

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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## Poetry.

### Ally Malone.

Night comes in tears, and gusts are sweeping  
Over the wide waters and cloud-covered plain  
Weep misty skies, weep with my weeping,  
Weep with my weeping, and with my strain:  
Soon shall my voice and my soul be silent  
All that I love, and all that I care for,  
I loved thee dearly, truly, sincerely,  
But thou has left me, sweet Ally Malone.

Lead blows the wind, but in its close  
Mirth's joyous shout from yon cabin doth swell;  
Friends, in whose bosoms, bright honor reposes,  
These are your voices loved, true hearts farewell:  
Once in your joys and your sports I was foremost,  
Now to the stormy night, singing alone;  
All joy forsaking, this fond heart breaking,  
All for the love of thee, Ally Malone.

Green Isle farewell, mountain and valley,  
Winds and wild waters soon bear me away;  
On thy loved shores no longer I dally,  
Bright hope hath flown, and my heart is prey:  
Mid darkness and storm, on the shadowed desert,  
My heart, with love throbbing, is ruthlessly thrown;  
But now we are parting, and parting for ever  
Be thine my last blessing, farewell Ally Malone.

## Select Tale.

### THE VALUE OF A PIN.

When in Paris lately, I spent a very pleasant evening in the society of some of its most distinguished men. One of our countrymen had invited us to a capital bachelor's dinner-party. A young Frenchman—whose name, if I were authorized to publish it, would be familiar to many, because it is that of a highly esteemed manufacturer, who won one of the first gold medals and the cross of the Legion of Honor—was the most conspicuous guest. We all looked with sincere admiration at the gifted and industrious engineer who had, before the age of thirty, acquired so large an amount of wealth and distinction; the more so because there was a report current that the new *decore* had succeeded in making his way through many impediments and difficulties, and that he had started from a very low position in life. I determined to know the truth, at all events; and as I had the good fortune to occupy the seat next to our French friend, I was soon on intimate terms with him; and when dinner was over, and we were comfortably and quietly sipping a most excellent cup of coffee, I suddenly asked the hero to give us the story of his life. He complied without reluctance or affected modesty with this rather impudent desire, and gave the following narrative:

Some fifteen years ago, I was a kind of young vagabond, slow to learn, but eager for all sorts of mischief, for which the *gamins* of Paris possess an unalloyed but well-merited reputation. My father, a tinsmith, and I attended the municipal school next to our house, or rather I pretended to attend it, for I liked much better to stroll along the boulevards and amuse myself in the Champs Elysees. There was, in short, every prospect of my becoming an idle, worthless fellow, much to the grief of my good honest father, when a word of reproach spoken in due time brought me back to my senses and to the right path. It is a trifling anecdote, if I may use this word without impropriety, in a world where the happiness of a whole family so often depends on so-called trifles.

I had not gone to school that day, because I had met on the boulevards a long funeral procession—thousands and thousands of mourners, of all ages and conditions; deputies and mechanics, high dignitaries and humble artisans—a curious but interesting mixture of coats and blouses, following a very simple hearse. It was the people of Paris, accompanying good old Jacques Lafitte to his last abode. There was something so affecting in the demonstration—that of a whole population bestowing on a simple citizen honors refused to kings, and only from time to time granted to such patriots as General Lafayette, or Garibaldi—such that even if I had not been so glad to take advantage of this new pretext, offered so unexpectedly to my vagrant propensity, I should have followed the funeral. So I took a place in the cortege with a companion, and on we went to the cemetery, which could scarcely hold us all, and was closely guarded by a number of policemen and a detachment of municipal guards; for sometimes governments fear great men, even after they have breathed their last. I listened with deep emotion to the speeches delivered by some of the popular orators of the time; and at last, when all was over, I made my way home, still having my companion with me, and as a matter of course, indulging in as many by-roads as we possibly could. You must not, therefore, be surprised to find us in the afternoon sitting on a bench in the Jardin des plantes, watching the gambols of the monkeys, and discussing the political merits of the pure democrat whose loss France lamented on that day. During this chat, I played with a little stick, and had thus picked up two pins that had probably fallen from a lady's dress; but, as you may suppose, I threw them carelessly away, and continued my declamatory address.

"You may believe it or not, Jules," said I to my attentive school-fellow, "I shall one day be as rich and as much honored as the worthy citizen Lafayette." Here I made an appropriate pause, which was disturbed in a rather unexpected and unpleasant manner.

"Rich and honored, indeed!" exclaimed a voice behind us; "you will remain a beggar and a good-for-nothing fellow all your life."

I started, and looked round in confusion, when I saw that the prophet of evil was a venerable old man, leaning on a cane, and listening unceremoniously to our boyish conversation.

"No, my boy," continued he, earnestly, "you will never become as rich and honored as good Jacques Lafayette; and I will tell you the reason—your three pins away with great disdain, while he picked one up, and owed his fortune to that circumstance. Take my word for it, the youth who does not value a pin will never become a wealthy man." I was speechless, and my eyes alone betrayed my feelings. The kind old man, for such he was, in spite of his assumed harshness, took a seat beside us, and spoke thus:

"Let me tell you the story of Monsieur Lafayette's progress, and may it be a lesson to you during life! Jacques was one of the numerous family of a poor

carpenter in the south of France; and if a generous fairy had sung at his cradle that he would one day become a rich banker, an influential deputy, a statesman, nay, a minister who would refuse to comply with the wishes of the king, and nobly retire into private life; and that, after fulfilling all the duties incumbent on his several stations in life, his death would be lamented by a whole nation, and fifty thousand mourners would follow him to the grave—the wonderful prediction would have been laughed at, even by a fond mother. For poor young Jacques had not the advantage of going to school, and he deplored it bitterly; while you indulge only in playing and rambling, and do not avail yourselves of the opportunities which your family and the state offer you. He learned the rudiments of reading and writing, as it were, by himself, and certainly with much difficulty; and after having been a kind of errand-boy in a country-office, and improved himself as well as he was able, he set out for Paris, where he arrived penniless, and having nothing to trust to but God and a letter of recommendation to a celebrated banker, Monsieur Perreux. As soon as might be, he went to the house of this gentleman, and his heart beat loudly when he presented the letter, for in it were concentrated all his hopes in life. He had not eaten anything that morning, and did not possess a single sou to buy a dinner; and, besides, he was some hundred leagues away from home, where his old father and his poor mother were perhaps starving, with nearly a dozen children round them. Monsieur Perreux read the letter, without even remarking the pale countenance of the young man, and returned directly the discouraging answer that he had already five or six clerks too many in his office, and that there was no room for a new one. Poor Jacques, on hearing this, was in the act of retiring slowly and without a word, although in the direst consternation. He bent his head in despair, and cast down his eyes. While in this position, he saw a small pin glittering on the floor, and obeying, instinctively, a well-learned lesson of his beloved mother—to care for the smallest things—he picked the pin up, and put it on the mantel-piece, saying, by way of apology to the banker, who had watched the proceedings of the young man with curiosity, 'I beg pardon, sir.' Monsieur Perreux, however, had already noticed the action, and, recalling the industrious youth, exclaimed suddenly, 'I will make room for you in the bank; fetch your things, and come back directly.'

"It was a sunbeam shining through the dark clouds which had till then overhung the path of the needy carpenter's son; and you can imagine with what exultation he greeted this ray of hope. Thus Jacques Lafitte became first the clerk, then the cashier, then the partner, and at last the successor of his father-in-law, Monsieur Perreux. He was not merely wealthy—that is common enough—he was a man of unsullied integrity; and we all know how the Emperor Napoleon, when departing for his grave in St. Helena, intrusted him with six millions without guarantee or receipt; how Lafayette married his daughter to the Prince de la Moskowa, the eldest son of the illustrious Marshal Ney; how he was elected deputy, and became one of the most influential members of the House; how he played the foremost part in the revolution of 1830; and was one of the king-makers; how he was named by Louis Philippe minister of finance, and resigned his office rather than sign an anti-popular decree; how he became poor again in the service of his country, and how the grateful people subscribed two millions of francs on his behalf to re-establish his fortunes. You yourselves saw to-day how France honored this great man to the last. Go, then, my lad, attend diligently your school, and learn to value even a pin."

Having thus spoken, the old man went away, and I saw him no more. But his story had made a deep impression on my mind, and I became a steady, industrious lad. I attended the school of industry, and learned a great deal in the way of engineering. Jacques Lafitte was always before my eyes as a model; and in passing through the street which bears the name of the illustrious citizen, I always felt the same sort of religious emotion as when I walked past a church. Some inventions I made met with approbation; and now I am what you see me—a not unimportant member of society, on the road to wealth and distinction.

### How the Swiss Live.

As much as by anything I am surprised at the places deemed habitable and actually inhabited. On the sides of mountains, on the edges of precipices, upon steep hills the children of the plains would hesitate to climb as a feat of daring, are seen, not single cottages alone, but groups of them, and large neighborhoods. Indeed, half the people of Switzerland seem to love to live on *shelves*, and I suppose they can crawl along perpendicular places by some provision as flies have; otherwise it is difficult to see how they ascend and descend. And how children are brought up, I can't imagine. I should expect four out of five, the moment they stepped out of the door, to fall down into some lake or gorge. Yet the population continues to increase and maintain its numbers. They are children of the air. They are forever surrounded by mountains, and nothing more sublime, except the clouds that solemnly sweep their tops, and hold mysterious communion with them.—H. W. Beecher.

### "Shall I learn to Dance?"

Asks a young reader. Certainly, by all means. Commence with the "Quickstep" out of bed in the morning, keep it up till the "chore" are finished. The boys will of course have a "con drill" at the barn, while the girls are engaged in a "country dance" in the kitchen. After this all hands "change" and promenade to school keeping step to merry laughter. Repeating the same on the way home at night, with an occasional variation in winter by "tripping the toe" and having a "break down" in the snow bank. A "reel" now and then will be quite in place for the girls who have learned to spin, but the boys should never think of it. If these and kindred dances are thoroughly practiced they will leave little time and no necessity for the polkas, schottisches and other immodest fooleries of the ball-room.—American Agriculturalist.

## The Fashions.

Bonnets are rather lower in front and less exaggerated in form than those which were in vogue during the past summer; they are not decidedly Marie Stuart, but partake somewhat of that character; the curtains are deep, and in many cases pointed in the centre. Plaid ribbons threaten to become common, the large blue and green plaids being even more popular than those composed of brighter, gayer colors. Chenille fringe will be very much worn around the brims of bonnets as the season advances, and velvet flowers and leaves will also be fashionable. When either a white or black straw bonnet is trimmed with plaid ribbon, the curtain is generally made with black silk; and simply bound with plaid velvet or silk.

If leathers are used, they should be of the same shade as the most prominent colors in the plaid, and flowers should likewise follow the same rule. Velvet flowers with brown grass and heather have a good effect in the caps of bonnets which are trimmed with plaid. Black felt bonnets look well ornamented with bright plaid velvet ribbons; these are sometimes disposed in straps at the top of the brim, the straps being fastened down with small jet ornamental buttons.

The last received number of the London Lady's Newspaper says:—Black velvet and silk bonnets are now becoming very general. There is no end to the variety of trimming and form in these articles—birds, butterflies, owls' heads, foxes brushes, and winged insects of all descriptions have been called into requisition for the ornamentation of these coquettish head-coverings; and now shells are taking their turn, and we see pigeons' wings, peacocks' eyes, and peasan's tails and breasts issuing out of shells in the front of black velvet hats. We cannot say that shells are either graceful, or even appropriate, in such a place, but for all that they are worn.

Black lace insertion, lined with white silk, is one of those ornaments of which people never appear to grow tired. It is now arranged upon plain high bodices, in a new style; indeed gimp and other trimmings are disposed in a like manner. Instead of the trimming being placed upon the front of the bodice, it is arranged at the sides—upon the two plaits which are always necessary to fit the bodice to the figure. The trimming at the sides of high bodices is likely to become popular.

## The Morning and the Serious.

Mankind may be divided into the merry and the serious, who, both of them, make a very good figure in the species, so long as they keep their respective humors from degenerating into the neighboring extreme; there being an natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroseness, and in the other to a fantastic levity. The merry part of the fulness through conversation at proper seasons and on proper occasions, but, on the contrary, a great grievance to society when they infect every discourse with insipid mirth, and turn into ridicule such subjects as are not suited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the philosophers as the property of reason, the excess of it has always been considered as the mark of folly.

## Forgiveness.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been abused its kindness answered with foul wrong—so turning gloomily from my fellow men, one Summer Sabbath day, I strolled among the green mounds of the village burial place; where pondering how all human love and hate find one end and level, and how, soon or late, wronged and wrong-doer, each with meek-faced face and cold hands folded over a still heart, pass the green threshold of our common grave, with all footsteps tread—whence none depart—awed for myself, and pitying my race, our common sorrow like a mighty wave swept all my pride away and trembling, I forgave.

## Sorrow.

Sorrow is divine. Sorrow is reigning on the throne of the Universe, and the crown of all sorrows has been one of thorns. There have been many books that treat of the mystery of sorrow, but only one that bids us glory in tribulation, and count it, all joy when we fall into divers afflictions, so that we may be associated with that great fellowship of suffering of which the Incarnate God is the head, and through which he is carrying a redemptive conflict to a glorious victory over evil. If we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him.—H. B. Stowe.

## The Fanned Street.

How many warnings we receive! One, which would carry its own to the heart, is the sight of a layer of tan in front of a door. The busy scene without—the market people full of life and activity—the horses and conveyances rushing by, suffused for a minute, as they pass that silent house with its lowered blinds and muffled knocker—all these have a solemn voice for us. There may be bloom upon our cheek and elasticity in our step; we may be full of thought and contrivance, glad in eagerness and energy, but we cannot help surveying our worldly thoughts, and letting our minds wander into that anxious room. We picture that form racked with pain, the pallid face, the heavy drops upon the contracted brow, the writhing frame. Once, the busy scene without was doubtless interesting to the sufferer; he may have stood at the window, watching the activities of life; now, even the muffled sounds which reach him jar upon the pained nerves.—Perhaps, too, the spirit is pervaded by an idea that the change is coming. Perhaps it is. Perhaps the toll is well nigh over, and the new world about to take the place of the fading old one. We may pass up the street again soon, and find the tan all swept away and the shutters closed, and a pall of desolation upon the house, which first was musical with joy.

Such sights should soften our hearts and make us very tender and pitiful, for the sorrow that falls upon our neighbors may fall upon us ere long, and sorrow should bind us together in the body of sympathy. Moreover, we should be very careful how we treat those dear to us, of the circle, yet we too often neglect them, and should the cold hand take them away from our midst—as it may—we should never forgive ourselves for the little deficiencies we allow to pass so thoughtlessly now.

The tanned street should impress upon us the uncertainty of our own lives. Only a vapour, it may soon be gone. Let us hear and obey the warning voice. "Prepare to meet thy God."—Marianne Farnington.

## Order.

Young friends, put things right back in their proper places. Never leave things about, helters-skelter topsy-turvy, never. When you use an article—hoe, shovel, rake, pitchfork, axe, hammer, boots, shoes, books, slates, pencils, writing apparatus, pins, thumbtacks, pincushions, needles, workbasket, kitchen furniture, every article of housewifery or husbandry, no matter what it is, mallet or shooting-stick, the very moment you have done using it, return it to its proper place. Be sure to have a special place for everything; a place for everything, and everything in its place. Order, order, perfect order, is now the watch-word; Heaven's first law. How much precious time is saved, aside from vexation, by observing order; systematic regularity! And little folks should begin early to preserve order. These loose, slipshod, slovenly habits are formed in youth, and habits once formed cling for life. Young friends begin early to keep things straight and in their proper place. Study neatness, order, economy and sobriety; everything just, honest, pure, lovely and of good report.

## How soon we Forget.

A leaf is torn from the tree by a rude gale, and borne away to some desert spot to perish. Who misses it from among its fellows? Who is sad that it has gone? Thus it is with human life. There are dear friends, perhaps, who are stricken with grief when a loved one is taken, and for many days the grave is watered with tears of anguish. But by and by the chrysalis fountain is drawn dry, the last drop oozes out, the stern gates of forgetfulness fold back upon the exhausted spring and time, the blessed healer of sorrow, walks over the closed sepulchre without waking a single echo by the footsteps.

## A Servant Girl's Prerogatives.

Now, Miss Bradford, I always like to have a good old-fashioned talk with the lady I live with before I begin. I'm a wail temper, but I'm dreadfully foggy. Have you Hecker's flour, Beebe's range, hot and cold water, stationary tubs, oilcloth on the floor, dumb waiter. Then follows her self planned programme for the week: 'Monday I washes, I've to be let alone that day. Tuesday I runs. Nobody's to come near me that day. Wednesday I bakes. I've to be let alone that day. Thursday I picks up the house. Nobody's to come near me that day. Friday I goes to the city. Nobody's to come near me that day. Saturday I bakes, and Saturday afternoon my bean comes to see me. Nobody comes near me that day. Sunday I has to my self.'

## Crinoline.

It is getting to be a question, "Which is most dangerous of crinoline?"

How can I stoop? how can I kneel?  
How can I worship at thy feet?  
When thou art fenced about with steel!  
An Amazon in mail complete!  
I fear not Cupid's forest dart—  
Am willing for thy sake to die;  
But if a splinter chanced to start,  
Why, dearest, I might lose an eye!  
Ah, cruel! wherefore bear that mine  
Of danger in thy crinoline!

The pen, in the hand that knows how to use it, is one of the most powerful weapons known. As the tongue of the absent, how charming! When self-respect gives it a new vigor, how pleasing! When virtue guides it, how beautiful! When honor directs it, how respected! When wit sharpens it, how fatal! When severity wields it, how contemptible! 'Tis the weapon of the soul.

Heart-rending!—I thought her mine; I thought the world she forth with joy for me; I didn't dream in after years its folly I could see. But so it proved. I sought her hand—(I really thought I'd get her)—but oh, alas! her answer came, 'her mother would not let her.'

A young lady of more beauty than sense—more accomplished than learned—more charms of person than grace of mind—more admirers than friends—more fools than wise men for attendants—is a coquette.

MOTTOES.—A vain man's motto is, "Win gold and wear it," a generous man's, "Win gold and share it," a miser's, "Win gold and spare it," a prodigal's, "Win gold and spend it," a broker's, "Win gold and lend it," a fool's, "Win gold and end it," a gambler's, "Win gold and lose it," a wise man's, "Win gold and use it."

Sir Charles Napier said—"I once asked a sooty collier, black as a chimney sweep, if I could descend a coal pit without spoiling my clothes. 'For bless you, I go down ten times a day and never mind my clothes,' was his answer.

'Come don't be timid,' said a couple of silly young snobs to two mechanics: 'sit down and make yourself our equals.' We should have to blow our brains out to do that,' was the reply.

Reversing it.—A rich man told a poor man that he worked to get a stomach for his meat. 'And I,' said the poor man, 'work to get meat for my stomach.'

If our hearts were not wicked—if our inclinations pointed not rather to the wrong than to the right—virtue would become a positive luxury, demanding neither heroism nor self-sacrifice.

An agricultural paper says the most dignified, noble and glorious work of nature is woman, next man, and next Berkshire pigs.

A man named Oats was hauled up recently for beating his wife and children. On being sentenced to imprisonment the brute remarked that it was very hard if a man was not allowed to thrash his own oats.

A prince, rallying the fatness of a courtier, who had served him in many embassies, said he looked like an ox. 'I know not,' said the courtier, 'what I am like; but I know that I have often had the honor to represent your majesty.'

There are many receipts for taking the scent out of your clothing, and many more for taking every cent out of your pocket.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

York Division, S. of T., if we are correctly informed, has refused to allow the Garrison Amateurs, to occupy the Temperance Hall, Fredericton, this winter, for the purpose of their theatre.

In the small towns of Clearfield, and White, in Antrim County, Pa., since the middle of October, over two hundred persons have died, of Diphtheria.

The President of the United States is sick of the small pox.

It would require a drove of cattle 72 miles long, an almost a flock of sheep travelling in the same manner 120 miles long; and a thousand columns of beer, each a mile high, to supply London one year.

There are five great houses in England, now making paper collars, and these make some 300,000 weekly, or conjointly 1,500,000. Assuming the price at 3s. per gross, we have a weekly consumption of £2,500 worth of these collars.

The latest scientific wonder is photographing on steel. The engraving thus obtained, it is said, will yield 5,000 copies.

Mr. Spurgeon has had a preaching and lecturing campaign at Newcastle, the realized proceeds amounting to £150.

The Crown Princess of Prussia has consented to lay the foundation stone of a new church at Windsor on next Saturday, the 21st inst., the 23rd anniversary of her Royal Highness's birthday.

It is expected that Alexandria, Egypt, will be visited with gas in about eight months' time.

The mining productions of the United Kingdom are estimated at \$350,000,000 annually.

An English lady admirer of Disraeli has just left him two hundred thousand dollars cash.

A marine fire department is suggested in New York, to sink in the stream any vessel that may be in danger of conflagration.

The cargo of the prize steamer Peterhoff realized at the sale in New York the sum of \$800,000.

Alleged forgeries to the amount of £10,000 have been discovered in London. The accused person is Captain Hickley, formerly of the 60th Rifles.

Officers and men from the army of the Potomac concur in the opinion that an attack could and should have been made upon the rebels at Mine Run. He had been made at last the loss would not have been so great upon our side as afterwards, but success was certain at any time.

To turn a lady's pocket by pouring into it vitrol, and thus allowing the purse to drop on the ground, is the latest dodge of the London pickpockets.

The Rev. W. Ferrie, formerly of St. John, recently of New York, has received and accepted a call from the Presbyterian church in Prescott, C. W.

The Missouri Senate has passed a bill repealing the old law prohibiting whites teaching slaves to read and write.

There are at present in the Upper Canada markets, one hundred millions of feet of seven lumber, more than ordinary, and nevertheless, the prices rate a great deal higher than ever. It was 183,122,474, a gain of 30,000,000 feet as compared with the amount of lumber sold in the year 1861.

The fire at Aldershot camp, in which so many horses were destroyed, is described as a shocking affair. Only eleven horses were saved out of a batch of eighty eight. The building in which the horses were stabled was made of timber and straw, and the fire consequently spread with alarming quickness.

A Glasgow paper announces 'for sale by private bargain, the wonderful organ of James Watts, the illustrious inventor of steam, made by his own hands for his own amusement, in the city of Glasgow, nearly 100 years ago.

The loss arising from the failure of the crops in Hungary is estimated at £10,000,000.

A contract has been concluded for a monthly mail service between England and New Zealand, via Panama.

A woman at Berlin has for the seventh time given birth to twins.

The receipt of the Nova Scotia Railway for the month of November, are greater by \$171,80 than those of the corresponding month of last year.

After paying all the expenses to the Russian ball in New York, the committee find they have a surplus of three thousand dollars.

A writer in the Railroad Advocate says that statistics show that travelling in the cars is safer by night than by day.

The London Court Journal states that Edwin James is about to marry a New York heiress, and has sent to London to arrange with the creditors.

A fast stallion at Flushing, R. I., lately sold for \$50,000.

The Duke of Newcastle is so seriously indisposed as to be unable to attend to his duties at the Colonial Office.

One of the most destructive fires for many years occurred in New York the 9th inst. Over 20 vessels were destroyed, and the loss will be about \$500,000.

Efforts are now being made in Scotland to unite the Free and United Presbyterian churches.

The Rev. Thomas Goodwin, chaplain of Christ Church, Oxford, has joined the church of Rome.

The number of deaths of Union prisoners at Richmond average 50 per day.

Children's United Prayer Meetings are held daily at Montreal.

An American exchange says that Capt. Parry was commanded the privateer 'Retribution' and was taken by capture, and who has recently taken charge of the 'Chesapeake,' is a man named Locke a Nova Scotian who formerly sailed from Boston.

A lady clad in the deepest mourning is a constant attendant of funerals in Philadelphia, where her grief touches the hearts, and her fingers the pockets of the mourning assembly.

The Board of Education, on the recommendation of the Superintendent has authorized the use of Lovell's Geographies—both the elementary and advanced works—and also Langens' National Arithmetic in the Schools of New Brunswick.

The Quebec Mercury contains the following announcement:—"The steamer 'Water Witch,' a small propeller chartered by the Grand Trunk Railway, and which has been anxiously looked for, for some time, appears to have been blown up, and probably all hands on board, numbering over 20, have perished. There do not appear to have been any passengers on board.

The Times correspondent in British Columbia would appear to have no very enviable post, as a private letter states that he "keeps very close to the escort as so many English and Canadians have sworn to shoot him."

Eliza Barris, "the learned blacksmith," as he is truly called, has been travelling from one end of Great Britain to the other, and will immediately publish the results as "A walk from the Land's End to John O'Groats, with Notes by the Way." This walk, from the most southern point of England to the northern extremity of Scotland is over six hundred miles long.

The Queen has prohibited the use of Tobacco in Windsor Castle.

## General News.

The young King of Greece has safely arrived at Athens, where he was received with profoundest manifestations of delight. The following is his declaration to the people:—

Hellas! Ascending the throne to which your voices invited me, I feel the necessity of addressing to you these words:—

I bring to you neither skill nor experience. Such qualifications you could not have expected from one of my age. I bring, however, sincere confidence and devotedness, with a faith in the future identity of both your and my destiny, and I promise you to devote my whole life to your prosperity.

I will not only respect and keep conscientiously your laws and especially the Constitution—the cornerstone of the Greek policy—but I will reverse and endeavor to love your institutions, your customs, your language, and everything that you adore, as I now love you.

I will request the best and most skilled among you to rally round me, without regard to previous political distinctions, and by their intelligent and enlightened assistance I will endeavor to develop the various good seed and material resources that exist in your beautiful country, which will be my country, too, hereafter.

The aim of my ambition will be this: to make Greece, as far as in me lies, a model Kingdom in the East.

May the Almighty, appearing strong in my weakness, guide me in my endeavors, and may He never allow me to forget the public promises which this day I make to you.

In addition to these, I beseech our God ever to cover us by His holy and saving shadow.

GEORGE.

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.—B. F. T. an army correspondent of the Chicago Journal, in one of his letters from Tennessee, says,

"I shall never be done admiring the patriotic faith and undying devotion of the loyal women of the land, but I must tell you that the rebel women of the South are worthy of everything but the sacred cause of their Northern sisters. There is no thing they will not surrender with a smile; the gemmed ring; the diamond bracelet; the rich wardrobe. They cut up the rich carpets for soldiers blankets without a sigh; they take the fine linen from their persons for the bandages.

When 400 of Longstreet's men came up to Nashville, prisoners of war, about the roughest, dirtiest, wildest fellows the sun ever shone on, and a flight of stairs in the building they occupied fell, killing and wounding a large number of them; you should have seen the fair young traitresses come forth from the old aristocratic mansions bearing restoration and delicacies in their arms, and singling in the dingy crowd, wiping away the blood with their white handkerchiefs, and uttering words of cheer; you should have seen them doing this, with hundreds of Union soldiers all around, and smiling back upon the rough blackguards of Rebels as they left. But in all there was a defiant air, a pride in their humanity strange to see. Of a truth they carried it off grandly.

And almost all those lovers in mourning for dead Rebels, brothers, lovers, friends, whom the same girls had sneered into treason and driven into rebellion, and bellowed all the South with their wailing, and the old aristocratic mansions bearing restoration and delicacies in their arms, and singling in the dingy crowd, wiping away the blood with their white handkerchiefs, and uttering words of cheer; you should have seen them doing this, with hundreds of Union soldiers all around, and smiling back upon the rough blackguards of Rebels as they left. But in all there was a defiant air, a pride in their humanity strange to see. Of a truth they carried it off grandly.

THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD.—In a lecture at Peterboro', C. W., a few days ago, T. D'Arcy McGee declared before the St. Patrick's Society. In the course of his address he said:—

"But, gentlemen, I have heard, of late, that there is another description of society, secret, and it is alleged, seditious in its nature, attempted to be introduced among our countrymen by birth settled in certain of our frontier towns and cities. Against such a society, as that, I take this occasion to warn, (not you—for I know you would abhor it, as I do)—but to warn those who, at any point or place, within this Province, are exposed to its seductions. Its specious object, I am told, is to promote union among Irishmen.—But how can such a secret society promote such an union, when it is sure to have more of its against it, than for it. It is enlist ever so many dupes? It can only divide and weaken us, and deliver us over, on any prey, to our social and political opponents—for, I suppose, like all other men, we must have such opponents. Such a society is, therefore, self-condemned by its own declaration; but it is moreover expressly condemned by the voice of that church, which all Catholic Irishmen believe to be, in 'matters of faith and morals,' the voice of God!"

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—The Chronicle to day publishes a rumor, which though it is unable to verify, believes to be by no means improbable to the effect that Alexander H. Stephens and five others had come down to Fortress Monroe under a flag of truce with proposals of peace; that they asked to be received in their official capacity (as members from the Southern Confederacy); that their request was refused, but they were informed that they would be listened to only as private citizens from Southern States. Inquiry was made this morning in a quarter where such a fact, if it existed, would probably be known, but nothing confirmatory of the rumor was elicited. If any Commission, or persons acting by the authority of the rebel Government, made a visit to Fortress Monroe, it was upon another subject, namely, the exchange of prisoners, which, for certain reasons, is more probable than the rumor to which reference is made.