEVEN OLD AND THE SEVEN NEW.—The seven wonders of the world were: 1st, the Egyptian Pyramids. The largest of these is 693 feet square and 469 feet high, and its base covers 11½ acres of ground; 2nd, the Mausoleum, erected to Mausolus, king of Caria, by his widow Artemisia. It was 63 feet long and 35 feet high; 3rd, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. This was 423 feet in length and 220 feet in breadth; 4th, Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon. These walls are stated, by Herodotus, to have been 87 feet thick, 345 feet high, and 60 miles in length; and the statement is deemed credible by modern antiquaries; 5th, the Colossus of Rhodes. This was a brazen statue of Apollo, 105 feet in height, standing at the mouth of the harbor of Rhodes; 6th, the statue of Jupiter Glykys, at Athens, which was made of ivory and gold, and was wonderful for its beauty rather than for its size; 7th, the Pharos of Ptolemy Philadelphus. This was a light-house, 500 feet high, on the island of Pharos at Alexandria, in Egypt. A fire was kept burning on its summit during the night, to guide ships to the harbor. The seven wonders of the world are: The Art of Printing; Optical Instruments, such as the Telescope and Microscope; Gunpowder; the Steam Engine; Labor-saving Machinery; the Electro Telegraph, and the Photograph.

RULES FOR PUBLIC SPEAKING.—We are enabled to recommend with confidence, the following rules to those who would be successful public speakers:—1. Endeavour to possess yourself wholly of your subject. 2. Be calm and self collected, and speak to the audience under a lively consciousness that they are expecting instruction and edification, and of the importance of acquitting yourself well. 3. Be sure you pitch your voice low enough at the commencement of your discourse. It will then find its natural tone as you proceed. 4. Let your enunciation of every syllable and, so far as possible, of the sound of every letter, be clear, and distinct, and you will then be heard and understood in every part of the largest hall, though your voice may not be loud. 5. Keep the lungs well inflated, and speak mostly by the movement of the abdominal muscles. 6. Let your voice be flexible, undulatory, and rhythmic in its motion; and mind your pauses, emphases, and intonations, according to the nature of the subject, and the passions that are to be expressed. 7. Keep the mind well concentrated, and enter thoroughly into the spirit of the subject. 8. Keep the limbs flexible, and let gesticulation be prompted by the impulse of feeling. Then it will always be natural.

Let each public speaker drill himself to these rules, until their observance becomes natural and spontaneous; and if the matter of his communication is of interest and importance, he will not fail to acquit himself to the satisfaction of his audience. —*Life Illustrated*.

YANKER ZUAYER.—Philander Doesticks, who claims to be an Ellsworth Zuaver, thus narrates the experience of his regiment after receiving their uniforms from the Military Board:—"No man has had a whole suit of clothes for two months. We've gone on guard dressed only in an overcoat and musket, and we've done so out of duty and elegant attire of a revolver and one pair of shoes for three men. When we've wanted to dress extra fine for Sunday service, we'd polish our muskets and tie a red rag on each leg. The chaplains, for decency's sake—when he preaches—stands in an empty pork barrel to hide his legs. I called on the Colonel yesterday dressed only in a bayonet, and that considerate officer admired my airy costume very much, but said I'd better kill a few sashers, and when I bagged one of my own size, I might help myself to his breeches. When our whole company lately applied to him for clothes, he said he had not got any for us, but he served out 15 rounds of ball cartridges to each, and gave us leave of absence for two days, and told us to hurry all the scoundrels we killed, so as not to lumber up the country. Many of the fellows got good suits of clothes, and Bob Brown was so uncommonly particular that he didn't suit himself till he had killed five fellows. With my usual luck, I couldn't kill a fellow my size—they were all too short or too long. When at last I did find a fellow five feet nine, and had just got a good aim on him, he raised his head and disclosed the unwelcome fact that he was one of our sergeants. Just my luck—he had on a lovely gird of grays which would have fitted me to a hair, and if I had been a second quicker at the trigger, I could have had it, but I couldn't decently shoot after I had seen his face. However, I got a fair suit of blue cloth, and Bob Brown is on the look out to help me better my condition. He wants to find a fellow five feet nine, rather slim in his waist, and with a new and well fitting suit, army blue preferred."

Some one blamed Dr. Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "That's the difference between a man and a jackass—the jackass can't change his mind, and a man can. It's a human privilege."

That wondrous book, whose leaves are the strata of the rocks, waits six thousand years for readers.

Items, Foreign & Local.

A Natural History Society has been formed in St. John.

The further correspondence relative to the Trent affair has been published. Earl Russell complaisantly Lord Lyons on his conduct.

It has been intimated to Mason and Sidel that it would be well for them to abstain from visiting Barclay's Brewery, in London, lest they be served as the Austrian woman-whipper was a few years ago.

The work of building the "Temple of the Lord" at Great Salt Lake City, suspended by the crisis of '58, has been resumed. The *Deseret News* goes into raptures over it, avers that "continual noise made by the many stone-cutters by their hammers and chisels is pleasing to the ear," and looks forward to the day when this saintly edifice "on the top of the mountains" will be completed and "heralded to the ends of the earth."

The "Saints" out in Utah have whipped and robbed Governor Dawson so that he could not remain in their celestial company. He left Salt Lake on the 31st Dec.

A general of high command says that the provisions wasted by the soldiers of the army of the Potomac would sustain a French army of equal numbers.

Wild Cherry bark steeped in water, is said to be an excellent application for sores on man or beast.

A Statute of the Queen, costing \$8,000, is to be erected at Montreal, C. E.

The Grand Division of S. of T. of Nova Scotia, at a late meeting, agreed to employ a lecturer to address the people on Temperance, and the Legislature is to be asked to appropriate \$400 to pay the expenses.

It is stated in Paris that the Free Masons of France will not be allowed to elect their Grand Master, and that the post will be filled by Marshal Magnan.

The London *Morning Post* says that the British possessions in North America will be permanently occupied by a strong military force, in which the Royal Artillery will preponderate.

By general order in the *Royal Gazette*, Capt. John D. Beardsley is dismissed from the Militia Force of the Province, he having entered the service of a foreign State without permission of Her Majesty.

During a great fire in New York, on Saturday evening, 2000 barrels of whiskey exploded, shattering buildings, knocking down twenty firemen, breaking a leg of one and injuring four others badly.

In Nova Scotia there are 13,230 hand looms, which produced 1,700,000 yards of homespun, flax and woolen cloth last year.

The *Forest City*, of the International Line, will, so says the *St. Croix Herald*, in a few weeks commence running between Boston and St. John.

The Armstrong guns which have been transported by land from St. John to Canada, have not been removed from the sleds on which first placed. Great care is required in transporting them.

The Colonel of the Fusilier Guards rendered himself obnoxious to a portion of the press and people of the city of St. John, for having instructed two of his men to act as decoys to entrap certain suspected parties, upon offering to assist them to desert. After rendering themselves liable, they were arrested and punished. We cannot quite justify the conduct of the Colonel.

The defenses at Quebec are being completed with vigor.

Every week almost, the Nova Scotian papers announce the discovery of new gold mines.

A commercial clerk in Paris recently brought an action against a young lady for breach of promise of marriage, and recovered 500 francs and costs.

The Baptist Church at Beaufort, S. C., is reported to have a total membership of 3,710 persons, of whom about 3,000 are the "descendants of Ham."

The population of Richibucto, Kent Co. is 1,115, and of the whole parish 4,033.

There is a farmer in Putnam Co., N. Y. who has a mile of children. His name is Furlong, and he has eight boys and girls. Eight furlongs one mile! Mrs. Lucy Cupps, of Illinois, recently gave birth to three fine looking male children. That's having the he-Gupps with a vengeance, says an exchange.

During an examination, a medical student being asked the question, "when does mortification ensue?" he replied: "when you pop the question and are answered no."

The Marysville, Cal., *Express* says that a Chinese merchant in that city, a rich one, "has offered one hundred dollars a piece for the bodies of the Chinamen destroyed upon the Yuba River by the freshet; and as high as two thousand dollars has been offered for the body of some aristocratic Chinaman who perished in the flood."

The Board of Agriculture is summoned to meet at Fredericton on Saturday the 1st day of March next.

The International Steamship Company are building a steamer of 960 tons in New York; she will be on the route between this City, Portland and Boston, about the 1st of July.

MONEY.—How to keep it.—The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor. But money that is inherited, or that in any way comes without a fair and just equivalent, is almost certain to go as it came. The young man who begins by saving a few shillings, and thrifly increases his store—every coin being a representative of good, solid, work, honesty and manfully done—stands a better chance to spend the last half of his life in affluence and comfort than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations, or the devious means which abound in the foggy regions lying between fair dealing and actual fraud. Among the wisest and most thrifty men of wealth, the current proverb is, "Money goes as it comes." Let the young make a note of this, and see that their money comes fairly and it may long abide with them.

General News.

The latest accounts received from Mexico represent that the Government is making all the preparations in its power to defend the country against the invading allies. President Juarez was invested with full dictatorial powers by Congress before its adjournment. A new and stronger Cabinet had been constituted with Gen. Polanco at its head, as Minister of State. Soon after his appointment, he issued a proclamation closing the port of Vera Cruz, then in possession of the Spaniards, to foreign trade, recommending the Governors of States to respect the rights of foreign residents, and give them as little cause for complaint as possible, increasing the regular army to 62,000 men, and calling for as many volunteers as the Governors can properly furnish from their respective States.—It is believed that under this call 150,000 troops will soon be in the field. Gen. Comonfort has offered his services to the Government, which has accepted them. A general amnesty has been offered to the Church party. It is represented that the reactionists who still remain have also all been subdued or have voluntarily tendered their allegiance.

The following are passages from the famous speech of Senator Hammond:—"What would happen if no Cotton was furnished for three years? England would topple headlong and carry the whole civilized world with her. No power on earth dare make war upon it. Cotton is king. Until lately the Bank of England was king, but she tried to put her screws, as usual, the fall before last, on the Cotton crop, and was utterly vanquished. The last power has been conquered. Who can doubt, that has looked upon recent events, that Cotton is supreme?"

It appears by accounts from Washington, that the Government has decided to withdraw the charges of piracy preferred against the rebel privateersmen now in custody, and to place them on a footing with prisoners of war. An order has been issued removing them to military prisons, with a view to their exchange for prisoners of the United States incarcerated in the South. This important and humane course on the part of the Government may result in the return of Colonels Corcoran, Lee, Woodruff, Cogswell, Wilcox, Vogdes and the other officers now held as hostages for these privateersmen. A general exchange, it is believed, of all the prisoners, will speedily follow.

The fire in Boston Monday, whereby Quincy Market was so nearly destroyed, says the *Bath Times*, was not without its amusing as well as dangerous scenes. The meat and provision stalls were well filled and their stores pretty essentially cooked—whole carcasses of beef and pork, roasted eggs, etc., were drawn out from the ruins and great was the scramble among the crowd to get hold of the debris thereof.—A. Times.

THE DEATH OF ZOLLICOFFER.—There are various accounts of the death of Gen. Zolllicoffer, at the battle of Mill Creek, Kentucky, but all agree that he was killed by Col. Fry, of the 4th Kentucky regiment, an old schoolmate and friend of the rebel general. The account, which seems most authentic, says:—"Col. Fry was lying in ambush, with a squad of his regiment, when Z. Zolllicoffer appeared at the head of a detachment of troops, which had advanced to the marching rapidly in advance of the main Confederate force. When the General had arrived within twenty feet of the ambush where Fry and his men were concealed, the Colonel sprang forward and drew his navy revolver and presented it at the Confederate General. Upon discovering Fry across his path, Gen. Z. drew his revolver, and both hands exclaimed, 'Hold, Fry—you would not shoot your old friend, would you?' Then placing his right hand on his pistol, and pointing back to his command, continued: 'Look, there are all your friends,' which remark was evidently intended to draw Fry's attention away from him, while he would improve the occasion to shoot him. Fry, however, did not heed the remark, but said, 'I will attend to you first,' and pulling the trigger, Zolllicoffer fell with a ball in his breast. His last words were, 'I am killed—all's well,' and with a groan expired. The detachment then turned on their heels, and retreated to the main body of the army. Here too fell young Ben. Patterson, son of the General, who was well known to the nation. Young Patton, like his father, struggled long against disaster. He was killed and insulted last May for telling his love for the old Union."

[Is this called civilized warfare? It cannot be! An officer under the circumstances above described, should have been called on to surrender, before being killed outright. It is really shocking.]—*Chris. Visitor*.

A HEALTH SEEKING SHIP.—A Paris correspondent of the *New York World* says that an American in that city proposes to build a steam vessel for the accommodation of consumptive patients. The writer says:—"A portion of the year will be spent in Nice, and when this becomes tiresome and monotonous, or the weather begins to prove chilly, they steam away for Madeira, or even farther South, as far as the Cape of Good Hope, and thus the patients, who will be kept in a warm and comfortable climate, will be able to visit France, or about one hundred dollars, a month from each patient, will, the projecter thinks, be amply sufficient to pay a handsome profit to the managers of the enterprise, and he is already in communication with one of the largest naval contractors in France in relation to the matter, and he hopes some time during the coming year to see launched the health-seeking ship."

A Court Martial at Halifax, of which Col. Cleveland, R. A., was President, sentenced private Michael Walsh of the 16th Regt. to 2 years imprisonment with hard labor, for using abusive and threatening language towards Capt. Himes of that Regiment. The prisoner was not sentenced to be flogged, but under the articles of war, on account of previous good character. Also sentenced private Edmund Welsh to a like punishment for having used threatening and abusive language towards Sergt. David McLean, his superior officer. Also sentenced private Patrick Donohue to a like punishment for a like offence towards Color-Sergt. Thos. Cunningham.

LUTHER'S WEDDING RING.—Burleigh the *New York* correspondent of the *Boston Journal* says:—"Moses Bitt, of Boston, has been charged with a genuine curiosity. It is the wedding ring of Martin Luther. It is in a capital state of preservation—contains Luther's name in Latin—the date of the marriage, 24th June, 1525, and the ornamental parts show the coil, the ladder, the crucifix, the mitre, and other religious emblems. It has been acquired reportedly on the inside, and the identity of the ring is complete. Several documents are connected with it to prove that it is genuine. It belongs to one of the Chaplains of General Blenker's division, and it will be on exhibition for some time."

One of the boldest acts of Luther's life was his marriage. The tone of the Reformation was not then up to the marriage of the Priesthood. The alliance formed with a runaway nun made the deed doubly daring. Even men who adhered to Luther's faith were startled, and said, "Of the monk and the nun surely anti-Christ will be born." The ring by which that act was consummated has great historical value.