

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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## Poetry.

### THE BATTLE.

Heavy and solemn,  
A cloudy column,  
Through the green plain they marching come!  
Measureless spread like a table dread,  
For the wild grim dice of the iron game,  
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,  
Hearts beat loud with a kneeling sound;  
Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt,  
Gallop the Major along the front;  
And fettered they stand at the stark command,  
And the warriors, silent, halt!  
Proud in the blush of morning glowing,  
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?  
"See you the women's banners waving?"  
"God be with you children and wife!"  
Hark to the music—the trump and fife!  
How they ring through the ranks, which they rouse to the  
Thrilling they sound, with their glorious tone,  
Thrilling they go through the shaking ground,  
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,  
In the life to come that we meet once more!  
See the smoke how the lightning is cleaving asunder!  
Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their  
thunder!  
From host to host, with kindling sound,  
The shouted signal circles round;  
Freer already breathes the breath!  
The war is raging, slaughter raging,  
And heavy through the reeking pall  
The iron death-dice falls!  
Nearer they close—frees upon foes—  
"Ready!"—from square to square it goes.  
They kneel as one man from flank to flank,  
The fire comes sharp from the foremost rank,  
Many a soldier to earth is sent,  
Many a gap by battle is rent;  
Over the corpse before springs the hindmost man,  
That the line may not fall to the fearless van.  
To the right, to the left, and around and around,  
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.  
God's sunlight is quelled in fiery light,  
Over the hosts falls a brooding night;  
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,  
In the life to come that we meet once more!  
The dead men lie batted in the weltering blood,  
And the living are blest in the slumbering blood,  
And the feet, as they reel and sliding go,  
Stumble still on the corpse that sleeps below.  
"What! Francis!—your Charlotte my last farewell!"  
As the dying man murmurs the thunder swell—  
"I'll give—O God!—your son's name!"  
Ho! comrades!—your volley—look sharp to the rear!  
I'll give to thy Charlotte thy last farewell;  
Sleep soft! where death thickest descends in rain,  
The friend thou forsakest thy side may regain!  
Hitherward, hitherward reels the fight;  
Dark and more darkly day glooms into night.  
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,  
In the life to come that we meet once more!  
Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!  
The adjutant's flying—  
The heron's press on the panting foe,  
Their thunder booms in victory!  
Terror has seized on the dastards all,  
And their colors fall!  
Victory!  
Close is the brunt of the glorious fight;  
And the day, like a conqueror bursts on the night;  
Trumpet and life swelling chorus and song,  
The triumph already sweeps marching in song.  
Farewell! fallen heroes; though this life be o'er,  
Ther's another, in which we shall meet once more!  
—Translated from Schiller, by Bulwer.

## Select Calc.

### PROFESSOR AND PUPIL.

BY LESLIE WALTER.

[Concluded.]

Not long after, the little thing died, and the nurse sent up to the college for Allen and myself. Emily was absent from her usual place, and we were not surprised to find, on arriving at the hospital, that she had been with the patient through the night, and had not yet gone. It was all over when we entered, but she still knelt upon the bed, her head dropped upon the pillow, the slender arm around her neck, the face turned to hers, as if the serene, sweet look it wore had been reflected from her own. With more feeling than I had ever seen him exhibit, Allen bent over to close the child's blue eyes, and touched the hand of the kneeling girl. She rose up, pale and grave indeed, but so calm, so quiet, that any fears we had felt of nervous excitement were gone at once. Paul looked at her steadily. "The child is dead," said he.

"Yes, she is happy," said Emily, softly, stooping to kiss the cold lips as she wiped away the cold tears that trembled on her lashes. I saw that it seemed to her wrong to mourn for the little life passed in sadness and gloom, that had ended so brightly and happily. Sorrowfully, as she began to comprehend her own loss, she busied herself about the last services she could render her little favorite, arranged the fair curls as she had liked to see them, put away the trifles she would never need more, and smoothed the white pillows of her final rest. When all was ended, she came back to her tasks again more desolate than before, for she had lost the only interest that brightened her life. She studied more closely than ever; she visited the sick and the poor; she tried with the cold routine of duty to fill her life with such full content of employment as only affection can give; but in vain. She drooped daily, and I began to fear, in her nervous, shaken, feeble state, the effect of that last rest of her professional abilities which Allen had threatened to apply.

He had become so silent, moody, and irritable, that I did not choose to discuss the matter with him, feeling sure only of a haughty rebuff for interfering with what certainly was not in my province. He had already spared her much longer than I had expected, and the experiment must be made eventually, so I became anxious to have it over before she was any further worn and wasted by her solitary studies. I fancied that even he sometimes looked at her altered face with a kind of pity, and slightly softened his stern manner towards her, but she did not heed those trifling changes now. In the little church to which I accompanied her on Sundays she found strength and courage for the coming week; on her knees, before the PRESENCE into which we came, she poured out her whole heart, and left her trouble and sorrow at His feet. She clung to the comforting words of her little prayer-book as to a visible support; and as I saw her fair head bent, her sweet eyes shining through tears, her lips moving in the confession of faith that truly filled her pure heart, I was sure that her weakness would bear a heavier burden than our strength, her sorrow prove a better thing than our joy. Looking up from these meditations, I sometimes found a troubled, gloomy face, most strange to see in that peaceful sanctuary, watching her from a dark corner under the gallery, as Mephistopheles—to pursue my

favorite comparison—might have watched the kneeling Marguerite; but I conscientiously acquitted the stern professor of any intent more evil than the defeat and disfigurement of the feminine pupil whose pretensions so deeply annoyed him.

I was not greatly surprised, therefore, when she one day showed me a short, peremptory note, desiring her presence in the dissecting room with the class after lecture hours, and prepared to accompany her. There were no ghostly terrors in the place; it was a clean, cheerful room, separated only by the width of the corridor from Allen's own luxurious apartments, and brightly lighted by the broad glare of the afternoon sun, streaming in from two large windows. Between these, a long table, covered with a white cloth, contained the 'subject,' that was an object of such terror to my shrinking charge, and close by was a formidable array of instruments disposed within easy reach of the lecturer's hand. The young professor turned impatiently away as we entered, without looking toward us, but gave no other sign of consciousness of our presence as we moved forward and took our position at his left hand. Several of the senior professors were in the room, and a dozen students, carefully selected from among the most amiable, gentlemanly, and quiet of the class, stood near their teacher, who had already begun to speak. The scene was quiet and common-place enough, but I would have given much to put a glass of wine to Emily's white lips, and a little of the blood of the Burgias into her blue veins, or to infuse into her shrinking soul some of the spirit of laudable inquiry and research so common to the strong-minded women of our day. But her long cultured habit of self control and endurance enabled her to conquer the temporary tremor, and taking her cold hand from my clasp, leaned against the wall, and fixed her eyes intently on the operator.

"Now, gentlemen, attend, if you please," said Allen curtly, as he removed the cloth and began his task. His touch was so exquisitely skilful, his exposition so fine, that, after a glance at Emily, who had never moved or changed her position, I grew unconsciously absorbed, and, forgetful of my charge, drew nearer, as did all the others, to follow the keen analysis of the professor's eloquent tongue, the delicate movements of his daring hand. Suddenly he started and dropped his instrument, a pretty toy of foreign manufacture, perfect in temper and edge, and as a conscientious young student on his right hand hurried to pick it up, I saw that Emily had sunk quietly down among us in a swoon so deep that it looked like death. Paul Allen lifted her in his arms, his swarthy face blanched to a strange pallor, and bore her swiftly through the intervening passages to his room. He laid her on the bed—how white her face showed against the dark curtains!—and turned to me, as I entered, with a tone and look of utter despair:

"I've killed her at last, Doctor Hay."

"Don't say so," cried I, coming to the rescue with an empty brandy-bottle and a bottle of prepared glue in my anxiety for her restoration—doctors are of little more use than other people where their feelings are concerned—"don't say so; she will soon be better."

But the swoon lasted for many hours, in spite of our joint efforts; it seemed a total and entire suspension of all her faculties, a merciful respite, as I now think, from the wearying trials of her daily life. The students quietly dispersed; the old professors followed after a little while, for they knew that Allen, though the youngest, was the most skilful of them all; and at midnight he and I watched alone beside the insensible figure on the bed.

Not satisfied with the mild furnace-heat of the room, we kindled a blazing fire in the grate, and wrapped her in heavy blankets, after using all the ordinary means to restore the circulation, for a long time quite in vain. I sat by the pillow watching for some symptom of returning life, on the other side knelt Allen, holding a little mirror over her lips, both silent as death, and absorbed in our own thoughts—mine at least full of remorse and self-reproach.

"If she recovers from this, she shall never be exposed to such a trial again, I swear," said I, "even if Robert Haller's ghost should come to haunt me for breach of trust towards his daughter, nor shall she longer obey his wishes at the risk of her reason and life. It is downright madness and suicide."

"It is murder," said Allen, low and sternly—"and I did it."

"Well, Paul, and why?"

"Because I loved her, Doctor."

He took the little passive hand in his, and covered it with kisses, going on in a rapid passion of utterance which I could find no words to answer. From the moment when you first brought her to me, herself so exquisitely feminine, to stand in that most unfeminine position towards me, I loved her with all my soul, and, loving her, hoped she might fail. For her beauty, for her grief, for her gentleness and patience, for her sweet humility, for her endurance, and her zeal, for her beautiful faith, her love, her pity, and her tenderness, her weakness, and her strength—for she is strong, Doctor, fragile as she seems—I should know, for I have tried her by the cruellest tests, but she has never wavered in her firm resolve. Neither would my devil's pride have given way till she sank under it as now; and so, if she dies, I am her murderer—it her life is spared, I claim it as mine, miserable and unworthy as I am—to be cherished, nurtured, and protected by a love such as never woman knew, till I make her some poor return for a soul saved from skepticism and a life from vice."

He stooped and pressed his lips to her white brow, with a vehement emotion that seemed to make a faint dawning tint in the patient's colorless cheek, and a feeble fluttering pulse in the wrist I held. Reckless and hasty as ever! but how could I stop him? Besides, it had sometimes occurred to me that Emily might have learned to love the handsome prodigal, at whom she gazed with such sorrowful pity. Thank heaven, I know little of women or their ways; but I fancy they rather like tyranny and tyrants; I have seen them bend in graceful submission, like reeds before the gale, to the most outrageous despotism, while they rebelled and revolted utterly beneath a milder sway—and finding them prefer might to right, and strength to justice, overbearing usurpation to reasonable rule, I have fancied that they might be naturally—oh! no, not cowards, ladies!—but martyrs, whose

yoke is easiest borne in proportion as it presses most heavily.

Emily returned to life but not to consciousness, her blood was running through her veins like fire, and her mind wandered wildly. For long weeks she lay in the alternate stupor and delirium of a brain fever, followed by utter and complete prostration of the whole system, from which we feared, she would never rally. Allen gave up his rooms to her—she was too ill from the first to be moved—and nominally occupied apartments in a neighboring hotel, but he spent day and night at her bedside. Nothing that art or love or money could effect was spared to save her; the wives and daughters of the professors came and gave their womanly sympathies; the best nurse to be obtained in the city was placed in charge; but it was to Allen's unwearied care and skill that Death owed his defeat; they battled long and hard over the fainting girl, but the surgeon remained the victor. When spring returned, she rose from her sick-bed the ghost of her former self, yet not more altered than the changed and humbled man on whose arm she leaned. A silent but fervent love had grown up between the two, a bond of union, strength, and trust, at which none ventured to wonder; if he had saved a life, she had saved a soul. In his lonely vigils, in his long night-watches, face to face with death, the errors of a lifetime rose up and confronted him as darkly, and were met with tears and prayers of true repentance. Perhaps, also, her feeble voice redeemed by his ceaseless care from eternal silence, perhaps her gentle, faithful influence, the beauty of her brief life, the peaceful spirit in which she awaited its close, pleaded with the darker passions of his soul to obtain the victory. And in return his deep tenderness, his constant care, his devoted love, were the strong ties that drew her back to life, and held her from the threshold of the unseen world.

Emily never came again to the college, and never graduated with the honors of a female M. D., but she became Paul Allen's dear and cherished wife, and finds within the narrower bounds of home and its humble duties the sweetest, truest, and most natural sphere for the exercise of her gentle, womanly virtues. No ambitious dreams of the lost vocation to which her life was once dedicated, disturb her perfect content, but happy in the love of her husband and children, she is glad to forget the sorrowful lessons of that early time, and the hard school in which she learned them. Her father's wishes are fulfilled, for a son sits in his seat, and does his memory honor; his magnificent library is read and treasured by one worthy of the trust; his scientific pursuits and discoveries are bequeathed to a man whom he would have delighted to own as an equal and a friend. His best bequest, the charge he left to me, stands now like a guardian angel at Paul Allen's side, and from her pure life, her sweet example, her husband learns more and more to love and reverence the divine truth which they first taught him to accept, when his own strong reason, his own powerful intellect had proved treacherous counsellors and blind guides. But if professor and pupil in this history have exchanged places the fault is not mine; and there are many strong-minded people, doubtless, who would have done much better in their circumstances, and given it a different termination.

### Systematic Flirts.

If young ladies who pride themselves on their skill and tact in the art of flirtation could only hear all that is said of them behind their backs, we think they would renounce their meretricious blandishments forever, and blush, if not past that wholesome indication of shame, for the false part they had so far played in society. The practical flirt is looked upon by all young men, save those green enough to be victims, merely as a frivolous piece of human trompery, with whom it may be well enough to while away an idle hour now and then, when nothing better in the way of amusement offers. She is freely discussed in club room conversation, and at the bars of hotels, and her tricks of fascination are the subjects of the coarsest jests. She is looked upon as an actress, without the excuse of a passion for the stage, or of necessity, for her miserable dissimulation. Instead of the respect with which all honorable men regard true women, she earns for herself their contempt, while the good and sensible of her own sex look upon her with loathing. Of obtaining a desirable husband she has not the slightest chance, and the probability is that she will either die unmarried or accept, as a dernier resort, some wretch who will avenge upon her by his brutality the deception she has endeavored to practise upon better men. In either case she will deserve her fate. We would advise any young lady, who is inclined to flirtation, to ask some old jilt who has been through the mill, whether she thinks that sort of thing pays in the end.

### How to know a Goose.

"Mother! mother!" cried a young rook, returning hurriedly from its flight; "I've seen such a sight!"

"What sight my son," asked the old rook.

"O, white creatures—screaming and straining their necks, and holding their heads ever so high. See, mother, there they go!"

"Gee, my son—merely geese," calmly replied the parent bird, looking over the common.

"Through life child, observe that when you meet any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once as a goose."

### Wanted a Furlough.

A few months ago a high province of extraordinary dimensions lumbered into the presence of General Thomas and asked for a furlough, adding, "General, I wish to go home and see my wife."

"How long is it since you have seen your wife?" inquired the General.

"Why!" he answered, "I haven't seen my wife for over three months."

"Three months!" remarked General Thomas—"three months—why, I haven't seen my wife for three years."

"Well, that may be," rejoined the other, "but you see, General, me and my wife ain't 'to that sort.'"

It is proposed to light the streets of an eastern city with red-headed girls. In noticing the fact, a western editor says he'd like to play every night and hang hold of the lamp-posts.

### Almost Home.

This is one of the most joyous expressions in the English language. The heart of the long absent husband, father, or son, not only homeward bound, but almost arrived, thrills with rapturous joy, as he is on the point of receiving the embraces and greetings of the dear ones at home. So it is with the aged Christian, as, in the far advance of his pilgrimage, he feels that he approaches the boundary line, and will soon cross over to the land of promise. Many of his best friends had crossed over before him, and they have long been beckoning him upward and onward. They await his arrival with the joyful welcome of holy ones. And as tokens multiply on either hand, that the land of Beulah is near, he feels that he is almost home. The ripe fruit of a long Christian life is about to be gathered into the heavenly garner. Few sights on earth are more pleasing than aged, faithful Christians, strong in the Lord, almost home. We have some such among us, revered and beloved, whose faces we love to see in the sanctuary, and whose prayers bring down blessings upon our heads. They speak of many friends, most of whom have preceded them, but the re-union will soon come. Blessings be upon the fathers and mothers in Zion; and may their mantles fall on us!

### On Making a Will.

I have known good Christian men, who throughout their lives were remarkable for their unselfishness, and consideration of others, cause much inconvenience, if not sorrow to those they loved, by neglecting to make their wills. It seemed as if they were afraid of shortening their lives by so doing. But we do not invite death by preparing for it. On the contrary, an illness from which we might recover, if free from anxiety, may be made fatal by an addition of worldly care. When a man feels the death-sweat on his brow, he has enough to think of without being compelled to devise, execute and assign. We are commanded to take no thought for the morrow; but we create and provide thought for the morrow if we leave undone so grave a business as the disposal of the things we have received of God, and for the right distribution of which we feel ourselves responsible. It is no sufficient answer to say that our property is not in a disposable shape. If our affairs are so disarranged that we could make no bequests, if we don't know what we have, or have not, the sooner we remedy the confusion the better, however long we may live. But even suppose that there is money invested which we could easily realize, there is always something in every well regulated business or income which we could leave in order. A man is not obliged to wind up his affairs when he makes a will. He may make a dozen in succession if he pleases. He would always have some direction to give if he was told he had to die next day. If his life be spared, he may at some future time leave these directions in a fuller and more detailed shape; supposing, however, he is cut off suddenly by some accident, or is taken with a fever which unfits him for business, the sorrow for his death will be accompanied by regret for his previous neglect. No doubt money, or legal provision is not the medicine for a mourning heart, but the memory of the Christian will be all the sweeter in his home circle if he makes a just arrangement for those who remain in it. The influence he had upon his family for good during his life time will be confirmed by his final evidence of his thoughtfulness and fairness. They will feel that they succeeded to a man who loved righteousness and justice to the last. But if he dies without a will, they inherit, whatever he leaves, a possible source of jealousy and discontent.

Sunday at Home.

We have a "seion," says an exchange, not yet advanced to the dignity of jacket and trousers, as the genial "Country Parson" would say seems, to understand the art of "putting things." It became necessary the other day to inflict a dose of castor-oil, and the little fellow took the sickening stuff as bravely as any veteran could take a bayonet charge. A way free or two, and his opinion of the medicinal food expressed as follows: "Mother, I don't quite like castor oil, it's a little too rich!"

The head of a turtle, for several days after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensation. An Irishman had decapitated one, and some few days afterward was amusing himself by putting sticks in his mouth, which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding exclaimed:

"Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead?"

"So he is, ma'am; but the cratter's not sensible of it."

MISERABLE.—A Danish writer speaks of a but so miserable that it didn't know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the lady that had such a complication of diseases that she did not know which one to die of, and so lived on.

An editor describing the effects of a squall on a canal boat, says:—When the gale was at its height, the unfortunate craft keeled to the larboard, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overboard.

Three things can never agree—two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house, or two lovers counting one maiden.

Why are ladies out shopping like birds that are long on the wing?—Because it is a considerable time before they settle on their purchase (perches).

"What! are you drunk again?" "No, my dear, not drunk, but a little slippery. The fact is, my dear, some soundless had been rubbing my boots till they are as smooth as a pane of glass."

BEER.—What's the difference between Bad Beer, Ginger Beer, and Good Beer?—They are respectively All Slop, All Pop, and All-sop.

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"Three months!" remarked General Thomas—"three months—why, I haven't seen my wife for three years."

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Talk as you will of the "sovereignty of the white race," there are no sovereigns like yellow ones.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

The body of a colored man was submitted to the embalming process in New Orleans, and an incision was making in the bronchial artery, when the man proved to be alive. Two days after he was at work as usual.

A funeral sermon, on the occasion of the death of Major McEvin, of the Ohio Tenth, was preached at Xenia, and a day or two after, a letter was received from the Major himself, dated Richmond, where he is a prisoner.

Joseph Shelling, of Springfield, Illinois, has manufactured a rope for the Alton and St. Louis railroad three hundred feet in length and nine inches in diameter. It is the longest rope ever made in Illinois.

Prince Napoleon has been for some time engaged on a history of the "House of Bonaparte," which he traces to the fifteenth century. It is to appear in the beginning of January next.

It is said that recently a pigeon sent to Euter, England, by railroad, and let loose at 10.15 a. m., flew back to its home in Peckham, a distance of 171 miles, arriving at 3.35 p. m. The fact is considered verified by the circumstances that there were a great many bets on the event. The speed is something more than half a mile a minute.

A lady in Berkshire was delivered of her twenty-first child last week. Her husband is as well as can be expected.

An anvil weighing 174 tons was recently cast at Dundas, Canada, for the Grand Trunk Railway.

A lady in London recently recovered the value of a dress which she had damaged by the fresh paint on the door of a store which she had entered.

The laying of the foundation-stone of the national monument to Daniel O'Connell, in Dublin, took place with appropriate ceremonies and amidst much enthusiasm on the 8th August.

The N. Y. Tribune's special Washington despatch says the diary of a captured rebel officer shows that trains have been running regularly between Richmond and Culpepper over a month, conveying large quantities of grain which Early has secured.

New York City furnishes 600 men per day to the army.

Recruits who fail to pass after medical inspection in the North are branded on the back with caustic, so that they may be detected if they present themselves for military service elsewhere. This barbarous custom is denounced by some of the papers in the Federal States.

It is said the Prince of Wales has made the formal application which is preliminary to becoming a member of the masonic body.

The Chicago police, a few nights ago, witnessed the strange sight of a young boy and his grandmother, being on a spree together, rambling about the streets drunk.

Two girls in Patterson, N. J., drowned a neighbor's little baby in a well for its clothes.

The daily Richmond papers are sold for 40 cents a piece.

A robust mamma tried to smuggle her son, a likely lad of 13, over the Stonington Railroad a few days ago, under her crinoline. He was detected when the ears reached Providence.

A terrible riot is reported to have occurred near Chicago recently, between a picnic party and a tavern keeper and assistants. Pistols and brick-bats were freely used, by which thirty or forty were wounded, and five or six killed.

Eleven thousand boarders filled the Saratoga boarding houses last week.

The French papers call Semmes "The Hero of Sixty Chronometers."

A son was born, on the 5th of August, to Isaac Tetro, of Washington, State of Maine, being the 24th child of the mother, who is 45 years old. All, except one pair of twins, were single births.

Forty thousand baskets of peaches arrive in New York daily.

In Philadelphia they have a new cradle that rocks itself, fans the baby, and drives away the flies.

A piece of bread soaked in vinegar and applied to a corn on the foot, going to bed at night, and to a piece of oil-cloth, will remove the corn in two or three applications.

Rev. Dr. Kennard, of the Tenth Baptist Church, in Boston, has preached 10,000 sermons, baptized 2,033 persons, married 4,089 couples, and attended 3,900 funerals, in 46 years.

The Empress of Mexico is writing most cheerful letters home to her father, (the King of Belgium.) She is highly delighted with her adopted country, and is full of hope and confidence.

New York is building another seven-story hotel and five saw marble warehouses.

It is said that, after the receipt in Richmond of the news of Grant's seizure of the Weldon railroad, flour advanced one hundred dollars per barrel. At this rate it will ere long be barrel for barrel of paper for flour.

The municipality of Naples have sold a piece of land to the Jews, which the latter intend to convert into a cemetery. Under the old regime they were not allowed to have a private burying ground.

A wealthy gentleman in New Jersey, a few days since, enlisted as a substitute a stalwart and patriotic Canadian, paying him \$800, and expending a considerable sum for an outfit. When they parted the recruit promised, at the request of his principal, to write at the first opportunity. The gentleman was a little surprised at receiving a letter from his man dated Quebec, informing him that his money had enabled the substitute and his wife to set up a corner grocery, and that they were doing well, and if his patron would give him a call he should have a drink gratis.

The Gleamer of the 27th ult., says, during the past fortnight a very large portion of the wheat in this neighborhood, has been cut and housed. It is an abundant yield, free of weevil and smut. The long drought has stunted the oats, checked the growth of potatoes, and the after-grass. The heavy rain which fell so opportunely on Tuesday, it is hoped will effect a happy change and put a new dress on our parched fields.

The following is extracted from Gen. Fremont's letter:—"Much has been said of late about peace, and you will therefore excuse me if I say here what I understand by it. To me peace signifies the integral establishment of the Union, without slavery, because slavery is the source of all our political dissensions, and because the institution itself is condemned by the enlightened and liberal spirit of the age. These are to me essential conditions of peace."

ANOTHER GREAT CRIME IN LONDON.—Another horrible crime has been committed in London. A man named Brown, a carpenter, living in the vicinity of King's-cross, had a quarrel with a woman with whom he cohabited. They lived very unhappily, the neighbors were constantly pestered with the disturbances caused by them. On one of those occasions Brown seemed to have inflicted such injuries on the wretched woman as to cause her death. But he suffered her body nevertheless to remain in the house, he lived under the same roof, and taking his meals and going to bed as unconcerned as usual.

As the process of decomposition went on, the offensive effluvia alarmed the district, until at length the room where the dead body lay was opened, and in an adjoining room the body of Brown was found suspended from a rope. During the preceding Sunday, one of the lodgers in the house asked Brown to have his dinner with him, and the invitation was readily accepted, notwithstanding that the body of the murdered woman lay up stairs to confront and appeal him.

## General News.

It being apprehended that the Lincoln party at the coming elections, may use military force to control such, the Democrats are preparing to meet force with force. At a Convention in Indiana, the democrats in open meeting, adopted the following:

"First.—That while it is the well-considered and inflexible policy of the Democratic party of this State, acting in concert with all patriotic citizens who respect the purity of the ballot and desire the public good, to maintain by force, if need be, and at all hazards, the right of the people to free and fair elections, we condemn any attempt at resistance of the laws before constitutional remedies are exhausted, and earnestly advise all men to abide patiently the action of the chosen representatives of the Democratic party at Chicago, on the 25th of August, looking for the coming election for a peaceful and constitutional redress of grievances more effectual than violence."

"Second.—In times of public peril like the present, and in view of what are believed to be well founded apprehensions of attempts on the part of those in authority, who, by the use of military power with the freedom of elections, patriotism and conscience alike demand that the constitutional right of the people to keep and bear arms as a necessary means of defence to a free State, should not be violated nor abandoned; and it is the right and duty of all good citizens to co-operate in open and lawful organizations for the protection of the freedom of elections, and for the preservation of peace and constitutional order and the rights of the people within the State, as well as for its defence against invasion, and we especially recommend to the people in all their counties, township and election precincts, thorough organization for these ends."

The following graphic description of the engagement in Mobile Bay, between the Tennessee and thirteen Federal vessels, is from a southern (Mobile) paper.

"When the noble ship, like a thing of life, ceased to awake from a deep slumber, and her whole frame, shaking with anger, vibrates by the iron nostrils of her powerful machinery, she emits a hissing sound, as the explosion of her long restrained fury, and suddenly wheeling round, she darts with her utmost speed after the miscreants. As she steams up westward, in quest of the errant crew, her broad plumes of black smoke and snow-white steam roll back in heavy clouds in her wake, her pointed ram cleaving the waves in twain, she realizes the very image of courage and power combined, and appears to our eyes like the Leviathan of biblical mythology. On, she rushes, and as she nears the western shore, the enemy's fleet scatters in every direction—four towards the east, and concentrating two monitors, north and south of her. Still she keeps on her frantic race, driving them before her, when, sooner than beached, they finally turn and accept the challenge. There, in the midst of thirteen vessels, two of which more powerful than herself, with 8 guns against 200, she engages in the fight, gives the first signal and makes the first charge."

Thus, like an infuriated bear worried by a pack of hounds, now rushes and tears up one, rips another open, knocks down and smashes a third under his powerful blows, then falls back to take a fresh spring, and makes for the vital part of the yelping curs. Thus brave Buchanan, in the center, and forward and rear, at each vessel in turn, and though his speed is not equal to the promptness of his lion heart, yet each time he rushes towards one of them the latter hastily backs beyond his reach.

At last getting courage, they form around him, at more than a mile distant, a complete semi-circle, the Tennessee in the centre, and concentrating their fire upon her, laid broadside after broadside upon her flanks. Yet she moves not, but gives back shot for shot, blow for blow, steel for steel, emitting fire at once from each of her port-holes, so severely punishing three of her nearest adversaries as to compel them to draw back and take cover on shore. She kept up the unequal contest in spite of the fearful odds against her."

As the conflict was waxing warmer, anxious groups were formed on the ramparts of the forts, watching in breathless silence the progress of that unparalleled engagement. The fort has long since ceased firing, except when a contemptible Federal craft, formerly the Beuched, I believe, thinking no doubt, that the entrance was free to all, came up bragging to seek admittance, and being turned over to the brave sergeant, he, with a contemptuous smile, sent through her a heavy "Brooks," which soon settled her account, when Morgan detailed a party of men to go ashore, burn her up, the crew having taken to their boats and escaped. In the midst of the group stood our General, who alone had a spy-glass, and in whose intelligent and impressive features we were reading the progress of the fight far better than with the naked eyes. Suddenly he drops the glass from his eye, raises it again, and in a low voice mutters to himself: "She has ceased firing."

And true it was, the noble ship had struck her colors, not that she was tired, not that she was conquered, but as we learned soon afterwards, because her rudler chains had parted and she had become the most unmanageable mass unable any longer to confront the foe, or turn upon her flanks, and she had stood fast off from her, gathered around like all beasts of prey which come to the carrion but run from the living flesh, and the Tennessee was lost to our view. Brave Buchanan had lost a leg, and two of his men killed during the action, but, as informed by the flag of truce boat, the vessel herself was as sound as when launched, and had she not met with that apparently trifling accident, she might yet be the proud mistress of the bay."

NIGHT IN THE FOREST.—By the time supper is over, night has fallen.—The first fire in its bright light into the recesses of the wood, illuminating the red or purplish-shaded figures, or causing some small tree to stand out all brilliant against the dark background, and producing Rembrandt-like effects, which I never tire of watching on the groups of men, and on all surrounding objects. We smoke and roll over in our blankets,